The Girl with the Green Eyes is the latest and a typical Clyde Fitch "show," a farrago of contemptible foolery, and indecent jokes and cheap, melodramatic clap-trap such as any author should be ashamed to write and any public ashamed to witness — all put together with such skill that one's disgust is humored along and one's interest sustained to the end — and in it all a few very simple, strong, true scenes such as make the play almost worth while. In this sort of piece, of course, there are a lot of quite irrelevant local hits, burlesques like that of the Cook tourists; and always a "song and dance," quite improbable in the action of the play, like that introduced as a bid to the galleries in *The Girl with the Green Eyes*. The real plot of this play, too, is never straightened out; but we are left to imagine how the complications might be unravelled, and a melodramatic and very ineffective "scene" at the end diverts our attention from the issue — which perhaps the author dodges, as insoluble.

The one merit of the play, as has been frequently remarked, is the drawing of the character of the jealous but lovable heroine.

The play is another in the long list of almost worthless pieces admirably acted on our modern stage. Clara Blood good made last year of a secondary part in that other rubbishy Clyde Fitch play, the *Way of the World*, quite the best part in the cast; and the role of Jinny Austin gives her more extended opportunity, which she improves as well. The frivolous, giggling, very modern and rather winning woman, whose empty life leaves plenty of room for whims of jealousy, but whose innate womanliness and sweetness make her amiable, is so completely realized that the part seems too familiarly natural to be acting, at all.

**THEATREGOER.**

There was a young man in a wagon,
Who took pull after pull at a flagon;
When the flagon had flagged,
He was thoroughly jagged,
And the horse had turned into a dragon.

It certainly did trouble The Lounger at first, and he hasn't quite cleared up the mystery yet, but he has narrowed down the possibilities. The Bursar's unusual and tasty display of mill end remnants of wire fencing is necessarily of some practical use, and the question resolves itself into one of "What?" A series of ionized thoughts chased themselves through the gray matter of the author's cerebrum and gradually deposited themselves — according to the dissociation theory — one lot on the anode and the other on the cathode. On the cathode this theory formed. The new copy of Mr. Minos' labyrinth has been constructed for the fiendish purpose of ensnaring the daring Persimmons lassies who may invade the happy hunting ground of Pat and Course III. They are to be kept in the dark, dank and dingy dungeons beneath Rogers sidewalk and allowed to issue forth at such time as the co-ed supply may be low.

Cleaning the cathode he tried again. This time he thought that the genial professor of Descriptive Geometry might be planning to start a hen farm on our spacious campus, but this thought was not a very heavy deposit, so The Lounger took a look at the anode.

On this part lay the solution — or, perhaps better, the deposition — of the problem. The beautiful lot of Page's Invisible Wire Fence is for decorative and educational purposes. The Bursar is planning a *zoo* for the edification of Bostonians and the advertisement of Tech. Out back of Lowell — on the lawn — will be the elephants, whereat the co-eds may feed peanuts from the windows of Margaret Cheney's drawing-room for lady students. In Room 11, Rogers, will be planted a large, happy family, with an overflow meeting in 18. Over in the Brunswick cellar one will find the snake-house, and it is only natural that the aviary should be in the Cage — thus accounting for its recent enlargement. Walker, 22, would be devoted to the carnivora and the wire fence would come in strong as a deer park.

It is barely possible that the Grass Protective Society of Back Bay is after the lot — but then — the ideas were good, anyhow.