

in which there is fundamentally the same thought, and the three discount the stupidity of "Our Friend the Dog," "Death and the Crown," and "In an Automobile." The essays on flowers suffer severely from translation, as do all of them for that matter; but these are so dependent on the names of the flowers, the resonance of the French, and the locality of the gardens, that they approach the meaningless when put into English; not through any special fault of the translator, however, be it said, for in the main his translation is good.

The reason that M. Maeterlinck ascribes for the stupidity of the modern drama is that in the modern world the active passions of love, hate, revenge, etc., have become cooled under the modern activities of law and order, and men and women of the present time acting as they did in the older dramas would be only ridiculous. He says: "But not one of these sombre, pitiless duties, that so fatally impel mankind to death and disaster, can readily take root in the consciousness that a healthy living light has adequately penetrated; in such there will be no room for honor or vengeance, for conventions that clamor for blood. It will hold no prejudices that exact tears, no injustice eager for sorrow. It will have cast from their throne the gods who insist on sacrifice, and the love that craves for death. For when the sun has entered into the consciousness of him who is wise,—it will reveal one duty, and one alone, which is that we should do the least possible harm, and love others as we love ourselves; and from this duty no drama can spring." He claims that we are already approaching this state. Later (after speaking of Ibsen as the great modern) he says: "And it is, perhaps, from the struggle of this duty against our egoism and ignorance that the veritable drama of our century shall spring."

Of the two essays concerning the future, the attitude is the breathlessness of standing, at the present moment, on the verge of discoveries which will revolutionize all theories both of mind and matter. No one save Maeterlinck could convey this sensation so wonderfully—he makes you feel so clearly, yet so mystically, the mysterious edge of things. In producing this general attitude of mind he always has been, and still is, the master hand. It is for this, one reads him, not for his personifications of dogs or automobiles.

THE DOUBLE GARDEN. By Maurice Maeterlinck.  
(Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.40 net.)  
THIS volume of sixteen essays translated, with one exception, by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, is a curious compound of the commonplace and the extraordinary. As a whole it certainly does not compare favorably with M. Maeterlinck's other volumes of essays, though this is not saying, by any means, that it is not worth reading. It is distinctly worth reading—much of it worth reading many times. The essay on "The Modern Drama" alone would make the book worth having. Add to that the two, "The Foretelling of the Future" and "The Leaf of Olive,"