



Glimpses of Mac and Beth

"When shall we three meet again? In lightning, thunder, or in rain? When the hurly burly's done, when the battle's lost or won!" "Where the place?" "Upon the heath." "There to meet with Macbeth."

"Hey, Jack, shut up! Don't you hear enough of it in English without harping on it all night? Shut up! I want to sleep."

The Senior made an attempt to roll over, found that he couldn't, and then tried to sit up. Neither could he do that.

"Say, what's the matter here? Oh, I remember. It's that stolen supper. I can feel it on my stomach yet."

He opened his eyes. There he was lying between two stones out on the open prairie. Gray morn was breaking over the distant horizon.

"Where am I?" the Senior cried, starting up. All was strange to him. "Where was I last night? Let me see. It was at the initiation party, wasn't it? Say, wasn't that fun? That big Freshman sure can hit hard. What will the Preceptor say when he sees all that ink by the bathtub? I am going to make myself scarce.

"But what am I doing here, anyway? I never saw this place before. And who woke me up? Who was talking? What did they say? 'When shall we three meet again?' I must be dreaming. That's MacBeth and I certainly haven't ever been able to remember Shakespeare long enough to last me over night at any time in my life. That supper certainly didn't agree with me."

A gray clad woman sailed slowly past the Senior. Her gown was grey and tattered, her hair was long and straggly and seemed to blend oddly with the dry grass and bushes around her.

"Who are you, anyway?" asked the Senior.

"Quiet, quiet, quiet," chanted the creature, waving a wand over his head. "Sister, I converse with thee. Tell this boy what he will be. Come surround him, all you three."

"Three of them. Oh, Lord!" groaned the Senior, as three similar specters gathered around him.

Each witch recited her proper line and then quietly faded away, leaving the Senior dazed.

"Macbeth, Duncan, Fleance flee, the taming of the Shrew! Say, what in thunder,—of all the fool notions. Am I asleep or just plain nutty. No, I have feelings, the sun is shining, so I must be awake. Can it be possible that big Freshman has knocked me back three hundred and twenty years? This is the first scene in Macbeth. Some trip I'll have catching up with civilization again. What did they say, anyway? I am to meet with Duncan and Macbeth. I'm to see the taming of the Shrew. I might just as well start. I see no danger of getting back to where I started from. I have no money; wouldn't do any good if I did have. In Macbeth's time they didn't have railroads. So here goes."

Whereupon the Senior rose to his feet, stretched his limbs, and began his way over the heath, meantime trying to locate himself.

"Now, let's see. I am located somewhere in Forres, Scotland. Wonder if I can find Macbeth's camp. Say, here comes a native. Full dress, too. I can't go among those people in this outfit. Why, they'd have me swinging from my own neck in half an hour. Those plaids just suit me. I've got to have them, hook or crook. Say, bo, I'll trade duds with you."

The poor Scotchman just stood still and stared.

"Are you a spirit? Dost know the witches?"

"Do I know the witches? Good idea. Sure I am a spirit. Hokes Spokes rotten pumpkins, disrobe thyself, you great big bumpkins."