

'ADELPHI,' 1909.



GETA
(J. M. Troutbeck)

SANNIO
(R. S. Partridge)

HEGIO
(P. H. Malden)
AESCHINUS
(A. C. Edgar)

MICIO
(K. D. Murray)

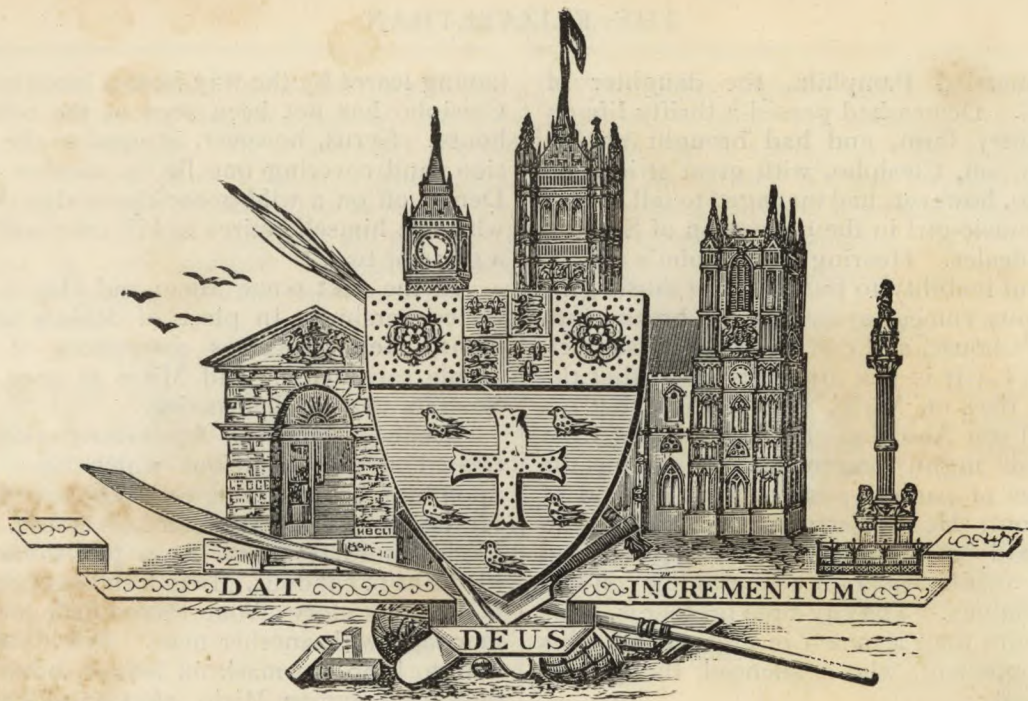
SOSTRATA
(E. A. Meyer)
SVRUS (M. Hammond)

DEMEA
(E. W. Williamson)

CANTHARA
(J. G. Barrington-Ward)

CTESIPHO
(M. Holroyd)

DROMO
(H. N. Wood)



The Elizabethan.

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THE 'ADELPHI.'

WITH the 'Adelphi' of 1909 another cycle comes to its close. Nor can it be called by any means uneventful. In 1907 the 'Trinumus' was deposed from its place to make room for the 'Famulus.' The cast gave an excellent rendering of the play, and the change was greeted on all sides with enthusiasm. In the following year the first performance of the 'Andria' was honoured by the presence of a royal visitor, Princess Henry of Battenberg. Once more the actors rose to the occasion, and not a few have judged the 'Andria' of 1908 to be the best of recent plays. The only innovation with regard to the 'Adelphi' this year was that the time of its opening was changed from 7.30 to 8 P.M.—a change which, we

believe, found general favour. As for the play itself, we think we can hardly claim that the acting reached such a high level as in the two preceding years. This was scarcely to be expected with a cast which, for the most part, had had no experience on the Westminster stage. But we venture to hope that the 'Adelphi' of 1909 has brought no disgrace on the traditions of the Play. Below will be found the Plot of the 'Adelphi.'

The 'Adelphi' derives its title from the contrasted types of character presented to us in the two brothers Micio and Demea, and in a lesser degree in Demea's two sons, Aeschinus and Ctesipho.

Micio had been an easy-going bachelor at Athens, and had adopted Aeschinus, Demea's elder son, freely indulging his every whim. Aeschinus, without Micio's knowledge, had

lately married Pamphila, the daughter of Sostrata. Demea had passed a thrifty life on his country farm, and had brought up his younger son, Ctesipho, with great strictness. Ctesipho, however, had managed to fall in love with a music-girl in the possession of Sannio, a slave-dealer. Hearing of Ctesipho's attachment and inability to purchase the music-girl, Aeschinus comes to the rescue, breaks into Sannio's house, and carries off the music-girl.

ACT I.—It is just after this event that the curtain rises on Micio, who, finding that his adopted son Aeschinus has been absent from home all night, proceeds to dilate on the anxieties of parents and the best method of education. He is interrupted by Demea, who has heard of his elder son's escapade, and fiercely assails Micio for encouraging conduct so scandalous. The city-bred brother is, however, more than a match in argument for his rustic opponent, who is silenced, though not convinced.

ACT II.—In the next scene Syrus is sent out to bring Sannio to terms, and so works on the fears of the slave-dealer that he would gladly accept the cost-price of the music-girl, if only he could be sure of that. Syrus is saved from the necessity of making rash promises by the appearance of Ctesipho, overjoyed at the exploit of his brother, whom he presently meets and thanks most affectionately.

ACT III. introduces us to Sostrata, who is talking with the nurse Canthara, when her slave Geta appears, violently agitated at the apparent unfaithfulness of Aeschinus towards Pamphila. Sostrata resolves to appeal to Hegio, an old friend of the family. Demea now reappears, furious at the news that Ctesipho is implicated in the abduction of the music-girl. By adroit lies Syrus turns all the facts to Ctesipho's credit, and in a scene of delicious humour first draws out and then parodies the old man's foibles. Demea is going off to look for his son, when Geta brings up Hegio, who narrates the supposed desertion of Pamphila by Aeschinus and declares his intention of strenuously defending Sostrata and her daughter. Demea departs to pour out the vials of his wrath on Micio.

In ACT IV., Scene 1, Ctesipho and Syrus are all but surprised together by Demea, who returns from a fruitless search after his brother,

having learnt by the way from a labourer that Ctesipho has not been seen at the country-house. Syrus, however, is equal to the occasion, and covering one lie by another sends Demea off on a wild-goose chase after Micio, while he himself retires to kill time with just a glass or two.

In the next scene Micio and Hegio come on conversing. In place of denials or evasions, Hegio receives assurances of most ample satisfaction, and Micio at once visits Sostrata to allay her anxiety.

Scene 4 shows us Aeschinus, much distressed at the suspicions which have fallen upon him, yet unwilling to expose his brother. He is about to enter Sostrata's house, when Micio issues from it. As a punishment for his want of candour, Micio torments him with a fictitious story about Pamphila's intended marriage with another man. Aeschinus, unable to keep the mask on longer, bursts into tears; whereupon Micio, after an affectionate reproof, promises to acknowledge Pamphila as his adopted son's wife.

In Scene 6, Demea returns from his vain peregrination, angry and footsore. Already boiling with indignation, he is goaded almost to madness by his brother's cool indifference to all that is most outrageous.

ACT V., Scene 1.—In this humour he is found by Syrus, who enters intoxicated. His drunken insolence is interrupted by a message from Ctesipho, who is within. Demea forces his way into the house, whence a little later he bursts out upon Micio with furious invective. As before, he is eventually reduced by his brother's readier tongue to an unwilling acquiescence.

Scene 4.—Experience, though late, has taught Demea that his system of education is as unsuccessful as his brother's, while his churlish and parsimonious habits gain him nothing but enemies. He resolves, therefore, to correct his own mistakes, and to teach Micio how far he has erred in the opposite direction.

Scenes 5, 6, 7.—He at once proceeds to outbid Micio in courtesy and complaisance. He flatters Syrus and Geta; he orders the marriage of Aeschinus to be ratified immediately.

In Scene 8, with the aid of Aeschinus he forces from the astonished Micio a reluctant consent to marry Sostrata, to present Hegio

with a farm, and to set Syrus and his wife free; he even sanctions the marriage of Ctesipho with the music-girl. He is naturally greeted with a chorus of effusive flattery; whereupon, dropping the part which he has been playing, he shows Micio how cheap is the popularity gained by indiscriminate indulgence, and closes the play with some sensible advice to young men.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

The First Night was Thursday, December 16. An excellent company assembled to see the play, though there were several vacant places in the benches allotted to young O.W.W. The play passed without a hitch, and the presence of the audience seemed to encourage the actors to give a better performance than they had previously accomplished. The first part of the Epilogue was well received, but towards the end it seemed to hang somewhat. In some cases, however, it was not the audience, but the actors, who were at fault.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

On the Second Night the play obtained a much more enthusiastic reception. This, among other things, probably helped the actors to give a better representation than on the First Night. The Prologue was much appreciated, and parts of it occasioned considerable merriment. The Epilogue went with great swing throughout. In spite of some of the puns still remaining invisible, there was hardly a dull moment from beginning to end. The Chair was taken by the Dean of Westminster, while others present included Dr. Duckworth, Dr. Hensley Henson, Dr. Beeching, Sir George Frampton, R.A., Mr. A. C. Gow, R.A., Sir Charles Holroyd, Mr. Victor Williamson, C.M.G., the Provost of Oriel, Mr. Justice Phillimore, Messrs. C. C. J. Webb and C. D. Fisher.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

Once again the best performance was reserved for the Third Night. Both the play and the Epilogue were a distinct improvement on the performances of the other two nights. In the latter several puns were seen for the first time on this occasion, and the reception accorded it was even more hearty than before.

The Rev. R. B. Dickson, as the oldest

Westminster present, was in the Chair. In addition to him, the audience included the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Master of the Rolls, Mr. Justice Walton, Professor Bonney, Sir Frederick Bridge, Lord Ritchie of Dundee, and Professor Phillimore.

Play Notes.

THE Prologue was once more written by the Head Master, and was up to the high standard of recent years. It was described by the *Athenaeum* as 'polished, clear and forceful.'

The Press notices were hardly as numerous as usual, and only a few papers made any real attempt at criticism. Moreover, there seemed to be an unfortunate notion current among many of them that the Epilogue is of more importance than the play. The sooner this idea is dispelled the better.

Of the morning papers, the *Standard* perhaps gave the best critique. The *Morning Post* seemed to find more fault with Terence than with the actors, and was in places unintelligible. Other accounts of varying merit were published by the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Daily News*, while the *Daily Graphic* gave a photograph of the cast.

Notices in the evening papers were confined to the *Evening Standard*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Globe*, and the *Westminster Gazette*. The account of the first-named was the same as that of the *Standard*, while of the others the *Pall Mall* made perhaps the happiest comments.

Of other periodicals, the *Guardian*, the *Observer*, and the *Athenaeum* were the most noticeable. The *Guardian* quoted some passages from the Prologue and Epilogue, while the *Observer* was distinctly appreciative in its remarks.

The Epilogue was the work of A. S. Gaye, Esq., assisted by A. A. Milne, Esq. It thoroughly deserved the enthusiastic reception accorded to it on the second and third nights. Parody was not so conspicuous as in some years, but its place was partly taken by some clever and legitimate puns. The year had furnished many excellent opportunities for an Epilogue, and the authors took full advantage of them.

ADELPHI. 1909.

MICIO	<i>K. D. Murray.</i>
DEMEA	<i>E. W. Williamson.</i>
SYRUS	<i>M. Hammond.</i>
SANNIO	<i>R. S. Partridge.</i>
AESCHINUS	<i>A. C. Edgar.</i>
CTESIPHO	<i>M. Holroyd.</i>
SOSTRATA	<i>E. A. Meyer.</i>
CANTHARA	<i>J. G. Barrington-Ward.</i>
GETA	<i>J. M. Troutbeck.</i>
HEGIO	<i>P. H. Malden.</i>
DROMO	<i>H. N. Wood.</i>

PROLOGUS IN ADELPHOS.

SALVETE iterumque salvete. Omni ceterae
 Orationi praestat hoc exordium,
 Indicium nostrae nempe benevolentiae
 Vestrique simul favoris felicissimum
 Invitamentum et omen. Quod superest, minus
 Et vos audire et me iuvabit dicere.
 Nam, quod pro more nostris de rebus loquar,
 Non habeo multum. Mors quidem, humanum genus
 Metens immani falce, nobis abstulit
 Caros sodales multos,¹ capitibus tamen
 Pepercit celsis publico quae oporteat
 Luctu plorare. Tum autem si quid prosperum
 Evenit praeter solitum,² si campestribus
 In ludis nobis vel doctorum saepius
 In certaminibus contigit victoria,
 Suas iactare laudes magnanimos pudet.
 At gratulari non pudet victoribus³
 Qui, nostra quondam rite nutriti domo,
 Quodcumque mentis roborisve praemium
 Fortuna dederit, almae matri deferunt
 Nostrosque ad postes palmas suspendunt suas.
 Sed est quod suadere ausim: nam nuperrime
 A rostris manans frigidus per compita
 Vel ad nos venit rumor: cives scilicet
 Metu trepidare multos ne leges novae
 Demant divitibus, pauperibus tradant, bona:
 Ita mox, ut perhibent, una sors cunctis erit
 Communis, idem census et vitae color.

WELCOME!—The word that serves us best
 Shall take precedence of the rest;
 For while a hearty greeting proves
 That we are loyal in our loves,
 Your genial presence is no less
 Our happiest omen of success.
 Welcome!—So much at least may win
 The plaudits of our kith and kin,
 And save our credit, if we seem
 Committed to a barren theme;
 For, though our fortunes prosper well,
 There's little news, or none, to tell.
 True, Death's inexorable scythe
 That takes of all men toll and tithe
 Has robbed us in the passing year
 Of many a friend and comrade dear;
 Yet he has spared the illustrious few,
 Nor made a public tribute due.
 And if the records of the day
 Prove our success in work and play,
 True modesty will not consent
 To deal in self-advertisement.
 Still, we may praise and welcome here
 Those elder sons of Westminster,
 Who, conquering in the fields assigned
 To men of muscle and of mind,
 Return to these familiar halls
 And hang their trophies on our walls.

Now I will venture to refer
 To rumours set afloat elsewhere,
 Which, creeping on from street to street,
 Have lately reached our calm retreat.
 Men talk, it seems, in grave alarm
 Of Bills and Budgets fraught with harm,
 Which, as they think, the rich will rob
 To subsidise the thriftless mob.
 No man, they say, will then possess
 More than another, no man less;
 But all will live alike, and share
 The common store, the common fare.

¹ See Obituary.

² In the past year the School was remarkably successful both in work and play.

³ O.W.W. at the Universities gained, besides many first-classes, a number of special distinctions: at Oxford, the Hertford Scholarship, the Gaisford Greek Verse Prize, and the Vinerian Scholarship; at Cambridge, a Fellowship at Trinity, a Chancellor's Medal, and the Colquhoun Sculls.

Quod an sit verum, nescio : tamen hoc scio,
 Non aliam condicionem in hoc collegio
 Annos trecentos iam extitisse et amplius.
 Nam lautiozem hic nemo vicinis habet
 Domum, cubatve mollius : stipendium
 Plus iusto nulli solvitur : quin pallio
 Vestimur simili : cuique pro suo ordine
 Eadem laboris hora, somni eadem, datur :
 Una prandemus, una cenamus : neque
 S cui sollicita mater delicatius
 Obsonium clam miserit, id servat sibi ;
 In medium ponit, cumque par sit omnibus
 Fames, pari quoque iure quidquid adest edunt.
 Haec vita, simplex munditiis, in se tamen,
 Experto credite, tot voluptates habet
 Ut, eas semel qui norint, iuvenes ac senes
 Redeant quotannis cura inconsolabili
 Desiderantes gaudia antiquae domus.
 Nil ergo est quod metuatis. Nos imitami
 Et vivite, ut nos, quolibet sub consule
 Felices ter quaterque. Dixi Prologus.

It may be true ; I cannot tell.
 One thing at least I know full well—
 Since great Eliza planned the school
 This house has known no other rule.
 Here none can boast superior state
 Or greater affluence than his mate.
 All in one fashion lodged and dressed,
 With equal hours of work and rest,
 We gather round the common board,
 And each partakes the other's hoard ;
 For, if an anxious mother's care
 Provide by stealth some dainty fare,
 Her hospitable son extends
 An equal bounty to his friends.
 Believe me, in this simple life
 Such happiness, such joys are rife,
 That all who've known them, year by year
 Return to us from far and near,
 To view once more with lingering gaze
 Their home in boyhood's halcyon days.
 So take a hint from us, and clear
 Your minds of a superfluous fear.
 Live as *we* live, and you'll consent
 To any kind of government.
 And now, farewell. I've said my say ;
 'Tis time to usher in the play.

EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS.

PERSONAE.

CTESIPHO	<i>An Arctic Explorer</i>	M. HOLROYD.
DEMEA	<i>An Eskimo</i>	E. W. WILLIAMSON.
GETA	<i>An Ex-president</i>	J. M. TROUTBECK.
AESCHINUS	<i>A Flying Man</i>	A. C. EDGAR.
HEGIO	<i>A Duke</i>	P. H. MALDEN.
SOSTRATA	<i>A Woman-Suffragist</i>	E. A. MEYER.
SYRUS	<i>A Chancellor</i>	M. HAMMOND.
DROMO	<i>A Policeman</i>	H. N. WOOD.
SANNIO	<i>A Representative of 'The Trade'</i>	R. S. PARTRIDGE.
MICIO	<i>The British Public</i>	K. D. MURRAY.
CANTHARA	<i>A Girl-Scout</i>	J. G. BARRINGTON-WARD.

Scene :—SOMEWHERE MORE OR LESS NEAR THE NORTH POLE. IT IS NEARLY DARK.

[Enter CTESIPHO, apparently looking for some one.]

CT. Miror, ubi est. Spero non deseruisse fugacem
 Me comitem infausti nominis. (*Exit, calling*)
 —Etukishuk !

[Enter DEMEA, tired and bored.]

DE. Quaesivi satis, erravi satis, atque domum ire
 Iam cupio. Nullus par domui locus est.
 Sed timeo ire domum in caligine. Quid
 faciendumst? (*He thinks.*)
 Nescio. (*An idea strikes him.*) Nunc
 habeo ; stet polus Arcticus hic. (*He puts
 up a pole.*)

[Enter CTESIPHO, apparently looking for some one.]

CT. Where, where can he be, he whose name sug-
 gests Flee? Has Etukishuk took his hook
 over the sea? (*Exit, calling.*)

[Enter DEMEA, tired and bored.]

DE. Thus exploring to roam makes one eager for
 home : that no place is like it I'm come to
 agree :
 But there, I'm afraid—as the roundabout
 play'd—to go home in the dark. (*An idea
 strikes him.*) Ah ! the Pole of the North.
 (*He puts up a pole.*)

Heia ! [*Re-enter CTESIPHO.*]

CT. O te quaero.
DE. Tibi gratulor ; en tibi praesto est,
(*pointing to the pole.*)

Quod per tot menses totque pericla petis.
Ante oculos exstat magnus tibi clavus.

CT. Ubi ?
DE. Istic.
CT. Certusne es ?
DE. Certus. (*He looks round.*) Nemo
negare potest.

CT. Atque alii, credis, non praecepere triumphum ?
DE. Tu prior ante omnes.

CT. Euge ; Columbia, ave.
Veni, vidi, vici, inveni.

DE. (*aside*) Inventio certe est
Concocta. (*It grows lighter.*)

CT. Aurorae lux Borealis ?
DE. Ita est,
Aut sol, qui media nocte hac regione refulget.

CT. Mittendum uxori telegraphema meae. (*He
searches for his pen.*)

O noto amisso quid agam stilo ? Habesne ?
(*He finds it.*) Beatus

Inveni, sese qui replet ipse, stilum. (*He
writes a telegram*)

'Successi, Fredericus' (*and gives it to DEMA.*)
Abi, post subsequar ipse. [*Exit DEMA.*]

[*Enter GETA, carrying a gun.*]

Venator quisnam hos advenit hospes agros ?
[*GETA blows a trumpet.*]

GE. Ignoret nemo me iam posuisse labores
Civiles ; simplex vita mihi placuit.
Occidi pardos elephantasque atque leones,
Quot parit immanes Africa vasta feras.

CT. Rus vult explorare novum fortasse.

[*Re-enter DEMA.*]

GE. (*seeing DEMA*) Sed ursum
Conspicio. (*He raises his gun.*)

DE. (*very quickly*) Perii. [*Exit.*]
GE. Quam rapide ursus abit.

CT. Salve, hospes.

GE. Salve.

CT. (*anxious to show his discovery*) Sine me tibi—

GE. Dic mihi solum,
Quales quotque habitant hac regione ferae.

CT. Muscoboves ursique— (*a whirring noise is
heard.*)

GE. Sed audi ; qui sonus istic ? (*He looks
in the direction of the noise.*)

Ingens est volucris ; ne videat, latita. (*They
take cover.*)

[*After a pause GETA fires his gun.*]

CT. Euge.
GE. Habeo certe : rapidis delabitur alis
Ad terram ; nocui codae, ut opinor.

Very good ! [*Re-enter CTESIPHO.*]

CT. Oh, you're there.
DE. Congratulations !
You stare, but you need not. What made
you to peril go forth

To a dubious goal ? See before you, the Pole.
Where ?

CT. There (*pointing to the pole.*)
DE. Are you sure ?
CT. Yes. (*He looks round.*)

DE. For who can deny ?
CT. And never a leery preventient Peary ?

DE. No, yours is the wonderful discover-y.
CT. Good America, hail ! "Come, see, and pre-
vail ?" Come, see, and discover now, Caesar,
we read.

DE. (*aside*) By concooktion. (*It grows lighter.*)

CT. Aurora the Boreal ?
DE. Or a
slight touch of the sunshine at midnight.

CT. Indeed ?
I must wire to my wife. My Onoto. (*He
searches for his pen.*) My life ! Have I
lost my self-filler ? Oh, no ; here it is.

(*He finds it and writes a telegram.*)

'Succeeded, dear. Fred.' (*He gives it to
DEMA.*) There, bustle ahead. Post-haste
to the post. [*Exit DEMA.*]

[*Enter GETA, carrying a gun.*]

What, a Nimrod on biz. ?

[*GETA blows a trumpet.*]

GE. As a President-Ex, whom no politics vex, the
life that is simple 's the living for me.

Great lions I've slain and the elephant train
and leopards and all that in Africa be.

CT. And now he'd explore a more recondite shore.

[*Re-enter DEMA.*]

GE. (*seeing DEMA*) What ! a bear ? *He raises his
gun.*

DE. (*very quickly*) I am done for. [*Exit.*]
GE. How quickly he fled.

CT. Good day, sir.

GE. Good day.

CT. (*anxious to show his discovery*) And allow me to
say—

GE. Say nought but of beasts that are
hereabout bred.

CT. The musk-ox and the bear—(*a whirring
noise is heard.*)

GE. What's that noise ? (*He looks in the
direction of the noise.*) I declare, it's a Roc.
Get to cover, hide quickly. (*They take cover.*)

[*After a pause GETA fires.*]

CT. Bravo !
GE. My good leaden hail, how it fluttered his tail.

[Enter AESCHINUS, descending rapidly on a flying machine, badly damaged. GETA looks at him.]

Homo est! [Exit GETA.]

AES. Semper idem: mihi petroleum deficit.

CT. Opemne
Ferre tibi possum?

AES. Nil radiator agit.
O salve. Mihi dic; numnam his in partibus
orbis
Mancunium est, quaeso? Millia namque
decem

Aureolum cupio meruisse bipennibus alis.
CT. Omnibus haud locus est commodus.
Arcticus est
Hic polus.

AES. Hem, tune hunc invenisti Americanus?

CT. Certe ego. Te civem haec imperialis ait
Barba esse.

AES. Immo Anglus; nam fit, non nascitur,
Anglus.

(Producing papers) Charta probat. Regnet summa
Britannia aquis.

Arcticus est quanquam vobis, Antarcticus
Anglis

Aut Scottis, mora nec longa, triumphus erit.

CT. O, de hoc viderimus. Valeas.

AES. Hei, nonne manebis? [Exit CTESIPHO.]

Quo reparanda modo est machina fracta
mihi? (He examines his machine.)

Est desperandum. (He picks it up.) Mihi
quaestio solvitur ambu-
lando.

[Exit AESCHINUS. Enter, after a pause, HEGIO,
dejected, carrying a coronet and a notice-board.]

HE. Dura ducum sors. Vagus e patriis
Sedibus hic requiem quaero instauroque
penates. (He puts the coronet and notice-
board on the pole.)

"Privatum," a, verbum dulce ducali oculo

Conspicere. Hoc revocat vitam felicius actam,
Quae nunc praeteriit non reditura mihi.

Eheu.

[Enter SOSTRATA at the back. She writes with
chalk on the ground.]

Sos. Femineus sexus suffragia poscit.

HE. Quae prope me loquitur femina? (politely)
Dic, quid agam

Pro te, hera.

Sos. Da nobis suffragia.

HE. Non habeo ipse;
Infans, dux, pauper, femina, mente carens
Non suffragia habent.

Sos. Num cancellarius hic est?

HE. (alarmed) Hem, quid ais? perii. (He looks
anxiously round.)

[Enter AESCHINUS, descending rapidly on a flying machine, badly damaged. GETA looks at him.]

By Jove, it's a man! [Exit GETA.]

AES. Semper idem! No go!

My petrol ran out.

CT. I could help him, no doubt.

AES. And my wings are not working. Oh, how
do you do?

Am I anywhere near what's called Man-
chester here? There's a prize of a
thousand. I'm flying for gold.

CT. The North Pole doesn't fit with all species of
wit.

AES. What, you've found it? and you an
American bold?

CT. Yes, that's my material: you this imperial
shows to be born to the U.S.A. flag.

AES. Not at all, I'm a Briton: (Producing papers)
the word that is written enables a man of
his lineage to brag.

Rule the waves? You've the Arctic, but soon
the Antarctic will yield itself up to an
Angle—or Scott.

CT. We shall see. Well, good bye.

AES. Can't you stop?

[Exit CTESIPHO.] I must try to repair my
machine. (He examines his machine.) It is
all gone to pot. (He picks it up.)

Some means must be plann'd. Oh, the old
ambulando: the spirit of Aldrich is still on
the spot.

[Exit AESCHINUS. Enter, after a pause, HEGIO,
dejected, carrying a coronet and a notice-board.]

HE. How hard on a Howard! A fortune untoward
compels me to seek for a rest and a
home. (He puts the coronet and notice-
board on the pole.)

"No road!" Oh sweet phrase of my happier
days, the days that are gone like the
bubble and foam.

Woe is me! Woe is me!

[Enter SOSTRATA at the back. She writes with
chalk on the ground.]

Sos. Votes for women!

HE. I see here a lady. (politely) And what can
I do for you, Madam?

Sos. Give us votes.

HE. I've not got one: by this you
may spot one duke, pauper, child, madman,
or daughter of Adam.

Sos. Is a Chancellor here?

HE. (alarmed) Thou harpest my fear.
(He looks anxiously round.)

Sos. Tune ferire times ?
HE. Immo ferire volo ; timeo ne verbera reddat.

Sos. Tu disce a nobis. (*going*) Inveniendus erit
Primus. [*Exit.*]

HE. Me miserum, si me inveniatur tamen
hostis.
(*alarmed*) Sed quis homo est illic quem video ?
Ipse venit.

[*Enter SYRUS, carrying a budget. He stops suddenly and reads SOSTRATA'S writing on the ground.*]

Sy. Femina adest. (*He looks cautiously all round, then advances and speaks to HEGIO.*)
Salve.

HE. (*pointing to notice*) Non publicus hic ager ; exi.
Audin ? Tres passus si propius venies,
Admoneo, extremo legis plectere rigore.

Sy. Quaero dumtaxat quanta tributa tuae
Reddere res possint. Haec iugera lata
videntur
Esse voluptati vota ; metalla in humo
Nondum effossa latent fortasse.

HE. Haud est toleranda
Haec inquisitio, tale latrocinium.

[*Enter SOSTRATA, threatening SYRUS.*]

Sos. Feminione dabis sexu suffragia ?

Sy. Eundumst,
Ni volo contundi, quam cito. [*Exit, running.*]

Sos. Nonne dabis ? [*Exit in pursuit.*]

HE. Furem siste illum. [*Enter DROMO.*]

DR. Quem ?

HE. Fugit.

DR. (*not hurrying, but looking round about*) Nec
digitorum

Impressum invenio.

HE. Quin sequere hac. [*Exit in pursuit.*]

DR. Equidem

Festino lente. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter, from the opposite side, SYRUS, still running, followed by a crowd, SOSTRATA, HEGIO, SANNIO, and DROMO.*]

Sos. (*breathlessly*) Posco suffragia.

Sy. (*standing on a stool*) Sodes,

Feminaeque atque viri—

Sos. Feminione dabis—

[*Exit, hustled off by the crowd.*]

SAN. Nunc non longum erimus (*the crowd laugh*).

Sy. (*pointing to HEGIO*) Furem me hic arguit esse :
Huic respondebo : si speculum inspiciat,
Tum videat potius furem (*murmurs of assent and dissent*).

SAN. Nos poscimus octo

Naves, nec mora sit. Proditor hic patriae.

Sy. O cives, cives, quaerenda pecunia primumst.

Sos. What ? a Duke, and afraid to deliver a blow ?
HE. I should love it, but then he might hit me
again.

Sos. Take a lesson from us. (*going*) Now
to seek him I go. [*Exit.*]

HE. Oh dear, if behind me he follow and find me.
(*alarmed*) By George, it's himself, my
distress unalloy'd.

[*Enter SYRUS, carrying a budget. He stops suddenly and reads SOSTRATA'S writing on the ground.*]

Sy. What, a woman ? (*He looks cautiously all round, then advances and speaks to HEGIO.*)
Good morning.

HE. (*pointing to notice*) That notice you're scorning.
"No road," don't you see it ? Avaunt and
avoid.

Not a step : be admonisht, or look to be
punisht with law's utmost figour.

Sy. I come here to spy
What your lands can afford to the Treasury's
Lord from the pleasure-grounds and what
beneath them may lie.

HE. You inquisitive wretch ; you fit prey for Jack
Ketch !

[*Enter SOSTRATA, threatening SYRUS.*]

Sos. Votes for women ! The vote, Sir,
the vote, Sir, I say.

Sy. I'm off, for I don't want a thrashing. [*Exit, running.*]

Sos. You won't ? [*Exit in pursuit.*]

HE. Stop thief ! [*Enter DROMO.*]

DR. Which ?

HE. The fellow that's bolted away.

DR. (*not hurrying, but looking round about*)
And left of his finger no traces.

HE. Don't linger. [*Exit in pursuit.*]

DR. No, no ; slow and sure ; don't you know
your police ? [*Exit.*]

[*Enter, from the opposite side, SYRUS, still running, followed by a crowd, SOSTRATA, HEGIO, SANNIO, and DROMO.*]

Sos. (*breathlessly*) Votes for women !

Sy. (*standing on a stool*) Now, lady and gentlemen—

Sos. Shady, not gentle ! I say this injustice must
cease. [*Exit, hustled off by the crowd.*]

SAN. Now we shan't be long (*the crowd laugh*).

Sy. (*pointing to HEGIO*) He declares I do wrong,
am a robber and thief ; but my answer I'll
make :

Let him look in the glass to see one of the
class that for thieving and robbery quite
take the cake (*murmurs of assent and dissent*).

SAN. We want eight and won't wait, and a traitor
we hate.

Sy. But the money, good friends.

[Enter SOSTRATA.]

SOS. Femineone—[Exit, hustled off by the crowd].

SY. Humeros si quis habet validos,
Huic onus imponi gravius decet. (to HEGIO)
Anne negabis?Audite; expediam quomodo rem peragam.
Primum multetur graviter ducum inutilis ordo.HE. Me miserum.
SY. Crimen terribile esse ducem:
Rura inculta tenent; perdices phasiadesque
Et volpes habitant praedia, et agricolae
Esuriunt.SAN. Agriculturam protectio reddet.
SY. Sed lege hac finem saeva tyrannis habet.
Immerita incrementa et nondum effossa metalla
Vectigal debent reddere. Avaritiam
Barbariemque ducum non iam tolerabimus
Angli.
Pro populo a populo sit populi ditio.HE. Reicere hanc nobis ipsis debemus.
SY. AvariPro vobis ipsis inmeritoque lucro
Solliciti, in pugnam cupido vos ore lacesso;
Pingue caput totum tuber erit colaphis.

SAN. Inicitur limus, sed nil rationis.

SY. Amici,
De nobis memori hoc mente tenete, precor;
Nostra a parte data est veteranis pensio; at
isti
Si fiscum curent, praemetuo graviter,
Pensio deficiat.

SAN. Mendacia frigida, ut Eurus.

HE. Promissa a nobis pensio, credo, fuit.
SY. Annos viginti, fateor, promissa. Quis octo
Naves poscit?SAN. Ego.
SY. Et forsitan ipse velis
Impensam ferre.SAN. Hem quid ais? Graviore tributo
Oppressamne audes mercem onerare?SY. Licens
Quod rogitas, emere et liceat.SAN. Vindicta repulsis
Pro multis haec est. (to HEGIO) Tune sines
veterem
Vexari socium? Vobis ego semper amicus
Robur et aes triplex auxilium tribui.HE. (hesitating) Sed—
SAN. Quid sed? Legem hanc nisi vos
prohibetis iniquam,—

SY. Orbosne et viduas dira ruina premet?

SAN. Deridesne? Tace, Cambrensis homuncule.

[Enter SOSTRATA.]

SOS. Won't you give us the vote? [Exit, hustled
off by the crowd.]SY. The shoulder that's broad is the limb for the
load. (to HEGIO) I'll show you the means
this good end to promote.
Now first I propose to make pay through the
nose our superfluous dukes.HE. Woe is me!
SY. It's a tortAnd a scandalous case to be known as "Your
Grace," with your land lying idle, devoted
to sport.The partridge and fox oust the plough and
the ox, and the pheasant reduces the peasant
to starve.

SAN. Protection would right it.

SY. But now we will fight it: from mines
and from increments earn'd not we'll carve
What the revenues need, and the barbarous
greed of the Dukes shall in England at
last have an end.The old tag we apply of "for, of, and by," the
vintage old Whig with a Radical blend.HE. By the duty we owe to ourselves we say No.
SY. Your greed for yourselves and unmerited gain
Makes me fierce for the fray, and I'll show
you to-day what your numskulls can feel
though they cover no brain.SAN. For "Limehouse" read *limus*, the word that
would grime us, if truth there were any in
all that he cries.SY. And I may as well mention, good people, the
pension, the credit for which with the Liberals
lies.With the Tories in power you'd not keep it an
hour.

SAN. Oh, frigid and calculate, that won't inure.

HE. We promist the pension.

SY. Yes, that's no invention; the
promise you gave though was merely a lure.
Who says we want eight?

SAN. I.

SY. And, pray, at what rate will
you put the proportion by you to be paid?SAN. What a monster to ax for a heavier tax on the
vanishing gains of a suffering trade.SY. If the price you supply, then the warships we'll
buy.SAN. Vindictiveness this, and you call it finance.
(to HEGIO). Your Grace, hear my cry: I'm
your ancient ally: I still paid the piper
when you led the dance.

HE. (hesitating) But, but—

SAN. If you will this iniquitous bill
to go through—

SY. Shall the widow and orphan bewail?

SAN. Do you mock us, you Daffy, you mannikin
Taffy?

HE. (*timidly*) Sunt qui
Credant non nobis tale favere solum.
SAN. Quidnam, ignave, times?

[SANNIO *seizes one end of the budget, and pulls, SYRUS pulling at the other end. HEGIO joins SANNIO.*]

Agite, heia, incumbite, amici.

[*Enter* SOSTRATA.]

SOS. (*to SYRUS*) Quid tu pro sexu femineo facies?

SY. Nunc certamen erit, domini cum plebe,
tremendum.

SOS. (*hitting SYRUS with a whip*) Hoc cape, et hoc.
(*SYRUS leaves go, and falls.*)

DR. Mecum nunc venias.

SOS. Venio;
Sed, nisi fallor, erit mora non ita longa, redibo.

[*Exit with* DROMO.]

SAN. (*waving the budget*)
Euge, beor beor, o gloria summa, beor.

SY. Appello populum. Victoria Pyrrhica fiet.

SAN. Non equidem curo; nunc potero miseram
hanc [*Enter* DROMO.]
Tundere et arripere et ruere et prosternere
legem. (*He kicks the budget away.*)

DR. Tu folli certe, credo, dicaris, here.

[*Enter* MICIO.]

MI. Quis vocat? Arbitrioque meo quid nunc refer-
endumst?

Dic, Syre.

SY. Multa tibi et magna referre volo.

[*He hands* MICIO *a ledger.*]

Ecce, magister, ego hunc librum in dextram
tibi trado;

Sunt inscripta, mali quae faciunt domini
Crimina; nam quicquid proponimus utile
plebi
Illi reiciunt.

HE. Pauper honestus ego.

SY. Infandum hoc audi facinus: sanctissima privi-
legia contemnunt; litera scripta probat.

MI. Mi tua pro fumo querimonia vana videtur.

Te satis audiavi: forsitan altera pars
Contra te velit audiri.

HE. (*turning to* MICIO) Tibi consulo soli,
Et solum cupio, quod tibi prosit, agi.
Hic sociale tamen bellum ciet: unus ego obsto;

[*Enter* CANTHARA, *who listens attentively.*]

Hic maris imperium prodere vult, at ego
Te servare volo.

SY. Dic ista marino equitatu.

CAN. (*to* HEGIO) Armamenta licet diminuantur, ego
Te tueor.

HE. (*timidly*) Unlucky for us is a Cambrian gale.

SAN. A Duke, and no heart?

[SANNIO *seizes one end of the budget, and pulls, SYRUS pulling at the other end. HEGIO joins SANNIO.*]

Now, friends, each his part.

[*Enter* SOSTRATA.]

SOS. (*to SYRUS*) And what will you do for the feminine
sex?

SY. It's a terrible fight of wrong against right, the
Peers *v.* the People.

SOS. (*hitting SYRUS with a whip*) Your leather I'll vex.
(*SYRUS leaves go, and falls.*)

DR. Just come you along.

SOS. Yes, but if I'm not wrong,
I soon shall be back.

[*Exit with* DROMO.]

SAN. (*waving the budget*)
Beer, oh glorious beer.

SY. I appeal to the nation: your present elation
but leads to a fall.

SAN. What, Sir? Never fear.
Now, now we can worry and hurry and scurry
this wretched old budget. (*He kicks the
budget away.*) [*Enter* DROMO.]

DR. D—k H—s, it seems.

[*Enter* MICIO.]

MI. Who call'd to befriend 'em? Who said
referendum? You, Syrus?

SY. Yes, grievances, reams upon reams.

[*He hands* MICIO *a ledger.*]

Here, Micio, look on the leaves of this book;
written here are the numberless crimes of
the Lords.

Each beneficent measure they tear at their
pleasure.

HE. I'm poor, but I'm honest.

SY. It passes all words,
The way that they slight each claim of our
right. These lists of the non-contents
prove what I say.

MI. Each word that he spoke, dear Profumo, 's
mere smoke. Now listen a bit, give the
other side play.

HE. (*turning to* MICIO) I'm a patriot true, I think
only of you, and alone I contend with the
Socialist cry.

[*Enter* CANTHARA, *who listens attentively.*]

Our domain on the blue this iniquitous crew
would surrender: your only protector am I.

SY. Tell that to the horse marines.

CAN. (*to* HEGIO) Sir, though our force he means
much to diminish, I'll see that all's well.

Sv. Saevum est et inexpugnabile semper
Femina, mi experto crede.

MI. (*admiringly*) Puella ferox.
CAN. Nil desperandum me exploratrice pericli
Quod tibi ab infensis hostibus imminet.
MI. (*with a sigh of relief*)
Tandem securus potero dormire cubili.

[*A noise is heard of fighting behind the scenes.*]

CAN. Sed quisnam invadit, quisve tumultus hic
est? [*Exit to explore.*]

SOS. (*behind the scene*) Non edo. Quam te odi. Noli me tangere.
MI. Vocem

Hanc dulcem miror num prius audierim.
SOS. Micio! [*SOSTRATA and DROMO enter together.*]
MI. Quae te agitat nunc spreti iniuria sexus?

SOS. Respuo, dum maneo carcere clausa, cibum.

DR. Ori stulta fames. Rationem femina nunquam
Percipiet.

SOS. Leges, quas statuere viri,
Contemno.

MI. Neque vi nec sponte tua pereundo
Voti compos eris. (*to DROMO*) Vis adhi-
benda, Dromo, est.

[*DROMO produces the necessary appliances.*]

DR. Haec ratio insanis aliis adhibetur apud nos.

[*SOSTRATA escapes.*]

SOS. (*at window*) Brutus—
MI. Brutus vir dignus honore fuit.

(*looking round*)
Num quis vult alius me sollicitare querellis?
Nemo? (*to the audience*) Nunc vobis pauca
loquenda manent.

Festa semel tantum sunt Saturnalia in anno,
Omnibus et festo sunt celebranda modo.

Si quibus in satira nimis acres esse videmur,
Invidia saltem ludicra nostra carent.

Censorem nostrum patrio de more theatrum
Non timet, at nulli verba iocosa nocent.

Sed grave discrimen mihi per suffragia vestra
Est componendum—(*to SOSTRATA*) Sostrata,
pace tua.

Num quis, utri faveam parti, rogat? Irrita
quaerit;

Ambigua hoc tantum reddere voce decet:
Hegio si queritur, nimium ne credite; captet

Ne nimium saevi vox speciosa Syri.

Sic ego commendo vobis rem; iamque valet
Huc donec reduces vos nova ducet hiemps.

Interea, quicquid mutatum erit ordine rerum
Mutatum, nobis floreat alma domus.

Sv. She's all thunder and heat and she's not to be
beat: from *bellum*, not *bellam*, derive we
our belle.

MI. (*admiringly*) She-warrior stout!
CAN. With me for your scout not
a danger can come but is seen far ahead.

MI. (*with a sigh of relief*)
Then at last I've acquir'd what so long I've de-
sir'd, and now I may quietly sleep in my bed.

[*A noise is heard of fighting behind the scenes.*]

CAN. What's this? An invader? a pirate or
raider? [*Exit to explore.*]

SOS. (*behind the scene*) I shan't eat:
don't you touch me, detestable beast.

MI. I've heard it before, the sweet voice I adore.

SOS. Sir! [*SOSTRATA and DROMO enter together.*]
MI. What is there wrong here that bubbles the
yeast?

SOS. Shut up in a jail for refusal of bail, may I die
if I eat.

DR. She will die if she don't;
But the feminine mind to all reason is blind.

SOS. Man-made are your laws, and obey them I
won't.

MI. Your claws you may use and your food may
refuse, but you won't gain your end. Try
compulsion, K 9. (*to DROMO.*)

[*DROMO produces the necessary appliances.*]

DR. Very handy these cuffs for obstreperous roughs
and them as is barmy and gone off the
line.

[*SOSTRATA escapes.*]

SOS. (*at window*) Brute—
MI. Brute, [pretty Fan, was an

hon'able man. (*looking round*) Any other
complaint? None? (*to the audience*) Then
one word in fine.

Our Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.

Our satire may too bold be thought,
But here of malice there is nought.

No Censor here can clip the wing,
But playful words are void of sting.

Now, by my lady's leave, I ask
Your votes, good sirs, to end my task.

Which side am I on? Idle quest:
I say one word and leave the rest.

To plaint and protest be supplied
A grain of salt for either side.

Farewell, we draw to'ards nineteen ten;
Farewell, till Christmas come again;

And, change in changing time what will,
May *Alma Mater* flourish still.

OBITUARY OF O.WW.

- WILLIAM HENRY BENTHALL, Esq., aged 71. Admitted 1844; subsequently went to Marlborough; played cricket for Camb. Univ. 1858-60, and for the Gentlemen *v.* Players 1859 and 1861-3; sometime a Clerk in the India Office.
- RICHARD BERENS, Esq., aged 45. Admitted 1878; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.
- VINCENT HILTON BISCOE, Esq., aged 72. Admitted 1850; Q.S. 1852; formerly an Assistant-Secretary of the Gen-Post Office, London.
- GEORGE MOWBRAY NOTT-BOWER, Esq., aged 20. Admitted 1902.
- JAMES STERLING DYCE, Esq., aged 55. Admitted 1868.
- RUSSELL KERR GAYE, Esq., aged 31. Admitted as Q.S. 1891; late Fellow of Trin. Coll., Camb.; 1st Class Classical Tripos, Part I., 1898, and Part II., 1900; Browne Medal for Greek Epigram, 1899; Chancellor's Second Medal, 1900; Porson Prize, 1900; Hare Prize, 1903.
- GEORGE BY HENDERSON, Esq., aged 63. Admitted 1858.
- ALFRED JAMES HEMMERDE, Esq., aged 39. Admitted 1883.
- WILFRED JOHN LEACH, Esq., aged 22. Admitted 1900; K.S. 1901.
- JOHN HODGSON LEE, Esq., aged 62. Admitted 1855; formerly a Lieut. in the Royal Navy.
- PHILIP STIRLING LEE, Esq., aged 51. Admitted 1871.
- The Rev. DAVID LANCELOT HENRY JONES LEWIS, aged 41. Admitted 1881; Rector of St. Bride's-super-Ely, near Cardiff.
- The Rev. HAROLD ROBERT LONSDALE, aged 29. Admitted as Q.S. 1894; Missionary at Ranchi, Bengal.
- JOHN EVELYN MATTHEWS, Esq., aged 31. Admitted 1892.
- The Rev. HENRY LANDON MAUD, aged 80. Admitted 1841; Q.S. 1842; Rector of Sanderstead, Surrey, 1892-1902.
- The Rev. CHARLES FREWEN MAUDE, aged 60. Admitted 1859; Q.S. 1863; Rector of Burwash, Sussex, from 1888.
- REGINALD JAMES MURE, Esq., aged 66. Admitted 1856; Q.S. 1857; of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law; Treasurer of the Elizabethan Club 1872-95; a Busby Trustee from 1900.
- FRANCIS JOSEPH PLASKITT, Esq., aged 34. Admitted 1887.
- The Rev. THOMAS JONES PROUT, aged 86. Admitted 1836; Q.S. 1838; sometime Tutor and Censor of Ch. Ch., Oxford; Vicar of Binsey, Co. Oxon., 1857-91.
- HUGH BONVIL SEDDON, Esq., M.R.C.S., aged 42. Admitted 1878; served as a Civil Surgeon with the South African Field Force in the Boer War.
- GEORGE GLEN SHORT, Esq., aged 46. Admitted 1878.
- GIULIO COWLEY TYLER SMITH, Esq., aged 60. Admitted 1863.
- THOMAS WAKLEY, Esq., L.R.C.P., aged 57. Admitted 1865; Q.S. 1866; Editor of the *Lancet*.
- The Rev. THOMAS WATERS, aged 69. Admitted 1848; Q.S. 1854; Vicar of Staverton, Co. Northampton, 1885-1904.
- THOMAS LETT WOOD, Esq., aged 88. Admitted 1834; K.S. 1835; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; Chief Justice of Bermuda 1872-7, and subsequently a Puisne Judge of the Straits Settlements.

Correspondence.

THE 'ADELPHI,' 1909.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—It is perhaps a common-place to say that the 'Adelphi' is a play better suited to the study than to the stage. The portrayal of character by simple and natural conversation is always more difficult than by vigorous and emotional action, and the difficulty becomes intensified a hundred times when the play is written in a foreign tongue. One is apt to wonder at first why Westminster should have chosen the polished urbanities of 'the learned African slave' in preference to the boisterous rough-and-tumble of the more genuinely Roman Plautus, with his love of broad fun and lively movement—elements apparently so much better suited to the presenting of a Latin play on an English stage. But reflexion shows a truer wisdom in the choice of the founders of our cycle. The finest Latin prose of modern scholarship is based, one might almost say, upon that new and graceful style with which the 'Andria' first delighted the Scipionic circle. No better education in the Latin tongue could be devised than the careful study and committing to memory of the plays of Terence. I ask your pardon, Sir, for the length of this preface, but before passing on to the real subject of my letter, I should like to say a few words to actors in general. Remember, in learning your parts, that you are not merely rehearsing for the play nights. You are learning to speak Latin as it was really spoken: and you must try to think in Latin too. In saying a sentence, attend not only to the meaning, but to the idiom, the vocabulary, the style; try to turn scraps of your own conversation into Terentian Latin; amuse yourselves, if you will, by writing Terentian verse. It is a unique opportunity; do not let it slip. Your pains will not be wasted, for it is the Play and its associations which have given to Westminster the honourable position in the world of Latin scholarship which she holds to-day.

The cast of 1909 may be congratulated upon a performance of great general merit. All the parts were adequately filled, and in two cases at least the acting reached a very high level. Comparison with other Plays is needless as well as misleading; this year's 'Adelphi' may claim on its own deserts to be called a distinct success. I should like, however, to draw attention to three points in the way of general criticism. First, it is much better to keep both arms still while speaking than to let one swing aimlessly backwards and forwards. Secondly, during quick dialogue, the cues should be taken up smartly. There

must be no lagging if any semblance of spontaneity is to be presumed. This, of course, does not apply to soliloquies or thoughtful conversation. And thirdly, it is a great temptation for an actor, after an impassioned speech, to let his features relax while another person is speaking, and only resume his former expression when he himself opens his mouth again. Similarly, when four or five persons are on the stage together, those who are not actually speaking must play their parts no less than if they were, by taking an interest in the proceedings. It was due to small faults of this kind that the last scene of all was allowed to drag and appear somewhat unnatural, but this must not detract from the success of the performance as a whole.

Of individual *personæ*, Mr. E. W. WILLIAMSON made a most favourable impression as Demea—perhaps the most difficult, as it is certainly the longest, of all parts acted upon the Westminster stage. He assumed a voice which, though somewhat harsh and unpleasant, was exactly suited to the *saevus, tristis, parcus, truculentus senex*; and he succeeded in keeping both voice and character during the much-discussed change of Act V., where a young actor is particularly liable to emphasise the difference by too complete an alteration of his manner. I think he missed the very real pathos of Demea's long soliloquy, which surely indicates the true reason of his new attitude. For the rest, Mr. Williamson was always dignified; his anger was forcible, yet never degenerated into mere shouting; and his small points, such as 'Defessus sum ambulando,' and the repeated 'O Juppiter,' were made with great effect. He is to be congratulated on a most meritorious performance.

As Micio, the Captain, Mr. K. D. MURRAY, was not quite so striking. He seemed unwilling to let himself go, and his voice was at times rather peevish than pleasant in its cultivated drawl. But he managed the long and trying soliloquy that begins the play with much skill, and he was at all times an excellent foil to Demea. His lighter touches showed him at his best, and 'Tu inter eas restim ductans saltabis' was delightful. It is pleasant to know that we may look forward to seeing him next year, when perhaps a more congenial part will give him better opportunities.

To the Syrus of Mr. M. HAMMOND I must give unmeasured praise. He chose, and I think rightly, to make his Syrus a merry wag rather than a subtle schemer. The other interpretation is equally possible, but Mr. HAMMOND certainly justified his choice. Whenever he could he laughed, and the audience laughed too. The drunken scene was a trifle crude, but he was so extremely funny that one would have forgiven him anything. His ludicrous expression of

pained surprise was almost better than the famous 'abit.' His other scenes with Demea were equally good, and the whole of Act III. Scene 3, was made to go with a swing. The dramatic success of the 'Adelphi' depends so largely upon the part of Syrus that one was thankful to see it in such truly capable hands.

Of the two young men, Mr. A. C. EDGAR as Aechinus was the better, and achieved a considerable success. He, too, was perhaps at his best in soliloquy, but all his earlier scenes were well done, and the different emotions which Act IV. Scene 4, evokes were very creditably given. He must remember that the proverb *manus manum lavat* is not intended to be taken literally.

Mr. M. HOLROYD as Ctesipho looked remarkably like the Apollo Belvedere. His quaint pronunciation gave a pleasing individuality to the part, and he made a good contrast to Aeschinus; indeed, his anxiety to bring out poor Ctesipho's milk-and-water character was almost too strongly marked. Still, over-acting is certainly better than under-acting in such a case.

Mr. J. M. TROUTBECK'S Geta showed very great promise. His 'ruerem, agerem, raperem, tunderem, et prosternerem' could not have been done better, and he avoided the mistake—of which I spoke above—of allowing the features to fall into repose whenever he was not speaking. In his attitude towards Sostrata he showed a simple loyalty and feeling which was very taking, and brought out the true nature of a part which is often misinterpreted.

Mr. R. S. PARTRIDGE as Sannio both looked and acted well. He, too, made much of a small part by employing a Latin accent of his own, but it was a pity that he continued this in the Epilogue, where individual acting should never interfere with clear enunciation. His 'me quaerit'—the 'me, still me' of Costard—and his 'sequor' were admirable.

As Hegio, Mr. P. H. MALDEN showed a becoming *gravitas*, and contrived to make his voice as senile as his appearance—by no means an easy thing to do. His success would have been greater if he could have kept his left arm still while he was speaking.

Mr. H. N. WOOD has made quite a name for himself in one-line parts, and his brief appearance as Dromo was one of the funniest incidents in the Play. Everyone was sorry not to see more of him.

Of the ladies, Mr. J. G. BARRINGTON-WARD was perhaps the better as Canthara, a part to which his family are establishing a claim. His voice caused great delight among the audience, and 'Au au! mi homo!' lost nothing of its usual effect in his hands. Mr. E. A. MEYER struggled

valiantly to represent Sostrata's maternal emotions, but was far more at home in the Epilogue, where he made a great hit as a militant suffragette.

The Prologue, which was delivered with admirable clearness by the Captain, was rather shorter than usual, and, passing lightly over current topics, made an amusing comparison between Socialism outside and inside the walls of College.

I hope that this rough attempt at criticism has not concealed the very genuine pleasure and admiration which, in common with the rest of the audience, I felt in watching this year's revival of the 'Adelphi.' And while once more congratulating

you, Sir, and your fellow-actors upon a deserved success, I venture to add my tribute of thanks and appreciation of the labours of those who spend so great care and pains on the preparation of the Play, and whose untiring efforts are crowned each year with so signal a triumph.

Your obedient Servant,

ἀδελφός.

NOTICE.

Photographs of the Cast may be had direct from Messrs. Ellis & Walery, 51 Baker Street, not on application to the Captain.

Floreat.