

next twenty-five years will tell the same story. They have the confidence of the people because they deserve their confidence, and the good citizen of the republic must give them trust and support. For it is in the university at last the history of democracy must be written."

THE RECRUIT.

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Be gob, ye're a bad 'un!
Now turn out yer toes!
Yer belt is unhookit,
Yer cap is on crookit,
Ye may not be dhrunk,
But, be jabers, ye look it!

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Ye monkey-faced divil, I'll jolly ye through!

Wan—two!

Time! Mark.

Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Park!

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"A saint it ud sadden,
To dhrill such a mug!
Eyes front!—ye baboon, ye!
Chin up!—ye gossoon, ye!
Ye've jaws like a goat—
Halt!—ye leathered-lipped lo.n, ye!

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Ye whiskered oran-ou-tang, I'll fix you!

Wan—two!

Time! Mark.

Ye've eyes like a bat; can ye see in the dark?"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Yer figger wants padd'n—
Sure man, ye've no shapel
Behind ye your shoulders
Stick out like two boulders;
Yer shins is as thin

As a pair of pen-holders:

Wan—Two!

Wan—Two!

Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!

Wan—Two!

Time! Mark.

I'm dhry as a dog, I can't shpake but I bark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Me heart it ud gladden
To blacken yer eye,
Yer gettin' too bold, ye
Compel me to scold ye—
'Tis halt! that I say,—
Will ye heed what I tola ye?

Wan—Two!

Wan—Two!

Be jabers, I'm dhryer than Brian Boru!

Wan—Two!

Time! Mark!

What's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"I'll not stay a gadd'n'
Wid dagoes like you!
I'll travel no farther,
I'm dyin' for wathers;
Come on, if ye like,—
Can ye loan me a quarther?

Ya as, you,

What—Two?

And ye'll pay the potheen? Yer a daisy!

Whurrool!

Ye'll dol—

Whist—Mark,

The Regiment's flattered to own ye, me spark!"

Robert W. Chambers.

THE PASSING SHOW

WILLA CATHER

One of the most interesting and artistic performances I saw at the theatre last winter was Olga Nethersole's production of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." In the first place, it is a great play, the greatest play written in the English tongue for many a long day. I suppose there is no question that Arthur W. Pinero is the first living English playwright. For many years an actor himself, he knows all the limitations, requisites and possibilities of the stage, and he never writes a play that is not an acting play. He realizes what a distinct form of literature the drama is, and he makes no endeavor to distort it from its original purpose. He is a consummate artist, and he knows a great deal about life. He is not deep, he makes no revelations, but he is subtle and he knows the tricks of his trade. He has an unusually light touch for an Englishman, just a spice of Congreve, and he has written some of the most delightful of farces, of which "The Amazons" is probably best known in this country. But in the presentation of Paula Tanqueray he has turned to more serious things. Of course the play is a "pottle play" which every play is, at the bottom. It is the old question "Camille" and her past treated more candidly and honestly, if less brilliantly, than Dumas treated it. Now here is a woman who had much bad and much good in her. She had live a bad life and honestly wanted to quit it. She tries with all her strength, and she has a good man to help her. How far will she be able to do it?

The first act transpires in Aubrey Tanqueray's rooms in London. Aubrey is a big, kind, soft man and everyone calls him Aubrey. He is a widower with a grown daughter who is very pious and has contemplated entering a convent. Aubrey is a typical English country gentleman, intensely domestic, somewhat stolid, and withal a good fellow. For some inexplicable reason, he loves Paula Tanqueray, a woman of many entanglements, and has resolved to marry and domesticate her. I fancy it was Paula's brilliancy quite as much as her beauty that fascinated him, for Aubrey must have been a good deal of a bore, even to himself. The first act is light and brisk. Aubrey has a little dinner for some men and announces to them his prospective marriage. They receive the news awkwardly enough, but Aubrey is pretty brave about it. After the men have gone Paula comes in. He chides her for coming to him at eleven o'clock at night, but she tells him that her cook has left her and she wants some of his dinner. She pretends to be a little suspicious about who his guests have been, not that she really cares, but it flatters him. Miss Nethersole leans back in her chair, takes up a bunch of grapes and tearing them off with her teeth says delightedly, "What beautiful fruit! I love fruit when it's expensive." Poor Paula; that was her history in a nutshell. She had got into the way of liking only things that, in one way or another, cost exorbitantly. For a long time she deluded herself into the belief that she could make men pay for them, only to come at last to the bitter knowledge that we must pay for everything ourselves, and the longer the settlement is deferred, the heavier the interest. By the end of the act one sees Paula's attitude toward Tanqueray pretty clearly. She is not at all in love with him, but she likes him immensely and thinks she will like his kind of life. Instead of despising him for his good heart, she rather respects him for it. Generosity was none too common in her world.

She is pretty well tired out by the pace she has set for herself, and she finds his kindness restful. It takes her away from herself. Then, above all, she has that mad craving for respectability common to women of her class. She is tired of the sneer and the "terrible, terrible laughter of the world." She wants to be lifted above it, to command respect, to enter gentlewomen's houses to get even.

* * *

The second act is laid in the breakfast room of Aubrey's country house in Surrey. They are seated at the table. Aubrey is full fed, and beaming with domestic happiness. He is reading his mail, Paula is rather carelessly dressed in a loose breakfast gown. She is leaning back listlessly in her chair. A coffee cup is half raised to her lips. She forgets to drink and sits there holding it while the clock ticks off the slow minutes that are all just alike. Upon her face is the weariness of a thousand years of virtue. I have never seen ennui so perfectly expressed as Miss Nethersole expressed it in that long, heavy silence. Finally Aubrey looks up with his nice, good natured smile.

Aubrey—"Sunshine! Spring!"
Paula—[glancing at the clock] "Exactly six minutes."

Aubrey—"Six minutes?"
Paula—"Six minutes, Aubrey dear, since you made your last remark."

These dear people thought they had a life time of things to tell each other, but before they have been married a year, their remarks are six minutes apart, Paula is bored to extinction, she is not willing to pay the price of respectability, and she is unable to endure the stupidity of respectable people. She has not the slightest desire to return to her old life, but she is frantic from the monotony of her present one. She is furiously jealous of Aubrey's affection for his pious young daughter, Ellean, and exasperated and hurt by Ellean's coldness toward her. Ellean has from the first felt instinctively that there is something wrong about her stepmother, and has repulsed her. Paula fancies that if only she could get this chilly little primrose of a girl to trust her, it would somehow come out all right. She says to Ellean; "a few years ago I went through a great trouble. Since then I haven't shed a tear. I believe if you should put your arms around me once I should run up stairs and have a good cry." But she might as well have talked to an iceberg. A respectable lady comes to call, and to apologize for not having called before. Paula treats her with the most atrocious impudence. It is arranged that Ellean shall go to Paris with this respectable person. Paula is cut to the quick at Ellean's being sent away from her, and insists upon inviting some of the gay people of her old world down to see her. Aubrey refuses to permit it, and the act ends in a domestic thunder storm. "Be careful what you say to me now," says Paula, "I have only felt like this once before in my life, be careful what you say to me!"

* * *

In the third act the gay people have come, and Paula loathes them even more than she does the respectable people. She hates their slang, their bad manner and bad grammar, their loud clothes and the perfumes they use. She has good taste and she likes the clean, orderly surroundings of her new life, they have become necessary to her. She wants the good manners of one world and the excitement of another, and she belongs to neither. She has been a part of the show so long that she cannot now be merely a spectator, and yet a whiff of the old life makes her faint. But the needs which that life had created in her are still there. A man trained to absinthe cannot quench his thirst with water. She sits at the

piano playing and muttering to one of the men of the old days of freedom and excitement. Suddenly Ellean returns from Paris, bringing with her a certain Captain Ardale with whom she has fallen in love. Her love has melted her and she comes to tell Paula about it. At last she throws her arms about Paula's neck and Paula says, "Ah, I shall sleep tonight!" She thinks she has it at last, this confidence, this something which will make a change in her, kill the unrest, slake the thirst, satisfy and make her good indeed. Alas! poor Paula! It would have made no difference, it would have cheated her as did everything else, but it was the one thing untried and she could not but believe that there was help and wholesomeness and peace for her somewhere. Captain Hugh Ardale comes in, Paula utters a cry and sends Ellean away. They both wander up and down the room muttering helplessly. The horror of the situation completely upsets them. The dialogue is short, sharp, broken, incoherent and masterly.

Paula; "Oh, oh! What happened to that flat of ours in Ethelbert street?"

Hugh; "I let it."

Paula; "And all that pretty furniture?"

Hugh; "Sold it."

Paula; "I came across the key in an old purse the other day. What am I mauding about?"

Hugh; "For God's sake be quiet and let me think!"

Paula; "You—you beast to crop up in my life again like this!"

He goes out and Paula sits staring at her face in a hand mirror.

* * *

Whatever she is, Paula is neither a coward nor a liar. She is not a woman of petty faults. Throughout the whole play she never dissimulates one moment. She does not even lie to herself. She told Aubrey who and what she was to start with, and now she sends for him again. She says to him:

"Well—why don't you strike me? Hit me in the face, I'd rather you did! Hurt me! Hurt me!"

If Aubrey had beaten her like a navy with his fists then and there there would have been no suicide at the end of the play. It would have let her nerves down, put the whole thing on a lower commoner basis where she could have grappled with it. But he gave her only his cruel forgiveness, and she said once again to him in that old grateful, affectionate, brave way, "you'll do your best, O I know that, for you're a good fellow." In talking of the play with me, Miss Nethersole said she thought Aubrey must have been mighty good to Paula in the old days sometime, that in spite of his stupidity she felt such a loyal and lasting gratitude toward him. She was always square with Aubrey, she liked him.

Aubrey proposes that they go off somewhere on the continent and begin it all over again, he says the world isn't so small "It isn't", says Paula "but the greatest distances it contains are those we carry within ourselves. Of course I'm pretty now, I'm pretty still, and a pretty woman, whatever else she may be, is always—well, endurable. But even now I notice that my face is covered with little shadows that used not to be there, and when I have not one servicable little bit of prettiness left to defend myself with, you'll sicken at me."

She goes out crying "Oh! and I wanted so much to sleep tonight!" As that black dress vanishes through the portierre, you know that she will sleep. The pistol shot surprises no one. When the nerves are over driven to a certain point, what must come, at least with a fearless woman like Paula.

Had Paula Tanqueray been a thoroughly bad woman, there would have

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