Technology Chambers.

Work is rapidly progressing on the building at the corner of St. Botolph and Irvington Streets, which will no doubt next winter be a pleasant home for many a Technology student. The brickwork is pretty well finished up to the third-floor level, and a fairly good idea can be formed of how the building will look when completed.

One of the most noticeable features of the structure is the large number of windows. The building will have its main entrance on St. Botolph Street (extended), and this will undoubtedly be the most attractive side of the building. The main entrance will be back some distance from the street, giving space for a large and roomy courtyard between two wings of the building. In this courtyard there will be a grassplot, with settees.

Within, the arrangement of the building seems to be admirable. The St. Botolph Street entrance opens into a large corridor, which can also be entered from Irvington Street. This corridor leads to the elevator and stairs, and also to the dining-room, club-room and billiard-room, which occupy about two-thirds of the first floor. In the basement will be two of the most attractive features of the building—the gymnasium and the swimming-pool.

The living-rooms will occupy the southwest corner of the first floor and all of the four floors above. There will be about twenty chambers and ten "studies" on each floor, so that there is one "study" for each two chambers. These are arranged to open directly into the study in most cases, but in some only through the halls. This is a very liberal allowance of study-room, and will surely be appreciated. Altogether, the Technology chambers promise to be very attractive and convenient, and if conducted in the same spirit in which they have been planned and begun, most worthy of success.

The Theatregoer went to Captain Jinks ready to be displeased and found it almost delightful. The comedy is a characteristic Clyde Fitch "show," a piece that props itself up with any sort of unnecessary "novelty"; that crowds on the stage characters who may have a moment's witticism or comic stage-play and are not heard of again; that is full of so many jokes you cannot escape being amused with a few that are good enough to hear twice and some others that happen to be new to you; that introduces surprise after surprise till nothing can be any longer surprising, and annoys your satisfaction at the happy close by still another "situation" prodding you to be surprised once again; that is always, however, with whatever extravagance of action, lively and awake; and that gives to one or two characters chance for really charming acting.

Miss Barrymore, of course, is the play, and pleases partly by a beautiful person, partly by a winning personality. Not the least astonishing element of her triumph is the grace and positive loveliness which she somehow charms into the appalling costume,—that of the mountainous, humpback bustle of a generation ago. Miss Barrymore has a magnificent voice, and her rôle fortunately calls for a slight drawling and affectation of speech, which, being assumed in a half-laughing way, is not in the least offensive and shows to advantage the range and richness of her tones. The striking quality of the part is, in fact, sincere, simple womanliness constantly softening and sometimes illuminating the superficial playfulness or silliness of the shrewd and successful opera star.

Sir Henry Irving upon his return to London will revive Faust with Miss Cecilia Loftus as Marguerite. Salvini coupled Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles with his Shylock in the comment that they were pieces of acting hardly to be improved.

The three plays now exciting most interest on the European stage all claim, as it happens, permanent literary merit. Sudermann's Es Lebe das Leben is an hysterical tragedy of modern politics, marital infidelity and suicide,—little likely, judging from reported criticism, to add to the author's already established reputation. Boston will see this season the best of Sudermann's plays given by an actress of first-rate power. Heimat, which appeared in January, 1893, has usually been acknowledged as the author's strong-