Track Athletics.

The annual spring championship will be held on Saturday, April 26. This should be considered as a most important event, because the team which represents Tech in the Triangular meet will be chosen from the winners in this meet. All the events will be run from scratch, so that no man may have any advantage over another, and each may do his best.

There are just about three weeks now before this meet—time enough for everybody who intends to compete to train down and get into proper shape. Coach Mahan is at the Gymnasium every night ready to help anybody who comes out. If you have ever done anything in athletics, or think you can, make it a point to see him at your earliest opportunity; tell him what you would like to do, and make arrangements to have him help you. The excuse that you haven't time, from the average Tech man, is out of date. The relay team trained right through their semi-annual examinations, won their race, and not one of them had a flunk. They said they felt that they could study better after their work at the Gymnasium.

It has been proposed to fix up the field back of the shops, so that the men in the sprints and the field events might have a place to train near the Gymnasium. If the faculty will co-operate with the Athletic Association, this will be ready by the end of the week.

The usual number of men have been working at the Gymnasium during the past week. Now, with the Spring meet so near, and the Triangular meet following, this number should be doubled. Let every athlete in Tech consider it his duty to help swell the number.

All candidates for the bicycle squad should hand their names to A. J. Eveland, at the "Cage."

Calendar.

Thursday, April 10.—Meeting of the Society of Arts, Room 22, Walker, 8 p.m.
Saturday, April 12.—Sophomore Class Dinner, Gymnasium, 6:30 p.m. Tickets, $1.00.
Wednesday, April 16.—Freshman Dinner at Gymnasium.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray is a terrible play,—such as one wants to see once or twice in a lifetime and not again. Its moral, emphasized with appalling force, is that a life of continued vice finally incapacitates the liver for better things. Paula Tanqueray stops in the middle of her dissolute career, marries, and tries to turn over a new leaf, only to discover that she is so "tainted through and through" that, by her own temper and pride and furious jealousy, she is always defeating her own honorable purpose. Her few years of decent life raise her above her old surroundings and companions, and she has no more sympathy for them or interest in them,—except, in angry fits, to annoy her husband by their company. Complete earnestness of purpose, however, is helpless to raise her into any real companionship with the people of her new life, her husband and her step-daughter. So her life burns itself out: struggling impotently and without real hope, begging again and again for "another chance," and becoming with every failure more and more certain of the fatal impossibility of it all.

Mrs. Campbell’s picture of this dreadful situation is really terrifying. For the part she has great natural gifts: grace, beauty of form, and a lovely face. Her enunciation is somewhat mouthing and declamatory, but the mannerism is passionate and very soon in the play becomes identified with the part, so that we feel Paula must really have spoken so. And pitiful as are countless little simple speeches and appealing gestures in Paula’s struggle, her uncontrolled and even spiteful temper, her jealous and almost catlike affection, Mrs. Campbell never for a moment leaves out of sight. Vice as she presents it has not one poor little spot of gilding; Paula herself best knows and best shows us that.

Of the minor parts none are wholly unsatisfactory. Miss Milner as Ellean is rather stiff and unreal; Mr. Arliss as Cayley Drummle is in that capital character almost beyond praise.

Mrs. Tanqueray and all the other plays in Mrs. Campbell’s generous repertory are a moral challenge. Most of these modern dramas,—of which Mr. Pinero is in England the leading author,—seem undeniably unpleasant and unwholesome. The dreary or hysterical lives of the idle and vicious rich, though never seductively represented, are not inspiring. None the less is the purpose of such drama serious and true,—fulfilling, perhaps with oppressive power, the purpose