



The Elizabethan

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THE 'ADELPHI.'



THE Adelphi of 1919 will always stand out as a memorable performance in the records of the Play. It completes the cycle of Plays, but, alas, it is a cycle which the Fates have lengthened from four years to ten, ten years which may justly be called longer than any in history. During those years many of our cherished national institutions have been called in question, and some have been found wanting. It is sufficient proof of the vitality of the School that tradition, unaided by the memory of any boy at Westminster, bridged the gap of the last six years with such remarkable success that the most exacting of critics could scarcely detect any evidence of the break. The acting was as warmly praised as it has ever been, and save for the martial tone of the Epilogue, no one could have felt any evil effect of the

lapse of the six long years of Terence's exile from Dormitory.

We print below 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 Mico'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 11. The house was well filled, and the audience as appreciative as could be hoped. The play went a little heavily at first, but Geta's entrance in the Third Act marked the turning point and the actors got well into their stride by the time the critical scenes were reached. The more obvious jests in the Epilogue were heartily received. Among others there were present Lady Swaythling, and Canon and Mrs. Sloman.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

On the Second Night, December 15, the play went well from start to finish, and received most hearty appreciation. The Prologue was received with sympathy. The acting, though perhaps not as great an improvement on the First Night as the applause seemed to show, was spirited throughout. The Epilogue obtained the laughter it so well deserved. The chair was taken by the Dean of Westminster, and there were present The Greek Minister, The Dean of Christ Church, The Dean of St. Paul's, The Bishop of Croydon, Lord Phillimore, Lord Sumner, Mr. Justice Salter, Mr. Justice Sankey, Mr. Justice Harrington, Mr. Justice Rowlatt, Mr. Justice Lawrence, Mr. Justice Peterson, Sir Henry Craik, Rear-Admiral Phillimore, The Rev. R. B. Dickson, The Rev. H. L. C. de Candole, Sir Herbert Thompson, and Mr. John Sargeaunt.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

The Third Night was a repetition of the success of the Second. The audience, if less critical, were even more appreciative. In the Epilogue several good things appeared which had not been noticed before. The chair was taken by Mr. Alan Stewart, as the oldest Old Westminster present. The audience also included the Spanish Ambassador, The Master of the Rolls, the Bishops of London, Worcester, and Bangor, Lord Cave, Lord Finlay, Mr. Justice Roche, Lieut.-General Sir Raleigh Egerton, Maj.-General Sir Nevill Smyth, V.C.,

The Sub-Dean, Dr. Charles, Sir Charles Davson, Sir Charles Brickdale, Messrs. P. G. L. Webb and R. Tanner.



Play Notes.

THE Prologue was the work of the Head Master. It dealt with the changes and chances of the six great years that have passed since the last Play in a spirit of truly classical restraint. We hope it may be the first of a series of equal lucidity and scholarship.

The Press notices of the Play were, on the whole, interesting; the *Observer* printed a most instructive 'puff preliminary,' the *Times*, following immemorial custom, printed the Prologue and Epilogue, and dignified our revival with a leading article, as well as several excellent notices, while the *Daily Telegraph* and *Morning Post* contained notices not merely interesting, but helpful.

The *Westminster Gazette* published a witty and instructive critique from the pen of one who had formerly acted in the 'Adelphi,' Mr. A. A. Milne.

The *Sphere* contained a sketch of the auditorium and stage, and the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic* published photographs.

The *Spectator*, the *Athenaeum*, and *Truth*, had interesting criticisms on the dramatic power and methods of Terence.

Last but not least, *The Daily Mail* recognised our existence.

The Epilogue was the production of J. M. Barrington-Ward, Esq., assisted by R. M. Barrington-Ward, Esq., and was received with the warmth it deserved. To say that it was full of good things, is scarcely doing it credit, it was overflowing. It satirised the present discontents in a spirit whose pleasantry seldom warmed to sarcasm, but when it did (as in Syrus 'nil ego, miles eram'), it told. The parodies were well introduced, but perhaps too cruel. However, though Vergil and Lucretius might disagree, we heartily congratulate the Author.

The School Orchestra performed on all three nights.

ADELPHI. 1919.

HEGIO	R. L. Bennett.
MICIO	G. O. George.
DEMEA	G. H. Stevens.
SYRUS	G. E. A. Dix.
SANNIO	G. H. Gompertz.
AESCHINUS	C. G. Willoughby.
CTESIPHO	R. P. Hinks.
SOSTRATA	T. E. E. Cocks.
CANTHARA	A. G. Cross.
GETA	K. C. Hame.
DROMO	R. C. Fisher.

—*—

 PROLOGUS IN ADELPHOS.

PACIS relatae tandem—o si et concordiae!—
 Per nostra imperia, sex annos silescere
 Coacti, iterum nunc consalutamus diem.
 O quam beatum est Martis ex fragoribus
 Accipere plausus vestros intra haec moenia,
 Quae personabant saepius interea loci
 Non elegantis colloquio Terentii,
 Nec versibus quidem Atellanae fabulae,
 Sed Attilanae stridore horrisono rei.
 Censuerim ego antehac numquam Parcas tam diu
 Interscidisse hanc nostram seriem lusuum
 Quam cum duelli hic tantus instaret furor.
 Nunc noto restitutus dormitorio
 (Nostrum si quis dormitet aut titubet, viam
 Inusitatam ingressus, vos veniam date)
 IURA SIBI, UT OLIM, VINDICAT TERENTIUS.
 Sed iura vindicet sibi imprimis Deus,
 Nostro celebratus ore, qui Britannicis
 Tantam largitus est militibus victoriam.
 Quorum inter laudes quanta pars nostris siet
 Quis nescit? Quis non mortuos deflet viros,
 Gratoque corde memoriam semper fovens
 Muta recolit pia nomina observantia?
 Alios abreptos morte, ut in sexennio,
 Plures hodie lugemus ex nostratibus:
 Quorum si honores enumerem, si munera
 Diversa, vix aestivus horarum tenor
 Sat ille, nedum hoc spatium brumale. Attamen
 Hoc non tacendum est: quinqueviratus iudicum
 Paene uno tempore singularem annalibus
 Splendorem addiderat nostris; nunc ex his tria¹
 Capita peremit interea Mors invida.
 Nunc iam ultimam tabellam depinxit manu
 Qui² principatum sustinebat artium.
 Nunc iam ultimum viator ignoto mari
 Cursum tetendit, intrepidus qui³ ad inviam

Penetrabat Arcton. Quo ve quaeramus loco
 Oxoniensis praesidem collegii
 Qui,⁴ cum ipse fuisset prologus ludi puer,
 His inde numquam comitiis non adfuit?
 Tu, Campe, luge, Tamesi, tu luge tuum
 Tantum patronum ademptum, qui⁵ patrem atque
 avum

Seque ipse interfuisse gaudebat scholae:
 Quae nunc quoque inter mortuos plorat suos
 Par nobile, unum⁶ militiae insignem ac domi,
 Forensis alterum⁷ in colonis gloriae.

Sed nunc, si voltis, res domesticas scholae
 Dum reddo paucis, animum advertatis velim.
 Nam ignotum nulli, nobis sed notissimum est
 Quantum desideremus clarum praesidem,
 Carum perinde ac clarum, qui⁸ annos bis novem
 De nobis meritis optime et republica,
 Summaque functus officiis cunctis fide,
 Sermone in omni lepidus atque adfabilis,
 Veterum peritus linguarum ac recentium,
 Nuper valere iussit, haud suo tempore,
 Sed fati iniquitate, moerentes suos.

Est alter autem iam rude donatus, piis
 Quem⁹ votis omnes prosequimur, vir inclutae
 Benignitatis, Grantiae rector domus.
 Neque illum silebo mirae doctrinae virum,
 Scriptorem rerum nostrarum, atque annalium
 Custodem, quem¹⁰ nunc rure etiam recondito
 Colunt colentem Musae dilectae suae.
 Valeat canori denique antistes¹¹ chori,
 Nobis diu devinctus atque Apollini,
 Valeat: Caput coronet annosum quies.

De nobis hactenus. At vos imprecamini
 (Voto si veteris prologi utier licet)
 UT HISEDEM AUGURIIS IAM NOVO SUB PRINCIPE
 ANTIQUA SEMPER EADEM FLOREAT DOMUS.

¹ The Right Hon. Sir Roland Vaughan-Williams: Sir Thomas Bucknill: Sir Frederick Low.

² Sir Edward Poynter, Bart, G.C.V.O., President of the Royal Academy.

³ Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S., President of the Royal Geographical Society, 1893-1905.

⁴ Charles Lancelot Shadwell, D.C.L., sometime Provost of Oriel: as Captain in 1858 spoke the Prologue on those who fell in the Indian Mutiny.

⁵ Herbert Thomas Steward: President of the Leander Club, 1891-1915, and one of the founders of the Football Association: son of T. F. Steward (O.W.) for 46 years a Master at the School, and grandson of T. Steward, writing-master at the School.

⁶ Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, K.C.B.

⁷ Sir Ernest Northcote, sometime Chief Justice of Trinidad.

⁸ Dr. James Gow, Head Master 1901-1919.

⁹ Ralph Tanner, Master of Grant's 1890-1919.

¹⁰ John Sargeant, VI. Form-Master 1890-1918.

¹¹ J. G. Ranalow, for 42 years Music Master.

EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS.

PERSONAE.

SYRUS	<i>A military type</i>	G. E. A. DIX.
CANTHARA	<i>A war-worker</i>	A. G. N. CROSS.
HEGIO	<i>A prohibitionist</i>	R. L. BENNETT.
GETA	<i>A foreign emissary</i>	K. C. HAME.
DROMO	<i>A guardian of Law and Order</i>	R. C. FISHER.
SANNIO	<i>A profiteer.</i>	G. H. GOMPERTZ.
DEMEA	<i>An Admiral of the Fleet</i>	G. H. STEVENS.
SOSTRATA	<i>A victim of prices</i>	T. E. E. COCKS.
CTESIPHO	<i>A controller of everything</i>	R. P. HINKS.
AESCHINUS	<i>A Transatlantic airman</i>	C. G. WILLOUGHBY.
MICIO	<i>A super-statesman</i>	G. O. GEORGE.
PUER	<i>A scout : son of Aeschinus</i>	A. H. W. J. COCKS.

Scene :—AN OPEN PLACE. *Left*—A PLACE OF REFRESHMENT. *Right*—A HOUSE OF MANY CONFERENCES.

[SYRUS arrives weary from a sea-port.]

SY. Oblitae nutrix necnon matrona mei sunt,
Ex quo sanato vulnere destitui
Hospitium : quae nunc velit aut obsonia
ferre,
Aut pulsum tenera sollicitare manu ?
Sors mala militibus sanatis.

[Enter CANTHARA, carrying a dispatch-case.]

Obsecro, nutrix
Canthara, quid nunc fit ?
CA. Quid mihi fiat, ais ?
Sex menses nostram tenuit munitio dextram
SY. Pulchre.
CA. Dilutus mox tamen ille labor.
SY. Quomodo ?
CA. Nox urbem sepelit caligine, ubi hostis
Advolat : urbs bombis territa tota tonat.

SY. (*aside*)
Et reboat raucum regio bene barbara bom-
bum (*to CANTHARA*) Sed quid tu interea ?
CA. Non mihi cella fuit :

Rus abii.
SY. Quid tum ?
CA. Vaccas, iumenta, bidentes,
Haedos, gallinas pavimus atque sues.

SY. Ergo armenta tibi, non armamenta, place-
bant ?
CA. Rus quoque digressam me mea fata
manent :

Corripuit tussis miserabilis, inque fluens, a,
Pestis. Quin odio rustica vestis erat.
Vulnere dein laesos confovimus.

[SYRUS arrives weary from a sea-port.]

SY. Scarce Blighty was worse for no matron or
nurse, now I'm out of the hospital,
cares for me more.
Of jelly and chicken no longer there's pickin',
the beats of my pulse no fair hand will
explore.
The cured and demobbed of all pleasures
are robbed.

[Enter CANTHARA, carrying a dispatch-case.]

Nurse Canthara, tell me, how are you.
CA. What I ?
Six months, and well paid, munitions I made
SY. Very good.
CA. But I gave up the job then
SY. And why ?
CA. All lights were put out while the Zepps were
about, and the deafening bombs made
the populace run.
SY. (*aside*) Of bombs the full brunt we've endured
at the front.
(*to CANTHARA*) And what did you then ?
CA. Why cellar I'd none.
So I went to the land.
SY. And what then ?
CA. A farm hand, I fed cattle and horses, goats,
poultry and swine.
SY. As a choice then of smells pigs are better
than shells.
CA. But it isn't all jam in the land-tilling line.
For from hogs and from hens a most vile
influenza I caught, and the breeches I
couldn't abide.
So then nursing for me.

SY. (*seeing her medals*) O beet, em, se
Femina!

CA. Nunc propero reddere verba typis.
(*consulting watch*)
Hora quotast? O mi fugiendumst! Quid
tibi crines,
(*using her vanity-bag*) Quid facies?

SY. (*aside*) Rugis profuit ille color.
(*to CANTHARA*) Haud male.

CA. Tu valeas. (*exit*)
SY. (*meditatively*) Hic publica, Caeruleus Sus,
Mens nisi me fallit laeva, taberna fuit.
(*knocking*)

Expèriar. Miserone est dempta licentia? per-
gam.

Heus! heus! nemo domist?

[*HEGIO puts his head out*] da mihi, sis, bibere.

HE. Au, au, mi bone vir, sanusne es?

SY. Nescio certe.

HE. Sidere sub duro porta petit tibist.
Non liquor hic venit: placitumst prohibere
liquorem.

[*He disappears', Slamming door. Enter GETA
stealthily.*]

SY. (*angrily*) A, te tota latet non satianda sitis.
Iam iam non domus accipiet me laeta?
Fenestrae
Ergo frangendae sunt, scelerate, tuae.

GE. (*aside*)
Convenit hic nobis. (*to SYRUS*) Directa quid
actio praestat?
Nonne obliqua aequè verba valere vides,
Arte propaganda? (*aside*) Haec tractus dis-
semino in omnes,
Ut male contentis sit furor in dominos.

(*to SYRUS*) Visne sequi nostros?

SY. Quae merces?

GE. Maxima.

SY. Vinum

Militibusne datis?

GE. Non: aqua pura datur.

SY (*shortly*)

Nolo sequi. (*aside*) Nihil illorum ratio mihi
gratast.

GE. Non mihi te iungis?

SY. (*pointing to audience*) Scribe tui gregis hos.
[*Enter DROMO. He watches GETA.*]

GE. (*shouting*) O cives, cives! o proletaria corda!
(*to pit*) Inferni, appell' vos, (*to gods*) super-
ique dei!

In possessores consurgite: dilacerate:

Irruite atque oculos tundite et eripite:

Omnes praecipites ruite et prosternite.

SY. O.B.E. and M.C.!

CA. And now with some type-writing work
I'm supplied.

What o'clock is it? Oh! on the run I
must go. Is my hair pretty tidy?
And what of my face?

SY. (*aside*) She's caulking her wrinkle.

(*to CANTHARA*) Oh, right as a twinkle.

CA. Good-bye (*exit*)

SY. Let me see, as I'm hoping for grace,
A good pub, the Blue Boar, just by here
had its door, I'll knock at it. Hang!
Is his licence then lost?

Is nobody here?

[*HEGIO puts his head out*] I want whisky or
beer.

HE. My good man, are you sane?

SY. Devil knows.

HE. It's a frost coming here: we're gone dry.

[*Disappears. Enter GETA.*]

SY. What! teetotal. My eye! if he knew,
that my thirst not a barrel would slake.
For me, then, no more the blazing—oh,
door! Very well then, your windows
I'll break.

GE. (*aside*) He's my man.

(*to SYRUS*) So you've trekk'd into action direct.
Don't you see that the roundabout
word is the best propaganda?

(*aside*) This spreads the designs of the Reds,
bringing hot discontent from the
east to the west.

(*to SYRUS*) Will you join us?

SY. For what?

GE. Why, a world!

SY. With a spot of good liquor for soldiers.

GE. No, drink of the spring.

SY. Then I won't.

(*aside*) His no rum to his call makes me dumb.

GE. You won't join us.

SY. No, look for recruits in the ring.

[*Enter DROMO. He watches GETA.*]

GE. (*shouting*) Good people, I call upon one, upon all,
upon you, the divine proletarian sprites,
Upon you there that sit in that Hades, the
pit, upon you that look down from
Olympian heights.

Down, down with all capital, nab it or
scrap it all; pull off their noses and
knock out their eyes.

Put 'em under the daisies and pack 'em to
blazes.

DRO. (*sternly*) Cur tu,
 Improbe, sic clamas?
 GE. (*backing*) Triste poematum,
 En, recito.
 DRO. (*fiercely*) Tu quid persolves, furcifer, aut
 quod—? Aufer te. (*to SYRUS*) Hunc
 hominem suspicor: umbra sequar.
 [*Exit DROMO stalking GETA.*]
 SY. Umbra satis solida haec!

[*Enter SANNIO and DEMEA exhilarated.*]

SA. Edepol, Syre, molliter intus
 Te curare licet.
 SY. (*incredulously*) Num mihi verba datis?
 DE. Intra.
 SA. Nil prohibet.
 SY. (*testily*) Dico tibi, mate, bis inde
 Depellor.
 DE. Peream, ni tibi vera—
 SY. (*bitterly*) Nefas!
 Ut pede felino subrepens pocula demit
 Americus!

DE. Quid stas?
 SA. Ingredere.
 SY. Ingredior. (*exit*)

[*Enter SOSTRATA with shopping-bag. She looks round.*]

SO. Sannio quo latuit?
 SA. (*aside*) Perii.
 DE. (*to SANNIO*) Cur?
 SA. Sostrata—
 SO. Te ipsum
 Quaerebam. (*producing silk stockings*)
 Haec cernis, prave, parata decem
 Nummis auratis?
 SA. (*sarcastically*) Nondum tibi venit ad aures
 Forsitan in terris bella tremenda geri?
 Quid clamas? cuncti debemus vivere.

SO. (*sneeringly*) Sane
 Virtus post nummos. (*aside, tearfully*)
 Sed mihi suppeditet
 Commoda quis vitae? (*to DEMEA*) Dux o
 praeclare—

SA. Cavendumst
 Altera ne portus occupet. (*to DEMEA*) O
 bone vir,
 Ne mulier vexet. (*offering cigars and flask*)
 Num forte Corona, Corona,
 Forte sit ex animo nostra lagena tuo?

DE. (*with disgust*) Vah! te sic avidum profiteri!
 [*CTESIPHO walks across back of stage.*] Sed video
 ipsum
 Qui rem conficiat. Ctesipho!

DR. You villain you, what do you mean by
 these cries?
 GE. It's only some verses, they're not meant for
 curses.
 DR. To fine or to quad you will find they will
 run.
 Move on (*to SYRUS*) I've a doubt what this
 fellow's about, I'll shadow him.
 SY. Shadow! as fat as a hen

[*Enter SANNIO and DEMEA exhilarated.*]

SA. Now, Syrus, go in, and with whiskey or gin,
 you may do yourself well.
 SY. You are humbugging.
 DE. Nay.
 SA. There's nothing to stop you.
 SY. I shan't get a drop: you may know that
 twice over they've turned me away.
 DE. I'll be shot if it's not as I tell you.
 SY. Oh, rot! There's a Pussyfoot prowling
 and turning us dry.
 SY. Over there he has done it and here he's
 begun it.
 DE. Why linger?
 SA. Go in.
 SY. Very well, I will try (*exit*).

[*Enter SOSTRATA with shopping-bag. She looks round.*]

SO. Where's Sannio sneaking.
 SA. (*aside*) I'm done for.
 DE. You're speaking?
 SA. O! Sostrata.
 SO. Yes, I was looking for you.
 You extortionate blade, for two stockings
 I've paid ten Bradburies.

SA. Yes, ma'am, but surely you knew.
 We'd a war on. There ain't any cause for
 complaint. We must live every one
 of us.

SO. Yes, to be sure.
 Your gain's number one, and no place in
 the sun for poor honesty. See now,
 you're starving the poor.
 (*to DEMEA*) O pride of the fleet; I appeal at
 your feet.

SA. (*aside*) His taking the wind from my sails
 I must bar.
 (*to DEMEA*) Don't be worried, my lord, by a
 lady: afford me the pleasure of trying
 this splendid cigar,
 A Corona; or here is a flask that may
 cheer.

DE. Disgusting! the foul profiteer that you are.
 [*CTESIPHO walks across back of stage.*]
 But the man is in sight who can put it all
 right. Here, Ctesipho.

CT. Quis revocat ?
 DE. An moderator ades ?
 CT. Quidni ?
 DE. Cauponibus aequa
 Qui pretia imponas ?
 CT. (*proudly*) Hic labor, hoc opus est.
 Cura mihi corium ac linum : rationibus
 aequis
 Carbonem, ferrum, vellera distribuo.

DE. (*in surprise*)
 Iuppiter ! et Stygio forsán modereris Averno.
 Narratur naulon conduplicasse Charon.

CT. Portitor ille. (*stiffly*) Aliis est transportatio :
 portus
 Nobile par fratrum curat Erichthonios.

DE. (*aside*)
 Au ! clandestini definitiva ministrant
 Officia !

CT. At quid vis me mediumque vocas ?
 DE. Haec mulier fraudata tulit damnabile
 damnum.

So. (*handing stockings*)
 Ista decem nummis vendere nonne nefas ?

CT. (*to SANNIO*)
 Anne decem ?

SA. At bellum —

CT. Ne canta. Quaestio fiet.

So. Ei mihi ! consumar.

CT. (*producing price list*) Constituant tabulae.
 Sannio, res clarast.

SA. At bellum—

CT. Redde duo asses.

DE. (*gleefully*) Damnaris.

SA. (*indignantly*) Summum quaero tribunal.

DE. Abi.

[*Exeunt SANNIO and SOSTRATA.*]

CT. Improbe contractor, quid non mortalibus
 infers !

DE. (*gloomily*)
 Sic hodie patriam certa ruina trahit.
 Decrescunt reditus et vectigalia crescunt :
 Mercatura perit nostra ruitque fides.

CT. Nonne fuit satius partes coalescere eodem
 Concilio ?

DE. A, narras triste ministerium :
 Parturiunt partes et nascitur—aes alienum.

CT. Well ?

DE. The Controller are you ?

CT. Yes.

DE. And what's to suffice as a maximum price
 at a shop you provide regulations.

CT. I do.

It's a task that is more than Aeneas' of
 yore when he made his way back from
 the realms of the dead.

The purchasing, whether of linen or leather,
 depends upon me, and there's so much
 a head.

At my order of coal, and of steel, and of
 wool.

DE. My word ! Won't you be a controller on
 Styx ?

Old Charon, they swear, has just doubled
 his fare.

CT. That's the Transport department, the
 people to fix

What to charge are a couple of brothers.

DE. (*aside*) And supple and secret the ways of
 some ministers be.

CT. Well, what's the affair ?

DE. Here's a dame will declare she's been damn-
 ably done.

So. And I think you'll agree.

That a fiver a stocking is perfectly
 shocking.

CT. Ten pounds for the pair ?

SA. But the war, sir, you know—

CT. Don't jabber, we'll see.

So. It is ruin to me.

CT. Let the Tariff decide. You are wrong,
 Sannio.

SA. But the war, sir—

CT. Restore to her halfpennies four.

DE. You are cast.

SA. I shall go to the Court of Appeal.

DE. Get away.

[*Exeunt SANNIO and SOSTRATA.*]

CT. O these thieves of contractors ! It grieves
 me to see how they've got us all under
 their heel.

DE. It's the road to destruction. With lessened
 production, our incomes go down and
 our taxes go up.

With our carrying trade on the down hill
 grade, and the loss of our credit to
 fill up the cup.

CT. And wasn't it best for the land to be blessed
 with an all-talents Cabinet free to forget
 What parties were bent on ?

DE. No : that's what we went on. The moun-
 tain's in labour, the birth is a debt.

CT. Paenitet : at victrix non tibi causa placet?

DE. (*wildly*)
Omnes in pontum atque in eundem volvite
saccum.

[*Re-enter GETA, followed by DROMO.*]

GE. Audi : fraternum consilium refero.
Plebs sit dictator ; fiat commune metallum
Ferrataeque viae : nil minus ipse miner.

DE. Quid domini facient ?

GE. Ingulentur, diripiantur.

DE. Ut fraterna mones !
CT. (*to DROMO*) Inicito huic manicas.

DR. (*to GETA*)
Non iterum effugies. Sequere.

DE. Ecce, inglorius exit.

[*A whistling is heard off.*]

CT. (*in alarm*) Audistin ?
DE. (*producing telescope*) Caelum suspicio.

CT. Hostis iter
Aerium radit ?

DE. Nil cerno.
PU. (*running across stage and off*) Tecta petenda
Omnibus.

CT. (*hiding under table*) In latebras huc ego tutus eo.
DE. (*hearing bugle*)
Omnia clara, audisne ? canit tuba.

PU. (*re-entering*) Nil nisi falsus
Rumor erat : nostras aeronauta venit.

CT. (*emerging*)
Ut vidi, ut latui ! ut me malus abdidit error !

PU. (*to DEMA*)
Heus, inquam ! ipse pater mi, nisi fallor,
adest.

(*to AESCHINUS*)
Salve. Quae iactas tibi gesta, patercule,
bello
In magno ?

AE. Chaere ! o filiule Aeschinule !
Et veni, et vici—at perii.

DE. Quibus hospes ab oris
Insperate venis ?

AE. Vectus ab America
Praepetibus pinnis

DE. Tu trans Atlantica—?
AE. (*wearily*) Sic est.
Machina disruptast tota.

CT. I am sorry, but still you can never speak ill
of the pilots that weathered the storm.

DE. That did what ?
In a bag at a bang I would sew the whole
gang and send them to Davy. I say,
sack the lot !

[*Re-enter GETA, followed by DROMO.*]

GE. In brotherly love I've a motion to move.
Let the masses dictate ; let us nation-
alise

The railways and mines, for on no other
lines will good policy go.

DE. But as you now advise,
What becomes of the owners ?

GE. Not owners, but boners. We'll whip 'em
and strip 'em and tear out their eyes.

DE. How gentle a dove in his brotherly love !

CT. (*to DROMO*) The handcuffs.

DR. Come on ! You don't get off again.
[*Exeunt fighting.*]

DE. That's a bit of a fall for a man with a call.

[*Whistles heard off.*]

CT. Do you hear.

DE. Yes, my glass puts the sky in my ken.
[*Draws.*]

CT. An air raid ?

DE. In sight there is naught to affright.
BOY (*running across stage*) Go all under cover !

CT. This table for me !

DE. (*hearing bugle*) All clear, do you hear, it has
sounded.

[*Re-enter BOY.*]

BOY. A mere false rumour. An airship, but ours
it must be.

CT. How I ran, how I hid, like a simpleton kid.
[*Enter AESCHINUS.*]

BOY. Hullo, it's the Pater. O daddy, my dear !
And what did you do in the War ?

AE. Is it you, my dear boy ? Why I came and
I conquered ; but there,
I was lost.

DE. And from where are you come thro' the
air by us all here below unexpectedly
seen ?

AE. From America.

DE. What ? Transatlantic—

AE. You spot my attempt, but attempting I
lost my machine.

CT. Procella fuit ?
 AE. Vix alis propellor, et in medio mea cauda
 Defluit Oceano (*happily*) Sed pretium
 merui.

CT. Macte, puer. Sic tandem armis Victoria
 nostris. Risit.

DE. (*indignantly*) Atat ! quid ais ?
 CT. Gratulor huic iuveni.
 DE. Me, me—adsum qui feci in me convertite
 laudem.

AE. Quid tu fecisti ?
 DE. Navigium exstruimus,
 Monstrum horrendum immersum ingens, cui
 nomen ademptum.
 Consilium obtulimus nos quoque.

AE. Quale ?
 DE. (*mysteriously*) Tace :
 Secretumst.

AE. Secretum ?
 DE. Ast haec secreta recludent
 Mox libri memores.

AE. (*scornfully*) O male sane senex,
 Temporibus servics.

DE. Tibi quanta pecunia sumptast
 Publica ?
 AE. Tu discas res agere ipse tuas.
 DE. Quot tibi sunt currus ?

AE. (*after thought*) Sex.
 DE. O fortissime !
 AE. Garris.
 DE. Scandala !
 AE. Mentiris.
 CT. (*separating them*) Micio rem dirimat.

[*He knocks at door. It opens and confused sounds issue.*]

TURBA. O clemens ! o fume ! Italos denuntio !
 CT. (*to AESCHINUS*) Si vis
 Bella, para pacem.
 [*Door opens again. More shouts.*]

TURBA. Rossia ! Fume ! Poli !
 CT. (*aside*)
 Quattuor unanimes aedem socialiter ornant.

[*Enter MICIO, followed by CANTHARA. Re-enter SYRUS, SOSTRATA, SANNIO, and HEGIO.*]

MI. (*beaming*)
 Pacifer, en, adsum. Quattuor atque
 decem
 Puncta dabo. Rem quisque suam determinet.
 Utar
 Principiis. (*after pause*) Bellum finit
 equis ?

CT. In a storm ?
 AE. Yes, the wings proved inadequate things,
 and my tail in the water of ocean has
 been.
 The prize, tho', I earned.

CT. So all happily turned. So Victory smiles
 on our arms.

DE. What is that ?
 CT. Our airman I praise.
 DE. You go to the blaze. It was I, It was I,
 that the victory got.

AE. What did *you* do ?
 DE. I built the great vessel that spilt all the
 enemies' plans as it sped under sea ;
 And the strategy I lent.

AE. What was it.
 DE. Be silent. A secret !

AE. A secret ?
 DE. Not long so to be.
 There's a memoir in print with the whole
 of it in't

AE. Time-serving, no, Times-serving, goose with
 a G !

DE. Just tell me what you from the Treasury
 drew.

AE. You mind your own business.
 DE. How many cars
 Do you use ?

AE. Half a dozen.
 DE. You know how to cozen.

AE. What nonsense !
 DE. What scandals !
 AE. You're lying, you know !
 CT. Well, this is a job for our Micio's nob.

[*BOY knocks on door of Conference House. Confused noises off.*]

CROWD. O Fiume ! O Italy ! O Clemenceau !
 CT. If peace you would find, have wars in your
 mind. [*More shouts off.*]

CROWD. O Russia ! O Fiume ! O land of the
 Pole !
 CT. Our unanimous four may be holding the
 floor, but between them they keep a
 quattranimous soul.

[*Enter MICIO.*]

MI. To make peace am I here. Fourteen points
 there appear. Each land for itself
 must determine. Whose rôle put an
 end to the fight.

[*Enter CANTHARA, SOSTRATA, SANNIO, and HEGIO.*]

OMNES. Ego
 So. Susa sorer serui sat sedula sindona sartrix
 SA. At meus immensum protulit hortus olus.
 CA. Munitrix, cultrix, nutrix ego bella peregri.
 DE. Consilium et naves—
 AE. Nos saga caerulea.
 CT. (*showing toy tank*)
 Machina mira mihist inventa.
 DE. Inventor! ego instanc
 Nil moror.
 MI. (*to SYRUS*) At quid tu?
 SY. (*humbly*) Nil ego: miles eram.
 HE. Spernitur horridu' miles.
 SY. At hic orator amatur:
 (*darkly*) Spernitur in patria saepe propheta sua.
 MI. Tempus abit; mihi sunt iungendae foedere
 gentes:
 Vobis congressus iura det.
 OMNES. Euge! placet
 Praemia sortiri.
 [*The claimants surge into the Conference House after*
 MICIO.]
 SA. (*at the door*) Tu praemia, Horatio, laudas:
 Est ita: nam quicquid scribis, Horatio,
 itast.
 HE. (*to SYRUS*)
 Heus tu! quid cessas? quid stas? num
 potus et exlex?
 SY. Consciis obiector crimina falsa refers.
 [*HEGIO removes his outer coat and displays badge on*
his sleeve.]
 HE. Non ego: sed civis iacto bonus esse: per
 Urbem
 Res ego praecipue constabilisse feror.
 (*coming forward*)
 Restat ut his nunc pauca loquar. Faveatis,
 amici,
 Seria si nostris sunt adhibenda iocis.
 Exul post longos redit, ecce, Terentius
 annos,
 Et vocat in scenam fabula nota gregem.

ALL. It was mine.
 So. Day and night with Susie on shirts my swift
 needle I plied.
 SA. But I'd an allotment, and well you know
 what meant, the beans and the greens
 that I toiled to provide.
 CA. I the shell-shop, the land, and the hospital
 manned.
 [*Enter SYRUS.*]
 DE. The strategy I and the vessels supplied.
 AE. I the airmen with blue—
 CT. I the Tanks that got thro'—
 DE. A mere twopenny toy.
 MI. What has Syrus to say?
 SY. Me? Nowt. I was merely a fighter, and
 clearly poor Tommy'd no part in deciding
 the day.
 HE. You're no class.
 SY. It was talk made the enemy walk. In his
 own land a prophet no honour can get.
 MI. Time presses, and now I must think it out
 how the League of the Nations in order
 to set.
 To the Conference look you all fairly to
 book you.
 ALL. Hurrah! and our prizes we'll go there to
 net.
 [*The claimants surge off after MICIO.*]
 SA. There's another guess-prize that Horatio
 the wise would put into bonds to make
 happy the few.
 In his page if you see it, you answer so be
 it; you know, what he tells you in
 print, must be true!
 [*Exit.*]
 HE. (*to SYRUS*) Why loitering here. Are you
 swaddled in beer?
 SY. Conscientious objector, you slander the
 fighters.
 HE. (*revealing himself*) On my word, I protest,
 I'm as good as the best. Special
 Constable I, and arrested the blighters.
 [*Comes forward. Exit SYRUS.*]
 Now a few words remain to say
 To those who've listen'd to our play.
 We beg their favour if at last
 Our jesting take a serious cast.

Nec foveat interea famam schola nostra
 minorem,
 Clarius ob natos nomen adepta suos.
 Heu, multi occiderunt. Quis non subsellia
 lustrans
 Hinc atque hinc carum sentit abesse
 caput?
 Immortale tamen caelo decus evehit ausos
 Pro templis vitam fundere proque focus.
 Haec exempla igitur si rite tuemur alumni,
 Haec virtus pueros si pietasque movet,
 'Floreat alma domus'—vota ut geminemus
 avorum—
 'Floreat' haud vanam volvimus ore
 precem.

After six years that seem an age
 Our Terence treads again the stage,
 While our old House upholds its name,
 Through its heroic children's fame.
 How many are fall'n! How many a chair
 Laments the lost that should be there!
 Yet they for hearth and temple fought
 And so immortal glory bought;
 And if like them our course we run
 Our valour prov'd, our duty done,
 Not vainly will the ancestral cry
 Of 'Floreat' echo to the sky.

FLOREAT.

Correspondence.

THE 'ADELPHI,' 1919.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—It is always a difficult matter to pronounce an adequate or satisfactory verdict on the play, and the peculiar circumstances of the 'Adelphi' of 1919 in no way alleviate the critic's burden. The 1919 Play is unique, it was produced under unique conditions, and the actors had unique difficulties to overcome. Setting aside any dramatic criticism, the very fact that a plausible standard of acting was reached by actors who had never seen a Play makes their effort worthy of high praise. And there can be no doubt that the standard of past years was reached, and that the many traditional renderings which the 'Adelphi,' like all the Plays in the cycle, contains, were so successfully reproduced that the break of six years was to all intents and purposes imperceptible. The success of the revival only shows the tremendous force of the tradition that lies behind the Play. But we must not allow our delight at the performance of the actors to give them all the praise. No one who has ever acted in the Play can fail to realise that its success is always largely the result of the unflagging energy and untiring devotion of the Master of King's Scholars. And this year our admiration of his work must be far greater than it has ever been before. The preservation of the traditions of the Westminster Stage undimmed through six years of silence is no small task, and the warmest thanks of all who derived pleasure from this year's 'Adelphi' go to him who has performed this task.

To come to the acting, the whole cast must be congratulated on having enveloped themselves in the real Terentian atmosphere. A tone of

sincerity, hard to obtain in the comedy of 'Manners,' pervaded the whole performance. To speak disrespectfully of Terence in these columns is well-nigh treason, but it must be admitted that he is artificial, or at any rate a conscious artist, and that to make the performance go with a swing, the actors must put spirit into their Terence, rather than enter into the spirit of Terence. Terence is an excellent study for the Latin scholar, but a good play cannot be built of nothing but scholarship and good Latinity, it also requires life. And the provision of the vitality is just what Terence leaves to the actors. If they provide too little, the play drags, if they provide too much, the workmanship of Terence becomes obscured. This year's cast was as near the mean as could be desired. If it did err, it erred on the side of spirit, and that is the right side.

If I may be permitted to offer a few technical criticisms, I would say that the briskness of the dialogue occasionally flagged, if only momentarily, and that the actors were inclined to get in each other's way. No one can be too careful of his cues or his manœuvring.

To come to individuals, the Syrus of Mr. G. E. A. DIX deserves first and unstinted praise. He adopted a jesting rather than a crafty attitude, and you felt that if he really did deceive Demea, it was from that estimable old gentleman's lack of humour that the fault sprang. Perhaps Mr. DIX was a little too drunk, but his 'abit' was a triumph. Our heartiest congratulations go to him.

Mr. G. H. STEVENS made an admirable Demea. The part is one which calls for no small powers, Demea is essentially a heavy rôle to sustain, and Mr. STEVENS never became monotonous. His voice gave the right impression of an habitual surliness and rustic slowness of wit. He carried off the famous change in Act V. with great success,

appearing as if, try as he might, he could not be more than half-hearted in his newly-assumed urbanity, and had only changed the churl for the cynic.

Mr. G. O. GEORGE, as Micio, displayed, perhaps, almost too much suavity. His politeness was almost superhuman, but he came through to his 'Plaudite' with flying colours. One could not but applaud after such a magnificent show of persuasion. Micio is a difficult part, and he made the most of it. The opening soliloquy he rendered with great skill.

Of the young men, Mr. R. P. HINKS as Ctesipho was the better. The young men's parts are always very difficult to live up, but Mr. HINKS certainly put the requisite amount of terror into his performance; he was the personification of the 'cat i' the adage.' We hope to see him again in a larger part.

As Aeschinus, Mr. C. G. WILLOUGHBY was a little too self-conscious. He was a good contrast to Ctesipho, being the embodiment of the hail-fellow well-met manner. After all, the young men are obvious fools, and perhaps it is best to abate none of their foolishness in presenting them.

Geta was taken in a most spirited manner by Mr. K. C. HAME. His 'raperem, agerem, ruerem, tunderem et prosternerem' was done in the best style. He should remember, however, that one is acting all the time, and must not allow one's face to become entirely unemotional when one does not happen to be speaking.

Mr. R. L. BENNETT, the Captain, overawed, let us presume, by the amount of bureaucracy necessary to a successful Play, took the lesser part of Hegio. He rendered it with all proper dignity, and produced his platitudes with appropriate weight. We are sorry he did not see his way to a larger part.

Mr. G. H. GOMPERTZ, as Sannio, was the perfect villain. He presented to us the incarnation of the

worst side of commercialism, a thing as rampant in the days of Terence as in ours.

The one line part of Dromo was performed by Mr. R. C. FISHER with a gusto which could not fail to draw a laugh.

Turning to the ladies, we must just give nothing but praise to Mr. A. G. CROSS whose performance of Canthara was perhaps the greatest success of the Play. Mr. CROSS has the invaluable gift, a gift which is rarely vouchsafed to a Westminster actor, of a really feminine voice and really lady-like features. His 'Au, au, mi homo' was a joy for ever, and we must add to our congratulations a pious hope that his voice will not break before next year.

As Sostrata Mr. T. E. E. COCKS stoutly supported her nurse, and played the part with a peevishness which is well suited to it.

The Prologue was spoken by the Captain, and his clearness of diction enhanced the dignity of his manner and the solemnity of his subject.

I must end, sir, by hoping that the few rough criticisms I have ventured to offer will be taken in good part, and by once more congratulating the Captain and all his fellow-actors on a success which will always stand out as one of the most memorable in the annals of the Play.

Your obedient Servant,

ἀδελφός.



NOTICE.

Photographs of the Cast and Epilogue may be obtained from Mr. A. F. Brown, 185, South Lambeth Road, S.W. 8, the producer of a series of postcards of the School. All particulars from the above, *not* on application to the Captain.

floreat.