

"I have heard said," replied the youth, "that in your land it is not so, but in ours we divide up our plays by dropping a curtain, where you sing the choruses."

So, having thanked the lad, I passed on to the music hall, and feeling shocked that these are not religious festivals, I enquired of the man that sold the tickets if I might not get to some holy place to worship Dionysus. "Go to the gods," he said.

In this land this is very high up in the building. I could not but wonder that they had the play at night for in our land we had them in the morning, and they continued throughout the day. Exceeding small is their theatres, for in our land our theatres held three myriads of people, ten times as many as are in this city. Many strange things did I see. A great light hung down from the centre of the roof, but in our land the great Helios himself lights up the seats. Divinely sweet did seem

Antigone, no less beautiful was Ismene. At my side sat a young barbarian who uttered vain words as Terreseas came on the stage: "Here comes Santa Claus." Now, who Santa Claus is I cannot tell, but I suppose he is one of the gods of the barbarians. Once, too, I saw a youth shaking dice as he sat on the doorstep. This was not so in my time. Proud was I when I saw Creon clothed in red, huge in voice and tall of stature. Music sweet like unto the honey of Hymettus came from the orchestra, but what the big things were so curved and twisting I knew not, but like unto the pipes of Pan was the sweetness. In dancing these Barbarians are much inferior to the Greeks. Indeed a young barbarian said it was not known how to tread in the mazy steps of Hellus. Many more things could I tell of maidens fair and goddesslike, but Pluto calls me to his home for tea.

E. H. O.

Within the Lights.

BY WILLIAM H. INGRAM.

That evening saw Dr. Gilbert Howard occupying a front seat in the stalls waiting impatiently for the curtain to roll up on "The Trend of Events." At last it commenced and he sat there watching the principal figure of the drama as she moved naturally and gracefully about the stage, holding the audience spell-bound at one moment or applauding her the next. But to Gilbert there was no doubt as to identification. She was the same woman, only the agonized face had given place to the varying moods of the character of the play. Having assured himself on that score he was anxious for the finale, and the acts dragged and irritated him by their length. After the majority of the crowd had slowly filed out he sent in his card with the words "In regard to your lost watch" carefully written across the face. In a short time the usher returned and handing Gilbert his card said, "Miss Durward's rules would not permit her granting any interview to a stranger much though she would like it."

The answer was final, and Dr. Gilbert seeing that persistence was useless, bowed to the inevitable, but nevertheless resolved to succeed at some future time. For the next week the affair became so engrossing to Gilbert that the graceful form of the Criterion's star was ever before his eyes. And many a pipe was burnt while he pondered over it in the privacy of his study. But at the end of the week he was no nearer to the explanation of the strange conduct of Laura Durward than he was at the beginning unless —. Impossible! In his dilemma he resolved to see "The Trend of Events" again. That night Gilbert occupied his old place in the stalls, but this time with the little gold watch resting cosily in the inside pocket of his coat.

The drama had now an additional interest to Gilbert Howard, and he beheld the unfolding of the plot with some pleasure. The dual character of the principal fascinated him, and to watch carefully for a weak spot by which he might reasonably return the time-piece. As soon as the curtain had fallen in the last act Gilbert elbowed his way quickly to the stage entrance and brushing past the doorkeeper found himself almost in front of the actress, who was going to her dressing-room. Without a moment's hesitation he called "Miss Durward," at the same time extending his hand with the watch in it. Taken

by surprise a glad smile wreathed her face upon seeing it and she exclaimed, "My watch, my watch!" She recovered herself almost instantly when she perceived what she had done, an angry, set look came over her face. Gilbert went on hurriedly "I am an American doctor practising in London, Miss Durward, and as I saw 'Marion' on it knew it must belong to you. I hope that I haven't done wrong in intruding. If I have I am awfully sorry."

Her face slowly cleared, and then taking the watch from his hand, said: "Would you mind waiting M-r. —" "Dr. Howard," supplemented Gilbert, — Doctor, until I come down and then we can chat it over. Dr. Howard bowed, and seating himself on a rickety stool waited patiently for her return, in the meantime listening to such edifying remarks as "Hi s'y 'Arry don't h'it beat h'all the w'y the toffs go h'up h'aganst h'it," from the stage hands.

Miss Durward returned in a short time dressed in a well-fitting, tailor-made gown, accompanied by the wife of the manager, who invited Gilbert to have supper with them at the West Central Hotel, where the company was staying. On the way he told how he had found the watch on Tottenham Court Road, with the name and city of the dealer; the notice in the paper, and the deduction which he had drawn. Mrs. Burchon was loud in her praises of his cleverness, but Miss Durward merely expressed her sincere thanks to the Doctor for his trouble. Dr. Howard, however, had carefully omitted the scene which he had witnessed, believing that at the proper time a satisfactory explanation would be forthcoming.

And so over the smoke of his cigar Gilbert heard the evening's tragedy from his fair guest, while Mrs. Burchon busied herself around the room, doing nothing in particular.

"You know, Doctor," Laura Durward went on to say, "the week I lost the watch was the opening one of the Criterion, and we were all worried over the success of our new play. I am not going to tell you just how hard we studied, but we put in almost eighteen out of the twenty-four hours rehearsing, so that we might not only be letter perfect, but also have the background satisfactory to Mr. Burchon, our stage-manager. On the Satur-