The Crisis seems partially to deserve its tremendous financial success. The book is condensed so that the sequence of events appears unnaturally breathless—especially in the love-story, for Virginia Carvel seems to have no time to change her mind, but, as it were, leaps from the arms of her cousin to those of her lover, and this, somehow, "is so sudden." There is in the play, too, a wearisome series of encounters between Colfax and Brice, each bursting upon the scene at moments peculiarly embarrassing to the other, and both standing nose to nose in a very cock-fighty and somewhat absurd fashion. In many ways, besides, the play is full of sound and fury, slamming, stamping and shooting, that signify nothing. None the less, the absorbing interest of the historical period and the sympathy already aroused by the book make the play rather the best of the season's melodramas, —far superior, for example, to the Soldiers of Fortune, better than A Gentleman of France, and unspeakably above Mr. Hackett's play last year.

It is, in fact, difficult to understand how Mr. Hackett has managed so thoroughly to improve his company. He seems himself an actor wholly without power, and he has an offensively affected way of dropping his voice into sepulchral tones at especially intense moments. In The Crisis, fortunately, he is, in a negative way, satisfactory; and some of his fellow actors are very good indeed. Max Colfax has genuine impetuosity and fire, and Eliphalet Hopper is capital. Of the girls' Southern speech it is, perhaps, not so safe to speak, since the varieties of intonation are, I believe, numerous; but, although characteristic in some respects, the dialect is awkward and frequently harsh,—and that I have never known Southern speech to be. The best of the girls is, of course, Virginia, whose speech is the most musical of all, whose face is very charming, and whose acting seems to me easily superior to Hackett's.

The costume of war times is now just antique enough to be quaint and fascinating, without grotesqueness. The Theatregoer in some way enjoys the play much more keenly than a critical estimate of it ought to warrant.

'02. Waldo H. Comins, III., is with the Descubridora Mining and Smelting Company, Descubridora, Mexico.

'02. John L. Curtiss, VI., is with the General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

'02. Edwin E. Kimball, VI., is with the General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

'02. H. H. Davis, VI., is with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Boston.

'02. J. W. Durbin, VI., is with the Bell Telephone Company of Philadelphia.

'02. Jesse J. Eames, II., is in charge of testing department with Crest Manufacturing Company, Cambridge, Mass.

'02. E. O. Eastwood, XIII., is in the scientific branch of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, Navy Department, Washington.

'02. H. A. Everett, XIII., is with the Fore River Ship and Engine Company, Quincy, Mass.

'02. J. M. FitzGerald, II., is in the Department of Motor Power and Rolling Stock, Boston & Albany R.R., Boston.

'02. Duncan R. Franklin, V., is a chemist for the S. M. Bixby Company, New York.

The presence of a fifteen-year-old boy at the University of Michigan has excited much comment. Though he is under the age limit, he insisted that he be given examinations, and not only did he succeed in entering, but had thirty-two hours' advance credit, which is equivalent to one year's work. The boy's home is in Indianapolis, and both his parents are Michigan graduates.—Purdue Exponent.