
The following appointments have been made in the Cadet Battalion: To be major, Capt. F. S. Elliott; to be captain, Lieut. J. V. Gladding; to be battalion adjutant, Sergt.-Major E. A. Mead; to be lieutenant, First Sergt. H. K. Merrow; to be corporals: Company B, R. Kibbey, V. H. Paquet, G. W. Perry; to be first sergeant, Company A, E. F. Knowles; to be corporal, Company A, A. J. Amberg.

Communications on Raising the Price of Technique.

Statement by Professor Swain.

I heartily approve of raising the price of Technique to $1.50. The book is certainly worth this price.

Statement by President Pritchett.

The reasons advanced for raising the price of Technique, as given in the last number of The Tech, seem to me entirely satisfactory and conclusive. It is most unfortunate to put upon any such Board too great a burden in the procuring of advertisements, and the presence in the volume of such a quantity of advertising seriously detracts from the dignity and attractiveness of the book. The action of the board will meet the approval, I am sure, of the students and friends of the Institute.

1905 Class Meeting.

A meeting of the Class of 1905 was held last Saturday in Huntington Hall. In the absence of the president the vice-president, Mr. Amberg, presided. A great deal of discussion took place concerning the class dinner, but finally a committee of five was elected to make arrangements for the dinner, and nominate candidates for toastmaster, who were to be elected at the next meeting. The committee consisted of Elliott, chairman; Boggs, R. N. Turner, Hill and Johnston.

Mrs. Fiske's plays for her first week offer no attractions of scenery or costume. The view from the studio windows over the roofs of London on a winter midnight is, to be sure, strikingly real and even novel and beautiful; otherwise, the staging both of Mrs. Hatch and the Bit of Old Chelsea is completely unimportant. Nothing so much wins the Theatregoer's heart as this complete reliance on the play and the players for genuine effect.

The story of Mrs. Hatch is simple,—a divorced mother seeking to see her daughter after years of separation, and although the development of the narrative becomes intensely tragic, there is no "stagey" or hysterical "scene." The play is altogether emotional without becoming at all sensational.

For this kind of subject, of course, the simplest and most real acting is the most effective; and Mrs. Fiske's company seemed to the Theatregoer to produce the most complete effect of reality he has seen on the stage this year. None of the minor parts—with the possible exception of Phil McDonnell in the short piece—were in the least overdone. Instead of the usual stage group, of a really effective dramatic portraiture by the star, surrounded by caricatures more or less effective from the other players, Mrs. Fiske's company presents people all real, and one more vivid than another only because that one has more opportunity to make his character familiar to us. Agnes and the second Mrs. Lorimer, for instance,—and even the detective,—in Mrs. Hatch, are no less true, though less prominent, than Mrs. Hatch herself.

Mrs. Fiske's rattling and indistinct delivery, and her not very pleasing voice, promise for the first moments of the play very little tragic power; but her peculiar faculty of expressing emotion choked and repressed, and a kind of nervous self-control, show us the real Mrs. Hatch in the end. Mrs. Fiske has also the grace to refuse persistent recalls from her audiences, when her part has closed in death.

The Bit of Old Chelsea is a little scene that pictures in the frankest way the Bohemian life treated with more reserve in the Trilby variety of novels. The repulsiveness of the subject is relieved by the brightness and fun of the flower girl, in which part Mrs. Fiske is more sprightly and her speech far more intelligible than in the longer piece.

Next week offers to theatregoers the widest variety of the best modern plays, English and foreign,—one