Mr. Sothern's very pleasing poster suggests to Theatregoers the character of his new play *If I Were King*, an historical romantic melodrama magnificently staged. Setting and costume are certainly gorgeous, almost enough in themselves to make the play carry; the Rose Garden scene is as lovely as we should expect from the fabulous sums it is said to have cost. Mr. Sothern's own wardrobe is brilliantly beautiful; and his entry on horseback, though not as tremendous as Mr. Mansfield's similar tableau in *Henry V.*, is by no means ineffective.

Mr. McCarthy's play is not, however, a mere libretto for spectacular scenic pictures; it tells clearly an interesting and wildly improbable story, and it provides through the part of the hero—the poet, Francois Villon—some pretty poetical passages. But there is no real fun in the piece, only a moment or so even of buffoonery; and the extravagance of the plot is not relieved by any reality or individual force in the characters. The heroine is colorless and conventional, except in the novel detail of appearing to us first as a murderess.

This heavy and unpromising material seemed to the Theatregoer never really to catch fire,—in spite of sustained and rigorous acting. Mr. Wilson as Louis XI. managed to get his part into life. There seemed in his impersonation some reminiscences of Irving, but his king is much younger, more clownish and not half so sly. Miss Sheldon makes her part of the abbess almost painfully real, and really touching in the slightly prolonged death scene. Mr. Sothern himself is decidedly disappointing. He shows none of the irresponsible gaiety and French lightness of touch we expect in Villon. In the tavern scene he seems no more than a hang-dog, tipping, somewhat sentimental criminal; and in the later parts never betrays any identity of character with the earlier Villon or with the Villon of our imaginations. This, of course, is not saying that he fails to give a solid, dignified kind of enthusiasm to the part; but such an impersonal Villon leaves the play practically without a living hero. Those of us who saw Mr. Sothern's *Hamlet*, rub our eyes and ask ourselves doubtfully to what base uses he has returned.

Mrs. Fiske is to be the attraction next week, opening her engagement with *The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch*, and including in her list, it is to be hoped, one of Ibsen's plays. Mrs. Campbell plays at the Boston Theatre the week of April 7.

Sophomore Class Meeting.

The Sophomore Class held a meeting in room 11, Rogers, last Wednesday. The treasurer was given power to pay off several small bills, including bill for *Technique* insertion, certain refreshments used at the class supper, and for souvenirs carried away from the Technology Club on the evening of that supper. It is the feeling in the class that all men who took souvenirs should return them, and thus lessen the expense that the whole class must cover. It was also voted to levy a second assessment of fifty cents on each member of the class. Only those who have paid the assessments up to date will be allowed to vote in the coming *Technique* election. It was also finally decided, after much debate, to send printed ballots to each member of the class for the *Technique* election.

Basket-ball.


The basket-ball team played a very close game with the Fall River Y. M. C. A. basketball team last Saturday night at Fall River. The game was close and was only won by Fall River during the last few minutes of play. Our line-up was Fitch, c., Libbey, r.f., Cox, l. f., Webster, l. g., Doyle, r. g.


The basket-ball team was defeated by the Harvard Freshman team in a fast game last Tuesday night in the Hemenway Gymnasium, Cambridge. The final score was 29 to 15.


Fitch, c.
Libbey, r. f.
Cox, l. f.
Webster, l. g.
Doyle, r. g.

r. f., Dopping
l. f., Henderson
l. g., K. Smith
l. g., T. Smith
r. g., Harrison