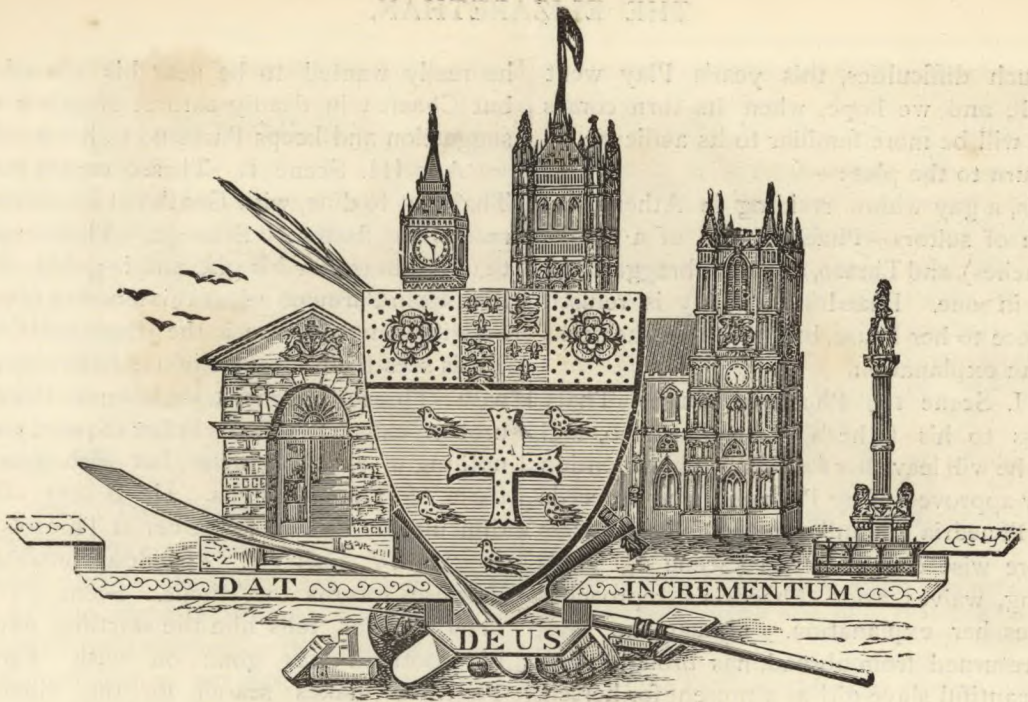




From left to right :

SYRISCUS (R. S. Browning)	PHAEDRIA (R. E. D. Cargill)	SIMALIO (K. T. D. Wilcox)	SANGA (G. B. F. Rudd)	CHREMES (S. L. Holmes)	SOPHRONA (H. A. G. Phillimore)	THRASO (R. S. Partridge)	LACHES (G. C. Lowry)	CHAEREA (N. E. Barraclough)
	DORIAS (T. R. Dawson)	GNATHO (J. M. Troutbeck)	PYTHIAS (H. C. Rambaut)	DORUS (M. A. Phillimore)	DONAX (S. F. Waterson)	ANCILLULA (A. N. Charlton)		
			<i>Sitting :</i>				<i>Lying :</i>	
		PAMPHILA (O. L. C. Sibley)	THAIS (W. B. W. Durrant)			PARMENO (W. J. N. Little)		



The Elizabethan.

Vol. XIII. No. 29. WESTMINSTER PLAY NUMBER. Price 6d.

THE 'FAMULUS.'

THE *Famulus*, we may well say, has justified its return to our cycle of Plays. Though it may not possess such an outstanding personality as others of Terence's Plays, such as the *Phormio*, yet in witty phrase, humorous situations and diverting dialogue it can hold its own with the best of them. Moreover it gives far greater scope to the feminine element than any other Play we produce. The two characters of Thais and Pythias are better than any other of our 'lady' parts, including Mysis in the *Andria*; while that of Thais really is the centre-piece of the plot. Again, what could be more delightfully comical than the attack on Thais' house, where almost every word and action suffices to bring a roar of laughter from our audience? There are one or two scenes in it

which defy comparison with the others, even though the whole be somewhat loosely strung together.

And of its reception this year we have but little to complain; our audiences every night were as kind as we could have expected them to be. Unfortunately the great majority of O.W.W. are unfamiliar with the Play; the audiences did not include such a mass of old actors, come to criticise the renderings of their successors, as makes the three older Plays go with such a swing. For then the audience always applauds most, when it fancies it did better in its own day. Another point that told against it was the fact that the first enthusiasm for a revival had somewhat died out. In 1907 every O.W. who could turned up to see what the new Play was like, not so much to criticise the acting. Still, though labouring

under such difficulties, this year's Play went very well, and we hope, when its turn comes again, it will be more familiar to its audience.

To turn to the plot :—

Thais, a gay widow residing in Athens, has a couple of suitors—Phaedria, son of a neighbour (Laches), and Thraso, a soldier, braggart and coward in one. Phaedria one day is refused admittance to her house, but next day she seeks to give an explanation.

Act I. Scene 1. Phaedria abuses Thais' fickleness to his father's slave Parmeno, and declares he will leave her for ever. This intention is highly approved of by Parmeno, who proceeds to give Phaedria a homily on the folly of lovers and more wise counsel when (Scene 2), Thais appearing, waives aside Phaedria's reproaches and gives her explanation. Thraso, she says, having returned from abroad, has brought with him a beautiful slave-girl as a present for herself, but has discovered her tenderness for Phaedria. If, however, she abandons Phaedria, she will get the present. This girl, Thais has learnt, is in reality Pamphila, her foster-sister, an Athenian citizen, by accident parted from her family when a child and sold as a slave. Thais now wishes to restore the girl to her relations. But first Thraso must be induced to think he has ousted his rival, and Thais begs Phaedria to absent himself just for a while. This reluctantly Phaedria consents to, but only for two days.

Act II. Scene 1. Phaedria has brought as gifts for Thais two slaves—a footman and an Aethiopian maid. Before retiring to the country for his two days he bids Parmeno take them with his compliments to Thais. As Parmeno goes off, Gnatho—Thraso's parasite—appears with Pamphila. Scene 2.—After soliloquising at length on his own astuteness and bandying a word or two with Parmeno, he takes Pamphila into the house with an invitation to Thais to dine with Thraso. Scene 3.—Chaerea, Phaedria's younger brother, arrives in hot haste; he lets out to Parmeno that, having seen Pamphila in the street, he has been greatly smitten by her beauty. Parmeno in fun says he ought to change places with the footman if

he really wanted to be near his adored one; but Chaerea in deadly earnest snatches at the suggestion and keeps Parmeno to his words.

Act III. Scene 1. Thraso comes to take Thais out to dine, with Gnatho at his elbow, ever ready to flatter. Scene 2.—Thais appears, thanks Thraso for his gift, and is going off with him, when Parmeno seizes this moment to present *his* gifts, one of whom is the disguised Chaerea. Thais sees them into her house before going off with Thraso. Scene 3.—Chremes, Pamphila's brother, calls upon Thais at her request, knowing nothing of anything afoot, but with great mistrust of Thais' designs. He is sent off with difficulty by Pythias to see her at Thraso's house.

Act IV. Scene 1. Phaedria, breaking his promise, returns to Athens. Scene 2.—Thais' maid, Pythias, tells him the startling news that his footman has gone off with Pamphila. Phaedria makes search for the villain and (Scene 3) drags out the real footman, Dorus, whom first he compels to confess the truth and then (to shield his brother) to deny it. Scene 4. Chremes, slightly inebriated, arrives and soon after Thais herself. Scene 5.—She has quarrelled with Thraso—who regarded Chremes as another rival—and left him. Now she tells Chremes about his long-lost sister and shows him proofs of her identity. Perceiving Thraso approaching with a mob of slaves to regain his property, they take refuge in Thais' house. Scene 6.—Thraso with his gang of varlets demands Pamphila, but meeting with a firm refusal thinks discretion the better part of valour, and retires.

Act V. Scene 1. Thais now learns that her protégée has been kidnapped. Scene 2.—Chaerea, accused by Thais of abducting an Athenian citizen, replies that he loves the girl and means to marry her. Scene 3.—Chremes returns with an old nurse, who helps to identify Pamphila. As they go indoors, Parmeno approaches the house. Scene 4.—Pythias fools him by pretending that Chremes, infuriated by the abduction of his sister, has bound Chaerea hand and foot and is about to brand him on the forehead as a runaway slave. Scene 5.—Utterly distracted, Parmeno tells the whole story to his master,

Laches, who has just returned to Athens from his country place. Laches rushes into Thais' house, as he thinks, to rescue his son from torture or mutilation. Scene 6.—Pythias tells Parmeno that she has made a fool of him and leaves him ruefully reflecting that he has now incurred the wrath both of Laches and Chaerea. Scene 7.—Thraso returns to make his peace with Thais, but finds that his suit is hopeless. Scene 8.—Laches accepts the situation with a good grace. Phaedria is betrothed to Thais, Chaerea to Pamphila, Parmeno's fears are set at rest, and all ends happily.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

The first Play, on December 12, was quite well attended and the audience was about on the level of first night audiences. The acting was perhaps an improvement on the Dress Rehearsal, but no one was as yet quite at home in his part. In the Epilogue, although we feel sure they did their best, the audience only managed to get a laugh out at the more flagrant puns, most of the parodies going quite unnoticed.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

On this night, when so much more is always expected of the audience, they hardly came up to the scratch. The actors, however, had got more into the swing of it, and the whole thing went without a hitch from start to finish. At the Epilogue, however, the audience was much brighter; in fact, the way they chortled over 'Tempora mutantur' was a treat for the anxious ears behind the scenes. The audience included the Dean of Westminster and Mrs. Ryle, Canon Pearce, Mr. Justice Phillimore, Sir F. Kenyon, K.C.B., Rev. C. L. Feltoe, D.D., Rev. F. A. O'Brien, G. G. Phillimore, F. H. Rawlins and T. S. Oldham.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

This was by far the best of the three, as it usually is; the auditorium was quite packed throughout. The acting, too, had had time to mature and was, if anything, better than on the preceding nights. The audience showed a high appreciation of the Prologue and the Play. In the former the points relating to Canon Hensley

Henson's transference to Durham were received with great applause. In the Epilogue, however, they rather fell short of the second night's audience, as several points seen on that night passed unnoticed and, as usual, some were never seen at all. Among other distinguished members of the audience were the Dean of Durham, the Dean of St. Paul's, the Provost of Oriel, Professor Bonney, Bodley's Librarian, Sir Henry Craik, Sir C. F. Brickdale, Sir E. Northcote, Victor Williamson, C.M.G., and Colonel Vyvyan, C.B.

Play Notes.

THE Prologue was once again the product of the Headmaster's pen and fully reached the standard of previous years; some of its allusions were brought in with the greatest ingenuity. The references to Canon Hensley Henson were greeted with great applause by an appreciative throng of O.W.W.

The Press Notices were practically the same as usual; unfortunately they continue to regard the Play as subordinate to the Epilogue. As that bright Journal the *Daily Mail* had it, 'the Play was but the prelude to an Epilogue.'

Of the morning papers the *Daily Telegraph* was perhaps the most interesting, comparing Terence to Molière, Menander and Shakespeare. Other critiques appeared in the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, *Daily News*, the *Standard*, the *Daily Express*, and the *Glasgow Herald*, while photographs appeared in the *Evening Standard*, the *Daily Graphic*, and the *Nottingham Guardian*.

Notices in the evening papers were confined to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Westminster Gazette*, and the *Globe*. All suffered from the effect of too liberal praise, amounting to gross flattery.

Of other periodicals, the *Athenaeum* and the *Sphere* had references or notices about the Play.

The Epilogue was from the hand of R. M. Barrington-Ward, and was given a very hearty reception on all three nights. As in last year's Epilogue, puns were not so general as of old, but there were parodies in almost every other line, some of them highly ingenious. Most of the year's happenings were brought under notice, and as a *revue* of the past twelve months the Author must be congratulated on a most excellent piece of work.

FAMULUS. 1912.

PHAEDRIA	R. E. D. Cargill.
PARMENO	W. J. N. Little.
THAIS	W. B. W. Durrant.
GNATHO	J. M. Troutbeck.
THRASO	R. S. Partridge.
DORUS	M. A. Phillimore.
SANGA	G. B. F. Rudd.
CHAEREA	N. E. Barraclough.
CHREMES	S. L. Holmes.
PYTHIAS	H. C. Rambaut.
SOPHRONA	H. A. G. Phillimore.
LACHES	G. C. Lowry.

PERSONAE MUTAE.

SYRISCUS	R. S. Browning.
SIMALIO	K. T. D. Wilcox.
DORIAS	T. R. Dawson.
DONAX	S. F. Waterson.
ANCILLULA	A. N. Charlton.
PAMPHILA	O. L. C. Sibley.

PROLOGUS IN FAMULUM.

SALVETE, amici : neve me his pro formula
 Putet quis uti verbis, nam nunquam prius
 Tot incidere damna, tot amicissimos
 Usuque longo iunctos perdidimus viros
 Quot sors hoc uno in anno nobis abstulit.
 Ita quos habemus fervidiore iam decet
 Animo fovere et laetis vocibus adloqui.
 Rem nostram—bene vos scitis—quattuordecim
 Patres gubernant : ex hoc numero tantulo
 Tres decessere nuper, unus invidis
 Abreptus fati, aliis de causis duo :
 Quique¹ a libellis steterat huic senatui,
 Alumnus nostri natus ad templi fores,
 Musis dilectus iustitiaeque non secus,
 Mortem obiit immaturam. Sed redeo ad patres.
 Ille unus,² nostrae quondam discipulus scholae,
 Multos honores meruerat, Victoriae
 Reginae primo a cubiculis, popularium
 Mercurius deinde partium "virga horrida"
 Pedariorum nigrum cogeat gregem.
 Postremo, Hibernis nimium efflagitantibus,
 Ad optimates cessit, sed ne commodo
 Communi omnino dasset, ferratam viam

WELCOME ! Before we play our parts
 Let *this* be spoken from our hearts ;
 For never, surely, have we known
 Such losses as we now bemoan,
 Those many loyal friends and dear
 Whom in the space of one short year
 Mischance or change has borne away ;
 So all the more, of these bereft,
 We prize the friends that still are left
 And gladly welcome them to-day.
 You know that fourteen elders rule
 The common Council of the School.
 Three of this little band are gone,
 Two as I'll tell you later, one
 By an unkindly fate removed.
 Our Registrary, too, is dead,
 Whom, in our precincts born and bred,
 By Themis and the Muses loved,
 We mourn untimely snatched away.
 But of our elders : one, I say,
 Of Westminster a worthy son,
 High rank had held, high honours won
 At Court and where he shepherded
 Gladstonian sheep, and trained them well,
 To follow duly where he led,
 And run at each division-bell.
 But Irish patriots on the ramp
 Soon drove him from the Liberal camp,
 Whereon, resolved as best he could
 To labour for the general good,

¹ John Troutbeck, O.W., Secretary to the Governing Body, Coroner for Westminster, a well-known amateur musician, son of the late Rev. Precentor Troutbeck, died February 28, 1912.

² The Right Hon. Lord Stalbridge, O.W., formerly M.P. for Flintshire, Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen's Household 1872-74, Liberal Whip 1880-85, Chairman of the N.W. Railway 1891-1912, died May 18, 1912.

In Scotiam quae ducit curabat, sagax
 Magister societatis, et peritia
 Effecit summa ut in patriam celerrime
 Possent redire Scotici ac sumptu levi.
 Conatus multa, nil non egit strenue.
 Alter,¹ seniore et imparem laboribus
 Iam se professus, poscit donari rude.
 Nostratium ille longa de prosapia
 Paullisper apud nos vixit, tum classi puer
 Adscriptus Arcton visit et glaciem poli,
 Indagans ubi restarent post cladem manus
 Franklinianae si quae reliquiae forent.
 Reversus inde ad soles et meridiem
 Quae maria, quas regiones, quarum gentium
 Non novit linguam et artes, cuius uspiam
 Nautae viatorisve non legit libros,
 Nobisque lectos fidus interpres dedit ?
 Vivat precor vigeatque in his studiis diu.
 Ingenio florens atque aetate tertius²
 Ad Hyperboreos migravit nobilissimo
 Cuthberti fano famam adlaturus novam.
 Doctrinam, acumen huius, eloquentiam,
 Sane omnibus laudata, non laudare ego
 Ausim sed hoc adicere me tempus iubet
 Quod, ex quo nostra habitavit in vicinia,
 Hanc indefessa fovit amicitia domum.
 Grates abeunti, ut paene nostrati, damus
 Necnon prosequimur votis ut cum coniuge
 Vita fruatur longa multisque adiuvet
 Et civitatem et officiis ecclesiam.
 Valet. Plus iam sum locutus quam sat est.

He sought a presidential chair
 From whence he ruled that iron road
 Which takes you north-by-west, and showed
 No little zeal and competence,
 Assisting by his labours there
 The Scots invader to return
 From Thames-side to his native burn
 With greater speed and less expense.
 A strenuous worker, never still,
 He did his duty with a will.

The second, scion of a race
 Long known and honoured in this place,
 Now from our service claims release,
 And for his age repose and peace.
 A schoolboy in our ranks enrolled
 He left us as a sailor bold
 To search the ice-bound Arctic sea
 For Franklin's ill-starred company.
 Returning thence, what sea or shore,
 What peoples did he not explore ?
 What race or tribe to him is strange,
 What barbarous tongue beyond his range ?
 What traveller's tale has he not read
 And faithfully interpreted ?
 Long may he live and thrive anew
 His chosen studies to pursue.

The third has left us in his prime
 To sojourn in a northern clime,
 Most fitly chosen to sustain
 The honours of Saint Cuthbert's fane.
 'Tis not for me to eulogise
 Merits that all men know and prize ;
 But for the school I will aver
 That ever, since in Westminster
 Twelve years ago he came to dwell,
 He stood our friend and loved us well.
 For this we thank him now, and pray,
 As when a comrade goes his way,
 That many a year of happy life
 May leave him and his gracious wife
 By care and troubles unassailed,
 And many a year perpetuate
 His service in the Church and State.
 Farewell ; I've said my say, and more.
 Now Terence claims the historic floor.

¹ Sir Clements Robert Markham, O.W., resigned his seat on the Governing Body, November 1912. Born in 1830, entered the School 1842, joined the Royal Navy 1844, served in the Arctic Expedition 1850-52, F.R.S., late President R.G.S., late Secretary of Hakluyt Society, &c. &c.

² The Rev. Herbert Hensley Henson, Canon and Sub-Dean of Westminster, appointed Dean of Durham, October 1912.

EPILOGUS IN FAMULUM.

PERSONAE.

PHAEDRIA	<i>A Single-Taxer</i>	R. E. D. CARGILL.
PARMENO	<i>A Special Correspondent</i>	W. J. N. LITTLE.
THAIS	<i>A Lady Novelist</i>	W. B. W. DURRANT.
GNATHO	<i>A Turk in Trouble</i>	J. M. TROUTBECK.
THRASO	<i>A Militant Barrister</i>	R. S. PARTRIDGE.
DORUS	<i>An Industrial Propagandist</i>	M. A. PHILLIMORE.
SANGA	<i>A Press Photographer</i>	G. B. F. RUDD.
CHAEREA	<i>An Antipodean Cricketer</i>	N. E. BARRACLOUGH.
CHREMES	<i>A Modern Pavement Artist</i>	S. L. HOLMES.
PYTHIAS	<i>A Telephone Operator</i>	H. C. RAMBAUT.
SOPHRONA	<i>An Old Countrywoman</i>	H. A. G. PHILLIMORE.
LACHES	<i>An Independent Political Writer</i>	G. C. LOWRY.
	<i>A band of Orangemen.</i>	

Scene:—An open place: Cinema Palace on Left: Public Telephone on Right.

[PHAEDRIA discovered measuring the ground
with a tape.]

PH. (*taking notes*)

Iugera iugeribus septem sex adde, pedesque
Adde decem: septem subtrahe. Amoena
situ

Haec loca, iudice me, quot vectigalia reddent!
(*Hearing steps*) Sed quis homo? perii!
quo fugiam? quis adest?

[Enter PARMENO.]

PA. Phaedria, tunc aderas? quantum mutatus
ab illo!
Unde geometriae, dic mihi, tantus amor?

PH. Ista tace: ne secretum committe petenti,
Si tacitum quid vis.

PA. Hem! meditare nefas?

PH. Singula dumtaxat nunc nobis iugera curae,
Omnia mox una iungere lege simul
Propositumst: agris tum demum cede
coemptis,
Possessor!

PA. Tecum rustica res quid habet,
Iuris non ruris, mi Cincinnate, perito?
Nemo repente fuit callidus agricola.

PH. A, scio: desine iam: me talia dicta fatigant:
Res sua cuique. Sed huc unde venis
subito,
Dic mihi, quidve novist?

[PHAEDRIA discovered measuring the ground
with a tape.]

PH. (*taking notes*)

Four acres plus seven, the result is eleven;
square feet in addition they're ten to go on,
Seven more to subtract just to make it
exact. On no sweeter estate has the sun
ever shone;
And a sweet little tax we may very well
ax. (*Hearing steps*) Confound it! Who's
there? I had better be gone.

[Enter PARMENO.]

PA. Bless me, what a fake is this son of Sir
Laches. Surveyor? land-measurer?
What are you now?

PH. Hush, hush! 'twere a pity our secret Com-
mittee should fall to the blabber and
come to a row.

PA. Some mischief in hand?

PH. No, no; under-
stand I am on for a tax that will stump
all the others.
The landlord's a curse that I mean to
disperse to bring in the good time when
we all shall be brothers.

PA. Five years it must take an attorney to make,
said John Scott: for land experts will
twenty years do?

PH. You've a fool of a tongue: Twenty years?
You be hung. But where are you come
from? And what have you new?

PA. Delectus nuntius ibam
Excipiebat ubi regia terra suum
Atque salutabat cum laudibus India regem :
Quanta ibi turba fuit, quot species homi-
num !
Castra quot exornata, inscriptaque nomine
Begum
Signa. Sed ex illo tempore bella sequor.

PH. (*aside*) Urbe sedens.

PA. Pugnas scripsi, censore secundo.

PH. (*aside*) Quae numquam fuerant.

PA. Quanta ego verba dedi !

PH. Sesquipedale malum ! male nos istud caco-
ethes
Scribendi occidit.

PA. (*furiously*) Vix ego me—

PH. Taceas :
Em tibi, Thais adest.

[*Enter THAIS, carrying a heavy journal.*]

THA. (*to the journal*) Te sum defessa legendo.
(*collapsing*)
Ei mihi ! Phaedria mi ! tota tremo.

PH. (*supporting her*) Quid habes ?

THA. Lectorem assiduum hae rumpent, mihi
crede, columnae.

(*recovering*) Tempora mutantur.

PA. Sed remanet pretium—
Aes triplex.

THA. At, si totum subscribis in annum,
Aes duplex solumst.

PA. Quantaque, lector, habes
Supplementa !

THA. Tace : suppleta ego supplementis :
Argentina opibus gaudeat ipsa suis.

PA. Quidnam de libris ? ecquid stilus inchoat
iste ?

(*aside*) Scilicet haec quidquid scribit, emet
populus.

THA. Scripsimus hoc anno libros modo quinque
novellos :

In quibus infidi magnus amoris amor :
Matrem heros necat ipse : cruor fluit undique
rivis.

PH. Materiem o calidam !

THA. Vae mihi ! nulla meas
Publica volt hodie scripturas bibliotheca :
Quo licuit nobis, non licet ire libris.

PA. Their allegiance to own to Britannia's throne
the Rajahs and Begums of proud Hindu-
stan

With sceptre and pall to Delhi came all
with a various medley of manifold man ;
The rulers of millions in stately pavilions,
oh, I could describe them as none other can.
From thence to the war my adventurous star
conducted me—

PH. (*aside*) Seventy miles in the rear.

PA. The censor said 'Write,' and what reams I
indite of battles—

PH. (*aside*) Ay, battles you never were near.

PA. What splendid creation of graphic narration !

PH. The polysyllabic that cracks us the ear.
That vile Onoto itch, it has got to a pitch
that has fairly destroyed us.

PA. (*furiously*) I'm hang'd if I—

PH. Hush !
Here's Thais (or Marie).

[*Enter THAIS, carrying a heavy journal.*]

THA. (*to the journal*) I'm wofully weary ;
this page upon page an iron reader would
crush. (*collapsing*)
Oh, Phaedria love, see your quivering dove.

PH. (*supporting her*) What's the matter, my own ?

THA. Why, in Juvenal's day
'Twas the columns were broke by the verse-
maker's croak, but now the long columns
the reader do slay.

(*recovering*) In *The Times* what a change !
PA. Not in price.

THA. Yes, arrange to subscribe for
a twelve-month it's tuppence.

PA. And see,
What supplements !

THA. Stuff ! there's too much
of the puff : on its own Argentina may
very well be.

PA. And your novels, Miss Tha ? Any more
on the way ? (*aside*) Whatever she writes,
people pay the six bob up.

THA. Only five in the year have contrived to ap-
pear ; there's a deal of the goriest gore,
tho', to swab up.
False love too *quant. suff.*

PH. It seems pretty
hot stuff.

THA. But one thing the public libra-
rians see too :
I may go in myself and take books from the
shelf, but when it's my own books they
put on the veto.

[Enter GNATHO hurriedly.]

(to GNATHO) Dic mihi quem quaeras.
 GN. Dic, vidistine Thrasonem ?
 (to PARMENO) Dic ubi sit, quaeso.
 PA. Nescio.
 GN. Me miserum !
 (to PHAEDRIA) Tune hominem nosti ?
 PH. (loftily) Notus mihi nomine tantum.
 THA. Fortasse in castris instruit ille suos.

GN. Vah ! bene dixisti.
 PH. Quid cum illo, noster, agebas ?

GN. Nota ducis virtus visque parata mihi :
 Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Thrasoni:
 Spes sola ille mihist.

PA. An tua, Turce, secat
 Graeculus esuriens membra et cum Bulgare
 Servus ?
 Num status est in quo res fuit ante ?

GN. Solum
 Concertans Europa mihi custodiet. (Exit.)
 PH. Ipsos
 Sed quis custodes ?

PA. Irrita nempe petit
 Ille. Sed em praesto quae picta palatia !
 Nostrum
 Hic κίνημα color forsitan exhibeat.

THA. Quin ergo ingredimur ?
 PH. (searching his pockets) Mihi si denarius exstat—
 Non habeo.

PA. Pro te solvam ego : Thais, ini.

[Exeunt into Cinema Palace.]

[Tramping is heard without, and THRASO enters at the head of his forces. DORUS follows suspiciously.]

THR. O cives ! populi posco suffragia : numquam
 (displaying bill)
 Hoc erat in votis. Nos meminisse decet
 Nummorum, patriae, belli —

Do. Quae dicere pergas,
 Me notare, cave.

THR. (turning on him) Belua, tu quid ais ?
 O monstrum ! o hominis simulacrum molle !
 Μέγαυρα !

Novi te : plebem perfidus in dominos
 Accendisti : operae iam deseruere metalla,
 Bellaque conspirat, te stimulante, Labor.

Do. (sneering) Et quis te tulerit de seditione
 querentem ?

THR. Quidve isti—?
 Longe res alia : arma paro,
 Pacem ut conservem.

[Enter GNATHO hurriedly.]

(to GNATHO) What seek you, sir, pray, so ?
 GN. Say, have you seen Thraso ?
 (to PARMENO) Where is he ?
 PA. Don't know, Sir.
 GN. (to PHAEDRIA) Confound it ! And you ?

PH. (loftily) I know him by name, nothing more.
 THA. Might I frame a conjecture he drills his
 heroical crew
 In the camp.

GN. Happy thought !
 PH. May I ask
 what has brought you to seek him ?

GN. His valour so trusty and true.
 Like Cato he chooses the side, Sir, that
 loses ; we Turks in our agony look for
 his aid.

PA. Are they carving and lopping and greedily
 chopping, they of Athens, Sofia, Cettinje,
 Belgrade ?
 But there ye have (ha'n't 'e ?) the *statum*
quo ante.

GN. The concert of Europe, our hope
 there is stay'd. (Exit.)
 PH. And he'll find pretty soon that it isn't in tune.

PA. He labours in vain, he has got to be flay'd.
 Hollo, this would seem a thing called a
 Cinema.

THA. Let's in.
 PH. (searching his pockets) If I've tuppence—
 confound it, I've not.

PA. I've plenty of tin if you wish to go in : Miss
 Thais, come on, I will pay for the lot.

[Exeunt into Cinema Palace.]

[Tramping is heard without, and THRASO enters at the head of his forces. DORUS follows suspiciously.]

THR. Independent and free, your votes now to me.
 Home Rule had no mandate ; your
 country appeals (displaying bill).
 Your cash is in peril ; the soldiers of
 Derry'll—

Do. Talk so and I'll see that
 you're laid by the heels.

THR. (turning on him) Fool, monster, and liar,
 you Molly Maguire, I know you, I know
 you, you stirrer of strife.

Class hatred you spread, and the state you
 have bled ; sedition and strikes by your
 doing are rife.

Do. (sneering) A pretty position, to talk of sedi-
 tion and carry a rifle.

THR. That's not the same case.
 My war is for peace.

DO. (*retiring*) Non defensoribus istis
Talibus aut armis, dux bone, tempus eget.
[*The crowd hustle him off.*]

THR. (*aside*) Hic artem novit qua titillet bene volgus.
(*to crowd*) Sed quid cessamus? foedera tempus
adest
Iungere. At ornata argento clari quasi
fontis
Penna viam doceat. Sanga ubi cen-
turiost?

SA. (*entering*) Adsum.

THR. Quid? Camerane tibi pug-
nare videtur,
Qui istanc huc portes?

SA. Non: sed, opinor, erit
Haudquaquam in camera tua coniuratio:
coetum
Historicum haec toto reddet in orbe tibi.

THR. Unus homo nobis illustrando efficies rem;
Nam, nostra effingens gesta, magis populi
Advertis mentes.

SA. (*posing the crowd*) Sic est. Sunt cuncta parata:
Iam ridete: sat est.

THR. Gratulor.

SA. (*falling in*) At minime.

THR. Hoc agite.

PH. (*peeping out with THAIS*) Hic nullus nobis
locus esse videtur.

PA. (*re-entering*) Unde haec turba, Thraso, tantaque
vis hominum?

THR. Debellanda hodiest patriae communis
Erinnys:
Fautor ades coeptis.

PA. (*pointing to SANGA*) Hoc duce et auspice me,
Illustrata Angli discent tua facta: tacebit
Non haec, ni fallor, Parmeno.

THR. Vir bonus es:
Instrue nunc aciem.

PA. Comites, attendite. Terram
Alternis pedibus concutite.

THR. Agmen ego
Ducam: immo forsitan postremus tutior ibo.

PA. Sic. Dextrorsum oculos vertite: iter facite.
[*The crowd marches off.*]

THR. Res salvast; notumque furens quae possit
Hibernus
Sospitat Ulsteriam. (*Exit.*)

PH. (*entering cautiously, with THAIS*)
Dixeris 'hysteriam'
Rectius. At valeant! Spargunt duo ful-
mina belli
Fasta nefasta nimis verba, sed acta parum.

[*Enter CHAEREA.*]

CHA. Di tempestates perdant lusumque trigonum!

DO. (*retiring*) Cease, Impudence, cease; your
arms and your claptrap are all a disgrace.
[*The crowd hustle him off.*]

THR. (*aside*) Of the people, it's clear, he can tickle the ear.
(*to crowd*) But it's time to be signing, so
come along quick.
Of silver the pen, for true gold are the men.
But where's Captain Sanga?

SA. (*entering*) He's here in the nick.

THR. With a camera, goose? What the devil's
the use?

SA. In camera's never the motto for you.
I snap you, it's done, the world knows what
you've on.

THR. The photographer saves us from Redmond
and crew.
Yes, so the world's eye will our doings
descry.

SA. (*posing the crowd*) Just an inch to the left,
Sir. Now smile. That'll do.

THR. Well done.

SA. (*falling in*) Not at all.

THR. Now attention, men all.

PH. (*peeping out with THAIS*) This is no place
for us.

PA. (*re-entering*) What is all this about?

THR. Now Healey and Pirrie 'll burn with Asquith
and Birrell; we won't have Home Rule.
Just you help us to shout.

PA. (*pointing to SANGA*) At a penny a line with
afflatus divine from Dover to Lerwick
your deeds we will hollo.

THR. Good fellow! Now drill my good troops.

PA. Yes, I will. Attention! Mark time!

THR. I'll lead: No, I'll follow.

PA. Very well, Sir. Eyes right! Quick march!
[*The crowd marches off.*]

THR. So the sight of the frenzy of Ulster has
rescued the state. (*Exit.*)

PH. (*entering cautiously with THAIS*)
The fool will soon smother what Lear calls
'Mother.' He'll bark, but for biting that's
quite other gait.

[*Enter CHAEREA.*]

CHA. Your weather be curst, of all weathers the
worst, and the three-corner'd game I came
over to play.

PH. Hic quis homo ?
 THA. Quae te tanto opere ira movet ?
 CHA. Cum simul Antipodes tepidos solemque reliqui,
 Em, sese ut pluviis Anglia mersit aquis !
 Cum certamen erat, felesque canesque pluebat.
 THA. Cum rueret caelum, non tibi iustitia Fiebat.
 CHA. Tum quae tusses, quae frigora ! febres Horresco referens. Inde decem comites—

PH. Hem, quid id est ?
 CHA. (*breaks down*) Pluvia mersi periere natantes : Scit Norvicensis talia fata pati : Solus ego—

THA. At cur tu ?
 CHA. Ludebam non ego.

THA. Cur non ?
 CHA. Nare ego cum nequeam, ludere num potui ?
 PH. Recte. Sed curas omnes, age, pone : parata Cena domist, si vis accipere.

CHA. Accipio.
 PH. At prius uxori decet haec praedicere : viva (*going to telephone*) Phona utar.
 THA. (*aside*) 'Viva voce,' Latinus ait.
 CHA. Quid cessas ?
 PH. Numerum memini, si verba tenerem : Quae regio ?

CHA. (*handing directory*) Forsan clara sit e tabulis.
 PH. Urbanast regio.
 CHA. Numerus ?
 PH. Duo, quatuor, aut, aut—
 CHA. Aut quid ?
 PH. Nil. (*calling*) Ullo non ego—
 quid ? quid ais ?
 Ullo non audire modo te cogere possum ?

[*Whilst the others are grouped round the telephone, CHREMES enters with pictures.*]

THA. Forte latens in se machina habet vitium.
 CHA. Forte picem infudit mulier suffragia poscens.
 PH. Nil tale ; at rectrix femina semper abest.
 O post officium si te, fera femina, premdam Confectum—In cenam nunc abeamus.

CHA. (*linking arms*)
 (*starting back*)
 Ecce, pavimentum quae nobis horrida pandit !
 PH. (*to CHREMES*) Hic quid agis ?

PH. And who, pray, are you, Sir ?
 THA. And why all this stew, Sir ?
 CHA. I arrive from the glare of Australia's day
 To find nothing but flood, Ma'am, and infinite mud, Ma'am, and cats, Sir, and dogs, Sir, descending in rain.

THA. For the heavens to fall did'nt suit you at all.

CHA. Oh the colds and the fever, the rack and the pain !
 And the rest of the team, the ten batsmen supreme, ev'ry man of them—(*breaks down*).

PH. Well, what's the matter ? Explain.
 CHA. Tho' they swam, were all drown'd in the waters profound. Oh Norwich, poor Norwich, oh Wensum and Yare !
 I alone—

THA. And how's that ?
 CHA. Why, the ball and the bat, the pads and the gloves, I was forced to forswear.

THA. A malingering bloke ?
 CHA. Why, I can't swim a stroke.
 PH. We admit the excuse. But begone now, dull care.
 I invite you to dine.

CHA. I'll sample your wine.
 PH. I must let my wife know, tho' ; I'll send her a 'phone (*going to telephone*).

THA. (*aside*) He might have said tele—
 CHA. Why stopping, Sir ?

PH. Well, I remember the number but words I have none.
 What's the district ?

CHA. (*handing directory*) Try the directory.
 PH. Ay, it's in Town.

CHA. And the number ?
 PH. Two four and—and—and—
 CHA. Well ?

PH. Two four double o. (*calling*) Hollo ! What ?
 Yes ! Oh no ! Can't you hear ?

[*Whilst the others are grouped round the telephone, CHREMES enters with pictures.*]

THA. The machine is gone wrong or the bell.
 CHA. Stuff up pr'aps with tar by some vixen of war.
 PH. Not a bit ; it's the post-girl who's ne'er at her post.

When the day's work is done, as sure as a gun, if I only can catch her, I'll make her a ghost.

Come to dinner.

CHA. (*linking arms*) All right. (*Starting back*)
 What a horrible sight ! Just look at the pavement.

PH. (*to CHREMES*) Here, what are you at ?

CHR. Vivo sordidus arte mea :
(holding out cap)
 Sunt mihi tres nati, necnon iniusta noverca :
 Toto nemo die singula crusta dedit.

PH. Ebrius es.

CHR. Quidni? Potis licet omnibus esse
 In statione : adfert nox mihi consilium.

CHA. *(taking a picture)* Quid volt haec pictura ?
 domusne? an candida virgo?

CHR. Quidvis appella : nam quid inest titulo ?

PH. Arcu bis tinctos confundit mille colores.

CHR. Celare artem ars est.

THA. Quae tamen ars latet hic ?

CHA. I nunc atque aliis da verba.

CHR. Haec litora linquo
 Ingenio pictor maximus.

CHA. Arte rudis.

CHR. Sic est : 'nemo suast acceptus in urbe
 propheta,'
 Quod dicunt : at nos America excipiet.

CHA. Maecenas quivis volt Americanus haberi.

PH. Cessas? aufer te.

CHR. Satque superque bibi.

PH. *(kicking him)* Praecipita.

CHA. *(aside)* Numnam fit post
 impressio quaedam?

PH. Inveniam si te rursus in hac platea——

CHA. Nomine, Musa, tuo quot tentat crimina
 pictor!
 [Re-enter THRASO and PARMENO.]
 Ut nos defendat Iuppiter!

PH. *(hiding)* Ecce iterum!

THR. Quanta hosti nostrae iam demonstratio
 factast
 Virtutis!

THA. Caedes grandis in urbe fuit?

THR. Mox erit : ultor agam pugnas atque ultor
 habebo
 Fas. *(Consolingly)* Nullum occidi : mitte
 tuas lacrimas.

GN. *(running on)* O praeclare Thraso, seu Carso
 libentius audis,
 Nunc opus est factis : sis mihi praesidio.

THR. Disce, miser, virtutem ex me verumque
 laborem ;
 Sed quaere ex aliis auxilium.

GN. Perii!

Aegrotat Turcus : concurritur undique :
 corpus
 Diripitur. Valeas. *(Exit.)*

CHR. A poor living I make by my ochre and lake.
(holding out cap) Three babes and a step-
 mother, just think of that.
 And no one all day puts a crust in my way.

PH. You're drunk.

CHR. And why not? Do you
 know in what sense?
 The police-court's is one, but the other's
 more fun ; if you can't make distinctions,
 you're surely quite dense.

CHA. *(taking a picture)* What does *this* represent ?
 By this daub what is meant? Does it
 stand for a house or a radiant maid?

CHR. As you like : all's the same, for what's in a
 name?

PH. All the hues of the rainbow in light
 and in shade.

CHR. Know *ars est celare*——

THA. Yes, *artem*, but dare 'e pre-
 tend there is art hidden under this splash?

CHA. Get away with your trick.

CHR. Well, I'm cutting
 my stick, but I'm truly a genius.

CHA. Truly you're trash.

CHR. You have heard of the prophet who's always
 quite off it in the land of his birth ; so,
 America, hail!

CHA. To be patron of art is of all parts the part that
 the Yankee delights in, so there you can't
 fail.

PH. Now then, hurry up.

CHR. Over-full is my cup.

PH. *(kicking him)* Get along.

CHA. *(aside)* That's the true post-
 impressionist note.

PH. Let me catch you round here and I warn
 you——

CHA. Oh dear, what impostors, great
 Zeuxis, appear in your coat.
 [Re-enter THRASO and PARMENO.]
 Heav'n save us!

PH. *(hiding)* Again!

THR. How our valorous men
 have displayed their stout hearts in the
 enemy's eye!

THA. Great slaughter?

THR. Not yet, but there will be, you bet ;
 the hour of Ulsterian rescue is nigh.
(Consolingly) No, no one's been slain, and
 your tears, dear, are vain.

GN. *(running on)* Oh my Tharso or Carso, now
 deeds to the fore.
 Be valiant, be fleet, for your aid I entreat.

THR. This thing to the heart, Sir, you don't
 quite explore ;
 I am *ex ante facto*, but when it's in act, oh
 then on the suppliant shut I the door.

GN. I've long been the sick man, I've got the
 last kick, man ; they tear me to pieces,
 farewell evermore. *(Exit.)*

[Enter DORUS and PYTHIAS singing gaily.]

DO. PY. 'Quilibet in plateis
Hoc agit, hoc canit.'

THR. (to PYTHIAS) Obtundis?
PY. Sum laeta: diurnum

Nunc opus effectumst. Cura mihi haec.
(indicating telephone.)

PH. (springing up) Quid ais?
Quae tu dixeris aut dicas, me teste, caveto:
Dum nostram vocem machina ferre negat,
Consisto hic, agitans haec tintinnabula:
nemost:
(sternly) Dic, quid agebas tunc?

PY. (coolly) Nescio.
PH. (seeing DORUS) Habesne virum?

PY. Nonne est nux?
PH. Hinc illa silentia: inutile dulci

Miscebas.
PY. Minime res tua cura mihist.

[Enter SOPHRONA.]

SO. Publica monstrabit quis sanatoria, quaeso?
Pectus enim torquet tussis anhela meum.

CHA. Quaere, precor, tibi qui respondeat: haud
ego certe
Possum.

SO. (to THRASO) At tu dices?
THR. Non ego: nulla petis.

SO. At promissa mihi.
THR. Nimum ne crede Georgo.
Praeterea infandum cogitat ille nefas:
Num cives, mulier, vinclis et carcere iactos,
Vos quod amant tantum, tu patiere mori?

PH. (darting forward) Tu possessorem miseros calcare colonos?

SO. (wearily) Parcite, amabo, meum sollicitare caput:
Quid nostra refert, dum sanatoria desint?

THR. (indicating PHAEDRIA) O miseranda, hic est qui tibi verba dedit.

PH. Deliras.
THR. Sic est.

PH. Garris.
THR. Peream male, si non!

THA. Ambo vos iram ponite: namque Laches
Arbiter hic erit. (Knocks at LACHES' door.)
Heus! te appello: protinus exi.

(to the others)
Hic hilaris bellum hoc verbaque conficiet.

[LACHES appears at window.]

LA. Res totast concocta: audivi iurgia: novi
Quales sint homines.

THR. PH. Hem!
THR. (to PHAEDRIA) Quid ait?
PH. (to THRASO) Quid agit?

[Enter DORUS and PYTHIAS singing gaily.]

DO. PY. Now 'Ev'ry one's doing it.'

THR. (to PYTHIAS) Some will be ruing it.
PY. Oh, I'm so happy, my day's work is done.
My business this (indicating telephone).

PH. (springing up) Have a care, pretty Miss;
what you say will be used when you come
to be spun.

I couldn't get through, and the blame is
with you; I kept ringing and ringing,
and answer was none.

(sternly) Say, what were you at?

PY. (coolly) I don't know.
PH. (seeing DORUS) What is that? Have you
collar'd a husband?

PY. Yes, ain't he a nut?
PH. That explains it, these love affairs getting
above affairs.

PY. You and your business just may go phut.

[Enter SOPHRONA.]

SO. I've tu- (ugh!) bercolosis; oh, where now
(who knows?) is the new sanatorium,
Georgian boon?

CHA. I don't know, I'm sure.

SO. (to THRASO) And don't you, Sir?
THR. No more.

SO. But surely it's built; I was promist it soon.
THR. Don't trust him, good dame; and his con-
duct's the same to the men who're in
prison for womankind's sake.

PH. (darting forward) But the tillers of land are
a worse-treated band.

SO. (wearily) Oh, leave me alone,
do; you make my head ache,
And I can't be relieved?

THR. (indicating PHAEDRIA) You've been grossly
deceived, and here's the deceiver.

PH. Bosh!
THR. True.

PH. Rot.
THR. All true.

THA. Hush, both of you. Here, let Sir Laches
appear. (Knocks at LACHES' door.) (To
the others) Our hilarious Laches shall
solve this ado.

[LACHES appears at window.]

LA. It's a farce and a cheat, it's a world of
deceit. I have heard the dispute, and I
know what I know.

THR. PH. What?
THR. (to PHAEDRIA) What's he say?
PH. (to THRASO) What?

LA. Nil nisi agunt partes : placet illos ludere ludos :
 A parte hac alter sistit, et alter ab hac.
 Phaedria, quid tibi cum campis ? i nunc, age causas :
 Cedant arma togae, dux truculente, Thraso.
 Ambo conducti.

PH. (*faints on THRASO*) Perii.

LA. Respublica tota
 Corruptast.

THR. (*faints on PHAEDRIA*) Actumst.

LA. (*slamming window*) Dixi ego.

PH. Quid faciam ?

PA. Res planast tandem.

THA. (*to THRASO and PHAEDRIA*)
 Quo nunc certamina tanta ?
 Quin potius pacem iungitis atque fidem ?

CHA. (*to PHAEDRIA*) Quam modo dicebas, nunc forte est cena parata ?
 Iamdudum in patinis est animus.

PH. Memini :
 Omnes invito in cenam : mea tecta petamus.

DO. Recte.

PY. (*seizing DORUS' arm*)
 Tune ibis ? nos magis illa domus
 Invitat : propra iam Sophrona ; nos sequere intro.
 (*exit singing*) ' Quilibet in plateis '—

CHA. Ultima cantat olor.

PA. (*to THRASO*) Quid cessas ?

THR. Mecum, quae dicam, in mente voluto :
 (*advancing*)
 His etenim, ut mos est, dicere pauca decet :
 Haec iterem : voces voci haec antiqua precantis
 Addite ; ' in aeternum floreat alma Domus.'

LA. What your game is I spot. You are party-hacks both, it's all bunkum and show.
 Off *you* (*to PHAEDRIA*) from the land which you don't understand, and *you* (*to THRASO*) drop your gun : to your briefs and your fees. You're both hirelings.

PH. (*faints on THRASO*) My soul !

LA. Public life is
 all foul with corruption.

THR. (*faints on PHAEDRIA*) An end to our nice little breeze !

LA. (*slamming window*) I have spoken !

PH. What next ?

PA. It's an o'er true text.

THA. (*to THRASO and PHAEDRIA*) You may as well drop it, as friends better meet.

CHA. (*to PHAEDRIA*) Your dinner's pr'aps ready ?
 My thoughts I've kept steady to soup and to fish and to flesh and to sweet.

PH. I remember ; let's come.

DO. Very well.

PY. (*seizing DORUS' arm*) No, no ; home !
 That's my motto.
 Now, Sophrona, bustle your feet.
 Sing ' Ev'ry one '—(*Exit singing.*)

CHA. So swans sing when they go.

PA. (*to THRASO*) Why linger ?

THR. One word, man, before we retreat.
 (*advancing*)
 Now you, whom to these ancient walls
 The voice of love and duty calls,
 Make ' Floreat ' echo round the walls.

OBITUARY OF O.WW.

The Hon. JOHN ASHBURNHAM, aged 67. Admitted 1858 ; sometime Consul General in Bulgaria.

GEOFFREY ADCOCK BOWEN, Esq., aged 23. Admitted 1902.

The Rev. HENRY GLYNN FIENNES-CLINTON, aged 57. Admitted 1868 ; Rector of St. James's, Vancouver, British Columbia.

The Rev. ROBERT ALLAN EDEN, aged 72. Admitted 1853 ; Q.S. 1854 ; Vicar of Old St. Pancras, London, for 25 years.

HILTON AYMAR FULCHER, Esq., aged 48. Admitted 1878.

The Right Hon. RICHARD DE AQUILA GROSVENOR, BARON STALBRIDGE, aged 74. Admitted 1849 ; M.P. Flintshire 1861-86 ; Vice-Chamberlain of the Household 1872-4 ; P.C. March 19, 1872 ; Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury 1880-5 ; created Baron Stalbridge March 22, 1886 ; Chairman of the L. & N.W. Railway Company 1891-1911 ; a Governor of the School, and a Busby Trustee.

JONATHAN KING HEPBURN, Esq., aged 26. Admitted 1901 ; of the Soudan Forest Service.

HENRY SYDNEY JONES, Esq., aged 49. Admitted as Q.S. 1876 ; formerly Chief Engineer of the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway.

OSWELL SULLIVAN MACLEAY, Esq., aged 59. Admitted 1863 ; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

The Rev. ALEXANDER LEE ONSLOW, aged 76. Admitted 1849 ; Q.S. 1850 ; formerly Vicar of Kingsbury, Warwickshire.

WILLIAM GORDON RICH, Esq., aged 83. Admitted 1841 ; Q.S. 1843 ; President of the O.U.B.C. 1849-51 ; rowed stroke in both races against Cambridge in 1849.

MICHAEL RODOCANACHI, Esq., aged 55. Admitted 1870.

CHARLES TREVOR ROLLER, Esq., aged 47. Admitted 1879.

CABEL ROOPE, Esq., aged 59. Admitted 1868.

WILLIAM SAYER, Esq., aged 57. Admitted 1867 ; Q.S. 1869.

ARTHUR SOUTHEY, Esq., aged 79. Admitted 1847 ; Hon. Secretary of the Elizabethan Club 1870-3.

JOHN TROUTBECK, Esq., aged 51. Admitted 1870 ; Coroner for Westminster and the S.W. District of London ; Secretary to the Governing Body of the School from 1891.

CHARLES EDWARD TURLE, Esq., aged 74. Admitted 1837 ; formerly of the War Office.

The Rev. ERNEST RANDOLPH WEBSTER, aged 58. Admitted 1866 ; Q.S. 1868 ; Rector of Rettendon, Essex.

WALTER MANSELL WOODHOUSE, Esq., M.R.C.S., aged 41. Admitted 1881.

Correspondence.

THE 'FAMULUS,' 1912.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—I trust you will allow me to begin at what is usually the end, and to congratulate and thank the Captain and the other actors on and for a very successful play. I begin thus *ordine prae-postero* so that it may be clear that what criticisms I have to offer have in no way blinded me to the general success achieved. There is, further, a general consideration that your critic must keep steadfastly before him. It is that no sort of realism, broadly speaking, is demanded in the production of the Play. We neither require realism in technique—of the kind which dispenses with footlights and anything harbouring a suspicion of 'stagey'-ness—nor the wider variety associated with normal, modern theatre-productions. Two sets of necessary conventions belong to and have grown up with the Westminster Play. First, the conventions inherent in the conventional comedy—the Comedy of Manners—conventions deep-seated in the construction and in the presentation of character; and secondly, those enforced by the exigencies of space or accruing by tradition in the very home of tradition. It is impossible not to feel that the combination of these two is at once natural and desirable. But to play the conventional comedy in a conventional manner lays great burdens on the shoulders of the players. The whole performance is in effect a compromise. The diction has to be natural, indeed conversational, so far as is compatible with the clear enunciation that the 'foreign' tongue demands. The entrances and 'exits,' the recognitions and discoveries, difficult, no doubt, on the long Roman stage, are rendered almost impossible by the requirements of the more modern *pulpita*. The action and gestures of the players themselves must be 'scholarly and restrained,' while not, of course, grotesquely unlife-like; a convincing compromise is required between melodramatic vigour and pedantic awkwardness. Such are the requirements sternly looked for in a Westminster actor, demanded of him by the inherent nature of the play and the traditional atmosphere, while the audience—the majority of them *eo immitiores quia toleraverunt*—play the part of the stakeholder in this artistic contest.

Captious though it may seem in face of these evident difficulties, it is impossible to withhold the criticism that, taken as a whole, the actors this year hardly rose to the high standard set them. There was a stiffness about their movements on the stage that it was impossible not to notice. This was less noticeable but still present on the second and third nights; it was the one grave fault which anyone could find, and had it been eliminated its absence would have gone a long

way towards making the performance a most remarkable one. Perhaps it will not be impertinent to hope that another year may see an improvement in this all-important respect.

To come to individuals. While it is scarcely within the province of a critic of the Play to refer to this topic, we cannot forbear to congratulate Mr. PARTRIDGE on his most admirably spoken Prologue. He gave the proper emphasis to all its points, while carefully modulating his voice. He seemed in complete control of the situation, and seldom has the Prologue been better delivered; that it was word-perfect goes without saying. Though admirably equipped in the matter of physique, his voice hardly served him so well in the part of *Thraso*. But, in spite of this, he gave a most capable display as the braggart soldier, bringing out his futile anecdotes with the greatest relish. Both him and Mr. TROUTBECK we must except from the charge of stiffness.

The latter had a very good part in *Gnatho*, and he made the most of it. His performance earned him nothing but praise. He is a real actor, unself-conscious, free and natural in his gestures. His ample, parasitic laugh was a thing of delight. In short, he gave us a performance worthy to rank with the best that have been chronicled in these pages. But did he misunderstand Terence at the point where *Thraso* takes him up for laughing where no joke was intended? Or was it over-subtlety of interpretation, the discomfited parasite laughing to conceal his confusion? However, that is but a detail. We must not trace the deficiencies in make-up—for on his own confession, *Gnatho* is fat and well-liking—to Mr. TROUTBECK himself.

The young men of the 'Famulus' suffer under the same disabilities that affect similar characters in any other play of Terence, with their gingerbread sentiments and colourless love affairs. The part of *Phaedria*, however, does seem to offer slightly more scope than the ordinary run of 'young lover' parts. Mr. CARGILL made a manly *Phaedria*, with the right touch of jealous resentment; but, although his voice conveyed a certain amount of lover-like tenderness, where we might have expected an embrace we found *Phaedria* and *Thais* (Mr. DURRANT) fingering each other cautiously at arm's length, the latter especially thus losing a great deal of force in the gentle coaxing of her fractious admirer that is one of the features of this part. This deficiency Mr. DURRANT compensated by his admirable indignation at the supposed duplicity of *Pythias*, later in the play, and his calm and superior demeanour at the window.

Mr. BARRACLOUGH as *Chaerea* seemed to suffer each night from nervousness and to be thinking more of his lines than of his rôle. This resulted in a lack of animation and stiff carriage that were strangely out of place in the character of a romantic and reckless young gallant of

Chaerea's type. He seemed most sure of himself, and was therefore at his best, when compelling *Parmeno* to stand by his half-ironical suggestion and assist him in carrying off *Pamphila*.

The important part of *Parmeno* was safe in the hands of Mr. LITTLE. He had studied the character of that astute but unfortunate schemer and brought out fully the irony, malice, triumph, and despair that alternate throughout.

Mr. RAMBAUT, cast for *Pythias*, suffered in the same respect as Mr. BARRACLOUGH. Suited to the part in many ways, he seemed, however, to be unable to let himself go, and the spirited character and teasing ways of *Pythias* were left in the background. We missed sadly those ripples of malicious laughter over the discomfiture of *Parmeno*.

Mr. HOLMES (*Chremes*) had the right atmosphere of country crudity and stupid conceit about him. But his alcoholic hilarity wore off so rapidly that it would have puzzled a police-court magistrate to decide the truth about his previous intoxication.

Mr. M. A. PHILLIMORE made a capital *Dorus*. He quaked with terror, said aye or no as required of him and, in general, had such an air of terrified idiocy as rendered him irresistibly comic.

The part of *Sanga* also offers opportunities for broad farce, of which Mr. RUDD wisely availed himself. He dusted, cleaned and arranged his *manipulus* with delightful precision. The unwarlike rotundity of his figure helped the effect greatly—a most notable centurion! It is this careful attention to detail in the smaller parts that assists

so much in the making of a good Play, and Messrs. RUDD and PHILLIMORE deserve warm praise accordingly.

Mr. H. A. G. PHILLIMORE as *Sophrone* was suitably, old and feeble, though his gait suggested rather temporary lameness in one foot than perpetual infirmity. This was another most effective small part.

As *Laches* Mr. LOWRY did all that was required of him and appeared to advantage.

The variegated *Personae Mutae* rounded off a performance which, if not one of the most remarkable of recent Plays, at all events reached and maintained a high level throughout. Congratulations are again due to Mr. PARTRIDGE as Captain and to the entire cast on an excellent Play.

It is very easy to be critical over any production and particularly one of such peculiar difficulties as the Westminster Play, which must always ask and receive sympathetic treatment. Of the actors I venture to hope that they will not class me among the hyper-critical and that these comments *in bonam partem accipiantur*.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
OXONIENSIS.

NOTICE.

Photographs of the cast may be had direct from Messrs. Ellis & Walery, 51 Baker Street, *not* on application to the Captain of the King's Scholars.

Floreat.