

Antonio Makes Good

F. A. Brennan, '43

Antonio Rigoletta's heart was glad, as he came in sight of his objective, the Metropolitan Opera House. For tonight the little Italian, whose features, and long, bushy hair reminded one of the great musician Benezoro, was to get his chance. It had been a long wait, through days of worry and seemingly vain hopes, when it appeared as if all his efforts were to no avail. How many times in his little home had he rushed eagerly to the telephone, only to find that he had been put off again! But now all this was past. He had been accepted. There was nothing left but to prove that he was worthy, and Antonio Rigoletta felt that he could do this.

So here he was at that famous building, whose walls had witnessed the great men of music. Toscanini, Polacco, Bodansky, were only a few of those, who had stood on its stage, and proved to appreciative audiences that they were really artists. Not only had they won the plaudits of the most scrupulous critic; but they had even made those, who were attending the opera for the first time, forget their boredom, and conclude that, after all, there was something pleasant about all this. Soon more men and women would pass through these doors, to await the rising of the curtain. They, from their comfortable seats, would *witness* the opera; while he, Antonio Rigoletta, would *play* a part.

But what if something should go wrong? After all, 'the best-laid schemes o' mice an' men Gang aft agley.' What, if at the very beginning, he should blunder? Would the audience pass it over as a mere slip, or as incompetency on his part? He shuddered at the thought of an anxious, irritable, restless crowd inwardly rebuking him. Would this happen to him tonight? Why, only a moment ago he had been joyful!

Antonio Rigoletta was only experiencing that dreadful fear which clutches at man's heart when he is about to be tested. He felt it as he entered the Opera House; he felt it as he made nervous preparations for the approaching hour; and he felt it, but much more so, as he saw those countless vacant seats being filled with life.

Then as the orchestra took its place before the stage, the little Italian felt his fears disappear. No, he would not blunder. He would show them that he was worthy.

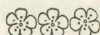
The crucial moment was at hand. With grim determination he took up his position. Then came the signal, and with steady hand Antonio pulled the cord. The curtain parted smoothly, and gracefully, at just the proper speed. Ah! Tony *was* a good curtain operator!



To-day

Gerald Mallet, '44

What is today?
 A petal from the rose of time,
 Or a blackened coal from the grime;
 Either is yours to take,
 Either is yours to make
 Your life unhappy or gay,
 Choose as you may —
 It is your day.



Such is the patriot's proud boast, where'er we roam,
 His first best country ever is at home.

—Goldsmith.

Teach me to feel another's woe
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show
 That mercy show to me.

—Pope.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breath.

—Keats.