

deal of his own, though nothing at all of striking literary value. He acknowledges his debt, acknowledges that he borrowed Lazarus's mad clamour, "Give me the sun; mother, mother—the sun! For God's sake—for God's sake—for God's sake, mother—give me the sun." And if he had not acknowledged it, no one would have been deceived. The idea, some of the story, much of the development, are Ibsen's. Now playwrights borrow very frequently, even from their contemporaries. But not playwrights of literary eminence, surely? Or, if so, why is it held reputable in them, seeing that in novelists it would be held intolerable? The whole past is open to both to steal from, and Shakespeare has shown them the way. So we have in the example before us either a strange combination of audacity and meanness, one dramatist borrowing from another a capital idea in that other's lifetime, or the adaptation may be regarded as the adapter's way of doing honour to a brother genius. And the latter supposition probably fits the present case. But if so, the adapter's merit is merely technical; and it is absurd to treat him as seriously as if he had conceived and developed the whole idea. Echegaray deserves attention, but it was not a fortunate choice to select this particular drama to introduce him to us as a Spanish man of letters. It would serve very well on the stage to prove his skill as a playwright, but in the dainty Cameo Series, which is a home for masterpieces, *The Son of Don Juan* seems a trifle out of place.

THE SON OF DON JUAN. By José Echegaray. Translated by James Graham. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.00.

Señor Echegaray is one of the most productive of living Spanish writers. He has written some fifty dramas in twenty-one years, during which time the most widely different interests have claimed his attention. He is a mathematician and an orator, a physicist, a lecturer on political economy and geology; he is consulted by civil engineers, and has written a book on submarine vessels of war. And this remarkable Jack of all trades seems, indeed, to be really master of some. His cleverness as a dramatist is indisputable; his quickness to see the situations in modern life that adapt themselves to dramatic treatment is very rare. Mr. Graham writes in rather a fulsome strain, but Echegaray deserves much of his praise. This very play which Mr. Graham has translated is clever in its workmanship and impressive in its tone. The translation is not first rate, but it does not dishonour its original in any flagrant manner.

Mr. Graham's workmanship, however, is not the main point to be considered. *The Son of Don Juan* raises a point in ethics. It is frankly an adaptation of Ibsen's *Ghosts*. There are considerable differences between the two, of course. The erring father in the Spanish drama lives to see the madness of his son. Lazarus, the son, is an interesting young poet. The characters are Spanish characters; the setting is Spanish; there is a southern fervour in the conversation. Echegaray gives no lazy, but, on the contrary, a very painstaking and a very clever adaptation, putting in a great