

dude! A dude dressed in tight trousers and close-fitting coat and hat of the vintage of '49. This may have been the style ten years ago, but not at present. The would-be playwrights should consult the "As Seen by Him" column of *Vogue*, and not Frank du Tell's Red Dude cigar sign. Another favorite is the characterization of an actor, more common, however, in comedy. Who ever saw an actor with long greasy ringlets, red nose, and dressed in an old velvet-trimmed coat, too quick trowsers and an old pair of gaiters? Then there is the English lord, with a cockney accent, and the lawyer, who looks like a tramp, and the farmer's daughter who carries a red parasol.

Why is it necessary to stick to all these old mossy chestnuts? A playwright could write without them. At least Shakspeare did, and they do say Willey knew how to write a play.

The play-going people may be yearning for melo dramas. They have certainly stopped yearning for the farce comedy. There are fewer farce comedy companies on the stage than ever before in the past ten years. It takes one with a Hoyt stamp to be at all popular, or one with a Frank Daniels in the title role. Mr. Hoyt has the good sense to see that we want no more Brass Monkey plays and consequently his latter efforts have been somewhat subdued.

Soon farce comedy will have gone the way of the roller rink. Let us have some tragedies, operas and comedies and even melo dramas, but draw the line at the plotless, silly drivelines known as the farce comedy.

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No addition to the faculty since the chancellor's advent has been hailed with as much joy on the part of the students as the return of Professor Edgren after a two years' absence. He has, during this time, been rector of the University of Gothenburg. As a linguist Professor Edren is unsurpassed and as a man he inspircs one with new confidence in human nature.

## WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE:

*Or, Tried and Found Wanting.*

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It has been a much mooted question whether there is such a thing as "love at first sight." Eminent authorities have disagreed on this subject. Novels have been written in support of both sides of the question. It has always been my own opinion that such a thing was not only possible but quite natural. However, it has been nothing more than an opinion, until a recent experience of my own, which demonstrated beyond a doubt that my views were correct.

It was on the 13th day of April, 1893. The "White Squadron" was showing that night at the Lansing. Feeling the need of some amusement to relieve the strain on a system, which had suffered greatly from over-study, I attended the performance.

I little thought as I leaned back in the elegantly upholstered seats in the dress circle, that I was soon to pass through one of the crises of my life. No "shadow of coming events" marred my enjoyment of the play. I didn't enjoy the play much, though, for all that, because it was not as good as I expected, and I did not feel as though I was getting my money's worth. This feeling, and the state of mind it naturally put me, would not make me very susceptible to the influences which were soon brought to bear upon me, so the argument is all the more convincing on that account. It was after the show was over and I was going out that I met my fate.

It was at the outside door that I saw her. She was standing under the electric light with an elderly lady, apparently her mother, who was middle-aged, seemed to be quite well to do, and had a look of refinement and culture which showed that she belonged to the best class of society. There was nothing distinctive about her, although it was easy to see that she had been very handsome in her younger days, and even now she was very pleasant to look at, although completely