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Longwood University

THE FOCUS

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VA.

DRAMATIC NUMBER

MAY
1912

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THE FOCUS

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A Letter from Mrs. Coburn

April 17, 1912.

Miss Frances Graham,
Farmville, Va.

My dear Miss Graham—I have your gracious letter and "by the near guess of my memory" (to quote our Master Shakespeare) "I cannot instantly sum up" an article for you by the 20th, the day your magazine must go to press, but I am sending instead this letter which I hope you may be able to use in your publication.

I feel in addressing the lovely girls of the Farmville School that I am speaking to a special audience instead of a general public.

You are all so beautifully prepared for the plays we give each year and ready with understanding and appreciation of each point; this, of course, is not true of the general public. See then the fine work you have before you when you leave your school in helping those about you in the work-a-day world to realize that the drama is something more to them than a thing of amusement; that they owe the same tribute to great drama that they owe to great music, great painting, or any noble expression, no matter what the medium.

I find there is a less general knowledge of good drama than of any of the other arts; this seems lamentable to me, of course, since drama is life itself and each day of each of our lives we experience a drama. It is before us always. Your Farmville School is teeming

with drama. Each of you have your drama of ambition for class honors, your jealousies, your duties, your sacrifices, your hates, your loves, and so on to the end of human emotions.

I think if we can realize how it is about us always we will begin to think of drama not as a thing to be viewed from afar, but as a part of us each day, just as the good print of one of the old masters on our wall is a part of us.

Think of Shakespeare as a great and wonderful human being saying the same things we say and think each day, only, oh! so much more beautifully than we can ever hope to say them, and we will take him not as a part of our college course to be forgotten, but as necessary to us as the simple, dainty white dress we wear.

My memory eyes always see the Farmville campus covered with "bonnie" girls in white.

In presenting a drama I wonder if you know how much you, as an audience, are a part of the play. Just one half; that seems a big percentage doesn't it? If you come with artistic understanding and appreciation you at once put the actor on his metal to give the best and highest he has to give. He feels an audience the instant he walks on the stage, by that indescribable, what shall I call it?—electrical current that comes from audience to actor and back again. So you see what a responsibility the audience has as well as the actor, and that one is quite as important as the other, so that whether you are going to be audience or actor, profit to the fullest by the fine advantages offered at the Farmville School and realize your responsibility for good drama.

Knowledge stands by us no matter what our walk of life, be it business, profession, or home keeping, and wherever our walk of life, there is drama.

With love to all the girls,

Most sincerely,

IVAH WILLS COBURN.

May

The south wind calls, the robin sings,
While the river runs so free,
What's the reason for these things?
Why, it's May!

The girls they dance with merry feet
And play the livelong day,
Why need they be so gay and sweet?
Why, it's May!

The tiny flowers open wide,
As the sun caresses them lightly,
Why need all sorrow hide?
Why, it's May!

The sky is blue with a hazy light,
The sun warms the earth again,
Why does the world again seem right?
Why, it's May!

GEORGE BAILEY.

A Common Everyday Person

CHARACTERS

Elizabeth Whittington, an attractive, wealthy girl living in the city.
William Nivrag, a rising young lawyer, who is attentive to her.
Polly Nelson, a little country girl, who is a distant relative of Elizabeth's.

Time—Today. Place—New York.

[The living room of a comfortable flat. Scene opens with maid dusting. The bell rings. She answers, and returns with two flower boxes and a note. Elizabeth enters at same time from opposite door.]

Elizabeth—Flowers are they, Maggie? Two boxes, too. Well, he is extravagant. (Maid hands her the boxes and the note.)

Elizabeth—Ah, a note! Perhaps it will explain matters. (Maid picks up dust brush and goes out).

Elizabeth (reads)—My dear (repeats it softly), I hope I may underline the *my* in the future. Both of us, perhaps, have seen life in most of its aspects and have got safely over the reckless passion and romance of first love. Dear girl, if we both have that quiet affection for each other, could we not join it? All that I have to offer is yours if you will take it. You know of my law-practice, and my life is as clean as my business has always been. Perhaps I am a little romantic after all. I send you two designs. If my answer is '*yes*' will you wear the rosemary for remembrance when I come tonight? The red roses mean '*no*,' and may you be all remembrance tonight!

Elizabeth (very gently)—Youth's reckless passion! Ah, boy, it is there and that quiet love, too, in my heart. (Picks up the rosemary.) It is not as graceful a flower as the rose, but its significance makes up for it all. I'll wear the rosemary tonight. (Suddenly catches herself.) Why I had almost forgotten, Polly was coming. She'll be here in a few minutes, for her train is past due. Dear little country girl, I hope she'll not be lonely in this big city. I wonder what I shall do with her tonight when William is here? Oh, I guess she will be con-

tented in the library for she loves books, and I'll explain to her so that she'll understand.

(Maid opens door and in comes Polly Nelson).

Polly (impulsively throwing her arms about Elizabeth)—Oh, Cousin Betty, can it really be you! You and this big city, the noise—the cars—the cabs—Oh, I am 'most overcome with it all. (Sits down suddenly.) I never saw so much in all my life. You are so good to want me here (kissing her again) and I can never thank you half enough.

Elizabeth—My child, you don't give me chance to get in a word edgeways—how glad I am to have my little cousin with me and how I hope she'll be happy in spite of all this noise and confusion. (Pats her hand.) Come, take off your hat and rest up a bit before lunch. (Takes wraps and puts them on sofa.) Now do you just sit down and we can have a long talk before lunch. How are you getting along with your school children, and (archly) how about all those staunch admirers I have heard about? Which one is the most fortunate at present!

Polly—Oh, my school gets on splendidly. I learn along with the children and it gives me something to do so (strangely quiet) that I don't think about other things. But I wish you would tell me something about yourself, because you see I have no way of learning about you except from your own letters. Who—who is that dear friend you wrote me about? You know you never give names.

Elizabeth—I am glad you asked, for he is coming here tonight and things have changed even from last night, and I knew you wouldn't mind my leaving you just tonight. You see, he is going to get his answer tonight.

Polly (interested)—And what shall it be? Please tell me all about him and yourself.

Elizabeth (musingly)—I hardly know where to begin. He has no great family name to boast of, and it makes me all the more happy to think that his greatness is of himself alone and cannot be attributed to his ancestors.

Nor has he always lived in New York—he told me about living in a small village in the western part of the state. (Passionately.) Oh, child, you can't understand how I love him.

Polly (aside)—Ah, can't I?

Elizabeth—I know how proud people think me and how I love that staid dignity that comes of having well-reared forefathers. But when I see how a man can be truly great in himself, it is then I forget I am Elizabeth Whittington and am but a woman like all the rest. (Silence.) He is a lawyer.

Polly (startled)—A lawyer?

Elizabeth—Yes, and a notable one at that. He has been simply enthralled by his profession. I never heard of his loving any one before—Oh, yes, I had forgotten a rumor—it was that when he started practicing he fell in love with some little girl who was teaching there from a neighboring village. There was a misunderstanding I believe and the affair was broken off. Sometimes I am doubtful whether he loves me or not, for I see a longing look in his eyes and it makes me think of the other girl. Perhaps it wasn't true—it was only a rumor.

Polly—Oh!

Elizabeth (distressed)—Oh, you are tired from your trip, and I have been wearing you out with talking. Why, all your pretty color is gone!

Polly—It is nothing, go on. (Silence a while.)

Elizabeth (rising and moving about thoughtfully). He has been my good friend for years, but this winter there seemed to be something more. Tonight he wants his answer. If yes, I am to wear the rosemary (picks it up).

Polly (aside)—A lawyer—rosemary. He loved rosemary. (Turning quickly to Elizabeth.) But you have not told me his name.

Elizabeth—Why William Nivrag.

(Polly drops her face in her hands).

Elizabeth—Polly, O Polly, what is the matter?

Polly (lifting her grief-stricken face)—Have you his picture? (Hurrying on.) Let me see it.

Elizabeth (taking a miniature from her dress)—Here it is. (At last beginning to understand) Polly, what can this mean?

Polly (seizing the picture)—I was the girl. (Without letting Elizabeth speak.) Don't say a word, dear. Your are kindness itself, and he has forgotten me and loves only you now. I am only a little country girl—I could never fill the place as his wife in the world as you can. I shall go home right away before he sees me—home to my little school and the country folks. (Breaking down.) But oh! Elizabeth, you have always had all the world gives—and I—I had only him and my country town. I love him—I love him.

Elizabeth (growing strangely calm)—No, you'll not go back to the country. He loves you for—I know it. Do you think I could stand in the way of your happiness and his? (Softly.) No, child, it is better as it is. You are the girl to be his wife, not I (kneels down and puts her arms tenderly around her). There, there, run up and dry those tears and don't think about me. (Draws her slowly to the door. Polly goes out.)

Elizabeth—She is the girl. He must never know I cared nor she how much. How can I bear it—how can I? (Her eyes fall upon the rosemary.) She shall wear this tonight, not I. She shall be his wife. Oh, is there any one else in the world who must suffer so? (Drops her face on arms. Silence. At last raising her head.) Ah, I know there is. I am no heroine. There is sacrifice the world over of one kind or another. I am just like the rest of the world's people—dreading sorrow and yet when it comes there is nothing left but to bear it. (Gets up and walks slowly to window.) That poor woman out there (musingly), perhaps she is my sister in trouble. She is working too—carrying a heavy clothes basket. I have something to be thankful for—at last! But we are all alike; I am just a common every-day person after all. (Takes up the red roses and pins them at her belt as the curtain falls slowly.)

PARKE MORRIS.

A Dramatic Fragment

HERACLES

The noon is hot. Let us rest beside the stream;
We have left the woodland glades, and come upon the wide forsaken plains.
See, how yonder the giant sun sucks in
The balmy veils of mist from o'er the green—
Just so a tyrant hand usurps my promised land
And sprawls upon the great ancestral throne,
Ruling my father's people, while I, the son,—
Alas, Pausanias, what think'st thou?—
Shall I swoop down upon them,
With a glow like yonder mountain
And my heart bounding like the swell of the sea,
With devouring sword to seek revenge
For a king's untimely death?

PAUSANIAS

Nay, nay, restless youth, nursed in immortal vigour, remember
They are thy father's flock but led astray
By a false, pretending king.
Rather, go thou disguised among them
And hide thy blade away;
Teach them what it is to virtuous be—
Learn thou the ones that thou cans't trust
And win them to thy love,
Then come again to me.

HERACLES

Right as ever thou art, good Pausanias for I,
Hot headed and rash, would like the wave that beats upon the cliff
Only destroy myself,
With vain sword play, and lay waste

My father's kingdom. Like a shepherd lad
I will clothe myself, and enter the palace gates
There to do thy bidding.
Yet, ere we part let us here upon this stone
Offer a meet sacrifice to all-powerful Zeus;
For in such a glen, on such a day,
My hopes mount high, the gods will hearken to my prayer.
I will not be Fear's blind slave!
Thou art my friend; to thee
I'll come again, not as impetuous, unrestrained youth,
But as king!

(ENTER CHORUS)

P. ANTOINETTE DAVIS

The Pursuit of the Chaperon

ACT I, SCENE 1

[Midnight Feast, Auditorium stage, S. N. S. Darkness prevails. At right, enter Con, box of sandwiches in one hand, while the other firmly grasps a lighted candle. She peers cautiously around, and then whispers spectrally to Helena, who is following at her heels.]

Con—The coast is clear, tell the others to come ahead.

Helena (sending sibilant whisper toward the rear)—It's all right, Frances, but be sure to skip over the third step, it creaks. (Sound of cautious footsteps heard at the rear.)

Con—Hush! Is that Mrs. Harris at the side door?

Helena—Oh, I know it is!

Con—Get to that curtain, quick!

Helena—Wrap up in them, Con. (Enter Louise, stealthily.)

Louise—Heavens, what is moving those curtains? (In her fright, drops bag of apples, which scatter in every direction.)

Helena and Con (meekly, stepping from their place of hiding)—It's only us, be not "skeered." (Enter rest of Charmed Circle, Elizabeth, Polly, Indalie, Frances, Sallie, Pattie, and Katie.)

Pattie—Well, we're here at last, but if we didn't have a chase down that main hall; every board in it creaks!

Sallie—Yes, I almost wish we'd had it on the roof.

Katie—No, I thank you, we got enough of that last time; if Therese must insist on having rheumatism at midnight feasts, pray let's have those feasts where she can make her own escape.

Therese (laughingly)—You'd better thank your stars for my restraining influence. If it hadn't been for me, you'd have waked up the building.

Elizabeth (waving box of crackers frantically)—I have an idea!

Helena—You usually have, but what's the latest?

Elizabeth—I think we'd better eat!

Con—That's the most sensible idea you've had in the last ten months, we'll act upon it. Where's the can opener? (Frantic search for the can opener ensues.)

Sallie (clapping hand to her head)—Oh, here it is, girls; I had both hands full, so I stuck it in my Princeton ruff.

Polly—Let's all sit in a circle, Charmed Circle, you know, but, for goodness sake, somebody separate Helena and Con, or they will create a sensation. (Everybody sits and a great opening of bags, boxes and bottles follows.)

Therese—You all do hush, you're worse than a thunder storm!

Everybody (together)—Sh-sh-sh!

Con—Helena, have you heard what happened in the laboratory today?

Helena—No, what of it?

Con—Prof. Wesson told a class in zoology that if they expected to learn anything about a chimpanzee, they'd have to keep their eyes on him!

Helena—Keen! (Gives way to violent laughter.)

Katie—Oh, for goodness sake, can't some one separate those two?

Indalie—Here, Polly, let's put a stop to that. I'll choke Helena and you squelch Con. (Indalie and Polly lay violent hands on the disturbing elements.)

Elizabeth—Oh, girls, I've an idea! (Groans heard from all sides.)

Pattie—Remember it was one of your ideas that got us into our last scrape.

Elizabeth—Oh, but this is quite harmless, and a fine, large plan. I was only thinking how lovely it would be for the Charmed Circle to meet again next summer for a house-party! (Chorus of rapturous approval.)

Indalie—Where?

Elizabeth—But what has that got to do with it? You see, the important thing is to meet.

Con—Highly practical, Elizabeth; it seems to me quite a nice plan, but suppose we deliberate on the matter. The first step would be to secure a full attendance. How many would come?

Chorus—I! I! I!

Everybody—Sh-sh-sh!

Therese—Well, that much is settled, apparently we'll all be there. Whither shall the hegira wend its way?

Con (faintly)—Somebody explain, please.

Helena (kindly)—My fair child, she only wants to know where we shall meet.

Con (peevishly)—Then why didn't she say so?

Indalie—Oh, shut up, some of us have something sensible to say.

Con (remonstrating)—Is it possible?

Helena—Then far be it from us to stop you.

Frances—What about a cottage at Virginia Beach?

Polly—Too usual; let's do something no one's ever done before.

Frances—Don't worry, that will be sure to follow.

Therese—You impractical young things, have you found the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow? Why not take a shanty at some mountain resort?

Helena—The very thing! Mt. Lake's the place, it would be simply ideal there.

Elizabeth—Keen!

Louise—But can we get any men to go there?

Con—Certainly—wouldn't we be there?

Helena—Why every lover and near lover you possess would come. It's warranted to be more productive of engagements than a reception at a girl's boarding school.

Therese—But we'll need a chaperon, girls, if there are going to be men.

Indalie—Leave out the "if" and get the chaperon. Do I hear a nomination?

Frances—Let's have—

Polly—Be quiet, Frances, I hear some one!

Con—Oh, goodness, it's Susie Black! Run for your lives!

Pattie—Ten days on the campus for us—scoot! (All dash wildly to the door, dropping bags, boxes and candles in their haste.)

Matron (appearing in the doorway)—Anybody here that don't belong here?

(CURTAIN)

Act I, Scene 2

[Place—Elizabeth's room at S. N. S. Elizabeth, Louise, and Indalie in the throes of packing.]

Elizabeth—Louise, I have a faint presentiment that that garment which you are laying away so carefully belongs to me.

Louise (diving into her trunk and hurling the offending garment at Elizabeth)—Well, here it is, but I've worn it long enough to own it by now.

Indalie—Girls, have you seen anything of that picture of Jim?

Elizabeth—Yes, it was the first thing that you packed into your trunk.

Louise—Oh, I see something that belongs to me!

Elizabeth—Don't! You'll upset that pile of clothes! (Enter Polly, dragging behind her several garments.)

Polly—Say, are these yours?

Louise—I suppose so, drop them in. (Polly dumps them into the nearest trunk, and turns to discover Louise seated on the tray of her trunk furtively dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief.)

Polly—Good gracious, Louise, you're crying!

Louise (sniffling)—I'm not!

Elizabeth—You are, where do you hurt.

Louise—You horrid, unfeeling wretches, I don't believe you mind leaving a bit.

Elizabeth—But we don't mind, because we are to meet at the house party. (Shoving Polly toward the door.) Polly, go get the bunch. (Exit Polly; re-enters after short while, followed by members of the Charmed Circle in various stages of dress and undress.)

Elizabeth—Sit down, girls, anywhere but on my new spring hat. (Helena and Con make a dash for the same pile of clothes, whereby ensues a wild scramble, Helena emerging victor.)

Elizabeth (seating herself with mathematical precision upon a mound of clean clothes)—Will the meeting please come to order, I've an idea!

Frances (remonstrating)—Elizabeth, you'll get the habit!

Elizabeth—Well, it's an idea about you, young lady. It strikes me that you haven't written to Mrs. Jackson.

Frances—Well, your thought missed the target that time, because I have.

Chorus—What did she say.

Frances—Why, that she would be charmed to accompany the Charmed Circle and would meet us anywhere we liked.

Therese—Suppose we ask her to meet us at Mt. Lake?

Katie—And where shall *we* meet, at Pembroke?

Pattie—That's impossible, because there's no hotel there, and we'll be coming in at all times of the day.

Elizabeth—Then let's not try to meet until we reach the bungalow. Just let everybody arrange to go on the same day.

Therese—And what is the day decided upon?

Elizabeth—The 15th, and, for goodness sake, make your men come.

Indalie—You know they're to come on the 16th; that'll give us a day to get settled.

Elizabeth (*sotto voce*)—Good thing, or some of us would never get settled, I'm thinking.

Louise—By the way, girls, here's a letter from Cary I want to read to you. (Opens letter and reads aloud.)

Um-um—Louise—Your letter of invitation just received. Needless to say, I am delighted with the idea, and shall be charmed to accept. Mt. Lake is the peachiest place in the world, and if I don't make you -um-um-(aside). Nothing important. (Resumes reading.) And, Louise, I want to ask a favor of you girls. I have a friend down here whom I want to bring along with me. He's a doctor, and married, I regret for your sakes, of course. But he's a jolly good fellow in spite of it, and, as his wife is in Europe, he has nowhere special to spend his vacation. And now, like the dear, sweet girls you are, say that he may come, and I'll guarantee that you won't find him a bore, if he is a benedict. Yours—um-um,— Cary.

P. S.—He can take care of the chaperon.

Well, what do you think of it, girls?

Helena—Seems to me a pretty good idea. What do you say, Con?

Con—Well, as our friend Cary suggests, the chaperon will need a guardian. (Everybody laughs.)

Lousie—You'd better say an assistant.

Elizabeth—Well, girls, what's the verdict? We might need a doctor, for there might be snakes.

Polly—I move he comes. All in favor make it known by the usual sign.

Chorus—Aye!

Louise—Vote's carried; now, girls, scoot! We want to pack.

(CURTAIN)

Act II, Scence 1

[Place—Interior of bungalow at Mt. Lake. Curtain rises on girls busily engaged in embroidery and other feminine occupations.]

Elizabeth—But, Louise, where did you get it?

Louise—Well, she had just got off the train to tell me "good-bye" and before we knew it, the train pulled out. So, of course, I insisted that she come join the house party. We wired ahead for her trunk, but they sent the wrong one.

Therese—But it will be a little bit awkward, girls, for we haven't an extra man. What is your cousin's name, Louise?

Louise—Barbara Stanton, and you needn't worry about her not having a man, as she doesn't care for the things.

Helena—Heavens, how unnatural!

Con—Speaking of men, where's our chaperon?

Elizabeth—Haven't you heard?

Con—Heard what? Having only been here about two hours, I've heard nothing but clothes.

All (together)—The chaperon can't come!

Con—Can't come! You mean not at all?

Therese—Not at all, she sprained her ankle terribly just as she was getting on the train, and had to be taken home.

Con—Then it's home for ours, isn't it?

Everybody—Never!

Therese—No, we are not going home. We are going to see this thing through, but I don't know how.

Helena—Perhaps Elizabeth can furnish us with an idea.

Elizabeth—She can! Why not let our unexpected guest be the chaperon.

Therese—But she's not married!

Elizabeth—What has that got to do with it? She could pretend to be.

Helena—Keen! I see possibilities.

Con—Elizabeth, I take back all the cruel things I've said about your ideas.

Elizabeth—Wait until I've finished. Let's get Miss Stanton to pose as Mrs. Jackson, in the place of our chaperon who didn't come.

Con—But you know Mrs. Jackson is a widow; will our unexpected guest have the wardrobe for the part?

Louise—But, girls, you know that Mrs. Jackson's trunk had already been checked, and it is here. Let's open it; maybe her things will fit Barbara.

Elizabeth—Oh, but we can't go into a stranger's trunk!

Helena and Con—Oh, but we can!

Elizabeth—Then we oughtn't.

Con—But what has that got to do with it?

Louise—Well, I don't see any harm in it. We can't get Barbara's trunk for at least two weeks, and she must have something to wear.

Elizabeth—Which reminds me, where is your cousin?

Louise—Oh, she's upstairs searching our trunks for something to wear. By the way, girls, weren't the men to come on the six o'clock train? What time is it now? (Everybody rushes to clock.)

Elizabeth—Fifteen minutes to six. Let's go to meet them; the hack stops at the hotel and the men will have to walk over here. Come on, girls.

Con and Helena—But the chaperon?

Elizabeth—Oh, shut up, you two. She'll have to stay here to don her widow's raiment. I'll tell her the part she is to play. (Exit Elizabeth at right; Louise, Therese, Helena and Con rush out at left.)

(After a few minutes, great commotion is heard at the left door. Some one knocks furiously; finally the door opens slowly and a man is seen in the doorway. After a few seconds' silent inspection of the room, his eye lights on a familiar hat.)

Man—Come on, boys! (waving toward unseen companions). This is the place, I'm sure; I see Louise's hat.

Masculine voice from without—You'd better go slow, Cary, you're likely to be taken for a house-breaker.

Cary—Oh, I'm sure this is right. Don't you see "Lakeside" over the door? The girls will be back

presently. This is the parlor, apparently, let's sit down and wait. (Enter five other men, fine collegiate-looking chaps—Charles Randolph, Robert Tyler, Richard Howe, Fairfax Thornton, and Jack Carrington.)

Jack (beginning remonstratingly)—Boys, I'm getting a little uneasy about this hoax we've planned. I'm afraid it's a pretty low-down trick to play on the girls. When I think that I'm butting into a house-party, without a sign of an invitation, it makes me cold.

Fairfax—Oh, come on, don't get cold feet at this stage of the game. The girls would have invited you if we had asked them, but it's so much more of a joke on them to let you take Doc's place. I'm sorry he couldn't come, but we're in for a lark, all right. Don't forget that your name is Dr. John B. Harrison when the girls are around. It may be a little hard on you to pose as a married man, but we'll 'fess up after a while, and in the meantime help you all we can.

Richard—Remember, you're to look after the chaperon.

Jack—The deuce! Is that what you brought me for?

Bob (hastily)—Oh, no, old fellow, not at all. But then, you know, that would naturally fall to your lot.

Cary—Listen, somebody's coming. (In rush Con and Helena, in breathless haste.)

Helena—Oh, hello, Bob! How in the world did you all get here? We've just been to meet you. Miss Anway, this is Mr. Tyler. Go on, Bob, and bring up your bunch.

Bob—Tickled to death; come on boys. (Drags each one forward and presents him.) And this last specimen is the Doctor, ladies, the poor, hapless mortal you see before you.

Con—Why, I'm sure we're awfully glad to have you, Dr. Harrison; we had just been wondering what we would do with Mrs. Jackson.

Jack (aside)—The consummate impudence, does she think I'm gray-headed? (Aloud.) Thank you, I'm sure we shall entertain each other beautifully. By the way,

is she a widow? Mrs. Harrison isn't particularly fond of the type.

Con—Yes, she's a widow, but very quiet and docile; you see that's why we got her for a chaperon.

(Jack looks askance at the young lady, opens his mouth as if to speak, then closes it gently, but firmly.)

Charles—Where are the rest of the crowd? I'm anxious to see Elizabeth.

Helena—Oh, they're all here (glances toward window). They're coming up the walk now. (Enter Therese, Louise and Elizabeth, accompanied by Barbara correctly attired as a widow. General greetings follow.)

Louise—And this lady, boys, has the honor of being our chaperon; allow me to present you to Mrs. Jackson.

Barbara—I'm very glad to meet you all, I'm sure. And which one is the gentleman who is to be my coadjutor in the task of chaperoning these gay young things.

Fairfax (shoving Jack forward)—Here he is, Mrs. Jackson, Dr. John B. Harrison, at your service.

Jack (with a vengeful glance at Fairfax)—Charmed, I'm sure.

Barbara—Well, gentlemen, I'll call the maid and have her show you to your rooms. (Calls off to right)—Sally! (Enter Sally.) Show these gentlemen to their rooms. (Boys pick up suitcases and exit to left.)

Therese—We're fairly launched on our adventure now. Barbara, I'm proud of you, you make an excellent chaperon.

Barbara—Thank you, dear, it was so lovely of you to ask me to join your house-party that I'm more than delighted to help you out of this scrape if I can. It's a lucky thing that I didn't happen to know any of those men. By the way, I like the Doctor's looks.

Therese—Well you needn't, he's married.

Elizabeth—What's that got to do with it? Come on, girls, let's finish getting lunch ready; we are going to have supper on the lake, aren't we?

Helena—Where are the olives? (Exit everybody, laughing.)

(CURTAIN)

Act III, Scene 1

[Place—Lovers' Glen, Mt. Lake. Enter Therese and Richard.]

Richard—Ah-er-it certainly was nice of you Therese to ask me up here; I appreciate it with all my—ah-er—more than I can say.

Therese—The pleasure is mutual, sir (teasingly). I knew that it would be easier for you to get off from your business than most of the men I knew, and at a house-party one must have men.

Richard—Therese, is that the only reason? I hoped—

Therese—Oh, what a lovely fern on that bank, please get it for me. (Richard scrambles wildly up the bank and returns with fern.)

Richard—Therese, you didn't let me finish. As I was about to say—

Therese—Oh, yes, you were wondering why we had to have men in house parties. Well, if you'll consider it absolutely confidential, I'll tell you: they're awfully convenient when it comes to rowing boats, transporting lunch boxes, and gathering ferns.

Richard—Do you know that you girls can be the most tantalizing, provoking creatures in the world?

Therese—Is it possible! How wearying you must find us!

Richard—That's right, misunderstand a poor fellow, if you can. Therese, I want to tell you—

Therese—I was only drawing natural conclusions from your remarks.

Richard (patiently)—I repeat, Therese, I want to tell you—

Therese—Oh wait, no more information please. My brain has reached the saturation point. Come on, Richard, let's amble home, I'm hungry. (Exit Therese followed by Richard, still endeavoring to make his thoughts known. Enter Louise and Cary from opposite side.)

Cary (enthusiastically)—At last we've struck a spot that no one else seems to have found; I've been trying all day to get you away from that crowd.

Louise—I thought you had something on your mind.

Cary—Yes, I have something on my mind—something that is more to me than life itself.

Louise—Why, what could it be?

Cary—Louise, do you remember that letter you got from me just before you left school—the one in which I accepted your invitation to come up here?

Louise—Yes.

Cary—In it I spoke of something that meant very, very much to me; do you remember what it was, Louise?

Louise (innocently)—Why, wasn't it that you hoped that we would like your friend, the Doctor?

Cary (earnestly)—You know it was not. I told you that in these days which we would spend together, I hoped to have the opportunity more fully than I've ever had before to try to win your love. Louise, is there any hope for me?

Louise—Oh, Cary, you silly boy, you know that you don't mean a word you are saying; let's go back to the house.

Cary (determinedly)—No, we will not go back to the house, not until you have answered my question.

Louise—But, Cary, how can I answer you—I'm not in the mood for "playing the game" today.

Cary—"Playing the game!" Is that how you look upon it? The only big thing that has ever come into my life, and it seems to you fit subject for jest!

Louise—But, Cary, from the time that it was the little girl, barefooted, and with a sunbonnet on her curls, up through the time that it was the girl whom you knew at high school, the girl with whom you skated on the river, the girl whom you serenaded in the moonlight, up to the girls whom you knew at the seashore last summer, has it not always been the one big thing in your life?

Cary—Louise, it is you who are trifling. Would you hold a man to account for the follies of his youth? And, as in the case of the girls at the beach, for the meaningless attention paid to pleasant comrades?

Louise—But, Cary, how am I to know other than that this is a meaningless attention paid to a pleasant comrade?

Cary—How are you ever to know the real from the false? How are you ever to know when a man tells you the truth? If you have so low an opinion of me that I must prove the truth of my words, then I see clearly that to you it would be nothing but a game, and anything further that I might say would only be considered by you as subject for laughter. If that be true, then it may be best that we go back to the house.

Louise—Cary, you're not offended?

Cary—No, I'm not offended; I couldn't be offended with you, I'm only hurt.

Louise—I didn't mean to wound you, Cary, I—

Cary—Oh, Louise, can't you take it all back, dear? Say you didn't mean it, little girl. You know that I love you, down in the bottom of your heart you know it, however much you may deny it, even to yourself.

Louise—Cary, I do know it, and—and—don't make me say it.

Cary (takes her in his arms)—Louise!

(CURTAIN)

ACT III, SCENE 2

[Place, piazza of bungalow. Curtain rises disclosing Helena and Con, Fairfax and Bob. Helena and Con waltzing around to the strains of distant music.]

Fairfax—For goodness sake, stop that and come talk to us. Or, if you must dance, dance with us!

Con—Dear me, how self-sacrificing you are! But no, I'd rather dance with Helena, she holds me just right!

Fairfax—Now, what do you think of that? Would it be asking too much if we should inquire how we like to be held?

Bob—Let us onto your methods, Helena; we'd take to them like a fish to water.

Helena—'Deed, I see no reason for your knowing. One only needs to know the things which he expects to make use of.

Bob—Of all the impertinence! How do you know that we don't intend to make use of them?

Helena—Oh, *intend!*

Fairfax—Well, my ladye faire, dost think there is no hope of our ever winning anyone's heart and hand?

Con—But why seek to know *our* methods?

Fairfax—Give it up! What's the answer, Bob? Come on out rowing with me, Con, and I'll tell you some reasons.

Con—Sounds wildly exciting, but it might give me palpitation of the heart.

Fairfax (approaching Con, and speaking under his breath)—You little wretch, I don't believe you have any heart. Come on with me.

Con (confidentially)—I would, you see, Fairfax, but Helena doesn't like rowboats. Do you, Helena?

Helena—Do I what?

Con—Care for pickled pig's feet?

Fairfax (under his breath)—Darn!

Con—What did you say?

Fairfax—I remarked that it is an uncommonly fine night, but rather chilly.

Bob—What's that you say, Fairfax. Chilly? Not at all, I think it's beautifully warm, a perfect night for a row on the lake, don't you all think so?

Fairfax—I think so, and so, I believe, does Con, but she says Helena objects to rowing.

Bob—Why, Helena just said she loves it but that it makes Con seasick!

Helena—Good gracious! I told you not to tell, she's sensitive about it! (Con shakes with silent laughter.)

Fairfax (a little crossly)—Well, I wish you girls would stop fooling and come on and go somewhere.

Helena and Con—Grand! Where shall we go? (Fairfax subsides.)

Bob(audaciously)—Why not Lovers' Glen?

Con—Oh, yes, so appropriate.

Helena—We'll do it, but we must get our wraps.

Boys—Can't we get them?

Con (glancing mischievously at Helena)—No, thank you, you couldn't possibly get them. Come along, Helena, we'll be back in about five minutes. (Exit Con and Helena.)

Fairfax—Confound it, don't you suppose we'll ever get those two girls separated long enough to ask the time of day?

Bob—Looks pretty hopeless, doesn't it? But I've got a scheme on for tonight.

Fairfax—Elucidate!

Bob—I've bribed the boatkeeper to say that he can't let us have any but boats for two.

Fairfax—Bob, old boy, shake! It's a good mile across the lake to Lovers' Glen.

Bob—But where are the girls? It's time they were returning.

Fairfax—Perverse little imps, I'll bet they've stopped to talk to some of the bunch. Let's slip into the house and look for them. (Exit.) (Enter Elizabeth and Charles and cross to settee.)

Elizabeth—I wonder where Mrs. Jackson is?

Charles—Why think about the chaperon? She's probably where all good chaperons should be—asleep.

Elizabeth—No, she isn't. She left for a walk right after supper.

Charles—That's just what I wished to know. I heard Doc say that he was going out at six thirty. I believe that he likes the chaperon.

Elizabeth—Oh, but he's married!

Charles—Oh, yes, er-ah—I only meant that he seems to find her an interesting, intelligent companion.

Elizabeth—She is interesting, isn't she?

Charles—Why I don't know. I haven't paid much attention to her, though perhaps I should, since she's our chaperon. To tell the truth, Elizabeth, I've been so vitally interested in one that there was room for no other in my thoughts.

Elizabeth—In one?

Charles—Yes, in one. And that one is you; always has been, always will be you, you alone. Elizabeth, could you love me?

Elizabeth—Why, Charles, I—I—I never dreamed that you cared for me in that way.

Charles—But I do indeed care in that way, in the way that I want to care for my wife. Elizabeth, will you marry me?

Elizabeth—Why, Charles, I haven't said that I love you, yet.

Charles—But you will, won't you, dear? Don't you care the littlest bit? I know that I am not worthy, but oh, dearest, I do want you so; couldn't you learn to care?

Elizabeth (pointblank)—No.

Charles (astonished and distressed)—But why, dear?

Elizabeth—Because there is no need to learn what one already knows.

Charles—Elizabeth! (Starts toward her, but stops short as Con and Helena step out from side door.)

Con—We've had the loveliest time! Oh, excuse me, no thank you, we can't possibly sit down, we're in a great hurry. Elizabeth, if you see Bob and Fairfax roaming around, tell them they'd better be sleeping, it's getting late.

Helena—By the way, where's the chaperon? I haven't seen her for two days, more or less.

Con—Never mind, Helena, that question is not for you to answer now. Why pursue the chaperon, when there are men around and it's Leap Year? Good night, Elizabeth and Charles, and pleasant dreams.

Helena—If you see anything of the chaperon, tell her that she was needed here tonight: we almost proposed to those boys. (Exit Con and Helena.)

Elizabeth—I wonder what they've been up to now? They make the lives of Bob and Fairfax absolutely miserable. By the way, here comes the long lost chaperon. (Enter Barbara and Jack.) Good evening, Mrs.

Jackson, and good evening, Doctor. We are just starting to make a raid on the pantry; come join us.

Barbara—No, thank you, I'll stay here and rest. We've been for a long walk. (Exit Elizabeth and Charles.)

Jack—Are you very tired, dear—ah-er—Mrs. Jackson? You seem very quiet.

Barbara—No, I am not tired, I am only thinking.

Jack (aside)—About that confounded husband of hers, I bet. I wonder if she loved him very much? (Aloud)—Mrs. Jackson, forgive me if I am treading on sacred ground, but how long have you been a widow?

Barbara (starts to laugh but restrains herself and endeavors to speak sadly)—Only for a short time.

Jack (to himself)—Damn! (Aloud)—Well, my dear Mrs. Jackson, what I wanted to say was this: one in your —er—unfortunate circumstances must feel very lonely at times, and very much in need of true friends. In this connection, may I assure you of my unchanging and ever ready esteem?

Barbara (a little coldly)—Why, thank you, Dr. Harrison, it is kind of you to be so interested in a comparative stranger. I hope some day to know your wife, and to congratulate myself on the possession of two new and highly prized friends.

Jack (with muttered exclamation, springs to his feet, plunges his hands into his pockets and strides angrily up and down the piazza)—I sincerely hope you may. (Enter Con, running from left.)

Con (breathlessly)—Oh, Doctor, come quick! Helena has broken her trellis, oh, I mean, she has broken her ankle falling off the trellis. Bob is bringing her up here, but you'd better come and help him carry her.

Barbara—Oh, good gracious! The poor child!

Jack—I--I—I'll come at once. (Aside.) I guess I'm in for it now, all right. (Exit hastily.)

Barbara—Is she badly hurt, Con?

Con (convulsed with laughter)- Save your sympathy, Barbara. It's a joke; she's not hurt—we'll explain

later. (Enter Bob, carrying Helena, Jack trailing uncertainly behind.)

Helena—Oh, oh! Don't take me any further. Put me right here in the hammock until you bandage the ankle, I can't stand the pain much longer.

Bob—Poor little girl (depositing her tenderly in the hammock, turns to Jack, who is behind the others). Come on here, Doc, here's a job for your fine Italian hand; your trained service is needed. (Aside) We're in for it now; it's a judgment on the wicked, Jack.

Jack (blusteringly)—Why, what—er—certainly, I'll fix it in a minute. Somebody bring some hot water. (Exit Bob, who returns immediately, bearing a huge bucket of water.)

Bob—Here it is, where shall I pour it? (Suspends bucket over hammock.)

Jack—Here, man, I only wanted a spoonful. (Aside.) What shall I do next? They used rags when my sister sprained her ankle.

Helena—Oh, Doctor, see if it's broken; I'm sure it is, it hurts so!

Jack (gingerly touching the top of her slipper)—No, no, it isn't broken; only badly sprained, and we'll—

Helena (interrupting)—But that's the wrong one!

Jack (hastily)—Oh, yes--er--I was *looking* at the other one.

Con—How wonderful, you must have had a great deal of practice to be able to tell by looking at it.

Jack—I have; sprained ankles are my specialty. (Aside.) Confound that girl!

Helena—Oh, it hurts!

Bob—Good gracious, Doc, why don't you go on and fix it? Can't you see she's suffering?

Jack (under his breath)—You young devil, I'll get even with you for this. (Bob coughs in vain attempt to stifle his mirth.)

Jack (to the crowd)—I'm only waiting for some bandages. (Exit Bob, to re-enter immediately dragging behind him a large tablecloth, which he hands to Jack, chuckling.)

Bob—I reckon you can do as much good with that as you can with anything else.

Con—Why don't you hurry, Doctor?

Jack (flings wrathful glance at Bob, picks up tablecloth and bucket and approaches figure in the hammock)—Certainly.

(A knock is heard from without.)

Therese (rushing in from left)—Heavens, girls, who do you reckon is on the porch? Mrs. Jackson! (Intense dismay depicted on every female countenance; in her excitement, Helena half rises from the hammock.)

Con (resolutely)—Well, girls, we'll have to let her in.

Therese—Con, you go to the door. You'll just have to introduce Barbara as Mrs. Jackson number two.

Con (retreating behind Barbara)—No, Therese, you go; I haven't the nerve.

Bob—Who is this Mrs. Jackson? (Exit Con hastily.)

Therese—She's the chaperon who had intended coming with us, but she sprained her ankle and couldn't.

Bob—What a pity Doc wasn't there. (Re-enter Con with Mrs. Jackson; the girls rush forward to greet her; Jack glances at her, and his expression varies from one of interest to that of horrified dismay.)

Jack (to himself)—Raoule's wife, by all the gods of the ancient Romans! (The girls turn to bring Mrs. Jackson forward.)

Therese—You must meet our chaperon, Mrs. Jackson, then I'll present the men; Mrs. Jackson, this is—

Barbara (interrupting)—I'm so glad to know you, Mrs. Jackson. Allow me to present—

Mrs. Jackson—I'm very glad to meet you. (Her eye falls on Jack.) Why, Jack Carrington, of all people!

Barbara (echoing)—Jack Carrington!

Therese—Jack Carrington!

Mrs. Jackson (slightly surprised)—Why certainly, that's his name.

Jack (placing the bucket with great precision upon the floor, laying the tablecloth tenderly beside it)—Oh, thunder!

Bob (who up to this time has been silently shaking with laughter, straightens himself and, casting a mischievous glance at Helena, steps forward)—It seems to be up to us to do some explaining. It's a long story, Mrs. Jackson, please be merciful. (Turns to the girls.) This is not Dr. John B. Harrison, said Dr. Harrison being at present in constant attendance upon a very sick mother-in-law. This is a perfectly good single man. (An expression of joy steals over Barbara's countenance. Therese starts to speak.)

Bob---Just a minute; wait until you have heard the whole, before you pass judgment. It was a rascally thing to do, but we were so anxious to let Jack in on this lark, that, finding the doctor couldn't come, we forced Jack to come in his place. It's been a pretty good joke, though it seems likely to be on us now. (Pleadingly) Don't be too hard on us, girls, it was only in fun, and really Jack's a pretty decent sort of a fellow.

Mrs. Jackson (laughing heartily)—The joke seems to be on Jack. Is this the first evidence of his medical attention? (pointing to bucket). But before we consider the problem of your forgiveness, you must find a doctor for Helena.

Helena (jumps up, laughing)—I'm not hurt a bit, Mrs. Jackson; it was a joke on the Doctor. Con and I suspected something was queer about that medical man, and we made Bob tell us. We wanted an exhibition of his skill.

Con—It certainly has been a good joke and such poetic justice, but I for one don't intend to forgive them. The idea of a perfectly good single man posing as a benedict in Leap Year. Such a waste of opportunity.

Jack—He's at your service now, ladies, and really you ought to forgive him. It hasn't been such good fun to pose as a married man with all of these good-looking girls around.

Mrs. Jackson—Well, girls, I'll run up and take off my hat. Elizabeth's mother insisted that I come on and join you, and now I'm mighty glad I did for you have such a lively crowd.

Therese—Yes, indeed. I'll go with you, Mrs. Jackson, and show you your room. (Exit Therese and Mrs. Jackson.)

Mrs. Jackson (just outside the door)—How young looking your chaperon is. Where is she from?

Therese (in an agony of indecision)—Er—San Francisco.

Con—Now I reckon it's up to us to do some explaining. She didn't catch your name that time, Barbara, but the evil day can't be postponed much longer. Come on, Helena, let's go hunt the others and have a council of war.

Bob—I'll go with you, but I'll be blessed if you don't have to explain this mystery.

Helena—All right, it's just as well to break it to you gently. Barbara, you impart the fateful news to "Doctor" Carrington. (Exit Helena and Con, accompanied by Bob.)

Jack—Thank goodness they decided to look for the others. Bob was a true friend to offer to go with them. I couldn't have waited much longer to ask you if you were very angry about the deception we've practiced. Have I any chance of your complete forgiveness?

Barbara—Oh, we won't be too hard on you. Perhaps we haven't been wholly guiltless in that line ourselves.

Jack—How's that, Mrs. Jackson? By the way, 'tis a queer coincidence that the other chaperon is also named Mrs. Jackson, isn't it? Hadn't you better change your name to avoid confusion?

Barbara (bursts out laughing)—That's just the question now before the American people! Dr.—er—Mr. Carrington, I've got to change my name, and how I'm going to do it, I don't know!

Jack—Give me something hard! How would Carrington suit you?

Barbara—Nay, sir. I decline to enter into a flirtation now. Matters are too serious. Listen to me. I'm not a chaperon at all! I'm not a widow,—I'm not married —I'm only Miss Barbara Stanton, spinster!

Jack—Am I dreaming? Or is this real? It sounds too good to be true. Oh, I've been torturing myself with wondering about that mythical husband of yours—

Barbara—Oh, hush, you don't understand—and, oh, oh, here comes Mrs. Jackson and all the rest of the crowd.

Jack (quickly)—I understand one thing—that you're free—even from memories. (Enter Mrs. Jackson, Therese, and Elizabeth from the door at left. At the same time Con and Fairfax, Helena, Bob and Richard come in from right.)

Mrs. Jackson (advancing toward Barbara and laughing heartily)—My dear, I've been putting Therese through the third degree, and she told me everything, even to what an ideal chaperon you've been. And finding I wasn't too overcome, she made me come down to relieve you officially of your title.

Barbara—Mrs. Jackson, you're an angel without disguise. Do you think we're very bad? I had to be the chaperon, because I was the only one who didn't know the men. This was my first trip East you know, and it was quite by accident that I met Louise, and owing to the kindness of her and her friends, that I had the pleasure of joining this party. But I guess she's told you all the details. Do Helena and Con know that our wickedness is revealed?

Mrs. Jackson—Oh, yes! Therese hailed them as they left to look for the others and told them that their troubles were over. (Turning to Helena and Con.) But I haven't met these gentlemen with you.

Helena—Mr. Tyler, Mr. Thornton.

Mrs. Jackson—I'm very glad to meet you, but aren't there some more of us?

Helena—Yes'm, two others. Louise and Cary. We found them and broke the news! Told them all the excitement! Here they come now. (Enter Louise and Cary.)

Mrs. Jackson—Come join us, you two. I certainly am glad to see you again, Cary; and this is Miss De Segur?

Louise—Louise, at your service.

Mrs. Jackson—The girls say they have told you about the revelation of your shocking deception!

Louise—Yes, and oh, we are so thankful the problem is solved! First we chased you over three states; when we found you couldn't come, we wired to ten different married ladies, none of whom could come; and ever since we installed Barbara as chaperon we've been pursuing her frantically. Mrs. Jackson, I do hope that you won't be very hard to keep up with!

Jack—Well, the men folks haven't had a chance to put in a word for two hours, more or less. Just let me say for the bunch, that we've been mighty happy, and hope we're going to be more so. All chaperons are nice, I've concluded.

Mrs. Jackson—And now we all must get some sleep, children, so pack you off to bed post haste.

Jack—Just a minute, Mrs. Jackson. Let's have a good-night song of rejoicing, or something! No, I have it! Everybody join hands and give fifteen rahs! for the chaperon.

Everybody—Hurrah!

Bob—Come on here, Con; now, one, two, three—

All—Rah! Rah! rah rah rah!
Rah! Rah! rah rah rah!
Rah! Rah! rah rah rah!
CHAPERON! ! ! 1

(CURTAIN)

ANN CONWAY.
GERTRUDE KEISTER.

In a Garden

[Scene—A Rose Garden. A girl robed in white stands by a rose bush toying with a half-blown rose; she is dark and has big, drooping, long-lashed eyes. Young man near her, hands in pockets, studying her every movement.]

She (without looking up)—
'Tis in quite strange a mood you are today,
Unlike yourself full half the time you seem;
As tho' your mind were fixed on things afar,
Yourself enveloped in a kind of dream.

He—
In truth, fair maid, you wrongly name my mood,
No such impression did I think to give;
Was only lost in charming contemplations
Of you—this much I'll pledge you as I live!

She—
Have done! A penny for your lofty thoughts,
Pray do not keep them long from me concealed;
Mayhap some worthy thing from them I'd glean,
Who knows what wondrous thoughts might be revealed?

He (eagerly)—
And would you hear these things I fain would say?—
I cannot vouch for knowledge they contain;
But truths they are in surety—much to me
They mean, and by your leave I will explain.

She (banteringly and waving assent)—
Oh, speak, I prithee, for such weighty words
I'd hear at once, nor would I have delay.

He (indulgently)—
'Tis in a jesting humor now are you,
And fun you'd have, e'en tho' at my expense,
But have it so, if 'twould please you at all,
I'd beg you, tho' 'twere endless, to commence!

She (flashing him a glance)—
I do commend your self-denying throes,
But haste! My ignorance truly boring grows,
Oh, speak, I say!

He—
These things, my dear, in truth you doubtless know,
I've little tried my feelings to conceal—
But wavering 'neath a lack of worthiness
Have never dared to openly reveal.

Since first I gazed into your azure eyes
None other have I loved, or cared to see;
No other's presence lends itself a charm,
Apart from you the world is dark to me.

She (amused and slightly incredulous)—
Your words fall sweetly on a listening ear,
How is't so readily you find a way
To voice those feelings never felt before,
Those things you've never said before to say?

He—
My words are poor, unable to express
My thoughts of you—this much I will confess,
Would I'd a way—

There are some little lines that once I found
That always turn my mind to thoughts of you,
They sing of eyes, of long-lashed, droopy eyes,
A light o' mirth a-shining thru' the blue.

As beautiful as bluebells under water,
A fleeting glimpse of heaven's soft-set blue,
As windows to as fair a soul I took them—
As miniature embodiments of you.

She—
Well chosen lines and sentiments most pleasing,
Are these which you so ardently express,
But surely you are thinking of another,

My eyes have none such charms, I must confess.
(Raising her eyes and looking full upon him.)

Oh, why to trifle with a maiden's heart!
One thing alone has made your wooing lack,
You failed to notice—how can I forgive you?
You failed to notice that my eyes are *black!*

ELIZABETH HART.

The Dearth of English Drama Since Shakespeare

IF WE throw one sweeping glance over the whole past history of the drama, we are deeply impressed by two main, commanding features. The first is the perennial and universal existence of the dramatic instinct, always and everywhere seeking expression, always and everywhere pushing up its shoots into the national life. Often repressed, often debased, often childish, often the silliest, emptiest bauble, there has yet rarely been a time or a country where some kind of drama has not been struggling, perhaps fitfully, into existence.

The second main feature is inverse and complimentary. We might say that five times in the past the drama has splendidly emerged, has seized, possessed, and interpreted the whole spirit of the nation, has become the supreme artistic achievement of the age and people--once in Greece, once in Elizabethan England, once in Spain; and in France we find the last of these great creative outbursts, with the incomparable Moliere as the head and front of its glory.

English drama was next brought into some prominence through Dryden and the brilliant and corrupt Restoration comedy. But this has not stood the test

of time. It has vanished from the stage on the score of bad construction and depravity.

Since the Restoration comedy, what place has English drama held in English literature? Some of the worthiest critics have said that "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," and "She Stoops to Conquer," constitute the harvest of our English and American drama for the past two hundred years. In America the drama is just beginning to emerge and measure up to that of other countries. Why is it that the Anglo-Saxon modern drama holds such a meagre place in the eyes of the world? That same Anglo-Saxon race during that same two hundred years has held sovereign sway in literature, in science, and in arms. Once it held the sovereignty in drama. A race of restless and inexhaustible achievements in almost every field; a race of action, and therefore, essentially a dramatic race; a race whose artistic instincts irresistibly find their natural and triumphant outlet on the stage—Why is it that this race has produced so little of drama in the last two hundred years which is worthy to be preserved as literature?

We may find an answer to this question if we turn for a moment from England to France and view the French drama, in which there has been an almost continuous stream of great writers for the stage, from Moliere on to the present time. Just as Shakespeare, Goethe, and Moliere have stood not only at the head of drama, but of literature as well, so have the later French playwrights, Voltaire, Hugo, Dumas, Regnard, Rostand, Maeterlinck, and many others, headed both literature and drama. The French theater and French literature have been closely wedded for many years. Every play by a leading French playwright is eagerly judged and discussed not only in the theater but it is also immediately published and eagerly discussed as literature.

Further, in France there has been a constant method of training actors and actresses. Acting is thought of as a great art. Drama is reckoned as a fine art, and is

judged on that level; that is, as a means of providing amusement by the representation and interpretation of life.

In England and America the greater mass of playgoers for a time seemed to lose sight of the fact that the drama is the art of representing life, and they went to the theater mainly to be amused by the spectacle, or to be tickled by funny songs and dances that had little relation to life.

Let us consider some of the reasons for this falling back of Englishmen and Americans in this our own native art of drama, where by right we should lead the other nations at our heels.

The fundamental reason may be found in the character of our race. The English have always been a dramatic race; they are also a deeply religious race, and have at times carried their religion to fanaticism. Amid the pomp of the Elizabethan age fanaticism often ran riot in England. We owe a great part of the paralysis of our drama today to the mistaken rage of the Puritanic spirit that could see nothing in the theater but a horrible, unholy thing to be crushed and stamped out of existence. The horror of the theater engendered by this spirit is even today widely prevalent and operative among the religious classes of America and England. It has degraded our drama from the ranks of a *fine art* to the ranks of a *somewhat disreputable form of entertainment. Until the drama and the theater shall ride triumphantly on the high tide of public favor, the best cannot be expected.*

Another reason for our lack of development along this line is the divorce of our drama from our literature. Some of the greatest scholars and literary critics of our race refuse to recognize the modern drama as literature; this refusal reacts upon the dramatist, and tends to lower the quality of his work.

Another great reason is the want of a training school for actors—the want of any means of giving promising novices constant practice in varied roles, that they may gradually acquire a sure grip of their art; and that the author may have a sufficient supply of competent

actors to interpret his characters in such a way that his play may be seen to the best advantage.

And lastly, the elevation of incompetent actors and actresses into false positions as stars on account of a pretty face, a fine physique; the absorption of our drama into popular amusement; the absence of all pride in our drama as a fine and dignified art.

Before the English and American drama can again claim the quality of greatness, it must be recognized as the highest and most difficult form of literature; the dramatist must possess the acknowledged right to deal with the serious problems of life—there must be definite and continuous relations between the drama and reality; the drama must be recognized as a fine art; and the drama and theater must keep pace with one another to the benefit and advancement of both actor and author.

When drama is then set on the pinnacle of our national esteem it will attract our most gifted writers and elevate itself once more and draw the national life upward to the level of wisdom and beauty, nobility of character and creative power of the great dramatic eras of the past.

THERESE JOHNSON

To a Butterfly

Oh, butterfly, so bright and rare,
As thou art flying through the air,
Hast thou known aught of grief and care
As we do know?
And dost thou ever feel thy share
Of pain and woe?

As thou dost flit from flower to flower,
From shady dell to leafy bower,
To gather from the blossom's dower
Of honey-dew;

Hast thou, fair creature, known an hour
Of sorrow true?

Or dost thou e'er on dreamy wing
Fly to the tune the wild birds sing,
That make the meadows joyfully ring
And hearts grow light?
Does time to thee no shadows bring
But only light?

MARY WARE WEISER

American Beauty

Proud thou should'st be
That our seniors dear
Have chosen thee
As their emblem here—
Red is for bravery and truth,
Green not for green forsooth,
But for eternal youth.

American Beauty,
True thou must be
Or juniors jolly
Will destroy thee
For thy dread folly.
We admire our seniors so grave
With dictatorial ways
And for them we'll e'er be brave.

ANTOINETTE DAVIS

Sketches

THE FISHERMAN'S SECRET

Characters--Bob Links, aged 12; Rob Jinks, age 8.
Scene—The bank of a little brook on which sit two little boys with their fishing lines dropped in the water and a can of bait between them.

Bob Links—Aw, gwan! You ain't goin' to catch no fish like dat. Shut your mouf. If you say a word I'll wallup you. We ain't got no time to waste anyway. Didn't ma say we ain't to fish more'an half hour, 'cause the cows is got to be milked and dar's lots of things to do 'fo breakfast, and here it is most a half hour now. I don' b'lieve your bait's on! Fish her up and lemme see! (Rob Jinks draws up his hook.)

Bob Links—Dar now, I knew 'twon't! What'd I say?

Rob Jinks—Well if it *ain't* off. Here's another worm.

Bob Links—Shut your mouf. How you specks to catch any fish if you're goin' to talk all de time. You can't never go fishin' wid me any more ef that's the way you's gwine to do. Now, sir, you mustn't say a word when you's fishin' ef you wants to catch anything. Dat's the fisherman's secret and I done tole you, 'cause ef you's going to be a fisherman and fish wid me, what am a fisherman, you must take my rule and don' never say a word while you's fishin'!

Voice—Bob Links; Rob Jinks!

Bob Links—There, Rob, you see we ain't caught nothin' and we'se got to go, but you'll know next time not to say a word while you'se trying to fish. Learn from me! (Exit.) A. M. W.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

Place—Court back of S. N. S. Time—10 P. M.
Dramatis Personæ—Gyp, the presidential dog; numerous girls; a man.
Scene—Court, with fountain in center; on three sides dormitories; on the fourth side a street whence light from an arc light shines into court. Quiet reigns supreme.

Gyp (sniffing around the fountain)—My, but I'm thirsty! I saw Tige and Bobby drink here this morning. I reckon I can risk it. (Sudden terrific splash.)

Gyp—(amid gasps and wild splashing)—Help! murder! (Aside.) I might have known I was too rheumatic to risk my life on the slick side of this pond.

Girls (at various windows in ghostly attire)—Oh, it's Gyp! Poor little dog. Get Mrs. Slater! Where's the policeman? Can't he hear?

Voice (within building)—I can't stand this. I'm going after Mrs. Slater myself.

Girls---There's the policeman. Poor little Gyp. He's saved again. (With horror and astonishment.) It's not the policeman, it's a MAN.

Echoes (in various degrees of loudness)—A Man! A Man! A Man! (Heads suddenly disappear from windows.)

Exit the man with dog, small and sheepish looking, at his heels. L. S. and L. E. R.

An Interview

Scene—The President's office. Dr. Jarman sits at the desk smoking a cigar and reading. Enter one of the school girls who is very much afraid of him.

Frightened Girl—D-D-Dr. J-J-Jarman. (Dr. Jarman continues reading without looking up at all.)

F. G. (after standing there trembling for a few minutes)—D-D-Dr. Jarman.

Dr. J. (looking up carelessly for a moment)—What.

F. G.—May I go home tomorrow?

Dr. J.—Go home tomorrow! Why you just went home five months ago! Don't you go rather often?

F. G.—I think it has been a long time since I was at home.

Dr. J.—Huh! If I keep letting you girls go home so often, presently you will want to go every night. (Sits smoking for what seemed hours to the girl.) Who is coming for you?

F. G.—My father. (Dr. J. sits reading for some time and looks as if he intends to keep on.)

F. G.—Dr. Jarman, are you going to let me go?

Dr. J.—I guess so, but you mustn't ask me to let you go after such a short time again.

F. G.—Oh! thank you, Dr. Jarman, for saying I can go. (Girl goes out with very smiling face.)

HALLIE MCCRAW.

A MOMENT

It was morning. I sat motionless, listening. How quieting everything would have been were it not for the stream that roared near me. But its constant, steady, friendly brawl drowned all singing of birds, all sighings of wind through treetops, and I sat there, wondering, worrying, trying to think calmly over the day that was before me. But it seemed as if fate interfered. The steady chattering of the stream was drowning out all thought, all reverence for the spot; and it was hard not to listen, rather than to meditate. Who would have thought that in this spot one's musing would be interrupted? I had supposed this to be a quiet place where one's best thoughts are uppermost, and where noise and disturbance never tread. But I was mistaken, for the constant stream near me seemed to be pouring faster and louder. So, at last, exhausted, I gave up and looked about. Just then Mr. Matton tapped the chapel bell for silence. A. M. W.

Beyond the Hills

Beyond the hills, where evening zephyrs softly breathe,
And mingle with the perfume of the flowers—
There in the sacred silence momories rise to us
As incense sweet, to cheer our lonely hours.

Beyond the hills—Oh, wonderous inspiration
That lifts our souls to higher, grand ideals,
And helps us more to see the good in others
As spirit, rather than the deed, reveals.

Beyond the hills, where glows the radiant sunset,
And opal mists with rainbow colors blend,
Where beauteous earth more sweet becomes in twilight,
We fain would rest' as tho at journey's end.

JUANITA MANNING

THE FOCUS

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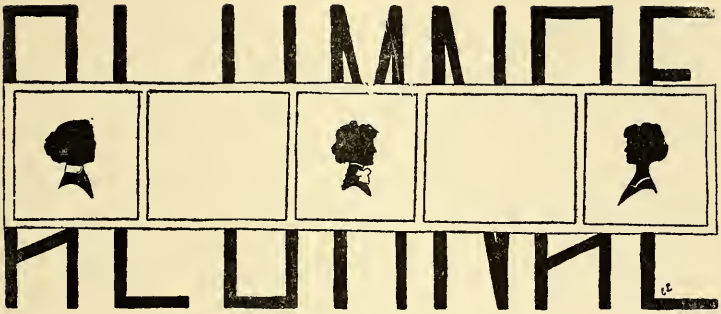
"All the world's a stage," says Shakespeare. It is the truth that is wrapped up in this short saying that makes dramatic work so interesting. Do we realize that the attractiveness of a play depends on the naturalness with which it depicts what goes on around us every day, or what *has been* in days past? The stage is a mirror, as it were, which presents all conditions of life, just as the actors choose. It is human nature to want to see other folks pictured in trying situations and to watch intently as the involved plot unravels; and in no more interesting dramas have we better examples of this than in those of Shakespeare. They have interested the world ever since they were written and are universally read, acted, and enjoyed. Who does not become interested in such characters as the lovely Juliet, the miserly Shylock, the good-natured Falstaff, or the grief-stricken Hamlet, after they have once come to know them? They become so real to us that we welcome every opportunity of seeing them again as we would meeting our old friends.

And so we look for the Coburn Players this month with expectations of great pleasure and welcome them to our campus. Their stay with us last year has ever since been a pleasant memory to all who were so fortunate as to see them and we are happy to announce that they will be with us again this month.



Among our recent visitors at the Normal School have been Adele Carter, Elsie Wilson, and Ada Smith, all graduates of the class of June, 1911.

Rumor has it that Sallie Goggin, '11, is "accomplishing things" in Glendale, Henrico County. In the face of many discouragements and difficulties she has organized and installed with enthusiasm a Citizens' Improvement League of sixty members. She has also formed a Tomato Club of eight members among her girl pupils. Her able assistants in the Glendale High School and in this community improvement work are Rosalie Stone, Hilda Day, and Bessie Wynne (January, 1912).

Ruth Shepard, '11, and Lottie Thorpe, '11, have positions in the Varina High School, Henrico County.

Lucy Rice, '07, is teaching primary grades in the Ginter Park School, Henrico County, Va.

Emma Norman Murray, '10, who taught last year in Newport News, is spending the present session in rest and travel. She writes that during her recent visit to Boston she had the interesting experience of teaching for two days in the Industrial School for the Deformed and Crippled Children, and of hearing Dr. G. Stanley Hall deliver, before a body of teachers, an address entitled "New Lights in Education."

Born to Mrs. Lewis Thomas, nee Eleanor Abbitt, '05, on March 31, 1912, a son.

Mrs. William Cobler Moore, nee Madge Goode, '00, is living with her husband and little daughter, Lillian Cobler Moore, at 410 W. 115th Street, New York City. Mr. Moore is professor of Chemistry in Columbia University.

Gillette Fleet Bagby, '11, is teaching in Bowling Green, Va.

Susie E. Thrift, '95, is not teaching this session, but is living at her home in Wicomico Church, Northumberland County, Va.

Maria Cocke, '03, who is teaching in Richmond, spends the week-ends in her home at Bon Air.

According to Helen R. Badger, '95, "teachers are born and not made." After a faithful trial she has given up the profession and has become a successful business woman. She is at present in the office department of H. P. Little, typewriter ribbon and carbon paper manufacturer, Philadelphia, Pa.

Otelia Harvey, '03, is in Columbus, Ohio, visiting her sister, Mrs. Lelia Harvey Barnett, '92, whose husband is connected with the Ohio State University. Otelia writes that it is delightful to visit in a university town.

Mrs. C. W. Woodson, nee Martha Goggin, '03, is living in Rustburg, Va. Her sister, Mrs. Mary Goggin Nelson, '03, is teaching in West Lynchburg, Va.

Jennie Ewell, '97, who has spent the two years in Montana and Colorado, is at present teaching in the primary grades in Middleburg, Loudoun County, Va.

Lillian Thompson, '06, is teaching in Columbia College, Florida.

Florence Acree, '10; Ethel Sandidge, '09; and Mrs. Jean Boatwright, '86, are teachers in the Rivermont School, in Lynchburg.

Myrtle Rea, '07, is supervisor of the one-room country schools in Henrico county.

Mattie West, who attended the Normal School for three sessions, has announced her engagement to Mr. Winfree West, the wedding to take place June 19, 1912. Among her attendants will be Mary Henley Spencer, '08; Lillian Minor, '09, and Julia Paulett, '10.

Mrs. J. G. Nesbit, nee Bevie Cox, '06, and her little son, Benjamin, are visiting in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Cox.

The following alumnae were in Richmond on Easter Monday: Hattie Robertson, Bessie and Milian Brooke, Richie McCraw, Mary Turpin, Laura Twitty, Julia Paulett, all of the June class of 1910; Virginia Garrison, '08; Anne Thom, '11; Mary Glasgow, '07; Charlotte Troughton, '11; Anna Howerton, '11; Janie Gaines, '11; Lillian Cooke, '11; Louise Ford, '11; Mary Watkins, '08; Honor Price, '11; Louise Eubank, '11; Mrs. Eunice Spiers Robinson, '98; and Nannie Nicholson, '07.

HERE AND THERE

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Athenian Song . . . . Glee Club
Duet . E. Turnbull, M. Upchurch
Reading . . . . . George Bailey
Quartette . . . Marjorie Combs, Eva Larmour, E. Turnbull, Mary T. Upchurch
Trio . . . . Eline Krisch, Ruth Harding, Ella Pope
Duet . . . . . Mary T. Turnbull, Ethel Combs
Pantomime . . . . . The Rosary
Hallie Hutchinson, Ruth Percival, Ruth Harding, Gertrude Martin, Maggie Upchurch, Maria Bristow, Eva Larmour, Evelyn Turnbull, Mary A. Holt.

This program was one of the best musical numbers ever given in the auditorium.

The Hampden-Sidney boys gave a delightful little drama, entitled "The College Chap," which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Dramatic Work at the State Normal School

RAMATIZING is being adopted throughout the public schools. Even the smallest children in the primary grades now dramatize little stories they are familiar with; and all through the school system even into the college and university, the dramatization of works studied in classes is becoming one of the strongest factors in making literature real to its students. Dramatization helps one to visualize a story, and besides there is to be derived from the performance a pleasure which is akin to the satisfaction that always accompanies the realization of an ideal. This pleasure has perhaps been the chief spur to dramatic work in the State Normal School, which has led to the establishment of our Dramatic Club as one of the regularly organized student activities.

Dramatic work in our school has progressed wonderfully in the past ten or twelve years. It has grown from a mere group of girls "giving a play" to a well established organization. This group worked together faithfully, and gradually they saw the necessity of organizing, and so with director and officers of their own, they worked on for some years. In this club there was an orchestra as well as the dramatic element.

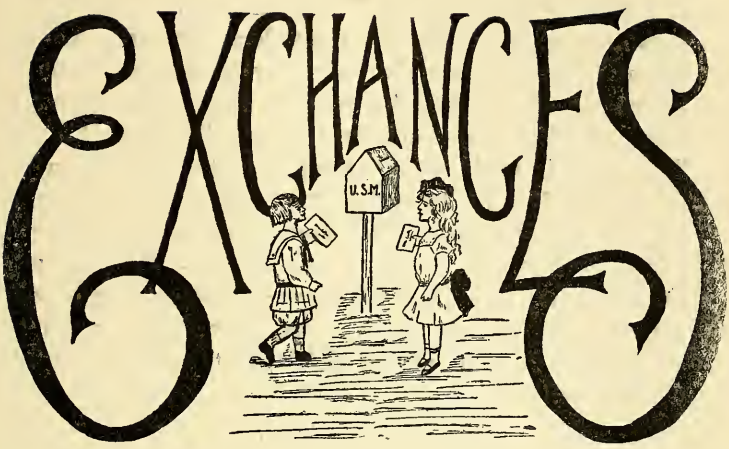
In September, 1908, Miss Smith, of Emerson College, who came to us as reading teacher, seeing that stronger leadership was needed in the dramatic line, took the club under her charge. Under her supervision the club was never an organized factor, but circulated through the school, thus giving a greater number of girls the opportunity of being "heroes" or "heroines." Good work was done during Miss Smith's stay with us, the girls were well trained, and loved to work with her.

In September, 1911, Miss Wheeler, Miss Smith's successor, also of Emerson College, felt that a permanently orgnized club could work better together, and would be more interested in the upbuilding of dramatics in our school. Fifteen girls were chosen and the club organized with a president, secretary and treasurer, and Focus reporter. In order to gain the good will of our schoolmates, our first program, entitled "A Pictorial Review," was rendered free of charge. On February 16th, "Mice and Men" was presented, and on May 3rd, "A Rose o' Plymouth Town."

The Dramatic Club should not receive the credit for all dramatic work in the school, for the four literary societies are greatly interested in such work and produce some very effective programs. The societies, and in fact the whole school, are indebted to the Coburn Players whose work led to the presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by our students. When the Coburns came to our school in the spring of 1910, and gave three Shakespearean plays, it seemed to have opened a new era of learning before us. Each society, for the following year, took up the study of Shakespeare, and the following May, with the help of Miss Smith, Mr. Grainger, and Mr. Lear, they gave "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The least to be said about it is, it was a perfect success.

Some original work has been done in the literary societies in the past year or two which shows the tact and talent of the girls, and is certainly a credit to the societies.

M. A. B.



Before entering into our criticisms we pause to say, "Three cheers for the improvement in the magazines!" As a whole, we pronounce them the best for some months. Fresh thoughts and new ideas are characteristic of the lot, especially does the poetry abound with the truly springtime spirit. We looked for this improvement in the literature of our magazines in the springtime. For is not that the season with the school boy and girl when "The heart is so full that a drop overfills it"—with vacation near at hand and so much of beauty everywhere? If writing results from inspiration surely now is the time of all times to write, when inspiration is playing at its highest. So let us make the most of seasons for writing by training our pens to respond to the fullness of the heart---to the springtime thoughts of the mind.

One of the best qualities of the *University of Virginia Magazine* is that it is well proportioned. In this respect this month's issue has not fallen short of the previous numbers. We also find its contents measuring up to the magazine's high standard. The sketch entitled "Dr. J. Marion Sims, America's Greatest Contribution to

Surgery" is to be mentioned because it deals with the life of a great man whose name is none too familiar to the vast majority of us. This in itself is enough to make the article appeal to its readers, but more, we find given to every thought clear expression, and for an article of this type, the tone is unusually animated. The criticism we would make of "In the Big Fir Timber," is that the conclusion is too abrupt, which gives a feeling of dissatisfaction when the story is finished. The beginning has been given a good coloring that adds to the story as a whole. "My Lady of Dreams" is an excellent piece of poetry expressing strong feeling. Another short poem of this number possessing a true poetic spirit is the one entitled "Shadows."

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* lacks in material this month. With more matter as good as that already present the magazine would be a splendid one. As it is, the need of a greater amount of material tends to impress its readers with its incompleteness. The continued story, "A Close Call," begins most pleasingly. The picturesque setting contributes to the interest of the story. We await eagerly the next part. "A Hermit's Tale" is enjoyable for its weird quality. It reveals, in a rather skillful manner, the horrors of war. The article under the heading of "Do Dreams Come True?" is without interest. It is supposed to be a dream but unluckily happens to be one of that kind so usual and silly that the dreamer wastes time in trying to interest other people in it.

In *The Southern Collegian*, an essay, "Rhetoric as a Fine Art," shows the author's careful thought on the subject. It is to the point—the author sticks close to the subject and presents his ideas on it in well chosen words. "A Subterranean Adventure" does not suit our taste. It would better please those of a younger age who love fairy tales—for how can people past fairy-tale days enjoy such an impossible situation? "To an

Egyptian Vase'' is by far the best production in the magazine. It is a credit to the book. ''At Even's Close'' is a poem also worthy of special mention.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly is rich in verse this month---most of it is creditable—some we consider excellent. ''The Human Heart'' and ''Fate'' belong to this class. Naturally we were interested in ''Woman's Suffrage.'' The author brings out several strong points in his argument against it. The subject is carefully handled. ''The Storm,'' a description of a storm on the ocean, is given in such a vivid, realistic manner that the reader cannot help but see the picture it presents. Among the stories, we are inclined to admire more than the rest the one of the title, ''Greater Love Hath no Man Than This.'' It embodies an act of heroism such as always claims our deepest sympathy and love. However, the ending is somewhat disappointing.

The March number of *The Gallowegian* is the best we have seen. It is a good idea to have classes represented in a school magazine. It tends to promote class spirit. We notice two very sweet poems by one of your alumnae. Why not get out an alumnae number?

The Richmond College Messenger certainly has variety. Fiction, history, social studies, and poetry that tells of nature and the higher life may be found within its covers. Of these various articles we fain would mention a few by name. The fable entitled ''The Sin at God's Door,'' is all too true an expression of what some people understand by the Christian religion. The author gives us the incidents in so clear a way that we feel ourselves to be of the crowd in every one of them. This sketch is one that should have a wider circulation than it will probably have in a college magazine. ''Mill Life in the South'' gives a glimpse of social conditions in mill districts, especially in North Carolina. We feel pretty bad when we realize that such things exist, some of us being ''Tar Heels'' ourselves, but it is certainly our duty

to study such conditions, and try to better them. The author deserves to be congratulated on his interest in such vital questions and the creditable manner in which he discusses them. Now to the poetry. 'Tis a great task to criticise a poem. Who sees in reading one the soul of the writer behind? Or who tries to put himself in the writer's place and live the situation as he has lived it? It is a prevailing tendency in most students when picking up a magazine to hasten to the stories of sentiment and other light matter rather than the articles of greater depth and the poetry. It is in this way that we often fail to develop the esthetic side of our natures as fully as we ought. Of course, it is as great an art to write a love story successfully as it is to write anything else—but the point is, not to over appreciate such literature as that at the expense of other good things a magazine may contain. The poetry in this number is all fairly good, but "The Lights Burned Low" appeals more strongly to us than any other because of its pathos.

The lights burned low, and close beside the bed
The mother knelt, and hushed her child to sleep;
She softly stroked the little, drowsy head,
And murmured low, and tenderly, and sweet,
Some soothing nursery rhyme.
At length the babe slept, and the mother hovering
over, smiled,
And looking up she murmured soft a prayer:
"God have you in His keeping,
Sleep, my child."

The lights burned low, and tossing on a bed,
A dying man lay gasping for the air,
His manly form a shadow, and the head
So noble once, and eyes and face so fair
All wasted by the fever's dreadful blast.
She kissed his cheek, and closed the eyes so wild;
"God have you in His keeping,"
And murmured as the tears fell thick and fast,
"Sleep, my child."

We wish to compliment the *Mary Baldwin Miscellany* on its particularly attractive cover. It is the most beautiful we have seen. "The Tale of a Tie" is the best story. The essay on "St. Gaudens" is interesting and instructive. It raises the tone of a magazine to publish an article like that occasionally. The one poem contains several good lines, but why so little verse?

The Emory and Henry Era is a well-balanced magazine. The essay entitled "The Mediæval Drama" is very good. "The Cunning of a Woman" is rather tragic, but the incidents follow each other so naturally that we cannot question them. "The Dog of Madame" is an unusual story, both in its theme and treatment, but the whole effect is a decided success.

We acknowledge with thanks the usual exchanges.

IT OR MISS

Miss W.—Miss D., what is Paris green?

Nett— A very delicate shade of wall paper.

Miss W.— Are you sure?

Nett—Yes, we have it on our front hall at home.

Fannie S. (to reading class)--Well, I hope some of you will go to heaven.

Teacher (discussing the Bobolink)—The mother bird's note was a weak chirp.

Pupil—Does that mean she chirped just once a week?

Mr. Maddox (in Philosophy)—In order to have a perfect frog you must have a perfect caterpillar.

C-a-r N-e— Is your cousin at the University of Pennsylvania?

A-n-e B-a-g—Yes, he's at the Theological Cemetery.

Mr. Lear— How is the President elected?

R-t H-t-h-m—The President is elected by an Electrical College.

In Hygiene Class—Why is it that Mr. Eason is continually warning us about germs and yet he delights in having "Germs" around him all the time?