

HENRY ARTHUR JONES AND THE DRAMATIC RENASCENCE

IN ENGLAND

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English - May 1940

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CHAPTER I.

The Theatre of Henry Arthur Jones's Youth;
his Character and Qualifications as a Re-
former of the English Drama.

When William Archer included Henry Arthur Jones in his Dramatists of Today in 1882 many people were heard to ask: "Who is this Mr. Jones?" The English people, as Auguste Filon says^x, remained unwilling to learn his name - "a somewhat undistinguished name, and easily forgotten". They continued to look upon Lytton, Boucicault and Robertson as their great modern playwrights, not knowing that they had in their midst a vigorous John the Baptist of the English Drama, whose voice, crying persistently in the wilderness of unbelief that the Drama should be Serious, Literary and a Vital Force in the Life of the Nation, was preparing the way for Shaw, Pinero and Ibsen, and inaugurating the Renaissance of the English Drama. The English people still remain unwilling to learn his name.

This Mr. Jones was a man of complex character: artist, evangelist, publicity agent, and father of a large, expensive and sometimes harrassing family. Each tended to become an

^xIn his book The English Stage. 1897.

obstacle to the activities of the other, each fought to be uppermost, yet through a lifetime of continuous expenditure of nervous effort and energy they were driven to combine in devotion to Mr. Jones's mission.

Being born in 1851 Henry Arthur Jones opened his eyes on to a world in which there was no such thing as "serious drama". There was dramatic entertainment, and there was Shakespeare; and even Shakespeare was carefully preserved from over-seriousness by being accompanied by some "laughable farce", such as Borrowing a Husband. This piece relieved the heaviness of Much Ado About Nothing, in which Ellen Terry appeared at the Haymarket in 1863, and the programme was further enlivened by Buckstone at Home "with the new panorama by Telbin of the Prince of Wales' Tour in the West". An evening's programme in the '60's much resembled a cinema programme of today, when the "feature" film is supported by various minor productions, and possibly a topical or "news" item.

In 1848, three years before Henry Arthur Jones was born, Matthew Arnold witnessed Macready's Othello, and in a disagreeable letter to Arthur Hugh Clough remembered chiefly the "faint earthy smell of oranges", "the dimness of the light", "the ghostly ineffectual quality of the sub-actors", "the self-consciousness of Miss Kemble and the harshness of Mac-

ready". Nearly twenty years later, when Jones was a boy of 15, Henry Morley, in his Journal of a London Playgoer, published in 1866, expressed the same disgust for the English stage.

"The smell of oranges" lingered in his memory also, together with the "flare of gas"; nor did the performances compensate for the discomforts of the auditorium, for "prosy and ill-written melodrama" and the "bright scenery of burlesques" were all the stage had to offer. There seems to have been some attempt to improve the accommodation about this time, for in 1863 The New Theatre Royal was advertising its "amphitheatre stalls with elbows and cushions secured the whole evening".

The years passed and in 1879 the theatre still stank in the nostrils of Matthew Arnold. In an article in the August number of The Nineteenth Century, occasioned by the visit of Sarah Bernhardt and the French actors, he observed bitterly: "We in England have no modern drama".^X Thirty years had not altered his opinion of the English drama, but in another three he was to have his hopes raised in his old age by Henry Arthur Jones's The Silver King, a play which "was literature", and was also produced in a well-lit, cheerfully-decorated theatre.

^XHe adds as an explanation of the sterility of the English drama: "Our vast society is not homogeneous enough, not sufficiently united ... in a common view of life, a common ideal, capable of serving as a basis for a modern English drama".

In this period, from 1848 to 1879, within which Henry Arthur Jones was observing, experimenting and formulating his ideals, the English theatre presented an anomalous repertory of farce, melodrama, and, later, Tom Robertson's worthy attempts at realism and the social drama. Farce was headed by James Albery and melodrama by Dion Boucicault, supported by H.J. Byron and Douglas Jerrold.

Dion Boucicault's The Colleen Bawn, produced in 1860, "with extensive machinery and properties", was "to be seen", said Henry Morley, "in all directions." Its popularity is a testimony to the taste of Victorian audiences, and it may be taken as an example of one of the better melodramas. It is not wholly unrelieved melodrama, being enlivened by the humour of the Irish yokel, Myles, hopelessly in love with the Colleen Bawn, who sighs "Eily aroon, why weren't you twins, an' I could have one of ye", and who shows a highly inventive glibness of tongue when the unwelcome Father Tom calls upon him:

FATHER TOM. Myles, are ye at home?

MYLES. No, I'm out.

FATHER TOM. Let us go inside, Myles - I've a word to say to ye.

MYLES. I - I've lost the key.

FATHER TOM. Sure it's sticken inside.

MYLES. Iss - I always lock the dure inside, and lave it there when I go out for fear on losin' it.

FATHER TOM. Myles, come here to me. It's lyin' ye are
... three times I've been to your door and
it was locked but I heard ye stirrin'
inside.

MYLES. It was the pig, yer riverince.

Occasionally the play is lit up by gleams of picturesque or imaginative expression, such as flashed across The Silver King; it is set in an atmosphere of cloudy nights and dark waters, interspersed with crude, but wistful-whimsical Irish songs; the beauty of the Colleen Bawn moves her friends to poetry when they talk of her. Danny Mann says: "As I row on the lake the little fishes come up to look at her; and the wind from heaven lifts up her hair to see what the devil brings her down here at all." "Oh, Eily," says Myles, "acushla agraph asthore machree! as the stars watch over Innisfallen, and as the wathers go round it and keep it, so I watch and keep round you, mavourneen." Apart from these good words and good wit, which lift it above the general level of its kind The Colleen Bawn has all the ingredients of concentrated melodrama, worked out through the conventional series of intrigues, asides, soliloquies and sensations. It contains the time-worn mortgaged property, the hero forced into a mercenary marriage, the harrowing misunderstandings, the self-sacrificing heroine, the

violence and sudden death, and all the world of passion and stirring event into which the Victorians loved to escape from their respectable firesides.

The acts always work up to a sensational climax; the first Act ends on the expressive word "Tableau" with the heroine falling at the feet of the holy father, clutching her marriage lines to her bosom; the second Act contains the violence and sudden death and works up to the climax of Danny Mann's pushing Eily into the water. She comes up for the first time and he ruthlessly pushes her down again, and is then himself shot by Myles who mistakes him for an otter which he has for some time been trying to exterminate. Myles saves Eily and the curtain falls on him clinging to the rock - "EILY across left arm." The third Act ends in happy reconciliations, satisfactory allocations of husbands and wives, and the villain chased into ignominiously into the horsepond. This was an example of the better kind of sensational entertainment offered to the Victorians.

For those who liked a good laugh at the theatre there were farces such as Albery's Pink Dominoes, which may be taken as the best, and was first produced in 1877. Miss Ellis-Fermor, in her book on The Irish Dramatic Movement published in 1939

describes farce as keeping "a measure of artistic integrity in its alertness of construction", and as an artist's exercise in dramatic dexterity Pink Dominoes could not be improved upon. It is an adaptation from the French comedy Les Dominoes Roses by Messieurs Delacour and Hennequin. It is purely artificial, the intrigue being hatched by two scheming society women, who wish to expose their unreliable husbands, and it is worked out with an intricacy that is athletic in its suppleness and geometrical in its neatness. The true comic effect can only be appreciated when given the "ocular proof". It depends on the comic situations which arise when the two wives, disguised in pink dominoes as gay adventuresses, lure their husbands to a bal masqué at Cremorne. There are sub-intrigues, but the issue is chiefly confused by the arrival of the servant, Rebecca, who appears also in a pink domino, having borrowed an old one of her mistress's, and, deceiving both husbands, who each mistake her for their supper-partner, receives their attentions with unabashed immodesty and leads them into regrettable indiscretions, which are witnessed by their wives. In the last act the complicated unravelling produces as many laughs as the development, with its fantastic and elaborate excuses, uneasy evasions, disgraceful revelations and shamefaced admissions. This is amusing entertainment, but cannot be

called great drama. Moreover, it is no credit to the English stage that its best melodrama was written by an Irishman and its best farce adapted from the French.

The general level of the drama may be gauged by a glance at some of the performances advertised in The Times on certain days in April 1863. Henry Morley entered in his Journal that they "would be an insult to the taste of the town" if they "did not indicate a lamentable change in the class to which the drama looks for patronage". At the Drury Lane Falconer's Peep O' Day was billed, with its "original surprising scenic effects and stirring action": at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, there was Faith, Hope and Charity "with Professor Pepper's Marvellous Spectral Illusion": at the Royal Grecian Theatre a play with the cheerful alternative titles of The Wreck and the Rescue or The Labyrinth of Death appeared, and at the Theatre Royal the great success, Lady Audley's Secret, was still running. This for its stilted language, improbable situations and accumulation of horrible events could hardly be surpassed. Lady Audley is a villainess of infinite resource; having committed bigamy, she pushes her unwanted first husband down a well; the witness to the deed she attempts to burn in his own public-house; but none of these crimes succeed; retribution falls; the victims, alive but maimed, appear to denounce her just which attended its production" a "Brussels carpet for the

as she is hastening to the death-bed of her second husband who is dying of a fit. She immediately goes mad, laughs wildly, and dies. The play ends as a "Tableau of Sympathy". Presumably it was also received with sympathy. There were also revivals in the same year, among them Bulwer Lytton's Lady of Lyons and Boucicault's London Assurance. Claude Melnotte, the love-lorn gardener of The Lady of Lyons, with sentiments and sensibilities above his station, and his languishing passion for his fair mistress Pauline Deschappelles, epitomised the Victorian stage love-convention. As in later drama free love, divorce and marriage complications became the recognised love-convention, so in Victorian days it was the passionate, undying devotion of a soulful hero for a pure and lovely maiden. Claude enlarges upon his emotions in proverbially extravagant language and when he wakes from "false oblivion" and finds "she is another's" he "bursts into an agony of grief". This fashionable extravagance of emotion was balanced by a craze for extravagance in stage production. London Assurance is a play in which the sole object, the preface airily admits, was to "throw together a few scenes of a dramatic nature." The editorial introduction to Samuel French's edition of the play states that its success was due to the "unprecedented display of upholstery furniture, which attended its production" a "Brussels carpet for the

drawing-room scenes" being "no inconsiderable item in the novelities it presented". The play may therefore be regarded as a credit to the furnishing company as much as to the English drama, though it contains witty dialogue and a certain attempt at presenting a background of London life. In the 'sixties came the plays of Tom Robertson, stemming, if imperceptibly at first, the tide of sensationalism and artificiality. Morley does not mention him in his Journal which goes to prove that in his own day he was too much of an oddity to be noticed by any but advanced and eccentric enthusiasts for the drama. Morley was chiefly concerned with what appealed to the general mass of theatre-goers. Tom Robertson, in league with Squire Bancroft and his wife, were the first to try and bring the English drama into touch with real life. Clement Scott in The Drama of Yesterday and Today speaks of the "dusty little hole" in Tottenham Court Road in which they did it, and makes it clear that its success was as much due to the initiative of the alert Mrs. Bancroft as to the originality of Robertson.

There had been faint embers of realism kept glowing in the domestic drama. Bulwer Lytton in Money had kept within sight of real life and in Black-Eyed Susan Boucicault, though melodramatic to the extent of allowing

stage aristocrats were rudely jarred by impact with the his hero to get his neck actually in the noose before vigorous, vulgar middle class, its vulgarity represented saving him, nevertheless preserved some slight if sordid by John Brood & Son, aristocrats of the cheque book, its realism in details such as the visit of the bailiffs to rigour by Tom Stylus, the Grab Street Journalist. Tom has Susan's house when Gnatbrain observes "all the neighbours a range of vocabulary and energy of personality which had getting the furniture out of the garden window". In not yet been seen on the stage. He comments with a true London Assurance the details from real life are accessory, but Robertson made them the centre of his plays. Morley Friend's candour on Sidney Daryl, caught in bed at a late hour in the morning; "late into bed, up after he oughter; said that "the men of genius who would have written plays eat for brandy and soberin' water". Robertson put new scenes on the stage - as more stately homes of England for the Elizabethan public are the novelists of our own time". It was not that the Victorians were unaware of in gloomy woods, but "The Owl's Roost" with its Bohemian the spiritual and social significances around them, but gang of unsuccessful artists, doctors, writers and that they could not conceive of such problems being politicians. He picks up the spirit of the times and discussed on the stage. Mrs. Gaskell and Dickens, they the feelings stirred in his day; Tom Shouts, five years appreciated and understood. One sat down at home with a before the Education Act: "Educate the masses; raise them book, in the seclusion of the study if one was a father, morally, socially, politically, geologically and and expected to be "given to think"; one might even read 'horizontally'. He still uses some of the materials left aloud some of the more moral passages to one's family; but over from melodrama, and farce - the domineering, match- the theatre was a different matter. One went to the theatre making dowager, the gay young scions of aristocracy, the for entertainment, not for mental stimulation, and it was pure and colourless heroine. Sidney Daryl in the throw the sort of thing one did not discuss in front of the of hopeless love is no more strong and silent than children.

Robertson was a revolutionary in trying to put on the stage what Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell had put into their novels. In 1865 Society was produced. Here the conventional nature.

stage aristocrats were rudely jarred by impact with the vigorous, vulgar middle class, its vulgarity represented by John Drood & Son, aristocrats of the cheque book, its vigour by Tom Stylus, the Grub Street journalist. Tom has a range of vocabulary and energy of personality which had not yet been seen on the stage. He comments with a true friend's candour on Sidney Daryl, caught in bed at a late hour in the morning; "late into bed, up after he oughter; out for brandy and soberin' water". Robertson put new scenes on the stage - no more stately homes of England in gloomy woods, but "The Owls Roost" with its Bohemian gang of unsuccessful artists, doctors, writers and politicians. He picks up the spirit of the times and the feelings abroad in his day; Tom Shouts, five years before the Education Act: "Educate the masses; raise them morally, socially, politically, geologically and horizontally". He still uses some of the materials left over from melodrama, and farce - the domineering, match-making dowager, the gay young scions of aristocracy, the pure and colourless heroine. Sidney Daryl in the throes of hopeless love is no more strong and silent than Claude Melnotte, but "sobs and leans on the table with his face in his hands." The difference is that behind it all there is awareness and an understanding of human nature. He notices above all the class-consciousness

which the rise of the commercial middle class was fostering in his day: Lady Ptarmigan sniffs at the "impertinence of the lower classes in trying to ally themselves into us"; and Hawtree preaches the inexorable "law of caste".

Robertson treats his characters as a living part of the social scheme, not as dramatic puppets. He finds them in the streets of London, not in the files of old plays, and so produces Sam Gerridge, the gas-man; *The Smiffel Lamb*, "training to fight Australian Harry, the boundin' kangaroo"; the drink-sodden, bone-lazy Eccles, shouting for the rights of the working man.

These plays are not a mere "throwing together of a few scenes of a dramatic nature"; they are slices of life, and though they do not end in a question mark but in happy reconciliations, they look forward to the social drama of the '90's and the early twentieth century. Though the plot is still advanced in crude, informative soliloquies and the audience's imagination spoon-fed by redundant asides, these devices are much less frequent and jarring and a natural theme is given a more natural construction.

The innovations were soon seized upon. H.T. Byran in "Our Boys" produced in 1875, already shows the influence of Robertson. His vulgar middle-class father, Middlewick, "without an H to his back", is another version of Eccles, slightly higher in the social scale.

Eccles feels his position as a grievance due to ill-luck;

"My 'elth is gone and my spirits is both broke. Once master of a shop I am now by the pressure of circumstances over which I have no control driven to seek work and not to find it."

[Middlewick, on the other hand, has prospered:

"I was lucky from a baby. Found a farden when I was two years old....When I growed up everything I touched turned up trumps....Bacon! Well there! ...I never meet a pig in the road that I don't feel inclined to take my hat off to him."

Both are sons of the people, a type thrown up by the commercial enterprise of their day.

The realism of detail, the cheap realism which Henry Arthur Jones condemned, was soon picked up by Robertson's followers; in Caste people had boiled kettles and rocked babies, and in H.J.Byron's play they lit fires and even blacked their boots. In Pink Dominoes Mrs Tubbs opens the play by worrying about whether she has brought everything out of the bus - "seed-cake, reticule, a brown-paper parcel." Having appreciated the effect of The Owl's Roost, Albert gives his setting a "local habitation and a name" and chooses Cremorne, a fashionable supper-garden much advertised, with the same sort of reputation as a smart modern road-house. The audience would often have seen its detailed advertisements in The Times, if they had

not been there themselves. It was most up-to-date -- "Gentlemen in the city," ran the advertisement, "desirous of telegraphing for their dinner-rooms can do so, Mr. Smith having erected a telegraph in the grounds."

Robertson had seen the light and it remained for Henry Arthur Jones to puff it into a flame bright enough to penetrate the darkest corners of the drama. Later dramatists looked back with affection upon "old Tom Robertson" recognising his worthy efforts, but he never achieved anything brilliantly; he was the first to put anything like real life on the stage, but success came to him so late that he only had six years of active work and died in 1871. "All regretted that he died with the laurel-wreath only just planted on his head," said his son, quoting an obituary notice. This was typical of Robertson. All his life he was doomed to disappointment and failure and Clement Scott describes him on several occasions tearing his red beard and cursing his ill-luck. It was something of this failure to impress himself upon the world, coupled with his short spell of activity, which gave him so little personal credit for the Renaissance of the English Drama.

While the Bancrofts were acting plays about natural people with a new realism, Henry Irving was studying to do the same with plays about unnatural people.

On the 4th January 1879 he took over the management of the Lyceum Theatre, thus establishing the die-hard actor-manager system. An article in the Athenaeum of January 4th described the event as taking place "in the presence of a thoroughly representative London audience". It was a national event, achieving by private enterprise, what, the article hinted, should have been the responsibility of the government, which "left all questions of literature and art to look after themselves."

William Archer said that Irving made no contribution to the development of the drama. Certainly the plays he produced were poorly written and melodramatic. They were intended for Henry Irving, not for the advancement of the English Drama. He did, however, help materially, to raise the status of actors and the drama in England. The actor was no longer a vagabond, he was welcomed in society and received by Royalty; he was even finally knighted. All this had not yet happened in the '70's but Irving was working towards a greater simplicity and naturalism and above all, attracting a more intelligent and critical audience so that the habit of theatre-going was extending to a different class of people. Both Henry Morley and Matthew Arnold, morbid watchers over the sick-bed of the English drama, had complained of the quality of the English audience. In 1866 Morley complained that the great want of

the stage was

"an educated public who will care for its successes and make actors feel they are not dependent on the verdict of.....Mr.Dapperwit in the stalls, Lord Froth in the side-boxes, and Pompey Doodle in the gallery" who "clap their hands at pieces which are all legs and no brain". Matthew Arnold in his article in "The Nineteenth Century of 1879 described how he had been in Shrewsbury 20 years ago and went to the theatre. He looked round upon the audience and discovered that the "real townspeople -- who carried on the business of life of Shrewsbury ... who filled its churches and chapels on Sundays were entirely absent." In the boxes there were "some dozen chance-comers" and "there were some soldiers and their friends in the pit and a good many riff-raff in the upper gallery."

It was this kind of audience which Henry Arthur Jones had to convert to an appreciation of the serious drama. The theatre was 200 years in arrears in the matter of dignity and prestige. Matthew Arnold said the "great middle class...made choice for its spirit to live at one point instead of living...at many...it entered the prison of Puritanism..it forsook the theatre." And in the nineteenth century it was the great middle class that swayed public opinion and governed the morals, manners and mode

of living of the English people. Even in 1882, when pessimists such as Arnold had seen a ray of hope and Henry Arthur Jones had scored his success with The Silver King, the writer of Occasional Notes in The Pall Mall Gazette^x observed :

"Nothing can give a better idea of the different parts played by the theatre in French and English life than a comparison of two great "first-nights" in the capitals. At the Lyceum, he continued, there was " a distinguished Audience", "But the house can hardly be said to be crammed with Peers, M.P.'s, great ladies, poets, eminent novelists and Royal Academicians". But at the first night of the revival of Le Roi S'Amuse in Paris, he observed "all the names best known to French politics, art, and literature" in which were included the Grand Duke Vladimir, Princess Mathilde, M.Gambetta, Emile Augier, Francois Coppé, Leconte de Lisle, Zola and Hugo.

It was therefore to a drama surfeited with sensation and idle laughing that Henry Arthur Jones was to bring salvation, working with something of the technique of General Booth, upon the good grains of realism and naturalism already germinating in it. The drama as he found it had fallen between two stools; it was not in touch with real life for it neither dealt with ordinary

^x
24th November 1882.

people nor had ordinary people in its audience; it was not in touch with literature, as witnessed by Arnold and Morley, for their standards were poles apart; it is significant that Pink Dominoes was produced in the same year as Meredith's Essay on Comedy. It was looked upon as a mild vice in which the Victorians indulged half shame-facedly. It had no connection with the domestic hearth, the symbol of nineteenth century stability - it pandered to a world which offset the solid morality of the domestic circle with lurid sensationalism when it was out and about.

Family prayers and ~~hymn~~-singing on Sunday were preceded by the Christy Minstrels or Ada Isaac Menken as Mazeppa in pink tights on Saturday. It was a world in which entertainment was a complete escape from the serious business of life and consisted of hair-raising balloon ascents, exhibitions of fat women and strong men, tight-rope dancers performing by the light of Chinese lanterns in supper-gardens. The Times advertisement for Cremorne on June 11th 1863 drew attention glamorously if ungrammatically to the "acrobats, vaulting Japanese and the Ricoli family, the wonderful Valerio on a single wire, the Continental bell-band, dancing on the platform, the beautiful Musical Masque..and all" (significant addition) - "placed upon the stage as regards scenery, effects, ballets and appointments unequalled by any theatre

in London. After which the Royal Circus and grand display of fireworks at 11 o'clock, thus enabling families to enjoy an afternoon or an evening's entertainment." In this world the irreproachable Sunday citizens did not recognise the existence of the abandoned Saturday citizens. Henry Arthur Jones, son of a Buckinghamshire baker, was born to reconcile the two through the medium of the serious drama.

With this end in view he was endowed by Providence at birth with the combined qualities of an advertising agent and a missionary. This was supplemented later by experience as a commercial traveller, and after travelling in drapery and cotton goods he went on to travel in the English Drama, inspired by an unquenchable inner faith. To this his appointed mission he applied all the commercial traveller's technique - the psychological study of his customer, the attractive presentation of his wares, the invention of slogans, the energy, the enthusiasm, the persuasion, the jamming of his foot in hostile doorways, the dogged, blind, uncompromising, irrepressible persistence. These qualities were as necessary as his missionary fervour for he was faced with the task of making his customer, the careful, conservative English public, headed by its formidable dictators, Mrs. Grundy and the Man in the Street, buy something it did not want. Mrs. Grundy

held out for her stuffy, Sunday-afternoon puritanism, the Man in the Street demanded his evening's entertainment and did not care what form it took so long as he could forget his troubles and did not have to think. Neither had any desire for a serious drama. It seemed a contradiction in terms.

These firm-fixed mountains of opinion confronted Henry Arthur Jones at every turn, but he was blessed with faith enough to move whole ranges of mountains. He engineered attacks on both forms of opposition. He wrote pamphlets, he wrote plays, he wrote prefaces explaining the plays, he wrote dedications to eminent persons, he wrote letters to the papers, he wrote articles in magazines, he collected the articles in volumes and published them again, he lectured to students, lectured to dramatic societies, talked to his friends, talked to actors, writers and millionaires and went up and down the land and across the Atlantic to America preaching the gospel of the serious drama with the perseverance of a pile-driver.

Consumed with the one idea of raising the English drama to its proper heights, and pursuing this idea with ceaseless expenditure of nervous energy and emotion, Henry Arthur Jones lived at a continual pitch of excitement and was therefore aggressive, quarrelsome, tiring, and at times an unbearable bore. He was continually going to law,

or holding a heated correspondence or at least being very rude to his fellow authors, actors and producers, and he stands out like Ben Jonson as a fiery figure moving in a constant storm of quarrels. So definitely did he know what he wanted, so violent was he in his views, so intolerant of opposition, criticism or anybody else's opinion, that he was at times excluded from the rehearsal of his own plays. Once when asked how he was getting on with Beerholm Tree he replied, "oh, very well. I sent my solicitor to him this morning. Otherwise things are smooth." Mr. George Alexander called him the "stormy petrel of the English stage". He quarrelled about the production, the interpretation, the very authorship of his plays. His first big success, the production of the Silver King, was followed by a wrangle about its authorship. Herman claimed collaboration, but Henry Arthur Jones poured scorn on his impudence, saying that Herman had only been responsible for the plot, and had he himself been in that position he would never have claimed recognition for so unimportant a part in the making of a play. In 1891 he had a public quarrel with E.S. Willard, who made the character of Cyrus Blenkarn in The Middleman, which culminated in a letter to the Pall Mall Gazette on August 15th. It concerned the overweening arrogance of actor-managers, who mangle and mutilate an author's script, ruin his effects, and take to themselves

all the credit and publicity, leaving the author in obscurity. It is a good example of Jones's technique in quarrelling which was to assert that the other man had begun it. He "regrets that Mr. Willard...considered it necessary to turn the actor-manager controversy into a personal question" but magnanimously feels sure "that when he has time to consider the matter he...will regret having shown so much personal animus". He inserts his own version of the quarrel of the Shaftesbury Theatre which reveals the high standard of his quarrelling. In Judah he had arranged that a passionate love-scene should be played with Lady Eve's voice singing Beethoven's "Adelaide" in the background. To his annoyance a fiddle and a piano were substituted. One night he stepped into the dress-circle and found "the fiddle and piano entirely drowning the words, destroying the effect of the scene and setting people's teeth on edge". Straightway he ran round to the back and "rather impetuously" ordered them to stop. As soon as Willard came off the stage he denied his right to interfere and "shouted...in the presence of the whole company...an order to the stage-door keeper that I was not to be admitted to the Shaftesbury Theatre." He quarrelled with Mrs. Patrick Campbell over the production of Michael and his Lost Angel and, enraged on discovering that the play had been taken off after a few days run, again resorted to the columns of the newspaper to vent his wrath. In 1898 he attacked William Archer in his

preface to the Macmillan edition of "The Tempest" and was so sorry for it a year later that he wrote to Archer apologising. This spirit continued right down to the war years when he maintained a long quarrel with Shaw and Wells. Perhaps the numerous situations in his plays which demand formal apologies and lawsuits have a personal significance. It was all part of his nervous, almost irritable anxiety for the development of the English Drama and the recognition of the English playwright. In spite of his irascibility and litigiousness he had many friends who spoke affectionately of him. He was a figure in the literary life of the day. He was one of those who did not mould their personalities into the general pattern of the Londoner. He remained a Buckinghamshire man, breezy and hearty and unpolished, but full of vigour, so that his company was always stimulating and he never entered an assembly without making his presence felt. He was "dear old Henry Arthur" to Shaw, Max Beerbohm, and many of the best brains of his generation. Though he now seems somewhat of a rhetorician and tub-thumper his contemporaries respected him, amusedly tolerant of his boisterous enthusiasm, and Shaw, the shatterer of specious ideals, firmly upheld the ideals of Henry Arthur Jones, chose him as an intimate friend and cycling companion and asked his opinion on all subjects, including the advisability of his getting married. To outsiders Henry Arthur Jones was

not so popular. Single-track minds are always a bore to the less concentrated, and he confesses himself that he was something of a monomaniac on the subject of the English Drama. He once overheard someone in the train saying, "I can't bear that fellow Jones's plays. He's always preaching." He strove not to preach in his plays, but his enthusiasm for ideas ran away with him, and he voiced opinions and delivered lectures when he ought to have been revealing character and advancing the plot. In the same way he was a slave to his missionary zeal and fervour. He was so absorbed in his campaign that he continued it long after the enemy had ceased to resist, and long after the tumult and the shouting should have died he was still noisily leading the charge, till just before the Great War he suddenly found that he was only tilting at windmills. In 1913, when he published the Foundations of the English Drama in which he still pursued the Mere Amusement bogey and clamoured for the serious drama, Shaw, Pinero, Barrie, Ibsen and Galsworthy had taken possession of the English stage, and the modern English drama was established. He was out of date and unnecessary. His message fell flat. In 1914 when the War came he escaped into it with all the misfits and directed his energies and propagandist tendencies towards championing burning patriotic causes and leading new campaigns, this time

against the political opinions of Shaw and Wells. This was the tragedy of Henry Arthur Jones. He did not realise that his work was done. He thought the fault lay not with himself, but with his stars, and said it was a dreadful thing for a man of his age to have to engage in political propaganda. He must have felt the disappointment of realising that he was not after all a great playwright, and where he had thought himself a genius he was only the herald of genius and better men than he had come along and fulfilled his dreams for him.

Lack of judgment was characteristic of Henry Arthur Jones. Though in some respects he was gifted with prophetic vision, in others he was shortsighted and obtuse. This was mainly due to his lack of education. He was head and shoulders above the rest of his family and youthful contemporaries, but he did not realise that he was not for that reason a genius. There was nothing in his birth and upbringing to favour a literary career. He was born the son of a farmer and baker, and apprenticed to his uncle, a draper, where the nearest hint of future achievement was a lady's remarking on the beauty of his handwriting when he was making out her bill. Marriage inspired him with a desire to get on in life, and he became commercial traveller to a cotton concern in the North, where he met with success and promotion and brought in valuable orders. It was from

this position, which for an artist was dangerously safe and steady that he fought his way into literary and dramatic life. He sensibly began at the beginning and learnt about the drama by acting in it. His first appearance on any stage was as the Second Grave Digger in Hamlet given by the Grove House Amateur Dramatic Society. Later he appeared with great success in A Rough Diamond, and this was also the first occasion on which he kissed his future wife, in a flush of triumph behind the scenes.

It was when he was apprenticed in a warehouse in London that he first became a haunter of theatre-queues, had his phase of actress-worship, and began to nourish dreams of dramatic fame for himself. He read Ruskin and Spencer and Matthew Arnold and became filled with disgust at the commercialism and suburbanism and lack of poetry in the modern world. He wrote one or two plays in this period which were never performed. He wrote plays for sixteen years before receiving recognition. Perhaps this gave intensity to his conviction that the English Drama needed reforming. It was not till the performance of the Silver King in 1882 that he was able to give up drapery and devote himself to the drama.

His early training gave him spirit and determination and a belief in his own capabilities, but no culture. He

had to find his way about the literature and philosophy of the world by himself, and his opinions were spontaneous and personal and unaffected by any interpreter in the form of a teacher or professor. They were therefore sometimes narrow and biased, but always on the side of commonsense. He was not afraid to have views of his own, even if they clashed with the accepted view. He was a self-made man, and had every right to be proud of the production, but his lack of familiar standards caused him to overestimate himself and his work. A man without any supporting background comes to rely so much on the sufficiency of himself that he loses his sense of proportion. He often thought he had achieved greatness where he had only achieved competence or praiseworthy effort.

He was convinced that there was great stuff in Michael; he said that God sent him more plots than he knew what to do with, and resented the suggestion that he was influenced by Ibsen, declaring that he would have written the same plays if Ibsen had never been born. All these statements were over-estimations. Michael has stuff in it that sounds great, but on close examination proves to be mainly sentimentality; his plots, though numerous, are all variations of the same theme of love, illicit or respectable; the influence of Ibsen marked the difference between the Silver King and the social outlook of The Crusaders.

He was a living example of Stevenson's saying that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. He so much enjoyed the struggle and exhilaration, the divine despair and righteous wrath in his campaigning for the serious drama, he was so absorbed in getting his appeal across, that when he did finally attain his object he did not for some time notice it. When he awoke to his success he was like a child who is at last given the toy he has been hankering after for weeks, and finds that he does not want it after all. He was not pleased and exultant, but deflated and nonplussed. The zest had gone out of life. He should have turned into a benign old gentleman, resting on his laurels. Instead of that, he became a peppery old propagandist. He could not bear to keep out of the mainstream of life or refrain from having a finger in some highly seasoned pie.

With Henry Arthur Jones genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains, but seldom kindled by the divine spark. He worked at his plays as he worked at his campaigning - with energy and strong feeling - but without much of the artist's mystery and detachment. His characters always strike the audience not so much as people as Henry Arthur Jones's ideas of people. He was a playwright who made plays as a shipwright makes ships or a wheelwright makes wheels, and left his trade mark obviously stamped on his production. He constantly said that the drama was

concerned with the soul of man, but his own plays were frequently arrangements of incidents in the lives of people in artificial society who had no soul at all, but only cleverness, or about good church-going prigs whose soul was intimately bound up with Sunday school picnics and pew-rents, and never soared higher than the belfry or sank lower than the crypt. He knew the effect he wanted, and his audience could see the effect he wanted, but he seldom succeeded in concealing how hard he was trying. Henry Arthur Jones had excellent ideas about the writing of plays, his theories were always sound and wise, but in practice he was not able to fulfil his beliefs. Oscar Wilde said there were three rules for the writing of English plays; the first was never to write like Henry Arthur Jones. The second and third were the same. This was not quite fair, because his plays were often interesting and lively; The Liars has amusing characters and situations and in Dolly Reforming Herself he creates a quarrel scene as heated and rousing in the domestic way as the heroics of the quarrel scene in Julius Caesar. He, with his publicity agent's sense of appealing to the public, believed that they liked all plays to have a love-story for their central theme. It was an unlucky fate that convinced him of this when The Tempter failed, because here he showed a depth of conception and a sense of beauty

which only appears elsewhere in flashes in some of his prose writings. His blank verse is buxom, blithe and debonair, and under the influence of Shakespeare and Solomon he casts off the mentality of the observant commercial traveller, and creates a hero who is

"the top of bravery and grace...
He's lithe as willow his kiss
Is spicery and west wind. Health and bright mirth
Play at his heels, his eyes laugh light, his lips
Speak honey."

Here Henry Arthur Jones has escaped into more remote realms of fancy. His conscience is not so painfully acute, and he does not strive so hard in his duty of observing and portraying his fellow-creatures. He lets his imagination go free, and therefore creates in the Devil a really enjoyable, stimulating character. This Devil, with his delight in wrong-doing, his treacherous insinuations, his racy tongue and Cockney humour, is far more alive in his villainy than the bewhiskered waxworks of the melodramas. Here for once Henry Arthur Jones the artist has overcome Henry Arthur Jones the publicity agent, and Henry Arthur Jones the missionary. Elsewhere the agent and the missionary triumph. To students of play-writing Henry Arthur Jones teaches by his failures, and his examples of what not to do. To students of the development of the drama he is a vital link between the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries. He may have been wrong in thinking himself a

great playwright, but he was quite right in describing himself as the inaugurator of the Renaissance of the English Drama. He blew the trumpet and the Drama strode in

When asked why he included Henry Arthur Jones in his Dramatists of Today William Archer said it was for his earnestness of purpose. This earnestness of purpose never flagged. He kept a flourishing stud of hobby horses which he exercised on every possible occasion in the cause of the drama. The central theme of his ambition was to raise the English Drama from the rank of mere entertainment, rivalled by Madame Tussaud's and the circus, to the heights of English literature, fit to stand by Shakespeare and the Bible. To support the cause he was equipped with some dozen slogans which it would have been convenient for him to have had stencilled on banners after the manner of wandering gossellers, for one or the other formed the inspiration, theme, refrain and conclusion of every lecture he delivered or article he wrote. They were precepts worthy to be coned, but they were uttered with such frequency, vehemence and monotony that they become irritating and their familiarity breeds indifference. He himself was a contradiction of his own opinions. He decried the commercialism of the times, the suburbanism and drab routine existence; he made the sound statement that we shall never get poetry in the drama till we put more poetry into our lives, and where the Elizabethan dramatist was

faced with the figures of Drake, Raleigh and Sidney, the modern dramatist is met by the eminent head of some business firm. Yet he himself hid his talent for poetic drama and gave the public what it wanted. He had a keen eye for business and the monetary side of play-writing. Bernard Shaw wrote to him about business affairs and asked his advice, "as you know more about these things than I do." He had high ideas and theories about art and the artist, but the showman was continually obscuring the artist in him. He tried to live his life at two levels, and did not realise that the artist and the showman have a different sense of values.

To carry on a campaign as he did, a campaign for publicity and recognition, demands a respect for the outward and visible sign. The campaigner must see concrete results for his work, not only good work done. He is an artist once removed. The intrinsic value of the art he advocates is not so important as the fact that it should be recognised and appreciated. This was characteristic of Henry Arthur Jones in every departure of life. In his plays it was superficial and not fundamental values that counted: in Michael and his Lost Angel, Michael's adultery is represented as the more awful, not because it is in conflict with some burning inner religion, but with the dignity of a clerical collar: in his campaigning it was

always recognition and appreciation that he was demanding; he was grateful to Auguste Filon for having put England's drama on the map: he wrote to Gilbert Murray pleading for the interest and opinion of men of letters - it did not matter whether their views were wrong, provided that they had views. He thought of stunts, such as dedicating plays to eminent men of letters, enlisting millionaires in the cause of the drama to endow actors and theatres, and gaining the regular official patronage of municipal authorities. On September 29th 1913 he addressed the Sheffield Playgoers Society on this subject urging that the Mayor and Municipal Authorities should "recognise the theatre as a necessary and inevitable institution of our civic life" and "on certain occasions, such as the opening night of the local season....should attend the theatre in their corporate capacity."

In private life, too, his respect for superficial values was apparent. He was very much aware of the stamp of a man's profession or calling and assessed people at the value of the reputation they had made for themselves; he had a true reverence for The Great: He was very conscious of himself as the Playwright and contemporaries recall that he was often nicknamed Henry AUTHOR Jones. His eldest son was an invalid, and his daughter reports that though he showed him every kindness he was always sorry that he had

not a son he could be proud of: his ^{own} name - common and insignificant - irked him, and he tried to get his friends into the habit of addressing him as Arthur-Jones. It was however the lack of adequate national recognition for his services that most touched his vanity. He never says directly that he was hurt at not receiving a knighthood, but continually suggests that everyone was surprised at the omission and indeed many people, it is remarked, did address him as Sir Henry, evidently aware that he had the dignity in himself if not officially. These snobberies were small and forgettable compared with the largeness of the general scope of his ideas.

He was enterprising for one of his birth and upbringing. His campaign did not end in England but extended to France and America. He was attracted by both countries. He liked France because there they treated the drama with all due respect, wrote great plays, took them seriously, and made the drama a part of their national literature. France appealed to the missionary in him. **There** his ideals were put into practice.

America appealed to the other side of his character. Masters of publicity, they appreciated the showman in him, and were eagerly receptive of new ideas. What is more, they regarded Henry Arthur Jones as a great

man, and set him for examinations in the Universities. He looked upon this as a great honour and triumph for his cause. He was literature. Modern Drama was literature. It is no wonder that he thought the Americans had imagination and foresight and all the qualities of a great and vigorous nation.

This Mr. Jones lived to a ripe age, though restlessly thwarted by ill-health and the inability to do all that he wanted. He was a man of vigour whose brain was always working and weaving schemes and who in moments of enforced idleness chafed like Henry Percy and cried "Fie upon this quiet life. I want work." All his life he had suffered from continuous nervous breakdowns and alternating attacks of deadly depression and vivid exhilaration. He was impatient of illness, impatient of old age and impatient of his own inability to fulfil his ambitions.

His claim to fame lay in his enthusiasm. His enthusiasm far exceeded his capacity and he realised this with bitterness as he grew older. He was always making excuses for himself, and feeling that he had a grudge against fate. He said he had achieved what he had in spite of all his operations and his children whereas So-and-So had achieved not nearly so much with no operations and no children. When he had his last operation he said that if he had had it twenty years ago

the whole course of the English Drama would have been changed. The trouble was that Henry Arthur Jones had inaugurated the new trend of the English drama, had started it on its way and in all the whirlwind of his enthusiasms never realised that his heart's desire had come true, and all he had to do was to sit back and watch its steady development. Jones's chief qualification for the position of Reformer of the English Drama was that he was not too good for the job. His service to the Drama was all the greater in that he was such an ordinary man. People understood him. Auguste Filon says, he was the most thoroughly English of all the English playwrights. He respected British thought and tradition, following Ruskin and Spencer, its established leaders, in denouncing the commercialism, materialism and suburbanism of his age. He respected British institutions, the church, the social order, the Mayor and Corporation. He was on the side of convention in matters of morality and matrimony. He represented the opinions of the average man and because he was the first to voice dramatically what everybody had been thinking he gained his reputation for originality; it was because he was merely topically alert and not too advanced to be obscure that he was able to attract the attention of the British public and make them theatre-minded. He understood his

audience and gave them what interested them, without troubling them with new ideas. He had the observation of a first-rate journalist and the earnestness of a Non-Conformist minister, and it was these qualities which enabled him to bring back to the English people not great drama but the capacity for appreciating the great drama that was coming to them.

CHAPTER II

The Life of Henry Arthur Jones.

This chapter is intended as a straightforward chronological survey of the facts of Henry Arthur Jones' career, briefly sketching the development of his work both dramatic and propagandist. It supplements Appendix A, where all his written works are listed. For the details of his life I am very much indebted to his daughter, Mrs. Thorne, who in my various visits to her has given me much information and kindly lent me copies of plays, and whose book The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones is the only complete record of his career.

Henry Arthur Jones was born on September 20th 1851 at Grandborough, Buckinghamshire. His father was a farmer. His grandfather was a go-ahead Welshman, and his mother brought up her family in the strictest traditions of the Dissenting religion. Shaw said that Jones would have made an excellent Non-Conformist minister, and this opinion was supported by an old country woman whom Mrs. Thorne quotes as saying of Jones, "Strange that he should have took to playwriting. I always looked to see him in the pulpit." This attitude of mind was bred in him from birth.

As a small boy he passed his time play-acting to himself in the back-yard, and riding on the pony which his father gave

him when he was four years old. At the age of ten he won a prize for Scriptural Knowledge and first developed the capacity for hard work which remained with him all his life. While still at school he went round twice a day selling milk and when day-school was over he attended evening classes. In 1863, at the age of twelve, he left school to earn his living, and was apprenticed to an uncle, a draper in Ramsgate. He did not like this, and has preserved the memory of his uncle in the unpleasant character of Hoggard in Saints and Sinners. He had three and a half years with his uncle, and then moved to another draper in Gravesend, who was evidently a man of substance and influence, as he became Mayor of Gravesend later. Here Jones first began to read Milton surreptitiously behind the counter when not attending to customers. In 1869 he came to London to work in a warehouse, and first began to haunt theatre queues and read Herbert Spencer. His theatre-going was systematic and serious: he would "see the same successful play for perhaps a dozen times, till" he "could take its mechanism to pieces". He wrote some novels in this period, one running to three volumes, but they were none of them published or preserved. His favourite companion in the warehouse was Emery Walker, who became his life-long friend, and was to introduce him to William Morris. His favourite hobby was amateur theatricals, and in 1871 he appeared as the Second Grave-Digger in a performance of Hamlet given by the

Grove House Amateur Theatrical Society. Also in this year he began to look round for a more lucrative post, as he was thinking of getting married to Miss Jane Eliza Seely, a young lady of seventeen who worked in an artificial flower warehouse which he had occasion to visit on business. He went first to a warehouse in Bradford, and here he wrote his first long play, The Golden Calf, which is not extant, but which he said was based on Lytton's Money. In 1872, though only twenty-one, he became commercial traveller for the west of England branch of Rennie Tetley, textile manufacturers, and for the next four years travelled so successfully and brought in so many orders that by 1875 he had saved up enough money to get married. The ceremony took place at St. Andrew's, Holborn, on the 2nd September. He took a house called the Hermitage in Exeter, to be near his work, and it was this house which was later used as the setting for the Second Act of The Crusaders.

During this period of commercial travelling Henry Arthur Jones spent his long sojourns in railway trains and commercial hotels in reading voraciously all the great works which a student of English Literature ought to read, and especially the Elizabethan dramatists and Herbert Spencer. It may have been his early experience as a traveller which made trains play such a prominent part in his plays; for

there is hardly one in which Bradshaw is not consulted at some point, and in some, such as The Manoeuvres of Jane, train departures and arrivals form an integral part of the plot. He talks of the "down fast" and the "up slow" and uses all the railway jargon familiar to those whose commission depends often on catching or missing a train.

He first appeared in print in 1874 when he wrote a letter to the Exeter and Plymouth Gazette which was published on the 2nd December. It was typical of Jones, a serious letter for a young man of twenty-three, criticising a sermon of the Dean of Exeter. The Dean had been appealing for funds for the Hospital and with the social conscience of a true Victorian considered that these should come from the middle and working classes and not from the "better (sic) classes", denouncing the labourer's habit of spending all his money on drink. Jones retaliated with the indignation of a young idealist, "what shall be say of the secret drinking on the part of the upper classes", and asserted that the aristocracy had received their riches as stewards and would simply be held responsible for the dispensation of them. This his first published work is interesting as showing his social awareness and sympathies, his antatonic temperament and objection to letting sleeping dogs lie.

Exeter also saw the production of his first play, Only Round the Corner, which was produced at the Theatre Royal on the 11th December 1878. In 1879 it was revived at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, under the title of Harmony Restored, with Wilson Barrett in the leading part. It is a domestic drama about a church organist who in blind old age is ousted from his post by the young man whom his daughter wishes to marry. It is important as being Henry Arthur Jones's first connection with Wilson Barrett. In this year there sprang up a crop of small plays in the provinces. Hearts of Oak was produced at the Theatre Royal, Exeter, on the 11th May: Elopement was produced at the Theatre Royal, Oxford, on the 19th August; and on the 16th October he achieved his first London production when Wilson Barrett, having been impressed with Harmony Restored, put on A Clerical Error as a curtain-raiser to H.J. Byron's Courtship at the Court Theatre. It was described in The Times of October 20th 1879 as "a clever little piece in one-act", and commended by The Era for its "thoroughly beautiful and natural tone". It is also a domestic drama based on a misunderstanding, and introduces the first of Henry Arthur Jones's long line of pathetic parsons. All these early plays were one-act samples of the domestic drama with much sentiment, many tears, and happy, if watery, smiles at the end. Wilson Barrett was

full of praise for A Clerical Error and compared Jones with Robertson in his presentation of true English comedy.^x In this same fruitful year 1879 he wrote a three-act play called A Perfect Woman, which he submitted to The Era, who published a letter about it on the 29th August. It is interesting as containing an early effort at satire on the intellectual woman, Lottie being wrapped up unattractively in science, philosophy and political economy. He also sent it to Matthew Arnold, rechristened "The Garden Party". Matthew Arnold in a letter which Mrs. Thorne quotes, found it "extremely interesting" and hoped it would "appear in some magazine". It was never produced, but was privately printed by John Tait of Ilfracombe. Jones had all these early plays printed by him, and put down their success to the fact that they were submitted to managers in print, and not in the usual manuscript. From the first he was always alive to the value of displaying his wares attractively. They were printed in a handy octavo size, with plain covers simply giving the title. Inside on the fly-leaf were extracts from complimentary criticisms of other plays. Not for nothing was Jones a commercial traveller.

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In a letter quoted by Mrs. Thorne in The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones.

On the 6th November 1880 Wilson Barrett again used a play of his for a curtain-raiser, and preceded Edwin Booth's Hamlet by An Old Master. The Times was not enthusiastic, only devoting six lines to a criticism of it at the end of a column on Edwin Booth. It is interesting as containing the germ of material which Jones worked up later in his full-length plays. Auguste Filon thought it important enough to be included in his analysis of Jones's work in The English Stage. (For a fuller description of these plays see Chapter III)

On the 16th April of the next year, 1881, his first full-length play, His Wife, was produced at Sadler's Wells. There is no record of this being printed, and no typescript copy or manuscript extant. The Times of the 19th April observes that it gives "unlimited scope for the cultivation of" Jones's "vein of Pathos" . According to the summary in The Times it seems to have been a seduction drama of the most melodramatic order, in which the heroine, after being seduced, deserted, falsely denounced by her infamous husband and imprisoned, finally married the gaol chaplain, the infamous husband having blown out his brains. Jones called this his first "big play".

On the 7th September of this year a small play, Home Again, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Oxford, but was not printed.

The next year, 1882, was a portentous one in Jones's career. It marked his establishment as a professional dramatist, and his emancipation from drapery. It was ushered in modestly by the production of A Bed of Roses at the Globe Theatre on the 26th January. It was a one-act play. It had a sentimental wounded-hero theme, but a pleasant atmosphere of boating on the river on summer afternoons, and the peaceful, parasolled "Dolce far niente" often reflected in the pages of Punch of that time. Jones had achieved a fresh and sunny aspect of the new realism, which up to now had meant chiefly sordid details.

On the 16th November The Silver King was produced at the Princess's. Wilson Barrett, impressed by the theatrical effectiveness of Jones's small plays, and especially by His Wife, commissioned him to write a melodrama. Jones accepted, though afterwards making a great show of regretting the necessity of thus prostituting his art. He collaborated with Henry Herman, an indefatigable collaborator, and between them they created a sensation in the dramatic world. H.G.Hibbert in A Playgoer's Memories (1920) recalls how it was acted 289 times, and then revived as "the most famous melodrama of modern times" before King George V in 1914.

The Silver King burst upon the world with a fanfare of enthusiastic criticism in the newspapers: the Illustrated London News saw "a lift in the clouds and a break of blue in the dramatic heavens"; "the audience", stated the Pall Mall Gazette of the 18th November "were tumultuous in their applause" and The Times remarked its "high moral purpose", together with the "novelty of bringing the shooting burglar on the stage". Within the first fortnight of its production it brought out the aged Matthew Arnold on a cold December night after an absence of 20 years from the theatre, and stirred him to contribute another of his solemn dramatic articles in the Pall Mall Gazette. It destroyed every one of his prejudices against the drama: the temper of the audience, the shabbiness of the theatre, and the quality of the production. In the Pall Mall Gazette of December 6th he wrote that it "was not Shakespeare, it was melodrama" in that it relied on an outer drama of sensational events, but the characters and situations were "natural, have sobriety and propriety, are literature". The theatre itself was renewed and transformed - had become decorated and brilliant. "The public was there ... furnished from all classes and showing that English society at large had now taken to the theatre".

Its literary qualities pleased the men of letters, its excitements pleased the sensation-hunters, and its moral pleased the serious-minded: Jones must have been pleased with the closing sentence of the Illustrated London News review, which stated that the audience were "gently reminded that every cloud has a silver lining, and that there is repentance for the most dissolute and that true love is abiding". Even though the play was not as serious as he would have liked in the name of the drama, he must have been happy to think that his audience went away with these elevated maxims improving their minds. Critics were satisfied, the public was satisfied, the actors, too, were satisfied. H.G.Hibbert remarks that Denver was Wilson Barrett's favourite part and that E.S.Willard made his name as the Spider. Jones himself was satisfied, for it shot his yearly income up from the hundreds to the thousands.

It is interesting to note the point at which Jones picked up the remains of the decayed drama and brought new life to them. It was popular melodrama, with its intricate plots and wealth of incident, that gave him his training. The Silver King, in theme, treatment, and sometimes in detail, is a development of Tom Taylor's The Ticket-of-Leave Man: the scene in the Wheatsheaf is adapted from Taylor's Bridgewater Arms, with the disguised detective and the mis-

guided hero, having picked up by the way a little of the social realism of Robertson's Owl's Roost. The Spider, alias Skinner, is a smarter version of Taylor's Tiger, alias Jem Dalton, alias Downy. Both speak the criminal jargon which was the Victorian equivalent of a modern gangster's vocabulary: Tiger's motto is "Never put off till tomorrow the crib you can crack today". The realism of Taylor's canary which patiently listens to May Edward's reading of her sweetheart's letters, is only outdone by the realism of Jones's railway stations and railway accidents. Jones prudently stepped in where no one feared to tread, and forced his "somewhat undistinguished" name upon the public attention by giving them the sort of entertainment they wanted before embarking on the sort of entertainment he considered they ought to want.

His brilliant success was followed by a sordid quarrel with Herman about the authorship of the play, which dragged on for nearly three years and culminated in an extremely long letter in the Era of 12th September 1885. In this Jones explained, in righteous anger patiently restrained, the building up of the play, especially the assistance in details of stagecraft given by Wilson Barrett, magnificently allowed Herman credit for a hundred lines of the play and described how he himself had found the theme in a story

called Dead in the Desert, published in Good Words. It not only offer an example of Jones's technique in quarrelling, but also the first indication of his ability to write the pregnant, carefully-cadenced prose of his propaganda. "When Mr. Herman", he write, "says that the story and whole scheme of The Silver King were his, the working out of its details and the construction of the play were his, it requires the greatest self-restraint on my part to summon up sufficient parliamentary courtesy to assure him that he is mistaken". The whole matter was raked up again in 1905. This time Wilson Barrett, from the safe distance of Australia, whither he had gone on tour with his company, attempted to claim authorship. The case was finally settled in favour of Jones by an arbitration committee consisting of Sir Squire Bancroft, Charles Wyndham and Ben Greet.

The manuscript of the play in the Bodleian Library is difficult to make head or tail of, and no guide to the authorship of it. It is not the manuscript of the play as originally produced. It introduces characters not in the final version, including a father and mother of the heroine who provide an opening scene discarded in the acted play. It nowhere contains the striking line, "O God, put back thy universe, and give me yesterday". There are several versions of the same scene, some in Jones's handwriting and some in another hand.

Up to the end of Act III where Nelly (up to this point called Florence) pleads with the Spider to let her stay in her cottage, the manuscript is written in a bold, copper-plate hand, and seems like a fair copy, with one or two corrections in Jones's hand. Then, out of order, and in another hand, comes the scene where Jakes looks for Denver (christian name Claud, but Wilfred later) in the Wheatsheaf. There follow some untidy, much-corrected foolscap sheets which begin neatly in copper plate but degenerate gradually into the normal handwriting of Jones, and his name is signed on the back of the last page of this section. The rest is various versions of different scenes in various hands. Though the title on the outer cover gives the author as Henry Arthur Jones alone, the title page in the manuscript describes it as by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman, and scribbled on the back of one page is a rough, dedicatory note to Tennyson, beginning "we have written". From this scrappy evidence it seems that Jones was not the sole author, but that he did certainly write the bulk of the play, probably with additions and advice from Herman and Wilson Barrett.

The whole affair may seem petty and unimportant, but it is interesting as an indication of the popularity of the play, and its monetary success, which must have been considerable, to

make it worth so much discussion as to its authorship. It also indicates the irritable, militant stubbornness with which Jones always defended his "rights", a characteristic which his own self-made career had fostered. He had had such a struggle to establish himself as a dramatist, his position was so precious to him, that he could not bear anything that might imperil it. It was this underlying sense of, perhaps, inferiority that made him so aggressive, and so sensitive of criticism, expressed sometimes in undignified complaints about the boos and hisses to which he was occasionally subject, and which he took as a personal insult, not part of the everyday trials of a dramatist.

As a final mark of recognition in the year 1882 he was written about by so eminent a critic as William Archer, who hailed him as a man of promise, and included him in English Dramatists of Today on account of his earnestness of purpose.

Mr. Jones, the playwright and no longer the commercial traveller, now began to devote himself wholly to his mission. He wrote several plays within the next two years: The Wedding Guest, Rex, Vladimir, The Jolly Waterman, none of the last three being extant or published. There is a copy of The Wedding Guest, which was privately printed, in the Bodleian Library. It is a murderous, bloody, but vivid melodrama, in which a discarded mistress slays her lover in a duel on his wedding night.

On the 24th March 1883 he contributed a letter to the Era angrily refuting a letter of Herman Merivale's which said that people did not want literature on the stage. In the following September he first declared himself the apostle for serious drama and its relation to the people when he wrote an article in The Nineteenth Century called The Theatre and the Mob. This, his first sermon on the text of the serious drama, he republished later in The Renaissance of the English Drama. In it he deplored the modern demand for mere amusement, condemned the suburbanity of his age, quoted Matthew Arnold's 1879 article, and first expressed the hope of a dramatic renaissance, when a national drama should present the truth and not the mere facts of life, and concern itself with the soul of man. In the Musical World he had another article on The Dramatic Renaissance and was now fairly launched in the capacity of "England's scourge", as Max Beerbohm christened him.

Jones's next contribution to the English drama was a mistake. In later years he was ashamed of it, and prayed that it might be forgotten. In collaboration with Herman he wrote a new version of Ibsen's The Doll's House which he called Breaking a Butterfly, and supplied with a happy ending. True to the melodramatic tradition the play shows villainy, as The Times said, "defeated in the long run, and happiness

...restored to the troubled home". "The Norwegian de-
nouncement", it continued, "was of a kind hardly likely to
commend itself to this country". This shows Jones's
fundamentally inartistic attitude to the drama; he chose to
write down to the heretics rather than to lift them to a
higher level, and the mentality of these heretics demanded
drama which Shaw in the preface to Widower's Houses describes
as being "written for the theatres instead of from its own
inner necessity", dramas in which psychological honesty and
depth of conception were sacrificed to theatrical effect.
Jones aimed at theatrical effectiveness first and added
seriousness later, when he felt himself established. He
was no believer in the dictum of the Irish Movement that the
theatre should appeal to "a few simple people who understand
from sheer simplicity what we understand from scholarship
and thought"; in these days he wished to attract the
attention of what Matthew Arnold called "l'homme sensual
moyen". However his effort at popularising Ibsen
according to The Times, could not "be called impressive"
it partakes rather of the nature of a storm in the teacup".
Ibsen's deeper issues are ignored and emphasis is thrown
on the theatrical situation of a frivolous young wife
burdened with a guilty secret which her husband nobly
takes upon himself. Flora (known in the family as Flossie)

does not walk out, like Nora, to "find herself", but sobs with joy on her husband's neck, who remarks tolerantly "Flossie was a child yesterday; today she is a woman" Jones himself was wholly responsible for the travesty, as in the letter on collaborations in The Era of 12th September 1885, he asserts: "the change in motive by which every particle of Ibsen's ^{motive} was obliterated was my suggestion." It was produced at the Prince's Theatre on the 3rd March with Beerbohm Tree as the English Torvald.

With this piece of Philistinism to their credit the two collaborators went on to write a one-act play about the poet Chatterton, which was produced at the Princess's Theatre on the 22nd May. Wilson Barrett again had the leading part. The play was a highly successful version of the poet's miserable existence and sordid end in a garret, learning when he had already drunk the poison, that "a high-born lady" had called with a gift of five pounds as a reward for some verses which he had written to her. It was too late. "The spasms of death seize him and he breathes his last" said The Times of the 23rd May, and adds that it had a "singularly elevating effect" which must have been gratifying to the earnest Jones. It provided Wilson Barrett with effective monologues and a dying speech on the use of poetry.

After this Jones shook off the yoke of Herman and began to strike out in his own highly serious direction. On the 25th September Saints and Sinners was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre. Into this Jones, being now thirty three put all the life he had yet experienced, set out in the trappings of melodramatic tradition and not a little influenced by the Ibsen he had transmuted and hotly denied as a master, the whole being deeply imbued with a spirit of Non-Conformist moral earnestness. It was his first solemn contribution to the serious drama. His characters were the simple Non-Conformist parson and the bigoted tradespeople he had met on his travels in the provinces; he set up against them the conventional hero, villain and weak-kneed heroine of melodrama, and he indicated his seriousness by much talk of soul and sin and reparation. The title-headings of the acts give some indication of the nature of the piece:-

ACT I. Two Loves I have.

ACT II. A Bird is Snared.

ACT III. Letty Chooses

ACT IV. Jacob Chooses.

ACT V. Lived Down.

Despite its asides, -its waxwork figures and sensational situations, the play was an entirely new departure in the

English drama. Hoggard and Prabble were recognisable members of the community; a Sunday school picnic and a railway station were highly original settings; and who had beheld on the stage such seriousness as lay in Jacob Fletcher confessing his daughter's guilt, and his retirement into obscurity and good works to live it down?

The new departure was received calmly in the Press. The Times thought it an "excellent if unconventional subject for dramatic treatment", but considered that "the story has too little variety and is also perhaps too replete with moral sentiment to move the house to enthusiasm". The Pall Mall Gazette remarked, almost apologetically, that "it would be futile to deny that the reception was lukewarm". Both recognised the originality in the treatment of the characters, but realised that it was above "l'homme sensuel moyen". Higher authority, however, approved and commended. Mrs. Thorne quotes a letter from Matthew Arnold, who again was favourably impressed with Mr. Jones, recognising the originality of the middle class characters, but criticising the theme, as he disliked seduction dramas. Auguste Filon called the production of Saints and Sinners an "important date in the history of the drama" and said it was a new phase in the old war between the Puritans and the theatre, in which the theatre carried the war right into the enemy's camp.

These same Puritans failed to appreciate the satire on themselves and fell upon Jones immediately for introducing Scriptural quotations on the stage, charging him with irreverence. On the first night there were Puritanical booes and hisses from the pit. William Archer in an article in the Pall Mall Gazette of February 1885 on The Duties of Dramatic Critics said these hisses were "the result of nothing more respectable than an unreasoning tradition which, regarding the theatre as a place profane, deems sacred phrases as inappropriate within its walls as a crucifix at a witches sabbath". Four days after the production of his play Jones was compelled to write a letter to the Daily News, published on the 29th September, repudiating these charges, and declaring that he "intended no offence to religious susceptibilities". The controversy continued.

On the 16th October he contributed a letter to Truth about the play; in the December number of Today he voiced "A Playwright's Grumble", bewailing the poorness of contemporary material the playwright had to work upon and decrying in William Morris eloquence "the insatiable locusts of industrialism devouring every green thing". In the Nineteenth Century of the following January he wound up the

affair with an article on Religion on the Stage, which was the second of his long treatises on the drama, and was included in his Renascence of the English Drama in 1895. In it he denounced the "Sunday Christians" who wished to keep their religion apart from their life and the theatre still further apart, and the following month William Archer's article in the same magazine backed him up and declared that it was an occasion on which dramatic critics should have come resolutely forward to denounce and ridicule the Pharisees.

A month after the production of Saints and Sinners Jones was selected to give an address at the opening of the Playgoers' Club on the 7th October. He spoke on "The Modern Drama" - the first of many speeches on the subject - demanding an authoritative school of acting and protesting against the realism of external details which was corrupting the drama. On the 8th October he contributed an article to The Pall Mall Gazette on "How Plays are written".

In this year Jones paid his first visit to the South of France. He loved the country, loved the people, loved especially its dramatic traditions, and visited it many times, but its influence is only seen in his plays in two caricatures of French women, one under-developed French prince and certain jokes at the expense of French morals.

Fearful of risking his livelihood again in the cause of serious drama Jones returned in the following year to a more popular line, and for the next seven years clung to it tenaciously, producing melodramas of no outstanding merit but of use in cultivating ingenuity of construction. He collaborated with Wilson Barrett to produce Hoodman Blind on the 18th August. He was not proud of it. He disliked collaboration and disliked the type of play he was asked to collaborate in. However Wilson Barrett knew what the public wanted and knew how to give it to them. Jones could not afford to be unpopular, nor was it compatible with his mission. Hew knew what he was doing. In an article in the New Review of July 1891 he defended his attitude when he emphasised the "Necessity for popular support" which "implies a large amount of concession and compromise. The wise statesman "he continued" does not attempt to make laws too far in advance of the moral and intellectual condition of the people"...the playwright "must not disdain to be popular". Playwriting exists only by virtue of immediately pleasing a large section of the public". Jones the artist was always insubordinate to Jones the showman; he wanted to make the drama not only serious but a national institution and to do this it was necessary at this stage in his career that he should become himself a national institution. He could only do this by

writing the kind of play which draws the crowds. In later years he confessed to a more mercenary motive, stating in Cassell's^{and} T.P.'s Weekly of the 17th November 1923 that he would "never have written melodrama but for the fact that Wilson Barrett was the only manager who would look at my work in those days".

The Times showed appreciation not only of Jones's promise but also of the plight of the Drama for which he was working. It stated that melodrama had of late years "fallen into a groove from which it is high time it should be extricated". The Times had hoped for some originality from a playwright of Mr. Jones's standing but it was the same old familiar story concocted from the same old simple recipe. The Times expressed itself disappointed.

In November of this year Jones paid his first visit to America where he stayed only five weeks for the production of Saints and Sinners in New York. He came away after his short stay loud in admiration of the go-ahead country and its vigorous appreciation of the modern drama.

Mrs. Thorne says that about this time her father wrote a play called Welcome Little Stranger which he described to her years later at a performance of Spring Cleaning. In the opening scene he said, "a nurse crossed the stage, a servant opened the door for a doctor carrying a bag, one or two

other characters came on, and after a certain amount of va et vient the nurse entered and said "It is a fine boy". This daring scene failed to pass the Censor. Although Mrs. Thorne treats this as one of her father's plays, a play called Welcome Little Stranger was produced at the Criterion Theatre on 6th August 1890, of which James Albery was advertised as the author. Press notices, though no text, are included in Mr. Wyndham Albery's edition of Albery's Works, published 1939. The Times summarises the play as being about "an elderly couple whose married daughter becomes a mother" and who "have themselves a child about the same time. The rival babies put the household in a turmoil". I venture to suggest that this is the play of which Mrs. Thorne was thinking, and that, looking back after some time upon her father's description, she was mistaken in thinking that he was describing one of his own plays.

In February of the next year Jones and Wilson Barrett, puzzling what the public would like next, decided to revive historical drama. The Jones-Barrett partnership was becoming well-known. The Times calling Jones Barrett's "Fournisseur attitré". They produced a five-act play with the ambiguous title of The Lord Harry. (Jones was more than once unfortunate in the choice of his titles: An old Master and Michael and his Lost Angel both called forth objections.)

The Times, though taking exception to the title, was nevertheless pleased with The Lord Harry; it had "lifted the theatre out of the rut of melodrama" and "plunged into the exciting period of the Parliamentary Wars". The Times was always very firmly convinced that melodrama was a rooted evil but had never yet stipulated what should take its place. There is no record of the play's having been printed, but from the press notices it seems to have been the usual hazardous love-story of a dashing young Royalist and a demure Puritan maid, interspersed with a little pseudo-Shakespearean "comic business". "The experienced playgoer" says The Times "need be in no doubt as to the issue". However, though the play was in parts wearisome and unexciting, it made up for all its shortcomings in its attempt to shake off the yoke of melodrama.

In December of the same year A Noble Vagabond was produced. This marked the end of Jones's collaborations: The Times called it the "best melodrama seen in London for some time", and remarked that it threw "a good deal of light on the authorship of The Silver King", but from the summary in The Times it seems to have been a melodrama crowded with an unusual amount of sensational events linked together by an ingenious plot depending on the mistaken identity of two people with the same name.

In the next month, January 1887, Jones, now working on his own, but still clinging to the security of melodrama, produced Hard Hit with Beerbohm Tree as the villain. Again there is no copy extant and The Times summary is the only indication of the nature of the play. Jones for the last 5 years seemed to have been the backbone of the English Stage and The Times, commenting on the dearth of dramatists, said the theatre was largely dependent on the work of Mr. H. A. Jones. By now people were beginning to expect something great from him. The Times again expressed its disappointment; the play was ingenious and would have been impressive but for its house-of-cards appearance. It had however one "poignant scene" in the third act, in which the misunderstood wife is discovered in compromising circumstances in the villain's house. At this the house "roused itself to enthusiasm". On the 3rd November of this year Heart of Hearts was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre. This is yet another melodrama of pity and misunderstanding, and is a tale of a young girl, Lucy Robin, the "butler's niece", in Lady Clarissa Fitzralph's complicated household, wrongly accused of stealing a precious jewel. The complication is increased by the fact that the butler is secretly married to Lady Clarissa's elder sister Wilhelmina, and that all the time it is Lucy Robin's father

who has stolen the jewel. This he has done by stealing into the house as a tramp, all unnoticed. However, all is safely gathered in finally - after much **self**-sacrifice, confession and remorse, and the play is chiefly interesting in the development of Jones's art in the dexterity with which a very complicated plot is handled. It is interesting that in the criticism, the Times comments upon a failing which shows in Jones's later plays. Though Lucy is innocent her father is guilty and in a play of this type any slur on the character of the heroine is jarring. The Times says it is "hard for the audience not to feel a certain annoyance with the author for so gratuitous an outrage upon its sensibilities". This slight, but damning lack of proportion spoilt such plays as Judah, The Dancing Girl, and, considerably magnified, ruined Michael.

This play was again the centre of a controversy, this time Jones being accused by Paul Meritt of plagiarism, and borrowing his plot from a play called The King of Diamonds which he had written three years before, an accusation which angrily refuted in a letter to the Era of 12th November 1887, declaring that he had never seen or heard of the play.

The year 1888 is marked only by an entry in a ledger mentioning a play called Bob which is not extant.

On the 24th February 1889 Jones gave a lecture at the New Islington Hall on behalf of the Ancoats Recreation Movement, pleading against debased forms of amusement: he also in the same year made a speech in Manchester which was taken up by The Globe who disagreed with his speech considering it "doubtful whether the stage has any duty at all". This called forth a long harangue from Jones in the Globe of the 27th February who denounced the statement as "curiously illustrative of the condition to which the modern stage has sunk".

This was a year of energetic propagandist effort. He was now living in Regent's Park and could mix in London life and pick up all the ideas that were going about. In the July number of The Nineteenth Century he wrote on "The First Night Judgment of Plays", later published in The Renaissance of the English Drama. In it he deplored the fact that a play so often stands or falls by the judgment of the first-night audience, which is often not representative, and set out to "examine the machinery in present use for the formation and direction of public opinion in the judgment of plays". Jones the showman was now voluminously at work. He made the true observation in this article that in the past ten years one great formula

had prevailed - the melodramatic . In the preceding April he had made an effort to improve upon this in Wealth, which he called a "psychological study". There is only a typescript copy of this extant, The Pall Mall Gazette made it front-page news and The Times gave it a generous column. It was produced at the Haymarket Theatre on the 27th April with Beerbohm Tree in the leading part, which was that of Matthew Ruddock, the millionaire, the treatment of whose reactions to bankruptcy and the thwarting of matrimonial ambitions for his daughter, provides the "psychological study". "Matthew Ruddock", says The Times, "is the play", and indicated that there was little else of interest. By the third act Ruddock is a "hopeless maniac", so that the "psychological study" is not able to go much further, especially as he died of a burst blood vessel upon hearing that he is not bankrupt after all. The audience were not enthusiastic. Psychological studies on the stage did not appeal to them. Critics, however, had by now seized the significance of Jones's work. "Mr. Jones", said The Times has assumed the role of a stage reformer". The Times had been keeping an eye on Jones for some time, it saw in him signs of great promise. It had on several occasions been disappointed, but now it considered that Jones grappled "with a social problem of vital interest" and devoted a

column not to the dramatic quality of the play but to the soundness of its ethics. It could not help concluding, however, that love-making was more effective on the stage than the "pursuit of the higher morality". Though the play was not enthusiastically received it was at least received by an encouragingly distinguished audience which the Pall Mall Gazette described in glowing terms: "it was crowded: it was brilliant: it was artistic. Every other face was a well known one". Jones was at last reaching the right kind of audience and paving the way for seriousness, which, inch by inch, he was pushing into the drama.

[In the following August he had the courage to put on another social play, and was rewarded by achieving a great success. On the 27th August The Middleman was produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre with E.S. Willard, who had reached fame in The Silver King, as Cyrus Blenkorn, the potter. Jones was a great admirer and friend of William Morris, and it may have been his ~~reading~~^{teaching} which inspired the play. Morris had been lecturing up and down the country on Art and Socialism, preaching the dignity of labour and the abolition of the "slavery of capitalist commerce". Jones took this as the text of his play, showing the exploitation of Art in industry. At last he seemed to have fulfilled The Times expectations of him. There was a social theory

at the back of his mind as well as a plot: Chandler the Middleman represents the vulgar commercialist of his day, crushing the true workman, but the old melodramatic habit of mind in which Jones was reared, asserted itself. The problem resolves itself into a conflict between the unmitigated evil of Chandler on the one hand and the fierce artistic zeal of Blenkorn on the other. There is no balanced reviewing of the situation. However Jones had succeeded in interesting his audience in themes other than love-affairs and produced what The Times called "the most dignified and literary play of the year"

Jones's fame was spreading across the Atlantic and in May 1890 the New York Mirror published an article on Realism and Truth which showed the practical soundness of Jones as a dramatic critic, drawing his careful distinction between realism and truth.

On the 21st May 1890 E.S. Willard followed up the success of The Middleman with the production of Judah at the Shaftesbury. This was a play which Jones regarded as one of his "fine" pieces of work. It was definitely an advance in his development. He threw off melodrama, created new types of characters, introduced comic social satire and first learnt the usefulness of a "raisonneur" character in holding the plot together, and emphasising

his own opinions. Judah, the half-Celt, half Jewish, Non-Conformist minister is the first of his long line of high-souled, high-spoken heroes, frequently clerical, who express in terms of Non-Conformist devotion the aspirations of the Non-Conformist spirit. Sophie Jopp and Juxon Prall show Jones's awareness of fashionable attitudes of mind: the Marie Bashkertseffs and Oscar Wildes of his day did not escape his notice and were all treated by him as caricatures.

The Times was delighted with it; never had Mr. Jones advanced so far from the beaten track. "Salvoes of applause... bringing actors and authors again and again before the foot-lights...signified that a bold experiment had been attempted and carried through". Seriousness was now an established success. Auguste Filon, writing in the Revue des Deux Mondes praises the play for a novel exposition of "l'âme Anglaise" which hitherto, he asserted, English writers had been at pains to hide.

In the following July Jones contributed an article to the Fortnightly in a series about the actor-manager system. Though carefully guarded in his expression and conveying that it was on behalf of the English drama that he was compelled to doubt its efficiency, he made it clear that he thought it robbed the author of much due credit. He asserts that

the "reason we have no literary school is...the secondary position assigned by the public to the author whom..the actor-manager tends to swamp".

Two one-act plays, Sweet Will and The Deacon, were performed at the Shaftesbury Theatre this year: Sweet Will on the 25th July and The Deacon on the 27th August. Sweet Will is the simple story of a young man compelled to go abroad to live in a fever-ridden tropic among rioting niggers, to save his family's finances, which are threatened by the usual mortgage. He is on the point of doing so, abandoning the girl he loves, when all is saved by the arrival of a letter from the girl's cousin saying that whoever she marries will receive fifty thousand dollars from him. Will orders his bags to be ^{un}packed and irrelevantly remarks "Where there's a Will there's a Way" as the curtain falls. The Deacon is a dramatic tract defending the theatre against the attacks of Puritanism introducing Mr. Abraham Boothroyd "a stout, broad-blown, pompous self-important Philistine, the type and flower of narrow Provincial Dissent", a man he remembered later in The Triumph of the Philistines. The position he had attained in the theatre was recognised this year by the fact that he was asked to respond to the toast of The Drama at the Royal Theatrical Fund Dinner - "an honour"

said Mrs. Thorne, "which greatly delighted him".

The following January he scored his next big success with The Dancing Girl, which was produced at the Haymarket with Beerbohm Tree as the Duke of Guisebury, and Julia Neilson as the Dancing Girl. This play is a grand mixture of good ideas, realistic irrelevancies, sensational incidents and moral tags. It is one of Jones's seduction dramas on a big scale, affording contrast between the simple if hazardous life of Cornish fishermen and the glamour and sin of life in London society.

Jones had included Cornwall in his circuit as a Commercial traveller in Exeter, and knew the country well. Later he wrote Grace Mary wholly in the Cornish dialect. Here Cornwall and its fishermen are used with an obvious attempt at local colour and realism. Lady Tree's chapter in Max Beerbohm's Herbert Beerbohm Tree shows that the play suited Tree's highly-coloured style and largely owed its success to the acting. "Herbert, the daredevil Duke, fascinating, lovable, became the God of the matinee girl... beautiful Julia Neilson the very byword for the stealer of hearts and Rose Leclercq...the pattern for all time of the theatrical Great Lady". It is strange that what seems now a cheap sentimental penny-novelette love-story should have been regarded with such solemn

analytical interest as that shown by the Pall Mall Gazette of 16th January which provided an unusual accumulation of eulogistic phrases; "it was long since so thought compelling a drama was seen on the stage", it was "founded on new ideas", "bound to excite keen controversy", "a feast for psychologists". It must have been that psychology on the stage was in as raw a state as psychology in the upbringing of children today, and audiences of 1891 were forced to recognise any treatment of moral and intellectual issues as "psychology". It is difficult to discover what a modern psychologist would find to feast upon: a rake's remorse and conversion, a Quaker father's wrathful disappointment in his frivolous daughter, a misguided country boy's infatuation, are not particularly stimulating food for thought. Jones had, however, hit upon a new range of emotions for dramatic characters; self-sacrifice, villainous cruelty and agony of every kind had been the passions displayed by the puppets of the melodramas; these emotions had chiefly sprung from situations and might have been felt by any type of person. Jones had made some attempt in The Dancing Girl at showing thought and emotion to spring from personality. David was wrathful because he was a Quaker father, not merely a flouted father; Guisebury was reformed because he had always had some grains of good in him (clearly indicated by Midge) and not merely because

he was cast off by the girl he loved. It must have been this new treatment of character which gave the critics to think that they were witnessing some deep psychological process; and moreover it was all presented with such originality in the choice of surroundings - Arctic expeditions, fat bull-dogs and phonographic society chit-chat. The audience had been brought up on melodrama and the fundamentally melodramatic contrasts in the play seemed natural to their distorted vision; they would not have appreciated the conflict of two equally-opposed modes of life; on the one hand it had to be all harmoniums, Sisters of Mercy, and prayer meetings, and on the other all wine and women and wild extravagance. However sentimental and garish the play may seem today, in the Nineties it danced its way to success not only in London but in Dublin and the provinces and in New York, and the manuscript of the play finally found its way to the Library of Harvard University. Lady Tree, who toured with Tree, said "we were received with ovations wherever we went". Jones went to New York for the production of the play. made several more influential friends and came back still more delighted with the American character and respectful attitude to the modern drama.

On the 19th February Jones delivered a lecture to the National Sunday League on Playmaking, which again contained much sound sense which he had not followed in making his own plays: he again made the distinction between realism and truth between the uncommon and the unreal situation, instancing the play-scene in Hamlet, which he said, rightly, was very uncommon. The lecture was packed tight with the crowded phrases which he runs so close together, each a maxim in itself, that it almost has to be taken to pieces and examined carefully sentence by sentence, to get the full ~~face~~^{force} of what he was saying, which was a great deal.

In July he again gave instructions for the writing of plays in an article in the New Review called The Science of the Drama in which he laid down very sound and sensible rules for the composition of a play much as a chemistry text book sets out the method of making a chemical compound. The chief requirement was that the work should be noticed.

In August he was involved in another rousing quarrel, this time with Willard over the actor-manager question. The Pall Mall Gazette of August 13th and 17th voiced their sparring which was chiefly over the rival claims of authors and actor-managers to the credit for a successful production.

After his visit to America, which had renewed great vigour within him, he set about the production of The Crusaders on a huge scale. He launched out on a brand-new project for the reform of the drama and as a practical illustration of his attitude in the actor-manager controversy, rented the Avenue Theatre himself, with a view to ousting the actor-manager by the author-manager. William Morris designed elaborate settings and furniture for the play, and to complete the effect Jones had the programmes finely printed on hand-made paper and distributed free on the first night. The British Museum has a copy of this programme filed as a historical stage document, it has the bold heading:

AVENUE THEATRE. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones begs/
to announce that his new comedy of modern
London life/ in three acts called THE CRUSADERS
will be played/ tonight November 2nd 1891 for
the first time"

The scheme involved him in his second great quarrel of 1891, culminating in a lawsuit. To explain the new departure he wrote a letter to the Star denouncing the profiteering in the sale of programmes: The Star took up the attack: Arthur Payne, owner of the programme and refreshment companies, sued the paper for libel,

unsuccessfully. Jones continued to distribute programmes free outside the theatre: Payne, not to be out-litigated, now sued Jones for breach of covenant and libel on the grounds of a letter in The Times of 23rd November. In this letter Jones had declared that he "did not understand that condition of mind which allows a man to charge the public sixpence for a badly-printed piece of paper which costs him a mere fraction of a farthing....of all the greedy and ugly exhibitions of the 'middleman' or 'parasitic' spirit ~~in~~ the fee system seems to me one of the most outrageous and indefensible". This time Payne won his case and Jones lost £60. He lost £4,000 over the production of the play, which on the first night, 2nd November, was booed and hissed.

The play when divested of managerial and litigious trappings is found to be Jones's first full-length excursion into the social satire which was to constitute his most lasting contribution to the English Drama. It was received coolly by The Times but was given a detailed criticism in the Pall Mall Gazette of the 3rd November, with sketches of Una Dell, Burge Jawle and Lord Burnham. The idealism of Philos Ingafield and Una Dell, which irked a critic of Shaw's standing, inspired ~~The~~ Pall Mall Gazette to term them "the salt of the earth", -"Una Dell, gentle-

woman as she is, works with enthusiasm among East End thieves and Northumberland miners". Jones appealed to the Victorian class-consciousness which was making so smug and self-righteous the mania for reforming the poor which had seized his generation. His satire on reformers, though appreciated as comedy, failed as a mirror of nature; the critics only saw as in a glass darkly and did not recognise their own image in Lady Champion-Blake and her snobberies. The democratic French were more discerning. Auguste Filon had no use for Philos, and hit upon one of Jones's chief failings - that of giving his characters a consequential treatment out of proportion to the interest they aroused in the audience. "Par malheur", says Filon, "nous ne prenons pas le plus faible intérêt à cette jeune veuve ni aux deux hommes qui l'aiment....l'un n'est rien, l'autre est un pâle réédition de Judah".

This eventful year 1891 marked yet another epoch in Jones's career and the development of the English Drama. In publishing Saints and Sinners as a book to be read in the study and not merely in an "acting edition" he created an unheard-of precedent and paved the way for the plays of Barrie, Granville-Barker and Shaw, in which stage directions a page in length are inserted for the enjoyment of the reader, not the spectator. In doing this he considered he

was taking a great **step** towards the establishment of a literary drama in England, which was one of the keynotes of his campaign. He wrote a preface to the published edition explaining his action and reiterating his denunciation of the arch-enemies of the drama, the mere-amusement seeker and the Puritan. He stated that "if a custom does not arise in England...of publishing successful plays....it will be a sign that our stage remains in the state of intellectual paralysis that has affected it all the century".

Following upon this somewhat overwhelming output of dramatic, propagandist and emotional energy, in the next year, 1892, Jones lay fallow. He produced no plays, published but one article and delivered but one lecture. He was also, according to Mrs. Thorne, actively concerned in the movement for the opening of museums on Sundays. The one article appeared in the January number of The New Review and was an answer to H.D. Traill on the subject of "Literary Drama". The one lecture was delivered to the Playgoers Club in November on the subject of "Our modern drama".

Other people were busy with the drama in this year: Ghosts shook the English notions of tragedy and Lady Windermere's Fan revived its hopes for comedy.

In 1893 Jones once more sprang into action and showered plays, articles and lectures upon an increasingly-appreciative public. The Bauble Shop was produced on the 26th January at the Criterion Theatre, and opened Jones's long association with Wyndham. There is no extant printed^x copy but Mrs. Thorne kindly lent me Jones's typescript copy. It is a political play, perhaps inspired by the Parnall case which had shocked the public in 1890. Stoach, the villain of the piece, finds England "ripe for a grand exposure of somebody". It has a commonplace scandal-theme, Lord Clivebrook, the Prime Minister, being publicly denounced in the House for carrying on an intrigue with a shop-girl. Clive is ruined and marries the girl in a very feeble last act. There is a marked sign of the influence of Oscar Wilde in the attempt at paradoxical epigrams, and many commonplace wisecracks at the expense of politicians. William Archer in the March issue of the New Review said, "merely because politics are talked about and the Clock Tower represented on the back cloth...the audience feel, with a just enough instinct

^xI have tried: The British Museum, The Bodleian Library, the Cambridge University Library, Samuel French's and the British Drama League Library. Whenever I state that there is no extant printed copy this is the case. When I state that a play is not extant it means that in addition to there being no record of printing, there is no typescript or MS in Mrs. Thorne's collection. *but some in Lord Chamberlain's office!*

that an attempt is being made to bring the drama into touch with real life and they gratefully alleged the will for the deed". Again Jones received praise for a "good attempt". He was criticised for inaccuracy of detail in the scenes in the House, though Mrs. Thorne says he took great pains to visit the House with Lord Bessborough in order to make sure there was no error.

In June, July and August he contributed a series of Articles to periodicals. The first was a political one. Jones seems to have been interested in politics at this period. His June article was on the subject of "The Middleman and Parasites" and voiced Socialistic views imbibed from William Morris, no doubt a little tinged by his personal experience with programme-syndicates. He stated that "a nation's prosperity is laid on sound and just and enduring foundations in exact proportion to the degree in which all its members are employed in useful and desirable work for the community", and that a "nation that feasts upon middlemen and parasites is socially unsound". The fit of Socialism, which may have come upon him in his close association with Morris over the Crusaders, left him later when he had accumulated a large income.

In July he wound up a series in the New Review on The Bible and the Stage introduced by Alexandre Dumas Fils and F.W.Farrar; Dumas pleaded for the stage as being destined to save the church; Farrar declared that if "sacred persons were to be introduced" on the stage, "it would be shocking to positive profanation". Jones reiterated the arguments he had used in the Saints and Sinners controversy, and leaned forward from his pulpit in sorrowful benevolence to plead "oh my brother Englishmen, do step out of the ranks for a moment and look at this medley, motley rout of your own notions and whims that you have deified and called by the name of religion". In August he contributed the Future of the English Drama, which was republished in the Renascence. Though bitterly aware that the English drama has been till lately "a bauble", he concluded that "at last, after years and years of preaching, of coaxing, of criticising, of discouragement, of baffled effort, of abuse and misrepresentation those who have been fighting the cause of dramatic art as opposed to popular amusement can claim that they have won the day". The tired warrior in the October issue fell to it again in an article on Dr.Pearson on the Modern Drama. Dr.Pearson had been pessimistic about the drama. Jones took each of his pronouncements one by one and contradicted

them, dialogue-fashion. On the 12th October he addressed the City of London College on "Has drama any connection with education", and he wound up the year in the Christian World of 10th November on Puritans going to the Theatre. This was an article which the ^{editor}~~journalist~~ of the Christian World had extracted from Jones to encourage those who were still doubtful whether it was Christian to go to the theatre. Jones reassured them, bidding them cast off their narrow Puritanism, and declaring that there were five or six theatres in London in which "a large number of clergymen and ministers may be seen every evening". The year 1893 was chiefly distinguished by the production of The Tempter, which Jones had no doubt been writing during his year of hibernation. Beerbohm Tree put this on at the Haymarket on 20th September. Jones listed it amongst his favourite and finest plays. It received interested and sometimes enthusiastic comment from men of letters but no appreciation from the public. ^x According to The Times of 21st September it was spoilt by the practical details: the first, its great length - "as midnight approached the audience thinned" - a disastrous misfortune: the second, a fire on the stage in the first act, wrecking the elaborate tempest-scene.

x

I have dealt with this more fully in Chapter III.

It was a sudden excursion into blank verse, his contribution to the Faust theme, this being about the only type of drama which he had not yet attempted. If literary men praised its verse, its actability pleased Tree; the part "appealed to him strongly". Lady Tree wrote in her memoir, it was "glamorous, daring, lurid, with an immense amount of red fire, blue limelight and phosphorescent effects." William Archer was very scathing and in 1898, when Macmillan's published the play, Henry Arthur wrote a preface in which he was equally scathing to the point of personal insult, and which proved to be another of Jones's regrets. He wrote to Archer in June 1899 apologising, but Archer had not taken offence, mildly tolerant of the fact that they gave "each other raps from time to time."

Sometime in the early 'Nineties Jones met Bernard Shaw. Shaw to Jones was like faith, the substance of things hoped for, but Jones never realised this. He seems almost to have resented Shaw's fulfilling his mission for him, and leaving him nothing to preach about. He seldom mentions any of Shaw's plays, but once or twice referred to Shaw's capacity for blowing his own trumpet - an accomplishment at which Jones himself was highly proficient. Mrs. Thorne, in her book What a Life, which

throws one or two side-lights on her father, quotes a page of her autograph book signed by Shaw. In this he styled himself "the celebrated Bernard Shaw - the great Shaw in fact". Jones did not appreciate this and scrawled across the page, "and what will become of you, dear G.B.S. when this splendid trumpeter of yours is dead?" Shaw on the other hand always treated Jones with appreciation and respect, and went out of his way to give him all due credit for his work. Perhaps he realised how much he owed to Jones in the matter of making straight in the desert a highway for his plays, and this was his Shavian, purposely inexplicit way of expressing his gratitude. The two were great friends for some time, Jones appreciating a celebrity, and Shaw appreciating a whole-hearted lover of the drama and an astuter man of business than he. Their friendship lasted till the Great War when they quarrelled publicly and never really patched it up.

Mr. J.B.Booth in his recently-published book, Life, Laughter and Brass Hats, quotes a sad little letter from Bernard Shaw, written after Jones's death, and showing the loyalty with which Shaw strove ever to bear with his unreasonable old friend and excuse his disagreeable behaviour. He said:

"I believe H.A.J.'s case was a pathological one. Long before he attacked me he had made his plays impossible by outbursts of pure spleen. He could not provoke me into making up the quarrel, for I never believed that our old friendly relations had really ceased in spite of his really very fine feats of political invective".

Pathological the case may have been but no doubt psychological also, and founded on jealousy. Jones praised with great authority the greatness of established playwrights who were dead but never that of his living contemporaries and rivals.

On the 28th April 1894 The Masqueraders was produced at the St. James's, following The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, with the same principals, George Alexander and Mrs. Pat Campbell, and treating with lurid theatricality the theme which Pinero in his play had carefully considered. This is another attempt to combine popular appeal with duty towards the serious drama. Into a series of highly theatrical and improbable events is woven a little social satire, a little Ibsenitic speculation, a fashionable conjugal problem and a passive fin de siecle melancholy about the general inadequacy and mismanagement of life. It is one of his many plays which suffer from having the characters take themselves too seriously: there is too much gazing into space and making telling understatements.

The construction of the play is melodramatic throughout; a kiss auctioned in a public bar; a wife gambled for by lover and husband; the lover departing after prolonged leave-taking, to investigate sunspots in the usual fever-ridden tropics, whence, he hints, with averted face, he may never return. As William Archer says in The Old Drama and the New^x the world is "not sunlit but limelit". However, even The Times with all its dignified aversion to melodrama, acknowledged the effect of the theatrical scenes, and describes "the burst of applause which goes up from the house" when Remon turns up the winning card in the gambling scene. This sort of enthusiasm which could have been just as easily aroused by a football match could hardly be the kind desired by honest apostles for the serious drama, but then Jones had compromised with his conscience by introducing social satire, and this, which today weems obvious and trite, impressed the audience of the 'Nineties, again because they were unused to it on the stage at all. It is interesting that the plays which seem most old-fashioned today seemed most daring and original to contemporaries.

It is another example of Jones's care not to outstrip his followers but to keep well within sight, so that his

ideas were not incomprehensibly advanced but in keeping with the popular conception of what was advanced. Jones never shocked, like Shaw, he merely surprised. The Times considered The Masqueraders, "the freshest, most vigorous and most splendidly audacious play Mr.H.A.Jones had yet written". Ellen Terry was ecstatic over the part of Dulcie Lacondie, and wrote in letter quoted by Mrs.Thorne: "That girl !!! Dulcie! - she lives - her heartbreak is so true - her devilment so enchanting". Bernard Shaw too, found a "certain fanciful quality in it" that attracted him. It remained for H.D.Traill in the Nineteenth Century of December to discern the true value of the play. He observed that though "the earnest young disciple in the stalls" regarded it as "unflinching realism" yet "what took the audience by storm ...was the delightfully audacious excursion into a melodramatic fairyland wherever the hero and the villain cut cards for the heroine". Traill had already noticed the trend of realism which was merely giving an air of reality to the same old fairy-tale situations. He was writing in this article on the "skeleton in the cupboard" which had invaded the drama of recent years, winding up the controversy on the "Social drama" which shook the pages of The Times in December. The public's moral sensibilities had been bruised by Pinero's

Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Haddon Chambers' John o' Dreams, and also The Masqueraders, whose "deadly dull and not always moral vulgarities" were denounced in a letter from X.Y.Z. All these plays were about women with pasts and this was a subject which Englishmen considered fit only for the smoking-room, and certainly not for the edification of young girls of fifteen, who seemed to be taken as the type of audience that plays were written for. It was this correspondence which goaded Jones to write The Triumph of the Philistines in a fit of anti-Puritan rage.

Meanwhile on the 3rd October The Case of Rebellious Susan was produced at the Criterion Theatre. Jones had seized upon another topical subject, the "New Woman". It was already getting somewhat worn, having appeared in such books as Marie Baskirtseff's Diary, Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Marcella" and Sarah Grand's Heavenly Twins, in Oscar Wilde's Lady Windermere's Fan, and in the preceding year in Sidney Grundy's play The New Women, which is a play on the theme of Les Femmes Savantes. Jones, however, got in while there was still time, and the New Woman was still a New Idea. Charles Wyndham, who had the *raisonneur* part of Sir Richard Kato, was doubtful about the delicacy of discussing a woman's infidelity on the stage and deemed

that it should remain pleasantly indefinite whether Susan had actually been unfaithful or not. In a letter quoted by Mrs. Thorne, he wrote "I am...astounded at a long-experienced dramatic author believing that he will induce married men to bring their wives to the theatre to learn the lesson that their wives can descend to such nastiness". This play, which in modern eyes is the best Jones had yet written, is a sparkling comedy, resting on a firm base of well-defined humorous characters and whipped up to a brilliant, foam-like lightness by its witty dialogue, so as to show a lively, accurate observation of the surface emotions of London Society. Extremities of modernity, he reviewed in the light of caricature, offenders against social convention he humorously exposed to ridicule in the light of common-sense. It did not create much stir in the press which gave the impression that it was "adequate", but it was a great success with the public and ran for 164 nights.

In this year also Jones, now a public figure useful to charities and good causes, made a speech proposing the health of the Medical Staff of Great Ormond Street Hospital.

The next year was marked by two important events, the production of The Triumph of the Philistines, and the publication of The Renaissance of the English Drama. Jones,

ever economical with his material, and quick to seize all opportunities, as soon as he had made enough speeches and written enough articles to make a collection published them in a single volume, with a preface tabulating what he was fighting for.

The Triumph of the Philistines, the product of righteous anger aroused by The Times correspondence, was produced on the 11th May at the St. James's Theatre. It was a play of which Bernard Shaw wrote that "the details were outrageous but the general effect mostly right". Jones took the bigoted Provincial tradesman as the type of Puritan most obnoxious to the English drama, and ~~Jones~~, highly incensed with ~~this~~^{him} and working up materials he had already used in Saints and Sinners produced monsters of vulgar, uneducated morality which overbalanced the whole play in their iniquity. He was so busy showing how iniquitous they were that he forgot to justify what they were being iniquitous about. It was not a success. William Archer thought it unpleasant, and it only ran for ty-four nights, and Jones himself always felt there was something wrong with it. However it was appreciated in France. Jones's fame had now filtered to Paris and Auguste Filon had an article in the Revue des Deux Mondes on the modern English drama,

mentioning Jones as one of the leading playwrights and criticising his plays in detail. He again considered that Jones had succeeded in laying bare a soul, and this time it was the soul, not of the English, but of the French nation, in the character of Sally LeJune.

In the next year Jones dealt in souls in real earnest. On the 26th January, after much quarrelling and ill-feeling Michael and his Lost Angel was produced. This was to have been his most solemn, most moving, most beautiful piece of work, a great contribution, not only to the English Drama but to English Literature as a whole; a fair fulfilment of his sacred mission.

When he had written it he believed it was all these. It was his favourite play; he thought there was "great stuff" in it, and years later when he was re-reading it in his old age he exclaimed; "By Jove, what a lovely play it is!" It proved to be one of the biggest storm-centres in his life, his bitterest disappointment; and the one play whose theatrical history he asked his daughter to record in full in his biography.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell were chosen by him to play Michael and Audrie. Neither seems from the beginning to have been favourably impressed with their part. They requested alterations and cuts in the

dialogue, but Jones was at his most bad-tempered and uncompromising and flatly refused to alter a line.

Mrs. Thorne says: "From the first rehearsal there were difficulties with Mrs. Pat. She rehearsed it for seven weeks but she always hated the church scene and objected to Audrie's lines, 'I must just titivate a cherub's nose and hang a garland on an apostle's toe'. She thought the words were profane and said so at rehearsal: a member of the cast told me how well he remembers H.A.J.'s voice ringing out in angry tones from the stalls, 'it is not profanity, it is in the part'". It all ended by Mrs. Pat's resigning from the cast a few days before the first night, her part being taken by Marion Terry who was not suited to it, and Forbes-Robertson's taking the play off after a ten day's run. There followed a stormy correspondence between Henry Arthur Jones and his various offenders, bitter paragraphs quoted in the paper, and an enraged totalling up of the takings to prove to the world that the removal of the play had not been justified. His darling had never had a chance to contribute something great to English Drama, it was violently condemned by the critics and the only redeeming feature was the surprisingly favourable comments of Bernard Shaw.

He put down its failure to bad acting and concluded "the melancholy truth of the matter is that the English stage got a good play and was completely and ignominiously beaten by it". (I have dealt more fully with Shaw's criticism in Chapter III)

Three months after this failure, Jones, never despairing, produced a curious irrelevance, The Rogue's Comedy which was put on at the Garrick Theatre on the 21st April. It is a theme with possibilities, but wrongly handled. The plot turns on the machinations of a bogus fortune-teller and his accomplice. Treated in the spirit of Charley's Aunt it could have been very amusing but it is made maudlin by sentimental passages of ~~woman~~^{mother}-love, and the high-flown heroics of a priggish young man. It shows signs of being written in a hurry, though Mrs. Thorne denies that Jones was ever guilty of hurried workmanship, and has one good character in the Dickensian Cockney, Cushing, who is affected with a kleptomania for cigars and spoons. Otherwise, the characters are drawn in sketchily, and taken out of the general stock-pot; dowagers, crusty old gentlemen and worldly ladies form the background for Prothero and his wife. These two principals are not fully drawn either, but depend on repetition to last out five acts at all. The criticism in the Pall Mall Gazette summed up the play,

describing it as an "elaborate charade".

On the 26th March 1897 The Physician was produced at the Criterion with Wyndham as the physician. Jones was always sentimental about the medical profession; he himself had had numerous operations and often talked of them, making them an excuse for not having done better work. His theme of the doctor's dilemma in having to cure the worthless lover of the girl he loves is borrowed later by Shaw in The Doctor's Dilemma (1906) where it is treated satirically. Besides being a doctor, Dr. Carey is a fin de siecle disillusionist with a "bad attack of middle age" Disappointed in love by a fashionable, shallow woman he finds his heart's comfort in one of Jones's glaring contrasts - a pure, white-muslined innocent whose father is vicar of a church which possesses a sacred well. She is unfortunately betrothed to a worthless creature who, on pretence of pursuing a temperance campaign, goes off on bouts of debauchery which are gradually killing him. His death is recounted in a speech which is the essence of melodrama:

"He came on board a perfect wreck; he had been sleeping out in the rain and was very ill - He had a few days awful agony and remorse and then pneumonia set in. He passed away very peacefully".

Melodramatic irony and characterisation are in keeping with this subject. Jones knew what he was trying to do - to represent the disillusion fashionable among those who considered themselves men of the world, which can only be satisfied by fundamental simplicity. He had been alive to this feeling and recognised its dramatic possibilities but it was his own personality and his persistence in trying for theatrical effect that spoilt the play.

The Times was sarcastic about Jones's "eminent physician" and his "two grandes passions", but recognised Jones's originality, his scorn of the "tea-cup and saucer school" and pronounced the play as "clever and up to date".

He made up for this unsuccessful effort of the spring by writing in the Autumn the most brilliant of all his plays and the only one likely to last as a classic example of nineteenth-century comedy. The Liars was produced on 6th October at the Criterion with Wyndham as Sir Richard Kato. It is one of Jones's curious traits that he cared less for his excellent comedies than for the sentimental, sometimes embarrassing dramas such as Michael and his Lost Angel. He was successful at comedies because in them he stood apart and viewed his characters objectively,

whereas in the dramas he tended to impose his own personality on his characters, to make them say what he thought they ought to have said or what he would have said in the circumstances, rather than what was appropriate, especially when under stress of deep emotion. Even this deep emotion is usually only the kind which induces self-pity, not tragic agony. Disappointed love, self-conscious disillusion, self-righteous remorse are emotions which become embarrassing or boring when too much talked about. In the comedies Jones was more of an artist, in the dramas his own attitude of mind is always apparent.

The Liars is a picture of the same circles of society as Rebellious Susan, treated in the same spirit as in Oscar Wilde's Woman of No Importance, and with the same verbal wit. Jones is not so artificial and epigrammatic: his dialogue is more the conversation of real people and depends on quick repartee and the natural wit of his characters. On the 23rd October Punch had an article on Jones, Wyndham and Co. Limited Liarability, and called it the "best comedy seen on the English stage for some time". The play marked the climax of Jones's career; it was the consummation of what had gone before. It did not contain much new material but it was all bound together with a flawless ease of construction,

unmarred by any of his jarring discrepancies of texture, and only genially sprinkled with the moral injunctions of a man of the world, whose morality coincides with commonsense. It contained the best of his raisonné Wyndham characters, the best of his frivolous, restless women, the most bearable of his strong, silent men, and a group of finished, lively portraits of contemporary types. It was chosen by J.W.Marriott to be included in Great Modern British Plays, published in 1929, and it is the only one of his plays which the present generation of middle-aged remember vividly as one of the good plays of their youth.

About this time Jones wrote two small one-act plays. The Goal and Grace Mary. Grace Mary was never acted and The Goal was not acted in London till 1919, though it had been produced in New York in 1914. Grace Mary is a play in the Cornish dialect - another of Jones's new departures - and Shaw was very much impressed with it. Mrs.Thorne quotes a letter which he wrote to Jones on 20 May 1898. He had been reading Tolstoy's What is Art and would like to have sent him a copy of Grace Mary "as a striking specimen of the universal play". Beside the Irish plays at the beginning of the twentieth century it seems dull because

though the dialogue has simplicity, it has no poetry, and as the ghost of the heroine appears and speaks it should have had poetry to key it up to the necessary emotional level for ^{the} supernatural not to seem unnatural. Jones himself thought there was great tragedy in it. The Goal he wrote with the idea of ~~living~~ ^{living} in the part. It is one of the best of his plays - a one-act play in which he has appreciated the correct use of his medium - the description of one isolated, tense incident played at a high pitch of emotion. The dying engineer is a dignified character and provides Jones' best death-bed scene.

In this year he wrote the introduction to Filon's English Stage. In it he reiterated his own arguments for truth and literature in the drama, railed at the inadequacy of English audiences; railed likewise at ~~the~~ "was-doll morality", and the Puritans, and finally thanked Filon for bringing the English drama to European notice.^x

After the production of The Liars he did not produce any more plays till the following October when the Manoeuvres of Jane was put on at the Haymarket on the 29th. This was very badly received in the press. The

^x Also in this year he delivered a lecture at Toynbee Hall on the 13th November on The Drama and Real Life.

Pall Mall Gazette suggested that it was a feeble attempt to repeat the success of The Liars and added "perhaps the public have had enough of cynicism and acidity in the dramatic fare". Nevertheless it ran for 281 nights.

A.B.Walkley in The Speaker of 5th November, was so abusive that he was excluded from Jones's play Whitewashing Julia. He called the play a "comédie Fosse...Fosserie writ large all over it...unskilful in design...." "Mr.Jones actually demands some sympathy for Jane". he added, and declared that his dislike of the tone of the play had imparted a "querulous and captious tone to his comment".

It is a comedy of a high-spirited girl, amusing on the stage, but unbearable in real life, who elopes with one lover while efforts are being made in the family to marry her off to another. Such a theme requires more skill in individual character-drawing than Jones possessed and Jane, apart from some rudeness and impertinence, does not display enough high spirits to justify her action. The production of the play in Cambridge was the occasion of one of Jones's masterpieces of personal showmanship. His daughter, Ethelwyn, who had studied acting under Coquetin Ainé in Paris, played the part of Jane and Jones in his paternal

enthusiasm hired a special train and took an enormous party to see her act. The incident of an individual hiring a special train he incorporated later in The Heroic Stubbs as a mark of great resource and originality.

In the preceding June he had contributed a letter to the Daily News on "Should the Drama ~~be~~^{be} endowed", but otherwise there was very little propoganda in this period. Jones, having eyes to see, could not fail to have noticed the response to his campaign in the works of Shaw, Wilde, Grundy and Pinero. A little non-plussed he must have been wondering what to crusade for next, and it was not till 1901 that he found a cause and began to turn his attention to the treatment of drama in the provinces, the attitude of the state and local authorities and the foundation of a national theatre. The drama had fulfilled his desires, he now turned his attention to its management and presentation. During this period from 1898 to 1901 he made many speeches at public dinners connected with the drama and the stage.

The year 1899 was marked only by the production of Carnac Sahib on the 12th April. It was a failure and the centre of another quarrel, Jones being finally banned from the theatre by the exasperated Tree, who did not care to be told to go to Wyndham to learn how to act.

Mr.J.B.Booth, in his recently-published book, Life,Laughter and Brass Hats (1939) describes a meeting with Jones immediately after this incident. He says "by a curious coincidence...on the first two occasions on which I met Henry Arthur Jones he was in a towering rage...." He was walking down the Haymarket when rehearsals of Carnac Sahib were in full swing, when "a bearded figure shot round the corner...and pounced on my companion. It was the author, who, after a violent row with Tree had been forbidden the theatre." "Mr.Tree", he adds later, "had observed that Mr.Jones has gone out of the theatre, See that he remains out". Mr.Booth acknowledges however, that he was "at bottom a kindly creature".

In this play Jones turned to the outposts of Empire for his setting, the only play in which the action takes place entirely abroad. It has scenes in "A Ruined Indian Temple" and "The Jewelled Palace at Fyzapore" and was probably inspired by Kipling's Departmental Ditties and Jungle Books, which had appeared in the last few years. Jones, quick to realise the picturesque possibilities of India, exploited it in the same strain of sentimentality as Ethel M.Dell and Maud Diver.

On the 26th September 1900 another failure, stormy with quarells, was produced. It was called The Lackey's

Carnival. Again Jones had had a good idea which he muddled in carrying out. Max Beerbohm, who had now taken over the dramatic criticism in the Saturday Review, said in the issue of October 6th that it was the "first effort to penetrate the character of servants."

Hitherto these curious creatures, so steadfastly kept in their place by the Victorian, had on the stage, as Beerbohm said, been used "merely as a means of unfolding the past of their betters at the beginning of the first act, after which they were allowed to subside into fitful and bald announcements that dinner was served or the carriage waiting." Jones had endeavoured to make a play about a servant as a human being but confused the issue by making him a master-crook as well, which upset the significances and gives it the same air of incompleteness and indefinite outline which had spoilt the Rogue's Comedy. He made up for this ineptitude the next month when Mrs. Dane's Defence was produced on the 9th October at Wyndham's. This showed Jones using the old successful society atmosphere of The Liars, harping on the old successful theme of the Woman With a Past and holding his plot together by the old successful device of the ~~raisonneur~~ character. The play is remarkable for a cross-examination scene between the ~~raisonneur~~, Sir Daniel Carteret and the Woman with a Past,

Mrs. Dane, From now on all Jones's plays are a re-assorting of old material distinguished by one single "tremendous", "strong", or "remarkable" scene. It was a great success and ran for 209 nights and was many times re~~vised~~. In the Saturday Review Max made it the occasion for defending Jones against the persistent attacks of the critics, saying that "Mr. Pinero has never got himself disliked by the critics; he is not a personal ~~case~~^{force}, he stands for no ideas". He pointed out that Jones was the most popular playwright of the day, that he dramatised ideas which were in his own head, and was also the dramatist "most admired by the few folk who take a serious interest in dramatic art". He praised the cross-examination scene enthusiastically saying that he ~~was~~ had "done what no one else has done; given us in the theatre that peculiar kind of emotion which is sometimes to be felt in a law-court". Jones's originality in this direction was soon to be appreciated and developed to advantage by Galsworthy.

In October 1901 Jones again emerged into the propaganda field and in the Nineteenth Century of March published an article Drama in the English Provinces in 1900. In this, his first piece of propaganda since he began to realise that his first cause was won he reiterates the same theories about a national drama, a drama dealing with religious

matters, and a drama representing life as he had expounded fifty times before, but it was all directed into the new channel of trying to raise a school of actors and give the provinces better plays. He does admit that "on turning to the drama of modern English life, I think we may on the whole claim to have made a distinct advance all round".

In this year the New Vagabond Club gave a dinner in honour of Henry Arthur Jones.

On the 11th March 1902 Henry Arthur Jones produced another lapse of taste. This was The Princess's Nose, which turns upon the size of nose of an English girl married to a French prince who almost elopes with a seductive Mrs. Malpas. As usual with Jones, the elopement does not come off as Mrs. Malpas's nose is permanently disfigured in a carriage accident. The Prince is revolted and returns to his lawful wife. This subject if treated at all, should be treated farcically, but Jones again brings in inappropriate sentimentality. It shocked Shaw into writing a letter so full of horrified exaggerations that it was reprinted later in The Hundred Best Letters. What he described as "this most turpitudinous play" chilled and shocked the public and was deservedly a failure.

He published articles in this year on two of his latest hobby-horses - the censorship of plays and the founding of a national theatre. "The Founding of a National Theatre" was published as a separate pamphlet by the Chiswick Press.

In this year the Jones family moved from Townshend House in Regent's Park and took a large house at 38 Portland Place where Jones could entertain for his daughters, now eligible young ladies. This he did successfully as within the next four years all four of the girls were satisfactorily married off. However success as a father was not accompanied by success as a playwright and Jones always dated his decline in popularity from this move. His health also began to worry him, and financial affairs burdened his mind. His hey-day was certainly over but for another twenty-seven years he persevered unceasingly to remain a public figure even if he had to descend to the cheap publicity of writing letters to the papers.

Contemporaries noticed the change in him. Mr. Booth notes that "in later years there was to come a tragic change over Henry Arthur Jones. Ill health, much suffering and the tragedy of war embittered him"

On the 9th September 1902 Chance The Idol was produced at Wyndham's Theatre. It was not a success. Jones wrote it at Monte Carlo where he was spending an exhilarating if expensive holiday in the Casino. Inspired by his own experience he took gambling as the theme for his play, the heroine gambling away vast sums in the hopes of winning enough money to lure a slippery lover into marriage. He read the play to Shaw who liked it, but was sure it would be ruined by the acting, as all plays were, in his opinion.

In April 1903 he revived his old slogans about Literature and the drama in an article in the Nineteenth Century called "Literary Critics and the Drama". He reminds the public of his declaration of the Renaissance of the English Drama in 1884, deplores the morality campaign of 1894 and its damning effect on the drama for the next few years and once again exhorts the nation to read plays and become a dramatically-minded people like the French. The lack of a trained body of actors makes it always doubtful whether a play will be satisfactorily represented.

On March 2nd Whitewashing Julia was produced at the Garrick Theatre, and occasioned another quarrel, this

time with A.B.Walkley, the dramatic critic of The Times, who was excluded from the first-night. Jones always looked upon his quarrels as necessary evils inherent in fighting for the cause of the English Drama. Mrs. Thorne quotes him as saying "I've a very choice collection of enemies, thank God. You ought to be as careful choosing your enemies as you are your friends". Whitewashing Julia is another "Woman with a Past" theme, and the play turns upon discovering whether Julia Wren did or did notmorganatically marry a foreign Duke. The papers were getting used to Jones now; they had ceased to look for any great new works and had settled down to him as a seasonal recurrence, much as Priestly has been regarded today. On March 3rd the following bald statement appeared in The Times: "GARRICK THEATRE: At the first performance of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' new play at this theatre last night our dramatic critic was refused admission".

The next year, 1904, produced a spate of propagandist efforts in the shape of letters to the papers, articles in magazines, and an article in a foreign magazine, Neues Wiener Tageblatt, in which on the occasion of the International Press Conference he wrote on the "Need for

a national English theatre", This was in September. In March he had already written an article in the Nineteenth Century on the "Recognition of the Drama by the State", which was later incorporated in The Foundations of a National Drama. He had come to the conclusion that the English drama was in a precarious state and harped on the old discrepancy between the English stage and the English drama, and the continually-emphasised superiority of the French. In July and August the English Illustrated Magazine collected an international symposium on the state of the drama. Hardy, Filon, Gosse, Grein, Grundy, Shaw and many other eminent literary men gave their opinion on how the stage might be saved; Gosse "believed in no fortuitous aids"; each one rode his own hobby horse of commercialism, actor-managers, national theatres. Jones, characteristically, wrote the longest letter of all, contributing two and a half columns summarising all his usual arguments. I think it is safe to say that in all these later lectures, articles and speeches, whatever their immediate object or occasion, the reasons developed in them, the complaints and the remedies were always the same, dressed in slightly different languages - for Jones loved writing for the sake of writing, and introduces bluff rhetorical questions, imaginary tirades and elaborate

images in voluminous draperies of words and phrases.

His dramatic output was represented by two plays which were never acted -- Chrysold, which was privately printed by the Chiswick Press, and Felisa, which was not printed. Chrysold is a colourless play about two girls who make foolish romantic marriages, and is notable for containing a court scene, Jones evidently having taken Max's hint after Mrs. Dane's Defence. Felisa is a Spanish play, about a girl who rebels passionately against the injustice of accumulated sorrows, is finally won over to repentance and has a vision of the saints.

He also wrote two other comedies which were produced, moderately successfully. On the 19th January Joseph Entangled appeared at the Haymarket. This was another variation on his favourite theme of the poisonous mischief made by scandal-mongers; again the divorce court is avoided by a hair's breadth, as in Rebellious Susan, and The Liars, and again the frivolous wife is restored to the arms of her well-meaning ^{if} ~~and~~ heavy husband. The play is one of Jones's most amusing; the dialogue is witty, the characters entertaining, and the plot at first developed skilfully; the ^{whole} ~~play~~ is ruined by the feebleness of the final denouement. For a whole four acts the audience have been waiting to see the result of the conflict between the

husband's suspicion and the wife's pride in refusing to give some practical proof of her innocence. The whole matter is finally settled by the husband going into the next room and overhearing the conversation between his wife and her lover. A.B.Walkley in his book "Drama and Life", published in 1907, was sarcastic but on the whole appreciative. He compared it with The Liars - "cynical, worldly, leaving a slightly bitter taste in the mouth - but amusing". Max in the Saturday Review found it amusing but not cynical. He compared it with The Liars as a realistic comedy of manners and commended Jones's vitality. He even excused the overhearing episode on the grounds that it was deliberate.

The production of the play was attended by one of Jones's misfortunes, a fire breaking out on the stage.

On the 27th August he produced another of his curious side-track plays at the Garrick, called The Chevaleer. This only lasted till the end of October-- it is a play about a travelling showman - "The Chevaleer Munteagle, the mammoth showman"; Jones had again, as in The Rogue's Comedy, tried and failed, to create an individual "character" which he had not the penetration of insight to conceive perfectly but only equipped with a few boisterous phrases and mannerisms which are repeated whenever necessary. Jones

himself was not pleased with it. He "never got the plot right somehow", and Arthur Bouchier "bouched it too much"

In 1905 he only wrote one play, and this was never produced or printed, though he was fond of it. Mrs. Thorne kindly lent me a typescript copy. It is called The Sword of Gideon, and is the story of a young man almost lured from his wife by Jones's usual elegant, sophisticated, seductress. She does not quite succeed for this would not have conformed to Jones's idea of the fitness of things. Gideon is a good business-man type.

At the end of the year, Mrs. Thorne states that he was "called to America on business". He returned just before Christmas for the rehearsals of The Heroic Stubbs which was produced at the Strand Theatre on the 24th January. Here was another failure. He had foolishly tried again to create an individual. He should have learnt by now the strength that lay in collective security: group-satire he handled well, attempts at individual character-drawing he never could bring off successfully. Max in the Saturday Review saw in Stubbs "a little man whose great soul finds no outlet...because the world judges by appearances"..it was the first time, he said, that this class of man had been represented on the stage, and compared it with the creations of Mr. Wells. It must have been the novelty

which blinded him to the thinness of the character. After the disappointments of The Princess's Nose, The Lackey's Carnival, The Chevaleer and finally The Heroic Stubbs, it must have been with relief that ^{Jones} ~~he~~ escaped to America for the production of The Hypocrites, which had not yet been produced in unappreciative England. Here in America he was treated as a literary figure: he lectured at Harvard and Yale; on the 31st October he spoke at Harvard on "The Corner Stones of Modern Drama" and at Yale on the 5th November on "Literature and the Modern Drama", from which titles it will be seen that Jones was now carrying his banner overseas inscribed with the same slogans. It was the appreciation of academic circles which gratified Jones in America. In England he was never asked to speak at Oxford or Cambridge. In America he was feted at 'Varsity dinners, given an honorary degree and written about in theses.

In the following year The Hypocrites was produced in England on the 27th August at the Globe Theatre. In it Jones returned once more to social satire, and finding safety in numbers, produced a much better play. It was received with enthusiasm; the old gossip-mongers, the genial raisonneur, the zealous ethereal parson of his other plays all came back under new names, and, settled at "Sunningwater",

provide yet another of his satirical pictures of English life. Max headed his article in the Saturday Review of 7th September "Re-enter Mr. Jones", and considered that The Hypocrites was as "pungently and arrestingly alive" as any of his plays, though the curate filled him "with a sense of extreme repletion".

Keble Howard's criticism in the Daily Mail which called it amongst other things a "crude and wholly silly play", almost stirred up another rousing quarrel, but, like Jones's dramatic divorce-crises, did not quite come off. Jones merely refused to shake hands with Howard when introduced to him by his daughter.

In September Jones was back again in New York for the production of The Evangelist, which was afterwards printed as The Galilean's Victory. This is a play which has borrowed from Galsworthy the dramatic opposition of workman and employer, with strikes and deputations, all melodramatically superimposed on a salvation theme worked out through two hot Gospellers. One of Jones's firmest friends in America was Professor William Lynn Phelps of Yale University. In his book An Autobiography with Letters published 1939, Professor Phelps describes how he went to the first night of The Evangelist with Jones. This "was

a painful experience. Mr. Jones kept his eye on the audience and never once looked at the stage. He reminded me of a man on trial for his life, gazing steadfastly at the jury for signs of mercy". This bears out the qualities in Jones which especially fitted him for his task of spreading the gospel of the drama; the habit of watching always the effect of his work before the intrinsic merit of the work itself, watching the audience rather than the actors. The elaborate dinners he gave in New York, the disappointment he felt at the Harvard-Yale football match, when the result was a draw and his hopes of "enjoying the cheering parade that follows a victory" were lost -- all these pointed to the exhibitionism in his nature. This is born out in private life by such extravagances as hiring the switchback at Folkestone for a whole afternoon. In the early part of 1908, he wrote a farce called Dick, which was never produced, and on 3rd November he rose again to his old heights and achieved a success which took him back to the high days of his roaring 'Nineties. Dolly Reforming Herself was produced at the Haymarket Theatre with Robert Loraine and Ethel Irving in the leading parts. Set in the genial, worldly-commonsense atmosphere exuded from a middle-aged man of the world he created his most amusing scene and his most amusing woman-character. It runs on the purely

artificial theme of New Year resolutions, but is treated in a true comical, satirical spirit throughout and makes no mistaken efforts to penetrate the deep places of the soul or sound deep wells of emotion at the wrong moment. Max in The Saturday Review saw in it an occasion for comparing the humour of Shaw and of Jones. Jones had that humour whose essence is "a toleration of people as they are" - "Shaw wont stand us as we are at any price". He commended Jones's "joyous observation" and unobtrusive technique.

The play was later contracted into a one-act play called Dolly's Little Bills. Even A.B.Walkley, the conscientious objector to Jones, was bound to find Jones in this play "quietly and, as it were, paternally festive" and to admit that the ^{quarrel}~~grand~~ scene sustained comparison with Sheridan.

Jones's other activities in this year were chiefly confined to speeches at public functions.

In the following year he produced a very successful one-act play called The Knife, which is another of his doctor's dilemmas. Again the patient dies, this time under his knife, and the wife is restored to her husband.

He now turned aside from playwriting to throw himself into the campaign for abolishing the Censorship which began

in October 1909. He wrote a pamphlet addressed to Sir Herbert Samuel called The Censorship Muddle and a way out of it, in which he cited Shakespeare, the Bible, and Music-halls as daring literature which went uncensored and finally laid down that an Inspector-General should be appointed who should witness and perhaps condemn a play's first performance but should not be allowed to interfere beforehand.

In The Times of 6th November he had a letter on the "Censorship Committee". On the 21st October he responded to the toast of The Drama at the Colchester Oyster Feast and on the 27th November he addressed the Society of Women Journalists. His only other work of this year was a play called Leo Vallance which was neither produced nor printed and is only extant in typescript. It was a lurid play about a circus queen who stabbed her rival in love and thinking she had murdered her, died of an overdose of opium.

In 1910 he continued his anti-censor campaign, addressing the public at the Alhambra Theatre on 27th February, writing to Winston Churchill on the 7th November and writing several letters to The Times, The Daily Express, and The Daily Telegraph. His active

contribution to the stage was a one-act play Fall in Rookies, which was a recruiting play written for Lord Roberts and played at the Alhambra as part of a music-hall show. Roberts approved of the play but objected to the title, which, he said, in a letter quoted by Mrs. Thorne, "may be meant as a term of endearment, but the public will not take it as such"...such a title will prejudice the reception of the play". This is the first of Jones ~~Military~~ ^{militant} patriotic work which lasted through the war up to the time of his death. It shows an objectionable youth, Nat Drake, after unnecessary horse-play with a barmaid, called up in the army and transformed in ^{three} 3 years into a fine upstanding man; a play artistically on the level of a gaudy recruiting poster.

In 1911 Jones was again in America and lectured at Columbia University on "The Aims and Duties of a National Theatre", which he republished in the Foundations of a National Drama. Back in London, on 11th September, he saw the production of another farce, The Ogre which has not survived.

In 1912 he crossed the Atlantic again finishing Lydia Gilmore on the way. It was produced in New York at the Lyceum Theatre on February 12th. It was moderately

successful in America but never produced in England. Mrs. Thorne lent me the typescript copy, as it was not printed. It is a murder-play, a fashionable doctor committing the murder with a paper-knife out of jealousy. His wife tries to save him from being condemned by giving false evidence. She is coached in this by the prosecuting counsel, a faithful admirer. He puts her through her part in a rehearsal of the cross-examination which is reminiscent of Galsworthy's law-court scenes. The Silver Box had been produced in 1906, and Jones, quick to notice novelties, probably owed something of the idea to him, though Mrs. Dane had shown him the effect of a stage cross-examination. While he was in New York he became absorbed in writing The Divine Gift, which he looked upon as his finest play, something on the level of Michael. He once wrote to Shaw about "swimming about" in Wagner, and this is what happens to him in these plays of soul and sentiment; he "swims about" in nebulous emotions, and dwells on and enjoys the sensation of being emotional without being careful to see that the emotion has reasonable foundation. He considered that it had some very "strong and penetrating scenes" and that Lora Delmar was his finest woman character. The "divine gift" is the gift of song possessed by a beautiful and (since it was Jones writing)

celebrated singer, and the play is a grandfatherly speculative, somewhat pessimistic reflection on life, containing some scraps of the art of wisdom which a man of 61 might be expected to have accumulated. Jones wrote to Gilbert Murray as a scholar who had rightly interested himself in the drama, asking for permission to dedicate the play to him. Gilbert Murray answered in a letter which contains the first hint of any realisation that Jones was now out of date. He said; "It is quite possible that I called you and Pinero old-fashioned writers, but if I did so, the epithet merely suggested itself as a natural contrast to the "new-fashioned" Barker-Galsworthy set". Shaw had already noted the rise of Granville Barker in 1902 - "a great poet and dramatist who looks upon us as we look upon Sheridan Knowles" - but Jones never admitted that he was old-fashioned; he blindly continued with his campaign, could not bear to be shelved into obscurity, but made sure that he had a finger in every pie, controversial, dramatic, patriotic or social which the government or the country concocted. In his later years this finger did not usually go further than a letter or letters to the paper. But no new topic passed without a comment from him; censorship, popular education, the film industry, all received their share of didactic letters to the paper.

The Divine Gift was never produced, but was published in 1913. In the same year he wrote Her Tongue, also never produced, but later published with The Theatre of Ideas. It is practically nothing but the monologue of a talkative woman.

While in America this year he had the honour of an invitation to the White House, addressed, in error, as "Sir" Henry Arthur Jones - a "mistake made constantly", says Mrs. Thorne. The knighthood unbestowed was one of the thorns in his flesh, but he was "proud to be in the same category as Charles Dickens and William Shakespeare".

Sometime during 1912-1913, possibly during an illness, he began, but never finished, The Shadow of Henry Irving, published posthumously in 1931. It is an attempt to consider the art of Irving, but in its vagueness should be compared with Shaw's incisive criticisms of actors. Jones devotes flowery paragraphs to Irving's claims to be called "great", talking much of the "fine" and the "noble", and rants at stylised length of Irving's death with much repetition of "he had a lucky, noble death". He considered that the piece contained some of his finest writing, but it seems the work of a sick man, vaguely emotional and uncritical, using many words to say very little. He had returned from America a physical and nervous wreck, and was ill for some time at the end of 1912 when he had to undergo an operation. Had he had this eighteen years ago, he said, "the whole course of the British Drama would have been changed. He always considered himself irrevocably handicapped in his

work by his operations and his children.

In 1913 he fell to work with renewed vigour, stimulated by his previous visit to America and a long rest in his beloved France. In January he gathered together a second collection of his speeches and articles, in a book called The Foundations of a National Drama. His two volumes of collected propaganda epitomized his efforts for the drama and the two fronts on which he attacked. The year brought forth a shower of fresh propaganda; incoming Mayors, local authorities, Dissenters, the Lord Chamberlain and the Playgoers Club in Sheffield all received instructions as to the necessity of establishing the drama as a national institution. On the 7th September he also had a letter in The Times on "Shakespeare in England".

While in France he wrote Mary Goes First, which was the last of his social comedies, and led to success by Marie Tempest. It is a satire on provincial snobbery, somewhat long-drawn^{out} and with lapses of taste and a fundamental pettiness. It was produced on the 18th September at the Playhouse. The press was uncomplimentary about everything but Marie Tempest. In November 1914 she produced it in New York, and occasioned another of the famous Jones quarrels, in which Graham Browne told him he did not know his job. "This left him speechless", says Marie Tempest, "~~also~~^{and} he

dashed out of the theatre". However he came back later and apologised.

In 1914 there was another spate of letters to the papers, mostly about England and Englishmen, one, in the Times of 29th August being addressed English girls. The Goal and The Lie were produced in New York. When war broke out he gave way to the usual ejaculations of "God help us all", and "not knowing where it will all end". He offered his house at Wimslow as a hospital. After going to America for the production of his two plays he went to stay in Bermuda, where he wrote Cock of the Walk, which was produced in Washington in 1915, but was never produced in England. In this year he also published an allegory, The Theatre of Ideas, another work of which he was proud and which surprised him by the coolness of its reception. He had not realised that contemporary allegory is not attractive unless it shows bitingly sharp satire or a charm of fancy and expression that pleases for its own sake.

In 1915 he openly quarrelled with Shaw and supported the request that he should resign from the Dramatists Club, when his paradoxical arguments were becoming too outrageous. He declared in a long letter dated 1st November that he had done great harm to America and the neutral countries by his

declarations that England had provoked the war. "Even if what you said was true" he continued; "it was yet a foolish, mad and mischievous thing to say at the moment". Shaw replied in a letter beginning "Henry Arthur, Henry Arthur, what is your opinion of the War? If you think you are going to put ME off with a sheet of notepaper containing extracts from the Daily Express copied with your own fair hand you are mistaken". The quarrel is a clear indication of the different outlooks of the two first contributors to the modern English drama; Shaw the original and Jones the popular, a man of the people in sentiment, and intellect, who had with his popular appeal made it possible for Shaw's originality to gain a hearing. Except on matters directly concerned with the English drama, where he did honestly form and have the courage of his own convictions, Jones had not a single original idea. He thought the thoughts of every ordinary respectable reader of The Times.

In 1916 during the Battle of Verdun he wrote Shakespeare and Germany in a fit of noisy patriotism. Jones as a pamphleteer felt the obvious emotions, and expressed them as though they were new and original ones of his own. This pamphlet which was privately printed by the Chiswick Press, refutes in ranting eloquence the German jibe manufactured for war purposes that Shakespeare

would not have thought much of his England had he returned to it at that moment. That Jones should expend so much energy on refuting a piece of ~~eloquent~~^{collegiate} propaganda is an example of the lack of refinement and discernment in his intellect.^x America's entry into the war he described as a "splendid thing"; conscientious objectors he railed at in a satirical play called The Pacifists, produced on the 4th September 1917. The obviousness of his emotions is a sign that his active work was done and that he was becoming an old man. The play was a great failure; in December he wrote to Clayton Hamilton that "no other dramatist except Shakespeare could have achieved so complete a failure". Also in this year he wrote another war-play called Finding Themselves which was not produced but which Mrs. Thorne gave me to read in typescript. It is a good picture of the spirit of rushing to do one's bit which characterised the last war, and which Jones treats as a good thing since it gives empty-minded people an opportunity to "find themselves". It is in direct contrast to Shaw's attitude in Augustus does his Bit. It is also a repulsive exhibition of blind, poisonous nationalism, the nationalism which looked upon all Germans as monsters and

^x As a piece of prose it is vigorous and stirring in a militant, trumpeteering fashion. It was translated into French and published in Les Cahiers Britanniques et Americains, a textbook for French schoolboys.

vermin to be exterminated. Letters to The Times, on Shakespeare and on reconstructing society constituted the rest of his year's work.

1918 was marked only by a letter to The Times on Marshal Foch, and an open letter to Lloyd George.

In 1919 he wrote eight letters to the paper, four of which were to the Morning Post in March on subjects ranging from "The Speculator and popular apathy" to "Aeschylus and Sophocles". In this year his instincts as a dramatic propagandist asserted themselves and he wrote two letters to the Evening News on the drama and some advice to young playwrights in the Dramatic Times. In this year he seized upon the new notions of popular education. He had no patience with them. He wrote a pamphlet called Patriotism and Popular Education, in which he expounded with ranting, stylistic zeal the shameful theory that the interests of the individual are often opposed to the interests of the state, and we must give the masses "just that much education as will make them useful to the state".

In 1920 he followed this with further letters to the paper on the subject of education, especially one in The Evening Standard of the 12th **O**ctober headed "That's the way the Money Goes". He wrote a political

letter to J.H.Thomas about Ireland on the 21st June, and another political letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on "How to raise Money". He wrote several letters about his beloved drama, and also began to discuss the film, which he was quick to recognise as a coming force in English life. In the Sunday Express of the 25th July he had an article on The Triumphant Film.

He made no substantial contribution to the development of the film but even as an old man his journalistic perceptions were alert and he saw the possibilities of the medium. The film directors also saw the possibilities of Jones and The Silver King was one of the first of his plays they chose to put on the screen. None of his specific scenarios were used, but his film version of The Knife shows his appreciation of the films opportunities for interchange of scene, and elaboration of scenes such as the arrival of a liner in port. The British Film Library unfortunately, does not possess copies of any of his films.

In 1921 he continued and wrote in Photoplay an article headed "Motion Pictures and the Speaking Stage". Also in this year he published My Dear Wells, a collection of letters which he had written to the Evening Standard and New York Times. These were objectionable, almost insane, ranting against the opinions of Wells, who found it "too silly for

serious attention".

In 1922 he returned to the education problem and wrote another open letter to H.A.L.Fisher on "The Education Fetish". As he grew older his ideas, like a feverish pulse-rate, became quick and shallow and he had not the power to write anything longer than a letter or an occasional article.

In 1923 he wrote a series of articles in the English Review of June, July, August and November, on "Bernard Shaw as a thinker", giving way to startling, splenitive attacks, calling Shaw an "irresponsible jester, a filibuster witling....who would advertise himself on his mother's grave". These senile rantings spoke of a mind diseased, and pitifully indicated a decaying intellect dropping from the heights of campaigning fervour to the muddy flats of vulgar abuse.

The year was also marked by the first English production of The Lie, which came on at the New Theatre on the 13th October, with Sybil Thorndike in the leading part. It was his last and one of his most successful productions. The old man was delighted with the enthusiastic reception given to his play and wrote an especially eloquent letter of thanks to Sybil Thorndike. Soon after this his wife died, and he never recovered from the shock.

In 1924 he wrote one article - in the English Review - "Christmas Meditations on Alcohol".

In the following year he was delighted by the publication of Clayton Hamilton's collected volumes of his plays, which he called "Representative". He devoted himself to a last burst of energy, and wrote a very miscellaneous collection of letters to the papers ranging from a letter to The Times on the 29th April on "Socialism and the Banks" to "My Religion" in the Daily Express of 24th September, and "Lost Art Treasures" in The Times of the 20th October.

In these last few years Mrs. Thorne took the old man to many of the first nights, and his opinions of the modern drama are illuminating as showing that his tastes had not changed since the hey-day of his prime. He disliked Chekhov worse than he disliked Ibsen, but enjoyed The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, which is a comedy of the same sparkling hardness as some of his own. In these last years he had to "flog the old machine to keep it going" but persisted in keeping himself in the public eye. 1925 was his last year of activity and besides his miscellaneous articles he "dissected" Bernard Shaw in the Daily Express of 14th November. Also in a final burst of patriotism he wrote in the Overseas Daily Mail

on "This dear dear England". From 1926 onwards he had to be looked after by a professional nurse, and in July had another serious operation. The last years of his life were painful and tedious, and he comforted himself by playing the grandfather and the veteran playwright. He liked to recall the triumphs of his past and re-read his best-loved plays.

Characteristically he wrote a last message to the English people which he wished to be published after his death. In it he excuses himself for sometimes offering to the public plays beneath his level of aspiration". I have done this in the hope of capturing that wide and popular approbation without which no dramatist can hope for influence and authority".

It is a simple, confident assessing of his achievements, ungarnished with false modesty, and he takes his leave of the world, as he had done everything else, with his eye on the public. He concludes; "it is with some hope that the causes I have advocated may yet succeed that I ask English men of letters and English playgoers to accept from me, in a spirit of forbearance and friendliness, this legacy of a last few words."

The life of Henry Arthur Jones is simple and uneventful in that his work was his life. This might be said of any writer, but it was especially true in that his

work (which was his life) existed in and for itself, and all that life meant to him apart from it was domestic comforts, relaxation, holidays and physical suffering. This had no effect on his mental development. His long illnesses did not alter the kind of work he wrote, they merely made him angry at not being able to write more.

He had none of the artist's deep sorrows or emotional experiences which are the price all great artists have to pay for their achievements, for the converse reason that he had none of the artists sensibility or daring curiosity of life. He married at the age of 24, and having thus secured a comfortable domestic background, proceeded to write plays, not from an inner necessity to write but from a preconceived determination to be a playwright. He set out on his career with the practical efficiency of a tradesman building up a business-connection and the zeal of a vicar entering his first parish with dreams of wholesale conversion and perhaps a bishopric for himself one day. If the drama had provided official residences for its administrators, as the Church provides vicarages, Jones would have lived in one.

His work is astonishing in its bulk and consistency. Never once did he waver in his mission, never once did he

doubt its sacredness or give up heart. At the height of his career he published plays at the rate of one every six months. During the whole of his life his attitude of mind never changed; the ideas he reiterated as a veteran dramatist were the same as the ideas he began to express as a commercial traveller. Age had not withered them in his eyes nor custom staled. As long as there were people who had not appreciated them he would continue repeating them. That was his mission.

He died on the 27th January 1929, and, conscious always of himself as being entrusted with a great work, had the epitaph inscribed on his tomb:

"Then I said, I have laboured in vain, yet surely my judgment is with the Lord and my work with my God."

He had no doubt that he was on the side of the angels.

CHAPTER III.

Henry Arthur Jones the Playwright.

Henry Arthur Jones will not be remembered for his plays. The inventor of the velocipede is not remembered for his services to individual transport, and the modern bicycle is taken for granted. The modern drama is taken for granted. Jones's plays are for the most part as old-fashioned as the velocipede, but in their own not so very distant day they were just as popular and just as new. Had they not brought their simple message to the people Shaw and Galsworthy might have remained for years the cult of Sunday worshippers of the drama practised in dirty little theatres in the suburbs, and the people would still have walked in darkness. Henry Arthur Jones was to bring dramatic salvation to the ordinary man, and not to the far-sighted intellectual; he had therefore to write plays that appealed for the moment, but had none of the enduring qualities of those of his successors.

His development is to be traced chronologically as showing the gradual winning of the drama from theatrical sensationalism to mental stimulation. This pioneer work done his limitations become obvious. It was not for him to give the people great modern drama, but to prepare them for it. This was a distinction which he himself never realised.

The first play by Henry Arthur Jones to be performed before any audience was produced in the year 1878 at the Theatre Royal, Exeter. It is a small, poor, one-act drama with the homely title of Only Round the Corner. It tells the story of a drunken father's restoration amid tearful gladness to teetotalism and his position as church organist by the very man who was his hated rival for the post, and to whom his daughter is finally married. It was a success, and produced at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, next year under the title of Harmony Restored.

In the following years, up to 1882, a crop of similar one-act plays sprang up in the provinces. They are dramatised versions of the themes of penny novelettes or the line engravings which adorned the walls of Victorian parlours illustrating "The Sailor's Return" or "The Soldier's Farewell", or "The Evening of Life". Elopement is the best, being the most lively. It is the tale of the innocent country girl, Maggie, led to the brink of "worse than death" by the middle-aged roué Philip, but saved at the last moment by the faithful, simple, true and noble country lover of her childhood, to whom she is finally married. A Clerical Error is the tale of a middle-aged Vicar who mistakenly thinks his ward, Minnie, loves him when it is his nephew whom she loves all the time, and to whom, the Vicar renouncing her with brave jokes about not being

serious in his proposal, she is finally married. Hearts of Oak, An Old Master, and A Bed of Roses are plays of a similar standard of subject and sentiment. They are the under-sized offspring of the old "domestic drama"; they contain no subtlety of conception and no depth of thought, they have all the obviousness and crudity of situation which appears in the films of today, and they look back to Victorian convention in stage devices and mannerisms, especially in the use of soliloquy and aside. A convenient soliloquy from a butler, valet or other minor character, opens a play, informing the audience of the point of the story at which the play begins, describing the individuals and generally indicating what to expect. The aside is indispensable. In many plays it seems that nothing would happen without it, as everything of importance is said aside. It has several distinct functions, and the degrees of the aside may be compared to the degrees of the Lie summarised by Touchstone. First there is the Aside Explanatory, fulfilling the Victorian demand for clarity and obviousness. No joke is left unexplained nor witty remark unsupplemented. Victorian humour was explicit and painstaking; in Punch, which may be taken as the standard, the jokes never stood on their own feet, but had a guide to their understanding printed in italics and inserted at the end in brackets. When

the maiden aunt in An Old Master makes an obvious joke about a bedstead that had belonged to Henry the Eighth, adding that it was "a very big bedstead" Rupert footnotes unnecessarily, "It would be - with all his family".

There is also the Aside Indicative. This is a development of the Aside Explanatory. It is a remark thrown out in case the audience should have missed the point of any piece of dialogue or turn of situation. It is constantly used in Harmony, where Jenny keeps turning and muttering "He's been drinking again"; a fact which is plain to all. This kind of aside is directly opposed to the modern ideal of getting as much as possible into the acting, and going to the other extreme of leaving the most important points to be read between the lines.

Finally there is the Aside Informative, with which the audience is kept au fait with intentions, motives, past events and pending disaster. "It is all right", the young organist explains in confidence to the audience. "I have worked on Chesham's feelings and got him to revoke his sentence". Rupert, in An Old Master shows the portrait of a woman in his locket to Sophie, who thinks it is another lover, but Rupert explains aside, "My mother 30 years ago". The aside is much used in this capacity to produce the painful dramatic irony which characterises melodrama; the audience is in

possession of the facts, but the characters go stumbling blindly to disaster through misapprehensions, misunderstandings and maddening ignorance till it becomes almost imperative for the spectators to stand up and scream the truth at them. These early plays are valuable historically because they contain the germs of later plays. Jones was economical in his use of material and was not averse to making over and touching up a character or situation to fit another play. The villain, Fanshawe, in Saints and Sinners, is a full-length portrait of the villain, Philip, sketched in Elopment. Both are handsome, nonchalant men of the world, aged about 40. Both seduce country innocents and in their sinful middle-age wish they had met their good, pure, trusting Letty or Maggie in years gone by. Fanshawe uses Philip's actual words: Philip, ruminating sadly on his past, tells himself, "If you had but met with a girl like that 20 years ago, you would not be the battered old rake you are today". Fanshawe's past is not so distant, but he has the same regrets. Had he but met Letty 10 years ago, he reflects at the Sunday School picnic, "instead of meeting that other woman" - he leaves the sentence expressively unfinished, but adds bitterly, "What is the good of wishing?" Both, when overcome by conscience and the discovery that they really love the girl after all, and wish her well, attribute

the unfamiliar disturbance in their emotions to an attack of indigestion. Again Fanshawe quotes his former incarnation, Philip, who says, "I'm getting maudlin moral. My digestion must be failing." Fanshawe, slightly editing Philip, says, "I'm getting maudlin moral. My digestion must be out of order."

The Vicar in A Clerical Error is the germ of Jacob Fletcher. He has the same kindliness, consideration and mild humour, expressed in jocular puns. When Minnie says he bought the biggest and fattest pig in the market he remarks that he thought he might as well go the whole hog while he was about it, a joke of the same quality as Jacob Fletcher's retort to Green's saying that the flesh is weak - "But the gin at the Three Pigeons is strong, eh?" Jacob also shows some of the characteristics of Matthew Penrose, the "old master". This play is another human drama with very little point. Its title ^{is} misleading, as it is not about a famous picture, but is the old story of the simple villager's daughter pursued by the gay rich man. This time, however, the gay rich man does himself marry the girl in all respectability, to the satisfaction of all parties, including the old master, who is invited to go and spend the rest of his days with the young people. This is after many misunder-

standings and setbacks, the whole being finally ratified by a letter of consent from the gay rich man's mother wintering in Italy - a dea ex machina who only appears in the course of post. Matthew Penrose, father of the girl, is a poor schoolmaster. Up to now he has never had to face anything worse than a troublesome class of boys, but now he boldly defies the supposed villain, Rupert, as Fletcher defies Fanshawe, but in more incompetent language: "Get out of my sight this instant. I can't trust myself to speak to you, you bad fellow." Such phrases of irritating lameness were characteristic of Jones in his early efforts, when he knew what he wanted to say, but had not the ability to say it.

Though they were unskilful and childish, though they emphasised sentimental values over-charged with emotion, though they contained no new ideas, these plays were theatrically effective. Following in the footsteps of Robertson, Jones was trying to write living plays about ordinary, living people. The ordinary, living people, dull enough in themselves, were placed in theatrically effective situations - last-minute rescues, sudden appearances of long-lost lovers, touching reconciliations, and satisfying denouements, with all misunderstandings cleared up, all sins forgiven and wedding bells ringing in the background. They arouse the same interest as per-

sons who have survived a serious operation or been in a train smash; we enjoy them for the dangers they have past. His Wife, Jones's first full-length play, only differs from the others in volume and intensification of agony, the heroine being wrongfully cast first into prison, then into the madhouse, but finally marrying the gaol chaplain, the villain, her bigamous husband, having blown his brains out. This was bad literature, but good theatre. Jones wisely began at the beginning in learning to write plays, and could already produce a theatrical effect if he could not produce anything approaching great drama.

Wilson Barrett, impressed by his efforts, commissioned him to write a full-length melodrama, and in 1882 he produced The Silver King.

Melodrama, no less than drama, has its own technique and its own set of rules. Unlike drama, it does not show the inner conflict of what may be two equally good qualities, nor even the external conflict between two equally good people. It shows conflict between two definitely opposed groups of people, the one right, the other wrong, and right bound to triumph in the end. It is like a team game, one side wearing black bands and the other wearing white, and both adhering firmly to their own side throughout the game. There is no

feeling at the end of the play of the "pity of it all", but rather a feeling of smug satisfaction at the triumph of right and the downfall of wrong. In The Silver King the innocent Denver is finally restored to the bosom of his family, his spiritual happiness reinforced materially by lucky speculation in the silver mines of Nevada. The wicked Spider, ignominiously handcuffed, witnesses his triumph and is marched off to prison by the Detective Baxter.

Melodrama differs from drama in that it shows not the development of character, or conflict in the human will, but situation dominating the human element, the characters being not so much individuals as instruments for raising certain sets of emotions in the audience. Nelly is always calculated to arouse pity; everything she says is pitiful; she speaks of her struggles against poverty, her love for the lost Denver, the starving condition of her little children. The Spider always arouses righteous indignation at his callousness. Apart from allowing another man to suffer for his crime, he ill-treats his victim's wife. He wants to turn Nelly out of her cottage, being a new version of the wicked landlord-uncle in Black-Eyed Susan; she has no money, her children are starving, one of them is dying, and to crown all it is snowing. But the Spider is firm. He objects to people starving and dying

on his property. They must go.

The characters in themselves do not give rise to the action, they merely carry out the demands of the plot. The play depends for its effect upon a series of sensations - a robbery; a murder; an innocent man accused, chased, hounded from hearth and home; his wife and children starving, turned out into the snow by the actual murderer; the innocent man returning, dramatically overhearing that he is innocent; the murderer arrested, and the final reconciliation. No man could have a better training in dramatic dexterity.

The dramatic irony is extreme. The audience, knowing from the beginning that Denver is innocent, have to watch him suffering the agonies of guilt; knowing that he is the suspected man they have to listen to country yokels reading aloud an account of the murder while he lurks miserably in the corner; later they share with Denver the irony of hearing the description of a recent murder trial, with details of the appearance of the prisoner, the judge putting on the black cap, and the general atmosphere of horror.

The fundamental irony of the plot is good. Not only is Denver accused of the murder, but he believes that he did it. His agony of horror and remorse are expressed in some of Jones's finest lines. On discovering Ware dead at his feet he is filled with incredulous horror: "Ah! what's this?"

Blood! Let me think. What happened? Ah yes! I remember now ... No! he's not dead! Geoffrey Ware! Is he dead? ... Oh, I've killed him! - I've killed him! What can I do? Don't stare at me like that!" Hopeless wishing for what's done undone comes over him, and he cries out, "Yesterday he was alive, and I could laugh and play the fool! And now! O God! put back Thy universe and give me yesterday!"

Contrasted with this tragic language is the lively dialogue of the criminals, full of the slang and technical terms of the underworld. "Be off," says Cripps to Denver, disguised as Deaf Dicky, "you forty-horse power idiot ... He's as daft as forty blessed hatters."

"Bless you, bless you," says Corkett to Spider, anxious to share the swag.

"Bless yourself," says Spider, "Pray for some brains. What do you want here?"

"L.s.d.," says Corkett, "especially the L."

The criminals as a whole are more spirited than the virtuous ones. Each is a distinct type, with his own way of tackling a job and his own interests to look after. Skinner, the great Spider, is the public-school man; fashionable, well-bred, mixing with the best people, anxious to finish the safe-breaking quickly, and get away to Lady Blanche's dance. He is a sort of Dorian Gray, and a representative of the type of

society George Moore cultivated in the days of his youth. "One evening we would spend at Constant's," he says in The Confessions of a Young Man, "Rue de la Gaîté, in the company of thieves and robbers; on the following evening we were dining with a duchess or a princess ... we prided ourselves ... on using with equal facility the language of the fence's parlour and that of the literary salon."

Cripps is a plebeian, a handyman burglar, with no illusions about himself, and with obvious contempt for the spruce and delicate Spider. He has the artist's love of his work and tools: "Beauties, ain't they? I was a week making them jemmiess... Blow Lady Blanche. If you're above your business, say so, and I'll crack the crib myself." Coombe is an ordinary, business-like criminal, and Corkett is the weak and timid tool, unused to the task, roped in against his will and bullied and harried by the professionals, who torture him with well-worded threats of long terms of imprisonment and jail.

Jones was always more successful at drawing criminals and rogues of varying wickedness than he was at drawing virtuous, sympathetic characters. In these criminals of The Silver King he shows a liveliness and enjoyment which does not appear in the solemn Denver and his supporters.

He does not attempt deep psychology in The Silver King,

but having taken a situation which is calculated to arouse a certain emotion, gloats over the emotion and piles on emphasising detail. When Denver in disguise comes home to find his family starving and disgraced it is obvious what his feelings must be. However no detail is spared to make the position clear. He sees his little daughter rejected by her school-friends because her father is a murderer, and against a background of hymns chanted by these innocent children, the harrowing situation is worked up.

"Oh, look, a fire, a fire!" cries the little girl, "we haven't had a fire for I don't know how long." Denver adds, in case the audience should miss the point, "In this wretched hole and without a fire!" He then asks, "She has had some money sent her?" Cissy answers, "No." Who would send her money? Denver comments explanatorily, "It has never reached her." The next grief is the discovery of his little boy, "so pale and wasted," and finally, after a glimpse of his poor wife, he goes off on his solitary way, unable to tell them who he is, but having pressed coins into the hand of the puzzled Cissy.

Asides are still used for emphasising important points and drawing attention to the main issue of the dialogue. Spider, on entering the tavern, is pointed out to the audience by

Coombe's whisper, "The Spider at last." Asides also seem to express the unspoken comments of the audience, as when at the inn Denver with rash insistence demands the newspaper that contains an account of his murder, thus rousing the suspicion, of the maid, and adds, "I can't help what they suspect, I must know." Asides warn of approaching disaster, as when Ware mutters, "Now, Nelly Hathaway, I think I'll show you that you made a slight mistake when you threw me over and married Wilfred Denver."

Though it was written in the old melodramatic style the play had a certain newness about it which aroused exclamations at the ingenuity of the author. There were new scenes - railway stations and low dockside dens. Railway timetables play an important part in the development of the plot. There is an exciting chase of the murderer in an express train, a telegram to the next station to stop him, a train crash with many killed and injured, and the supposed murderer jumping clear. It has the same immediate sensational appeal as a modern gangster film, yet in expressive dialogue, variety of character and neatness of construction it deserved its description as the best melodrama of its day.

When the glory of The Silver King had departed Jones sat down to write a serious play, one which would satisfy his

demands for a literary, serious drama. Jones, with the consistency which is so unvarying in him that it seems likely that he was born at the age of forty, began at the outset of his career to arrange his work on the lines which he was still pursuing as a retired veteran, when his dramatic work was done and he was declining into senile newspaper vapourings. In the Preface to The Theatre of Ideas (1915) he wrote that a serious dramatist's "best chance comes immediately after a great popular success ... he may then venture to say, 'Kind friends, won't you come up a step higher?' This has been my practice." It was his practice throughout his career: as The Silver King was the opportunity for launching into the seriousness of Saints and Sinners, so every popular success was followed by an elevating production calculated to improve the public's mind if it did not increase the author's popularity. This politic, calculated method of writing plays makes it hard to trace artistic development; the quality of each play depends on the success or failure of what went before, and there is no unconscious unfolding of genius, but only a continuous striving towards perfection of technique.

Saints and Sinners appeared in 1884. In the meantime Jones had also written an article in the Nineteenth Century Review complaining that "the more a play has resembled a medley

of those incidents and accidents which collect a crowd in the streets the more successful it has been" - using a description exactly fitted to The Silver King. "The heart and soul of man," he continued, "are the entailed inheritance and inalienable domain of the drama". These words seem to signify that Jones would write a play containing human passions on a high plane expressed with great depth of understanding. As it was he wrote a priggish play, redolent of Sunday schools and hymn-books, but still touched with the old taint of melodrama, which throughout his early period was apt to break out like chronic rheumatism in the aged. The plot is the same melodramatic seduction plot borrowed from his one-act plays. Again there are the two teams, strongly marked, the one all wrong, the other all right, the Saints versus the Sinners. Jones himself obviously sides with the Saints. He is on familiar and affectionate terms with the Saints, but distant with the Sinners. Letty's saint-lover he affectionately calls George in the stage directions, the sinner-lover he formally addresses as Fanshawe.

However, in his effort to write serious drama and not pander to the uncultivated demands of the mob, he tried to mix with the sensations a satire on the hypocrisy of middle class religion. The two did not readily mix, but rather curdled. The sentiments become overcharged with emotion and the situa-

tions, homely in themselves, over-sensationalised. Jacob, attempting to win Letty back from her life of sin, instead of speaking sharply and telling her to be sensible, goes down on his knees, and, clasping her skirts in embarrassing humility, pleads: "See, I kneel to you . . . you will come. Letty, your mother is waiting for you to say yes." (The mother being dead.) The Triumph of the Philistines.

There is too much made of the seduction. The "worse than death" theme is played over and over again in an agonising key. George rushes in to greet Letty, finds her gone, and asks wildly where she is. Is she killed? Fletcher says, "worse than that". "Worse than that!" he cries. "There is but one thing worse than death. Is it that?" Letty Fletcher, realising her plight, is frantic with shame at the loss of her good name, and cries out, "Eustace, Eustace, if you do not mean to make me your wife, in mercy say so, and kill me!"

The melodrama in Jones's soul encouraged the use of violent contrasts to gain his effect. Fanshawe plots his seduction at the Sunday School picnic, against a background of children singing hymns, playing team games, and busily representing Christian respectability. Fletcher's preparations for his supper-party are harrowing to the audience who

long to tell him that his Letty has been lured away to London by the villain. At last Lot Burden comes in with the news, Fletcher is struck dumb with grief and George rushes in, swearing to kill Fanshawe. The characters in which Jones satirises middle class religion are small caricatures of provincial types such as he enlarged later in The Triumph of the Philistines. Hoggard and Prabble are small tradesman, Hoggard having done a little better than Prabble, who has remained a grocer in a small way, whereas Hoggard, by reason of "business energy and push" has become a commercial magnate, a hero in the eyes of the obsequious Prabble. They are common nineteenth century types, and seem to have been inspired by the characters described in Mark Rutherford's dismal autobiography. "They have the same narrow outlook and bargaining religion. Prabble plainly tells Fletcher, "You support my shop, and I'll support you." Mark Rutherford's "second deacon, Mr. Weeley", was a "builder and undertaker" who had "depended for a good deal of custom upon his chapel connection and when the attendance at the chapel fell off his trade fell off likewise." Prabble is his counterpart, being, as Jacob himself says, "not the only one who makes a comfortable living out of coming regularly to church or chapel." Letty than Fletcher is oppressed, like Mark Rutherford, by the narrow

provincialism of her village, exclaiming, "Everything in Steepleford is so commonplace and so respectable and nothing ever happens." Hoggard and Prabble, while reflecting the depressing, pettishly mercenary English Nonconformist, are touched with an unconscious humour which Jones does not allow himself in the Saints. The Saints have their little legitimate jokes which they manufacture themselves for the purpose of brightening life in a Christian way, but they are never unconsciously amusing. Hoggard and Prabble at times become highly comic in their conversation, which is chiefly about themselves. It is the ambition of Hoggard, in all sincerity, to be a merchant prince and an M.P., to which Prabble fittingly replies that he is sure there are plenty of M.P.'s inferior to Mr. Hoggard. Hoggard agrees. "Just so," he says, "I think I shall be rather above the average". Hoggard looks at a landscape and sees in it a handsome factory site; Prabble looks at Hoggard and sees in him the epitome of what a successful man should be. They devoutly serve Mammon for choice and God for safety; they watch and spy and calumniate and pry into the private affairs of their minister; they twist and swindle and gossip and estimate the whole of life at its commercial value, sanctified by weekly attendance at chapel. They are "busy, mischievous things, no better than

the old conflict between the stage and the Puritans, this time

a kind of vermin", and Jones sums up their swarming, seething, verminous quality in their exchange of greeting: "Mrs. Prabble and all the little Prabbles quite well?" "Quite well, thank you. How's Mrs. Hoggard and all the little Hoggards".

It was evident that Jones found such men irritating, and it is irritation that shows all his satire, on Puritans, on hypocrites, on Philistines, from his earliest days to his latest days, when it was vented on his personal friends.

The music of the harmonium, the closeness of the vestry, the smell of stuffy pews and Sundays and chapels that only know fresh air on Sundays, all form the background to the solemn scenes in the play, which look forward to Michael and his Lost Angel. The confession scene in which Fletcher stands up and informs the congregation that his daughter is such a one - "Yes, such a one as that woman who was sent away to sin no more" is repeated when the morbidly remorseful Michael feels compelled to rise and declare to the people the error of his private ways.

The play is interesting as showing the attitude of Jones's mind, his seriousness and moral purpose, directed along the lines of convention and an established moral code, with its attendant ceremonies, ministers and outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace. It is a new development in the old conflict between the stage and the Puritans, this time

the stage attacking the Puritans instead of suffering denunciation from pulpits itself. Jones was fulfilling his demand for serious drama, but had not yet the technique to express his ideas, and the play is asthmatic, it breathes with a conscious effort and shows praiseworthy endeavour rather than successful accomplishment. In Wealth, in which he tried to

After the noble failure of Saints and Sinners he was unable to allow himself to develop artistically for another seven years, as he was obliged to recuperate financially. He therefore fled back to the security of Wilson Barrett and his melodramas, producing five within the next three years, one with a historial setting. Jones was never at a loss for a story and these early melodramas gave him practice in skilfully handling the complicated plots with which he declared himself to be plentifully supplied by God. Auguste Filon, with the appreciation of his work which endeared the French nation to Jones for ever, said: "Comme Sydney Grundy avait étudié son métier en adaptant nos auteurs français, Arthur Jones apprit le sien en écrivant des gros drames populaires. C'est la ... qu'il connut son propre tempérament.. c'est par ce sentier inattendu qu'il a retrouvé la route des

émotions Shakespeariennes".

Though it is doubtful whether Jones ever achieved Shakespearian emotions, it is certain that he achieved "gros drames" populaires" - so popular that in 1889 he risked failure again, persevered further with his efforts at social satire, and after a preliminary experiment in Wealth, in which he tried to show the evils of amassing money for its own sake, he produced The Middleman. Once again he laboured at his mission and tried to give the dull-witted public the serious drama which they ought in national pride to be demanding.

In this play Jones tackles the problem of Capital and Labour. This has been tackled since in every phase of the drama: with Olympian impartiality by Galsworthy in Strife; with political fanaticism by Odets in Waiting for Lefty; but Jones was the first to see the dramatic effectiveness of the situation created by the commercial arrogance of his contemporaries. He had a deep hatred of the commercialism of his day, denounced in many articles and lectures, and he tried to give expression to it dramatically. He still, however, cannot shake off the old melodrama, and writes a play in which Capital is represented by epitomes of villainy, Labour by epitomes of nobility, and in which Labour finally triumphs and rises to the heights which Capital formerly occupied. He does not discuss nor attempt to solve the problem, but strives

to show by violent, pitiful contrast and detailed emphasis the infamous injustice of it all. Barton.

His representative of Capitalism is Chandler, the owner of a pottery. He is a self-seeking social climber, an enlarged edition of Hoggard, shown busily at work pulling strings in order to get into Parliament. Jones takes this opportunity of inserting satire on English politics, showing Chandler assiduously organising a garden-party for his constituents and dictating to his press agent a write-up for the papers. He notices the omission of any reference to his building a Congregational church and when the agent points out that he has now joined the Church of England he replies that he "takes a very broad view of these matters" and the agent puts down "profoundly sincere religious convictions, but no narrow bigotry". He sums up all Jones's hatred of commercialism, the middleman, and social parasite, declaring that his idea of genius is "a practical man, a man who doesn't invent anything himself, but has the insight... to see the value of another man's invention and energy to secure it and work it ...". Jones takes him as the shabby type of individual with which the modern dramatist is presented instead of the picturesque figures of Raleigh and Drake which delighted the Elizabethan dramatist, and in him exposes on the stage

what had hitherto been decried only in political pamphlets and such novels as Mrs. Gaskell's Mary Barton.

Cyrus Blenkarn, the craftsman potter, represents Labour in the contest, and is the opposite of Chandler in every way. Where Chandler thinks only of his position, Cyrus thinks only of his craft, where Chandler lives in a splendid mansion, Cyrus lives in a hovel. While Chandler is giving his garden-party, with balloon, fireworks and a speech by himself, Cyrus comes in his working clothes asking for money for his kilns. The injustice is made more acute by another supposed worse-than-death crisis. Chandler spreads the story that his son Julian has married abroad, thus deserting Cyrus's daughter. Cyrus is driven to a frenzy of work, determined to be revenged. He makes theatrical curtain speeches in his wrath, shouting, "Show me the way to bring him to the dust . . . Make them clay in my hands that I may shape and mould them as I choose and melt them like wax in the fire of my revenge." He then devotes himself with frenzied eagerness to rediscovering the old glazing secret. All night he works, madly burning the chairs, the palings and the fence to heat his furnace, and at last moulds in triumph the perfect vase. Chandler offers to buy the patent, but Cyrus shouts hysterically that he can buy him now, and, clasping his masterpiece, raves, "Do you know

the price I've paid for you! I've given all the toil of my life! I've given hunger and tears and despair and agonies!" Cyrus is restored to prosperity and Chandler is reduced to applying for a vacancy as undermanager.

Thus in hectic ranting, overloaded emotion, and melodramatic artificiality of situation, Jones presents his theme.

There is no thoughtful examination of the problem, and the rise of Cyrus to the position of his employer is the case of a man in a thousand, not the man in the street, but again Jones has helped the renaissance of the English drama by putting a definite social problem on the stage. He was struggling, like Ibsen in the period of his social dramas, to make the stage a medium for social reform, and in The Middleman his technique is improved and shows a positive advance upon Saints and Sinners. He had to give it a melodramatic framework,

because the audience still reacted to all plays as to a melodrama, hissing the villain and sympathising with the hero. Dramatic criticism of the time shows that as yet a theatrical audience was incapable of viewing a play objectively, impartially and critically. Jones had studied above all else the temper of his audiences.

Apart from Batty Todd, who is a true product of his age, the minor characters in the play do little more than fill in

the plot and bring out the contrast between Chandler and Cyrus. It was a one-man, and Jones accused Willard of making it even more one-man than he intended, by cutting out any passages that might mitigate the evil of Chandler. It was a success, as Willard made much of the part of Cyrus, appreciating its opportunities for effective curtains and high feeling.

The Middleman was followed the next year by Judah.

This, Jones's first play of the 'nineties, was the first in which he really found himself, and threw off melodrama; he also made his first excursion into the aristocratic society which was to be the background of his successful comedies later; Lord Asgarby is the first of his long line of "very distinguished looking men about sixty", and though he never says anything noticeably distinguished it is evident that he is meant to add tone to the company. This is also the first play in which all the better qualities of Jones are united, unspoilt by any unnatural stage devices. The humour is spontaneous, as well as satirical, and he shows the humour especially characteristic of the English - that of laughing at the man who imagines himself to be what he is not - a type richly represented by Sophie Jopp and Juxon Prall. Papworthy is another of his bigoted provincials, narrowly jealous of the decencies of their

religion and ridiculously incongruous in the smallness of their ideas as compared with the expressed sanctity of their morals. Papworthy is distressed by his curate's infatuation for a worthless impostor, and complains that "there are other members of the congregation - my own daughter, for instance. She did knit him a pair of slippers". His humour he applies to his social caricatures, but to Lady Eve, a pathetic figure, he adds a touch of poetry. She speaks in imaginative language, and is a competent representation of the ethereal invalid full of sweet thoughts: "How sweet Death seems sometimes. Like a kiss from an unknown lover! He comes and touches you and says, 'Don't you know me?'" This contradictory image is in the right atmosphere and shows that Jones knew what effect he should be trying to achieve, only failing in his obviousness. She excuses herself to Judah.

The theme of the play is his favourite theme of the high-souled young man dragged down morally by his love for a worthless woman. Judah Llwelllyn is another of his parson-heroes, their high souls vouched by their clerical collars. He and Vashti, the bogus-faith-healer, managed by her father, are real people, and not mere slaves to a series of events. Dethic himself is a real person, Lady Eve is a real, though shadowy person, sketched, as it were, in thin water-colour,

This young clergyman with the hidden sin is the first

and the rest of the characters are amusing, competent social caricatures. In Vashti and Judah Jones shows a deeper psychology than he had yet achieved in any of his plays. He reveals the conflict in their minds, which he himself laid down as the essence of drama. Vashti, once exposed, is torn between shame and love for Judah, and resorts to humble confession, bringing herself down from her pedestal and asking pardon for herself as a "vain, foolish, ambitious girl, but not willingly wicked - only weak". Judah is appalled, but cannot reject her, and cries out in agony, "God forgive me, if I listen to you I shall be ready to seal my eternal peace, my very soul at your bidding". A piece of modern psychological investigation shows the reason for Vashti's fraud in the effect of youthful environment on the development of character. She excuses herself to Judah with a pitiful description of her childhood, "with scarcely enough bread to eat." Judah finds that he cannot stop loving her. His love for the saint becomes love for a woman, the woman whom he thought "out of reach up there among the stars" but finds is "of this earth - a woman made for me." There is real body in these love-scenes, which never lapse into sentimentality, and far surpass the simperings of preceding couples such as Claude Melnotte and Pauline.

This young clergyman with the hidden sin is the fore-

runner of Michael. Having had to protect Vashti he feels that he cannot continue preaching to the people knowing that he himself is branded as a liar. Vashti urges him to give her up, but Judah declares that he will not barter away her love for all the world. Like Jacob Fletcher and Michael he is possessed of an overwhelming passion to confess, and he shouts to the assembly, "Hear me, hear me, all of you! I lied! I lied!" Having relieved himself of this burden on his conscience he is able to go off with Vashti to find a new life and atone for their joint wrong-doing. Possibly The Pillars of Society inspired this confession-mania, though never did Jones admit that he was influenced by Ibsen, or indeed by any other playwright.

Well contrasted with the passionate idealist is the worldly, genial cynic, Jopp, who sees everything in the light of science and commonsense. He is a typical modern intellectual. He looks upon Vashti's miracles as a man of science, remarking that we don't deny miracles nowadays, we explain them, and rationally attributing her success to the fact that all her patients were suffering from different kinds of nervous diseases. He recognises the good in Vashti, who, though a "damned silly girl" nevertheless "has pluck", and Judah he describes as a "splendid - fool". He is the first of Jones's commentator-characters, who sum up individuals and

situations from a neutral angle, and utter Jones's considered views on life and behaviour. "It is your man," declares Jopp, "that believes in something, believes in himself ... that's good for something in the world." At the end of the play he raises the atmosphere to a speculative level, saying "After all, why not believe the fairy tales? Nymphs and dryads may be as good a name for the great secret as any other. Perhaps there is no great secret after all". Here Jones's judgment failed him. He is attracted by the pleasantly philosophic sentiment, but it is too pretty for the theme of Vashti's cheap fraud, which is anything but a fairy tale. Once again he was carried away by the desire to create effect without attaching it closely enough to the context.

Jopp, though a philosopher and theorist on life, has not been successful as a father, having produced a daughter who is a monstrosity of modern intellectualism. An exaggerated version of Ibsen's Nora, she is one of the first examples of the "new woman" to invade the English stage. For some years afterwards the "new woman" held it. Sophie is "a dogmatic supercilious, incisive young lady, with eyeglass and short hair - a girl" adds Henry Arthur Jones the Victorian, who did not approve of Sophie, "who could never blush". She becomes engaged to the ridiculous pseudo-philosopher, Juxon,

after a cool discussion of physiological considerations. They represent the posing intellectuals of the 'nineties, who, led by Oscar Wilde, went out of their way to be "different", declaring themselves in revolt against the accepted creeds of society and cultivating perversity, such as Juxon's failure to see how his father "is of the slightest use in the world". Juxon arranges to bring his life-insurance certificate to prove his qualifications as a husband and in his passion for originality takes a post in the new cremation museum, "with a fine residence overlooking the necropolis". The satire on such eccentrics is repeated in The Crusaders in the person of Jawle. It is satire by caricature, but forms a savoury foil to the passions of Judah, the rational philosophy of Jopp and the ethereal dreams of Lady Eve. Jones, however, devotes too much attention to them. He calls the play Judah, and there is not enough of Judah. He does not know as yet how much to leave to the imagination and how much to make explicit, and has only suggested, and not illustrated, the spiritual powers which were meant to conflict with Judah's unworthy love. "Celt and Jew!" says Jopp on hearing Judah's name, "just the man to give England a new religion or make her believe in her old one." Judah does not fulfil such descriptions of himself, and in omitting to show the value of the career which Judah was ruining with an unworthy affection Jones made the same mistake as in Michael and his Lost Angel.

The play shows that Jones could do more for the cause of serious drama by laughing at human follies than by creating peerless specimens of human virtue. When drawing the virtuous he becomes priggish and sentimental, and his characters have nothing but their virtue to live on. He is more effective when looking at his characters from an angle, satirically and critically, not sympathetically. Sympathy was always the undoing of Jones. Treating a character on the level he becomes too explicit and painstaking, too familiar, like the novelist who refers to his character as "our friend". In these early plays the virtuous are always his personal friends, surrounded by other acquaintances of varying intimacy. London people only went to the theatre. For all his incompetence and obviousness of effort Jones was nevertheless steadily working out his own ideals, and was putting on to the stage themes and problems that were in the air at the moment, making the theatre a place not only for entertainment, but for stimulation of thought and judgment. Here were no longer the waxwork theatrical types of the old plays, but people to be met any day in and around London. Mr. Jones had even introduced those striking modern phenomena which one might have the entertainment of seeing walking "down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in their

medieval hand". Jones in caricaturing these oddities showed himself a man of the people, for he did not attempt to analyse or understand them, but treated them as grotesque objects in the contemporary landscape.

Jones now seemed to have outgrown melodrama, but in 1891 it broke out again and infected his next play, The Dancing Girl, which was another popular success. George Moore scoffed at it when it was revived in 1900, as one of the "commercial" plays which were killing the English drama. In an article in Beltaine he said: "Everybody left the theatre saying that it was a silly, stupid play ... yet everybody went to see it ... it made money". He says further that this was proof that London people only went to the theatre for amusement. This criticism, which must have offended seriously the Apostle for Serious Drama, is justified in that the play certainly offers no stimulus to active thought, though it is larded with moral instruction. It was a proof of Jones's power of appealing to the tastes of the theatre-going public, which seemed to be in the same stage of mental development as the film-going public of today. It called for novel settings, obvious characterisation, simple sentiments; it called for the satisfying exhibition of evil routed and good triumphant, the whole mingled with a little weeping and

and a little laughter. These Henry Arthur Jones, compromise being part of his mission, was able to give them, and because his drama was moral he thought it was serious.

The main purpose of the play is to demonstrate the disaster which follows upon loose living, through tracing the career and final downfall of the beautiful Drusilla, brought up as a Quakeress in the fishing village of Endellion, who runs away to London to be a dancer and leads a wild life in high society.

Again, as in The Middleman, there is the melodramatic division of the characters into two parties - the good and the bad; on the one hand Drusilla's strict Quaker relations and the noble lover, John (the counterpart of George in Saints and Sinners) and on the other the dissipated Guisebury and his degenerate society companions. Again there is no subtle interplay of character; the good team show very little else but virtue, and the bad very little else but wickedness.

David, the father of Drusilla, is another of Jones's stern, upright parents, burdened with a regrettable daughter. He is a strict Puritan in thought, word and deed, and never says anything that does not label him as such. He rebukes the lover John for appreciating Drusilla's beauty, and fears that he loved his own wife with too worldly a love, so that Heaven took her away from him. He is placed in the same

unpleasant position paternally as Jacob Fletcher in Saints and Sinners, being compelled to go and recall his daughter from a life of sin and dissipation. There is the same painful scene when the daughter shows a preference for that life, crying excitedly that she is the topmost rose on the topmost branch and that she loves the sunshine. David, however, shows more spirit than Jacob, and after appealing without avail to his daughter's conscience and filial affection, he bursts into elemental curses, crying before the whole company of Guisebury's fashionable guests:

"May thy stubborn rebellious heart be broken, as it has broken mine! May thy beauty wither and canker thee! May thy frame be wracked! In thy father pray it, till thou turn to thy God!"

David's paternal love is supported by the faithful, but misguided adoration of John, the high-souled hero, who, like Judah, is ruined by his love for a heartless, worthless woman. He follows Drusilla to London, leaving undone the work he has pledged to do, and knowing that she is spoiling her life. His temptress leads him on, and he cries,

"Take all my strength, and hopes, my word, my comfort, every drop of joy that my tongue shall ever taste - That's nothing. All is nothing! All is less than dust!"

Ultimately he ceases to make these sweeping declarations,

comes to his senses and is led back, a sadder and wiser man, to his native village, where he sensibly marries Faith, his mistress's virtuous sister, and raises a family. There is little else in John than a negative nobility and a foolish passion. Jones's audience, however, lazy of imagination, were ready to accept the suggestion without development, and glad to respond accordingly.

Guisebury, the villain, has all the symptoms of villainy displayed by Fanshawe and the early models. He suffers from bad dreams and insomnia; he has twinges of conscience diagnosed as dyspepsia, and discovers to his surprise that he is really in love with his latest mistress, though "it is a damned silly thing to say". Jones, however, has added new touches to his old material. Guisebury is a more complex character than the other villains; at the opening of the play he is shown to be capable of better things when Midge, the shrewd village girl, refers to the time when he saved her from being trampled to death by a horse. His love for Drusilla is genuine, and finally he loves her more than she does him. When he is contemplating suicide he speaks an eloquent curtain speech which imbues him with an air of potential greatness of spirit unfortunately belated. With an imitation of Shakespeare's tragic heroes whose spirits rove in poetry in the face of death, he reviews his life and links himself with the

universe in half-humorous fancy and challenge to the unknown: "Come, Nirvana! My very good friends who have liked me! My very good enemies who have hated me! My dear good women who haven't loved me - my dear weak women who have hated, so emperors, charlatans, pickpockets, brother fools, good even fellows all - here's forgetfulness and forgiveness in this world and a merry meeting in the next."

Jones's enthusiasm for dramatic situation carries him away and the speech does not ring quite true. Guisebury had never shown any acquaintance with emperors, charlatans or pickpockets, but the general tone was effective and a reaching out after the creation of a villain "with something in him", and the ability to arouse something more than hisses in the audience. Unlike the usual villain, he is not transported to prison, Africa, or other foreign parts in all his villainy, but lingers on to the end of the play to work out his own salvation by Jones's favourite method of atonement in good works. He superintends the completion of the breakwater, cheering and encouraging the men, and Midge in going over his good points makes them clear to the audience. Her vague summary of his character - "You believe in work and you believe in all the great things that people call by different names" - is intended to indicate that there is something indescribably fine latent in Guisebury. One by one all his

sins are expiated; news comes that Drusilla has died abroad in peace and repentance; David hears that he did once offer to marry her, and forgives all; the irrelevant Arctic explorers return safely, and the breakwater is completed, so that the reformed villain at last reaches his desired haven with scriptural expressions of rest and content. This is Jones's first example of the villain who makes good, and his his nearest achievement to showing the growth and development of character during the action. Elsewhere his characters remain unaffected by experience or circumstance and come unchanged through any crisis. Violent and sudden reform is as far as he can get. In The Masqueraders he attempted to show that Remon had grown spiritually, but it was during the interval for refreshments, not during the action, with nothing to show what had changed him, no indication of it in the dialogue, but merely a description in the stage direction: "David's appearance has changed since the last Act; he is more worn and spiritual; a little greyer . . . an unearthly look on his face." This is not development but merely a human transformation. After a passionate avowal Guisebury's social background is competently sketched, and forecasts Jones's future skill in handling such material. It is chiefly represented by Reggie, who is the type of

moneyed idler with the ready tongue now much hackneyed in love-light novels, and perfected by Wodehouse. Reggie comes to Endellion to recuperate after becoming engaged to be married. Technically he supplies a conversation-partner for Guisebury, and his unromantic love-affair, finally broken off because his valet objects to his mother-in-law, is intended as a foil to the passionate intrigue of Guisebury and Drusilla.

Contrasted with these butterflies are the devout Puritanical Ives family, who exude much moral earnestness and righteous indignation, but serve chiefly to give rise in their ignorance and blindness to agonising dramatic irony.

Drusilla is another Letty Fletcher, chafing at provincial dullness, again symbolised sweepingly by the playing of harmoniums on Sunday afternoons. These provincial heroines always suffer from what is now called suburban neurosis, and a longing to "get away from it all", and are an emphatic refutation of his own oft-repeated theory that woman's place is in the home. She employs the same technique in her flirtations as Letty, wilfully interpreting earnest phrases in terms of trivial jocularities. After a passionate avowal John asks, "Drusilla, will you?" and she answers with cruel levity, "Will I live in Endellion? It is very healthy. In Sarah Bazeley has lived to a hundred and two."

In technique the Dancing Girl is in some ways an improvement and in others a relapse. It shows Jones endeavouring to use familiar and topical material as a background. He fails in that he does not weave them closely enough into the plot; his Arctic expeditions and breakwater-building stick out of it too obviously, and rouse too ready comment on the originality of using such material. He has found a less obvious way than the soliloquy of showing situations, advancements in the plot, and his character's emotions. At the opening of the third act there is an informative but natural conversation between two of Guisebury's servants before the ball, like the scene in Romeo and Juliet where the servants are preparing the supper. They are discussing his strange behaviour, his message that he is going away, without having booked a ticket anywhere; all this strikes them as odd and they see more in it than meets the eye. Goldspink does not know what the denouement will be - "but mark my words, there will be a denouement." In Guisebury soliloquises on Drusilla and her heartlessness, not to himself, but, by a stroke of dramatic ingenuity, to his dog, Bully Boy, who listens with apparent sympathy, though his is not a speaking part. Here Jones was striving again after the new realism. Guisebury's soliloquies proper are

chiefly thinking aloud, and therefore natural; he utters general, though commonplace, reflections, pondering on the triviality of social life, and expressing the trite philosophy that life is insomnia and nothing more. Jones has no new ideas, but it was something that he was putting ideas on to the stage at all, and not mere quips and situations. He was accustoming the audience to imbibe familiar notions before being faced with the revolutionary expositions of Shaw and Galsworthy.

There are still traces of redundant asides and there is still the exaggerated dramatic irony; Faith and the Quakers, when they come to London, are like people playing at Hunt the Thimble; they exclaim so persistently that they wish they knew where Drusilla was, that the audience, knowing all the time that she is actually under the same roof, long to call out that they are not merely warm, but burning hot in their proximity.

There is more variety of character and emotion than in the earlier plays, but Jones is still not capable of language suited to deep feeling. His Cornish folk are dull and vulgar in their expressions; Mrs. Chandler, the mother of brave young fishermen lost at sea is meant to be a tragic figure, like the women in such plays as The Riders to the Sea, but

there is no imagery in the language to dignify her suffering nor has it the pathetic simplicity of Mrs. Jones's dialogue in the Silver Box. Though he always declared that he owed nothing to Ibsen Jones has adopted in this play certain tricks of technique which show that he had not been so indifferent as he thought to the Scandinavian influence. He has imitated one obvious trick - the use of symbolism. In a crude, childish way he uses the symbolism of the broken bowl to represent Guisebury's broken life. Unlike Ibsen, who weaves elusively into the dialogue an obscure, haunting symbol, like the Wild Duck, Jones takes something obvious and unmistakable, which the audience cannot fail to notice, and later is at pains to explain the whole significance. Guisebury knocks over the "old china" bowl, which falls on the floor with a loud crash, and remains there conspicuously for some time. Sybil, with praiseworthy significance, is the first to notice it, but instead of some unexplained, half-irrelevant comment such as Ibsen would have used, Jones's characters make the point glaringly explicit, and all subtlety is lost. Sybil remarks that the bowl is all smashed to pieces, but that he can put it together again. "What?" asks Guisebury, showing a deplorable lack of observation. "This bowl," says Sybil,

"and your life. Oh, why don't you pick up the pieces?"

The invaluable commentator-character, already represented by Professor Jopp in Judah, is here translated into the female of the species. Midge (alias Sybil) binds the whole plot together, as it is she who saves Guisebury from destruction and brings about his reformation. Such characters, cynically critical and observant, viewing life with an Olympian commonsense, were popular in the French plays, upon which English playwrights modelled themselves. Sardou, in Nos Intimes uses the doctor, Tholosan, as chief commentator, organiser, co-ordinator, saver and situations and deus ex machina. Jones found such characters indispensable. He used another female one in The Masqueraders, where the sensible sister, Helen, the nurse and social worker, gives moral observations and advice to the passion-stricken couple, David and Dulcie. These characters are useful in tidying up the plot, keeping the whole together, and above all in Jones's case, in pointing the moral of his tale.

The play advances yet a little further into the aristocratic sphere which Jones had entered in Judah. He shows flashes of the sparkling society dialogue for which his later comedies were to be famous. Some of the phrases he actually repeats. Guisebury's aunt, Lady Brougham, is the

first of his worldly but genial society matrons. She remarks that she hesitated to come to his party because of the scandal surrounding him, but when she found that "everybody" was coming, she changed her mind. This sheep-like quality in the fashionable impressed Jones, and he stressed it again later in The Masqueraders where Monty and Charlie reveal a similar reason for attending Dulcie's party. Much of the social dialogue in this scene is put in merely for its own sake and is a good example of social small talk, without adding anything to the plot. It differs from that of Wilde in that it does spring from the characters, who are definite types, and not simply epigrammatic gramophones. It does not aspire to great wit. Lady Brougham says that nobody ever saw more than the ankle of her indiscretions, whereas Guisebury's are so "décolletés". Reggie comes and adds more bubbles to the froth over his quandary of the mother-in-law and the valet. With Wodehousian heroics he waxes eloquent over his troubles, declaring that his fate is trembling in the balance and the next three or four hours will decide what is to become of him. "And does it matter what becomes of you?" asks Guisebury. Between two individuals: In The Crusaders the
This light relief, which is so light as to be almost an excrescence, is backed up by the following gloom of David's

biblical wrath and the impending tragedy of Guisebury's intended suicide. The whole scene, set against the always-impressive staircase, gallery and handsome pillars, is one of the most theatrical Jones ever wrote, the banishing of Drusilla amid tears and defiance and curses being followed by Guisebury's preparations for poisoning himself, his passionate farewell speech and Midge's timely appearance to dash the cup from his hand. Jones, as William Archer always contended, was essentially a man of the theatre, and knew, literally, how to make a scene.

It was a popular and lucrative play, added to Jones's popular reputation, and gave him the courage and the cash to attempt a new experiment in The Crusaders.

This was his first attempt at social satire and was a rendering in comic vein, very English and casual, of the Ibsen innovation of presenting social problems on the stage. It went a step further, not satirising a problem, but those who strove to deal with the problem. It differs from the Middleman in its light-hearted atmosphere; also the Middleman had reduced the social problem to a drama of conflict between two individuals; in The Crusaders the characters are satirised in a body.

In the 1890's social reform was in the air. William

Archer said that there was no more fruitful theme than the satirising of social reformers: "the Banner of social reform is the rallying point for all that is noblest and basest, wisest and foolishest in the world today". Backed by the ponderous figures of Ruskin, Spencer, and John Stuart Mill, the thinkers of the eighteen nineties were beginning to express a growing conviction that all was not so right with the world as their smug forbears, measuring prosperity by the volume of smoke issuing from their factory chimneys, had flattered themselves into thinking. The Fabian Society was just formed, and in 1890 William Morris had collected his band of ideal Socialists; in 1891 he published News from Nowhere, with its Utopian, retrospective satire on the follies of the nineteenth century - its poses, its emancipated women, and artificial intellectuals, "the peculiar class of parasites who called themselves cultivated people". These cultivated people Jones too was quick to notice and quick to despise, and caricatured, usually in couples, in Judah, The Crusaders, and The Case of Rebellious Susan. In 1889 the London County Council had been inaugurated, and in 1891 Sidney Webb published The London Programme, decrying the overcrowding of the East End, and crying out for universal baths and gas and sanitation and free tramways.

Jones may or may not have read this, but he was alive to the spirit which prompted it, and in The Crusaders he tackles the theme from a new angle, not campaigning for reform in the material condition of the poor, but in the spiritual condition of the reformers. Seamstresses from the East End are transplanted to rose-farming in Wimbledon, the scheme, in the hands of officious busybodies and smart women, is carried out without any practical sense, without any real consideration of circumstances, and with all the confusion of issue brought about by people with a zest for good works provided that they are spectacular and reflect credit on those who perform them.

Jones was a great reader of newspapers and periodicals; in his old age he marked the days by their publications. He made it his business to know what England was talking and thinking about. He was quick to notice what was being noticed in public from day to day, and in The Crusaders he has tapped the two main currents of thought in the 'Nineties. Side by side with the social reform movement sprang up the exotic outcrop of "brilliant sins and exquisite amusements", cultivated in The Savoy and The Yellow Book, and in the works of Arthur Symons, Lionel Johnson, Oscar Wilde. The "peripatetics of long-haired aesthetics" clashed with the reform pamphlets, and again Jones has noticed the oddities of

fashionable intellectualism and satirised them in Burge Jawle. Jawle is an obese and weightier version of the intellectuals in Judah, whose chief characteristic is "that rare faculty" of burying himself", while his fundamental doctrine is "the immorality of marriage". He may be a caricature drawn from Samuel Butler.

Jones's plays are like a piece of knitting; one picks up the stitches of another, and Jawle, compiled from Sophie and Juxon, is again grafted into The Case of Rebellious Susan in Pybus and Elaine.

In linking the drama with one of the strongest movements of the day Jones took a definite step forward in the direction of his own aims for bringing the stage in touch with life, and making it a mirror of the times. He had always been interested in social reform. He declared that he owed any clear thinking he had done to Herbert Spencer. Spencer emphasised the vital importance of adjusting inner relations to outer relations, and in The Crusaders Jones is trying to illustrate this. The reformers of London are themselves in urgent need of reform: Lady Campion-Blake in her snobbery, Dick and Cynthia in their laxity of morals, Palsam in his prying, self-righteous curiosity: the very working members "used coarse language to one another and one of the parties

assumed a threatening attitude to the other two parties".

Una Dell points the moral of the tale when she says that if everybody mended himself society would not need mending.

The Crusaders is Jones's first complete portrait of high society, and also the first to give a taste of the kind of comedy for which he was to be famous. George Meredith said that the "middle class must have the brilliant, independent upper for a spur and a pattern", and Jones has realised that this "leading" class is the best material for satire, as they are the first to reflect the thoughts, tendencies and particular follies of any age. Jones observes with the detachment of the outsider, not the sympathy of one well in society himself. Lady Campion-Blake is the typical, bridge-playing scandal-mongering society woman, a snob of the first water, who strives and schemes to confine the members of the crusade to Lords, Bishops and Duchesses, since "it's so necessary that the reformation of London should be done by our own class." Dick is a pleasant young man, devoid of aim, but with a taste for philandering, and gift of amusing repartee and an easy, sophisticated commonsense: he provides a humorous foil to Jawle and Figg. Figg, harping on his refrain, refers to Jawle's gift of burying himself. Dick remarks that "it will come in useful when he commits suicide, or cries, "Make

haste and cremate him! That will cure him!" His common-sense chills the burning heat of Ingarfield's passion: "My friend," he says kindly, "you take the advice of a man of the world: don't you try any more of this mending and tinkering society." His father, Lord Burnham, the second in the line of "very distinguished-looking men about sixty", does justify his description, and distinguishes himself as the genially-cynical commentator, summing up the success of the crusade in the remark: "So the net result of our reforming London is a revolution in America and twopence on the Income Tax." Jones shows himself happier treating society types satirically than soulful idealists sympathetically. Philos, the passionate worthy, who is meant to be taken seriously, is an unfortunate character, in that he is made to look ridiculous and undignified, his idealism falls flat, and he fails to arouse sympathy. Lady Champion-Blake dubs him a "sort of Shelley from Peckham Rye", but her appreciation is only detrimental. Lord Burnham's "I fancy we have heard something like this before" is so true that it destroys the effect of Philos' badly expressed desire to "make every Londoner feel that every broken waif of humanity in this city, no matter how evil, wretched, ignorant, sunken, diseased, is his brother, his sister, his child." Again it is plain to see what Jones is

driving at, but again his technique falls short and he makes the wrong impression by just a slight misjudgment of emphasis. Jones had always boasted that his plays would give a true picture of the English life of his days, and he achieves in The Crusaders a recognisable London as the background. His mention of streets and suburbs is almost as detailed as Ben Jonson's. Philo Ingarfield deplores the twenty-storey flats all over the West End as far as Richmond, he deplores Clapham Junction and the East End sprawling into Essex. Figg describes the poet he has discovered "in a little street off the Harrow Road"; "nobody has seized the spirit and inner core of the Harrow Road and Paddington like Radbone ... I am organising a Radbone society".

The play, up-to-date in theme and treatment, was also fashionably staged. The scenery, elaborate and realistic, was designed by William Morris, the second act, as Mrs. Thorne says, being a replica of Jones's own house in Exeter. This complied with the fashion for elaborate production which reached its climax in Tree's production of The Midsummer Night's Dream with what Punch in 1911 called his "extremely clever tame troupe of rabbits" and "flight of doll-fairies across the background".

From social satire Jones turned to political satire and

in The Bauble Shop, supported by the recent Parnell case, but not by any personal experience of politics, attempted to show the dirty work behind the scenes which ruins a statesman's career by putting him at the mercy of insidious gossip spread by the Opposition.

It is chiefly outstanding in Jones's development for the startling originality of its setting. The back regions of a toy shop and the lobby of the House were charming stage novelties, and deluded the audience into thinking that they were beholding a strikingly realistic theme. In point of fact it is the old fiary-tale of the great man infatuated by a girl of low degree. Jones used it to lash the moral hypocrisy of the English public and to show the evil of mischievous scandal.

There are three amusing characters in the play, the rest are lay-figures. The amusing characters appear too rarely and have only minor parts - Lord Clivebrook, the hero, is the conventional strong silent leader of men, asahamed of himself for loving a little shop-girl. When faced with public disgrace he assumes the square-jawed, public-school nobility of a British aristocrat, and says, "It's my duty to be in my place. I shall not save my party, or my reputation, by running away". "(Long exit across the stage full of dignity and self-possession)" This model of nobility has a proud father who utters his pride in low tones and long silent hand-

shakes, and calls him "my boy". Apart from this neither have any qualities. Jessie, the shopgirl, is equally negative. She is so thinly drawn that she arouses no interest and destroys the sympathies of the play. It is a relief to meet Gussy and Charley, the rash couple who have secretly married without considering finance, and without telling Gussy's Ma - "Ma's an awful duffer. If I'd left it to her she'd never have got me married". Charley is a charming wastrel whose hopes of employment are blighted in the downfall of Clivebrook. He concludes that if the worst comes to the worst he "could always go into the church", but thinks a post as inspector of something would suit him best. "I don't mean police or nuisances," he hastens to explain, "... but inspector-general ... There must be heaps of things in the country that need inspection". It is to be regretted that these two only appear as light relief and not as the main interest of the play. The play makes some attempt at the epigrammatic witticisms of Oscar Wilde, recently displayed in Lady Windermere's Fan. Jones, however, handles them clumsily, with conscious effort; they do not, like Wilde's, shower down on the dialogue with the artificial ease of sparks from a rocket. Clive says: "A dinner engagement is a serious thing". Kate asks: "More serious than marriage?" Clivebrook

replies: "Most people would think twice before breaking a dinner engagement". This does not sit comfortably on the ponderous Clivebrook, nor does epigram here and there have effect. Wilde's are remarkable for the breath-taking brilliance with which they gather and and cluster, rise to a climax and melt from one subject to another. Jones has also attempted a little of the Ibsen symbolism with which he had flavoured The Dancing Girl. The title itself is a symbol; he is anxious that the audience should not overlook this, and Clivebrook laboriously works out the symbolism in a soliloquy as he waits for Jessie to make the tea. "After all," he reflects, weighing Jessie and his career in the balance, "it is only leaving one bauble-shop for another." Not content with this, he continues to elaborate: "The wooden things", he observes, "that sit on both sides of the House are no more real than you are" (addressing a puppet in his hand), "only they want more jerking and pulling". This explanatory persistence robs Jones's plays of all subtlety and fancy, and justifies the remark in the Pall Mall Gazette of March 3rd 1903 that "his best work may be likened to good roast beef".

Apart from its setting the play is one of no consequence; it misses fire by the indeterminate nature of its attack; for

satire on English politics is not keyed up to the right ironical pitch; for tragedy Clivebrook is not a great enough personality to make his downfall inspire pity and terror; for comedy the leading characters are too humourless. The last act is feeble, and ends with the father, still proud though humbled, placing the hand of Jessie significantly in the hand of his nobly-fallen son, indicating to Stoch, who witnesses the action, that he shall marry her respectably and cheat the Opposition of their moral indignation. The whole treatment is garish and theatrical and is to be compared with Granville Barker's infinitely more thoughtful handling of a similar theme in Waste.

The Bauble Shop was in the nature of a pot-boiler, to make money to allow him, according to his avowed practice, to produce his next sincere contribution to the serious drama, sacrificing material gain on the altar of his ambition.

In this his next venture social problems, London suburbs and London sophistication were abandoned, and he launched into blank verse, high romance and medieval pageantry.

There had come upon him, as there comes upon most playwrights at some point in their career, the urge to write a play about the devil, and he produced The Tempter. Dramatic circles were startled. Bernard Shaw considered it "a most

amazing freak", and "altogether a rum business". Dramatic enthusiasts were startled - though for 70 nights only, as the production was too costly to continue for longer. One lady, signed "Not a Prude", wrote an article in Morning describing it as a play to which she would never dream of going in the company of a gentleman. Financially it was a failure; it was produced in the same year as The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, which caught the public by its newness. Among the critics it aroused the most conflicting opinions, Hall Caine declaring that it was a great play with some lines in it finer than any living man had written, while William Archer scoffed at it as ruined by a "useless, excrescent character", and hinted at Jones's inability to follow in the steps of Goethe, "who had the advantage of writing when the world was a hundred years younger, and of being I.W.G., not H.A.J." The blank verse received equally contradictory criticisms: Hall Caine, volubly admiring, declared that "such strength, variety and density of diction" he "had not expected to meet with anywhere nowadays". Bernard Shaw, all the force of all his praises neatly flowering in a single word, spoke of its model "speakability", while William Archer, dourly uncompromising, considered the language to be of "sheer, unmitigated fetid ugliness".

The Tempter is an escapist drama. It opens with a prologue reflecting the sentiments of Jones's mental educators, Ruskin, Spencer and Matthew Arnold. It would draw the thoughts of the audience from the industrial England of Victoria to the merry England of Chaucer,

"Shun city fungus with strange fevers rife,
Shut out the reek of this stock-jobbing age,
Its wan-faced railway herds, its wealth, its illth,
The muddy ferment of its greed and rage,
Of blind, deaf, mad industrial war".

The first scene, as in The Tempest, is a storm at sea - "thunder, lightning; a bolt strikes the ship and splits the mast: the ship begins to sink - cries of terror and despair". Other scenes are set with similar elaboration and enthusiastic use of lighting effects: "lurid dawn spreads over the scene with great leaden storm-clouds above, and along the horizon copper clouds in a pale green lake of light". It was unfortunate that on the first night the scene was ruined as the gauzes caught fire and the ship did not sink.

Amid the cries of terror and despair there comes the first view of the Devil, seizing the helm and dashing the boat on the rocks, crying in verse inspired by Lear:

"Rage! Leap! Spit thy triumphant spume to heaven!
Open thy gulfy jaws for this new herd,
This Gadarean feast that I shall send thee!"

In his Devil Jones has tried to combine all the devils of

literary tradition, from the coarse-mouthed clown of medieval street plays to the dark majestic figure of the epics. He shows all the qualities of the demons of the underworld, gloating over man's distress:

"Up, up! cut each other's throats!

Let's have some mutiny",

he cries in devilish glee. Jones can achieve this side of his character successfully, but the grandeur is too much for him. His Devil is grand physically, grand in his power, but not grand in spirit; he has none of the dark glory of Milton's Satan. He can tower over Canterbury, hugging himself over its seething sinfulness:

"My ancient, guzzling, brawling, thieveing, cursing,
My lying, lousy, stenchy, bawdy city!"

He becomes colossal in his jealousy, knowing he cannot love like mortals - but he can hate -

"and I will hate, until
My hate hath struck your love to its very roots,
Riven it, blasted it, shrivelled all its blossoms,
Scattered them down the whirlwinds of my wrath".

As the cheap trickster he expresses himself in homely, colloquial images. He tells Lettice that William Gamel has played her false, and adds:

"It's rather sorry work
Damning such sprats. But I'm a wholesale trader,
All's fish that swims within my net."

He becomes almost a business man in his dealings, using the

expressions of a financier, when he says,

"My time is precious,
I wish my clients wouldn't waste it so."

He is a clever psychologist, as glibly understanding of the lesser workings of the human mind as the great advertising agents or the leaders of Nazi Germany today:

"Let thy heart hearken", he says to Isobel,
How sweet thy life has been since love hath come,
How full of savour and delight and purpose."

Aside he murmurs to himself, satisfied with the effect of his argument, "These women! how they listen to their hearts!"

"The worst of sin," he continues later
Is that it sets a bad example. When
It's strictly covered up and nothing known
There's not much harm in it".

The Devil has a certain quality of breezy enjoyment which pervades the action at first; he makes smart Cockney repartees, he revels in moving his stupid, gullible pawns in his devilish game, and he organises jolly scenes such as the rowdy community singing in the monastery, when he tells the company to bawl their loudest:

"It's a merry tune,
You'll catch it like the plague.

This is interrupted by a Miserere from the chapel within, and a solemn rebuke from the father, for which he has an answer as glib as a fifth-form boy:

expression to inner thought. Yet without him the play would have been a mere lullaby. The character of the Prince is compared with the Devil's, and the Lady Avis is suddenly through this outer boisterousness there glooms the terrible pathos of his fate, his sense of eternal damnation and happiness denied:

"Oh if I could for one short passing hour
Avoid this withered mockery ...
Vain! vain! shut out! The everlasting clang
Of Heaven's indomitable gates yet sounds
Behind me and along the bottomless
Abyss rings my unchanging doom!"

This is expressing in looser, easier verse the agony of Marlowe's Mephistopheles, "tormented with ten thousand hells" in "being deprived of everlasting bliss". Since there is no hope for him in the paths of virtue he decides to enjoy himself to the utmost in the depths of sin, and treats life as a fiendish game.

The Devil, tempting the Prince to desert Avis and love Isobel, tempting Isobel to love him in return, tempting Lettice to betray her mistress, and finally goading Isobel to stab the Prince in jealous rage, is the prime mover of the action. But take away the Devil and substitute the private instincts of each individual and the action would be the same. There is no need for the Devil as a person at all; he merely gives

expression to inner thought. Yet without him the play would have very little interest, and very little life. The characters are conventional and undistinguished. The Prince's rhetoric is flat compared with the Devil's, and the Lady Avis is little more than a "gracious silence". These being meant to be the centre of the interest the play is like the preparation of a great party, with the host in fine form, the best silver and glass all set, the drinks in abundance, followed by sudden flatness as the guests arrive, say nothing, and sit glum and silent and bored. Isobel is more alive. At the beginning when she has first met the Devil and the Prince in disguise she senses an atmosphere of foreboding, she is strangely disquieted. Into her mouth Jones puts one of the best lines in the play, "Shadow me softly, angel of my future". She bursts into a kind of shining imagery when she has once resolved to love the Prince without any qualms of conscience:

"Then all my days are locked
In a jewelled future with a golden key,
And every moment of my glad to-come
Blazes in ropes of pearls and diamonds
On my triumphant way."

When she realises what she has done after the death of the Prince she is smitten with a childish pathos and bewildered sense of loss, crying out: "Oh! we have gone astray in this dim world", a phrase which faintly echoes Shakespeare's

Antony crying,

'I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way for ever.'

There are other Shakespearean echoes in the play in device, cadence, rhythm and phrasing; in his early speeches the Devil harks back to medieval expletive, shouting, "Marry! Drown yourself! Marry! Hang yourself! Marry! Burn yourself!" Like Shakespeare, Jones uses a child as an innocent commentator on the action; from Shakespeare he borrows the device of making Lettice laugh before the Prince, as Iago made Bianca laugh before Othello.

The blank verse is competent and stageworthy; it flows easily, and does not jar; it is good rhetoric, without being bombastic, and though it is not verse to be remembered, it compares favourably with the stilted, unnatural rhythms and expressions of The Lady of Lyons and other nineteen century dramatic verse.

The opening passage flows smoothly, giving a sense of universality and spaciousness:

"The past I show is but our present life,
And we are pilgrims shadowed on our way
Waging the old inexplicable strife,
With darkness, taint of blood, necessity".

The play ends on the correct tragic note of peace, all passion spent, as Father Urbanus reflects over the dead bodies of

the Prince and Isobel:

"All pangs, all conflicts, all that limits us here,
Are but as pebbles thrown into a pond,
That make a ripple, then are seen no more."

The weakness of the play lies in the loose construction, the Devil being the most ornate, and yet most dramatically useless figure, and the other characters being so lifeless and uninspiring that they arouse no interest in their welfare, nor much sorrow at their sad departures. Jones knows the technique, but lacks the final inspiration. He was exceedingly disappointed at the failure of his play, which he thought might revive the poetic drama in England. He found no poetry in his contemporary life, and had been at great pains to study medieval history to produce a play about a more poetic age. England was unappreciative. He looked upon it as a sacrifice to his mission, which he did not repeat. Scorning to cast further pearls before swine, he abandoned poetry and returned to society and its follies, and in 1894 produced The Masqueraders.

This was a swing right back to melodrama; but it melodrama with body in it: fashionable society is satirised, fashionable problems ventilated, and the whole is wrapped in a vague enveloping mist of speculation about Reality and Unreality. Bernard Shaw found a "certain fanciful quality" in it, that pleased him, but H.D. Traill discerningly observed

in the Nineteenth Century that though the "earnest young disciples in the stalls" regarded it as "unflinching realism" yet "what took the audience by storm ... was the delightfully audacious excursion into a melodramatic fairyland wherein the hero and villain cut cards against each other - best out of three for the heroine". He noticed that the dialogue was real, whereas the action was ideal. Dulcie Larondie, the society beauty who has fallen on bad times, is compelled to earn her living as a barmaid. She is pursued by two loves, Sir Brice Skene, the villain, and David Remon, the hero. Skene wins her with a kiss auctioned for charity in the taproom. He is a truly melodramatic, double-dyed blackguard, with not a saving grace. He drinks; he ill-treats his wife; he gambles - "and", it is hinted, "worse"; his latest folly is "teaching the girls at the Folly Theatre to box"; when ruined financially he coarsely urges Dulcie to get money from Remon - "This fellow Remon is devilish fond of you. Can't you get some money from him?". David Remon, the melancholy, ineffective scientist, is a man of few and sad words, and becomes maudlin over the spectacle of Dulcie crooning over her baby, observing that he thinks a mother is the most beautiful thing on earth. He is responsible for keeping up the masquerading theme, constantly

speculating on the Reality and Unreality problem. Jones tries to get some of the Russians' vague detachment from life which was now seeping into England through the novels of Turgenev and Tolstoy. He tells Dulcie that her troubles are not real, her society is not real. "There's a little star in Andromeda where everything is real," he declares. This star, which Jones intended as fanciful symbolism, is unfortunately suggestive of a maternity home, being described as "full of mothers", and an indication of the limits of Jones's comprehension and the disastrous effect of trying to emulate the conceptions of genius with the mind of an average man. Dulcie, puzzled to find out the meaning of a marriage that has failed like hers, cries out, "It isn't moral to be married to a man one hates! It isn't ideal! It isn't mystical! It's hateful! It's martyrdom!" Jones, though sympathizing with Charley moves Montague to propose to Clarice. Montague does so, and when Clarice says she is not in the least in love with him he says that his plan is perfectly designed to meet such cases. Love he considers to be a "perverted animal instinct". He later discusses the matrimonial problem with Sir Brice in a piece of dialogue which is typical of Jones's brief, life-like society repartee: "I know the woman who gives herself to another man while her husband is alive betrays her sex and is a bad woman."

"SIR BRICE. Why the devil did you get married?

MONTAGUE. Because I ascertained that my wife would have seven thousand a year. Why did you?

SIR BRICE. Because I was a silly fool.

MONTAGUE. Well, there couldn't be two better reasons for getting married.

SIR BRICE. Damn everything and everybody.

In reviewing marriage difficulties as faced by Dulcie Jones takes a leaf out of The Dolls' House and utters opinions which were considered extremely advanced, because they were the opinions which were being generally discussed as new ideas. Dulcie, puzzled to find out the meaning of a marriage that has failed like hers, cries out, "It isn't moral to be married to a man one hates! It isn't ideal! It isn't mystical! It's hateful! It's martyrdom!" Jones, though sympathising with his unfortunate heroine, nevertheless puts his own views into the mouth of Helen, the commentator, who expresses all his morals and opinions. Jones had no use or sympathy for the "modern woman". Helen says that she does not like to hear marriage spoken of as Dulcie has been doing, and later when David and Dulcie are torn between love and a sense of duty to matrimonial vows she says: "I know the woman who gives herself to another man while her husband is alive betrays her sex and is a bad woman."

Jones, though he liked to show a daring sympathy with new theories, nevertheless always made it quite clear that his convictions lay firmly on the side of convention. Helen shows this, and she also has a definite, commonsense answer to "Mr. Remon's odd notion that the world is not real" - "The cure for that is to earn half-a-crown a day and live on it." She adds that she has remembered something else that is real. "What is that?" asks David, and she replies with great effect, "Duty", and shuts the door behind her.

The Masqueraders is one of the most theatrical of Jones's plays, and sometimes theatricality runs away with him. The scene where David gambles with Sir Brice for Dulcie is exciting in its intensity, but not dramatically good, because it has no psychological basis. David says, "The stakes on my side are some two hundred thousand pounds. The stakes on your side are - your wife and child". They turn up the cards. Brice in his excitement, knocks them on the floor, and here Jones has a lapse in taste and Sir Brice hisses in vulgar colloquialism, "Give us up some of those cards, will you?" This is a jar in the flow of the scene, but the climax comes in a desperate speech from Brice: "I'm going to win! I mean it! I'm going to win! My God, I've lost!" And the crowd cheered.

The last act is not only over-theatricalised, but over-emotionalised. Jones cannot express feeling adequately in the dialogue, but has to emphasise it in the stage directions - "David: (very calmly, very sweetly, very soothingly)", or "David: (very calm, very bitter, very tender, with a little smile)" This is a real ineptitude, and shows Jones having to eke out direct speech with narrative description. The act is also much too long. What could have been put into a few minutes' dialogue is spread out into a whole act. There is much renunciation, much agony of sacrifice, much talk of purity and many trite comments on love, with Helen always to keep the livers to the straight and narrow way. David is torn in a conflict that is well-expressed, and well-backed by the anxious expeditionary party waiting at the door for him to start. Eddie, his brother, comes in bidding him look alive, as they've "not got a moment to waste", whereupon David throws his bomb-shell: "I'm not going". This, however, is not the conclusion, for such a denouement would not be in keeping with the dictates of morality and duty. There follows much reproof and reproach and observation about fighting the battle of life, and finally duty triumphs and with the weak phrase, "As she that bore me was pure, I leave you pure, dear", David renounces his love. He rushes on his expedition, with an unsatisfactory and treatment of character. In handling plots, achieving effective

incomprehensible leave-taking. He tells Dulcie to come and meet him in six months, with the child. "Where?" asks Dulcie, sensibly enough. David answers, "In that little star in Andromeda. All's real there", and goes.

Here Jones had a definite and praiseworthy end in view: to show the tragedy of clinging to a life, which has no solid foundation of love and decency. Had he been able to give a lecture on the subject it would in all probability have been most sound and well-worded. As it was the stage went to his head and he created a series of sensational scenes, and a set of characters over-charged with emotion, and not capable of supporting the moral.

Jones, a man of forty-three and established in his position as one of England's most popular playwrights, was now approaching the height of his career, and writing plays continuously. Hot upon the heels of The Masqueraders in April followed The Case of Rebellious Susan in November. Here Jones found his true sphere and proved that he had the wit, the psychology, the personal good humour and the confidence, to write sparkling high comedy.

Up to now his artistic development had shown an irregular, but on the whole upward grade. His technique advanced, but his own fundamental sense of values always upset him in the treatment of character. In handling plots, achieving effective

situations and presenting an eventful story he had so far shown himself a skilful master, but in the revelation of character he was erratic and unreliable. In the broad outlines of melodramatic character, which only required certain definite qualities to fulfil the demands of the plot, he was consistent and discerning; in comedy, so far represented only by The Crusaders, he was satirically neat and clear, but in dramas which depended on character for theme and action he had failed, not realising that sympathy is not enough. The moment Jones attempted to rise to emotional heights he floundered to sentimental depths. He is to be compared in this with Wilde, who in Lady Windermere's Fan can pass smoothly from the indoor fireworks of his drawing room dialogue to the hint of tragedy in Mrs. Erlynne's, "You don't know what it is to fall into the pit, to be despised, macked, abandoned ... all the while to hear the laughter, the horrible laughter of the world ... a thing more tragic than all the tears the world has ever shed."

Having accepted these limitations, examination of his treatment and method of revealing character shows that he relied chiefly on a character's straight description of his own feelings, disgracefully bolstered up by stage directions. He does not show character in the subtle revelation of reaction to situation, experience, or the behaviour of other characters.

Drama? And your feet is so heavy! Don't stamp out the

He puts in a significant phrase or two at the beginning of the play to show the kind of character to expect and the character acts throughout in accordance with this first principle, always translated into terms of Jones's own personal conceptions of life. This was his method all through his life. As he clung to his original ideas, so he clung to his original technique and his development was only on the lines of perfecting this technique, making it more subtle and natural. As he advanced in the early years he cast off the asides and soliloquies of the old tradition and gradually progressed towards a greater naturalism. The difficulty with Jones was that he could never get away from his own personality. Let loose among promiscuous emotions it became garishly sentimental, but canalised into the central function of a raisonneur-character it was acceptable and useful. That was why he succeeded in comedy.

He prefaced The Case of Rebellious Susan, which as usual was not only a comedy, but a document of high intent, with a humorous address to his old arch-enemy, Mrs. Grundy. He begs her not to condemn the play because ~~of~~s morality is intrinsic, not extrinsic; he affirms that "there is a stout moral somewhere", and continues, "excuse me, isn't that foot of yours rather too near that tender-growing flower - I mean the English Drama? And your foot is so heavy! Don't stamp out the

little growing burst of life!" By laughing at immorality and making it ridiculous and unsuccessful Jones makes clear his own sound, conventional morality, though he expresses himself in terms ungarnished with Victorian prudery, and calculated to offend the ears of a squeamish Mrs. Grundy of the 'Nineties. With a twist of humour at the end of his Preface he adds, "P.S. My comedy isn't a comedy; it's a tragedy dressed up as a comedy".

High comedy demands not only a sophisticated outlook and intellectual stimulation, but the power to create characters in themselves, so that the comedy springs spontaneously out of their personalities. Jones was a master of this kind of humour; he knew how to laugh with people as well as at them. In Rebellious Susan he has collected a group of lively, attractive, fashionable people, all with different outlooks and contrasting individuality, which clash or combine to give humorous expression to Jones's ever-present seriousness of intention. Admiral and Lady Darby, the devoted pair who have made a success of marriage, contrast reassuringly with Lady Sue and her faithless Harabin. Lady Darby has no delusions about her husband; she realises frankly that he never seems to appreciate her so much as he does the week before he leaves and the week before he comes back; but nothing will prevent her from meeting him

The dialogue in this play especially sparkles with

at Portsmouth when his ship comes in - "I haven't seen the dear man for six months". The Admiral, it is revealed with worldly wisdom, has skilfully established these happy relations by the simple expedient of only telling his wife half the story. They have "shaken down comfortably" - "she's forgiven me freely what I've told her. I haven't told her all. But she's forgiven me freely what I've told her. So I thought I wouldn't grieve her by telling her any more."

This is one view of the marriage question, which is thoroughly aired on all sides in the play. Sir Richard Kato, the cool, detached observer, is contrasted with the extravagances of Pybus and Elaine, whose union proves most unblissful. Pybus' dangerously romantic ideals are shattered in a fortnight. He would have his wife "something entirely sweet and perfect and gracious, something sainted and apart". Unfortunately he chooses to fulfil this position what Clement Scott called a "red-haired, green-gowned specimen of the advanced modern woman", and within a week or two of the wedding the pair quarrel sordidly over the position of a shaving-mirror.

The natural wit of Sir Richard and his intelligent companions and the stupid pronouncements of Pybus and Elaine give opportunities for sparkling and brilliant dialogue; the first are quick at repartee, the second unflinching butts of ridicule. The dialogue in this play especially sparkles with

comic repetitions, which Jones knew how to handle well, chiefly in the emphasising of some pretentious or ridiculous phrase, such as those uttered by Pybus. His oft-reiterated desire to "stamp himself upon the age" is taken up and repeated sarcastically by the others till it becomes a kind of ridiculous slogan. When the Admiral is trying to bring about the reconciliation of Harabin and Sue there is a sustained trio in canon between The Admiral, Harabin and Sue over the doubtful question of Sue's behaviour in Cairo, which seems to emphasise the pettiness of their greatly finding quarrel in a straw:

"HAR. You can't expect me while -

ADM. While what?

HAR. While she won't tell me -

ADM. What?

HAR. How many elderly musicians kissed her hand in Cairo.

ADM. Sue, how many elderly musicians kissed your hand in Cairo?

SUE. Only one - and Mr. Harabin knows all about him.

ADM. There you are, Jim. Only one - and you know all about him.

To match the brilliant, sophisticated dialogue, the construction of the play is carried out with neat ingenuity. The characters are held together, the action is directed, and the limelight of explanation thrown upon opinion and incident

by Commentator Sir Richard Kato. He it is who brings the play into line with Jones's serious intention, and supplies it with the thought which qualifies it to rank as high comedy in George Meredith's sense. He is the elderly, genial raisonneur, plainly stating his position as having no opinion, taking no side, and merely watching the game. He is, in fact, Henry Arthur Jones himself. He lectures the foolish, advises the hesitant, and encourages those who seek his assistance. He is allowed a touch of mellow romance in his long-cherished passion for Lady Inez, the convenient young widow, whom Jones found always useful in comedy, being attractive, ripe for intrigue, but experienced and managing. Kato is Jones's commonsense refutation of Mrs. Grundy. He has sound moral principles, but he does not hesitate to express himself in terms which shocked Victorian sensibilities. Elaine, the pure but deluded, says, "Sir Richard, you are grossly indelicate", and Kato, speaking for Henry Arthur Jones, replies, "I am. So's Nature."

He adds the sound, matter-of-fact opinion of one who has had no experience but is full of wisdom, to the accumulation of views on marriage expressed throughout the play. Harabin, when finally brought to bay, and required to give a sound reason for his behaviour, says reluctantly, "Well - married life, even with the best and sweetest of women, does grow confoundedly unromantic at times". Kato promptly replied, "Married life

isn't very romantic anywhere with anybody, and it ought not to be. When it is it gets into the Divorce Court". The faithful Darbies illustrate his theory, and the Pybuses prove it up to the hilt.

The deluded romanticism of Pybus is shipwrecked ignominiously on the militant modernism of his chosen wife, who, though condescending to wed, nevertheless desires "of course" to be free to develop her own character. Meredith in his Essay on Comedy observed that "where women are on the road to an equal footing with men, in attainments and liberty ... only waiting to be transported from life to the stage ... pure Comedy flourishes". Jones proves this to be literally true. He had no use for the new woman. Ibsen's Nora, he considered, should have been spanked, and had he been in Torvald's position he would have "mixed himself a stiff whisky and soda and said 'Thank God she's gone.'" Kato, expressing less sentimentally than David in The Masqueraders the general theory of the home for mothers in the star in Andromeda, declares: "There is an immediate future for women as wives and mothers and a very limited future for them in any other capacity ... Nature's darling is a stay-at-home woman." This is Jones's unchanging pronouncement on women, his reproof to the flightly heroines of his earlier plays and his answer to that dangerous luminary,

Ibsen. Not only is woman's place in the home, but it is right in the kitchen, surrounded by cooking utensils and housekeeping accounts. He picks up Morris's sentiment in News from Nowhere "perhaps you think housekeeping an unimportant occupation not deserving of respect. I believe that was the opinion of the "advanced" woman of the nineteenth century". Kato, therefore, urges Pybus to send his wife to cooking-lessons. Sue slams the door, as Nora had done, with the announcement not that she is going to "try and educate herself", as Nora had done, but to "find a little romance and introduce it into our married life". Jones chooses the lower level, and, for the sake of his backward English audience, sends his heroine not to educate herself spiritually, but to freshen herself emotionally. He cheapens his theme to popularise his play. Sue found Lucien Edensor, became involved in an intrigue which led to complicated and unsatisfactory alibis about a very long church sermon, was brought ignominiously back to London, did not elope with her romantic lover by the Continental Mail, but was returned, without excitement or ceremony, to the arms of her relieved and contrite husband. And that, says Henry Arthur Jones, is what happens to all women who shirk their domestic responsibilities, do not tolerate unstable husbands, and go off on wild-goose-chases in search of romance.

The woman who shirks domestic responsibilities in a wild-goose chase after self-expression is another type of female obnoxious to Henry Arthur Jones, and satirised into the caricature represented by Elaine. Elaine is an attempt at the suffragette, just then beginning to be active. She is a development of Sophie Jopp, and a proof of what Darby calls the "tomfoolery of women's higher education". Her outlandish activities appal and confound her miserable husband, who, on hearing that her minions have destroyed telephone communications in Clapham, can only crawl piteously to Kato and ask, "Am I liable?" In this account of matrimonial discord Jones declares his Victorian conservatism and an attitude to women which in its stubbornness vies with his long-drawn out, demoded rantings on the state of the English drama.

Besides the dissertations on women there is another, ironical moral in the play. It is a moral with a twist - the worldly maxim often satirised in his comedies, that you may live as irregularly as you like so long as you are not found out. Sir Richard, who tolerates Sue's caprices as long as they are sufficiently inconspicuous, becomes high-handed when he thinks that people are beginning to talk about her. Inez, the competent young widow, the woman of counsel and sweet commonsense, says, "We women know the value of appear-

ances - so long as Mr. Harabin's family boiler remains intact why should you meddle with Sue?" The play ends on the satirical couplet from Sir Richard and Lady Inez: "No wise man ever tells." "No wise woman ever tells." This was the tragedy which Jones disguised as a comedy. He realised the hypocrisy of it, but domestic peace advocated it. Ibsen, the courageous, in the clash between society and the individual, staked the claim of the individual. His Nora had a perfect right to abandon her husband and home and children in order to go out into the world and "find herself". Jones, complying with society, but sympathising with the individual, advocated a comfortable compromise, after the manner of the English nation as a whole, and relied for a successful working of the social machine on the preservation of discreet silence. Jones had now established himself in a thoroughly English field of satirical comedy, which gave ample scope for his humour as well as for his seriousness of purpose. Looking for further fields of satire, his eye fell upon those old contemptibles, the Puritans, and in 1895 he produced The Triumph of the Philistines, launching his attack this time against their bigoted attitude to art. This synchronised with a period of angry despair over the state of the English

Drama, which was not a little aggravated, probably, by the treatment which he had lately been receiving at the hands of the critics. William Archer said in The Theatrical World of 1895; "It has been the facile fashion in several quarters to flaunt an indiscriminating and insolent contempt for all Mr. Jones's works and ways". This, together with the correspondence in The Times about the state of the English Drama, galled its most ardent apostle and drove him to write the most bitterly satirical of all his plays. Jones resented adverse criticism. William Archer himself had been sarcastic about The Bauble Shop; The Masqueraders had been pronounced vulgar by Clement Scott, even the appreciative Filon had disapproved of The Crusaders, and Oscar Wilde had summed up his scorn in the biting epigram already quoted. The public enjoyed Jones, but the critics despised him. His originality had ceased to shock them into admiration and they were beginning to see his limitations. Moreover, as George Moore had pointed out, it was not good policy for the critics to advocate a new drama which was gradually ousting the old-fashioned plays from the stage and damaging the commercial interests of managers. By 1895 Jones had become sick of the world. The great "social drama" controversy which shook the pages of The Times in December 1894 brought his disgust to a

head, for not only did it expose one of the "periodical panics of morality" sweeping over the country, but in this exposure it denounced Jones, not as an outstanding offender against morality, but as a cheap imitation of the offenders. The public's moral susceptibilities had been stung by Haddon Chambers' John a' Dreams and Pinero's Second Mrs. Tanqueray and also by The Masqueraders. They all dealt with subjects which decent Englishmen considered fit only for the smoking-room. The controversy was opened by one "X.Y.Z.", who protested against the "immorality of ... The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and the "deadly dull and not always moral vulgarities" of The Masqueraders. It was followed the next day by a letter from Beerbohm Tree, who suspected X.Y.Z. of being Clement Scott. Lady Tree describes Tree composing this letter in a cafe. "I shall say," he said, snatching a pencil from behind the ear of a bewildered waiter, "I shall say, 'And here I seem to detect the stained fore-finger of an old journalistic hand'." (How he loved the phrase!) and down it went on the back of a menu-card." The controversy was taken up by a host of actors, journalists, local vicars and women of all sorts, sparring over morality on the stage, as many as ten letters appearing on December 8th. The subject was finally closed by a third leader on December 11th, which found

much to be said on both sides, but hinted that enough had been said on the stage about the woman with a past. It was this uproar which goaded Henry Arthur Jones to write The Triumph of the Philistines in a fit of anti-Puritan rage. Bigoted prudery and belittling of the work of Henry Arthur Jones were unforgivable crimes, punishable only with searing stripes from the satirical whip.

Written off at a white heat of angry satire, the play is confusing and unbalanced. In the Preface Jones begins by defending himself against the accusation of constant preaching: he declares indignantly that he has "merely been reiterating a few simple rules" and that there is no more preaching in these rules than there would be "if in a degenerate and degraded condition of carpentry a carpenter were to give a few simple rules on the art of making honest tables and window-sashes." Later, in terms which utterly belie his preceding statement, and reveal nakedly his undeniable moral purpose, he shows the reason why he wrote the play. "Looking round upon my countrymen, upon their smug and banal ideals, their smug and banal ways of living ... their smug and banal terror and ignorance of art ... I concluded that the most necessary moral to drive home to Englishmen today is the wholesome one, 'Be not righteous overmuch.'" This maxim he

may have borrowed from Samuel Butler, whom he admired, and who wrote in his Notebooks, "It is wrong to be too right".

Having sat down with this precept before him he became so carried away with his theme and his righteous wrath against the Puritans and all their works that construction, balance and stress went to the wall, and issues were confused. The play is called The Triumph of the Philistines, but it is not clear how the title is meant to be construed. It may be a sarcastic comment on the material triumph of Jorgan in getting possession of the studios as against his moral defeat in the irrevocable loss of his reputation. If so Jones has confused the terms Puritans and Philistines: [Puritans object to art on moral grounds, Philistines merely show bad taste and lack of appreciation, and their morals may be as bad as their taste. J] Jorgan and his Council show certain Philistine tendencies, but they are first and foremost Puritans. The real Philistines are Mrs. Suleny, Sir Val and Lady Beauboys. If Jones meant this the title stands literally, as they end with wedding bells and happy reconciliations; but the Philistinism of the Suleny group is not sufficiently emphasised to justify the title and the play should rather have been called The Defeat of the Puritans. This is a point which Jones has left un-

cleared up; he realised himself that there was something

x) taken from
Shaw!

wrong with the play and added at the end of his preface, that in his strenuous effort to point a moral he was afraid he did not write a good play. He produces what William Archer called "a melodrama of ideas", a play round which, Archer confesses, his "thoughts did not linger lovingly". He devoted a long criticism to it in The Theatrical World of 1895, realising as he always did, the robust originality and journalistic alertness which Jones always showed in his work. It was also the first of Jones's plays to stand up to Shaw's criticism in the Saturday Review. It came through the ordeal well, especially considering the cruelty with which Shaw condemned other plays which suffered his scrutiny. Sardou's Fedora, which comes next to The Triumph of the Philistines was damned at the outset by the following reference to the hero: "Mrs. Campbell ruined his clothes. Wherever her beautiful white arms touched him they left their mark. She knelt at his feet and made a perfect zebra of his left leg with bars across it," Shaw had no such wicked witticisms for Jones; he admits his faults, but does his best to excuse them, commending Jones's independence of thought and style; he says "there is a sense in which Mr. Jones's plays are more faulty than those

of most of his competitors exactly as a row of men is more faulty than a row of lamp-posts turned out by a first-rate firm". Shaw always appreciated Jones as a brave pioneer and admired him for striking out sincerely on his own instead of clinging to the old conventions. He adds that his main points were creative imagination, curious observation, inventive humour, originality, sympathy and sincerity. All these, if looked for carefully, and selected from surrounding material that may be inferior or clumsy, can be found in The Triumph of the Philistines. His creative imagination brings him characters ranging from Mr. Wapes of the bandy legs and rolling walk to Miss Soar and her campaign for higher bodices in ladies' evening dresses and on to Sally Lebrun of brazen manners and broken English, who can wink Jorgan into a state of terrified intrigue, and parade with relish before the Town Council in "Auntie Beauboys' rags what she stand upright in". "Curious observation" supplies the detail in character and incident; inventive humour appears in Val's quips, in Jorgan's schemes and discomfiture and in Sally's outrageousness; originality accounts for his use of these local provincials for satire on the stage and in his daring defence of art's lack of delicacy; sympathy does not abound in the play, Jones being concerned with antipathies rather than sympathies, but

his sincerity, burning, angry, sometimes clumsy in its eagerness, cannot be denied.

The Puritans are not spared; their very names are an insult - "Mr. Wapes, Mr. Modlin, Mr. Caby, Mr. Pote, Mr. Blagg and Mr. Blewett", all banded together under the mighty Jorgan. Such a collection of bigoted provincials had not yet been represented in the English drama, though Ibsen had shown the way and Mark Rutherford had recorded them with dreary loathing in his Autobiography. In their attitude to the picture of the Bacchante they show the kind of obstinate prudery which Jones had to contend with in the drama. They consider it indecent and immoral and not a fit exhibition for Thomas Blagg, the butcher's boy, "when he brings the j'int's of a mornin'". Yet all this morality which they are at such pains to preserve, proves to be merely a convention to "compel people to conduct themselves properly for fear of being found out", as Jorgan puts it with unconscious irony. Their blind hypocrisy, vulgarity and self-righteousness are finally revealed in their true light in the fate of their master. Subject to the unwelcome but undoubtedly alluring attentions of Sally, Jorgan descends to mean and desperate bribes to keep her quiet and becomes a colossal butt of ridicule when before his subordinates she clings to him

affectionately and addresses him in terms of soft endearment. "Pretty-pretty," says Pote, "what does she mean?", and Jorgan replies helplessly, "It's impossible to say. She keeps on calling me pretty-pretty - a most inappropriate familiarity." But it takes a hypocrite to catch a hypocrite; disaffection springs up in the ranks, Pote grows suspicious, and through the agency of his daughter Eliza, discovers Jorgan's intrigue and exposes it triumphantly. Degraded and denuded of his cloak of false morality, he stands alone and abandoned by all but the equally degraded Sally, who flings her arms round his neck, crying, "Ah! you are all I have in the world!" This is the triumph of the Philistine, caught in the toils of the very immorality which he denounced with fanatical fervour.

Sally, the French model, is a mischievous link between the Puritans, the Philistines and the true artist, Willie Hesslewood. She is a development of Victorine, the French maid in The Crusaders, and is evidently a synthesis of Jones's impression of Frenchwomen. Filon was full of admiration; he said it was "the first time an English dramatist had penetrated into the very soul of another nation". If this is so, the soul of France does not lie very deep. Sally is a successful mischief-maker, with a head for little

England run ver' high right up to the blessed calling on

else than fun and finery; though she was Willie Hesslewood's inspiration, he soon discovers that hers were only "property wings". She shows, however, a shrewd, honest, amused observation of the English. Her broken English is attractive and her misplaced idioms and colloquialisms, her shocking lack of respect for convention and superior persons adds to the liveliness and helps to bring out Jones's point. Though she is finally reduced to attaching herself to Jorgan she has in her time ensnared more estimable men with her charms and considerably complicated the plot. Gay, frank and witty, she amuses Sir Val with her flirtations and almost ruins his marriage-prospects with Mrs. Suleny, and it is she who finally brings about the downfall of the Puritans. She may always be counted upon to create a scene, from the time when she is discovered taking money from Sir Val to the last act when she catches sight of her luggage assembled at the door by the enraged Lady Beauboys, and shrieks, "Hi! some bobbies, policemen here! She steal my luggages! Hi! some bobbies, policemen here!" that he is ashamed of - "I hid them because I love". Above all she is a useful whip with which to scourge the hypocrisy of the English. Her remarks are apposite. She "has not ver' much morality" herself, she confesses, but relishes the idea of "making that public feeling in She England run ver' high right up to the blessed ceiling on

questions of morality. "You are ver' funny peoples in England" is her final comment, justified by the attitude of the estimable Philistines. Sir Val, unable to resist a flirtation with her, protests when the hawk-eyed Lady Beauboys calls him to account, "Mayn't one talk with a pretty girl in England?" "Nct," she replies, "when anybody is looking." Sir Val, taking nothing very seriously, but skimming observantly over the surface of life, confesses his Philistine creed when he says he "knows very little about art" but gathers that "it is something akin to religion, a vague, indefinite kind of thing very much talked about ... and very little practised." He is one of Jones's men of the world, talking much of women and affairs, and full of witty summaries and observations. He comes to grief, as he himself puts it, "all through not being an out-and-out hypocrite like the rest of my neighbours." His love for Alma is of the kind offered by Darby and Kato in Rebellious Susan, sugared over with more honeyed words. He says there are "hundreds of things" in his past that he is ashamed of - "I hid them because I love you and I don't wish to bring anything profane into your presence. We know there are two kinds of women." Alma is another of Jones's convenient widows whose deceased husbands have left them schemes to carry out. She

patronises art with charitable Philistinism, planning her husband's studios as a place where "good-for-nothing boys who could not do their lessons" might be put to "a sound art-training". This is as insulting to the name of Art as the prejudices of the Market Pewbury Council, and the play would have been stronger if this attitude had been developed further side by side with the Puritan prudery. Alma is unfortunately a colourless character, a pale, vague beauty, like Galsworthy's Irene, with nothing but the power to inspire a man's worship. She is bolstered up by Lady Beauboys, a female Kato, supplying the necessary comments and observations to co-ordinate the satire and make clear the moral purpose. She has a great deal to say on the question of English hypocrisy and English morality; she deplores Puritan humbug, but supplies Jones's usual compromise when she says to Val: "the world can only hang together because of the virtue and respectability of it". Jones after laying the Puritans in the dust of his anger was anxious to prove that he was no advocate of indulgence and immorality but firmly supported the necessary conventions of society.

Here again the issues of the play are confused. He condemns the Puritans, yet advocates respectability, and does not indicate where the line is to be drawn. Stanley Houghton,

in The Younger Generation picks up the theme when Uncle Tom is advising the rebellious Arthur, assuring him that "you have to be bounded by certain conventions". Arthur sagely replies, "Yes. Only people have never been able to agree about those conventions and they never will."

In Jones's play the whole issue hangs on the quality of a picture. This is difficult to represent in a play. A bad picture of a Bacchante might easily have an undesirable effect on butchers' boys. Willie Hesslewood, the artist, should have shown clearly what sort of work might be expected of him, but he is unfortunately removed to Italy before he has had time to put his side of the case convincingly. This is one of the weaknesses of the play. Hesslewood makes a few general pronouncements about Art, Inspiration, Love, Religion and his Work; he tells the Puritans that the picture is just what they like to make it, and then he appears "in ulster and travelling cape", renounces his love for Sally as tawdry, and departs. He is another example of Jones's inability to treat a serious character on the level. Willie shows no personality; he wears his artist's smock as Michael wears his clerical collar, and Jones seems to have grown frightened of him and hastened to dispose of him. The Whole play is weakened because the artist has nothing to say

in his own defence, but leaves the kindly, but ignorant Philistines to handle his case.

The second weakness is the slashing of the picture by Jorgan with the property sword. This is incongruous and over-theatrical, and passes unnoticed by the rest of the characters. Jorgan would not have had the spirit or imagination to think of wreaking his Puritan loathing so spectacularly. He would have been more likely to have consigned the picture to the dustbin and the tender mercies of his Highways and Sewers Department. However, Jones's sense of the theatrical was irresistibly attracted by the idea of the ripping canvas and the great sword flashing in the limelight and if the curtain falls effectively dramatic congruity is of no importance.

Jones may have felt that satire was on the point of turning sour, and for his next play turned to a subject which could receive all his sympathies and all his compassion and all his positive human feelings. Nine months later Michael and his Lost Angel was produced, and found to be suffering from a surfeit of all these emotions. It was a sorry failure. The public saw through Jones. The play was criticised in the Pall Mall Gazette under the wicked title of "Michael and his Lost Character". Shaw again, surprisingly

and persistently laid himself out to commend Jones. He criticises such details as "Audrie dying of nothing but the need of making the audience cry" and the discrepancy of Michael's declaration that he is not sorry for his action, and then behaving as though he were. But he classes Jones unhesitatingly as "first, and eminently first, among the surviving fittest of his own generation of playwrights". He put his finger on the only satisfactory approach to the play when he said that it was necessary to throw oneself into Jones's characteristic attitude of mind, and then there was no shortcoming. This is true. If Jones thought in that way ~~than~~ his characters would act as they did; if he looked upon the externals of religion, the mere existence of a soul without any indication of its quality, as meaning religion itself, then his play is moving and tragic. The point is that few people can make the effort of getting into Jones's characteristic attitude of mind, for it was so definitely and uncompromisingly the mind of Henry Arthur Jones; it did not act as a channel for conveying life direct to the drama, it acted as a chemically-treated filter, abstracting certain components reacted upon by Jones's own opinions and mental outlook. He did not possess to any degree Keats's "negative capability". The same might be said of Shaw's plays which are one and all

expressive of his characteristic attitude of mind; the difference is that Jones's was a second-rate mind, and was not worth imposing on objective creation. However, here he was, worthily labouring to work out his own ideal and present serious drama on the English stage. The play opens in a Vicarage. This promises, unless Jones has altered since Saints and Sinners, that the theme will be elevating and moral. There is some talk about the Vicar holding a public confession for a girl who has suffered the worse-than-death catastrophe, and been "ruined by a scoundrel". Then, accompanying the prostrate girl, comes the hero: "the Reverend Michael Feversham: about 40: pale, strong, calm, ascetic, scholarly face; with much sweetness and spirituality of expression; very dignified, gentle manners; calm, strong, persuasive voice, rarely raised above an ordinary speaking tone. His whole presence and bearing denote great strength of character, great dignity, great gentleness, great self-control." This stage-direction, with its rush of adjectives to the head and suspended phrases at the tail, seems to indicate that Jones created his hero in a sudden flush of exaltation after listening to an emotional sermon, singing stirring hymns and comparing notes on the parson with an earnest, elderly churchworker of the female

sex. It is also indicative of Jones's dramatic limitations, in that he had to bolster up his dialogue with emotional description. Such was his hero, set against a background of embarrassing public horror at a situation which is nowadays treated with matter-of-fact sociological interest, and certainly does not merit the tragic emotions which Jones piled on to it. When Michael is suitably deep in prayer Jones introduces his temptress. Audrie Lesden (about 30 - so very dangerous. Beware of La Femme de Trente Ans) in "fashionable morning dress", enters by the french window, talks with flippant but disturbing intimacy about his soul and her soul, and goes off leaving the situation ripe for a seduction plot. Jones in his campaign for seriousness on the stage had abandoned social satire and ⁿow undertook to depict the deep-seated tragedy of an individual's conflict with temptation. Michael is a more detailed version of Judah, the high-souled hero, led astray by a worthless woman. In causing his play Michael and His Lost Angel Jones caused much contention: Forbes Robertson wanted it altered to Michael and Audrie, as "lost angel" was a term with disreputable associations. Again Jones was adamant. The truth was that the title was there to keep the theme well to the fore, as the play somewhat

obscures it. Audrie was no angel and never had been. She is a lively, but not living character. Her flippancy is extreme, though it sometimes had a touch of shrewdness in it: when she is commenting on the confession which she has just witnessed she remarks, "It was a scene, you know. I felt terribly distressed for the poor girl". She adds with even greater flippancy, but disarming honesty, "I always think it's such a selfish piece of business saving one's soul - so unkind to one's neighbours." This is an opinion upon which Jones prided himself, and often put into the mouths of his frivolous characters. Lord Burnham in The Crusaders and Sir Val in The Triumph of the Philistines both make similar statements. It seems sometimes that Jones saves certain epigrammatic comments and serves them up, differently worded, where suitable. Audrie the temptress is drawn in careful emphasis. She is gay, tender, earnest in her interest in Michael's book, "The Hidden Life"; she is also deceitful, wanton and immoral. However, Audrie tempting Michael with talk about her soul, Audrie discovering her long-lost husband in the vicarage garden, Audrie titivating the cherub's nose and Audrie dragging herself up verandah steps to die in Michael's arms, is too busy representing the Lost Angel to be an effective dramatic character. If she had in reality been

an angel there would have been conflict and tragedy. As it is she is not attractive, she is too obvious, and Jones has again failed because of the "melodrama" of his ideas, as William Archer put it. However, Audrie in her sinfulness is a better character than Michael in his virtue. Michael does not justify his position as a high-souled hero. He talks much about his soul but never displays evidence of having one. It seems that the clerical collar is enough for him. He is charged with an emotion too strong for his sensibilities and perceptions. His prayer to his mother's portrait after dismissing Rose is beautifully worded but over-loaded with emotion in relation to the situation: "Whisper to me that I have done right to restore to this wandering father and child the blessing of a transparent life ... Whisper to me that, in this morning's work I have done what is well-pleasing to my God and you." When he is left alone on the island before Audrie's arrival his emotion carries him away, and he is moving and imaginative in his agony of conflict and indecision as he cries out, "Why did you come into my life? I did not seek you! You came unbidden and before I was aware of it you had unlocked the holiest places of my heart. Your skirts have

swept through all the gateways of my being ... I'm mad! I will be master of myself. I will be servant to none save my work and my God!"

These passages, out of their context, are beautiful. In their context they jar "like sweet bells jangled out of tune" because the character speaking them and the situation prompting them are not big enough. The mere description of an "emotional affair" is not a matter of great tragedy unless the characters are great in themselves. It should have been shown that Audrie had had some disastrous effect on Michael's work, which in its turn should have been shown to be worth the conflict in Michael's feelings; the soul he speaks of so much should have been shown alight with the spirit of burning religious convictions, and not mere fear of doing wrong.

Michael's chief psychological complaint is a lack of any sense of proportion, which means also sense of humour. He is allowed one glimmer of humour when at the beginning he says that Mrs. Lesden embarrasses him in church as he never knows whether she is merely bored, "or thinking that his surplice is not enough starched or starched too much". This is also, however, a glaring symbol of his self-consciousness. He has not the humour to see the irony of the situation when he finds himself guilty of the same sin as the condemned Rose;

he only feels the disgrace. His revelation of his past to Audrie when he confesses his one love-affair, which he treats as a deep experience, is undignified and cheap. He confesses that he once walked home from church with a girl, and when "she was going in I dared to breathe 'Give me one kiss'. She didn't answer. I just touched her cheek with my lips and I whispered, 'Good-night, Nelly'." That, apparently, was all. This adds nothing but a priggish and embarrassing sentimentality to the character of this man whose soul was meant to be a pearl of such great price. It is because of his inconsequence and lack of depth in his character that when Audrie says, "I have sold you to the devil" the audience does not care very much, but remembers a similar transaction in the hands of W.B. Yeats in The Countess Cathleen.

The whole play suffers from emotional inflation; religious fervour and holy remorse circulate loosely without foundation, and supply far exceeds the demand. Jones once again failed, as he had always failed, to create a serious, straightforward character. Whenever he tries to get "inside" a character his critical observation fails, for he cannot see far enough. Archer said "he loved not to search into the deep places of the soul" but that is not quite the point; he thought he was searching the deep places of the soul, and was

very interested in such fields of exploration, but he had not enough inner light of his own to guide him. He was a showman, not a psychologist. His moral earnestness burns as high as ever as in the play; there is no doubt about the sincerity of his aims and the worthiness of his precepts; his plot, except for the last act, which, as Shaw said, was simply a "slopping-up of the remains", hangs well together; he does not lack imagination, he does not lack technical skill; he simply lacks that subtle essence, quality. There are no fine distinctions. Black is black and white is white; the inward and spiritual grace lies no deeper than the outward and visible sign, and the display of soul so near the surface is disconcerting and embarrassing, like the sudden appearance of some unauthorised piece of underwear. Michael's public confession, arranged to synchronise with one of the most showy festivals of the church, accompanied by stirring harmonium voluntary and headed by a full-dress procession of the choir, is an uncomfortable display of self-magnification. In the mouth of such an exhibitionist high talk of morals becomes maudlin vapourings and the play seems diseased and unhealthy. In his regrettable habit of living down to his principles Michael is to be compared unfavourably with Granville Barker's Edward in The Voysey Inheritance. The whole play is the story of

Edward's living up to his principles, but only once does he dramatise himself and talk of holding his head high, and he is immediately taken down by the sane and level-headed Alice, who puts her finger on the root of the trouble in Michael: "It's the worst of acting on principle ... one is so apt to think more of one's attitude than of the use of what one is doing".

Michael and Audrie commit their sin, they declare that they are not sorry; then Michael suffers a revulsion of feeling and is overcome with remorse and shame - and Pat comes his remedy, like the recipe for a cold-cure:

"Repent, confess, submit to any penance that may be enjoined us ... Retirement from all who know us, and life-long consecration to poverty and good works."

In this cheap treatment of a religious theme the play is to be contrasted with T.C. Murray's Maurice Harte, where religious feeling has such depth and honesty that Maurice has the courage, at the expense of breaking the hearts of his family and his priest, to declare that he has no vocation. Here the issues are not mere spiritual self-interest, but the hopes and heart's desires of his people, and his loyalties to them as against his loyalty to God and he cries out, "Oh Father, isn't it a terrible thing to be fated to bring life-long sorrow on those whom one cares for most in the world!"

In this play religious depth of feeling is thrown up against healthy Irish humour which refreshes and strengthens it. In Michael the sanctity is unrelieved, in that when Audrie utters profane remarks nobody is amused or sympathetic towards them.

The play, though a failure, was not one to be ignored, even by contemporaries. It was conspicuous in the controversy it aroused. Its subject was new and daring. No clergyman had ever been placed seriously on the stage in such compromising circumstances. Shaw's Morell had been created in Candida, but it was not produced till 1900, and he was a clergyman treated domestically, not parochially. The very fact of laying a scene in a church was considered profane, especially with the garish figure of Audrie sailing across it, like Dalila, all silks and perfume. So fierce was the controversy that Shaw (always of course putting himself into Jones's characteristic attitude of mind) was moved to defend his friend and put a stop to humbug in an article Religion and the Stage. It was the old hornet's nest which Jones had stirred up previously in Saints and Sinners. Shaw put his finger on the crux of the matter when he asked why "pews and prayer-books" should be considered sacred whereas dramas dealing with "faith, hope, love and the rest of the essentials" passed uncensored. The "real objection" he continued, "is

Michael's treatment of religion as co-extensive with life ... to the man who regards it as only a watertight Sunday compartment ... it is positively terrifying". Michael and his Lost Angel forms a convenient point at which to stop and review the development of Jones's style, technique and thought. By 1896 he had tried his hand at every dramatic form - melodrama; religious melodrama; problem play; social satire; high comedy; blank verse tragedy; and, for want of another name, pure "drama" - meaning a play of high emotion that does not merit the title of tragedy. Disappointing as the discovery must have been, and contrary to his hopes of himself, his career up to now had shown that his genius lay undeniably in the direction of high comedy, and the best play he had produced so far was The Case of Rebellious Susan.

After some ten years' apprenticeship in the workshop of melodrama he ceased to write melodramas as such, but all through his life, though he shook off melodramatic machinery, he suffered from a melodramatic attitude of mind.

Details of technique he worked upon and improved play by play, though he was never to be relied upon and suffered from jarring lapses. His early dramas were rustling with stage

whispers, often containing most essential information, but quite as often merely stating what was perfectly obvious. These still abounded in Saints and Sinners, but by Judah they had almost disappeared, and in his comedies he never used them. In structure the quality of his plays varied. Again it is his comedies that show the greatest skill. In his serious plays the structure became too frequently a duologue between two opposing characters. This happened first in The Middleman and in Michael it is carried to such a pitch that there is really no need for any of the minor characters after the first scene and Michael and Audrie might as well have spoken the play as a duologue. His resources of invention often do not extend to the length of a third act, but as theatrical convention demands one, he was often compelled to make one when his plot did not need it. This last act becomes loosely attached, placing the characters in totally different surroundings, of which there has been no hint in the foregoing scenes. In Saints and Sinners the Fletchers are beginning a new life in poverty and atonement, Letty is a nurse, and she dies of overwork. In The Dancing Girl the last act is merely a redemption of Guisebury, and in Michael and his lost Angel it is a morbid

prolonging of the agony, with no psychological development, and no solution of the problem. His comedies usually rely for the compactness of their construction on the unifying function of one central, detached figure, the commentator. The long line of these useful persons begins with Professor Jopp in Judah, who passes on his function, but not his intellectual outlook, to Lord Burnham, the cheerful man of the world in The Crusaders; in The Masqueraders the part is taken by a woman, Dulcie's big sister Helen; in The Tempter the Devil develops the same technique to a higher degree, and becomes not only the chief, but nearly the only character in the play. In the Dancing Girl the position was again held by a woman, Midge, a character well-conceived but insufficiently developed. The master-commentator, Sir Richard Kato, appears in The Case of Rebellious Susan, and again he appears, disguised as Lady Beauboys, in The Triumph of the Philistines.

This is only one of the types of character recurrent in Jones's plays; by 1896 he had used all his stock, introducing some several times in different guises. The first of these, traceable right back to his early one-act plays, was the villain, the unmitigated villain introduced first in Elopement, and persisting for another dozen years. In The Silver King

The cold or worthless woman responsible for ruining or

the Spider is the true gang-leader, a villain by profession, not only by nature; in Saints and Sinners the villain of raud; Elopment is made over into Fanshawe; the villain, Chandler, in The Middleman, has more character and is a commercial villain rather than the seducer of innocent females, but he is still shown in unrelieved infamy; Sir Brice of The Masqueraders is a swing-back to Fanshawe, the degenerate aristocrat, after drinking, gambling, having bad dreams, wasting his substance and ruining his wife. Guisebury of The Dancing Girl is the most fully-developed villain, with the innovation of redeeming features and ultimate reform. Opposite these typical villains play harmless but weak women, Letty and Dulcie, who are in search of excitement, or Drusilla, the too strictly brought up Quaker-girl whose repressions lead her to greater excesses than the other heroines, so that she develops into a villainess. Another recurrent type is the high-souled young man, a discarded lover, such as John Christison or David Remon; Judah are lovers not discarded, but disgraced through their love. None of these characters is a success. Jones was not capable of representing idealism and true feeling; they become maudlin, and Michael, the last of the line, is likewise the worst, because there is more of him.

The cold or worthless woman responsible for ruining or

breaking the heart of the high-souled hero recurs with proportionate frequency. Vashti tempts and ruins Judah by fraud; Cynthia leaves Philos Ingarfield heartlessly to his ideals; Audrie, the consummation of them all, is only greater in quantity, not quality.

Another type of woman which he found very useful was the young, attractive widow: Inez in Rebellious Susan looks after Sue, manages her holiday abroad, and presents a mature aspect of the marriage problem. Alma is like Cynthia, in that her deceased husband has left her with a scheme to carry out.

The stock figures which were constantly brought up for satire were the Puritans, the intellectuals and the modern woman. Again, there is not much development in the quality or content of the satire, they merely alter in their importance in the plot. The figures of Hoggard and Prabble in Saints and Sinners, who only appear from time to time, are magnified later into the overwhelming proportions of Jorgan and his Council. The intellectuals, beginning with Sophie Jopp and her lover in Judah are developed more strongly in Pybus and Elaine; Burge Jawle is a grotesque caricature of the same type of intellectual poser. These characters supply material for Jones' four favourite subjects for satire: moral hypocrisy, organists and country schoolmasters, with aristocrats only as

intellectual posing, the modern woman, and the various aspects of marriage. Occasionally new and individual characters shot up, as The Tempter shot up, undeveloped from preceding characters. Cyrus Blenkarn and Sally Lebrune are independent creations of this type. With all his faults Jones had one great merit, which never failed him, and that was his clarity. It was never in the least difficult to understand him, he was never obscure, or elusive. He sat down and wrote a play on a certain theme and never let the audience forget what that theme was. Sometimes he was so painstaking that he became annoyingly obvious and his devices appear slender and transparent. Sometimes he was so carried away by his theme or the idea of a character that everything else in the play was sacrificed and the whole balance upset. This has happened in The Tempter where there is no other character in the play than the Devil. It happened in the Triumph of the Philistines, where his rage at Puritan prejudice boiled over and splashed every other detail in the play. In Michael and his Lost Angel his enthusiasm inflates the play with cheap sentimentality. As Jones himself climbed socially, so his plays advanced further into aristocratic society; beginning with poor church organists and country schoolmasters, with aristocrats only as

unwelcome guests, he passed on through Non-Conformist preachers and commercial magnates till he finally reached the heart of the West End in The Crusaders, and in Rebellious Susan, proved himself firmly established there. As Shaw said, he was always able to satirise society, because though he was in it he was not of it, and could always observe it with the detachment of an outsider. *more important than the quality of the play.*

It was when he ceased to observe detachedly and tried to be intimately sympathetic that Jones failed. That is why there are two aspects of life which he was incapable of presenting: one was idealism and the other was youth. The one he attempted without success. The other he never attempted in these earlier plays. Youth cannot be satirised, and Henry Arthur Jones in mental outlook was a born grandfather. His plays are therefore either sophisticated, or adult in a negative, restricted morality which forbids looking life full in the face, and teaches by precepts, not experience. The only young persons he creates are the Shakespearian child in The Tempter and Lady Eve in Judah, who was not young in spirit because she was an invalid and hardly of this world at all. Jones tried many times to represent sincerity and idealism, but was never successful because his own mental outlook was too shallow. In his dramas it is worry, not agony, that

pervades the play. Fathers worry about their daughters; saints worry about their immortal souls; lovers worry about their disappointments; above all they all worry about what people will think. Worry is not an elevating emotion, and worry about public opinion is one of the cheapest anxieties. To Jones public opinion was everything; for him the audience was always more important than the quality of the play.

He polished his stage technique and the details were improved painstakingly, but in 1896 he was still relying on stage directions to convey character. Stage directions, especially in the plays of Barrie, Shaw or Lennox Robinson, can be an integral and elaborate part of the play, but they should not take the place of dialogue in the revelation of character. In The Whiteheaded Boy the stage directions are like the unspoken comments of the audience: "He's kissed her, glory be to God!" or "'t isn't real silver, of course", commenting on the family tea-pot - but this is supplementing, not replacing dialogue. Jones was guilty not only of replacing dialogue, but of contradicting it. In Michael he began with a description of Father Hilary: "a Catholic priest, very dignified and refined" and then gave him nothing to say but making arrangements for catching trains and boats and hurrying about Europe with the efficiency of a commercial traveller: "I

shall leave St. Margarets tomorrow morning, get back to Clevedon, take the afternoon train up to London and leave for Italy by Friday morning."

In the twenty years that he had been writing plays Jones's attitude of mind had never altered. The outlook of Michael with its narrow, Non-Conformist issues, was the same as that of Harmony or a Clerical Error. Experience never broadened his mind. He had preconceived ideas and clung to them. He was not blind to surrounding conditions and advances; new ideas and topical events he frequently introduced with the annoying obviousness of the novelist who clumsily daubs his tale with obtrusive local colour. No new ideas and no contemporary event, however, served to influence or develop his deep-rooted conservatism. He was aware of them, and quick to seize upon them with a journalistic instinct for their public appeal, but Henry Arthur Jones, with all his opinions and beliefs, was Henry Arthur Jones, a self-made man, who was not going to have any alterations made to the finished product, and who clung tenaciously to his ideas because the degree of culture supporting them had been so hardly won. Philosophies which a university student could scribble down in an hour's lecture it had taken Henry Arthur Jones years of dogged reading in the evening after a hard day's work, to extract and

assimilate. Therefore they were precious, and it is not surprising that he was not brought to part with them easily. It is less surprising, since Henry Arthur Jones was not a dramatist by natural selection, but by sheer, persistent refusing to be anything else. He was always conscious of himself as The Dramatist and lived his life not spontaneously, but according to the plan he had laid for himself. He lived, as Turgenev said of a Russian student, "just as if he had not been a living man but his own statue set up by public subscription".

CHAPTER IV

Henry Arthur Jones the Playwright (continued)

After 1896 Jones settled into a period of repetition and pot-boiling, during which he achieved his most brilliant and also some of his most inept productions. It is difficult to trace the artistic development of one who after years of experience and preaching the seriousness of his art, could produce a piece so lacking in taste, technique and character as The Princess's Nose. Jones had, however, by now realised that comedy was to be his most successful line, in spite of his early training in melodrama, and apart from one or two indulgences in sentimental drama, he wrote comedy for the rest of his life.

After the failure of his Michael he angrily put on a carelessly-thrown-together pot-boiler in the shape of The Rogue's Comedy¹. "When in doubt," said Shaw, "revive Punch and Judy"; Jones, as he goes on to say, was "not in doubt but in dudgeon", and disgusted by the effect upon the public of what he considered his best work, proceeded to give them of his worst. It shows Jones working in clumsy rough-cast, and seems written in fidgetty impatience. It has three great faults, and serves as an admirable example of what was wrong with Jones fundamentally, and what happened when he did not

keep a tight hold on himself; these faults lie in sketchy characterisation, showing the shallowness of his conception, misjudged treatment, showing his confused sense of emotional values, and finally, lack of quality.

The play has a subject as farcical as Charley's Aunt: a husband and wife set up as bogus fortune-tellers and swindle a number of foolish people, including, with Jones's never-failing melodrama of conception, their own son, who finally exposes his parents. Instead of sustaining the play on a farcical, artificial level Jones jarringly inserts melodramatic intensity and maudlin affection. After Prothero's farcical disclosures of Lady Clarabut's measles and Lord John's "Little hussy that he took to Switzerland in '45" he turns to his own son and with a sudden change to theatrical tension, conjures up his lurid childhood. At the end of the scene he raves with an incongruous imitation of Shakespearian rhetoric: "My fools! My pretty, pretty fools! My team of fools! My perfect world of perfect fools!"

The characterisation is poor and thin. The characters make many remarks that do not reveal personality, are not amusing, and do not advance the plot. These are the only excuses for a character's saying anything in a comedy. Consequently their personalities do not emerge clearly, and the pages of the Yellow Book, and produced The Physician.

they never become real people. Meaningless talk is particularly annoying in leading parts. Prothero has no individuality; he utters many conventional phrases of roguery, but is neither a lovable rogue nor an admirable blackguard; he is annoyingly bluff and vulgar and repeats his bluffness and vulgarity whenever he speaks.

The farcical parents are possessed of a priggish, unsmiling son who is heavily embedded in a difficult love-affair, and who with wearisome and unnecessary routine, and irritating officiousness, exposes his parents' fraud. He is meant to be a sympathetic character. Whenever this "homme qui ne rit pas" comes into contact with his mother there is much melodramatic irony, yearning and suppressed mother-love, none of which arouses sympathy in the audience, but merely causes embarrassment.

The play may be dismissed as showing Jones at his worst and indicating that his artistic development was spasmodic and did not spring from inner development within himself, but from conscious response to circumstances.

Having vented his spleen in a cipher, he again became solemn and contemplative, and gave way to fin de siecle scepticism. Picking up the fashionable pose he added his quota to the pale-eyed defeatists who haunted the Cafe Royal and the pages of the Yellow Book, and produced The Physician,

"a new play of modern life". This modern life is represented as a hollow mockery. Importance rather than greatness is the qualifying characteristic of Jones's heroes, and this time he chooses his hero not from the Church but from Harley Street. His physician, very important and eminent, cannot heal himself. "I've caught the disease of our time," he diagnoses, "of our society, of our civilisation". The extravagance Jones shows here in using three words where one would do symbolises the extravagance of emotion with which the physician faces middle age: "Middle age. Disillusionment. My youth's gone. My beliefs are gone. I enjoy nothing, I believe in nothing". Jones does not satirise this jaundiced pessimist, but leads him gently to wells of healing waters within a short train journey from London, and to the religiosity of maidens in white muslin moralising on summer Sunday evenings. The conception of plot and play is heavy with sentimentality and the demand for sympathy for a character who does not merit it. If a man has not got over his disillusion by the time he is forty and accepted it constructively as reality, he has no backbone and the world has no patience with him. However, this again was the fault of Jones's own nature, and not of his aims for the English Drama. He was doing his best to further his cause, and trying to put into his plays something of the

spirit of the age, and he was breaking new ground in trying to work out the inner problems of a man in conflict with the code of honour of his profession. Doctor's Dilemma: that of the Extravagant in expression, but economical in material, Jones again reverted to old plays for his characters. He makes over Audrie Lesden into Lady Val, the physician's femme fatale in furs and perfume, whose frivolous treatment of his love is the basis of his malady. Lady Val is a lively and clear-cut character. She has an expressive vocabulary; she suffers from the same disease of middle age as Carey, but is more humorous about it. On repenting of her treatment of him she confesses to a "horrible whiff of middle age", and when her attempts to win him back have failed she observes that she feels as though she is "picknicking on her mother's grave in the damp". Edana's father is another character not developed from earlier work, and is a more humorous and genial version of Jacob Fletcher, likewise clear-cut, consistent and pleasant. All these whimsical, simple, good-hearted parsons in Jones's plays seem not a little inspired by a pre-conceived impression of the clergy established in his mind by the Vicar of Wakefield.

For all its melodrama of contrast and melodrama of dern episode, represented by the besotted Amphiel, the girl he has

ruined and her bitterly vengeful father, the play does make some attempt at psychological study. Jones has hit upon a problem developed by Shaw in The Doctor's Dilemma: that of the conflict in the mind of a doctor called upon to heal the fiance of the girl he loves. The psychology of the man versus the scientist in Carey is true, is simple. "Here is the strange thing," he ponders, "I hate him but I want to save him. I begin to feel proud of the case". Given the situation, which is melodramatic, the reactions of the characters are psychologically sound. The doctor, though talking as no doctor ever talked, describing his microbes as "gentlemen", is nevertheless a sincere attempt at a modern type. Jones was continuing his pioneer work and putting on the stage a representation of real life. The play sprang from an idea, not a situation. If Jones had been more subtle he would not have been understood. He had to give his public intellectual drama clothed in the familiar trappings of melodrama. He was breaking them in gently, and in presenting new ideas in the old formula, was preparing the way for Shaw and training his audiences to respond to intellectual stimulation and not merely thrill to sensational situations.

After this fit of depression Jones next tackled modern life from a more light-hearted angle and produced The Liars,

his most brilliant achievement. It is curious that after all his early training in melodrama he should achieve his highest triumph in comedy, of which he had only written two. Melodrama had taught him one lesson above all others: that the accent is on the story. Character and dialogue fall into line afterwards. In The Liars he has not built up a situation out of character so much as fitted a situation with characters likely to support it.

The Liars is a comedy of crystal clarity and diamond-like hardness, and with something of the flawless mosaic-like construction of Othello. It shows Jones at his best, depicting the surface emotions of a witty, shallow, sophisticated circle of people who might have walked out of the pages of The Tatler and The Sketch; they behave socially throughout. Affections are skin deep; husbands are merely necessary appendages and wives expensive luxuries; friendship is a social convenience summed up in Lady Jessica's conversation with Rosamund about Mrs. Crespin:

"Lady Jess. Why do you have that woman here?

Lady Ros. I don't know. One must have somebody.
I thought you and she were good friends.

Lady Jess. Oh, we're the best of friends, only we hate each other like poison."

Jones observes with the detached curiosity of a street crowd

at a fashionable wedding. He differs from Wilde in that he creates real people; he achieves a compact picture of English society, and not merely a human machine for the working out of witty theories about society.

The play has an artificial plot psychologically developed and shows Jones's consummate skill in telling a story. It was this which appealed to the public. The public likes a good yarn above all things. Jones plunges straight into the narrative, giving the theme of the play in the third speech: Freddie Tatton says pettishly, "I didn't want to have Falkner here. He's paying a deal too much attention to Jess, and Jess doesn't choke him off as she should". The outline is very simple: the first act opens up the possibility of development in the Falkner-Jessica intrigue in the teeth of opposition from the jealous husband; the second act shows the intrigue in full swing, interrupted by unwelcome visitors; the third act is the building up and explosion of the lie concocted by Lady Jessica to conceal the intrigue; the fourth act is the breaking up of the intrigue and the conjugal reconciliation.

Every exit and entry is a development in the plot; there are no loose characters put in for the purpose of social satire or artistic contrast, such as Pybus and Elaine, or

Burge Jawle. The play gains its compactness from the fact that each character fulfils three functions in the play, providing comedy of intrigue, comedy of manners and comedy of character. The action is as important as the satire and springs from individual character. Small incidents bind the plot together: Sir Christopher's discovering Lady Jessica's pencil left behind at the inn; the private business which brings each of the characters up to London in the third act: Mrs. Crespin in search of a new cook, Archie to visit the dentist, Dolly to hold his hand. It is still more closely knit by a skilful interlacing of phrases. At the end of Act III Sir Christopher harks back to his recent consideration of the possibilities of lying or truth with Lady Jessica, when he mutters, "Possibility number two with a vengeance". He picks up a previous phrase in Act I when Falkner has rejected his advice to go to Africa and he comments: "Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men". The strand of repetition of Lady Jessica's elaborate excuse runs through the first three acts and becomes more absurd with each repetition. It begins in Act I when she tells Falkner "a curious thing happened to me the last time I stayed at Barbara's. I sent Ferris on with the luggage in the early afternoon and I walked to the station for the sake of the walk. Well, there

are two turnings and I must have taken the wrong one ... I wandered about for miles and at half-past seven I found myself very hot, very tired, very hungry and in a very bad temper, at the Star and Garter at Shepperford. That was on a Monday, too."

In the third act this figment of the imagination is changed, edited, embroidered, contradicted and confused until finally exploded by Falkner. In a series of comic effects it staggers its way to its doom: through Freddie's scepticism - "It's so jolly thin. A couple of women dining together. What should a couple of women want to dine together for?": through Dolly's inefficiency - "I didn't really dine anywhere - not to say dine. I had some cold chicken and a little tongue when I got home. And a little tomato salad": through the inanities of Archie who on being asked if he knew of his wife's arrangements, replies, "Yes - at least, no - not before she told me of it. But after she told me I did know", to Falkner's final destruction of it in the declaration that he purposely arranged the meeting because he loves Lady Jessica with all his heart and soul.

The last act, when the lie has been exploded, is an anti-climax skilfully carried off, as it contains the fresh development of Sir Christopher's love-affair - put in, Punch sus-

pected, for the sake of "keeping up the Christopher", and, incidentally, the Wyndham. Reconciliations, however, are also successfully achieved, and Falkner packed off to the wide open spaces to forget and deal with rioting natives. The characterisation is rounded, polished and distinct; the minor characters are not sketchy, but self-contained individuals, Archie marked by his dread of chills, Freddie by his impotent resolves not to be a cipher in his own home, and Gilbert by his rudeness and rages. The wives are all alike in their frivolity and flippancy, but prove their mettle in a crisis, when Rosamund becomes masterful and managing, Lady Jessica indiscreet and rash, Dolly amiable and willing to help, though foolish. Beatrice Ebernoe stands alone as a woman of culture and sensibility, who takes no hand in the lie, but skips the second and third acts, coming in at the end to marry Sir Christopher. Sir Christopher is the raisonneur character wrought to perfection, and Wyndham's satisfaction. He holds the whole plot together, he rounds off every act with a comment and a gesture; he makes the great actor's effective entries, "saunters in smoking" upon Jessica and Falkner, with "Drop it, Ned, drop it, my dear old boy. You've gone too far."; he carries off the comic climax in every scene, in Act II

showing up the absurdity of Falkner's position when he finds him alone in the hotel faced with a superb dinner: "This isn't the menu for tonight ... No! Dear old fellow! Dear old fellow! I say, Ned, you do yourself very well when you're all alone!" He dominates the action with a wisdom and assumption of authority which make him appear older than the 38 years attributed to him in the stage directions. He lectures Falkner as father to son, not as man to a man a year or two older. As a man of the world he pours much good advice into the unwilling ear of Falkner; this advice is well-worded and not boring, and culminates in an excellent piece of reasoned rhetoric explaining the folly of illicit love and expounding Jones's commonsense theories of matrimony with genial satire on the English:

"I've nothing to say in the abstract against running away with another man's wife. There may be planets where it is not only the highest ideal of morality, but where it has the further advantage of being a practical way of carrying on society. But it has one fatal defect in this country. It won't work."

Falkner, the subject of his sermons and lover of Lady Jessica, another "homme qui ne rit pas", is the weakest spot in the play; he is again at that dangerous age, "about forty",

"strong, fine clearly cut features, earnest expression, hair turning grey, complexion pale and almost grey with work, anxiety and abstinence". This stage direction shows Jones setting out with a conception which he failed to develop to the full in the dialogue. Falkner does not work, worry or abstain in the play; the abstinence is flatly belied in the second act by the recherche dinner ordered at the Star and Garter. Everybody talks about his high character and seriousness - he has "put on a moral toga", according to Sir Christopher - but description in the mouth of other characters should not take the place of self-revealing speeches by the character concerned. Falkner never talks of anything but his infatuation for Lady Jessica. He is dangerously on the borderline of Jones's melodramatic heroes when he utters such sentiments as "I'd rather smother you in tears and blood than you should go on living this poor little heartless, withered life, choked up with all this dry society dust". He is rescued from excessive emotionalism by the brittle, careless frivolity of Lady Jessica, who does not respond to his tenderness, though pleased to accept and take advantage of his admiration. The dialogue throughout the play is witty, varied and expressive. Sir Christopher's commonsense and Falkner's

obstinate romanticism make good flashes of argument." Falkner declares, "Mine is not a physical passion". "Oh, that be hanged," says Sir Christopher:

"Falkner. I tell you it is not.
such as Sir C. Well then, it ought to be!

Falkner. (angrily) Well then, it is. What business is it of yours?

The whispering campaign between the wives about what Mrs. Crespin said about Gilbert, if not in good taste, makes at least good comedy. Jones's skill in the use of echo as a comic effect is shown in Gilbert's first altercation with

Jessica over Falkner:

Gilbert. What's all this tomfoolery with Falkner?

Lady J. Tomfoolery?

Gilbert. George says you're carrying on some tomfoolery with Falkner.

Lady J. Ah! that's very sweet and elegant of George. But I never carry on any tomfoolery with anyone.

Disagreement between husbands and wives is always comic to neutral spectators and masterpieces of conjugal repartee pass between the several couples. Freddie, on declaring that he will not be a cipher, is bidden by his wife, Lady Rosamund, to "run away to his club and think over what figure he would like to be." On Gilbert, one asking fiercely whether his wife

means to respect his wishes, receives the answer, "Of course I shall respect your wishes. I may not obey them, but I shall respect them."

There are passages of short, crisp interchange of talk, such as the depth charges put down by Lady Jessica when sounding Sir Christopher to see how much he knows of the Star and Garter episode. Comedy loops backwards and forwards between act and act: Lady Jessica's explanation that she took a mere mouthful of food with Falkner is echoed meaningly by Sir Christopher, who had the pleasure of eating the mouthful.

As a picture of English manners The Liars surpasses any play of the period, and serves the nineteenth century as Sheridan served the eighteenth. Wilde's plays, though dealing with the same society, are caricatures of the times, containing the essence of all its follies concentrated in perversity, so that his characters become unnatural, though brilliant. Jones's characters are "not for an age but for all time", and yet behave in their particular fashion because of the background of contemporary English life, customs, thought and convention. Freddie's regatta party, the card-game, the telegrams and trains and urgent messages from the Foreign Office, give the external details; passing references to the Non-Conformists, Sir Christopher's morsels of fashion-

able scandal give the current intellectual background. Gilbert, the heavy husband, Jessica the frivolous wife, Falkner the romantic chevalier, Sir Christopher the genial man of the world, are perennial types that crop up in any age and in every phase of human development. In this play more than in any other Jones shows his sense of humanity, and it bears out more than any other play the impression of Jones gained from his friends' descriptions of him, gazing humorously and yet compassionately upon the world, with a merry twinkle in his wrinkling blue eyes.

This triumph was followed by three very poor plays. As was natural, his first instinct was to try and repeat his recent success. The Manoeuvres of Jane is the first attempt at repetition. It breaks down because it relies on the individual character of one person, which Jones had not the creative insight to bring out. The success of The Liars was due to co-operation, not individual enterprise. Jane, apart from being rude and impertinent, does not fulfil the reputation ascribed to her at the beginning of the play; all her high spirits are concentrated on flirtations and being rude to her father. She had to leave school on account of an "epidemic of love-letters"; she carries on a false flirtation with Lord Bapchild, and she reminds her father of stories of his own

questionable behaviour with a French governess. She has no endearing qualities. Her love affair with George Langton is too sentimental to be interesting. Boys and girls that call each other "my Georgie" and "my Janie" are insipid stuff. The play does, however, show Jones's natural gift for telling a tale and inventing incident. The manoeuvres of Jane are varied and complicated, and Bradshaw is again one of the leading characters. In arranging the elopement George discovers that "the two lines of rail on each side of the river were evidently constructed for the purpose of bringing us together at Southwich Junction. And - good luck! - for once in a way the trains fit in! Chaney depart 7.45. Southwich arrive eight-thirty." Pleased with the success of his rendez-vous at the Star and Garter, Jones tried the effect of another at the Magpie Inn, Southwich. In a handsomely-bound, badly written "souvenir" volume called "The Stage in 1900" Joseph Knight recalled the Star and Garter scene in The Liars as one of the "visual scenes" which lingered in the memory. Its imitation in The Manoeuvres of Jane is not successful. There is much impatience on the part of Jane waiting for George, and a coarse and not picturesque landlord, and finally a feeble quarrel-scene, aping Sheridan, in which Jane declares

in lame expressions of fury, "I'll never forgive you - and - I'll never marry you! Never! Never! Never! - No - oh, I must say something - I'm dashed if I do!" This quarrel is patched up with equal feebleness in the next act when Jane says she will have him on any terms. Her use of the word "dashed" is irritatingly repeated in the next act as an expletive of daring originality.

There are two characters worth noting. One is a newcomer to Jones's plays - Pamela - "a raw awkward girl about 14, with irregular putty features, straight drab hair, round shoulders, a bad carriage, a habit of rubbing one hand in the other, and a constant appearance of being cold and comfortless." This unpleasant child is Jones's impression of a schoolgirl, whom everybody tries to avoid. She has no youth about her and no childish charm, and she seems to symbolise the unfortunate twist which was beginning to warp Jones's geniality and merit Walkley's criticism that Jones's plays always left an unpleasant taste in the mouth. Even his children are satirised. The other character is one of Jones's caricatures, comic in his idiocy. It is in this farcical treatment of ridiculous people that Jones achieves his best effects. Bapchild declaring after an effort at love-making, "I think I

will now go and put on my sailor suit as it is more commodious for boating"; Bapchild washed up in compromising circumstances with Constance in Miss Padstow's respectable cottage, and Bapchild endeavouring to escape from the matrimonial toils of the persevering Constance, is more amusing than all the would-be high spirits of Jane. It is easy to portray and caricature extremes; it is not so easy to create a living, lively, many-sided personality. This was the limitation of Jones's abilities. Jones's artistic development was now arrested by a sudden extraneous dash to the outposts of Empire in a play which the Pall Mall Gazette pronounced, "as formless as the first effort of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Brown and not the twenty-fifth of Mr. Jones". Mrs. Thorne says that Jones spent a year reading about India before he wrote Carnac Sahib and he has been so carried away by atmosphere that there is little else in the play. He has collected from India what the film-directors collect there - picturesque troops of natives, rajahs and maharajahs, inscrutable and sly, palaces jewelled and glamorous, native assassins skulking in bushes beneath verandahs, empire-builders of the best public-school breed being outrageously British. Into it all he has introduced his favourite married-woman-man-of-forty intrigue, this time complicated by having two men of forty, and

the husband in abeyance. There is no dramatic reason why Olive should be married. It makes no difference to her behaviour, her husband counts for nothing, and never appears. The jealousy theme, safely removed to the far East, is worked up to a higher emotional pitch than in his English plays. In India one can allow an attempted murder in a romantic drama without jarring the public's sensibilities. Even so, Jones did not go so far as to make the murder successful. As the murderer leaps to strike, the faithful Ellice warns Carnac to look behind, and when he has successfully disposed of him, he turns to her and remarks unnecessarily, "You were right. I was in danger." The play is full of such redundancies.

The action is confused; there is much hasty summoning of brave little bands to dash out and encounter overwhelming odds of rabid natives; there is always a race against time, with every possibility of the Maharajah or the Rajah getting there first, but the reasons for all this activity are not clear, nor the issues at stake. Jones has not bothered to make the plot tidy, but has merely created opportunities for displays of British dash and pluck.

The two leaders, Carnac and Syrett, rivals for the favours of Olive, are heroes of the highest order. Posing to their adored one, they belittle their dangers in noble understatement:

... Olive pictured

when Olive asks Syrett, "Will there be some fighting?" he replies, "A good sharp tussle. It's only a matter of smashing the Rajah and hanging a few hundred natives". Carnac staggers in from the battle, "haggard, tired, broken down with fatigue". He acquires a picturesque wound, necessitating a sling, and when Olive, susceptible to such interesting details, asks, "Wounded? Why haven't I heard of it?" he answers simply and nobly, "Because I haven't mentioned it." With equally noble loyalty he will not have Syrett blamed for disobeying orders, much as he loathes him as a rival; noble again, when Syrett's hired assassin has almost earned his pay, he only asks him to say he is sorry and declines to fight him; Syrett, equally noble, declares that his life is at his service when he needs it, to which Carnac replies, "I don't at present, thank-you, only don't keep on threatening to take mine, there's a good fellow." Their nobility is only to be matched with their bravery, which reaches a pitch of showy rhetoric when Carnac faces the natives, shouting, "If one of you takes a step further or tries to open the gates I'll blwo the palace and every one of your damned carcasses to rags and ribbons and eternity", a prettily turned phrase unlikely to trip to the tongue in the heat of battle.

In the women there is the old contrast of the sophisticated temptress and the innocent adorer. Olive pictures

herself romantically receiving conquering heroes in her most becoming dress, Ellice adores in silence the hero who once carried her over a dangerous stream, into whose arms she accidentally faints, and whose hand is mistakenly placed in hers by the dying Kynaston, who mistakes her for his sister. While Olive decoratively distributes tiger-lilies and roses among her admirers, Ellice under fire shows herself very brave and sensible and useful, preparing meals, cheering the weary, and so far from being decorative, has not even brought a powder puff with her.

In this play Jones shows himself a master of the romantic vague in the conception of character; Carnac, again a man in the dangerous forties, is described in the stage directions as having a face that "shows signs that he has 'lived'". This is superfluous and foolish; it does not matter to the play whether Carnac has lived or not, and is not borne out in the dialogue. It is a stupid piece of sentimentality and imperfect realisation of his character. In the second act he has to resort to open instructions to the actors to convey his effect, not able to trust the force of his dialogue: "It is a situation where the essential passions of men should be shown rather than their ordinary behaviour. If this jealous rage on the part of both men... is not shown by

the actors the significance of the scene is lost."

The whole play betrays the quality of Jones's sensibilities; the showmanship in him made him realise only the showy virtues of men. He was the symbol of all that Bernard Shaw came to debunk. He was original dramatically, but intellectually he was on the level of a good conservative - commercial-traveller. He chose a new setting, with opportunities for Tree's splendour and sumptuousness and lovely dresses, to which the Pall Mall Gazette devoted a whole separate article, and into it he put ideas and sentiments worthy of the pages of Home Notes.

With the turn of the century Jones entered upon a period of seven years of comedy, varying in quality from the vulgar depths of The Princess's Nose to the brilliant heights of Dolly Reforming Herself. Jones did not develop chronologically; the outlook of Dolly Reforming Herself is the same as that in The Crusaders written seventeen years before. The technique is more sure, in that the characters are more closely bound together, there is more incident and detail, and more fully-developed personality; the characters themselves, however, are the same, and experience has not widened his conceptions. The comedies fall into three groups - always excepting The Princess's Nose, which cannot be classified as anything but a mental

aberration - plays dealing with the machinations of a single eccentric or enterprising character, plays dealing with groups of people treated satirically, and plays dealing with women with pasts.

The plays dealing with single characters are dull failures. The Lackey's Carnival in 1900, The Chevaleer in 1904, and The Heroic Stubbs in 1906, are all plays in which Jones has tried to create one individual, but cannot get inside his character; he only sees his creations superficially, and labels without interpreting. In each of these plays his surface originality shot up. Each character as a stage character is new and unprecedented. The newness of Thomas the butler in The Lackey's Carnival led Max to write a whole article in the Saturday Review on "Mr. Jones below stairs", commending him for treating a servant as a human being and not as a piece of dramatic machinery. And no doubt he opened the door for Mrs. Jones of The Silver Box. Jones's early innovations, set with the Victorian emphasis on love, romance and dramatic situation, were many times picked up by later dramatists and translated into modern terms of social problems and psycho-analysis. Jones was quick to recognise a type and could have summed each one up vividly in a journalistic description of them. He was as alive as H.G. Wells to the possibilities of such

a character as little Stubbs, the bootmaker. Unfortunately, execution always lagged behind conception, and Jones's figures decay to a condition of mere antiquarian interest, whilst the Galsworthy Joneses, and the Mr. Pollies and Mr. Kipps live on as literature.

The Lackey's Carnival is a tale divided in interest. The servant is not examined as a person, he is the centre of the action, and a master-blackmailer, but not deeply considered in relation to his circumstances. Yet Max Beerbohm was blinded by his nearness to the object into thinking that Jones had shown a new range of conception. The interest to modern eyes is not so much upon Thomas as a servant, but on Thomas as a criminal, to whom the office of servant is a convenient disguise. Moreover, the adventures of the "family" are as important as those of the servants. Violet, the object of Thomas's blackmail, married to Stephen, is almost killed by her husband in a fit of frenzied jealousy, and there is a maudlin scene of reconciliation at the end, when the servants have been dealt with and forgotten.

The Chevaleer is a play with which Jones himself was never satisfied. He blamed the acting, but the fault was not in his stars, but in himself. A rollicking showman like the Chevaleer Mouteagle needs a Dickens to bring him alive.

Dramatically he need not have been a showman; a meaning wink was the only qualification, and a playful vicar would have served the plot as well. It does not require a professional showman to exploit the advantage of being mistakenly imagined to be in possession of information vital to the domestic peace of a husband and wife. The showman is indicated by cumbersome mouthfuls of words unimaginatively chosen; he describes himself as "the one and only: the unique, the unapproachable, the epoch-maker". The humour and dialogue are flat and feeble, dependent upon such phrases as "Happy is the family that has no dirty linen ... to be washed or otherwise dealt with."

The Heroic Stubbs has not humour even on that level: Stubbs, a humourless little bootmaker, placed in the position of saving a fashionable woman from drowning and loss of reputation, is a difficult character to make dramatic unless treated satirically or whimsically, especially as he is in love with the woman. Jones unfortunately treats him straight, and tries to make a drama out of it. Again, the setting is new and original - telephones and shoeshops and special trains speak of the twentieth century - and a shoemaker-hero was new to the stage.

The theme is impossible and Jones has not succeeded in making it convincing. To modern ears Stubbs' declaration of

his attachment for Lady Hermione is irritating because it is uninteresting and depends on the acceptance of false social values. He reminds her of the day when she came into the shop where he was working as a boy and said, "'Go and get some dinner and never neglect your work again, because if you do, Roland, you'll never have a shop of your own, Roland, and make my boots when you grow up, Roland.' Romantic little incident wasn't it?". Yet to Max Beerbohm this little man was pathetic; Max seemed to be able to put himself into Jones's characteristic attitude of mind, because he was grateful to him for the persistence with which he strove to bring new life to the stage. The weakness lies in Jones's not giving Stubbs any other qualities to arouse sympathy for him. He is ridiculous in his pursuit for Lady Hermione. He arouses no interest in the audience. He is a vulgar little business-man, extravagant if kindly. Jones is so proud of his special train that he alludes to it twice more in the following act. Stubbs's sister remonstrates with him about the expense, and Dellow cannot imagine how he got down to Yavercliff so soon. The audience is not allowed to forget the cleverness of that special train. The play misses fire on all counts, and Jones had none of the dramatic excuses for writing it: he did not treat it in comic vein, which the theme would have stood well; he did not give Stubbs enough sensibility to merit his grande

passion and make it a dramatic love-story; he did not make Stubbs a social and psychological study. It was one of the plays which he handled carelessly, with bad taste, and which need never have been written.

Of the two comedies of women with pasts Mrs. Dane's Defence is the cleverest, if not the pleasantest. It was produced in 1900. Jones was now having to run to keep up with the development of modern drama, and even so he was behind, for the woman with a past had been played to death in the 'nineties. Oscar Wilde, Pinero, Shaw and Jones himself had already exploited her. In 1894 there had been an uproar in the papers about her, and The Times had decided that she had been seen enough. Yet in 1900 Jones brought her out again, with no excuse for her re-appearance beyond giving an opportunity for one of his most "tremendous" and memorable scenes. His last woman with a past, Dulcie Larondie, had been a melodramatic, highly-coloured creature, whose lurid past was shown in detail and whose respectable present was only hinted at. In Mrs. Dane's Defence the whole play turns on the efforts of parties concerned to discover whether the lady had a past, or merely a reputation, and supplies ample opportunity for Jones's scandal-mongering satire.

He strikes a medium between the tragedy of The Second

Mrs. Tanqueray and the artificial satire of A Woman of No Importance. The woman concerned does not kill herself, as Paula did, nor does she take up the attitude of Mrs. Arbuthnot and reject the man who ruined her as a "man of no importance". She goes meekly away at the bidding of the Olympian Sir Daniel to repent and forget. Jones does not concern himself with the consequences of marrying a woman with a past, nor with her subsequent history; he uses her as a means of satirising once more the English morality which was the bane of his life. The whole play is devoted to proving whether or not Mrs. Dane was Felicia Hindmarsh, notorious for her association with a three-cornered scandal in Vienna.

The play works up to the climax in the third act when Mrs. Dane is cross-examined with professional skill by Sir Daniel Carteret, the eminent judge. Apart from this scene the action of the play is dull and commonplace, taking place in the residential district which throws up the types Jones so despised. The same suburban society re-appears, with the addition of Mrs. Bulsom-Porter, the local scandal-monger, who goes to the expense of hiring a detective to watch Mrs. Dane, and Canon Bonsey, a new type of parson, social, urbane and worldly. His opinion is that "when a delightful lady comes to church and subscribes regularly to all the parish charities"

it is not "the duty of a clergyman to ask for her references and nobody challenges or contradicts him. He makes sweeping as if she were a housemaid".

The detective adds an incongruously professional atmosphere to the delving into Mrs. Dane's past; his slick thoughtlessness and show Jones's dangerous taste for baseless photographing of Mrs. Dane, and corroboration of the photographs with acquaintances in Vienna are not in keeping with the general satirical tone. Never again was Jones to achieve that flawless evenness of texture which made The Liars. His plays henceforth always rely on one "tremendous" scene surrounded by mediocre ones. Only in the cross-examination scene does Mrs. Dane become interesting. Elsewhere she is something of an automaton, with none of the picturesque expressions of Paula Tanqueray, nor the determined spirit of Mrs. Arbuthnot. Even in the cross-examination the fascination is that of solving a jig-saw puzzle and the interest lies in its solution rather than in proving Mrs. Dane's guilt or innocence. The audience, knowing the result of the puzzle, are fascinated to see how it is pieced together. Sir Daniel's detailed questions and Mrs. Dane's self-contradictions pile up to the final climax of Sir Daniel's "Woman, you're lying" and Mrs. Dane is crushed beneath his judicial determination.

Sir Daniel is a very knowing gentleman. He has ready-made theories to offer at any moment on love, life and women,

and nobody challenges or contradicts him. He makes sweeping statements in a yet more sententious vein than his prototype of the earlier comedies. Many of his sayings are wordy and meaningless and show Jones's dangerous taste for baseless rhetoric already poisoning his style. Sir Daniel, when trying to show "Lal" the stupidity of his passion for Mrs. Dane, describes a youthful adoration for a certain "bonnie Louisa" who later married into the Edgware Road, and concludes arrogantly, "Bonnie Louisa, Janet Colquhoun, Juliet Capulet - the divine illusion is always the same". Jones in coupling Juliet, whose eternal passion could hardly be compared with the episode of Bonnie Louisa, proved his thoughtless of judgment and habit of writing phrases without meaning or truth. At the end of the play Sir Daniel utters another well-cadenced phrase signifying nothing: "It isn't the world that's hard. It isn't the men and women ... it's the law, the hard law, that we didn't make, that we would break up if we could".

His adopted son, Lal, who by Jones's mental twist, is the son of a woman he once loved, is the conventional love-lorn hero, sleepless, idealistic, tenderly comforted by sympathetic friends in the last act, and removed to Egypt to forget. Jones should have written a combined sequel to all his plays showing what happened to his love-lorn lads when they

were all forgetting in India, Egypt and darkest Africa. Lal's passion for Mrs. Dane is contrasted with an earlier and much more desirable attachment for the sweet young Janet, irrelevantly labelled Scotch, whose meekness, it is obvious from the last act, will nevertheless finally inherit the family name, when the memory of Mrs. Dane is blotted out.

Sir Daniel, again with the purpose of "keeping up the Wyndham" is supplied with a convenient widow of twenty-eight to co-operate in love-scenes. Lady Eastney is made over from Beatrice Ebernoe, Lady Inez and Lady Beauchamp, and radiates much sweet commonsense, managerial efficiency, generosity and sympathetic understanding.

It will be seen that except for the cross-examination scene the play adds nothing to Jones's development, being old material cut up into a new pattern and arranged on a new model. The cross-examination scene, however, was significant, as opening up a new range of dramatic possibilities and leading to the law-court scenes of Galsworthy.

Whitewashing Julia (1903) is another play with exactly the same theme, exactly the same treatment, and exactly the same inferences. It is more vividly described, but even more loosely constructed; the fundamental issues are left unclarified, and are not systematically exposed; it would

seem from the title that the play was intended to cover up the past and not expose it, but, as often happens with Jones, the title has little to do with the subject, as presented. Such discrepancies suggest that Jones sat down with the title and theme of a play in his head which transformed themselves in the writing and readjusted their emphasis. There is a little organised whitewashing professionally attempted by the lawyer Samways, but it is submerged in the systematic scraping off of the whitewash undertaken by the enthusiastic amateurs, Lady Pinkney and her companions. These ladies represent Jones's usual scandal-satire; so great is their zeal for digging up the past that they find evidence superfluous: Miss Fewings finds that "evidence merely confuses and unsettles one." *is very young, and meant to be high-spirited.*

The main issues of the play, the "exact nature" of Julia's relations with the foreign duke, and the significant mysteries of the puff-box are left unexplained. Julia researches with diligence and piles of law-books into the validity of morganatic marriages, but produces no result. There are periodical hints, whispers and innuendoes about the puff-box, and a dressing-case, but nothing comes to light.

Apart from these discrepancies the play is lively, cynically amusing and more vivid than Mrs. Dane. Jones

plunges straight into the story; Pinero introduced his lady gradually through a dinner party and a wedding-announcement; Wilde casually referred to the existence of his at the end of the first act, but Jones, always with his eye on the audience, brings his in in the first speech. "It was Julia", says Mrs. Chaytor, and Lady Pinkney replies, "Both the Bishop and Mrs. Blenkinsop say it will be impossible for us to know Mrs. Wren unless the Homburg scandal is cleared up."

The play opens in the marquee at the Bishop's garden party, amid much realism of cups of tea, baskets of strawberries and discussions of bargains of blue pinafores at the stalls. There is the usual collection of fashionable women, enlivened by the sour Miss Fewings, and a new type, Trixie. Trixie is very young, and meant to be high-spirited. She succeeds in being rude and objectionable. Youth was a blind spot in Jones's perceptions and he never created an attractive young person. She quarrels rudely with her aunt, and The Times in its criticism made the observation that "Miss Ethelwyn Arthur Jones (Jones's daughter) gave ... a very effective little outburst of temper which would however have come better say from the only daughter of some local tradesman than from the niece of a bishop." "Every class has its own way of expressing its feelings", it says, "a fact that Mr. Jones has never, we think, sufficiently considered."

Apart from the mistaken efforts of Trixie the characters prove lively and well-developed, and the play finally turns upon the character of Bevis, Lady Pinkney's son. Bevis has always been the apple of her eye, a paragon of good behaviour, and it is the fear of his corruption which fixes her determination not to know Mrs. Wren. Unfortunately the results of a youthful indiscretion appear at the moment when he is being moral about not dining with Julia. This unmans him: "You see," he explains to Stillingfleet, "I've tried to set a very high standard for the sake of other people. When I was at Oxford I was betrayed into a very undesirable friendship." He hastily withdraws his objections to Julia, whom Lady Pinkney receives enthusiastically into the family as Stillingfleet's wife.

There is witty dialogue, but no dramatic situation. The whole play seems to be a leisurely dwelling on several aspects of a popular subject. It is remarkable for one brazen piece of plagiarism. Before Julia finally consents to marry Stillingfleet she brings him an envelope containing a "plain unvarnished account" of her much-disputed past. She begs him to read these. His answer is to put them on the fire and burn them. This is a plain repetition of Pinero's device in Mrs. Tanqueray, without the dramatic significance. It clearly

reveals the difference in technique between the two dramatists. In Pinero's play the incident is a functional part of the plot, for had Aubrey read Paula's declaration he would have known of her past intrigue with Captain Ardale. In Jones's play it has nothing but a sentimental significance, with no bearing on the plot; Julia and Stillingfleet simply get married and live happily ever after, as shown in the epilogue, where they are no longer outcasts, but shining social lights.

Of the three social comedies Joseph Entangled (1904) is an entertaining, though less brilliantly constructed, version of The Liars; The Hypocrites (1907) is the most typical, and Dolly Reforming Herself (1908) is the most amusing and sparkling.

Joseph Entangled is summed up by one of its own characters as "an amusing little episode with a happy ending". It is an effort to repeat the success of The Liars, being the story of the effort to extricate a wife from the suspicion of faithfulness, by the mass organisation of what is believed by the husband to be a lie, but what is actually the truth.

The story is well built and well told. The opening scene is a series of coincidences which lead to Sir Joseph Lacy and Lady Verona Mayne having breakfast together and being discovered by the Tavenders, indefatigable gossip-mongers.

There are several tricks taken over from The Liars. One is the repetition of Sir Joseph's excuse, echoed like Jessica's lie about missing the turning, but all the more effective for being the truth. Knapman, who lets him into the house on the fatal night, is the first to hear it. "First of all my man Staddon", it runs, "gets laid up with chicken-pox: I have to come to town alone: get up here: no luggage: telegraph all along the line, no sign of it: can't get into my chambers as I've let them till next month: drive off to my club, find it's shut for repairs". "I happened to be passing that window about a quarter to eleven," he adds later to the Tavenders. "Knapman was leaning out of it. I was dead tired and when Knapman offered to put me up for the night I simply jumped at the idea". The repetition of this tale is a refrain throughout the play and always meets with scepticism and doubt. "What convinced me was the stupid way they kept on trying to excuse themselves", said Mrs. Tavender. At the end of the play when Hardolph's friends have decided to save the situation they only make it worse by explanation.

The dialogue in the play is easy and natural, though not brilliant, and seldom witty. Again his greatest humour lies in a caricature, that of Professor Toffield. The old tricks are put into action again - the removal of the lover to the

Colonies, the satire on British morality, the insidious effect of gossip, the raisonneur character. Jones always has to give advice and generalise in a wise way in his plays, and here Pyecroft fulfils the duties, and makes sententious remarks about old Dame Nature. He also arrives at one sane theory in his small sermons to Hardolph, which it would have been well for Jones himself to have practised:

"Treat it as a comedy, and a comedy it becomes. Treat it as a tragedy and by God it is a tragedy; and you break your heart."

One of the weaknesses in the play is that Hardolph treats the affair as a tragedy, and the comic effect of the play is clouded. He becomes almost mad with jealousy: "I see, I feel, I know, I've been deceived. I, good heavens - my servants pity me! I see it in their faces!" "Remember, I loved you so much," he says later, "I was willing to forget and forgive everything for your sake". This is not comedy; it is rather unpleasant, for Hardolph's love is not so much love as pride, and a horror of being made to look ridiculous. He loves his own reputation more than he loves his wife. Jones here upsets the sympathies of the play, for Sir Joseph really does love Lady Verona with the love of a man who finds his own grande passion after a lifetime of wild-oats sowing.

"O never mind me," he says pathetically at the end, "I'm getting away from London for a little while - and - never mind me". Hardolph's constant repetitions of his willingness to get away and "live it down", to forget and forgive, could, as there was nothing to forget and forgive, have been used with the comic effect of Falstaff's "Hostess, I forgive thee", but Jones uses it to arouse outraged innocence in Lady Verona. Jones has missed an opportunity for brilliance and converted it into solemnity.

The play, which begins well structurally, ends on a sudden, feeble volteface on the part of Hardolph, who, unable to believe the evidence as presented to him, is driven by jealousy, to eavesdrop in the next room and overhear from the conversation of Lady Verona, Sir Joseph and Lady Joyce that his wife is really innocent.

The fundamental weaknesses outweigh the excellent technical qualities and living characters, and the play ends on an unsatisfactory note, for it is obvious that Lady Verona would have been happier with her charming Sir Joseph than with the obstinate Hardolph.

The Hypocrites is another satire on English suburban hypocrisy. This was one of the themes which Jones was continually presenting, remade, remodelled, re-set, and he

became more peevish with each presentation. He wanted serious drama, but he himself was no thinker in the constructive sense. He may have felt that "great spirits now on earth are sojourning" and realised his own inferiority, so that, unable to emulate the depth of thought in the new drama, he fell back upon impatient intensifying of the ideas which he had first put forward when the stage was his. It was enough for Jones that ideas, not situations, should make up the drama; when the ideas became too advanced for him, it was too much.

He brought into The Hypocrites some of the worst tricks lingering from his unfortunate "dramas". He has a pure young heroine, Helen - "dreamy, spirituelle, unusual", lavishing on her an over-loaded, unfulfilled stage-direction. Illustrating her unusualness she faces matrimony with the following sentiments, culled from the Woman's Magazine:

"Everything is to be just as Lennard wishes. Only please put in a clause that the little garden in the corner of my soul is to be my own, always my very own freehold".

Jones should have avoided soul like the plague, but in this, one of his last plays, it afflicted him again, and in addition to this maiden he created a curate who suffered from it as badly as Michael. Even the favourably-disposed Man confessed that the curate filled him with a "sense of extreme

repletion". He is described in the stage directions as a "pale, earnest, refined ascetic ..." with "a beautiful smile and a serene expression". By now it is justifiable to despair of Jones ever showing any artistic development. The man's quality of intellect did not permit it; if at the age of fifty-six he could write seriously of men with beautiful smiles it is foolish to hope that he would ever improve. In this case the stage direction is matched by the dialogue, for only sentiments compatible with beautiful smiles are expressed by the owner, who is likewise so far gone in his serenity that when asked what he will do about his children if he loses his living, he answers, "They will be catered for - by the sparrows."

Setting aside the curate the play is a competent exposition of its theme, and the hypocrites are satisfying representatives of their type. The story is that Lennard Wilmore, engaged to the unusual Helen, and son of a first-rate hypocrite of a mother, is discovered on the eve of marriage to have seduced a charming young innocent who comes to claim the father of her baby. The hypocritical mother makes frenzied efforts to keep her son's name out of the scandal. The curate supports the unfortunate Rachel. For this he is threatened with the loss of his living, and nobly faces it.

All is finally saved by Lennard's suddenly recovering his passion for Rachel, and the unusual Helen arranging to go and work in London with the curate, leaving the hypocrites annihilated.

As a group the hypocrites are well-distinguished, being divided into what may be called the fanatical and the enlightened. Viveash is a hypocrite and knows it, confessing himself a "comfortable old sinner"; Daubeny is a hypocrite and preaches it, declaring that what the Church needs is "pre-eminently safe men - safe Christians". Mr. and Mrs. Wilmore and Mrs. Blaney are hypocrites and know it not; they consider themselves paragons of morality, Wilmore declaring, "It's abominable of Lennard to place me in a position where I - and after all I have done for morality too."

There is an atmosphere of peevishness, of repressed spleen about this play; it seems written in a mood of impotent irritability, as if Jones had begun to realise that his day was done. His dramatic renaissance had now grown into a dramatic revival, heavy solemnity filled the dramatic air. Stanley Houghton, Granville Barker, Shaw, Galsworthy, had invaded the English stage, and the apostle of the serious drama had given way to the Messiahs. Henry Arthur Jones was, however, never to be relied upon. Just when he seemed to be entering upon a

period of senile dramatic decay, living in the past and working up old themes, all that was best in him as an artist flared up to produce Dolly Reforming Herself. With grandfatherly benevolence he wrote a rollicking, light-hearted comedy, snapping his fingers at the frowning social workers of the drama and spontaneously enjoying life.

Dolly Reforming Herself (1908) is the most genial, tolerant, humorous and enjoyable play that Jones ever wrote. It is all these for the simple reason that he was not trying to search the soul or reform mankind; nor was he feeling bitter about his favourite bugbears, hypocrisy, scandal and the like; he was content with writing an amusing story based on a common but not deeply serious failing. The whole conception is artificial and turns on the slender axis of a jolly old man's bet on New Year's Day that none of his companions will keep their resolutions. It is supported by a tolerantly satirised Professor, deeply absorbed in theories of free will. Such a subject demands merely mischievous humour without profound satire, and consequently comic situation, comic dialogue and comic character combine to give entertainment more refreshing and stimulating than any of his group-satires or antics of odd individuals.

There is no deep emotion to upset the texture: what emotion there is is caricatured, and emanates from Renie, the

languishing wife of the Professor, who endeavours to satisfy her romance-starved soul in an intrigue with Dolly's brother Lucas. Believing herself a woman misunderstood, she dramatises herself into a tragedy queen with highly comic effect.

The whole play is bound together by the character of Dolly, who is the best woman-character that Jones ever created. She has no sentimental susceptibilities, nor yet is she a sophisticated flirt. She shows much sound sense in managing other people's affairs, but none in managing her own finances. She is shown up best against the pale-eyed Renie, whose passions she withers in firm commonsense. "Friendship between a man and a woman is so misunderstood," Renie sighs, and Dolly retorts, "Yes. Lucas had a friendship with a governess here which we all misunderstood - till afterwards". Dolly is very skilful in her manoeuvres, and with excellent psychological insight she inveigles Renie into a confession of indiscretions with Lucas in the dairy. She says that something in Renie's behaviour has shocked her father, "and when my father is shocked it is something very glaring". Renie's conscience then goes over all the doubtful episodes, finally concluding that he must have passed the dairy windows. This information Dolly passes on to her father, who never was near the dairy windows, but uses them with great effect on Lucas, and gives rise to the

second-best scene of the play.

When it comes to managing her household bills Dolly is a failure, and the day of reckoning with her husband proves to be one of the finest scenes Jones ever wrote. Enraged accusations and refutations, withering repartee, irrelevant side-disputes and hot denials flash backwards and forwards, mingled with tears, kisses, reconciliations and fresh outbursts of wrath. Intermittently Dolly's father, Matthew, appears, raised from a sleepless pillow by the noise, and the effect of the patent food which the valetudinarian Professor had recommended him.

"You knew when you married me," says Dolly at the outset, "that I hadn't got the money sense." "I hadn't any sense at all", retorts Harry bitterly. Harry's attitude throughout is one of bitterness and grievance. There are comic pictures of Harry "dancing about the room and shouting", Harry waving the bills, slapping them on the table in fury, Harry full of grievance that his wife should spend so much on clothes while he has to smoke sixpenny cigars - "sometimes fourpenny". By the end of the scene these cigars, constantly referred to, have dwindled, as Falstaff's foes multiplied, to the value of two-pence. Dolly in her turn reminds him of the times he has admired her various garments; "in future," he retorts, "I'm going to be very careful what articles of your dress I praise".

She kisses him, sits on his knee, weeps, declares she will in future "dress so that you'll be ashamed to be seen in the street with me". "I shall make myself a perfect fright, a perfect dowdy, a perfect draggle-tail". This is unfortunate, as it goads Harry to declare that he will go out with somebody else, and this in turn leads to the fatal subject of Miss Smithson. Dolly's jealousy for this lady, for whom she fancies Harry has an attachment, sweeps aside the problem of the bills - "We will clear up Miss Smithson first".

Harry. We will not clear up Miss Smithson.

Dolly. Because you can't clear up Miss Smithson.

Harry. I can clear up Miss Smithson.

Dolly. You cannot clear up Miss Smithson.

At this point father is called in to arbitrate, unwillingly. The scene ends with Dolly going off, infuriated, babbling of Miss Smithson, followed by Harry, equally infuriated, waving the bills and stamping.

This was the genial "Henry Arthur" at work, the "Henry Arthur" beloved of Shaw and Max, the furrows of satirical frowns smoothed from his brow, and wrinkles of good humour taking their place. It was a Henry Arthur wreathed in smiles, alive to the mirthful possibilities of lost tempers, lost in his characters instead of losing them in himself, and unbending to the

expression of a knowledgeable acquaintance with ladies' fashions, from "postillon coats of Rose du Barri silk" to "underwear of daintiness and distinction", including blue silk garters.

The rest of the characters support the brilliance of Dolly. Her father, Matthew Barron, is a raisonneur of a more genial, sympathetic order than the previous gentlemen. Instigated by Dolly, he plays up adroitly to the dairy windows. "After the dairy windows," he says to Lucas, not knowing anything about them, "can you stand there and tell me you aren't thoroughly, completely, heartily ashamed of yourself?" Lucas cannot, but makes a valiant attempt, with the result that Matthew is led into indiscreet reminiscences of his own youth - of a "very remarkable auburn-haired girl, Madge Seaforth" and "Mrs. Satterthwaite dressing up as a widow and selling her husband" - "But come, come," he pulls himself up. "This won't do! This will never do! Now to get back to this business of yours."

He provides an excellent foil to Professor Sturgess and his theories and examples of baby farmers, pyromaniacs and trigamists, all of whose delinquencies he puts down not to free will but to the unsatisfactory functioning of their grey matter. The astute Matthew gives this a practical application in the excusing of Renie's indiscretions: "You ought to be condoling

with her and doing all you can to get her grey matter into healthy working condition".

Here was Jones at his best, tolerantly, humorously observant; the impartial artist, no longer the bitter reformer; his sense of values straight, his unfortunate moral earnestness in abeyance. Accordingly here was the best of his technique; there are no excrescent situations or irrelevant descriptions of characters; every speech, every action is a functional part of the construction. Renie's love affair with Lucas is not only a comic situation, it is a humorous method of exposing the foolish romantic, and also a satirical comment on the Professor's theories, for with all his generalisations on human behaviour, he is at a loss to account for the behaviour of his wife. Such a love-complication may be compared in treatment with the intrigue of Dick Rusper and Cynthia in The Crusaders which is only loosely attached to the main theme.

Character is revealed with greater subtlety than in any other play excepting The Liars. It is shown not in the pronouncement of definite views or feelings, but in general conversation and reaction to events, and the pronouncements of other characters, and in the comments of other characters, which are not simply description. "I shan't tell Harry," says Dolly, referring to the Lucas conspiracy. "Harry would only get into

a temper and muddle it." This is much more subtle than a prolonged exchange of descriptions, such as the dialogue about Audrie Lesden in Michael. Jones at his worst would have put in the stage direction a description of Harry as "showing signs of bad temper", but here he shows judgment and economy, for the revelation of character is combined with an advancement in the action. When there is no time wasted on mere character-description there is opportunity for a much fuller, complicated plot and action.

The tragedy was that Jones never appreciated the best in himself. He could not see that his mind, quick and alert as any journalist's, was meant to journalise life, not to penetrate its emotional depths. He was afflicted with the unfortunate conviction that unless he was reforming something he was not fulfilling his duty. This is the only play of his later years which does not give the impression that Jones had a deep-rooted grievance against life which he had to work off in bitter satire, unpleasant, cynical, always the same.

The black spot in this period is The Princess's Nose (1902), a play to stop the nose at and forget. It is one of the results of Jones's visits to France. The Prince is French, and therefore immoral - "Remember, your husband is French", says Sir John, the raisonneur of the piece, "morals are largely a

matter of geography". He gives the large-nosed princess vulgar advice on the winning back of her husband from the shapely-nosed Mrs. Malpas - "make yourself the most attractive woman in his vicinity ... Above all never let him see you in curling-papers." Jones in a fit of inexplicable grossness has Mrs. Malpas's nose permanently injured in a carriage accident. "It will probably be some time," the doctor says, "before the bruising and tumefaction subside and this may be followed by a mulberry appearance of the organ". The large-nosed Princess breaks the news with satisfaction to the Prince, who exclaims, "The bridge of her nose!" "Completely in ruins," she replies, "You see there is a little poetic justice going about the world."

That this monstrosity should be the only play in which Jones gave a full-length portrait of a Frenchman is hardly a graceful gesture to his beloved France. "Fast, pray, forswear meat and alcohol, turn your back for ever on Monte Carlo, or you are lost," wrote G.B. Shocked after reading the piece.

After 1908 Jones's practical contribution to the Renaissance of the English Drama ceased. It has been shown that he was already out of date; yet he was still the established playwright, giving the public what they expected. His pioneering work was over, but he was a national institution, and London without a play of Jones's running somewhere had something lack-

ing. When Dolly Reforming Herself was produced Max wrote, "It seems a long time since Mr. Jones had a play done in England. I have missed him."

Technically he had advanced from the crude devices of aside, soliloquy and informative statement to dialogue of the most compact, doubly-functioning quality. He had achieved his heights by choosing the middle way and not over-reaching himself. That he had achieved his highest was no guarantee that he would not relapse to his lowest, but his artistic curve had reached its highest point in the chronological graph. His work is most astonishing for its bulk. Even when he knew he was outdone he persevered in his own line. Besides all his plays acted in England he wrote six which were never produced and five which were produced in New York only. When his period of comedy had come to an end in 1908 he produced further plays of all the types which he had ever written. Of the plays produced in England Mary Goes First and The Lie are the most important, while The Divine Gift, though never produced, is interesting as showing the kind of play Jones would always like to have written had he not had to consider his audience.

The Divine Gift is a prolonged purple patch. It was a product of the first onset of old age, the slippered, sentimental musings of a grandfather. It was one of the plays

which Jones loved dearly, spent much time and money on, but never produced, feeling that the English stage was not worthy of it. He published it as a piece of literature, with a preface addressed to Gilbert Murray in recognition of his services to the drama in bringing it to the notice of men of letters. He adulterates his literary ideals with propagandist exhibitionism, making the preface another of his addresses on the state of the English Drama. In it he asserts, in comically commercial jargon, as of one floating a company, "I think I may put in some claim to be the original promoter of a dramatic renaissance in this country". Promoter he had been, but not in latter years a shareholder. The drama had swept past him, and to excuse his lagging behind he complained that ideas (which he had so ardently advocated) were driving the public to musical comedy, and that the realism (which he had also advocated) had degenerated into "photographic and phonographic" details. He himself in The Divine Gift set out to write a play about the deeper issues of life. This was dangerous ground for Jones. Treatment of deeper issues meant either sententiousness or indulgence in maudlin sentimentality. In this play it is sententiousness. Cutler, who represents what Jones fancied himself to be, acts as a general advice bureau for his harrassed friends. He administers advice in a series of proverbs, con-

cise pronouncements and carefully worded epigrams, suitable for reproduction in "quotation" calendars - "God took Eve from under Adam's ribs as a profound symbol that man should always regard woman as a side issue." "Endurance, not enjoyment, is man's pass-key through this world."

The construction of the play was a new experiment. Jones was envious of the novelist, who had so much more latitude than the dramatist, and tried to introduce some of the novelist's technique into playwriting. He did this by letting almost the whole of the action take place, as it were, in oratio obliqua. Nothing important happens on the stage. The characters come in turn and report to Cutler. Evie gives her version of her soul-starved existence with Will, Will describes Evie's absurd ambitions, the whole of Lora Delmar's career is reviewed in a miniature picaresque novel which she recounts to Evie. As the characters are clear-cut and sometimes amusing this makes good reading, but would make wearisome acting.

The dialogue is interesting and well-worded, though Jones allowed himself to "swim about" unrestrained in fine writing. Cutler makes long speeches, containing the piled-up, synonymous phrases which appear in Jones's own prose. The device of having Cutler dictate to his secretary is a transparent substitute for the old-fashioned soliloquy; the book he is writing

on the wide subject of the Human Race offers a convenient excuse for the exposition of social and economic theories - "For it is clear that today the whole Religion of labour is to throw down its tools. And the whole Duty of woman is to rebel."

The thought expounded in the play shows Jones the elderly, Jones the mature, preaching with more detail his well-worn maxims on love and life; holding up his old Dame Nature as a criterion, and already approaching the ranting "dear dear England" nationalism which consumed him like a fever in later years. This is the most explicit expression of Jones's personality. It betrays the inflation of his ideas and emotions, for he burdened with false profundity trite and shallow observations on life, and could not reach in his searchings into the soul of man beyond the facile pronouncements of a wiseacre. Yet his sentiments and sophistries were those of the common people. They are sentiments and sophistries meted out in most films today, unrefined by the purifying fire of genius, which in portraying them would give them the correct value in the scale of human sensibilities and not treat them as fundamental.

Mary Goes First was an attempt to recapture his old reputation for social comedy. It succeeded because Marie Tempest had the leading part. It contains nothing new and in the reading seems long-drawn-out and petty, though providing oppor-

tunities for clever by-play which would come out in the acting. Jones is back again in the sphere of the much-satirised middle class, this time residing in a provincial town and hanging precariously on the edge of higher society. The play is witty and amusing, but arouses an uneasy feeling of uncertain foundation. Mary is meant to be a gay attractive woman, but the fundamental theme, that of her eagerness to precede Lady Bodsworth in local drawing-rooms is so snobbish and petty that it is hard to find her machinations entertaining. They are not treated satirically, but with amused toleration, though she is indeed little better than a cat. Her constant references to Lady Bodsworth's dyed hair and the wearisome lawsuit over the appellation "impropriety" with which she insulted her, are too suggestive of bad taste to be entertaining, and as the play hangs upon these two vulgarities it is difficult to appreciate the witty dialogue and social satire. Added to this the term "impropriety" is not expressive or striking enough to bear all the weight it has to carry - the careful looking up in the dictionary, the constant repetition, Mary's assertion that "everybody calls her that now. She'll never be known as anything else".

The dialogue in itself is witty and natural and arises from the characters: it contains satirical epigram, such as Chesher's

observation that "the object of going into politics being to get something out of it, the question for a sensible man is which party he can get most out of". There is clever repartee, the pompous pronouncements of Sir Thomas being taken up smartly by Dick. "When it pleases heaven," says Sir Thomas, "to call me to myself that which is mortal of me will repose in the shadow of our ancient parish church." "You don't want what is mortal of you," says Dick, "to drain down into my factory, do you?"

It is a symbol of Jones's old-fashioned outlook that this, one of the latest of his plays, would bear the most obvious resemblances to Ibsen, who had by other writers been absorbed imperceptibly into their dramatic intelligences. Jones's talk of cemeteries and drainage, of public parks and local councils was a direct echo of The Enemy of the People.

The Lie is what is now known as a good straight play. It depends upon a melodramatic situation created by an ugly lie, but it succeeded again because it had a popular star in the leading part. Sybil Thorndike played the wronged sister. Jones wrote it in 1915, but it was not produced in England till 1923, when it provided one of the last triumphs of his old age. It has the emotions and situations of melodrama with the more natural ending of a modern play. All wrongs are not righted,

for the lying sister Lucy is irrevocably married to Elinor's lover, and the play ends on the note of interrogation which had become fashionable in the drama, the curtain falling on Elinor's hesitation whether to marry Dibdin or not. The complicated plot is skilfully handled, and the characterisation is clear-cut, and in the case of Lucy, the wicked sister, more subtle than Jones often achieved. Her desire to atone for the wrong she has done in presents instead of confession is well worked out. "I've done everything in the world to make you happy," she tells Elinor peevishly, "On my way here I made Gerald promise to have the limousine done up as a present for you." Character is revealed through action and behaviour rather than explicit description and statement - the old uncle and his extravagance, Elinor's loving care of Lucy's illegitimate son, her obstinate clinging to her old love, are all expressed in action, and the characters do not talk about themselves so much as they had done in earlier plays.

This was the last notable play of Jones. He ended as he had begun - a good theatre man, knowing how to achieve his effects, always able to tell a good story. His other plays of this period were all either produced in New York, or not produced at all, and therefore do not concern his position in the English dramatic renaissance. His one other play, The Pacifists, produced in 1917, was poisoned by the strange, peevish, ranting

nationalism which infected his mind from 1914 onwards. Nearly all Jones's later work seems to be the product of a mind diseased and not to be reckoned by the side of his earlier plays.

The general outline of his career is clear-cut and logical. The early struggle for a footing on the stage in melodrama, the dozen years of experiment in all forms, and the final realisation that comedy was his bent, followed by the last sad years of degeneration into propaganda, form the broad contours of his development. He was a man who never learnt the value of the proverb, "Know thyself"; he was always trying to build greater than he knew, and his critical powers, reliable when dealing with the work of others, failed sadly in relation to himself.

As a playwright he served the one great purpose of bringing the people to the theatre. He understood the common people of the suburbs and the provinces, the vast majority of the citizens, and for these he wrote. He gave them the emotions they could understand; he gave them the ideas that they had heard talked about in the drawing-rooms of their more up-to-date friends and discussed in the papers. He was no rebel, he accepted the man in the street's standards; in dealing with the relations between the aristocracy and the middle class he never questioned the right of the former to claim superiority. He preserved the good Victorian's sense of class distinction, and

had an undying appreciation of the great, the important and the well-known. It was because he cheapened his art that he found such a good market for it, and prepared his audiences to receive and appreciate the finer goods offered by those who followed him. An audience introduced slowly to the discussion of the question of Capital and Labour by way of the familiar staginess of The Middleman was ready to understand Strife, where situation was subtly subordinate to theme, and individuals to social theories. Though the later dramatists politely scorned Jones they knew they owed him a debt of gratitude for clearing the way for them. He was not great, but he was necessary.

to revive the antique Elizabethans. He wanted a new, living modern drama, comparable in vigour with the Elizabethans but pulsating with the life and spirit of the nineteenth century, a true picture of all that was best in his own age, expressed in the deeper significance of universality.

The English drama had begun to revive before his day, but only feebly, in the works of the spheroidal Robertson, and it had not been recognized officially. Jones noticed the movement, loudly called public attention to it, labelled it a dramatic renaissance, and adopted a proprietary attitude towards it for the rest of his life. In 1913 when

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Henry Arthur Jones the Reformer.
in the Preface to The Divine Gift : "I think I may put in

some claim to be the original promoter of the dramatic
A.B.Walkley in Drama and Life (1907) quotes Thomas
Lovell Beddoes as being "convinced that the man who is to
awaken the drama must be a bold, trampling fellow -- no
reviver, however good." Into the vacancy, fully qualified,
stepped the bold and trampling Henry Arthur Jones, bold in
his attack and trampling in his advance. He was indeed no
reviver. For the past 200 years there had been nothing in
English drama to revive, the Restoration dramatists were
too shocking to revive, and he had too much commonsense
to revive the antique Elizabethans. He wanted a new, living
modern drama, comparable in vigour with the Elizabethans but
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The fostering, tending, advertising and encouraging of this renaissance was his life work and he watched over it with the anxiety of a horticulturist rearing a new hybrid. He did himself refer to it in the introduction to The Triumph of the Philistines as "that tenderly growing plant" Brought up in the Non-Conformist religion he set out to reform the drama as preachers saved souls, by advising, exhorting, pleading, reproofing, bidding all prepare for the kingdom that was to come. Sometimes he was full of hope, sometimes he was in the depths of despair. When he first began his campaign in 1883 he felt that England was ripe for a dramatic renaissance; in 1893 it was in full swing - "never since the days of Elizabeth" had "the English drama such a chance of establishing itself"; he felt that the day was almost won; next year hope was blighted in a "panic of morality", and though he continued to struggle he never entirely regained confidence in his renaissance or found himself satisfied with the state of the drama; he could not extricate it from the toils of popular amusement, and,

a strange obtuseness having come over him with the turn of the century, he failed to notice his renaissance when it dawned in full, in solemn, glory, and fell into bitter, despairing, unfounded ravings. In 1903 he felt that the stage had "exchanged a dose of drastic purgative for a stick of barley sugar"; in 1910 and 1911 he was still complaining that men of letters did not interest themselves in the drama; in 1913 he welcomed the attentions of Gilbert Murray, but his renaissance had gone too far--ideas on the stage were "driving the great crowd of playgoers to musical comedy"; in 1915 in muddled allegory he carped at the theatre of ideas which had been "known to cause a species of intellectual intoxication, and after that he abandoned the theatre and the renaissance which had somehow got beyond him, and turned to feverish patriotism and frenzied, bellicose expositions of social economy, about which he knew nothing.

Thus his campaign, begun so sensibly and so necessarily, declined into sadly useless senile rantings, and his contemporaries could only humour the old man they had once respected for his energy and vision, and shake their heads over the pity of it all. As soon as he saw his dreams being fulfilled he became irritably jealous of those who he could not fail to see were his superiors in intellect and creative imagination, and hid it from himself in a cloak of perverse

and peevish blindness. Sickness of mind coincided with sickness of body and was possibly its direct result; his old age was tortured with miserable operations, which he did not endure with that resignation and triumph of the spirit over the flesh which sharpens the sensibilities of a genius; he was all the time bitterly resentful of his physical hardships, which were of such a kind as to cause tiresome, irritating discomforts and not to create from the hopeless condition of the body the hectic energy of mind which is sometimes produced in diseases such as tuberculosis. Daily physical vexations preyed on his mind and he impetuously blamed them for his failure to keep up with the times.

He began his campaign when a wave of dramatic revival was surging over Europe. Ibsen was at work in Scandinavia and in Germany there was the same consciousness dawning as in England that the drama should be **part** of the national life. Mr. Thomas Dickinson in The Theatre in a Changing Europe (1938) quotes Bruno Wille in the Berliner Volks^sblatt in 1890 saying "the theatre should be a spring of high art, based on true social principle, and a mirror of the age". Henry Arthur Jones was the sound, unromantic British exponent of this wide-spread dramatic consciousness. In England it was part of the reaction against the forces of the industrial revolution. While clinging to the Victorian

age in its moral outlook and conservatism, Jones cast off its smug materialism and sought through the medium of the serious drama to combine with all the other contemporary movements, social and artistic, to bring new intellectual life to a people coarsened with material prosperity.

"I would sooner our theatre failed through the indifference of our audiences than gained an immense popularity by any loss of freedom." : "Playwriting exists only by virtue of immediately pleasing a large section of the public."

Thus did W.B. Yeats and Henry Arthur Jones express severally the directly opposed aims of their respective crusades. The Irish dramatists wished to revive the drama by hiding it away from the Philistines, Henry Arthur Jones wished to carry it right into their midst. It was the difference in attitude between the monk and the Salvation Army leader. Yeats was concerned with the intrinsic quality of the drama, Jones with its recognition by the people. The Irishmen shunned and despised English audiences; Jones strove to reform them. He was essentially a showman. "We must remember that the drama is an affair of the whole people" he declared, and never ceased trying to make it so. The old lady who had always looked to see him in the pulpit might have beheld him on the platform

which he dignified with all the functions of the pulpit, preaching the gospel according to Henry Arthur Jones of the coming of dramatic salvation. He despised the church as a demoded institution and intended to replace it by the drama which he considered equally capable of bringing spiritual life to the people. He was conscious of his reputation as a reformer: "I am afraid," he said to the O.P.Club in 1910, "you are beginning to eye me as you do some impertinent stranger, who on a fine Sunday evening arrests you with an oily smirk, thrusts a tract into your hand and demands in a painfully earnest voice, "Are you saved?" He did not wish to be regarded thus, but merely as a craftsman laying down "a few simple rules" for the benefit of his fellow-craftsmen. He was, however, as he himself suspected, a craftsman with the propensities of a superior local preacher.

Jones's social conscience had awakened early, when at the age of 23 he challenged the Dean of Exeter in the columns of The Exeter and Plymouth Gazette. He directed it into dramatic channels later, after some early years of stage-stroke, during which he indulged in continuous, absorbent theatre-going and experimental playwriting. After the success of The Silver King he felt in a position to declare himself, and in The Theatre and the Mob, published

in the Nineteenth Century of September 1883 he announced his mission, finding the root of the failure of the modern drama in modern social conditions.

He had read Arnold, Ruskin, and Spencer with a young intellectual's enthusiasm for the latest social theories. Arnold had spoken of "these damned times", Ruskin had found these "much sadder ages than the early ones; not sadder in a noble and deep way but in a dim, wearied way - the way of ennui and jaded intellect and uncomfortableness of soul and body". Jones never forgot this, he never forgave his age for its commercialism, for the poor material it offered for the dramatist to work upon. "Think upon it, my countrymen", he wrote in A Playwright's Grumble (1884), "English life growing more monotonous, and more stereotyped in its dull, weary, mechanical routine every day ... the insatiable locust of industrialism devouring every green thing ... a whole London Directory-full of us mainly toiling with infinite pains to solve the eternally barren problem of how we can most easily live upon each other." He felt that great English drama could never spring from such a sordid England. Echoing Matthew Arnold, who lamented how "deeply unpoetical the age and all one's surroundings are" he asserted "there will never be much poetry in our dramas till we put a little more into our lives." With this

depressingly barren ground to work upon, symbolised for him in the red-brick ugliness of Clapham Junction, the brave pioneer set to work, with pick-and-shovel thoroughness to hack a national drama out of what he considered a degenerate nation and a degraded theatre.

In The Theatre and the Mob, his preliminary announcement, he declared the stage set. There was a "general awakening and curiosity about art", more space given in the newspapers to notices, and "higher literary criticism had begun to occupy itself with the drama". There was in fact every element for a dramatic renaissance except good plays. In this article he laid down principles for the encouragement of his campaign, which, in varying forms of expression, with varying degrees of vehemence and in varying relationships he was to reiterate ad nauseam for the rest of his life. Convinced that the people will believe anything if you tell it them often enough, he expressed his policy in the preface to The Foundations of the English Drama, when, looking back upon his life-work, he said: "it has only been by constant and tiresome assertion and reiteration during thirty years that these rules and principles are beginning to win acceptance as the foundations of a national drama". Thirty years after opening his campaign he was still parading the same slogans:

in 1884 he wrote: "the modern stage has not received recruits from the greatest writers". In 1911 he wrote: "Literature and the theatre have not met together; the playgoer and the man of letters have not kissed each other".

In 1913 he wrote: "it is of far greater importance that English men of letters should interest themselves in the drama than that they should form right opinions"; and

crescendo in 1914, "A hundred times be it proclaimed that ~~our~~ ^{one} main reason that we have no great English national drama is that neither our creative men of letters nor our critical men of letters are men of the theatre".

With the same tenacity he clung to his other maxims, and with the same obstinate refusal to acknowledge their fulfilment.

Jones explored every possible avenue to achieve his object. Besides writing plays he wrote pamphlets and articles in magazines, when commissioned; when not commissioned he unburdened his mind in unsolicited letters to the papers; he addressed Playgoers' Societies, the National Sunday League, the Ethological Society, the Royal Institution; he spoke at public meetings in the Alhambra and debated in the Oxford Union; in Newcastle, in Sheffield, in Islington and Bradford he spread his gospel; he went over to America and lectured Harvard, Yale and Columbia Universities

reshaped, was presented each time it appeared, with a clear definition of its limits and exact significance. The intellectuals, as well as the common people, he endeavoured to win over to an appreciation of the serious drama. and difficult process because the two are closely associated

The English drama, when he first became aware of it, and their identity is apt to become confused. Benedetto Cross described the "mixed pleasure" of watching a comedy but when that was done and he had a name to inscribe on his banner and attract the crowd, he began his campaign for laughingly snatching a nail from his coffin accompanied the improving it, plentifully supplied with hobbyhorses. His campaign falls roughly into two periods; in the first, up to 1900, he was telling the world what the drama should be, called the "Siamese twin" anatomy of the drama. in the second he was telling the world how it should be separating it from popular amusement he wished to transfer encouraged and patronised.

The maxims which he formulated at the age of thirty were some half-dozen and remained with him always. These it to be "competitor of circuses, warworks, music-halls, strong tea, fat women, and two-headed calves", but to be amusement; that it should be literary; that it should be classed with "its sister arts, painting, poetry, sculpture represent real life; that it should be a national institution with national recognition; that it should be saved from the prejudices of Puritanism and established on the people had been swamped, but by 1904 he again despaired, a sound basis of broad, general morality; that it should being still freed with the prejudices of the old gentleman teach; that it should emulate the dramatic habits of the French.

Every one of these maxims, repeated, developed and

See *English Drama: Playgoers' Club, 1902*

reshaped, was presented each time it appeared, with a clear definition of its limits and exact significance. The separation of the drama from popular amusement was a subtle and difficult process because the two are closely associated and their identity is apt to become confused. Benedetto Croce described the "mixed pleasure" of watching a comedy "when the pleasure of rest and amusement and that of laughingly snatching a nail from his coffin accompanies the moment of the aesthetic pleasure in the art of the dramatist and actors." Jones was fully aware of what he called the "Siamese twin" anatomy of the drama. In separating it from popular amusement he wished to transfer it from Madame Tussaud's to the Royal Academy. At the moment he feared it was a mere "bauble". He did not wish it to be "a competitor of circuses, waxworks, music-halls, strong men, fat women, and two-headed calves", but to be classed with "its sister arts, painting, poetry, sculpture and music."^x By 1893 he was beginning to feel that he had achieved his object and that the dramatic intelligence of the people had been awakened, but by 1904 he again despaired, being still faced with the prejudices of the old gentleman who said "I don't like problem play. I like legs."

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Our Modern Drama: Playgoers' Club. 1892

"Legs and tomfoolery" Jones himself appreciated; none better; they had their function; but they were not to be confused with dramatic art. He was the last person to deny the public their few hours of relaxation and pleasure; his social sympathies are apparent in his declaration that he has "the greatest sympathy with all forms of entertainment that have for their object the lightening of the burdens and the easing of the hearts of our overworked city populations." He never ceased to reiterate that the primary test of a play was the "test of being amused", but "the chief end is to amuse rightly". He would not have it thought that the drama should be dull and solemn - "a sort of Sunday School for grown-up people" - ~~but~~ it should give artistic satisfaction as well as entertainment. "The kind of influence most needed on the stage is the influence brought by Wordsworth on poetry: naturalness, simplicity, thoughtfulness, sincerity, devotion to nature and truth" He wished people to bring their critical intelligences to the theatre, as they did to an exhibition of pictures. "The English drama, "he told the playgoers' Club in 1892, "is the art of representing English life, and not the art of amusing young men with vacant minds". In declaring that the theatre should represent life he was careful to distinguish the truth of life from the

facts, and herein displayed some of his soundest criticism. The drama of his youth had been unnatural and artificial, consisting of the improbable adventures of improbable people. Jones wished to bring it into touch with real life. But by this he did not mean that it should represent "the crude actualities of street and home". "Unless touched with a sense of eternity" he declared in a lecture to the Playgoers' Club in 1884, "...the mere reproduction...of commonplace details of everyday life must always be barren, worthless, and evanescent". He was alive to the transcendental power of drama, and by the realities of existence meant the spiritual essence, not the familiar details. The response to his clamour for realism went too far and in 1913 he felt that it had become "merely photographic and phonographic". The trap had been fallen into; realism had become a facile trick. Discerning critics had seen this coming. H.D. Traill had observed in the Nineteenth Century of 1894 that dramatists were merely dressing up in realistic detail the same old fairy-tale situations; the Yellow Book in the same year had an article on ^{Reticence}~~Reliance~~ in Literature which declared that realism merely reproduced "with the fidelity of the Kodak scenes and situations, the existence of which we all acknowledge while taste prefers to forget them." It is the result of all theories and conventions

that men of genius will use them to transcend them while those of inferior intellect will debase them along the line of least resistance. In the early part of the nineteenth century when rhetoric was the order of the day, cheaper intelligences strove to attain it in sentimental bombast. It was for them a means of getting up by what climbers call "an easy way down". So those who wished to bring the drama back to real life found their aims commonly interpreted in terms of petty or sordid detail.

The function of the drama to represent real life Jones considered to be bound up with its function as a teacher. He declared it to be the "greatest, easiest, cheapestmost powerful teacher....of the art of living". Jones himself, self-educated, believed in life rather than education authorities. He was always hostile to compulsory education, and later in life in Patriotism and Popular Education he displayed the most reprehensible views on the subject. He pleaded for children to be allowed to act on the stage as being a far more thorough education than going to school. "The theatre at its best" he declared, "is the most potent instrument of 'general' education". He disagreed with compulsory education for the working class, asserting with some truth that carpenters do not need any grounding in Latin grammar to help them to be

good carpenters. It may have been a certain jealousy of the opportunities he had missed himself as a child which fostered these theories, and his reluctance to "pay for other people's children to be taught all about Cicero and therefore to excel me". The theatre, then in his view, because it represented life, was a universal teacher. However prejudiced some of his social theories might be Jones's aesthetic theories were always fundamentally sound, and having laid down that the drama should teach, he was careful to make it plain that it should not preach. It's teaching should be implicit, not explicit, it should teach, like life, unobtrusively. "The drama cannot directly and explicitly affirm or teach or solve or prove anything."

Burdened with the responsibility of teaching the masses without letting them know it, the drama should, Jones considered, be a national institution, subsidised by the government, supervised by local authorities, and above all backed financially by millionaires. Millionaires astonished Jones in their slowness to appreciate the lasting fame they might acquire by a generous contribution to the national drama. Repeatedly he held out this bait to them but they refused to bite. The government, too, displeased him by their indifference. They were willing to expend

huge sums on such hare-brained schemes as compulsory education, whilst the drama, the great educator they left to exhaust, prostitute and impoverish itself in the sordid struggle to make both ends meet. He tried to stir sleepy municipal authorities to a consciousness of the state of the drama, to persuade them to patronise the theatre in full civic regalia, and suggested an annual festival called "Mayor's Night" for all provincial theatres. Jones believed in the efficacy of good example.

Above all, Jones contended, the theatre should be freed from the ravages of Puritanism, panics of which threatened periodically to engulf it. This was a subject which always goaded him to a state of the hottest fury and eloquence. In 1894 one of these panics had spread through the pages of The Times leaving a lasting impression upon the mind of the infuriated Jones.

It is difficult to realise today the holy horror with which the Puritanically-minded regarded the theatre in the nineteenth century or the standards of decency which they demanded from it. The horror was epitomised in The Times correspondence of December 1894 in which no play was considered fit to be seen unless suitable for the entertainment of fifteen-year old maidens. There had already been a similar panic in 1882 over Tennyson's Promise of May, which

in its somewhat lame exposition of a Freethinker in the character of the sickly soliloquising Edgar, "shocked" the public, according to the Pall Mall Gazette, by its small respect for the decencies of society, and aroused essentially an Old Testament people; Christianity has prolonged newspaper controversy. In 1891 the production of Ghosts produced yet another panic, not only among respectable citizens, but even among dramatic critics, who resorted to the foulest depths of drainage and sewage to find images to express their disgust.

Spurgeon had denounced and excommunicated the theatre and in 1893 the readers of the Christian World had crawled to Henry Arthur Jones for a justification of their attendance at theatrical performances. Jones was able to reassure them with the reply that he had actually seen clergymen in some London theatre audiences. Men of letters, always accommodating in matters of morals, denounced and derided the Puritan cant. An article on Ibsen in the Quarterly in 1892 declared that there was "no more ridiculous spectacle than the English public in one of its periodical fits of morality". Du Maurier described the virtue which Trilby lacked as "of such a kind that I have found it impossible to tell her history so as to make it quite fit and proper reading for the ubiquitous young person so dear to us all". George Gissing, in

The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft summed up the reasons for England's unfortunate moral propensities when he declared; "Our vice is self-righteousness. We are essentially an Old Testament people; Christianity has never entered into our soul; we see ourselves as the chosen and by no effort of spiritual aspiration can we attain unto humility".

The intensity of the self-righteousness evaporated a little in the golden afternoon sun of the later 'nineties, but even in 1900 Max wrote to the Saturday Review "a theatre had a magic of its own. The old Puritanism still survives just enough to make us feel that we are being rather ~~odd~~^{odd}". The Reverend F.W. Farrar in 1893 voiced the stuffy opinions of the Sunday Christians in the New Review; in an article on the Bible and the Stage, he stated that Bible Stories were "associated with the deepest and most sacred of religious feelings;" "they are read to us", he continues, betraying the most pernicious of ~~king~~-headed Victorian associative thinking. "Sunday by Sunday in the lessons - and it seems altogether undesirable that they should be set before us in the inevitable surroundings of the stage."

It was this attitude which reduced Jones to rage, despair, and constant repetition of its deadly, pernicious

of entertainment". He was careful, however, to distinguish frauds from lies, and assuaged with equal vigour the effect on the English drama. He wrote a whole play to ridicule and deride it. Never did he feel satisfied that it was thoroughly eradicated from the English mind.

In 1897 in the introduction to Filon's The English Stage he denounced the "wax-doll morality" advocated for the theatre. "There is much to be said for the establishment of a system of wax-doll morality...all of us who have properly regulated minds must regret that through some unaccountable oversight it did not occur to Providence to carry on the due progress and succession of the human species by means of some such system." With such gentle sarcasm as was used by his own commentator characters he poured scorn on prudery, but sometimes he was goaded to stronger terms. He blamed Puritanism entirely for the degeneration of the stage from a high form of art to a degraded form of pleasure. Its responsibility for this, his most passionate complaint, filled him with holy rage such as he expressed in his lecture on "The Cornerstones of English Drama"; "We owe the imbecility and paralysis of our drama today to the insane rage of Puritanism that would see nothing in the theatre but a horrible, unholy thing...and has degraded drama from the rank of a fine art to the rank of a frivolous and silly form

of entertainment". He was careful, however, to distinguish freedom from license, and denounced with equal vigour the opposite tendency to dwell on morbidity and vice, and demanded a "balance, as Nature always does, a balance of health, of beauty, of pleasure in life". In the words of Hugo's introduction to "Le Roi S'Amuse", "Il veut l'art chaste mais non l'art prude".

It may have been through Matthew Arnold that he first developed his admiration for the French attitude to the drama, wherein he saw all his beloved maxims fulfilled. In 1865 Arnold wrote to his mother from Paris: "the theatre here, both for acting and for a study of the language, is just what the English theatre is not, where the acting is detestable and the mode of speaking just what it ought not to adopt". Be that as it may, Jones was never tired of repeating, like the gentlemen in Trilby, that "they do these things better in France".

In France the great men of letters were great dramatists. With them, too, the theatre was a serious, national institution. Alexandre Dumas Fils had the same notions of its solemn mission as Henry Arthur Jones, and in 1898 wrote in an article in the New Review "it may be that the theatre is destined to save the Church". The theatre in France played a much larger part in the arts - above all ... for the French drama". There dramatists were men of letters, and the drama was a fine art,

national life and received a much more prominent position
comparable with painting and music,
in the newspapers than in England. In August 1883 the
Cornhill had an article on The French Newspaper Press, which
said: "The importance attached to theatrical affairs of late
years is remarkable, and each journal of the type of the
"Figaro" has three editors, who are charged with informing
the public as to the great and small events that take place
before and behind the curtain in the score theatres with
which the Parisians are provided". It was such official,
recognised importance which Jones was ever striving to
foster in the English drama. The superiority of the French
drama had been recognised throughout the century, but the
recognition had taken the form of wholesale adaptation and
imitation of French plays. Jones wished to raise a vigorous,
English drama on the same lines as the French, but of native
material. "In France," he declared in an article in 1903,
"the national drama is a live part of the national literature.
This is because Frenchmen love and understand their drama; are
jealous for it, instead of being jealous of it, as they are in
England". It was chiefly to the Americans that he expounded
his admiration for France and her people - "for her fine
manners... for all that wise encouragement of literature and
the arts - above all ... for the French drama". There

dramatists were men of letters, and the drama was a fine art,

comparable with painting and music.

These maxims, each carefully fitted with a control panel to check their limits and clarify their significances, were all manoeuvred and marshalled on the campaign in such a way as to reveal Jones's two guiding senses; his publicity sense and his commonsense. Commonsense, sound, downright, middleclass commonsense, was his outstanding feature. He could see with Matthew Arnold into the sick spirit of the times, but he could also recognise the practical fact that "with cities becoming more crowded and railway communications developing, theatres will be more popular and influential."^x He could penetrate the depths of dramatic conception but he could also advise playgoers on the successful running of their societies, with practical hints at co-operation in the lending of scenery. He talked much of comparative civilisations, discussing the outlook of the Greeks and the Elizabethans, their vigorous ways of thought and life, which gave rise to their vigorous drama, and concluded simply that it was "largely a matter of habit". Matters of religion, morality and criticism were all subject to the sanely inspired, ~~frankly~~ ^{frankly} unaspiring dictates of commonsense, he considered that while the church continued to be "an archaeological

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On Being Rightly Amused at the Theatre. 1887.

museum for fossil dogmas" it would never regain its hold over the people and its place would be taken by the drama; he had no fond hopes of reviving the poetic drama in England, especially since his own personal experience with The Tempter, but with candid discernment declared that "any living school of drama must be organically bound up with the daily lives of the people, and it is useless for Englishmen or Americans to hope for much poetry in their drama till they have put a little more into their lives, that is until the present reign of omnipotent, omnipresent commercialism is at an end."

Sometimes his commonsense widened into a broad universality of conception, alive with a positive ~~human~~ social sympathy and sense of humanity. He never ceased to emphasise the strengthening, health-giving effect the drama would have upon the people, he realised the cultural relief it would bring to them in their few hours of leisure from their dull, drab jobs. "Consider the millions of our citizens. he said in "The Foundations of a National Drama (1906) "living sedentary lives in little square drab brick boxes... toiling during the day in offices at looms - at some routine task which instead of quickening the powers of their minds has rather clogged and deadened them". - "consider the

enormous effect upon them of what occupies their evening hours of leisure."

Contrasted with this wideness of outlook was a certain petty narrowness which was an unpleasant, egotistical by-product of his publicity sense. This appeared in his feverish reiteration of the author's claim to the credit of a play as compared with the actor's. He continually complained that the actor took all the glory and swamped the author, he felt that due credit to the author would be one of the main aids to the foundation of a national drama, for in his day the author was "scarcely judged at all by the quality of his work". He quarrelled publicly with Willard on this issue and referred to it again in a long article in the Fortnightly of July 1890 on the Actor-Manager Controversy. It was narrowed into an aggrieved sense of injury in The First Night Judgment of Plays (1889) when he declared that "to hiss a man who has spent perhaps some five or six months in the stupendous task of trying to please 2,000 people, each of them with different tastes, notions, ideals...is a little uncharitable and discourteous as well as illogical". This petulance and sense of injury appeared again in his constant complaints of the limitations of the dramatist's art as compared with the novelists. It was the complaint of the incompetent workman who blames his tools, and was the one

weakness in Jones's criticism, for it is not sound to say how much better you could have dealt in one medium when writing in another. The audience's tolerance for an imperfect violin performance is not won by being reminded how much more difficult it is to play the violin than the piano. It serves no useful purpose to describe "how much greater literary heat and ~~force~~^{force} it needs to make a modern Englishman...speak literature in plays than to write an agreeable essay in good English deploring the decadence of the theatre". Jones's special pleading for the dramatist is wearisome. It displays an impotent sense of limitations, but it is all part of his frenzied eagerness to win appreciation of the drama, and consequent recognition of the dramatist as a vital figure charged with a solemn mission.

Jones's publicity sense led him to surround the laying of the foundations of the modern drama with as much ceremony of officials and worthies as the laying of the foundation-stone of a Town Hall or other public building. In making known the crying needs of the drama he owed much to his experience as a commercial traveller, and his early efforts in salesmanship stood him in good stead. He had an unflinching instinct for "attractions". He invented several devices for gaining publicity for the drama, and showed himself an astute and tireless administrator. The founding of a national theatre

and the repeal of the censorship were topical schemes which he supported with voluble enthusiasm, and he devised many others of his own. In the cause of the national theatre he became practical, business-like, full of advice, and very angry. He advocated a small manageable theatre, state-supported, with a governing body of literary theatrical managers (actors and actor-managers to be excluded until wanted for performing the plays which the literary managers would have chosen with literary taste and disinterestedness) All this England would have had long ago, he declared, had there been any knowledge and love of the drama in the nation. Once again the Puritans were blamed, abused, crushed in an avalanche of rhetoric because of their lack of dramatic interest, and the vast sums they spent on racing, musical comedy and other sports. All this was denounced in a sudden flood of exclamatory denunciation. "O witless debauch of grave, religious England; O converse side of our Puritan buckler; O undergarments of prudery; O burden of bigotry too hard to be borne;" concluding after some half dozen other execrations "O botchery of our holiday hours; O nauseous pie."

The repeal of the censorship was pursued with equal eloquence, Jones declaring that the censorship policy honestly administered would necessitate the eradication from the Bible

all the stories relating to King David, and becoming highly inventive of names for gentlemen who snigger at indecencies in music halls and denounce frank discussion in the theatre.

His original schemes were concerned with attracting the attention of influential persons. His cherished desire was that the drama should receive official public patronage and become a national institution. Millionaires, municipal authorities, and members of Parliament were the objects of his campaign. He considered that municipal authorities should realise that "to encourage this most human, civilising and in the highest sense educational art should be as much the business of an elected citizen as to lay down drains and build gasworks". To Jones the drama was as vital a part of life as decent sanitation and he had no artistic scruples about coupling them together. Everything was sacrificed in the sacred cause of gaining recognition for the drama. Even the quality of the drama itself might have to be sacrificed sometimes.

As a playwright he was never satisfied that he received due recognition for his labours and this gave rise to another general theory that the author should always receive adequate public recognition and reward for his work. This, he felt sure, would greatly advance the cause of the drama, but was no doubt a veiled reproach of his own omission from the Honours List.

There were three further schemes, sensible and sound, with which he thought of advancing his beloved cause; these were the training of actors, the training of audiences and the publication of plays. The first two show his practical commonsense, the third his salesmanship.

Actors never satisfied him. They mangled and misinterpreted his works, took things into their own hands, would not listen to his advice, sometimes even excluded him from rehearsals. He felt that the only way to get over the difficulty of the actor who in his eyes, was one of the drama's chief enemies, was to found a regular training school. The chief item in its curriculum, he laid down sensibly enough, should be a thorough grounding in elocution - he maintained that the music-hall artists delivered their lines far better than stage actors, many of whom "were barely acquainted with the rudiments of elocution". He also felt that actors should look upon their plays as team-work, not opportunities for the display of individual excellence. He had no patience with the actor-manager and his "supporting" cast. The other stumbling block which that poor struggling hero, the dramatist, had to overcome, was the audience. He deplored the lack of tradition amongst audience, complained that "we have no trained body of

playgoers to appreciate actor and author", and found it "astonishing how infinitely less trouble our patrons of the drama take to qualify themselves to enjoy a play than they wouldto enjoy a game of billiards". This training of the audience was complementary to his own writing of plays for he did not write plays for art's sake but for the elevation of the people, and their minds had to be made suitably receptive. Jones was nothing if not thorough. He hacked at the decadence of the drama root and branch. Having set out to reform the actor, the audience, the dramatist, the dramatic critic, the drama, and the English nation, there would seem little else that could be done to further the cause of a dramatic renaissance.

The publication of plays was a precept which he practised himself from his earliest days of playwriting. Long before he was known to the world he conceived the notion of having his plays printed before offering them to a manager. In later years he became convinced that this was one of the surest ways of bringing the drama into touch with literature. The idea was not wholly his own. William Archer in his lament for the drama in English Dramatists of Today (1882) declared that he "should like to see a body of playwrights whose works are not only acted but printed and read".

Jones with characteristic thoroughness put this doctrine into practice and, taking advantage of the passing of the American Copyright Bill in 1891, published "Saints and Sinners" in a pleasant library, not acting, edition, with a preface explaining his unusual action. In this he created a precedent for which the more remarkable Shaw has since received the credit. In his introduction he expounded his theory, stating that "if a custom does not arise in England... of publishing successful plays...it will be a sign that our stage remains in the state of intellectual paralysis that has afflicted it all the century". He felt that with the publication of plays and the establishment of a reading public, the dramatist, freed from the bungling, misinterpreting actor, the hazards of first-nights, the uncertainties of the box-office and all the other drawbacks of the theatre, would be given an opportunity for establishing the modern English drama on a "sound, intellectual basis", and would come into his own. The moment the main body of playgoers, he asserted, "begin to read and examine current plays, that moment we shall take one firm step towards a national drama".

Jones's commonsense was the guiding principle in the aesthetic criticism with which his practical propaganda was interspersed. All his aesthetic criticism is directed

towards illustration and support of his doctrines, and chiefly consists of explanations of what great drama has been in the past, what is wrong with it at the moment, and what it ought to be. He pronounced on all literary and dramatic matters with something of the finality and indisputable commonsense of Dr. Johnson. He walks into significances with the simplicity of a child and arrives at sound theories which ~~evade~~ ponderers would consider too obvious to express, but which on examination prove fundamentally, irrefutably right, and all the better for being put on paper. By going back to first principles and relying on his own innate sanity of judgment he produces the common man's guide to an understanding and appreciation of the drama, drawing conclusions which any sensible man would draw, but which only Henry Arthur Jones would trouble to bring home to a lazy-minded theatre audience. He is no study for connoisseurs except to bring them back to basic principles. They would disdain to admit that they were not already aware of the simple truths expounded by the apostle for the serious drama. They were the truths calculated to stimulate the critical intelligences, and increase the appreciative faculty of **normal**, observant playgoers, and were purposely not addressed to what Jones

himself called "superior persons". William Archer said in The Old Drama and the New (1923) that "culture did not sit tightly upon him; it was not made to measure", but he had failed to recognise that an academic, cultured Henry Arthur Jones would not have fulfilled the express purpose of Providence, for it was above all else Jones's mission to be popular. He had to hang back and keep pace with his slow-witted public and would have done no good at all by running ahead and outstripping them, and expounding subtleties that were above their heads.

He looked upon the whole world as a potential theatre audience unfortunately stunted in mind, morals and estate by ~~an age~~ ^{an age} ~~arrays~~ of rabid commercialism. For the benefit of this community, which he always represented as deluded, devitalised, denuded of its drama, he swept together his experience and discoveries into broad generalisations, comprehensive, uncomplicated, but watertight. He is able to evolve sound formulae and sum up his theories in well-founded statements; he is also able to arrive at neat, practical definitions. He sums up his theories of the relation between social conditions and the drama in "an age sick of itself will fly to unreality and sensation and gross realism", his theories of art appear simply in "art at bottom is nothing but design, selection, arrangement and ornament"; literature

he defines neatly as "that part of what a people reads which remains a permanent possession to them and does not grow old or stale". As in his plays, so in his propaganda, Jones never shrank from stating the obvious, but frequently in these statements he comes upon truths surprising to the abstruse aesthetic critics who cannot see the wood for the trees.

His theories of dramatic construction are expounded in sound advice to would-be playwrights and in able discussions of classical drama. He gave advice on language, choice of theme, and treatment. He believed in the old rules of classical drama, and was no revolutionary artist, admitting in the introduction to Brunediere's Law of the Drama that "there are many enjoyable plays that successfully defy the laws of drama. But they get found out in the end" He gives instructions for writing plays that on first examination seem scarcely above the level of a schoolmaster's instructions to his English class, but which are undeniably the fundamental truths of dramatic criticism. "Nothing is good in a play", he declares, "that is not good in relation to the whole of it". He said that in his youth when visiting the theatre he would go to the same play over and over again till he could take its mechanism to pieces. In his criticism he adopts the reverse process and gives all

mean merely petty realistic details. He saw this distinction in his youth when in The Dramatic Outlook (1884) he analysed Shakespeare's fundamental realism. saying, "heroes in real life do not talk in blank verse; they never did. Yet it is eternally true and right for Macbeth and Lear to speak in blank verse, because in this way their characters are aggrandized, dignified, exalted and dissociated from all that is transitory, mean and inessential. Macbeth speaking blank verse is far more real, more true to nature, than a modern young man making love on the stage in exact imitation of the way he makes love off the stage". He becomes almost paternal in his desire to make all simple and clear, telling his Bradford audience "in watching Hamlet you must beget that minor artistic calm which keeps you constantly informed of the rightness of the grounds upon which your admiration is demanded".

Art was for Jones part of the social scheme, a comfort for toiling millions, and a common educator. He had some of William Morris's feeling for the people and a desire to relieve the monotony of their existence. He considered that a ~~degenerate~~^{degenerate} age produced a degenerate drama, but on the other hand a vigorous, flourishing national drama had the power to transcend its age and raise it from degeneracy to full-bodied life.

"There is a constant ratio" he declared in The Relations of the Drama and Education (1893) "between what a race knows and what it does. Intellectual advance means sooner or later moral advance, and intellectual advance always come first".

Pursuing this theory he examined the work of the great classical dramatists, and from it evolved two main theories: that the great dramatists of the past worked from contemporary material, and that the modern drama must also draw upon contemporary material, and not look back in pale imitation to the brave days of old. He considered Bunyan as a dramatist because of his ability to show character in action, and declared that he "got material from the world of living men around him. That is where you must begin to get your National American drama **from**". He had no romantic notions about reviving classical and Elizabethan drama, but remarked with penetration "Greek drama can never interest an average modern English audience except as an antique curio. We may be quite sure that it aroused a different set of feelings in a Greek audience and that these feelings were to some extent of a religious nature". He had the same scepticism of the success of Elizabethan drama; he also declared with understanding commonsense, answering the

fanatical purists, that he was sure Shakespeare would have delighted in the opportunities of modern staging, and referred them to the chorus in Henry V. He did not often attempt interpretation of classical authors but when he did it was to draw sound, basic general conclusions of literary method and technique. He used Hamlet to illustrate the type-and-individual theory, stating in plain easily-comprehended language; "By lifting vague, hesitating thoughts into lofty verse...Shakespeare not merely gives you the essential purport of what passed through Hamlet's mind but also the essential purport of what passes through every cultivated European mind when it employs itself in similar speculation". In criticising Ibsen, he showed himself the sound, conventional, conservative Briton. He appreciated him as "a great destroyer"; a great creator; a great poet; a great liberator;" but yet he was an ominous figure". He appreciated his liberation of the drama from the old artificial stage conventions, and from "sentimentality and one-eyed optimism and sham morality", He appreciated his new gospel of "Live your own life", but, clinging to the religion he was brought up in, longed for "whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it". He missed none of Ibsen's message, said "he will never be surpassed in his angry scorn for lies" but he looked upon him with

their mothers, where will they end?" He does not
the interested, objective glance of the ordinary man.
He made no attempt at distilling the quintessence.
The Jones's plainness, soundness, and unassailable sense,
were saved from becoming dull and heavy by flashes of
humour and by what might be called the essence of these
qualities which enabled him to fling out dry, comically
true observations such as: "I have been watching real life
very carefully for more than thirty years and it has never
offered to me any single one scene that could be put on the
stage." →
His sense of proportion expressed in homely, familiar
terms often gave amusing vigour to his theories. His scorn
for religion is expressed with contemptuous humour in his
article on the Bible and the Stage in the New Review in
1893, when he declared that it could never be to the
advantage of the English drama to "get itself blessed or
anointed along with the religious magazines and etchings".
He sometimes gained his effect by repetition, as in his
letters on the Censorship in which he attacks the Censor
for vetoing Oedipus - "The Censor shivers, but not in
legitimate response to a great tragedy; he shivers
vicariously for all the good folk in Brixton. "If this
sort of thing is to go on, if people begin by marrying

their mothers, where will they end?" He does not allow the censor to forget his dread of this peculiar perversity, nor "Eliza taking her bath", the symbol of the decently impossible on the stage.

It is strange that Jones failed so frequently to put into practice the precepts which he ardently advocated in theory. His own plays are certainly a fulfilment of his mission in so far as they attempt to deal with real life and real people, have a serious purpose, and are burning with sincerity. At his best in the comedies he fulfils all his demands for compactness of dialogue, neatness of construction, and yet ultimate domination of character over construction. However, the distinction between realism and truth, which is one of the soundest, clearest points of his criticism, he always failed to make in his plays. He hoodwinks his audience with realistic details of railway stations and garden parties and ferry boats, and in The Bauble Shop was expressly accused by William Archer of such a practice, when he said the audience felt it was in touch with real life "merely because politics are talked about and the Clock Tower represented on the back cloth". He wisely advised playwrights never to choose a "burning topic of the hour" for the theme of a play but always to look for universal

subjects, yet he himself with all the eagerness of a
journalist making a scoop was the first to seize upon a
not always embody his characters "in language of lasting
topical theme and turn it into popular drama. Social
reform, the new woman, the woman with a past, the
fashionable mal de siècle, all the ideas that were being
bandied about in cultured gossip he copies into his plays.
Like many dispensers of good advice Jones was not always
able to follow his own dispensations. He declared that

With Henry Arthur Jones the style certainly was the man,
you should never hear the author speaking in the drama,
but in his own plays his own personality shines and beams
through what seems the most innocent remark, and his
commentators steadily record his own views and comments.

He acknowledges that the essence of drama is conflict
but he himself never grasps the significance of truly
dramatic conflict; he only grasps melodramatic conflict,
the conflict between good and bad. His lovers are always
torn between love for a pure innocent and a sophisticated
siren. He could not seize such subtleties as in D'Annunzio's
in La Gioconda, where Lucio the sculptor is torn between love
for his pure, good wife who looks after his bodily comforts
but has no affinity with his soul, and La Gioconda, the
inspiration of all his work "whose beauty lives in every
block of marble".

He showed great soundness and penetration in the
criticism of language, saying that degradation of language

meant degradation of mind but he himself certainly did not always embody his characters "in language of lasting beauty, significance and appropriateness". Nor could he fulfil his precept that the main motive should sustain the play throughout; his last acts are loosely-attached, sometimes irrelevant, all the issues of the main motive having been cleared up in Act III.

With Henry Arthur Jones the style certainly was the man. His campaign was directed at the common people, and his style was accordingly and suitably inspired with homely familiarity. Formality was foreign to his nature; just as he was always known as "Henry Arthur" where Pinero was always Pinero, so in his writings he did not hesitate to call a spade a spade and address his audience as his friends. When on the brink of following Aristotle and the immortals in the formulation of dramatic ~~theories~~ ^{theories} he writes in homely terms that he "has a great mind to invent a law of drama" of his own and defines drama as arising "when any person or persons in a play are consciously or unconsciously up against some antagonistic person or circumstance or fortune." This was dramatic definition for the plain man, not for the academic. He indulges in homely images, working to death such like expressions as "putting the cart before the horse"; he declares

that in England art, drama and the theatre are "mashed up in the common pig through" of popular entertainment; in the introduction to The Divine Gift he complains that the drama has become an eavesdropping, photographic reporter, taking snapshots and shorthand notes. Yet he could ascend to the fanciful imagery in the description of Ibsen: "Joyous youth will never hob-knob with him. For happy lovers he grows no sweet forget-me-nots". He enlivens his prose with anecdotes, invigorates it with fanciful rhetoric, keeps it alive with unanswered questions. Henry Arthur Jones, the paternal, born-at-forty philosopher, addresses his poor brainsick England in tenderly solicitous terms. "What ails you that makes you so dissatisfied with this real world, this England that you have made what it is today, that you should ask your dramatists to create a false world for you?" At times he launches out into fiery rhetoric, never brilliant, never classical, but good, competent stuff, calculated to move his uncritical audience: "Forty thousand John Brights preaching till they are black in the face the divine gospel of free trade in useless, unhealthy labour, shall never persuade me that we are journeying towards the millenium in our present track". He directly addresses his audience, whether reading or listening. His prose is not meditative, not refined, but breezy, like himself:

he is always aware of his audience, like Shaw, and consciously levels his attack directly at their heads. "For the entire season not one performance of Shakespeare is announced" he vociferated to the Sheffield Playgoers Society, "- not one! Throughout all London, for the whole season, not one! Think of it! Think of it! Think of it!" His prose style, like his ideas, did not develop during his flourishing years: it is one of the striking points in Henry Arthur Jones's career that he launches his campaign at the age of 32 with all his theories ready-made, and a prose style to match, mature and confident, never to be changed. In The Theatre and the Mob in 1884 he wrote "it is not so much that the lives of men and women are unworthy of representation on the stage as that we who undertake to interpret them stand bleared or gibbering and daunted before this great pageant of human existence and cannot tell what to make of it". With the same effective striking choice of words, carefully rounded cadences and balanced rhythms he writes in Literary Critics and the Drama (1903) "The English playgoer, having taken two or three shuddering peeps at humanity in Ibsen's and his imitators' mirrors ~~imitative mirrors~~, declared the likeness to be a horrible libel and ran affrighted away". These rolling periods are richly worded, packed full of meaning: Jones was not sparing

in his vocabulary; sometimes he fell into verbiage and in Shakespeare and England, written in the period of his political fanaticism he borders on the frenzied: he speaks of Shakespeare standing "upon the mountain top of poetry and then to trumpet the loud pride of his patriotism for her in waves and waves and resurgent waves of triumphant music, that still rolls on the universal air, the alarum ~~in~~^{to} our responding pride of patriotism for her today, from the northernmost tip of the Shetlands westward over the blossoming solitudes of Canada to the southernmost cape of New Zealand". This tiring eloquence, tiring because it was inflated, does not appear when he is preaching for the drama, for there he is backed by solid arguments and not merely carried away with enthusiasm, and though he sometimes lets himself go in long rantings, and indulged in mere lists of adjectives, these were usually sobered down by business-like lists of points, suitable for the layingⁿ down of a few simple rules". Tabulations, numbered items, and neat headings appealed to his tidy commercial self as much as flowery rhetoric and sounding well-rounded prose, ~~Germany~~ appealed to the dramatic showman. He was always able to reduce his theories to points and rules however highly-coloured he might become in the exposition of them. In the introduction to The Renaissance of the English Drama he laid

down the "four chief qualities" which any work of art can possess ^{and} ~~or~~ which the modern realistic drama does not possess. These were: "Beauty: mystery: passion; imagination". In the Science of the Modern Drama he laid down "two rules" for the playwright. These were "Don't fog your audience" and "Don't bore them". He classified playgoers into types, one, two, and three; he listed the duties of the National Theatre, the cornerstones of the English drama; he listed his own aims, he listed the changes that had come over the drama in his day. In these lists he put down the skeleton of his argument, in the profuse rhetoric with which he embroidered, but did not always develop them, he attempted to interest his audience and indulged his own love of words.

In the later, fanatical years all Jones's qualities were soured into their complementary defects; his enthusiasm became ranting vehemence, hinted at in The Recognition of the Drama by the State in 1904, when he was compelled to give assurance that he was "writing in no carping spirit", and culminating in "Shakespeare and Germany". In My Dear Wells his rhetoric is rhetoric gone bad: My dear Wells! O my dear Wells! O my ultra-preposterous Wells! O my exceedingly befuddled and bemuddled Wells! O my obstinately auto-obfuscated Wells!

here comfortable familiarity becomes repulsive insolence:
"I take my aim! Pop! That was a good stroke wasn't it?
Did you feel it?!" His mission fulfilled, he was compelled
to plunge into peevish ranting against popular education,
to expound fantastic, muddled theories about capitalism, to
break out into a dull monotonous allegory in which during a
conducted tour of the theatre of ideas, which gave rise to
some unpleasant, would-be Swiftian satire, he never makes
it clear whether he refers to the modern theatre with its
passion for ideas, or to the ideas abroad in his day
generally. This mental degeneration was tolerated with
surprising sweetness by the victims of his attacks. Wells
who in public found him "altogether too silly and
incoherent for controversy" nevertheless wrote to Mrs. Thorne
"don't say your father and I ever quarrelled. Smart and
stinging controversy is not quarrelling and we were good
friends in our hearts throughout"; Shaw, who looked upon his
case as pathological, tenderly demonstrated with his "dear
old Henry Arthur Juggins" but wrote after his death to
Mrs. Thorne: "it was better for him to be sparring with Wells
and punching me than trouncing imaginary Philistines and
Pacifists and telling the British public that it was like
that and be damned to it".

It was a tragedy felt by all contemporaries that this born propagandist, who though he had sometimes been blundering, sometimes boring, sometimes boisterous, had always been fresh and healthy, should in old age collapse into morbid, vain imaginings.

As a reformer Jones started from the same base as the ~~Irish~~ School. They too felt the sodden commercialism of England, the decadence of her theatrical audiences, the degradation of her drama, indicating, they thought, the downfall of her Empire. They fled to Ireland to find the "enchanted valleys" and nourish their drama in chaste retirement. Jones, with less artistic integrity but more missionary zeal, stayed doggedly behind, went boldly into the highways and byways of his sordid England and tried to redeem it, scorning even to notice his eccentric Irish fellows. The scorn was mutual; he despised their exclusiveness, they despised his popularity. Jones never deigns to recognise their existence. The relative merits of the two methods are not comparable. The Irish method aimed at encouraging loveliness and beauty in the drama, Jones wished to make it a national institution. It is a question whether all his life Jones was not working with a mistaken method of attack, whether it is possible to revive drama by talking. Croce said that art came from

spiritual necessity; it is doubtful whether it could be aroused by telling people they should assume a spiritual necessity if they had it not. If they were not spontaneously aware of the Kingdom of God within them it would not seem feasible to establish it by wishful thinking. When the results of Jones's campaign are assessed it seems that he will have gone no further than "interesting" the people in the theatre, like the demonstrators of patent cleaners and gadgets in large stores. Yet the drama did certainly revive. This is where the peculiar quality of drama as an art comes into play. For perfect fulfillment it requires the co-operation of three elements: audience, actor and author. Jones by himself could have done nothing. It was part of Providence's good management that Shaw, Galsworthy, and the other great dramatists were his contemporaries. Neither could they have done anything by themselves. Drama without an audience is dead, and unprofitable. If Jones had not prepared the audience Shaw and Galsworthy would have had to turn pamphleteers. It is not an exaggeration to say that Jones was heaven-sent.

As an aesthetic critic Jones stands midway between the dramatic critic of the daily newspapers and the brilliant men of letters such as Shaw and Max. He is far above those

hard-working gentlemen of the first-night whose only equipment, according to George Moore, was "a suit of dress clothes". He would never descend to the illiterate level of the Pall Mall Gazette's criticism of Tree's Hamlet in 1891. In this the introduction in the last Act of "the sweet singing of an angelic choir in which Ophelia is supposed to be" was commended as "covering the gruesome end of the tragedy with a sort of poetic halo". Such outrages in taste, though they might occur in his plays, never appeared in his criticism, which was always sound and reliable. It must be remembered that aesthetic criticism was always subordinate and related to his mission. He nevertheless expounded many fundamental theories which Shaw took to himself and made his own. Shaw transmuted them from Jonesian bluntness to Shavian salaciousness but undoubtedly they were originally the slogans of Henry Arthur Jones. Shaw took them over with the same predatory nonchalance with which he appropriated the idea of publishing his plays. Though Jones had published "Saints and Sinners" seven years before Shaw makes no reference to this but publishes Plays Unpleasant in 1898 with all the explanatory ceremony of a new departure. His mind is so much keener, so much more athletic, and explorative than Jones's honest, plodding,

main-road mentality, that he covered twice as much ground in half as many words, and whenever the two ~~are~~ brought into comparison there is always an irresistible temptation to think of Jones with affectionate sympathy as "poor old Henry Arthur".

Shaw, like Jones, was sickened by the contemporary drama. "What is the matter with the theatre" he cried at the opening of the Preface to Three Plays for Puritans "that a strong man can die of it". He discovered and revealed in many prefaces and articles that what was the matter was what Jones had been deploring for the last 20 years; the drama was never free from confusion with popular entertainment; it was crushed beneath morality panics; it was in no way literary; it sprang from a decaying civilisation. Like Jones he appreciated popular entertainment; "the pleasures of the scenes I can sympathise with and share... but the substitution of sensuous ecstasy for intellectual activity and honesty is the very devil". When dramatists of all countries were asked to contribute to the English Illustrated Magazine in 1904 their views on the Drama Bernard Shaw gave two points: the drama should be established, like the Church; a University of Rhetoric should be founded, to train actors in elocution. Neither

of these ideas were original, but had been expounded by Henry Arthur Jones since his campaign began.

Shaw does not take life and the drama so seriously as Jones, he does not so much lay down the law about the drama as make remarks about it. He achieves more subtle penetration. His criticisms are often incidental and particular. His conclusions are elusive. After reading a passage of Shaw a vague sense of stimulation remains together with a hazy impression of resigned despair of England and the drama, with sarcastic explanations, but no definite theory emerges. Jones is never elusive. Plain, downright, obvious statement, repeated, emphasised, elaborated, and finally summed up in a list, are his methods. He is as straightforward as the Ten Commandments.

Jones never comes to grips with detailed criticism of specific plays. He prefers to deal in broad generalities. He never takes a contemporary play and uses it to illustrate why he feels so strongly on the subject of the decadence of the drama. His criticism of contemporaries, when it occurs, is usually in a brief, sometimes grudging little sentence. He was not entirely free from the influence of professional jealousy. The work of his contemporaries got in the way and made his mission out of date and unnecessary, this was annoying, because he liked being a missionary, and he never forgate them.

He had none of Shaw's penetrative alertness, or sharp-wittedness. He never achieved such subtleties as Shaw's analysis of the weaknesses of Pinero, saying that he dazzled the public by putting on the stage what so far they had only seen in novels. He could never have arrived at the conclusion that Mrs. Tanqueray as a character is "a work of prejudiced observation instead of comprehension" and that "Mr. Pinero..is no interpreter of character, but simply an adroit describer of people as the ordinary man sees and judges them".^x Nor could he show the imagination displayed in the article on Duse and Bernhardt in which Shaw sets out to refute the actors complaint "that hardly any critic knows enough about acting to be able to distinguish between an effective part and a well-played one". Here Shaw got behind the objects of his criticism as Jones never could because of the obstinate insurmountable, irrepressible personality of Jones and its preconceived notions, which always stood in the way. Shaw declares that Bernhardt "does not enter into the leading character; She substitutes herself for it", whereas with Duse "every part is a separate creation". "No physical charm is noble as well as beautiful unless it is the expression of a moral

^x Dramatic Opinions and Essays

charm: and it is because Duse's range includes these moral high notes...that her compass...so unreasonably dwarfs the poor little octave and a half on which Sarah Bernhardt plays such pretty canzonets and stirring marches." ^x This was entirely beyond Jones, who could write eulogistic letters of thanks to actresses for their presentation of his parts, but could never rise to such a pitch of rare analysis. He had not received the rigorous training which Shaw's experience as a professional dramatic critic gave him. He had received no training at all but plunged into his campaign armed only with the street-orator's equipment of firm-fixed theories, golden enthusiasms and grand ideals. It was not his business to be the original, mocking, debunking Shaw. He had to appeal to the people, and therefore be plain, understandable, reasoned. He was above all the constructive critic, building up an ideal, whereas Shaw was the persistent, purposeful destroyer, the shatterer of false ideals.

Though Jones's whole campaign was founded on enthusiasm, it was yet enthusiasm controlled by common-sense; he did not succumb to engulfing waves of stage-struck ecstasy as did the verbose Clement Scott. Clement Scott was an example of the better class of working

^x Illuminating imagery of his was comparison of George Moore and William Archer

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journalist. He had a certain degree of literary taste and refinement, and his Drama of Yesterday gives a sample of the type of late Victorian dramatic criticism which Jones with all his failings, superseded. Friendly as Jones's style might be, his prose was not, like Scotts, the familiar prose of the inveterate gossip, with its irrelevant personal anecdotes of bygone stars, "old Tom Robertson", "good old Samuel Phelps", and ecstatic memories of the ~~galing~~ ^{halmy} days. Rhetorical though Jones might be he never equalled Clement Scott, with his showers of superlatives, exclamation marks, wondrous eulogies, bombastic quotations and mixed metaphors. Scott's criticism abounds in descriptions of scenes, moments, phases, which he will "never forget". In his preface he states that his love for the dramatic art, new or old, "is only equalled by the comprehensive passion of a Juliet". Pure enthusiasm is not criticism, and Jones at least advanced into the realms of disinterested discussion if he did not reach the cool, unbiassed penetration of Max.

Max's subtle criticisms of Benson's Shakespeare which he likens to a game of cricket - "the fielding was excellent, so was the batting" - are beyond Jones. So is the fanciful yet illuminating imagery of his ~~own~~ comparison of George Moore and William Archer:

Arthur" to the end.

"Mr. George Moore, prancing uncinctured through a forest of mistakes, bruising himself and tumbling head over heels, groping and groaning his way further into darkness emerges sooner or later....into some lighter patch of sunshine than is to be found in the cool Academe where sits Mr. Archer, serene, amenable, scrupulously draped". Jones could not aspire to such criticism, ~~not~~ to the methods of the critics criticised: he sat in no academe, but stood at street corners, often in his shirt sleeves, hurling theories at the heads of the passing masses. For this he lost popularity with the critics, for he flouted the sugary theories in the dramatic notices and ~~sensed~~^{described} the current preference for theatrical effect in place of dramatic and psychological truth. Reformers who stir lazy imaginations are not popular. He made many enemies and was proud of it. His campaign does not make a pretty story. It is one of hard and sometimes bitter struggle and overshadowed by the tragic decline of his later years. Yet his sincerity, honesty, frankness, quick-temper, his lack of polish, his naive earnestness, and good fellowship endeared him to all his friends. They loved him for his good intentions. To those who got their living by boosting inferior plays he might well be "that man Jones", perpetually preaching, but to true lovers of the English drama he was "dear old Henry Arthur" to the end.

CHAPTER VI

Henry Arthur Jones's Achievements

Considering that in the thirty years since Matthew Arnold lamented the non-existence of a modern drama, England had seen the coming of Ibsen, the collapse of melodrama, the adoption of the problem play and the final advent of Shaw, Galsworthy and Granville Barker, it would seem that there had been something in the nature of a dramatic renaissance in Henry Arthur Jones's lifetime. Considering also that Henry Arthur Jones never wrote a great play, never evolved a new theory, and has already been forgotten by posterity, it would seem doubtful whether he can be said to have had any hand in it. It must therefore be remembered that Jones's function was immediate, ephemeral, useless when his purpose was accomplished, but vitally important during the accomplishing. Most unacademic of workers when alive, his work is now of supreme academic importance as a reliable gauge of the dramatic development of his age, and is also of general interest as the product of a lively, stormy, energetic personality thriving on the fresh breeze of new thought and ideals which was blowing away the dust of stale Victorianism.

One swallow does not make a summer and one man cannot take to himself the sole credit for bringing about a dramatic

renaissance. The dramatic renaissance was indeed the outcome of the combined efforts of an enthusiastic team of workers and talkers, of whom Jones was the leader and loudest. He himself defined his position most clearly when he described himself as the "original promoter" of the dramatic renaissance in England.

It was his whole and solemn duty to bring about a change of heart in the people in their attitude to the theatre, to make them go to plays, to keep them aware of the drama, take a national pride in it, and recognise it as a vital force in their lives. He was always concerned with the audience; as he watched it at his own first nights, so he ceaselessly watched and studied and trained and exhorted it in his propaganda. Had he not done so there would have been no public for the plays of the later dramatists, which, in their exposition of social problems, must of necessity be the plays "of the whole people", and were useless without an audience. Jones, having announced his renaissance, kept the theatre in training for its ultimate arrival by a steady stream of plays of his own as well as by talking. In the 'nineties he, Grundy and Pinero shared the theatre as the exponents of the serious drama, with Oscar Wilde as an exotic foil. In the ten years of the decade Jones wrote seventeen plays. All these plays, even when lingering in the old melodramatic tradition, were

yet in their way an attempt at serious drama. Jones had seen the light since his earliest days, and was steadily striving towards it. Pinero began by writing horsey farces such as Dandy Dick or charming Thackerayan comedies, such as Sweet Lavender. The serious drama came to him as a sudden revelation through the works of Ibsen and he retired for three years to meditate. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray was the best effort for serious drama that could be achieved by a man of the theatre with no more than average comprehensions.

The whole development of the dramatic renaissance is satisfying in its consistency and good management. Beginning with the early struggles of Robertson to extricate the drama from crude theatrical artificiality it worked onwards towards naturalism through the youthful dreams of Henry Arthur Jones, always looking ahead, but carefully leading his flock by the familiar paths of melodrama; it received the first impact of Ibsen, taken note of by Henry Arthur Jones, but rejected as un-English and too revolutionary; still it progressed, Pinero and Grundy, first and foremost men of the theatre, realising the new possibilities of their craft; still it was nursed by Henry Arthur Jones, kept within the sight of the people, steadily encouraged by compromise; finally it threw off the leading-strings of the old theatrical conventions, and fell into

the hands of men of brilliant intellect as well as dramatic skill; the tricks of the old hands were superseded by the art of men whose ideas and vision of humanity made use of but transcended theatrical effect, and the dramatic renaissance was established.

Once the notion had spread abroad that a renaissance was at hand its development was watched with solicitous interest by those who had its welfare at heart, particularly by William Archer, who provides over a period of forty years a running commentary on its progress. In 1882 he had lamented with other thinkers the decadence of the theatre, deplored the failure of Englishmen to take their drama seriously, and compared it detrimentally with the French. By 1885 hope had been born within him, and in an article in the Nineteenth Century on the Duties of Dramatic Critics he chanted: "the Drama is not dead but liveth; and contains the germs of better things". In 1891, still Biblically inspired, he was in a state of breathless expectation impatiently restrained: "the paths of the coming playwright are sedulously smoothed", he wrote in the Fortnightly, "never was Messiah more eagerly awaited. We are all on tiptoe with our trumpets at our lips ready to hail his advent. And yet he comes not - no one appears who can for a moment be mistaken for the master that is to be."

However he was satisfied that the drama was being talked about. In 1895 his expectations had still not been entirely fulfilled, but he was still hopeful, if tentative. He wrote in The Theatrical World of 1895 "even now one speaks of the 'dramatic revival' not with assured faith but rather with a tremulous hope". In 1897 this hope was blighted, he was disappointed, and unburdened his sorrow in the Fortnightly in an article called "The Blight on the Drama". He had not in spite of all entirely lost heart, for this blight, occasioned by such specious successes as Trilby, The Sign of the Cross and The Prisoner of Zenda, he regarded as "purely chance", summed up these chances, and declared hopefully that "when another set of chances comes into play we may look for a rush of realism". In 1906 in About the Theatre he was satisfied that the drama showed signs of a "healthy vitality" for "better minds" were "occupying themselves" with it. In this he showed a more honest discernment than the perverse apostle for serious drama. He readily observed and welcomed the advent of the renaissance when it came, and in The Old Drama and the New (1923), looking back on life, he said, "the last thirty years have seen a greater efflorescence of the English Drama than any similar period since the thirty years from 1590 to 1620".

By the time that this renaissance established itself

Jones's chief work was done. His propaganda was still going on, less new and apposite than it had been, and he was still writing plays, but he had become mentally static, and relied on repetition of past successes; his period of great creative activity was over. He was most vigorously productive during the period of stirring consciousness and interest in the drama in the twenty years before 1900. This, if nothing else, was a period of great talk about the drama. Jones's campaign was taking effect. However unsatisfactorily the English people might be behaving towards their drama they were at least talking about it. Even when they rose in a body and condemned it in newspaper controversies as subversive and immoral, they were only unwittingly proving themselves aware of its influential powers. Articles on the drama flooded the intellectual magazines. The indefatigable Jones had not the entire monopoly of dramatic propaganda, for William Archer, A.B. Walkley, W.L. Courtney, scarcely let a day pass without reminding the public of the existence of the drama by a discussion or a lament over some aspect of it. Ibsen arrived and threw the nation into a fit of what William Archer called "moral epilepsy" followed by a fever of discussion and controversy, finally dividing society into "Ibsenites and anti-Ibsenites". Actors not only acted, but discoursed publicly

on their calling. Tree addressed the Royal Institution in 1892, and constantly contributed to magazines, and in 1898 Irving wrote with dignity in the Fortnightly on The Theatre and the State. The drama had woven itself into the themes of daily gossip, and as gossip is reputed to spread like wildfire, it was a highly suitable vehicle for its propagation.

In 1891, therefore, William Archer was justified in declaring in the Fortnightly, "We are talking and perhaps thinking about the drama with unexampled fervour and pertinacity". So talkative did all people - critics, public and dramatists - become, that in contributing to the English Illustrated Magazine symposium in 1904 Sidney Grundy growled, "the most practical remedy would be for every newspaper and magazine and club and debating society and after-dinner orator to refrain from writing and talking about it".

Before 1900 the plays written did not fulfil the expectations and demands of the eager advance-guard of the renaissance, but they provided hopes which were justified later. Plays such as The Second Mrs. Tanqueray and The New Woman bridged the gap between Caste and Strife. They showed new situations and a new range of emotions, dealt more honestly with life, surveyed new problems, and provided food for thought as well as entertainment. They were the competent

products of intelligent men of the theatre, and made way for men of finer intellect, who studied with the intuition of more comprehensive brains not only how to make a good play out of a social theme, but how, deeply inspired with social wrongs and problems, to put them into dramatic form, which they had the artistic skill to manipulate to perfection. For them the drama was a medium for the expression of ideas and philosophies, not first and foremost a play that might be given body by the addition of a little thought. The dramatists of the early twentieth century were not only great playwrights but great thinkers, and it is this which distinguishes them from their forerunners of the 'nineties. It was however these forerunners who had prepared the atmosphere of the stage and made it a suitable medium for great thinkers. It was their example which prevented the new drama from becoming, like Tennyson's Promise of May, a lifeless, undramatic exposition of philosophies.

Henry Arthur Jones's systematic attacks upon actor, dramatist, critic, audience and drama took effect in different ways and with varying degrees of success.

The art of the actor is ephemeral and dies with himself, so that detailed criticism of dead actors is not possible. Jones had never clamoured for improvement in the status of

the actor; he thought the actor had too much status; he had already been raised from the rank of "splendid gipsy" to the dignity of a knighthood; he became too conspicuous and outshone the author. Bernard Shaw had the same convictions. He wrote of Tree in Max Beerbohm's Life that he looked upon the author as "a lame dog to be helped over the stile by the ingenuity of the actor-producer". An interesting comment on the style of acting Jones deplored survives in the old film of Sarah Bernhardt in La Dame aux Camelias. Here stardom transcends the bounds of nature or probability. At each entry of Bernhardt the supporting cast fall back respectfully to form an avenue down which the star, having first struck an attitude while waiting for the applause, proceeds firmly to the centre of the stage, where she takes up her position and remains solidly for the rest of the act, the supporting cast grouping themselves around, suitably inconspicuous. This tradition gradually died down with the coming of better drama, and it would have been gratifying to Jones to note that Strife, or The Voysey Inheritance, or Candida are remembered and read as literature, and are not noteworthy, like The Bells or Trilby simply because an Irving or a Tree acted in them. The star tradition was dying by the beginning of the century and Max reprimanded Frank Benson for his Shakes-

peare productions in 1900, saying that "there was not one character . . . that stood out at the time . . . he really must break himself and his company of this fatal cricketing-habit". Here team-work had gone too far, but it became a definite tendency with the advent of men of genius to the theatre that the actor should become subordinate to the playwright. This was purely a question of cause and effect. The new playwrights were great men, and therefore superior; in the preceding century the actors had been the great men, and the playwrights humble inventors of effects and situations to show off the actor's talent. This fact never was plain to Jones, who peevishly blamed the public for ignorant neglect of the playwright, instead of seeing the cause in the intellect of the playwright himself. Jones never got the distinction clear between cause and effect. In one lecture he accused the public of not appreciating the drama, and in another denounced the drama for not doing its duty by the public, and he never made it clear which comes first.

The reform of the audience is again a subtle and elusive effect to trace. In 1897 William Archer observed with truth, "the theatrical public is so vast that it cannot be traced as an entity. There is no such thing as the public, while there is always a public for any production". Jones was anxious to

attract the public. "We must remember that the drama is an affair of the whole people". In 1879 Matthew Arnold had observed in Shrewsbury that the ordinary townspeople did not go to the theatre at all; in his article on The 1880's in the Yellow Book Max Beerbohm describes the type of society which frequented the theatre - the "young men with vacant minds" whom Jones despised and wished not to attract:

"The Mashers", said Max, "... nightly gathered at the Gaiety Theatre. Nightly the stalls were filled with row after row of small, sleek heads, surmounting collars of monstrous height. Nightly in the foyer were lisped the praises of Kate Vaughan, her graceful dancing, or of Nellie Farren, her matchless fooling". This was the frivolous element which Jones strove to hard to combat in his desire to separate the drama from mere amusement. In 1882 it was an audience still lingering in melodramatic fields of vision that the pioneers of social drama had to write for. In the Pall Mall Gazette of November 18th there was an article criticising Tennyson's Promise of May and showing the attitude of mind with which people attended a theatre. "As the transpontine gods hiss the villain of a melodrama, sinking all considerations of his dramatic merits in the depth of their indignation at his moral defects, so even our most enlightened

audiences, whenever a serious question is touched upon, insist on treating all utterances on the subject as if they were the personal opinions of a party orator, and not the constituent elements of a work of mimetic art". This explains Jones's continued adherence to melodramatic form; to an audience accustomed to watch a play with as much impartial observation as they watched a football match when the home team was playing on its own ground, it was no use offering a well-balanced presentation of some deep problem, that demanded objective critical consideration. Whatever their mental attitude might be, the audience did in this period, begin to be composed of more intelligent and critical members of the community, whom it was possible to persuade to a better way of thinking about their drama. In 1889 the Pall Mall Gazette grew lyrical about the audience at Wealth, which had apparently thrown off the mashers. It considered that "even Mr. Tree must have experienced feelings of a gratifying character". "The audience was crowded, it was brilliant, it was artistic. Every other face was a well-known one and it would have been difficult to pick out many heads belonging to absolute 'nobodies!'" The newspapers, then, were satisfied that a new public was being attracted, drawn from the cultured section of society. Men of culture, however, had standards entirely his own, and never expressed

themselves, were not, however, satisfied. In 1900 Edward Martyn wrote comparing English and Irish theatrical audiences, and gloomily observed that "in English theatrical audiences ... decadence irrevocable had set in". They consisted only of the purblind middle class. Martyn was, however, an Irishman, and pessimistic about England. Shaw described the theatrical audience as made up of shop-girls earning thirty shillings a week, and of Jews. Shaw was also an Irishman and a professional pessimist about England. It is difficult to trace the change in the constituents of the audiences, but the correspondences that broke out in the newspapers from people interested in the drama show that these certainly were the ordinary people of England - the business men and professional men, their wives and families. Certainly also there were the girls who rushed up from the suburbs in the afternoons to worship at the shrine of Waller in matinees, but afternoons hung heavy on the hands of girls in those days, and there were no cinemas.

Literary men still hung back from the theatre. Shaw wrote in Dramatic Opinions and Essays that William Morris had only witnessed plays by Henry Arthur Jones and himself. "We have no theatre for men like Morris," he declared. "We have no theatre for quite ordinary, cultivated people". Shaw, however, had standards entirely his own, and never expressed

satisfaction with anything. Less particular people were justified in considering that the audience was improving in intelligence and social status. A sign of this is the improvement in the dramatic notices in the papers, and the amount of space allowed to them. In ten years dramatic criticism rose from the ranks of the "chicken and champagne" school to that of Shaw and Max Beerbohm.

It had been one of Jones's loudest cries that men of letters should interest themselves in the drama, and many times had he pointed to the regrettable gulf between dramatic criticism and literary criticism. The function of the dramatic critic grew more important as interest in the drama developed, and William Archer was not slow to recognise it. In 1885 he wrote in The Nineteenth Century that with the widening of public interest in the theatre "all leading organs of opinion have found it in their interest to devote to the theatre that careful, attention which only a few used formerly to bestow upon it." The Times gave whole columns to dramatic criticism, and in the Pall Mall Gazette illustrations of the principal characters began to appear, so that the criticism of a play might take up a whole page. However, quantity had not yet been accompanied by quality. In 1891 George Moore had an outburst in the Pall Mall Gazette reviving the

"chicken and champagne" theory and declaring that dramatic criticism produced "an example of literature which at its highest point equals a second-rate novel and not infrequently falls below the level of the Family Herald". This was admirably borne out by the Gazette's own criticism of Tree's Hamlet which appeared on the same day, commending the angel choir relieving the "gruesome end of the play", and by the criticism of The Dancing Girl, which it described as "a feast of psychology". These same dramatic critics - "troops of young men in seedy suits of black" - George Moore marked down as the illiterate villains of the piece in the reception given to Ibsen, and found commercialism at the root of the trouble. "Any young man will do to report on legs", said the editors, and literary knowledge was a handicap rather than an advantage. Moore then explains that "the dramatic critic feels that if the public were allowed to admire Ibsen it might care very little for the tawdry ware that at present holds the theatrical market". So the young men, anxious to keep his dress-suited position, panders to the theatrical managers, whose "business interests" have in their turn to be protected, and rejects Ibsen as "dull, dirty and filthy". Thus through the illiteracy of dramatic critics artistic progress is thwarted in the cause of rank commercialism.

Thus argued George Moore in 1891. William Archer did not let the challenge pass, but humbling himself with the humbled, likewise lamented the gap that existed between theatrical and literary criticism, and acknowledged "we are specialists in a low sphere". In a year or two more this was to be remedied. Bernard Shaw took over the Saturday Review dramatic criticism, and Auguste Filon, handing out encouragement from France, published articles in the Revue des Deux Mondes on the English Drama. Henceforth dramatic criticism was safely in the hands of men of letters, who had a sense of responsibility towards their art. Shaw himself looked upon criticism as a serious art, for after seeing Duse in Magda he felt it was a confirmation of his "flagging faith that a dramatic critic is really the servant of a high art, and not a mere advertiser of entertainments of questionable respectability of motive." The drama had now a critic not only adequately qualified to meet it on equal literary terms, but far transcending it in comprehension, imagination and sense.

In the reform of the actual content and function of the drama itself there were seven pillars to Jones's wisdom. The separation from popular entertainment was the main one. This was evolutionary, took time, and did not prove as simple as Jones appeared to regard it, advocating it as glibly as

if it were a mechanical process, like separating cream from milk. It was a question of eradicating from the people's mind the firm-fixed, inborn notion that the theatre was a house of amusement and not instruction. Once again the process worked conversely. Once the thoughtful plays of Galsworthy and Shaw began to appear the people who went to the theatre for lazy amusement stayed away, and those who desired intellectual stimulation went. If ever there was a serious playwright it was John Galsworthy. He holds out no baits of light relief, such as Jones had done. His audience has come to the theatre to see the exposition of a social problem and this exposition they shall see, faultlessly presented. Nobody would class Galsworthy with circuses, exhibitions of fat women, and Madame Tussaud's. They serve different functions. There is in every age a desire to be taken out of oneself from time to time. The old melodramas and farces had in the past satisfied this desire. Such entertainment must demand no effort of the imagination or thought. To escape idly into other people's spheres of existence is a form of mental drugging which seems psychologically necessary to civilised mankind. It may be that the film came ~~just~~ in time to preserve the theatre from existing only to serve such a function, and took over the duties of mental soothing,

leaving the theatre free for mental stimulation.

Jones's next maxim, that the drama should represent real life, was fulfilled so successfully that it almost went to the other extreme, and was too much like real life. Plays such as The Younger Generation and Chains are so deadly accurate in their representation of real life as lived in the suburbs and provinces that they do not purge and freshen the emotions, but oppress and stifle with their desperate pettiness. Shaw could never be an exponent of real life, because he was born to caricature, but he is natural in presentation and dialogue and his types, if basically transcendental, have human qualities and failings. There is no comparison between his Sergius as a soldier and the painfully nautical sailors of Black-Eyed Susan. He presents real life, not as viewed by the common man, but stripped of the false romanticism which man has distorted into high ideals. Shaw saw that the real life which the reformers were demanding was not real life at all, but mankind's false conception of it. In the Preface to Three Plays for Puritans he declared that "since man's intellectual consciousness of himself ... is derived from the descriptions of him in books a persistent misrepresentation of humanity gets finally accepted and acted upon." In Shaw had developed Jones's theory to the transcendent

It had been like real life when the love affairs of the

reality, and had got past even the fundamental reality which Jones, with his honest but not brilliant perceptions had advocated. In Galsworthy realism of detail is as accurate as photography, but it is backed by fundamental realism of emotion and thought. Scantlebury's fuss over the screen in Strife is only an accessory detail to make more vivid the basic struggle between Capital and Labour. In Granville Barker there is not such obvious realism of detail, but there is perfect realism of character, expressed in subtle phrases that make each character stand out a living person, and all tinged with a quiet, delicately-pointed humour which gives a pleasant, enjoyable picture of society, finding delight as well as injustice in real life. Alice Maitland, a new-woman type treated straightforwardly, is a much more real person than the caricatures of Henry Arthur Jones and Grundy. "Edward, why have you given up proposing to me?" she asks with unmaidenly curiosity.

EDWARD. One can't go on proposing for ever.

ALICE. Why not? Have you seen anyone you like better?

EDWARD. No.

ALICE. Well, I miss it ... I find satisfaction in feeling that I am wanted.

This in its fair and frank presentation of a modern woman is much more like real life than the love affairs of the

"advanced" Sophie and Juxon, or Pybus and Elaine. The respectable Booth Voysey is a character somewhat like Colonel Cazenove of Grundy's New Woman, but presented with all the difference between the recognised, competent, cleverly-worded phrases such as Grundy used, and the subtle, simple, but varied remarks and comments of Granville Barker. Booth is always placed in a ridiculous light, doing as much as saying things that reveal his character. Booth having to shout "Have a glass of wine" with suitable decorum at his deaf mother while his father lies dead upstairs; Booth's effect upon Beatrice, who can "write important business letters upon an island in the middle of Fleet Street. But while Booth is poking at the ventilator with a stick - no"; Booth mirrored in the phrase "You looked quite like Booth for the moment", used by Alice to taunt Edward with dramatising himself; Booth as a whole is a character built up by every device of description, revelation and incident, not merely labelled and left to the imagination. Thus presented he becomes more alive than anything the early strivers after realism had achieved. The characters in the play as well as the author and the audience are aware of each other's personalities and instead of revelation by the wasteful method of plain description and statement there is revelation by the economical method of

working it in with another function in the play. The "realism" of the earlier dramatists had been too often an ill-considered attempt to present the morbid and unpleasant as a reaction against the confirmed sweetness and optimism of the Victorian dramas, where everything came out all right in the end. Granville Barker in Waste writes as morbid as tragedy as Pinero in The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, but it is incomparably greater in its austerity and complication of thought and reaction. Paula's shooting of herself seems a cheap theatrical effect compared with Trebell's suicide, though presented with similar details of shock and discovery. This is because of the depth of thought and motive in Trebell which dignifies him into a tragic hero, falling from great place. Paula's was a cowardly act of self-pity and based on circumstances which did not justify it. Granville Barker attains to the fundamental, universal realism which Jones had constantly advocated and illustrated in his interpretations of Shakespeare.

As the new drama was in touch with life, so also it was in touch with literature. There was no longer the crude, old-fashioned phrasing or theatrical ranting, simply because dramatists were expressing human and not merely histrionic emotion. Especially is this noticeable in the language of

women. Women in the Victorian dramas had proved particularly maudlin and poor at expressing themselves. "Oh William!" sighs black-eyed Susan, "when, when will you return to your almost broken-hearted Susan? Winds, blow prosperously, be tranquil, seas, and bring my husband to my longing eyes." This was conventional, histrionic pity-machinery, not literature. The speeches of Paula Tanqueray and Rose Trelawney, though not yet entirely free from theatrical floweriness, have advanced by the way of simplicity to a greater naturalness. Paula's simple "Oh, and I wanted so much to sleep tonight", or her wistful, "I believe the future is only the past again entered by another gate" are literature because they are sincere and express spontaneous emotion. Paula was preparing the way for Candida, and Mrs. Roberts of Strife, and Mrs. Jones of The Silver Box; the two latter women would hardly be expected to speak "literature" in real life, but in the plays their speech becomes "literature" because it is right and fitting and functional, serving a sincere dramatic purpose.

Henry Arthur Jones's clumsy attempts at expressing the beauty and mystery of life in his high-souled heroes, though sincere, are not literature, because emotion and situation are not in consistent harmony. In the plays of

Granville Barker Jones's struggles found fulfilment. His plays are literature because their language is not only beautiful but expressing a dignified conception of life and man. They are interwoven with a misty magic and pathos of thought that is always near to tears, leaving behind a sense of great beauty in their sincere contemplation of life and the instinctive realisation of the "heartbreak at the heart of things". Such comprehension gives its beauty to the language; there is dignity of imagination and expression, and poetry creeps in naturally and unobtrusively. Frances Trebell says to her brother: "Let's go away somewhere" ... I need refreshing as much as you. My joy of life has been withered in me ... oh, for a long time now. We must kiss the earth again ... take interest in common things, common people. There's so much of the world we don't know. There's air to breathe everywhere. Think of the flowers in a Tyrol valley in the early spring. One can walk for days, not hurrying, as soon as the passes are open. And the people are kind." This is a far cry from the "little star in Andromeda". Yet Jones spoke sarcastically of Granville Barker and the "pedestal" upon which Mr. William Archer had placed him. As part of his efforts to include the drama in literature

Jones had ardently advocated the printing of plays. Not only that, but he himself definitely wrote plays to be read in the study and not acted. Shaw was quick to seize upon the new notion, took advantage of it to include his long prefaces and elaborate stage directions. Later playwrights always wrote with one eye on the solitary reader as well as on the assembled audience, and enlivened their plays with illuminating and amusing stage directions, and even personal comments. Publishers likewise seized their opportunity and produced large volumes of collected plays, and Jones would surely have been delighted at the modern fashion for printing annually the "Famous Plays of the Year."

Jones's injunction that the drama should teach was fulfilled in two ways: in the way that he meant and in the way that he did not mean. Walkley accused Shaw's plays of being "nothing but explanation", and Galsworthy wrote plays that were dramatised tracts. Both wrote plays of the type which Jones condemned. Their teaching was explicit and therefore in his eyes undesirable. But in both the drama transcends the didacticism and the play has taught because it is a good play and not because it had a theory to expound. Galsworthy chooses situations in which preaching and airing of views are appropriate - board-meetings, mob-riots, law-courts. His

characters do not deliver miniature sermons in the drawing-room as Jones's own had done. Granville Barker teaches implicitly. He never speaks through his characters, but comes nearer than any to the ideal of showing character in reaction to situation and thus teaching, like life, implicitly and unobtrusively. His characters search out their own spirits and work at the puzzle of life to satisfy themselves, and not explicitly to enlighten the audience on the author's pet theories. The educational and persuasive function of the drama has now been fully realised, as witnessed not only by the springing up of theatres expressly to propagate Left politics, but also by the crocodiles of schoolchildren who attend matinees of the more elevating plays.

Whether Jones was responsible for it or not, the Puritan prejudice against the theatre gradually faded, and seemed to die with Queen Victoria. Max found it still lingering in 1900, but afterwards plays were freely allowed to mention illegitimate children, husbands and wives living apart, harlots and adultery, and other subjects which had previously been considered fit only for the smoking room. Waste was allowed to be performed, with all its frank, unsentimental discussions of sex, and the relationship of a man and woman who do not love each other in their responsibility for the child they do not

want, and look upon merely as a "consequence". Panics of morality ceased to sweep through the newspapers, and once again the quality of the drama transcended its disturbing frankness, a frankness which the garish treatment of the earlier plays had made cheap and crude.

The theatre as a national institution never achieved the standing which Jones desired. Municipal authorities did not and do not have a "mayor's night" periodically on which they attend the theatre in a corporate capacity. Millionaires, except in deference to the immortal bard and his Stratford, did not and do not advance large sums of money for the upkeep of the drama. The national theatre is no more than a large hole in the ground in South Kensington. All this proves how unimportant were the outward marks of recognition with which Jones wished to honour the drama. His renaissance bloomed and flourished without the help of mayors or millionaires. His desires for the drama were all fulfilled long before he stopped preaching about it, and, anxious as he was for a renaissance, when it came he was unable to distinguish it from decadence. It would have been better for him personally if the renaissance had been delayed and had not come till his last years when he felt that he could not lie in the intrinsic value of his plays alone, but in the

do no more. As it was it overtook him when he was still full of zeal and vigour, when the flatus was still upon him and he must declaim or die. It overtook him and outstripped him and left him aimless and deflated and little better than one of the unemployed.

He was a curious mixture of the artist and the Philistine. Some of his schemes for advancing the drama show complete lack of artistic discernment. It is difficult to see how it would help the drama to have it patronised by a well-fed mayor and his minions, who in all probability would know no more about the drama than his own proverbial butcher's boy. It may be said that so many serious, fundamental crimes committed against dramatic art as Jones was guilty of disqualified him from any claim to be considered in the development of the English drama. His propaganda, however, though degenerating into ranting discontent, contained the basic elements of dramatic criticism; his plays, though old-fashioned, bad, sentimental, often silly, nevertheless caught the popular attention, bridged the gap between melodrama and social drama, filled the theatres with intelligent people. The function of Henry Arthur Jones is one which could never be recognised without examination of contemporary opinion, because it does not lie in the intrinsic value of his plays alone, but in the

effect they had upon their audiences. His plays are significant even in their silliness. As a man on his own he is a jolly, enthusiastic figure of no particular importance; as a man in relation to his age he is supremely important. Unlike Pinero who remained an elusive, retiring acquaintance of his contemporaries, always alluded to by his surname, Jones stood out as a topical personality; battling and struggling and making troops of enemies, he likewise surrounded himself with troops of friends, was affectionately known as Henry Arthur, and the final testimony to the position he held in his own day is the unflinching admiration and affection of such spirits as Max Beerbohm and Bernard Shaw.

[HUMSUS]	1879.	John Tait, Ilfracombe
[A GARCON PARTY]	1879.	John Tait, Ilfracombe
AN OLD MASTER	1880.	Samuel French & Co. John Tait, Ilfracombe

¹This Appendix gives the plays with their date of writing and the publishers. Dates and places of production will be found in Chapter II.

- Titles in normal type - plays produced, published and surviving
- Titles in brackets [] - plays never produced
- Titles underlined - plays produced but not printed
- Titles starred [*] - plays missing

²All plays printed by John Tait of Ilfracombe were private publications.

LADY CAPRICE*

APPENDIX A¹

John Tait, Ilfracombe

HIS WIFE

1881.

The Plays of Henry Arthur Jones

HOME AGAIN

1881.

THE GOLDEN CALF^x

1869.

Samuel French & Co.
John Tait, Ilfracombe

IT'S ONLY ROUND THE
CORNER

1878.

Samuel French & Co.
(under the title Harmony)

CHERRY RIPE^x

1878.

Plays of Henry Arthur Jones
ed. Clayton Hamilton

HEARTS OF OAK

1879.

John Tait, Ilfracombe²
(also with fuller dialogue
under the title Honour
Bright)

REX*

1883-4.

VLADIMIR^x
ELOPEMENT

1879.

John Tait, Ilfracombe

THE JOLLY WATERMAN^x
A CLERICAL ERROR

1863-4.

Samuel French & Co.

BREAKING A BUTTERFLY

1884.

John Tait, Ilfracombe

[HUMBUB]

1879.

John Tait, Ilfracombe

[A GARDEN PARTY]

1879.

John Tait, Ilfracombe

AN OLD MASTER

1880.

Samuel French & Co.
John Tait, Ilfracombe

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- Titles starred [x] = plays missing

²All plays printed by John Tait of Ilfracombe were private publications.

BAR*

1886.

LADY CAPRICE ^x	1880.	John Tait, Ilfracombe
HIS WIFE <small>LEMAN</small>	1881.	Samuel French & Co. Included in <u>Representative</u> <u>Plays of Henry Arthur</u> Jones ed. Clayton Hamilton
HOME AGAIN	1881.	
A BED OF ROSES <small>JUDAH</small>	1882. 1890.	Samuel French & Co. John Tait, Ilfracombe Macmillan & Co. 1894.
THE SILVER KING	1882.	Samuel French & Co. Included in <u>Representative</u> <u>Plays of Henry Arthur</u> Jones ed. Clayton Hamilton
SWEET WILL [THE WEDDING GUEST]	1890. 1882-3.	Samuel French & Co. John Tait, Ilfracombe Plays vol. 131.
REX ^x <small>THE DRAGON</small>	1883-4. 1890.	Samuel French & Co. Lacy's Acting Edition of Plays vol. 135
VLADIMIR ^x		
THE JOLLY WATERMAN ^x <small>THE DANCING GIRL</small>	1883-4. 1891.	Samuel French & Co.
BREAKING A BUTTERFLY	1884.	Privately printed for Henry Herman as presentation copy. ed. Clayton Hamilton
CHATTERTON <small>ERS</small>	1884.	Samuel French & Co., New York Included in <u>Representative</u> <u>Plays of Henry Arthur</u> Jones ed. Clayton Hamilton
SAINTS AND SINNERS	1884.	Samuel French & Co. Macmillan & Co. 1891. Hamilton
THE BAUBLE SHOP	1893.	Samuel French & Co. Included in <u>Representative</u> <u>Plays of Henry Arthur</u> Jones ed. Clayton Hamilton.
THE TEMPTER HOODMAN BLIND	1893. 1885.	Samuel French & Co. Macmillan & Co. 1896 Included in <u>Representative</u> <u>Plays of Henry Arthur</u> Jones ed. Clayton Hamilton
THE LORD HARRY	1886.	Chiswick Press
A NOBLE VAGABOND	1886.	
HARD HIT	1887.	
HEART OF HEARTS	1887.	
BAB ^x	1888.	

All plays printed by the Chiswick Press were private

publications.

<u>WEALTH</u>	1889.	Samuel French & Co. Macmillan & Co. 1899
THE MIDDLEMAN	1889.	Samuel French & Co. Included in <u>Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones</u> ed. Clayton Hamilton
THE DEATH OF REBEKAH JUDAH	1890.	Samuel French & Co. Macmillan & Co. 1894. Included in <u>Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones</u> ed. Clayton Hamilton
SWEET WILL	1890.	Samuel French & Co. Lacy's Acting Edition of <u>Jones Plays</u> vol.131.
THE DEACON	1890.	Samuel French & Co. Lacy's Acting Edition of <u>Jones Plays</u> vol.133
THE TRIUMPH OF THE THE DANCING GIRL	1891.	Samuel French & Co. Reprinted in <u>Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones</u> ed. Clayton Hamilton
RICHARD AND HIS LOST THE CRUSADERS	1891.	Macmillan & Co. 1893 Included in <u>Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones</u> ed. Clayton Hamilton
THE BAUBLE SHOP	1893.	Samuel French & Co.
THE TEMPTER COMEDY	1893.	Samuel French & Co. Macmillan & Co. 1898 Included in <u>Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones</u> ed. Clayton Hamilton
THE PHYSICIAN	1897.	Chiswick Press ¹ 1899 Chiswick Press

¹All plays printed by the Chiswick Press were private publications.

- THE MASQUERADERS 1894. Samuel French & Co.
Macmillan & Co. 1899
Included in Representative
Plays of Henry Arthur Jones
ed. Clayton Hamilton
Chiswick Press
- THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS
SUSAN 1894. Samuel French & Co.
Macmillan & Co. 1897.
Included in Representative
Plays of Henry Arthur Jones
ed. Clayton Hamilton
Chiswick Press
- [GRACE MARY] 1895. Included in Representative
Plays of Henry Arthur Jones
ed. Clayton Hamilton
Chiswick Press
- [JAMES THE POOR] 1902. Printed with The Theatre of
Ideas, Chapman and Hall
Chiswick Press
- THE TRIUMPH OF THE
PHILISTINES 1895. Samuel French & Co.
Macmillan & Co. 1899
Chiswick Press. 1908
Chiswick Press
- MICHAEL AND HIS LOST
ANGEL 1896. Samuel French & Co.
Macmillan & Co. 1896
Chiswick Press
- JOSEPH ENTANGLED 1904. Included in Representative
Plays of Henry Arthur Jones
ed. Clayton Hamilton
Chiswick Press
- THE CHEVALIER 1904. Samuel French & Co.
Macmillan & Co. 1896
Chiswick Press
- THE ROGUE'S COMEDY 1896. Samuel French & Co.
Macmillan & Co. 1898
Chiswick Press
- THE PHYSICIAN 1897. Samuel French & Co.
Macmillan & Co. 1899
Chiswick Press
- THE HEROIC STUDIES 1906. Samuel French & Co.
Macmillan & Co. 1899
Chiswick Press
- THE LIARS 1897. Macmillan & Co. 1904
Samuel French & Co.
Included in Representative
Plays of Henry Arthur Jones
ed. Clayton Hamilton
Chiswick Press

THE MANOEUVRES OF JANE 1898. Samuel French & Co. 1904
Macmillan & Co. 1904
Chiswick Press

CARNAC SAHIB 1899. Macmillan & Co. 1899
Chiswick Press

THE LACKEY'S CARNIVAL 1900. Chiswick Press

MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE 1900. Samuel French & Co.
Macmillan & Co. 1905
Included in Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones
ed. Clayton Hamilton

DICK 1908. Chiswick Press

THE KNIFE 1909. Chiswick Press

[JAMES THE FOGY] 1902. Chiswick Press in typescript
in Mrs. Thorne's collection

THE PRINCESS'S NOSE. 1902. Chiswick Press

CHANCE THE IDOL 1902. Chiswick Press

WHITEWASHING JULIA 1903. Samuel French & Co. 1905
Macmillan & Co. 1905
Chiswick Press

THE OGRE 1911. Chiswick Press

[CHRYSOLD] 1904. Chiswick Press in typescript
in Mrs. Thorne's collection

JOSEPH ENTANGLED 1904. Samuel French & Co.
Chiswick Press

[THE DIVINE GIFT] 1912. Chiswick Press. 1913.
Included in Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones
ed. Clayton Hamilton

THE CHEVALEER 1904. Samuel French & Co.
Chiswick Press

[FELISA] 1912. [Survives only in typescript
in Mrs. Thorne's collection]

[SWORD OF GIDEON] 1905. Chiswick Press

THE HEROIC STUBBS 1906. Chiswick Press

THE HYPOCRITES 1906. Samuel French & Co.
1914. Included in Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones
ed. Clayton Hamilton
Chiswick Press

- THE EVANGELIST 1907. Chiswick Press (under the title The Galilean's Victory)
- DOLLY REFORMING HERSELF 1908. Samuel French & Co. (also one-act version entitled Dolly's Little Bills)
Included in Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones ed. Clayton Hamilton
Chiswick Press
- DICK^x 1908.
- THE KNIFE 1909. Samuel French & Co.
- [LOO VALLANCE] 1909. Survives only in typescript in Mrs. Thorne's collection
- FALL IN ROOKIES 1910. Chiswick Press
- WE CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL THAT 1910. Privately printed in New York
- THE OGRE 1911.
- LYDIA GILMORE 1912. Survives only in typescript in Mrs. Thorne's collection
- [THE DIVINE GIFT] 1912. Duckworth & Co. 1913.
Included in Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones ed. Clayton Hamilton
- [HER TONGUE] 1912. Printed with The Theatre of Ideas Chapman & Hall
- MARY GOES FIRST 1913. Samuel French & Co.
Included in Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones ed. Clayton Hamilton
- THE GOAL 1914. Included in Representative Plays of Henry Arthur Jones ed. Clayton Hamilton
Published with The Theatre of Ideas Chapman & Hall.

- THE LIE 1914. Samuel French & Co.
Chiswick Press
- COCK O' THE WALK 1915. Nineteenth Century
- THE RIGHT MAN FOR
SOPHIE^x 1916. Today December.
- THE PACIFISTS 1917. Chiswick Press
- [FINDING THEMSELVES] 1917. Survives only in typescript in
Mrs. Thorne's collection
- THE LIFTED VEIL^x 1919.
- THE WOMAN I LOVED^x 1922.
1889. The First Night Playwrights
1890. The Last Night Playwrights July.
1891. The Science of the Drama New Review July.
1892. The Drama New Review January.

Film Scenarios

- VENETIA SUPERBA^x 1920 Young Man March.
New Review June.
- TOM TOBIN, POLICEMAN^x 1920. New Review July.
New Review August.
- VENTURESOME NAOMI^x 1920. St. James's Hall.
- EARLY HISTORY OF
VIRGINIA^x 1920. Nineteenth
1901. The Drama in the English Provinces Nineteenth
Century March.
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