

nity, the equipment is a marvel of completeness.

The tents each seat some sixteen hundred persons. Solid steel chairs have done away with the embarrassing and often painful crash of overstrained pine. The stage is larger than many of the new Broadway stages. It measures twenty-eight feet by forty, with a real loft. The best scenic artists in the nation paint the drops, wings and flies. Intricate lighting effects in three colors are manipulated from modern switchboards. Each circuit carries its own grand piano. Private busses transport the talent. One bureau has even established a research laboratory under the direction of a scientist of international reputation. His first successful experiment was the prevention of mold on canvas, an economy extremely important to the traveling show. His tests are now concerned with the physical comfort

of patrons. They must be protected from weather extremes, they must be supplied with fresh air, good acoustics, attractive color and lights.

These are some of the reasons that the obituary printed two years ago was "premature." They are some of the reasons that every night this summer Chautauqua audiences in some five hundred cities will be paying their twenty cents or thereabouts a head, for the three old stand-bys, entertainment, education and inspiration; all, like *Hamlet* on Broadway, "in modern dress."

The strolling players, direct descendants of those Elizabethan fathers of English drama, are taking the road again. They are not carrying the mountain to Mohammed, but they are performing a task which a few years ago seemed equally impossible.

They're taking Broadway to Main Street, and Main Street revels in it.

STRAWBERRY, BRICK OR CHOCOLATE

ISABEL McLENNAN McMEEKIN

The hokey-pokey man
Was first to know of spring;
Through his velvet ear-muffs,
He heard a robin sing.

His ancient creaky cart
Is newly painted white—
Striped with crimson bunting
For every child's delight.

Rusty, dusty peddler,
Whose whistle crowds the street,
Pan is masquerading
In the shuffle of your feet.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN ATTITUDE

The Carlyles and Their Good Friend Froude

CHARLES PLATT

A DARK and dreary February day, soft wet snow and mud, a group of village people at the open gate of a graveyard. In the background, passing the church, a hearse followed by carriages, with a few trudging mourners on foot. It is but a dull sort of picture to hang on one's wall, and yet this etching of Allan's is rich in significance, and the thoughts it brings are many and wholesome. For here truly is depicted the fitting end of a long earnest life, a life that was lived on a plane above that of personal advantage.

I am glad that the offer of Westminster Abbey was declined. Carlyle wished none of that. There, in London, would have been bustle and curiosity, with thousands in attendance, including all the "great" of the great city. And such would not have pleased this penetrator of shams. Honor? We know what he thought of the motley of dead in Westminster, rascality and nobility all equally honored on a standard of worldly appraisal—"There will be a general gaol delivery in that place one of these days." No, it is here in far Ecclefechan that his wish is being fulfilled. Here is being laid to rest, as he himself has asked it, "a breaker of whinstones," one to whom garlands meant nothing.

But look at these carriages again. In one of them, probably in the third, there sit three men. These men have traveled down from London; they are tired and chilled. Arriving in the early morning, they have passed the time of their long wait by plodding through the slush over to Mainhill and back, a distance of four miles. And they are dull and depressed.

"I, Lecky and Tyndall." But think especially of the "I." Here is the man who is to portray Carlyle to the world, the man who is to give to the world an estimate of his character. James Anthony Froude is following to its grave the body of one he long has admired, with whom he has been on terms of intimacy and trust. He has made this long trip in this one's honor. He is not rich, the expense of the trip, as well as its fatigue, might well have prevented him. But they did not—he is following a master. Surely, here is a man who will now prove his friendship. Here is a biographer above all others, one who must have obtained a deep understanding of his friend's soul and who will now reveal this soul to the world faithfully.

Alas, not so! The final result of this man's opportunity and privilege,