



Only devoted *Theatregoers* know how painful it is to recover from a good play. After "Mrs. Dane's Defense," the best play of the fall season, I recovered with reasonable promptness, and in two or three weeks could enjoy the ordinary theatre diet. But Miss Crosman's "As You Like It" was great drama greatly acted, supremely and splendidly the best play of the year; and I saw it so many times, from the balcony, standing, from the front row—Oh, my poor purse, how often did I go!—that I am afraid I shall have a critical stomach, very queasy for any diet we are likely to enjoy until Sir Henry Irving comes. Of course, I know that as soon as I recover my bearings I may again find pleasing melody or a good laugh even in "Liberty Belles" or at Keith's and such vaudevilles, but it is slow work regaining your balance, if you dorp, like Cyrano, from the moon.

Miss Crosman's "Mistress Nell," an old friend here in Boston, is a play in itself by no means flavorless. It is lively and spirited, though occasionally extravagant and utterly improbable, and it has a touch of the robustness, frolic and fire of Restoration comedy. Furthermore, the play has many really witty passages, some of which, so swift in the action of the piece, you may quite overlook, unless you keep your wits wide-awake. For the roguish, ingenuous Nell, and the rollicking masquerade of Adair, Miss Crosman is of course entirely adequate; yet the part most striking to me was Mr. Woodruff's Charles II, who throughout the play most entertainingly "never says a foolish thing and never does a wise one." From her Rosalind it was plain to be seen that Miss Crosman could handle any such comedy rôle as Nell Gwyn; but I did not foresee in Mr. Woodruff's Orlando so graceful and easy a creation as his Charles II.

Then, after the performance of "Mistress Nell" I went home, curled up in my chair under my lamp, took down my little Temple text and read "As You Like It"; and there's your folly of going to one play when you are wishing every minute you were at another! I suspect that a large part of my enjoyment of "Mistress Nell" was because Nell's voice—and what a voice it is!—was the voice of Rosalind.

Our plays have grouped themselves rather curiously this winter. We have had the country invading the

city in a string of "Sky Farms" and "Fly Farms," and "Way Down East" and "David Harum"; we have had the past invading the present in a series of romantic melodramas, "The Cardinal" and the two novel-plays, "Knighthood" and the "Forest Lovers"; we had an occasional modern play, such as "Mrs. Dane" and the "Way of the World." Now we are going to get a line of comparison between Mr. Faversham's "Royal Rival" and Mr. Hackett's "Don Cæsar" in his new rôle of lover.

The *Theatregoer* was much pleased to have his remarks on Mr. Malone's Jaques disputed; not because he wants to justify his comment, for every critic has taken the melancholy fellow in a different way, and Madame George Sand, in her adaptation, "Comme Il Vous Plaira," so fell in love with him that she lets him dominate her whole play, and in the end marries him to Celia! If the *Theatregoer* were dogmatizing he might take to justification; but he is not dogmatizing and does not mean to. He means simply to chat with you, and begs you to remember that he will be pleased to receive any communication, however trifling,—either of suggestion, or remonstrance, or question,—addressed to him at the TECH office. He will not pretend to Ruth Ashmorean omniscience, but will endeavor to answer, and that with pleasure, any questions of dramatic criticism or stage gossip his readers may have the interest or the curiosity to put to him.

Communications.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by Correspondents.

One of the most unfortunate features of the discussion of the "Kommer" question at Tech is the spirit shown by the newspapers. It would seem, to a stranger, that some of the news journals in this section of the country have a decided yearning after the "yellow." Now with the word "beer" connected with student gatherings, they have found a delightful morsel, so the public at large is compelled to read misleading articles, and by reading them, to be misled.

The question to be asked is this: Is it not possible for outside newspapers to cease to discuss the problems of Tech student life, and is it not possible for a few narrow-minded people to curb their ambitions to say something, even if it is nothing, until they can