

There was a very interesting narrative idea at the basis of Mr. Ernest Poole's play entitled "*None So Blind.*" A bridge-

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"JUST A WIFE." ACT IV

"The piece . . . has been given a beautiful scenic investiture and discloses many lovely pictures to the eye."



"THE WITCH." ACT I

"An old hag named Goody Whitlock has been accused of witchcraft and is pursued into the dooryard of the minister's house by an infuriated mob that hales her forth to be hanged."

builder is stricken sightless. During the succeeding months his wife, although she seems to him to be devoting her entire attention to helping him continue his labours in the dark, has really shifted her interest to

"None so Blind"

certain literary labours of her own in which she is aided by a man who loves her.

Furthermore, the plans of his new bridge have been criminally tampered with by a rival engineer. At operation on the hero's eyes restore his sight; but when he returns home he pretends for some time that he is still blind, and thus discovers all that has been going on about him. By reserving until the proper moments the revelation of the fact that he can see, he traps and confutes the rival engineer and afterward regains the devotion of his wife.

This narrative idea could be turned to service for a great short story or a very effective one-act play. It might even be amplified into a novelette about the length of *The Light that Failed*. But Mr. Poole's four-act handling of it was dilatory, non-progressive, and undramatic. The secondary plot was too mechanical to justify the labour

it necessitated; and the defection of the wife was scarcely serious enough in nature to rise to a really dramatic culmination. The last act was devoid of action and was taken up entirely with talk. But the defects of *"None So Blind"* were merely technical. Its merit was the very

evident spirit of sincerity that pervaded it. There was an underlying vein of poetry that every now and then looked through the lines. The piece suggested to the audience a sense of a wholesome personality behind it, and was impressive in its beautiful intent.



"A SON OF THE PEOPLE," ACT II

"Marc Arron admits his treachery, and Montaloup sternly condemns him for the sake of the revolutionary cause; but the men are friends, and after they have agreed that death at dawn must be the penalty, they embrace each other in affectionate farewell."