'98. Arthur A. Blanchard, V., is an instructor in chemistry at New Hampshire College, Durham, N. H.

'98. Edwin Kutroff, X., is with the Verona Chemical Company of Newark, N. J.


'98. Frank H. Tucker, II., is assistant mechanical superintendent for the Clark Thread Company, Newark, N. J.

'98. George R. Wadsworth, I., is now designing engineer for the New York Central Railroad at the New York office.

'00. Walter C. Dean, VI., is in the Norfolk, Va., Navy Yard in charge of the electrical station there.

'01. Norman Dubois, V., is an instructor in chemistry at Brown University.

'01. Allan W. Rowe, X., is an assistant at Wesleyan University.

'01. William J. Newlin, B.A., II., is now Walker instructor in mathematics at Amherst College.

'02. Frank H. Reed is in the Department of General Construction of the New England Telegraph & Telephone Company of Boston.

'02. Charles L. Shed is with Purdy & Henderson, civil engineers, Boston.

'02. James L. Taylor, Jr., I., is in the Department of Maintenance of Way, Pennsylvania Lines west of Pittsburg, (Eastern Division.)

'02. Paul Weeks, II., is with the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, Pa.

The most astonishing thing about the Message from Mars is its success. One would never predict popularity for a play so crude and "preachy." Horace Parker, an absurdly selfish man, dreams one night that an unselfish inhabitant of Mars comes to earth and, by taking him suffering and personal privation, teaches him self-sacrifice. Before his dream, Parker is an impossible caricature of selfishness, after it he is phenomenally generous. No other character in the play has reality. As a sermon the piece is ethically irreproachable, but as a play it is certainly "kiddish." What keeps the play alive is amusing situation, and the capital acting of Mr. Hawtrey. It would be hard to imagine improvements on his picture of a spoiled, childish, selfish man.

The Cardinal is as surprisingly indifferent to ethics as the Message from Mars is "goody-goody;" but it is a lively play with some real characters and is a lovely picture of the Renaissance. The Cardinal hears from a defiantly guilty confessor, confession of a murder for which the Cardinal's brother is to die. Not to violate the secrecy of the confessional he tricks the murderer into another admission of his crime, not under the seal of the confessional, but in the hearing of witnesses the Cardinal has concealed for the purpose. This contemptible quibbling with his conscience,—as if such use of the knowledge obtained in the confessional were not, just as truly as a frank declaration, a betrayal of the secrecy of the confessional,—is explained in the play by the concessive defense that the Cardinal is, after all, a Medici. Such a disagreeable solution of the tragedy seems all the more unnecessary because there is an old bell-ringer, Beppo, hanging round in the play with no purpose whatever in the plot; and everyone knows,—Beppo himself oracularly hints it in the first act—that such folk always turn up with the necessary revelation, in the crisis of any normal, romantic drama.

There are several pretty scenes in the play, especially that of the lovers in the arms of the church, and Mr. Willard's acting gives a striking presentation of his extraordinary part; none the less I cannot but believe that his more winsome parts,—e.g. "Tom Pinch" or the "Professor," show him more to advantage.