

distinguishing marks. The journalist took the caste-mark on his forehead, which was smudged with perspiration, one took a scar on his hand. Six were left in a room, and six went outside into the street. There, in accordance with the yogi's orders, they selected some spot about a mile away, to which they proceeded. When they arrived they thought they had been hoaxed, for there was no yogi there. But even as they turned to speak, the yogi was with them. They examined him and found that he was indeed the same man and solid flesh and blood! They returned to the office, where they found the yogi still in a trance, with a glass of water (which the doctor had placed there before setting out for the appointed spot) undisturbed on his chest. The six watchers swore that the man had not left the room. The journalist, in relating this anecdote afterwards, says he often wonders what would have happened if he had punched the reincarnated yogi in the eye. Would the eye of the yogi in the office have shown any marks? If it did, the journalist must have been in two places at once and . . . . .

H. E. T.

## WINTER THEATRICALS, 1911.

The Merchant of Venice, which was previously given in 1891, 1897 and 1904, was performed again on our stage on the 16th, 17th, and 19th of last December, in a manner that was at least equal to any previous presentation of it. One notable feature was that there was no need to fall back on any old Brentwood, as on some previous

occasions. Another point is the comparative youthfulness of the caste, none of whom exceeded 16½, while Portia and Nerissa were both under 14. There were several parts that went far beyond the average, and it is hard to assign the palm. W. W. Bruhl, as Launcelot, was almost up to a professional standard, indeed, as the cricketers say, he did not miss a chance. D. G. S. Dalgleish also put a wonderful pathos into the part of Old Gobbo, while T. S. Broxup made Tubal all his own, and his by-play was realistic. E. F. T. Maunsell had evidently studied the character of Shylock and made a praiseworthy effort to shew not only his harder, but also more human side. We noted especially the horror of both the Jews on hearing that Shylock must "presently become a Christian." Portia (F. Parmenter), Nerissa (C. H. Rae) were both effective in spite of their years and their size. The garden scene where they conversed had been skilfully metamorphosed by Mr. C. E. W. Bean (O.B.) Parmenter's part was thoroughly learnt, and the trial scene was especially good, and Rae has the honour of being (we believe) the first Brentwood boy who has sung a soprano solo in his stage-part while at School. R. W. Ford took the same part as his brother W. H. Ford, in 1904, viz., Antonio. It is as he says "a sad one," and both he and Bassanio (A. W. Lee) were a trifle too plaintive—but their elocution was excellent. Gratiano (J. H. Chapronniere) made up as a handsome Venetian, and gave just that touch of lively mirth that was needed as a foil to his more serious friends.

The Duke was excellently played by G. S. Baker, who looked every inch the