

One only way has ever yet been found,
So Peace and Joy and Brotherhood may reign su-
preme on earth.

Let Love and Justice rule the world.
Let Justice sway the common weal,
And Love direct our private lives;
Let Equal Freedom grasp the flag,
And lead the hosts of men;
No laws of man save such alone
As square with laws of God.

Let what is mine be wholly mine,
And what is thine be wholly thine.
Let Love alone decide the share
That charity shall give;
And never think to strengthen Love
By force of man-made law.
But what is ours belongs to all,
And none may claim as his alone.

The bounteous earth was made for man—
For all to use on equal terms;
For all to have, to hold, enjoy,
And reap the fruit of honest toil;
But not to fence and hold away
From e'en the least of fellow men.

One right alone there is by which
Men take and hold the land of earth—
The right of use.
This right alone gives title deed;
This right alone is all they need,
Who work for what they have.

So taught the prophets, teachers, seers,
From oldest age to present time;
And all the martyrs, sages, saints,
Who've spent their lives to bless the race,
Have thundered forth this mighty truth,
And called mankind to hear and heed.

"But how? O how?" the masses called;
"How then can this be done?
We quick can tell what things are mine,
And just as quickly what are thine;
But how to know what things are ours,
And how to make them meet the need
Of common life and common weal?"

Then one arose from out the ranks—
A simple, humble, workingman,
With seeing eye and clever brain,
Whose thought for many years had dwelt
On this the riddle of the Sphinx.

With Love and Justice for his guide,
He trod the thorny path alone,
And blazed the trees on either side.
And now all men may see the way;
And all may know the path of right;
And what is ours stands forth so plain
That none may fall who try to see.

And here today where God's green earth,
Where cooling shade and summer sun
Suggest again the mighty truth
That he made clear to all the world,
We crown the brow of Henry George,
And now proclaim him King of Seers.

C. J. BUELL.

"THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE."

From the Boston Evening Transcript of May 2, 1908.

It came to the Savoy Theater last month without blare of trumpets or extravagant claims—one of the most remarkable plays that has been seen on the American stage for many a long day, this "The Servant in the House," by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy. It is not that the play is evidently the work of a ripe scholar and a deep thinker, though this is much; it is plain that the play is made by one who is imbued with the spirit of the classical tradition of the stage, and who, adapting modern conditions to classical needs, has, as severely as the Greeks did, preserved the unities of time, place, and action, as laid down by Aristotle and strictly adhered to until they were overridden by the genius of Shakespeare.

In "The Servant in the House" we see the modern stage at its best. Here it appears not simply as a pander to the desire for amusement, but as the purveyor of entertainment that appeals to the intellect and as a teacher of moral dogma whose lessons thus presented are certain to take a firmer hold than if its tenets were pronounced from any pulpit.

It is evident that this play is a vital expression of its author's unrest under social conditions—one might almost say social hypocrisies—as they exist today. There is something healthily iconoclastic about his protest against the present as voiced through the mouths and actions of his characters. In a most daring way he has ventured to put upon the stage a character in the Bishop of Benares who, as near as may be, approximates the figure and attributes of Jesus Christ, and the audience is permitted to see that if He were to return to earth today, and were obliged, living as a man, to combat our social conditions and inequalities, He would have to declare himself, as "The Servant in the House" does, a socialist.

But it is socialism in its better, finer sense that is meant. Not that grim body that is held up by demagogues to frighten the childlike voter; the unshaven, ignorant fanatic, waving red flags and crying "Down with everything!" This socialism is the socialism of Christianity; socialism that looks life squarely in the face; which decries the division of the human brotherhood into classes, and which stands upon the truth—quite unassailable—that the man who does the work of the scavenger in the world—"some one has to do it," as the play says—and does it well, is a better man, a better Christian, a better citizen than the black-robed bishop who prostitutes his high office and his gifts of scholarship to his own selfish ends.

And so in this play we get the fine allegory of the drains that cause illness and which keep people away from the church, and when the scavenger investigates, lo! he finds the defect begins in the rector's study, and he follows it up until he

finds its source under the very church itself. And there is a fine example there of what a priest should be and should do when he faces the facts, ugly though they may be. It is for him not to waste his time in prayer—though that is good, too—but to pull off his coat and to share in the risks; face the danger and the filth and the muck and do his part in cleaning up the sore and wretched places.

All this is most beautifully exemplified in the play. Bob, the vicar's brother; a drain man; a man who has fallen low largely because his too-righteous brother, with his too-loving wife, have not seen it was their first duty to stretch out their hands to save him. Bob has come into the study after discovering the source of the trouble to the drain. He is covered with muck and filth; and yet, because this has come to him through doing a brave work honestly, there was nothing really repulsive in it.

Bob—That's what I come 'ere to talk abaht—my job. P'r'aps you'll think as it ain't a tasty subjic, before a lot o' nice, clean, respectable people as never 'ad anythin' worse on their fingers than a bit of lawn dirt, playin' crokey; but someone 'as to see to the drains, someone 'as to clear up the muck of the world! I'm the one. An' I'm 'ere to tell you about it.

Aunt (involuntarily)—Oh!

Bob—You don't like that, ma'am? 'Urts your feelin's, eh?

Aunt—Yes; but not in the way you mean.

Mary—But, you know, you really are a little unpleasant.

Bob—I'm not 'ere to be pleasant, young leddy, I'm 'ere to edicate you.

Vic—Yes; I think I see.

Aunt (breathlessly)—Go on; go on!

Bob—Well, I come to this 'ouse this mornin', I don't mind ownin' it, in a rotten bad frame of mind. I 'ad a little job on, and a job a bit above my 'ead, an' it got me dahn an' worried me; yus, it did—worried me. That young leddy 'll tell you wot I was like when she furst saw me. I looked that bad she thought I come to steal summat. Well, p'r'aps I did, arter all—summat as I ad no right to, summat as don't properly belong to a streaky swine like me. That was when she first saw me; but I was wuss before that, I tell you straight!

Mary (self-consciously)—What changed you?

Bob—A bloke I met, miss, as knowed me better than I knowed myself. 'E changed me.

Aunt—Manson!

Vic—Manson!

Bob—Don't know 'is name. 'E was a fair knockaht. Got togs on 'im like an Earl's Court exhibition. 'E changed me; 'e taught me my own mind; 'e brought me back to my own job—drains.

Aunt—Yes.

Bob—Funny thing, ma'am, people's born different; some 's born without noses in their 'eads worth speakin' of. I wasn't—I can smell out a stink anywhere.

Aunt (fascinated)—I am sure you can. This is most interesting!

Bob (warming)—Moment I stuck my 'ead in this 'ouse I knowed as summat was wrong in my line, and ses to myself: "Wot oh! 'e ain't such an awmighty liar, arter all—that 's drains!" An' drains it was, strike me dead, arsking your pawdon!

Mary—Now didn't I always say—

Bob—Yus, miss; you 're one o' the nosey uns, I can see. Well, soon as ole Togs got done with 'is talk, I got my smeller dahn, folloed up the scent, and afore I knowed where I was I was in it up to my eyes. Out there in the room with the blood-red 'eap a' books. Blimey, you never did see! Muck, ma'am! Just look at my 'ands! Aint that pretty? 'Owever, I got there, right enough, I don't fink. Fancy I put that little bit strite afore I done.

Aunt—Oh, this is too beautiful of you.

Bob (burning with enthusiasm and manifestly affected by her appreciation)—Wait a bit; I got more yet. Talk baht bee-utiful! That bit was on'y an ashan. Look 'ere, ma'am. I got the lovellest little job on as ever yer soiled yer 'ands in.

Mary—Oh, do tell us.

Aunt—Yes, do.

Vic—Yes, yes!

(A splendid rapture infects them all.)

Bob—I followed up that drain—was n't goin' to stick till kingdom come inside your little mouse 'ole out there. No, I said, where 's this leadin' to? What 's the elanglory use o' flushin' out this blarsted bit of a sink, with devil-knows-wot stinkin' cesspool at the end of it. That 's wot I said, ma'am.

Aunt—Very rightly. I see! I see!

Bob—So up I go through the sludge, puffin' and blowin' like a bally ole cart 'orse. Strooth, it seemed miles. Talk abaht bee-utiful, ma'am; it 'ud a done your 'eart good, ma'am, it 'ould, really. Rats! 'undreds of 'em, ma'am; I 'm bitten clean through in places. 'Owever, I pushed my way through, some'ow, oldin' my nose an' fightin' for my breath, till at last I got to the end—an' then I soon saw wot was the matter. It 's under the church—that 's where it is! I know it's the church, 'cos I 'eard "The Church's One Foundation" on the organ, rumblin' up over my 'ead.

All—Yes, yes!

Aunt—Why don't you go on?

Bob—You'd never guess wot I saw there, not if you was to try from now till glory alelooyer. The biggest back-hander I ever did 'av, swelp me. (They hang on his words expectantly.) It ain't no dream at all!

All (breathlessly)—Why, what is it, then?

Bob—It 's a grive!

All—A grave!

Bob—Yus, one o' them whoppin' great beer vaults as you shove big bugses' corpses inter. What d' yer think o' that now?

Mary—Oh!

Aunt—Horrible!

Vic—I seem to remember some traditions . . .

Bob—You 'd a-said so, if you 'd seen wot I seen! Talk abaht corfins, an' shrouds, an' bones, an' dead men gone to rot, they was n't in it, wot I saw dahn there! Madame Twosoes is a flea-bite to it! Lord! And the rats an' the stink, an' the bloomin' gravy thick up to your eyes—I never thought there could be such a lot o' muck an' dead things all in one

place before. It was a fair treat, it was, I tek my oath! (Rapturously.) Why, it may cost a man 'is life to deal with that little job.

Vic—My God! The thing 's impossible!

Bob—Impossible! Means a bit of work, that 's all!

Vic—Why, no one would ever dare. . . .

Bob—Dare! Why, what d' you think I come 'ere for?

Vic—You?

Bob—Yus, makin' myself unpleasant. . . .

Vic—Do you mean—do I understand?—

Bob—I mean as I 'v found my place, or I don't know a good thing when I see it.

Aunt—What! To go into that dreadful vault, and—

Bob—Why not? Ain't it my job?

Aunt—But you said—perhaps—death.

Bob—It 's worth it—it 's a lovely bit of wark!

Vic—No, ten thousand times no! The sacrifice is too much.

Bob—You call that sacrifice? It 's fun; not arf.

Vic—I had rather see the church itself—

Bob—What, you call yourself a clergyman?

Vic—I call myself nothing. I am nothing—less than nothing in all this living world.

Bob—By God, but I call myself summat—I 'm the drain man, that 's wot I am.

Vic (feverishly)—You shall not go!

Bob—Why, wot is there to fear? Ain't it worth while to move away that load o' muck?

Vic—The stench—the horror—the darkness.

Bob—What 's it matter, if the comrides up above 'av' light an' joy an' a breath of 'olesome air to sing by?

Vic—Hour by hour—dying alone—

Bob—The comrides up in the spann an' arches, joinin' 'ands.

Vic—Fainter and fainter, below there, and at last—an endless silence.

Bob—'Igh in the dome the ammerins of the comrides as 'av' climbed aloft!

Aunt—William, there is yet one other way!

Vic—Yes, yes! I see! I see! (To Bob) Then—you mean to go?

Bob—By 'Even, yus!

Vic—Then, by God and all the powers of grace, you shall not go alone! Off with these lies and make-believes! Off with these prisoner's shackles! They cramp, they stifle me! Freedom! Freedom! This is no priest's work—it calls for a man! (He tears off his parson's coat and collar, casting them furiously aside. He rolls up his sleeves.) Now, if you're ready, comrade; you and I together!

Aunt—God's might go with you, William! Accept him, Christ!

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James O'Donnell Bennett, in the Chicago Record-Herald of August 18, 1908.

A serene and commanding Presence enters a household of vexed and troubled hearts; a Presence helpful, wise, forbearant, gently ironic, winning, making plain the way to groping souls. Then vanish the silent, subtle, respectable lies of expediency and no longer rule there the laws of self-interest and self-pride; brother is reconciled

unto brother and the child knows the father. The desolate one crying, "God has left me stranded!" is taken in and, gazing dully upon the readjusted order, mutters: "After all, he is my brother." The secret of sore lives is laid bare and dark places that breathed pestilence are made clean. So—and solely so—is it brought to pass because men reach out their hands one to another and, meaning it with all the conviction of their souls and all the might of their beings, say, "This is my brother." Life is no longer shabby and mean, no more do compromises and grudges govern conduct. Life is exultant and free and fine, and men breathe deep, and a light is in their eyes. Only he who withholds his hand dwells in darkness and is bitter and hard. Labor is right and good, and no man and no deed of labor is contemptible, and the song of labor is not a dirge any more but a chant of victory, steady, profound, glad.

In majestic allegory—the greatest English allegory since the inspired thinker of Bedford gave "Pilgrim's Progress" to the world from his prison—and in intimate, homely appeal, too, so speaks "The Servant in the House."

This sublime work was revealed at Powers' Theater last evening for the first time on the local boards. Its fame has, of course, preceded it. In its printed form it has been much read, and it has been much discussed. There was a feeling that an examination so particular and attentive might discount the histrionic representation of it. It was not so. If ever a play responded to the touch of the player this one does, and those who laid down the book impressed will leave the theater overwhelmed. It was more than acting that Mr. Kennedy's drama received; it was interpretation—reverent, exalted, searching. The players acted not like players but like devotees, and carried their calling back to the spirit of the days when it was priestly. With wet eyes and quivering lips and pain-laden voices they acted, not like people playing for hire, but like mentors voicing the lesson of brotherhood and the teachings of Jesus—saying, and saying again, and bearing it in upon the hearts of the silent people, the gospel of the Servant:

"My religion is very simple; I love God and all my brothers."

Before the majesty and the feeling of such a drama as this the shop phrases of a reviewer's smug approbation, seem very meaningless; one would as soon think of praising the Book of Common Prayer. It is a work for the world to see and ponder upon and take unto itself in silence and humility, and then be thankful that it puts blood and will into a man's heart. It is, therefore, with a sense of diffidence that we attempt a record of last night's representation; in truth, it is difficult to write with composure of a play of which the appeal is at once so lofty and so