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GOOD PICTURES.

No one in New Zealand who patronises the "movies" regularly—and they are legion—can fail to have noticed what a marked improvement has taken place in the quality of pictures presented during the last three months. If that experience can be taken as an augury for the future, there is a particularly bright time looming for picture fans, for the screen products lately have been up to the highest standard in every way. There has been a fine discretion exercised in the stories, the acting has been exceedingly good, and even great in some instances, and the production has been fitting in every case—that is to say, that brains have been allowed to rule rather than encouragement being given to the whims of those stars, whose opulence is such that they can afford the luxury of a private studio, for private productions of their own particular fancies. We have a notion that such indulgence will run its course very quickly, for on the real or screen stage—they are all alike—stars can never get it out of their heads that the public can get enough or too much of them. In no instance where the producer has been subordinate to the star has a great picture been produced, nor will it ever be. "The looker-on sees most of the game" is a very old saying, and it holds good in the making of pictures. Notably good pictures, grave and gay, which have come under attention during the last month have been Griffith's "Way Down East," "The Affairs of Anatol," with a surprising all-star cast; "The Kid," in which Chaplinesque humour is cleverly blended with pathos; "Molly O," which sees Mabel Normand at her best; "Conflict" with the indefatigable Priscilla Dean; and "No Woman Knows" based on the clever Edna Ferber's story, "Fanny, Herself."

It is scarcely necessary to say that these pictures have been drawing all kinds of money. "Way Down East" broke all records by running over four weeks in Wellington, and the Chaplin film had completed its fifth week at the time of writing. "The play's the thing," whether it be on screen or stage, and we are now getting the finest quality in screen productions that the world can offer.

A THEATRICAL EVENT.

Once again the theatrical cards have been shuffled in Australia. This time Mr. Hugh J. Ward resigns his interest in J. C. Williams, Ltd., and forms a company—an entirely new enterprise—in which Messrs. Sir Benjamin Fuller and his brother John, and no less a personality than Melba are concerned. What this foretells for the theatre-lovers only the future can tell, but Mr. Ward evidently played his cards well, for no sooner had he completed the dress rehearsal of "Johnny, Get Your Gun," than Hughie got his gun and fired in his resignation, making a full statement detailing his intentions of hiking off to America to secure new plays for the latest company.
The Taylor Murder.

Dead Man of the Highest Character.—Sheep-farmed in New Zealand.—Dull Time in the Studios.

“The Sea Hath its Charms.”

(By BERYL CATON.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 28, 1922.

The movie game is certainly having a bad run just now. No sooner has the upheaval caused by the Arbuckle scandal subsided than a fresh sensation comes in the shocking murder of William Desmond Taylor, famous director, at his Hollywood home. Not that there is an analogy between the two cases, for Taylor was a man of the highest character and integrity, representative of the best and most admirable section of the Hollywood community, and from what clues are available, at the time of writing apparently met his death at the hands of a powerful “dope”-peddling ring, as a reprisal for his determined fight against the growing menace of the drug evil. But the “Yellow Press” here cares nothing for character if there is a chance to increase its sales by cheap sensations and smear the every private papers and belongings have been dragged forth, and any movie star who, by letter, photo, or anything else could be connected with him (and he had many friends, being a man of rare personal charm) has been subjected to interviews, at which the questions and innuendoes of the reporters all tried to smear the character of Taylor, his profession, and everything and everyone connected with it. So well, in fact, has this section of the press succeeded that from all parts of the country have comeeditoral protests and fresh condemnation of the whole industry, so much so that the originators now find themselves forced to the necessity of rushing to the defence of everything they have been traducing, lest this lucrative industry—Los Angeles’s biggest business—should be lost to them altogether.

Taylor, who was an Englishman, and incidentally spent a couple of years in N.Z. farming in the Auckland province before he came to U.S.A. and felt the lure of the picture game, served with distinction with the Canadian forces during the world war, and was therefore tendered a full British military funeral; at which, thanks to the press publicity aforesaid, the beautiful words of the Church of England service were drowned by the howling and battering of the mob outside, who rushed the church in their struggles to see the movie stars who had come to pay last tribute to their friend. Mabel Normand, who was one of Taylor’s closest friends, and was with him within an hour of his death, has been the chief recipient of these press attentions, in addition to being severely “grilled” by the Police Department, with the result that she is now in retirement in a very serious state of collapse. Douglas Maclean and his wife, and Edna Purviance, who were Taylor’s immediate neighbours, as well as Mary Miles Minter, Claire Windsor, Antonio Moreno, Winifred Kingston, and Mack Sennett are also among those who have been drawn into the limelight over this most tragic affair.

Naturally, this new sensation served to kill the already waning interest in the Arbuckle case, and even the surprising 10 to 2 verdict for conviction at his second trial aroused only a languid comment. Over here, more than anywhere else we know of, the public wants its news served fresh and piping hot, and the jury that disagreed at the first trial killed Fatty’s hopes of a come-back as effectually as if it had convicted him. Had he been acquitted then, the wave of public hysteria that showed itself in the kissing, flower-throwing crowds that greeted him on his release on bail, might even have carried him back to popularity despite the opposition of the censors and reformers—but he has now committed the unforgivable sin of remaining on the public stage long after the glamour once gone, he is merely a rather vulgar fat man, with a lot of unpleasant associations, and, as such, is inevitably destined for oblivion, whatever the outcome of the third trial may be.

Part-Time Studios

Whether these matters have served to upset the balance of the picture industry, or whether it is still suffering from the financial “gout” brought on by a too rich diet of over-high salaries, matters are certainly none too satisfactory, especially with the big studios. The only one of these working anything like full time is the Famous Players-Lasky, which seems to be trying to make a corner” of all the stars let out by the other studios. Goldwyn is closed down completely for at least three months, and Tom Moore, the last of its stars to go, has followed Will Rogers to

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the Lasky lot, where he is getting ready to co-star with Betty Compson in a Sir Gilbert Parker story. Metro is still closed indefinitely; Fox working only intermittently, Universal likewise. The day of the big studio seems to be passing. Meantime, German films continue to show with out opposition, though none of the recent offerings have even faintly approached the mark set by "The Man of a Thousand Faces." By the way, Ernst Lubitsch, famous as the director of the last-named picture, came to America with the intention of producing big pictures, but, claiming that he was regarded as an "unfriendly person" by the American actors, and that he received several threatening letters, suddenly packed up and returned to Germany without getting as far as Hollywood.

A Hun Male Vamp

There is one Hun in America, however, who has every reason to feel pleased with his reception, and that is Count Erich von Stroheim, super-villain and shanghaied society idler. His awaited million-dollar production, "Foolish Wives," started last Wednesday at the Mission on what promises to be a record run. Von Stroheim, who plays the part of a pseudo-Russian count, with a speciality of vamping trusting females out of their money, sets a new era in screen villainy, outlasting even the most ambitious efforts of Theda Bara or Louise Glaum, and when, after progressing through a dazzling array of futuristic bathrobes and silk pyjamas he capped the climax by going to sleep under black silk bedclothes, the sophisticated first-night audience, composed very largely of the stars of the movie firmament, was moved to exclamations of surprise and admiration at his artistic turpitude. There may be many conflicts of opinion as to the merits of the story itself, but as regards the lavishness of the production, the brilliance of the direction, the marvellous sets, and the wonderfully clever acting of the cast, headed, of course, by von Stroheim himself, there can be no argument whatever. The principal female lead is played by Miss Dupont, daughter of the multi-millionaire powder manufacturers of America. Duponts, by the way, are stated to be coming back into the movie game again, via Goldwyn, with whom they were previously associated, but withdrew through dissatisfaction with the financial management of the corporation, which withdrawal was mainly the cause of the decline of the Goldwyn star.

"The World's Mistress"

Coming back again for a moment to the matter of foreign films, while, which has just returned from an extended European tour, accompanied by a remarkably efficient attack of rheumatic fever, has also brought a stupendous European production in 25 reels, entitled "The World's Mistress," which is to be released in five weekly instalments of five reels each.

Sea Pictures

Everything in the movies seems to run in cycles, and the present one seems to be a sea cycle, to judge from the crop of stories with a nautical setting which are showing or to be released. Dorothy Dalton's latest "Moran of the Lady Letty," is a real seafaring romance, with a girl mate, a mutiny, and Rudolph Valentino as a shanghaied society idler. Then there is Harold Lloyd's first five-reeler, "A Sailor Made Man," and Dick Barthelmess's "The Seventh Day," and Hope Hampton's "The Isle of Dead Ships," and Anita Stewart's "Rose o' the Sea," and R. A. Walsh's "Kindred of the Dust," Katherine MacDonald's "The Infidel," Hobart Bosworth's "The Sea Lion," and half a dozen more that depend on the lure of the salt sea waves for their atmosphere. And while we are on the subject, we had a real bit of the sea atmosphere a week or two ago, when H.M.S. Raleigh, the flagship of the British West Indies Squadron, with Vice-Admiral Pakenham in command (the same Pakenham who formerly commanded our own New Zealand), spent a week in Santa Monica Bay, and gave us a chance to put our foot for an hour or two on British territory once more. Incidentally, to disgress from our main topic for a moment, the Raleigh is the latest thing off the stocks, is 693 feet long (the longest vessel in the Navy), and on her speed trials, made on the way up from Panama, reached and maintained the very satisfactory speed of 35 knots per hour. Naturally, all the officers and crew (a fine, upstanding lot of men, every one of them wearing the 1914 star), were keenly interested in the Hollywood studios, and were afforded plenty of opportunities for seeing how pictures are made, and shaking hands with their favourite star. Admiral Pakenham himself visited the Lasky and Mack Sennett lots. On the latter he made the acquaintance of a couple of young bear cubs, which a Seattle admirer recently sent to Mabel Normand. The cubs, on their part, took a great fancy to the Admiral—so much so that one of them insisted on trying to climb the Admiral's leg, necessitating a hurried visit to the wardrobe department—also the application of several lengths of sticking-plaster. Among those who found their way on to the Chas. Ray lot, were several Cockney sailors, who, on being presented to Ray himself,
Proceeded to tell him how they had enjoyed his films. Said one: "I enjoyed that one of yours I saw at Bermuda — 'Only Two Seconds More,'" while another said he preferred "The Egg Crate Bash." Charlie, having missed all the advantages of a Cockney education, was thoroughly puzzled until a bystander elucidated that they were referring to "Two Minutes to Go" and "The Egg Crate Wallop."

Pauline Frederick's Marriage

One of the biggest surprises of recent months has been the marriage of Pauline Frederick, who slipped down to Santa Ana, the Gretta Green of California, with her second cousin and childhood sweetheart, Dr. Chas. A. Rutherford, of Seattle—accompanied only by four intimate friends as witnesses. Maybe it was only a coincidence that the wedding took place that night that her ex-husband, Willard Mack, with his new bride (formerly Beatrice Stone, actress) opened a vaudeville entertainment at Pantages Theatre here! Well, here's wishing Pauline lifelong happiness in her third matrimonial venture—no one could deserve it more. Mack's season here, we may add, has just come to an abrupt culminating through one of his periodic "illnesses," which has confined him in hospital—the same sort of "illnesses" that were the basis of Pauline's suit for divorce—so evidently Mack's fourth venture is hardly likely to turn out any more happily than the previous ones. Pity that so talented a man should have such an incurable failing!

Lottie Pickford Married

Another recent wedding was that of Lottie Pickford, who actually let Dame Rumour win out by marrying Alan Forrest. The wedding was quite a big social event, with brother Jack to give her away, "our Mary" as matron of honour, Hoot Gibson, Al Roscoe and Harry Cohn as ushers, and Doug, still sporting his D'Artagnan mustache, as master of ceremonies. The wedding party had great difficulty in getting away, owing to the huge crowds waiting outside. The wedding breakfast guests included Ford Moore and his wife, Mabel Normand, Lila Lee, Bebe Daniels, and Mary Miles Minter.

Scarcely was the wedding excitement over, when Doug, and Lottie too, had to make a hurried trip to New York, where Miss Pickford is the defendant in a $100,000 suit over claims that during a scene, in which she was pushed into a tank of water, with appliances to create the similitude of a storm at sea, the iron pipe which was being used to rescue her struck her in the face, causing injuries which will mar her face and reduce her professional acting capacity.

More Matrimonial Troubles

Matrimonial troubles are not the only ones the movie game is heir to. Take Marguerite Clayton, for instance, who is now suing Pathé Exchange and George B. Seitz for the trifling sum of 50,000 dollars for injuries received in a recent serial. She claims that during a scene, in which she was supposed to be saved from a burning building, she waspushed out for Charles Hutchinson to swim bravely to her rescue on, struck her in the face, causing injuries which will mar her face and reduce her professional acting capacity. Apart from illustrating the risks run by the hapless heroines of the "to
be continued in our next's,'" the incident is a striking commentary on the real stuff of which our bare-devil serial stars are made. It is not so long since Helen Holmes, "the Railroad Queen," was sued for breach of contract because she objected to wetting her clothing in order to continue on a scene in which a double acting for her, had effected a thrilling rescue in the rapids!

A New Star

There are not many new stars being created nowadays, which makes all the more exciting the announcement that Charles Chaplin is to star Edna Purviance, who has been his leading woman ever since she first entered the films in the old Es-sanay days. It is hinted that her first picture will be a costume play, and that Syd. Chaplin will direct it. It will be made at Chaplin's own studio, but no announcement is forthcoming as to who is to replace Edna as Charlie's lead.

Wedding Bells

We find we closed the matrimonial column for us to announce that Edward Kimball, famous as the father of the divine Clara, who usually appears in her productions, has taken to himself a bride — Mrs. Herman Whitaker, widow of the famous war correspondent and novelist. Wonder how Clara (who is nothing if not temperamental) enjoys having the stepmother, who, from her pictures, seems scarcely older than she herself.

Another forthcoming marriage is that of Harry ("Snub") Pollard, who is shortly to wed his leading lady, Marie Moore. The couple plan to take a honeymoon trip to Australia, where Pollard's parents are still living. By the bye, Toby Claude has just arrived here to take up work in films, and another heralded arrival is Lupino Lane. The British colony in the picture game is growing steadily all the time.

A Portable Outfit

It would be hard to find a spot on the earth to-day where moving pictures are not shown to-day. The latest device is a portable moving picture outfit, which is so light that it can be trailed all over the frozen north via dog sledges, so that now the Eskimo belles can learn to coif their hair a la Gloria Swanson, and the Eskimo bucks learn to swagger like Douglas Fairbanks. This may be termed reciprocity in the fullest sense—they send us canned salmon, and we send them canned "drammers."

IT IS NOT generally known that Will Rogers, the Goldwyn star, was once a member of the Australian institution —Wirth's Circus.

A Sonata Recital

Idealists are the units of progress in this world. In music there are so many who, unlike Charles Lamb, profess an admiration for the best in music, but are never seen when good music is offered them, even by those who are qualified to present it. They may go to hear Clara Butt, but no one would suggest that the great contralto has ever anything but the main chance. She and I have no quarrel with her—she is one of those singers who give the public what they want, and tarry not to experiment with higher and holier. So the popular concert is the more certain medium of producing box office results than the classical concerts aimed at, it is true, imaginations of the great are made to live again.

This is common knowledge. It was therefore with some gratification that I noticed that the Wellington Concert Chamber was nearly half-filled to hear the violin and pianoforte recital given by Miss Ava Symons and Mr. Bernard F. Page on March 30. It was with some small misgivings that I read the programme—three Sonatas by Handel, Beethoven, and Lekeu, two acknowledged geni, and one who was "blasted before his bloom" yet, within of the elect. Both violinist and pianist quickly demonstrated that they were au fait with the work presented. The Handel number was thoroughly characteristic of the graceful style and melodic grace of the German-English composer, being played with a suavity and feeling that commanded admiration.

Irish Concert in Wellington

St. Patrick's Night in Wellington saw the Irish assembled in full force at the Town Hall, with the N.Z. flag sharing equal honours with the Stars and Stripes on the choir rails. You can always trust the Irish for a good programme. They employ the very best talent, and give full measure for the prices charged. This concert was no exception to the rule. Miss Mabel Esquilant, Miss Winnie Fraser, Miss Eileen Driscoll, Messrs. Herbert Wood, G. Andrews, and the Lyric Quartet sang songs of Ireland with all the fervour of natives in a manner that met with entire approval. If asked to name the best items of the evening I should nominate Miss Esquilant in "Pate O'Doh," Mr. Andrews in "O'Donnal Aboo," and Mr. Wood in "A Little Bit of Heaven." Mr. Goodall played a cornet solo with delightful suavity of tone, and...
Mr. L. Hanlon recited. The Marist Brothers' boys also sang pleasantly in chorus, and an orchestra, under Mr. W. McLaughlan, rendered airs redolent of the Gold Coast. The accompaniments were admirably played by Mr. Harold Whittle. There was also a four-handed Irish reel by a quartet of children, and shapely Thelma McKenzie tripped blithely through an Irish jig. Och, 'twas a fine concert entirely. "God Save Ireland" took the place of the National Anthem at the conclusion.

**Coming of the Sistine Choir**

The well-known Australian entrepreneurs, Messrs. E. J. and Dan Carroll, are to conduct the managerial side of the Sistine Chapel Choir tour, which will extend to New Zealand for one month. Mr. Leo. C. Chateau, the Carroll's New Zealand representative, reports having booked a splendid tour, which will take in, besides the four centres, all the provincial towns with a population exceeding 15,000. His Grace Archbishop Redwood and the Conductor, Archbishop O'Shea, have, through their respective secretaries, volunteered their best encouragement, and there can be no doubt that the visit of this distinguished choir will mark a most notable event in the musical history of New Zealand. This Sistine Chapel Choir, which has won the homage of such masters as Mozart, Mendelssohn, Mascagni, Verdi, Gounod, and all the great conductors of the day, is composed of 60 voices. It is in the fifth century of its existence, and the singing of the present members, trained by the great composer, Perosi, and conducted by the famous Monsignor Makura, is said to be a revelation. The whole of the programme will be rendered without the aid of any instrumental accompaniment, and will include a wonderful variety of music, ranging that not only through ancient Requiems and Te Deums of ancient and modern times but through an oratorio performance, and the third time at one of the Chappell ballad concerts. Miss Buckman is the idol of the Chappell Ballad audience, and Mr. William Boosey, the director of the concerts, wrote to the fortunate lady when he learnt that she was to leave England for her Australasian tour, that he did not know how he was going to replace her, as she was his biggest draw, and the public would be a big gap until her return.

Miss Buckman and Mr. D'Oisley will be supported by Miss Adelina Leon, the gifted English diva, and that brilliant accompanist, Mr. Percy Kahn, who was here with Mischa Elman. The inclusion of two such consummate artists completes a happy combination.

According to advices received by Mr. E. J. Gravestock, Miss Buckman and Mr. Maurice D'Oisley were to have sailed for Wellington by the Ionic on April 9. That should mean that they will arrive in Wellington towards the latter end of May. The N.Z. tour is to be commenced in Auckland.

**Hugh J. Ward and Melba**

On behalf of Hugh Ward Theatres, Ltd., Mr. Hugh Ward announced on September 17 (says the "Sydney Morning Herald") that, after consultation with Dame Nellie Melba, they had agreed to bring to Australia some of the world's greatest concert artists. It would now all depend upon the arrangements of the artists whom he and Dame Nellie Melba had in mind. They were wanted in many parts of the world, but he would make a really great effort to bring them to Australia under his and Dame Nellie Melba's joint management. "I am keen by the 'Mail" " said Mr. Ward, "with this strong purpose in mind, in an endeavour to secure all sorts of material. I have approached several of these artists before, but it seems to me that brilliant accompanist, Mr. Percy Kahn, who was here with Mischa Elman. The inclusion of two such consummate artists completes a happy combination.

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**Rosina Buckman**

Miss Rosina Buckman, soon to Carroll in her native New Zealand, is the only English-speaking singer that has ever been invited to sing at the Milan Grand Opera House, and it was arranged that the popular New Zealander should appear there in April this year, but owing to her Australasian tour, her visit there will probably have to be postponed until a later date. Miss Buckman is one of the few artists of the present day who has achieved great distinction both in grand opera and concerts—she is equally at home in both classes of work, and in the concert world she sings with the same remarkable success in oratorio, classical songs, and ballads. Recently the famous star sung three times in one week at the Queen's Hall, once in the in the mid of a country concert with orchestra, once in an oratorio performance, and the third

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"Penelope"

Somerset Maugham's comedy "Penelope" is being revived by the Marie Tempest-Graham Browne Company on the present tour. It is one of the most perfect light comedies written during the last decade, and in the hands of this company, every ounce is got out of it. "Penelope," who with the aid of her "sainted mother," and a few quivers of sarcasm, straightens up her straying spouse in a manner so unusual and yet so effective, gives wives something to think about, and shows roving husbands that Maugham knows what he is talking about. Miss Tempest is at her best when given a full quiver of airy cynicism and sarcasm to shoot at her victims. She does everything so perfectly—gesture, finger-play, inflection and expression—that there is no chink left in the armour of her artistry, for the most conscientious critic to cavil at. Mr. Browne is delightfully glib and whimsical as the philandering husband; and Mr. Ashton Jarry is capital as the "noble father." Mr. F. Allanby is to the manner born as a silly old toady, with an unconcealed weakness for the peerage and any pretty face that comes under his notice. Miss Marie Ney's bit as the doctor's widow is one of the broadest and most effective comedy scenes in the play.

Wirth's Circus

Auckland destroyed a £150,000 dock a few years ago for the purpose of making a triangular bit of waste ground. Wirth's Circus uses it once in two years, so the Harbour Board hope to recoup themselves—in time. Apropos of "the greatest show on earth" times are so hard in the Queen City that all the people who clamoured to pay 7s. (and less) couldn't get in. A capacity crowd heaved its wealth at the pay cart, and influenced people who couldn't get seats rushed in and stood in smirred phalanx—blocking the view of the "settles." Even the stalwart shirt front and red handkerchief of Phil. Wirth did not curb the angry passions of the multitude, and the ticket cart paid back £50 to infuriated patrons. The Japan troupe are easily the most diamantiferous astonishment, their manipulation and pedipulation paralyzing trained accountants who have juggled with figures for years. You may try the chief feat (not feet) of the chief Yuenos by lying on your back and, spinning your offspring at 350 revolutions per minute with your eyes closed. (who speaks quaint English with a Yank accent) told me that in Japan it is considered impossible to obtain perfection in their art in one generation. "By myself belongs to a family that has been exclusively addicted to tumbling, juggling, and equilibristic feats since the 15th century. The Yuenos are total abstainers from alcohol, not even the beloved "sake" of their ancestors tempting them. They are also ardent vegetarians. Prohibition politicians whose progeny for the next six generations, chew alcohol and flesh will be able to do treble handsprings and spin their lesser brethren from foot to foot. (Auckland) recently, and who should be at the wheel of the leading vehicle but Mr. Boyd himself—off for two days' season at Takapuna. Mr. Boyd tells me that his income is about £8000 a year. The "Zoo" as a travelling show did not always pay, but that did not matter. When he found that the farmers could not afford 1/6 to see his show, he lowered the price to 1/-, children 6d., and as he did not like the tax (1/- on the 1/-) he decided to pay it himself. His own son is the lion-tamer and trainer, and according to Mr. Boyd gives a very fine performance. Mr. Boyd also has a menagerie at Wanganui. Wild animals are his hobby, probably because he is the mildest, cleanest, and most straightforward of little men. Even when people in Wellington used to complain about the houses he built at Kilbirnie South, Mr. Boyd used to reply in the press, signing himself "J. J. Boyd, Jerry Builder." It was the same man who was permitted to wander about the camps behind Mons and Fliers in 1915, giving away money to needy officers and men, and heartening up the weary and distressed. He may have been regarded as a quaint old eccentric, but many a British soldier has cause to remember the little man who always had his hand in his pocket, and was not averse to drawing it out well filled with frances.

On Circus Clowns

I've never notice that nearly all circus clowns come from the North of England, and bring the jokes that were translated into English after the Norman Conquest? It is true that far the largest number of show-people come from Yorkshire or Lancashire, circus riders, tumblers, clowns, chorus girls, beauty actors, real actors, postcard actors, pantos. "dames"—and REAL actresses. I do not complain of the hoar frost on the circus clown's jests, because if a clown exuded a new joke he'd be sacked. It...
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Ella Shields
London's Ideal of Ideals.
The English Vaudeville Celebrity, whose fascinating personality has won the hearts of every Australian. Supported by a Delightful Company, including

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The South African Jazz Violinist.

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The most Artistic Singing and Musical Act in Vaudeville.

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Queensland's Most Notable Pianist.

MR. AND MISS TREE,
In an amazing demonstration of Musical Mentalism.

TOURING DATES:
Wellington .... 15th to 20th April
Wanganui .... 21st April
Stratford .... 22nd April
Hawera .... 24th April
New Plymouth .... 26th April
Palmerston N. .... 27th & 28th April
Auckland .... 1st to 6th May
Hamilton .... 8th and 9th May

N.Z. Rep. of Harry Musgrove-
MAURICE RALPH.

distressed me exceedingly when
Wirths' clowns forgot the historic
witicism, "Ere we are again!"

The Dixieland Cabaret
Auckland is going gay—been and
gone and built a tremendous place
with more windows than all the
churches put together, and are call­
ing it "The Dixieland Cabaret." Can't
make out why we New Zealanders
must imitate the Yanks even for a
name. Well, Del Foster, who
worked for J.C.V. for years and
years (and may be working for 'em
now, for all I know) is running
the place, and I should say the special
floor would take about fifteen hun­
dred dancing couples. They've im­
ported a jazz band with a genius for
sound, have a "dansant" every after­
noon, tea, tattle, and Tersichore. The
concern, which is situated in Upper
Queen Street, past the Town Hall,
will teach movie fans the art of act­
ing before a camera, individual and
synchronised stage dancing, and so
forth. The building is a dazzler. Del
told me it's the biggest "cabaret"
outside the United States.

My Lady of the Cave"
"My Lady of the Cave," the all
New Zealand movie play, taken at
Mayor Island, written by H. T. Gib­son, M.A., and produced by Rudall
Hayward, draws Maoris inevitably.
Te Puke is the little place where Rau,
the darkie who plays the big eunuch,
comes from, and when the picture
went to Te Puke the Maori popula­
tion, believing that Rau was a fair
dinkum hero, filled the hall in one
minute, while their dark relatives
clamoured outside. The outsiders
demanded a sight of the picture, and
the operator was kept going till the
other day that its success al­
most frightened him.

The Maori as Actor
Observing the natural aptitude of
Maoris for acting and the ease with
which the mildest Hone who ever
poCKETED the red can simulate canni­
balistic ferocity, I came to the con­
clusion that we don't implore the
Maoris to come out and act, play,
sing, dance and so on, because we
are familiar with them. There is no
breed of people who are more emo­
tional or who can simulate emotion
so well as the Maoris. All their
social doings were staged and acted
from the reception of a tribute to
eating a cousin and from dancing a
haka to whining a tangi! A wahine
heroine wouldn't have to glycerine
when the villain had despoiled her and
her baby. She can cry without ad­
ventitious aids. As my friend
Ngata aver, the Maori people are re-
vitalising and breeding well—plenty
of Maori actors and actresses.

"The Diggers."

What a record the Diggers have
had! It isn't given to every theatri­
cal company to be able to run for
nearly five years and play in eight
different countries to nearly a million
people.

The management of the company
readily recognise that they must
now stand entirely on its merits,
and with that in view have engaged some
fine artists.

Frank Tarryn, comedian, was under­
tudy to Geo. Robey at the Hippo­
drome, London. He is the possessor
of a fine baritone voice, and is very
versatile, his Italian impressions be­
ing excellent character studies.

Joe Valli is an important importa­
tion from England. He has been put­
ting his sketch, "Tickets, Please," on
at the Palladium in the foggy metro­
polls with great success, and speaks
well for the enterprise of the man­
agement that New Zealand is to be
given an opportunity of seeing this
great artist.

Frank Moran was well known as a
comedian at the front. When the ar­
mistice was signed, Frank elected to
try his luck on the English music­
halls, with the result that he was kept
busy until recently, when business
reasons recalled him to Wellington,
N.Z., and he was prevailed on to ac­
cept an engagement with the Diggers.

Bernard Beeby, the new baritone,
is a valuable acquisition to the com­
pany, he having played lead with J.
C. Williamson's "Maid of the Moun­
tains" Company.

Ivan Marshall is a tenor singer
whose songs are sure to be sung in
every homestead.

Besides the artists mentioned,
there are still some of the old favour­
ilites, including Stan Lawson, the mis­
leading lady, Gus Dawson, the bur­
lesque dancer, and Tano Fama, the
captain of comedy.

An Innovation.

During the last few months Auck­
land theatre and picture habitues
have been introduced to a breath of
Australian enterprise in the shape of
interval refreshments. We have be­
come acclimatized to lollies as a
happy interlude to an evening enter­
tainment, but, now, in dress circle,
stalls and gallery we see the ice
cream rapidly disappearing. Mr. Lon
Symons has been responsible for the
introduction of the innovation and
his enterprise has won its own re­
ward. The alluring ice-cream is
served up in neat little cardboard
boxes with the tie of sugar, and
spoon thrown in. He has in­
vented a considerable sum in machi­
nerly, and, under absolutely sanitary
circumstances, he is manufacturing
not only the ice-cream product but box
and spoon as well. No doubt his
activities will spread southwards
when Auckland has thoroughly ac­
tained the habit.
Making Magic for the Movies.

America is dry, but there is no Sahara. But let the ingenious movie director wish for Sahara and there is Sahara.

There are plenty of waste areas near the film colony at Hollywood, so when the location man at the Paramount studio was notified that he must find a desert for "The Sheik," new showing a capacity business in New Zealand, he jumped in a car and in five hours found a fine stretch of barren sand along the coast south of Los Angeles. Here was to be Sahara.

But that was only part of the problem. No desert could be complete without its oasis, and no self-respecting sheik would think of camping anywhere but near an oasis. And Miss Huld's "Sheik" was a regular chieftain of the desert. So there had to be an oasis.

Date palms do not grow in the sterile sands of the California coast. A movie set was a veritable magic rug, however, and before the "Sheik" could get temperamental for his oasis Rudolph Bykle, Melford's chief technical expert, and a staff of carpenters and property men produced the date palms. They were made of fine strips of lumber, canvas and brown paint. Loaded on trucks, they were hauled to the desert, where they were "planted," to stand for two weeks, while Arab caravans sought their shelter from the burning sun.

Had Aladdin appeared upon the scene and rubbed his magic lamp and wished for a cool, beautiful oasis in the midst of barren wastes, he could hardly have hoped for more efficient service than that rendered by the human genii who knew the tricks of their trade to perfection. The mills in a modern movie studio grind surely and quickly.

Transplanting Sahara to the Californian coast was only one step in preparation for the scenes for the picture. The casting department had to gather 200 Arabian horsemen and 75 girls. And that isn't all. The horsemen had to have horsed and bridles. Also there were camels to be found. Here was more work for the casting department and property men. Then the costume department got its share of work, for the dark-skinned men have to have their turbans and flowing robes, while the women must be supplied with silks and laces, rags, and coarser materials of a bright colour.

When all these details are completed, the director was ready to "shoot" the scenes. This is more easily said than done, for with hundreds of horsemen and "extra" people it is quite impossible for a director to be heard through a mere megaphone. Consequently George Melford employed a corps of buglers to blow the signals for the "action." Then the desert locations became more like an army manoeuvring ground than a movie camp.

A Curious Coincidence.

Knowing that in launching the "N.Z. Theatre and Motion Picture," we had a friend and well-wisher in Mr. Will Lawson, a talented New Zealand poet, who deserves a lot more kudos than he gets, he was approached and asked to write something that would help. Good fellow that he is, he at once consented—and, like all true poets, forgot. That is fifteen months ago. On a recent day he was reminded lightly of his promise, which he promised to fulfil without delay. The next morning we decided that Miss Hope Hampton should be honoured by having her portrait on the cover of the present number of our journal, the picture she is to appear in being "Star Dust." One hour later Mr. Lawson's poem arrived in an envelope, and, with staggering strangeness, it was called "Star Dust." It should be explained that Mr. Lawson is not what anyone would designate a picture fan, and we are certain he had neither heard of Hope Hampton nor the Tommy Hurst picture that lady is to appear in shortly. We direct special attention to the poem, as the thought, which he has given so exquisite a setting, is an extremely beautiful one.

"Star Dust"

(For the "N.Z. Theatre and Motion Picture"

Oh! white-robed ships that come and go,
Your sails are like the souls of men
That are bound fast in earth-ways low
Lest they soar home to heaven again—
Unurged, the earthly purpose tires;
Unbound, the soul too fast would fly.
It is the spirit which aspires—
That lifts dull minds towards the sky.

Earth clings to earth, dead dust to dust,
Star calls to star, and no man hears.
Yet linked with earth, the star-songs must
Quicken with magic all our years.
Fate in her wisdom made it so—
That these unlinked were useless,
When she chained to hulls and bodies slow.
The sails of ships and souls of men.

WILL LAWSON.
Wellington, March 31st 1922.

"Merrie England"

J. C. Williamson's Comic Opera Company inaugurate a tour of the Dominion this month in Auckland, when the exquisite English comic opera, "Merrie England," will be played for the first time in New Zealand. Composed by Edward German and written by Basil Hood, this is the opera that consoled the people of England for the loss of W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Its success in Australia was instantaneous and enthusiastic, as the following criticism in the "Daily Telegraph," Sydney, shows:—""Merrie England" is the greatest comic opera since Gilbert and Sullivan. Story of absorbing interest, with a delightful love romance interwoven. Every number is embroidered with pearls of melody."

The cast will include Chas. H. Workman in his original role as played at the Savoy Theatre, London. Miss Rithel Morrison has scored her biggest success as Queen Elizabeth. A. Howett-Worster, who has a big English reputation, and C. Mettam, Victor Prince, John Ralston, Molly Tyrrell, Fatti Russell, Byrl Walkley, together with the famous chorus and orchestra of the popular Gilbert and Sullivan Company. Other operas to be presented are "The Chocolate Soldier," "Derby Day," "Mikado," "Gondoliers," and "The Yeomen of the Guard."

CARLTON DE HAVEN
hurrying to cover the beauty of one of his "Lady Friends" from his wife's curious gaze (First National).
Mystery is a Fountain of Inspiration to those who would see themselves and let others see them to the best advantage as far as Millinery is Concerned.

There are hats which enhance a woman's natural charm; and there are others that don't.

If you would be in the former category, pay a visit to

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Ethel M. Dell says: "A well-hatted woman is always distinctive."

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at The Diggers' Show since they were formed in France.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Lessees—J. C. WILLIAMSON, LTD.
Comurring
SATURDAY, 29th APRIL

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THE FAMOUS DIGGERS

In a Revue of a Thousand Lights and Delights—

"BOX O' TRICKS."

Checkful of Laughter.
A Merry Whirl of Melody.

An Epic to please the Epicurean.
Pocket Pantomime and Tabloid Revue.

LAUGH and the World Laughs with you at THE DIGGERS.
STAY HOME and you Stay Alone!
A GALE OF LAUGHTER to put THE WIND UP Melancholy.

Twenti Artists—All Excellent.
OUR MAGNIFICENT ORCHESTRA IS BETTER THAN EVER.
A Whizzing Whirl of Wonderful Woo-displing Wizardry.

YOU MUST SEE THE "BOX O' TRICKS."
THERE'S A REASON.

PRICES—D.C. and O.S., 5/-; Back Stalls, 3/-; Gallery, 1/-; all plus tax.
Early Doors: Back Stalls and Gallery, 1/- extra.
Box Plan at Bristol. Day Sales at Ned Perry's.

Country Tour:

MARTON .................. May 8
WAVERLEY ................. May 9
WANGANUI .......... May 10 and 11
PATEA .................. May 12
NEW PLYMOUTH .. May 13 to 16
WAITARA ............... May 17
INGLEWOOD .......... May 18
ELTHAM ................ May 19
STRATFORD ............ May 20
HAWERA ............... May 22 and 23

BERT. BOLTON, Advance Manager.

"The Blue Mountains Mystery."

Australia is moving along in the picture-making industry, and ever in the van is Raymond Longford, the producer of "The Sentimental Bloke," "Ginger Mick," and other good photo plays. In "The Blue Mountains Mystery," he essays a universal touch in the domain of mystery and romance, with a lively murder thrown in as tragic backbone. It is true that the pellucid air and hazy panoramas of the Blue Mountains, and the glories of Sydney's harbour are lavishly used as backgrounds, but there is no parade of that "Australian atmosphere" usually represented by a looney family living like animals on a drought-stricken selection. No, the story is one which could have occurred in California, Switzerland, or Wales. The story is adapted from "The Mystery of Mount Marunga," by Harrison Owen, and concerns the murder of a wealthy squatter whilst staying at Katoomba. Miss Marjory Osborne, a Sydney society lady, plays the adventuress, and Mr. Faulkner the two Henry Traceys. Mr. Vivian Edwards is also in the cast as a handsome intriguer, working in with the scarlet woman. The play is most capably directed, and the photography of the highest class. Without any doubt, "The Blue Mountain Mystery" is one of the best dramatic pictures ever made in Australia.

"Confession."

Confession, so they say, is good for the soul. The old saying applies with considerable force and meaning to the National Film Corporation's picture, "Confession," which is being presented in New Zealand by E. J. and Dan Carroll. It is a gripping story, which hangs upon the elucidation of a revolting murder. The guilty party makes confession, but he is not the man who is believed to be the murderer (on the strongest circumstantial evidence). The most intensely dramatic situation arises out of the fact that the brother of the accused man is the priest, who has listened horror-stricken to the story of the crime from his brother's own lips. Though sorely tempted, the priest must hold inviolate the secrets of the confessional, even though it means an ignominious and disgraceful death to the brother he loves so well. He prays for help and guidance—for a way out—but it is not until the very minute before the execution takes place that salvation comes. Henry B. Walthall gives a very fine emotional performance as the priest, his mobile face being a shining mirror of all the torturing emotions incidental to his Gethsemane.

Every advertisement in this magazine is that of a high class firm. Mention that you saw their advertisement in "The N.Z. T. and M.P." and thereby assist in the maintenance and development of this magazine.
Some Picture Anticipations.

"Scrambled Wives"

Marguerite Clark took a holiday for a whole year. Far too long, say all of us. But now she's back—sparkling, prancing through the delightfully humorous situations that fill continuously through "Scrambled Wives." She's the girl with "a past to hide" and ideas that simply won't behave." But the past becomes the present and mixes in on the future, and then the ideas crash. "Scrambled Wives" is her first production for First National.

"Courage"

"Stone walls do not a prison make; nor iron bars, a cage." Can the wife of a man serving a life sentence look forward to freedom? Can the healthy, happy, smiling hero with a past to hide take courage and fight the fight of his life? "Courage" is a vivid story of a political fight in the western town of Panamint. Interwoven into this picturesque background is a two-fisted story of a fight—the fight of a man against tremendous odds—the fight against the corrupt influences of a crooked political gang—the fight of a man for a girl's love.

Hoot Gibson, as the smiling, happy-go-lucky Finto Pete, who falls heir to a one-horse newspaper, "The Panamint Gazette," is still Hoot Gibson—which is probably the greatest compliment that can be paid to him.

"Bring Him In"

A Vitagraph special, starring Earl Williams. The story gets its name from the motto of the famous North-West Mounted Police. A member of this organisation is on the trail of Dr. John Hood, a role assumed by Williams, determined to bring him in. By a queer twist the pursuer and pursued become pals, without suspicion through her adventures on the screen.

"The Wise Kid"

The wicked flapper! Here she is again—Gladys Walton this time—as "The Wise Kid" who is a cash register queen in a New York restaurant, only a shade above the "greasy spoon" establishments in quality of food and patrons. The theme of the story finds expression through her adventures on taking the advice of a society matron to "do kind deeds—they'll bring good luck to you." She does—and the results are not entirely satisfactory. Through a kind deed (paying for his meal, in fact) she meets the champion oil-can of the "Thrilling Thistles," a flashy specimen named Harry, who diverts, until his spuriousness is made manifest, when she returns to nestle in the arms of the baker's boy with an honest chest measure.

Welcome Thomas Meighan

Tom Meighan will again delight in "A Prince There Was," from George M. Cohan's play. Here we have the story of a boy who looks on life as only a hunting ground for pleasure, until a careless but kindly act towards a struggling girl makes him her hero—and he has to live up to it. Mildred Harris is the lovely girl who helps Tom to find himself; how she does so makes excellent entertainment.

"Red Courage"

In a screen version of Peter B. Kyne's story. "The Sheriff of Cinnabar," which Universal has titled "Red Courage," Hoot Gibson, the smiling star appears in his second starring vehicle.

"Courage" is a vivid story of a political fight in the western town of Panamint. Interwoven into this picturesque background is a two-fisted story of a fight—the fight of a man against tremendous odds—the fight against the corrupt influences of a crooked political gang—the fight of a man for a girl's love.

Hoot Gibson, as the smiling, happy-go-lucky Finto Pete, who falls heir to a one-horse newspaper, "The Panamint Gazette," is still Hoot Gibson—which is probably the greatest compliment that can be paid to him.

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THE STUDIO, 76 HILL ST., Wellington.

1st May, 1922.

Death of John G. Turner.

General regret will be expressed at the death on the 21st March, of Mr. John Gernell Turner, Music Teacher, at his late residence 33 Kent Terrace, Wellington, at the age of 55 years.

The late Mr. Turner was born in Scotland and arrived with his parents in Melbourne at the age of 12 years, where he received his musical education under Mr. Ringwood, Miss Alma West, pupil of the late Signor Zelman and Signor Manuel Lopez, of the original Spanish Students, with which organization Mr. Turner played for a number of years.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Turner (who come of musical families) arrived in Dunedin in the early nineties, and later settled in Wellington where he commenced teaching his profession and formed an orchestra whose services have always been willingly given in aid of charity. The late Mr. Turner took a keen interest in his work and many hundreds of pupils have passed through his hands. An appointed Examiner in Wellington for Banjo, Mandoline and Guitar by the London College of Banjoists and the International Union of Musicians.

The late Mr. Turner was a man of sterling qualities and his likeable personality endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. He leaves a widow and two daughters, Misses Elsie and Jean Turner, both of whom are musicians.
HOPE HAMPTON

is a revelation of beauty
and talent in FANNIE
HURST'S Great Story

'STAR DUST'

A
FIRST
NATIONAL
ATTRACTION

This is only one of the
many thrilling scenes in
James Oliver Curwood's
latest and best story

"The Golden Snare"

with
RUTH RENICK and
LEWIS STONE

A
FIRST
NATIONAL
ATTRACTION
"I'll give you a run for your money," says

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

in

'Woman's Place

It's her best—don't miss seeing Connie stand for mayor.

A FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTION

WILLIAM V. MONG

Shews how the worm can turn as an underpaid clerk in

'THE TEN DOLLAR RAISE'

ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS' SPECIAL
Mr. and Miss Tree touch the mystery pinnacle. How the Mister conveys to the Miss the names of the musical numbers that are asked for by the audience beats me. Apparently no code is used as in the case of other "thought-reading" stunts, so how the —? Where the —? What the —? Even if a code were used, the lady would need to be a super-sleuth in order to remember the many hundreds of pieces that are open for selection.

* * *

Togo, who is touring with the Ella Shields company is well known to vaudeville fans in the Dominion. This little brown man is, compared with other jugglers, a Gloom in a field of selling platers. He rarely makes a slip, and when he does his recovery is almost as clever as his tricks.

* * *

CON MORENI, the comedian of the Ella Shields company, will be remembered as a member of a certain rough-and-ready (and ready to be "rough") bunch of revueists who filled in space at Fuller's a few years ago. Con in those days could "rough it" with any of 'em, but now only once does the audience fear he is going to slip off the footpath into the muddy road. But it is just a feint, so to speak, and all ends well. Con's song about the gent, who removes the number plate from his door and takes it with him so that he'll find the house again after a night out, is well done.

* * *

KENNEDY BROTHERS, who, though they wear stripes, are not stars, are "simultaneous" but not "eccentric" dancers, and haven't a great variety of steps. Moon and Morris have spoiled us for anything but the very best of this kind of thing. The taller Kennedy wears a pair of circular spectacles, and at certain moments looks very like J. N. Crawford, the international cricketer, rushing up to the crease to bowl a yorker.

* * *

Even though the rain be falling steadily outside, you feel inclined to take George Brooke's word for it that there is virtue in April showers. The ladies say George has a "lovely" voice, and the ladies are not far wrong. He doesn't strain after effect, even in that dainty mor-se! "The 'Li'l Feller wiv 'is Mammy's Eyes." His partner, Ted Cahill, has a complete understanding with the piano, and extracts sweet melody therefrom.

* * *

THE ACTS which support that great little artist Ella Shields are all first-class and worthy of mention. There is, for instance, that of the Three Jacksons — two adults (a mixed double) and a juvenile—who put up as neat a performance as anyone could wish to see. The small boy spends most of his time hurtling through the air, landing with cat-like certainty, right side up on the stage or on some portion of his parents' anatomy.

* * *

"TOBBY" STEVENS is a funny little chap, and his methods revive memories of Little Tich, though Little Tich was, of course, as far out on his own as was Dan Leno. Tubby, however, has a streak of genuine humour, and is helped considerably by a quaint building up amiships, and a more than expansive smile.

* * *

VIDEAU AND KIRBY (now on Fuller circuit) are good. Their "Double Twin" act bears the hallmark of thoroughness that characterises the best English acts. The little lads, however, by the way was for a long time with the late lamented Sidney James's Strollers) impersonates a Cockney slavey, and her facial expressions and quaint comedy generally are excellent. She changes quickly to the entirely different character of a "Dream Girl" and displays terpsichorean skill a long way above the average. Her partner plays up to her with telling effect, and, in addition, sings very pleasingly. The pair will become popular, especially with the section of the audience who appreciate those little subtleties which, after all, indicate real art.

* * *

ONCE THE PARTING in James Teddy's hair has ceased to fascinate, and you get down to those muscular legs of his and watch him leap, you think of the old query: "How far could a man jump, in proportion to his size, as far as a flea can jump, how far could he jump?" When Teddy does the chair-jumping stunt it reminds you of the south sea islands, or words to that effect, for it is verily a succession of springs. The manner in which he ignites with his shoe soles a "lovely" voice, and the ladles glistening set mystery pinnacle. How the Mister —? Even of other "thought-reading" stunts, so evidently no man in order to remember the many musical numbers that are asked for how the -?- where the -? what the -?-? what the —? where the —? how the -? where the -? what the -? what the —? where the —? what the —? what the —? where the —? what the -? what the —? where the —? what the —? who removes the number plate from his door and takes it with him so that he'll find the house again after a night out, is well done.

* * *

A COUPLE of black clouds, a whirlwind, a shrieking-breeze sort of dialogue, and a storm of applause. That's what follows the announcement, "Rastus and Banks." After it's over, one rather wonders at the storm of applause. The pair sing in that high-pitched, cullulour pueril style that has no regard for pronunciation — except in the case of the words "Baby Mine" and "Dixie"—then Rastus throws himself about consider­ably; Miss Banks double-shuffles and shows a dissembling set of ivories, and finally, the pair combine in the exchange of jokes. And that's all there is to it. Still —there's the storm of applause!

* * *

A Southern exhibitor writes referring to the peculiar actions of a person connected with the Arnst-Had­field batch of films. This gentleman introduced himself to the manager in question, mentioned that his cheque for expenses had not arrived and secured a loan on the strength of it. The manager—polite a sort of person does not help the show business and deserves the white light of publicity upon him.
ANNA PAVLOVA, Queen of Dancers
Our Gallery of Beautiful Women

RUTH RENICK

One of the loveliest of the younger stars now appearing in Curwood's "The Golden Snare."
MISS MARIE PREVOST
Universal star shortly to appear in "Nobody’s Fool."
MISS ROSINA BUCKMAN.
The famous New Zealand soprano, and her husband, Mr. Maurice D'Oisely, who, under the management of Mr. E. J. Gravestock, commence a N.Z. tour at the end of May.
Pictures of the Month.

By "Close-up."

"The Kid"

"The Kid," the latest Chaplin film to date, is somewhat different to all other Chaplin pictures that we have seen, inasmuch as a pathetic little story is involved, and the telling of it is done with much delicacy and feeling. Charlie is the same yet new; but he does not parade his farcical genius to the same extent as in other pictures we could mention; it becomes a clever mixture of outrageous farce and drama—a blend that pleases all tastes. Charlie is a hobo of the slums, who, coming across a deserted baby, finds it so difficult to dispose of, that he takes it to his shack, and becomes really fond of it. Five years pass, and the boy becomes Jacky Coogan, a bewitching kid, who works a window-smashing game so that Charlie may light along and get the job of replacing it. But the youngster becomes ill, and the county doctor is called in; sees the deplorable condition of things, and tries to have the boy placed in an orphan asylum. In the meantime, the mother of the child seeks her babe, and eventually finds him, thanks to the paper she has pinned to his clothing, and there is general joy. Charlie is inimitable in his drollery in this picture, and Jacky Coogan a most treasurable imp.

"Carnival"

The poetic genius of Venice who devised the immortal "Bridge of Sighs," over which so many harmless persons passed en route to the dismal tomb, little thought that movie actors would one day lean up against the storied masonry and act to the click of the machine. Nor did the Doges of Venice conceive that its waterways and gondolas, its palaces, and its immortals should be seen in motion by a race of people who believe that piles of weatherboards are architecture and a tin shed a "hall." The all-English production, "Carnival," seen at Auckland Strand is epochal, and even daily paper reporters, reviewing it, almost admit that the British stage has people who can tell with great nobility a splendid story in pantomime. There are only three bases for movie drama as yet, and "Carnival" is built on one of them, but there is a distinct and startling variation, so artistically planned and effective that Americans at work on the trio of bases will have to gallop to catch up. The distinguished actor of Venice is Matheson Lang. He is so compelling that his large company do not matter except as foils. The actor, like so many swells in movie drama, loves his wife without yelling it from the leaning tower of Pisa, and as she is full of boiling Latin blood, she feels the apparent Arcticity of his devotion. A youthful ardent count does the usual compromising sparkling, including a wee serenade in the bushes outside the senora's palace, is gay in the gondola, while we gourmets soviety stare at the distant spires and so on.

The husband is called to Milan, and catches the down gondola to pick up the train. Misses train. Senora in abbreviated vine leaves and other clothes notifying that she is Bacchante, is away at the bal masque, when the senor comes home. Ultimately Mr. Matheson Lang looks something fearful. The senor is billed to play Othello; his wife Desdemona—and the subsequent playing is so fine, so masterly and so new in movie work that it is breathless stuff. The play within the play shows the Moor in the immemorial chamber scene before a huge audience. He speaks his lines, substituting the name of his "faithless" wife for "Desdemona." He begins to strangle her and is prevented; the senora recovers, tells him she has always been faithful to him (and so on); and there is a final "close-up" showing reunited senor and senora scorching up the liquid "street" in a gondola, with a couple of respectful gondoliers engrossed in their own thoughts. Matheson Lang possesses the poise and dignity which are so rarely seen in American movie actors. We want a great deal more of this British antidote.

"The Sheik"

"The Sheik," a Paramount attraction, takes one far into the heart of the Arabian desert (situated somewhere in California) where Allah and man's passions fight it out without any serious clash between the two. Lady Diana
ON TOUR IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE CATCH OF THE SEASON
Pantomime de Luxe—

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD"

One of the Prettiest, Cutest, Most Tuneful and Gorgeous Pantomimes ever brought to the Dominion by J. C. WILLIAMSON, LTD.

BEST OF BALLETs,
BEST OF HUMOUR,
BEST OF JOKES,
BEST OF "DAMES,"
BEST OF SPECIALTIES.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD." "THE BABES IN THE WOOD." "THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

The Pantomime which drew all Melbourne for Ten Weeks
And was Voted

THE FUNNIEST AND PRETTIEST OF ALL PANTOMIMES.

The New Zealand Tour is as follows:
AUCKLAND ... May 11 to 20
HAMILTON ... May 22
HAWERA ... May 24
ELTHAM ... May 25
WANGANUI ... May 26
PALMERSTON N. ... May 27 and 29
NAPIER ... May 30 and 31
HASTINGS ... June 1
MASTERTON ... June 2
WELLINGTON ... June 3 to 13

South Island Tour to follow.

C. BERKELEY,
Touring Manager.

The most popular Song in England to-day is

"COAL BLACK MAMMY"

An intense dramatic, forceful song dance, which recalls memories of "Missouri," "Destiny," "Dardanella," "Swanee," and other successes. "Coal Black Mammy" may even prove more imperishable than any of those songs with which it is here compared—the whole world will soon be singing it.

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And at Dunedin, Christchurch, Invercargill, Oamaru, Timaru, Ashburton and Nelson.

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They know so well that cakes, scones, pastry—everything you make with "Edmonds"—are bound to be nourishing and appetising.

The kiddies, like the grown-ups, know the merit of dainties made with

EDMONDS
BAKING POWDER

C. BERKELEY,
Touring Manager.
Mayo is a wilful minx, who inspite of the warnings of her friends, resolves to stalk the deserts alone, or rather with her own outfit, but before leaving, her beauty rouses the burning admiration of Ahmed Hassan, an all-powerful sheik, who resolves that Di shall be his if he dies in the attempt. The inevitable happens, Di’s caravan is swooped down upon, and Di is borne off to Ahmed’s luxurious tent. Being an English girl she fights, but from the outset—and this is a little fault in the picture—the fact is signalled that this high spirited girl is going to fall in love with her desert-cave-man with a Parisian education. On one occasion she makes a silly break to get away, and on another is captured by a brigand, and there is a fine rescue by Ahmed and his Ku Kluxers. The end is too obvious to mention—the old clinch is there. Rudolf Valentino’s manly beauty and his big mouth full of costly white teeth are admirably fitted for the Sheik, and Agnes Ayres, who is very pretty, almost convinces that she is a good actress—she just misses the flash.

"Three Live Ghosts"
A delicious farce comedy this, with Anna Q. Nilsson and Norma Kerry as the central figures. Let us give the summarized ingredients—Pals in the War—reported lost—breeze back home again. One a ne’er-do-well who, fearing the law, was perfectly willing to stay “dead”: another a blue-blood, shell-shocked out of his name and into a habit of stealing anything in sight: and the other a roaring bucko, whose “resurrection” spoiled step-mama’s plan for collecting insurance. Add a wife, a baby, two interrupted lovers and 57 complications. Mix with constant surprises and laughs for a solid hour and there you are.

"The Lotus Eater"
A Marshall Neilan First National attraction, starring John Barrymore, America’s foremost star. The story of a man who never saw a woman till he was twenty-five—then he stepped off his yacht, upon which his wealthy father’s will had imprisoned him and the first woman he set eyes on was an adventuress! This story is from the novel by Albert Payson Terhune. The cast includes Colleen Moore, Anna Q. Nilsson and Wesley Barry.

"The Family Honour"
Starring Florence Vidor. This is the story of the second of a wealthy family who wastes the family fortune in drinking and gambling. Impoverished, he refuses honest work, and starts a gambling table. He summons a girl, who is stung with shame, her romance shattered. Comes a night when a man is murdered in the gambling den. Hunted by the law, facing the gallows, he turns for protection to the girl. Then her love and influence bring a wonderful ending.

"Go Straight"
“Go Straight” unfolds the document of what can be accomplished by an undying courage and a willingness to fight for right. William Worthington, in the direction of the subject, rings true in the picturization of the Kentuck backwoods locale, and the accurate characterization of the interesting types. The dramatic suspense element is well handled. Frank Mayo is the star parson and Lillian Rich, one of the silversheet’s sweetest leading women, is particularly appealing. Harry Carter gives a powerful interpretation of malignant strength as Hellfire Gibbs, and George Marion portrays Jim Boyd, the crooked politician. Charles Brinley, Lassie Young and Cora Drew make up the cast.

"Cheated Hearts"
“Cheated Hearts,” starring Herbert Rawlinson, is an adaptation of William F. Payson’s novel, “Harry Gordon,” and is the story of a young man who inherits something more than Virginia millions when his father dies. He finds himself cursed with a constant desire for liquor. The pivotal idea, however, is overshadowed by the dramatic incidents of the story. The young man promises his sweetheart not to drink—and he keeps his promise, until one day he sees his fiancée apparently responding to the attentions of his bro-

How would you like CONSTANCE TALMADGE for Mayor? Her platform in “Woman’s Place” consists of 14 trunks of frocks, a diamond anklet, and slightly more of the Connie brand of pep than usual (First National).
E. J. & DAN CARROLL'S
TWO LATEST ATTRACTIONS.

"The Blue Mountains Mystery"

From the Book—
"THE MYSTERY OF MOUNT MARUNGA,"
By Harrison Owen.

A SUPER SIX-REEL PRODUCTION
OF MAGNIFICENCE AND
MYSTERY.

Showing the Sunlight and Shadows
of Society in Australia.

Set in all the Loveliness of the Blue
Mountains, N.S.W.

MADE BY RAYMOND LONGFORD
AT A COST OF £10,000.

THE NATIONAL FILM CORPORA-
TION'S STUPENDOUS SEVEN-
REEL SUCCESS.

The Masterpiece of a Master Mind.

"CONFESSION"

Which in Europe, America, and Aus-
tralia is creating a Sensation.

"CONFESSION" CARRIES NO SEC-
TERIAN PROPAGANDA.

It is a Cameo in a Setting of Scenic
Loveliness; a Noble Inspiration; a
Great Dramatic Achievement.

It will be Remembered for its Pow-
erful Story, its Scenic Splendour, and
its Wonderful Cast, including

HENRY WALTHALL,
As FATHER BARTLETT.

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LEO DU CHATEAU.

there. His brother is a lucky fellow—
no drink habit, no troubles. So
Barry Gordon packs his bag and
flies to the place where he tries to
absorb enough wine to drown the
memory of his sweetheart and his
brother finding their happiness to-
gether. A year or two later he hears
that his brother, Deepwater King in
Morocco, has been captured by bandits
and is held for ransom. Barry sails
for Morocco and leads the search
there for his brother. His sweetheart,
his father, and another friend also
sail for Morocco and in the in-
evitable denouement every player,
Rawlinson, Marjorie Daw, Anna Lehr,
Doris Pawn, Josef Swickard, Winter
Hall, Murdoch and Al McQuarrie,
Warner Baxter, Hector Sarno and
Boris Karloff do their full share.

"Woman's Place"

Every man knows that woman's
place is in the home; every man says
so. But when a man, who will take
his word for it without a fight?
She sees no reason why she
shouldn't preside over Parliament
as well as the gas stove, and govern a
city's finances as well as the domest
butter bill. Constance Talmadge is
the latest to wage a war for equal
rights. In "Woman's Place" she is
the new woman, using old wiles.
She gets confidence from her Paris
models, while she persuades electors,
and things look blue for the male
opponent until fellow women develop
jealousy and rally to support the op-
posite sex. The picture makes first-
rate entertainment. John Emerson
and Anita Loos have given it hun-
our and keen attire; Constance Talm-
dage has given herself, and the re-
sult is worth seeing.

"The Golden Snare"

"The Golden Snare," adapted from
James Oliver Curwood's thrilling
story, is a worthy successor to those
great motion picture successes, "Back
to God's Country," "The River's
End," and "Nomads of the North,"
also filmed from the works of the
same author.

The irresistible appeal of the great
north country about which Curwood
writes permeates "The Golden
Snare," just as did its predecessors.
It is a remarkable photo-play with
a thrilling plot, which involves the
successful search of a member of the
Royal North-West Mounted for the
"Loup Garou" man of the frozen bar-
ren, and the discovery of a fair-
haired beauty in a most out-of-the-
way place. Romance and thrilling
adventure amid picturesque settings
are at their best in this screen story.
"The Golden Snare" is a First Na-
tonational attraction. Lewis Stone is
featured as Sergeant Raine, Ruth
Remick has the feminine lead.
Others in the cast are Wallace Beery,
Melbourne MacDowell, Francis Mac-
donald. The photography, as well as the
acting and direction, is splendid.
F. S. JAMES
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V. S. JAMES

"Babes in the Wood"

There is no attraction which comes regularly to New Zealand that is more popular than the annual pantomime, and J. C. Williamson, Ltd., may always be relied upon to give the public a full measure of fun, frolic, and fascination, when this show happens along. This year the attraction is "The Babes in the Wood," and, judging by the manner in which it has been received in Melbourne and Sydney, there is no doubt that it will appeal to all lovers of pantomime in this country. A specialty on this occasion is being made of the dresses, which are on a scale of lavish beauty. Ballet follows ballet with dazzling rapidity, and each seems more beautiful than its predecessor. "The Babes in the Wood" is also strong in comedy and specialty acts, while the chorus have been especially selected for their beauty on the Florenz Zeigfeld plan. The N.Z. tour will commence at Auckland on May 11, and after an eight nights' season there the company will visit Hamilton, Hawera, Eltham, Wanganui, Palmerston North, Napier, Hastings and Masterton. The Wellington season will commence on June 3. The dates of the tour appear in an advt. in this issue.

The Late Mr. W. W. Crawford.

As we go to press news has arrived of the death in Melbourne of Wm. Ward Crawford, of the N.Z. Diggers and Vice-Regals (who have been playing at St. Kilda throughout the summer). Mr. Crawford, who was 36 years of age, hailed from Dunedin, where he distinguished himself in amateur performances and competitions. He came to Wellington some ten years ago, and became one of the most popular reciters, comedians and eccentric dancers—such was his versatility. He took part in "San Toy" with the Wellington amateurs, and was always available for charitable purposes. Three years ago he joined the N.Z. Diggers, which came to this country as the Vice-Regals last year.

Marie Tempest's Farewell.

Marie Tempest was given an enthusiastic farewell in Wellington on April 8. After the curtain fell on "The Marriage of Kitty" it had to be raised half a dozen times in response to sustained applause. At last Miss Tempest came forward and the audience for the heartiness of their farewell. "You never can tell," said Miss Tempest sententiously. "I left England (where I had played 'her life') for a six months' tour, and have remained away nine years. So you see you never can tell. may come back—but, you never can tell. Good-night to you all!"
The Man Who Has "Seen It Before"

"Damnation!"

The fussy old gentleman, accompanied by the long, gloomy individual, explodes as his shin comes in contact with a seat-end.

"Damnation!" he repeats.

He has just entered the theatre from the blazing sunlight, and his eyes have not yet become accustomed to the soft light of the darkened theatre. He has always considered himself an independent man, and so, scorning the assistance of the usher, he sets out in search of a seat off his own bat—with painful results.

The two eventually sit down, and the hubbub their entry has occasioned subsides as the opening scenes of the feature drama flash upon the screen.

Silence reigns while a full hundred feet of film has passed through the projector; then the fussy one gets uneasy.

"I believe I've seen this before, Monty," he says. "What was the name of it, again?"

Monty and the audience within earshot join the fussy one in uneasiness. If there's one type of "fan" that a picture audience cordially despises, it is the "man-who-has-seen-it-before.

"Yes, I'm sure I've seen it before," the old one affirms. He seems disposed to distribute his knowledge of the plot free of charge, and the hearers—and Monty—shudder with apprehension.

"Ah! THAT'S it," he says, "that fellow doesn't kill her—oh, no—he takes her away to a hut in the hills and there—"

The callyow youth at the back is attacked by a violent fit of coughing at this juncture, and the fussy one's lecture on what happened to the girl "in the hut in the hills" is drowned in the uproar.

The audience doesn't seem in the least perturbed at not hearing exactly what DOES happen. In fact, they seem rather pleased about it. But the F.O. returns to the attack.

"Next think you'll see, Monty—a little way on from here—is where that villain is chased on horseback by the hero—what's his name?—Monty Blondebrow. But the hero don't catch him and—"

Here there is an angry snort from a person on the old gentleman's right. The O.G. favours the offender with a withering look, which seems to sting him to the quick.

"I ain't blind," he says, "an', I ain't a looney. When I wants to know what it's all about—I'll ask yer!"

"Who is this person, Monty?" this with withering contempt. "Is he addressing US?"

"Garn!" says the wrathful one.

"Yes, Monty," says the Fussy Old Boy, ignoring his irate neighbour, "that fellow with the fair hair doesn't get killed really. You'd think he hadn't a chance of getting out of that iron box they're going to throw him into the river in—but he does. You see—"

The youth who had the previous coughing spasm is at this point again seized with another paroxysm. He coughs in a throaty bass, and when that has given out, and as the old gent is still talking, he makes a weak attempt at a sneeze, but only succeeds in treating the patriarch to a "shower" bath.

There is more excitement. Old Gent leaps to his feet, and turning round to the youth delivers a lecture on manners in no uncertain terms. His portly form completely blocks the view of the people back of him, and abuse is heaped upon his luckless head. He sits down protesting loudly. But not to remain silent long.

"As I was saying, Monty (here Monty heaves a long-drawn sigh) when they put that fellow in the box—"

"SHUT UP!"

The long-suffering "person" on the right has lost his temper.

"Strike me pink, if you've seen the pitcher, I ain't."

"How dare you, sir," says the ancient one. "How dare you address me in that fashion. I'll call the manager."

"If you don't close yer trap," the youth with the weak chest admonishes, "I'll call the police!"

But the old boy is going to have his pound of flesh.

"He don't get drowned, Monty—('Dry up,' 'Close yer face,' from the now thoroughly worked-up listeners) the—('Lay down, will yer?') wasn't ever—('Yow, 'it 'im, somebody')—IN IT!" he finishes with a flourish.

When the hubbub has died down the Old One is heard remarking to Monty that he thinks "we'll go now, as we know what it's all about." With that in view, he dons his bowler hat, but in rising treads heavily on the foot of the "shut-up" merchant on his right.

Pandemonium breaks loose. The F.O.G. is seen beating a hasty retreat with his bowler belted down over his ears—the parting act of the crushed foot victim—and assailed by epithets on all sides. Monty leads him to the exit by two lengths, but when the Old Boy, on glancing behind, notices his late right-hand neighbour following with grimly-set countenance, Monty is not in it.

A great sigh of relief passes through the theatre. But the audience can't get interested in the picture now. What's the use of wondering what is happening to the hero apparently in the iron box when you've just been told he was NEVER IN IT?

On Anzac Day in the Wellington Town Hall, the Royal Choral Society in combination with the Harmonic Society and the C. T. Male Choir will sing the psalm "To the Fallen" from Elgar's "Spirit of England." Such a unity of forces should be well worth hearing.

NORMA TALMADGE

TOUR OF THE DOMINION.

WILLIAMSON’S ROYAL COMIC OPERA CO.

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ENGLAND’S MOST EXQUISITE
HISTORIC COMIC OPERA

“Merrie England”

Composed by Edward German,
Written by Basil Hood.

The Comic Opera that ranks among the highest achievements of the British Stage.

MAGNIFICENT SINGING CAST,

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CHAS. H. WORKMAN,
In his Original Role, as Played at the Savoy Theatre, London.

ETHEL MORRISON,
Who achieved her greatest triumph as “Queen Elizabeth.”

And

C. METTAM, A. HOWETT-WORSITER, VICTOR PRINCE, JOHN RALSTON, MOLLY TYRRELL, PATTI HAWERA
Together with the Famous CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

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In quick succession will be presented:

“THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER,”
“MIKADO,”
“THE GONDOLIERS,”
“THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD,”
“DOROTHEY.”

NORTH ISLAND TOUR.

AUCKLAND ...... April 13 to 29
HAMILTON ................. May 1
WANGANUI ............. May 2 and 4
HAVERA ................. May 5
PALMERSTON NORTH ...... May 6 and 8
HASTINGS .......... May 9
NAPIER ................. May 10 and 11
MASTERTON .......... May 12
WELLINGTON .......... May 13 to 27

South Island Tour to Follow.

Miss Etta Field’s Return.

Etta Field (Schneidemann), the Auckland soprano, who has been commended as a possible eminent by Dame Melba, and who has just returned to her home in Auckland with the glitter of Sydney Conservatorium on her, gave two concerts in Auckland Town Hall. It was in fine voice, and would have been heard to greater advantage had the large hall been full. The hall is far too big for any function which does not include the activities of well-known folk. Miss Field, who has been carefully trained for ten years, and who was the soprano with the N.S.W. State Orchestra, has the necessary confidence in her powers, and is especially excellent in the production of notes in the upper register, the lower and middle registers being hardly so precise. It is true that Miss Field is able to express great feeling in notable songs, especially those which have a devotional or love element, and it will be essentially her temperamental treatment of works notably emotional which will raise her to the first flight, should she indeed achieve a place with Melba, Calve, Tettrazini, and the others. Intricate classicalities, insisting on excessive technical skill, although essayed and accomplished with notable precision, are, in the case of Miss Field, less enjoyable than the simpler but more appealing numbers her friends care most about. It is true that, because Miss Field had sung simply and well, the applause which greeted her at the conclusion of her last number indicated her to make Tosti’s “Good-bye” the best number of the evening. I believe that for five minutes Etta quite forgot the mechanics of vocalism. “Vissi D’Arte,” the remarkable and florid mezzo from Puccini’s “La Tosca,” was given with a careful illustration denoting the excellently trained artiste. With Mascheroni’s “Ave Maria” the young soprano was quite at her best. The emotional element in the singer finds expression in the material the composer has supplied. Accompanied as it was on the great organ by Mr. Maughan Barnett, the city organist, it was noted as one of the notable expositions of Miss Field’s most natural work. A singer’s worth is to be gauged by the number of people he or she can charm believe that the audience cared more for “From the Land of the Sky Blue Water” than anything else she sang—simple, appealing, natural stuff, sung simply, appealingly and naturally. In the Catalina number, “Farewell,” the Auckland girl infused a depth of emotion and longing that was quite touching.

One feels that the concerts given by this singer should have attracted large crowds, and one believes that she is capable of drawing crowds if she sings the simple and beautiful things that the general public love. No singer in a country of limited population can attain outstanding popularity by singing solely to the cognoscenti. Mr. Robert Bell sang rather poorly, and Mr. Leo Whittaker played the piano with excellence. Mr. Maughan Barnett, at the organ, as always, played with mastery.

The Most Popular Song.

The recent “Referee” (London) competition to discover the twelve most popular songs of the day found “Coal-Black Mammy” at the top of the polls. We (says the “Referee”) were not surprised, for rarely have we had a parallel example of a song appealing equally as a vocal and a dance number as is the case with this human-impelling ballad. We venture to give it the dignity of this title, feeling that its very human element deserves nothing less. To watch the fame of a publication spread from little beginnings until it encompasses the whole world is an interesting phenomenon.

“Coal-Black Mammy” is Miss Nora Delaney’s big feature number in J. C. Williamson’s 1922 “Babes in the Wood” pantomime.

BLANCHE SWEET is here telling “sweet nothings” to her temporary husband in “Her Unwilling Husband.” (Pathe).
Puccini.

Is He Written Out?

Unlike Verdi, who “improved with age,” and who was spared the depression which goes hand in hand with loss of popularity, Puccini for the past few years has been receiving more of Fortune’s buffets than rewards. Just before Christmas in 1913 the melodious music-maker who rose to fame on the wings of “La Bohème” was, with the members of his family, rescued from drowning after a motor boat collision on a lake near Pisa, in Italy. He lived to write several new operas, none of which reached the standard of “La Bohème,” “Madame Butterfly,” or “La Tosca.” The production of “La Ron­dine” at the Dal Cerme opera house, Milan, in October, 1917, was coldly re­ceived. Everyone expected another “La Bohème,” and there was no concea­lement of the general feeling of disappointment. An Italian musical critic, who described the new work as “a dainty operetta, with an insipid libretto, and having a pretty Viennese waltz tune for its principal theme,” pointed out that the only real Puccini touches were those in the ending scene. The composer, it is chronicled, did his best to look happy when he was called before the curtain. With the restoration of peace Puccini went to try his luck in Vienna. In November, 1920, “La Rondine” had the half­hearted applause of half-filled houses. One of the papers called the rejected of Milan “an anemic opera.” Worse was in store for the optimistic Italian. After elaborate preparations three one­act operas, originally produced in New York, were performed. This so­called triptych was made up of “II Tabarro,” “Suor Angelica,” and “Gianni Schicchi.” The “grand Puc­cini night,” for which very high prices were charged, was a failure, musically and financially. But the three short operas were later well at­tended at cheaper rates. Puccini be­fore returning to Italy, said he was confident that the group of operas would command recognition. “My own coun­trymen,” he added, “snickered at ‘Madame Butterfly,’ but that opera a little later was successful beyond all my expectations.” The latest about Puccini is that he is hard at work on a new opera, the name of which is given as “Turandot,” and two acts of which were reported to have been completed at the close of 1921. In the last act, it is stated, “there will be some striking effects for which special new instruments are required. This looks as if Giocomo of Italy is following in the footsteps of the still living Richard of Germany.
New Concert Promoter.

Mr. E. J. Gravestock's Intentions.

After ten years' association with the firm of Messrs. J. and N. Tait, Mr. E. J. Gravestock, manager for that firm of the tour of the Verbrugghen's Orchestra, is severing his connection with them, and will, in future, tour Australia and New Zealand as a concert promoter. During the time he has been with the Taits, Mr. Gravestock has managed all their many concert artists, and since their combination with the J. C. Williamson firm, he has been in charge of all the concert work, being associated with Clara Butt, John McCormack, Moiseiwitsch, Heifetz, Levitzkly, Daisy Kennedy, and the New South Wales Orchestra, as well as various other attractions.

Mr. Gravestock's first offering to the musical public will be New Zealand's own Rosina Buckman, undoubtedly one of the greatest sopranos in the world to-day, and her husband, Maurice D'Oisyly, and they will be followed by concert celebrities of the highest order. The arrangements he has made will mean a supply of nothing but the world's greatest concert artists periodically for Australasia. Mr. Gravestock has a wider knowledge probably, of the English concert world, than anyone else in the Southern Hemisphere, for he had ten years' experience in London before coming to Australia. His first acquaintance with the entertainment business was at the age of 14, through the medium of L. G. Sharpe's concert agency, one of the best known of its kind in London, and he was subsequently associated with such world-famous artists as Harold Bauer, Mischa Elman, Kreisler, John McCormack, Pablo Casals, Clara Butt, and Kennerley Rumford, Kirkby Lunn, Sousa, Ellen Terry, Harry Lauder, Hans Richter, Maurice Farkos, the Cherniavskys, and, in recent years, a host of others who have sprung into fame, and the communications he has received from English stars go to prove that nothing but the best is in store for Australasia, as far as his management is concerned.

Mr. Gravestock first came to Australia ten years ago as secretary and treasurer to the Quinlan Grand Opera Company, and he then joined up with Messrs. J. and N. Tait. "I am now an Australian," he remarked to a "World's News" representative, "with an Australian wife and two Australian children." In addition to ordinary concert work, Mr. Gravestock has had considerable Grand Opera and theatrical experience.

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GENTLEMEN—An up-to-date Grill-Room is now in preparation in the Lambton Quay premises. Select your own grill and watch it being prepared. Mixed Grills a Specialty!

We make our own cakes and scones, from butter, milk and eggs produced on our own farm.

MUSIC.—Music is an aid to digestion and pleasurable eating. We provide an orchestra each afternoon which plays the latest operatic, ballad and jazz music.

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With Pavlova.

Intimate Letter from Thurza Rogers.

Thurza Rogers was a well-known amateur performer when a pupil of Miss Estelle Beere, up till three years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Rogers (formerly of the Te Arò Hotel) decided to go to England, and give their daughter her chance. How she accepted it is looking behind the face that she is now a member of Pas de Quatre with Mdlle. Pavlova, the most wonderful dancer in the world. Writing to Miss Beere during the recent American tour, Miss Rogers says:—

"I suppose you have heard of my being with Pavlova touring Canada, the U.S.A., and the Continent. We then went back for a big season in London. I have really nice places, and feel quite proud of being one of the Pas de quatre girls. We do the toe work, and are considered above the others. Mdlle. takes an interest in me, and speaks very highly of my work. We have a class every day, and although at times I get fearfully tired, I believe it would be hard to live without it. Had a call from a Wellington friend in Washington, who expressed herself surprised and pleased with my work. I saw Tommy Carroll and Doris at Astafier's in London before I left. They are both working hard. You will be surprised to hear that Barney (Thurza's brother) has taken up dancing, and is doing very well. How long he will keep it to remain to be seen. I know what hard work it is. Would you believe I am only seventeen stone, and the thinnest in the company (Thurza's trouble when she left Wellington was her weight). Spent yesterday at Niagara, and enjoyed myself immensely. It is the most wonderful place I have seen. This tour is awfully interesting, and the girls are refined and jolly. It was terrible at first, being so homely and the work so difficult, but I made up my mind to stick to it, and now it is just like home, and we have such topping times."

As the rest of the letter deals interestingly with the London prices of dancing shoes and tights, it is unnecessary to quote further. A photograph of Miss Rogers appears in this issue.

The standard of the Pavlova ballet is the highest in the world, and to be in the Pas de Quatre (the selected four) means that Thurza has become a dancer of the highest order. Her photographs certainly lend endorsement to the fact. In the programme of Pavlova's recent American tour

"The N.Z.T. and M.P."

Miss Faye Compton and Mr. Leon Quartermaine, who are playing leading parts in "Quality Street," were married at Slough Register Office recently, states an English exchange. In order to avoid the crowd, they

Her Third Adventure

Miss Faye Compton and Mr. Leon Quartermaine, who are playing leading parts in "Quality Street," were married at Slough Register Office recently, states an English exchange. In order to avoid the crowd, they

"Hooray for New Zealand!"—Editor.
HOPE HAMPTON is a revelation in Fanny Hurst's great story “Stardust.” As the ill-starred heroine, Fanny Becker, she is magnetic.

sent the most perfect affinity in comedy we have ever seen on the stage in the same play at the one time, and we say good-bye to them with a choky feeling and filmy eyes.

At the conclusion of the New Zealand tour they are to play seasons at Adelaide and Perth (in which latter place they have never yet been seen)—then hey! for London Town. After seven years! What would the writer not give to be present at the opening night in London. Many English papers have been wondering what has become of Miss Tempest, and why, oh why, the long absence, which indicates pretty clearly that no successor has arisen to dim the glory of her wonderful art in good comedy. Her opening bill will probably be the Clare Kummer farce-comedy, “Good Gracious, Annabelle,” the English rights of which are held by Miss Tempest. They have also been offered the sole rights of a new American comedy, and are studying it now to fathom its suitability for their particular needs. Both Miss Tempest and Mr. Browne will leave New Zealand with the good wishes of thousands of playgoers, who have seen in them the successors—long deferred—of the famous old Brough and Boucicault Company.

Claude Dampier Again

Claude Dampier, the long, lean merry-maker, has joined G. P. Hanna and Co.'s “Vice-Regals,” and will tour with that reorganised company through New Zealand this winter. Miss Hilda Attenborough, formerly of the Marie Tempest Co., is also one of Vice-Regals now.

Maurice Ralph’s New Job

Mr. Maurice Ralph, who looks after Beaumont Smith’s interest in New Zealand, will be a busy man for the next few weeks. He has also been appointed New Zealand representative for Mr. Harry Musgrove, and his first big job for that enterprising entrepreneur will be to take hold of the Ella Shields Company and pilot them through the rest of their tour. Miss Shields is now in the South Island, doing big business, and will play a return season in Wellington at Easter, and, after a return season in Auckland in May, the company will sail for Australia.

Irene Castle is returning to vaudeville, her first stage appearance for six years. During her absence from the stage in motion pictures her first husband, Vernon Castle, was killed in an airplane accident at an army flying field, and Mrs. Castle some time later married again.

Mr. Max Levitzki, brother of Mischa the famous pianist, writes to me from the Mediterranean, pre-announcing their arrival in Naples, on route to Paris. A photo of Mischa on a camel silhouetted against the Sphinx and Great Pyramid was an enclosure. Max mentions that he may venture this way with Marguerite D’Alvarez, the great contralto, this year.

Guy Bates Peps, who has not long returned from his Australian tour, has arrived back in Los Angeles to make a screen version of his stage success, “The Masquerader,” which is to be directed by James Young at the Brinton Studios here. This is to be a Richard Walton Tully production, and is expected to usher in a new era in pictures—the 3 dol. a seat era. It is a far cry from the ten cent. movies of a few years ago.

Franz Schubert is a character introduced into the musical comedy, “Blossom Time,” in New York. Bertram Peacock plays the role, and introduces the Schubert song, “This is My Heart.” Will some tenor please look up this number and let us hear it?

Cinema in the Surgery.

Valuable Aid to Medical Students.

BERLIN, Dec. 1.

The latest development of the German scientific film is an operation film, which has hitherto presented insurmountable technical obstacles. These are now overcome through long study by Dr. von Rothe, director and head surgeon of a Berlin municipal hospital. Operations of every description can be followed minutely and clearly, thus proving of immense advantage at clinical lectures.

At a private representation a series of extremely delicate and varied operations performed by famous Berlin surgeons were shown with entire success. Strong nerves were a sine qua non for the invited guests, and several journalists were unable to remain long, and beat a retreat after the first operation. Dr. von Rothe states that he intends that the films should be exchanged with those of other countries in order that by comparison the best methods of operation may be decided. The German cinema industry is passing through a serious crisis, and the month of July shows the further collapse of a hundred Berlin cinemas in consequence of heavy taxation. While the fashionable picture palaces of the West End continue to flourish at exorbitant admission prices, the poor man’s cinema, his chief recreation after his day’s work, is in imminent danger of elimination. The closing of these cinemas signifies the daily loss of 125,000 marks. Taking into consideration the lost revenue of 25 per cent. in taxes, and the fact that the support of those thrown out of work will amount daily to 40,000 marks, this will cost Berlin one and a quarter million marks monthly.
The Latest Recorded Music of Exceptional Merit.

Titta Ruffo Again

The so-called villain of "Andrea Chenier" (Giordano), is a character more faithful to life than many characters of the tragedy or the operatic stage, because he is a mixture of good and evil; and no man, in life, is wholly good or wholly vile. He is Charles Gerard, a man of inferior birth, who comes during the wild scenes of the French Revolution into a power he exercises both for noble and for base ends. This is the great scene in which he signs the paper condemning to death the poet-patriot Andrea Chenier, the hero of the opera, a young man of high and altogether unselfish purposes. He is possessed by an intense hatred for Chenier (though the poet has wounded him in a fight) than for his passion for Madeleine, who loves Chenier, and is loved by him in turn. Oddly enough, when first wounded by Chenier, he refused to denounce him as an enemy. Patriotism, coarse and ethereal love, mingle together strangely in the opera, which is an unusual study in human character—a study cleanly reflected in the music. It begins with powerful, strident, dramatic passages, in which major and minor alternate like the play of good and evil impulse in the human soul. For all his crimes and sins, there is something of the heroic in Gerard. The number ("Enemy of my Country") is appropriately sung by Ruffo, with magnificent virile power. As it takes form, it becomes more lyrical in feeling, but the lyric is robust, almost overwhelming. Love of country, idealism, disillusion blend wildly in every word.

Galli-Curci Sings "The Wren"

"What a fresh, delightful song!" is the expression that comes to the lips involuntarily on hearing this record. The song is a coloratura canzone, light as air and fragrant with the breath of early spring. Indeed, on first hearing it, one altogether loses sight of the brilliant vocal display, the little cascades of the voice, or the tone quality, the perfect control and absolute clarity in even, the most rapid of its darting phrases. The final crescendo on a high note comes as a climax to a song that is as interesting from a technical, vocal standpoint as it is charming in a poetic way.

Clavelitos (Carnations) Valverde

From Gopher Prairie, and the silly yearnings of Mrs. Dr. Kennicott, but he hears but once in a generation. Debussy, the famous composer, was one of her greatest admirers, and stated just before his death that she was his "ideal interpreter." During the war he showed what he thought of the artist by crossing the submarine-infested Channel to play her accompaniments during a concert season in London. As he was in bad health at the time, the compliment to the contralto was a notable one.
The Road to Success!

Success in life waits only upon those who seek it. The man who laments the absence of opportunity from his life is too busy lamenting to build his opportunity.

The key to success is knowledge. The world is led in every sphere by the man who knows. “Everything comes to him who waits” is as fallacious an aphorism as ever was uttered. The things that are worth while in life are too eagerly sought after for any to be left for those who wait.

Do not wait for opportunity, but work for your own advancement.

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who has had over 25 years’ experience in Primary, Secondary, Technical and Commercial Education.

Screen Whispers.

“Blood and Sand”

Catherine Calvert is a film celebrity who has returned to the stage. She is the Spanish heroine of “Blood and Sand,” the Broadway adaptation of Ibanez’ novel, in which Otis Skinner is starring. Miss Calvert plays the vivid vampish Azucena, the Spanish great lady, who so demoralises Skinner’s El Gallardo, the great bullfighter, that he loses his cunning. Miss Calvert is a dazzling heroine, and one of the most beautiful women on the American stage. It is not generally known that she suffers from lameness. She is remarkably brave, and gives no evidence of the illness that made her lame and kept her from stage and screen for several years. She is worthy of the applause that greets her every performance of the Ibanez play when she makes her entrance, gorgeous in Spanish lace and shawl.

Coogan Dolls

When you are fought over in a court of law, you know you are rich and famous. It wasn’t Jackie Coogan, but Jackie Coogan’s effigy, the “Kid” doll, that was wrangled over. Jackie, in his red sweater and checked cap, his costume in Chaplin’s masterpiece, appeared as a doll last April. He appeared twice, in fact. And a Supreme Court Judge will have both figures in court to look them over. The company which manufactured the doll is asking an injunction to restrain the other company from manufacturing and selling the Coogan dolls. Never mind who wins. The point is, that it’s all about a youngster of eight who brought the civilised world to his small feet in one picture.

They Know!

Tommy Preston (Manager of Barrett’s Australian Films, Ltd.) relates that at Barrett’s Pictures, Abermaine (Newcastle, N.S.W.), “Intolerance” drew only £10 as against £35 by “The Waybacks,” the same light the previous week. “Besides,” says Mr. Preston, who was in charge of the Griffith masterpiece, “I had the pleasure during the interval of hearing those who did come to our show saying that ‘Intolerance’ was rotten compared with the Beaumont Smith burlesque.”

Fanny the Fascinator

Fanny Ward fans, please note. The beautiful actress has deserted us—permanently. She has severed the last tie between herself and America. She has ordered all her household treasures sold; all the contents of her gorgeous Californian home, and has bought a house in London, where she is living with her husband, Jack Dean, and her daughter.

Her daughter, by the way, is quite wealthy in her own right. She is the widow of a prosperous Englishman.

’Twas He!

Betty is telling a story on herself, by the way—her success not having spoiled her sense of humour.

At the private showing of “Camille” by Madame Nazimova at the Ritz in New York, Miss Blythe was introduced to a gentleman whose name she didn’t catch, but whom she described as having “the most fascinating, human, distinguished face in the world, under lovely white hair.” She leaned over to him in what she referred to as her best society manner, and murmured, “I do hope you won’t mind, if I tell you how much you remind me of David Warfield. You look exactly like him.”

The gentleman smiled. “That’s strange, isn’t it?” he remarked, “but you see I am David Warfield.”
For the Ladies.

You put an ounce each of dried mint and dried sage, three ounces of dried angelica, half a pound of juniper berries, and one pound of honey- 
mary leaves in a jar, shaking them well together. When you come home dragging one foot after the other, too tired to think, if you just toss half a 
handful of that mixture of herbs into a moderately hot footbath and keep 
your feet in it for 15 minutes—well, you'll be a brand new person.—Anita 
Stewart.

"The Sheik" is proving itself to be the most outstanding picture of the 
year. Now well into its fourth big week at the Globe Theatre, Sydney, 
it is attracting fans in thousands. Many have been again and again, 
coming away with the conviction that there has never been a picture to 
equal this stupendous production. Rudolph Valentino has achieved won-
derful fame in the title role. His portrayal of the Sheik must be 
rated amongst the most unique character studies ever seen. Agnes 
Ayres also gives an excellent interpretation of the captive English girl. 
It is a picture with a strong appeal to all.

Real outdoor sports, such as golf, 
motoring and the like, appeal to Wal-
lace Reid, the athletic Paramount 
star, more than most other forms of 
amusement, but, of course, his talent 
for music enables him to get a lot of 
joy out of that, too. His home in 
Hollywood has a "jazz room," as he 
calls it, where he keeps his saxa-
phones, a piano, plenty of easy chairs, 
books, and a billiard table. There 
he spends lots of his leisure time in 
with his friends.

"Laddie," the beautiful sheep dog in the Paramount picture, "The Bun-
nie Briar Bush," became so attached to Donald Crisp, the director, that he 
could not be induced to return home. He remained "on set" during the en-
tire filming of the picture, then accompanied the players to the station, 
when they were returning to London. "Laddie" jumped into the carriage 
with Mr. Crisp, and could not be 
ejected. "Want to keep him," 
shouted the old farmer. "Sure 
thing!" Mr. Crisp shouted back. 
"Well, you're welcome," was the an-
swer. So this explains "Laddie's" 
daily presence at the London studio, 
where he is at present engaged in 
making friends and enemies of a col-
pny of harmless and necessary studio 
cats.

Owing to having contracted a cold, 
which flew to her throat, "No per-
formance" cards had to be hung on 
the Wellington Opera House doors on 
April 5. Miss Tempest was still suf-
ering the following evening, yet played bravely and well.

On Opera Singers.

A Penetrating and Unprejudiced Analysis.

The "Musical Courier" (New York) 
offers some definitions on opera sing-
ers—other prima donnas, and telling 
off the stage bassos are fond 
rolls their "r's and his 

Prima Donna—A female singer, 
usually soprano, who has risen 
to the top of the vocal ranks, and does 
not care how many persons know it. 
She gets the best of the dressing-rooms 
and the best of the manager. Loves to 
be called a star, which, technically 
speaking, means a "heavenly body." 
(Most prima donnas have not.) Gener-
ally an unconquerable lust for dia-
monds and newspaper notoriety. Feeds 
on threat pastilles and applause. 

Contraalto—Customarily the mother, 
governess, older sister, or villainess of 
librettists make bassos either exceedingly 
malignant or uncommonly benign, but 
never allow them the very human lux-
ury of falling in love. Arias of warn-
ning, denunciation, exposition, and re-
capitulation are the shining specialties 
of bassos. Off the stage bassos are fond 
of children and of ordering large por-
tions of food in restaurants.

Mr. Marshall Miller, who is per-
sonal manager for the Harry Mus-
grove, is renewing his acquaintance 
with old New Zealand friends after a 
year's absence.
Coming Theatrical Productions.

“Johnny, Get Your Gun”
On Saturday night, March 4, the long-looked-for first appearance in Australia of Louis Bennisom took place at Melbourne Theatre Royal. The famous romantic actor was seen in “Johnny, Get Your Gun,” the farce entertainment in which he played the leading role for over three years throughout America. A particularly strong company has been got together to support the star. It includes Marjorie Bennett, Diana Wilson, H. H. Wallace, J. B. Atholwood, Raymond Lawrence, Robert E. Homans, Lance Lister, Gwen Burroughs, Dorothy Seacombe, H. C. Nightingale, Jack Hooker, George Blunt, Harry Paulton, Nellie Morphy, Doris Kendall, Leslie Vistor, John Bedouin, Vivian Edwards, Olive Proctor. The prologue to the play is enacted in the studio of the Durham Brand Motion Picture Corporation. The three acts of the play are set in the Burnham home, Long Island. The play was produced by Robert E. Homans and Hugh J. Ward.

“My Lady’s Dress”
“My Lady’s Dress,” in which Emelie Polini has returned to the stage in Sydney, excited a great deal of attention when it was first produced in London. In structure it somewhat resembles “Eyes of Youth,” and it shows in a series of remarkable scenes the various origins of the materials used in the gown that is discussed by the principals in the first act. The audience is taken to Italy, France, Siberia, and the East End of London, and each scene is a little drama in itself. In deed, there are many opportunities for brilliant dramatic work, in which the versatile Emelie Polini would particularly excel. Frank Harvey and a clever company will be associated with Miss Polini in the first Australian presentation of this play.

“The Little Dutch Girl”
“The Little Dutch Girl,” which ran for eighteen months in the Lyric Theatre, London, is to be produced shortly by J. C. Williamson, Ltd., in Melbourne. This is the piece which induced the biggest library deal known in the history of the business in London. In London there is a system of speculation on the success of a piece by which agencies such as Prowse’s buy up blocks of seats for so long, and then retail them to the public at a slight advance on what they have paid. The difference is their profit. In the case of this comic opera the sum of £27,000 was paid in advance for seats by the libraries.

“The First Year”
“The First Year” is the name of a comic tragedy by Frank Craven, which the Williamson firm propose to produce immediately in Melbourne. For this piece they have imported the American comedian, Phillips Tead, who has been selected for the role by the author.

Irish Players
J. C. Williamson, Ltd., announce one of the most important engagements ever made by the firm—the original and complete company of the famous Irish Players, from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, who, having completed a wonderfully successful tour of America, have sailed for Australia. They comprise twelve artists, including Maureen Delaney, Nora Desmond, Sidney Morgan, Arthur Shields. They will present their original production of “The White-headed Boy,” which they have played with phenomenal success in England, Ireland, and America.

“The Toreador” for Wellington
That bright and exceedingly comical musical comedy, “The Toreador,” has been selected for the next production of the Wellington Amateur Operatic Society. Dates for the season have been pencilled from July 25 and the week following. Rehearsals are to commence on April 25.

Answers to Correspondents.

“INQUISER.”—The lady’s age is 56 next July. Yes, we agree that she is one of the wonders of the modern English stage. No, the original Dorothy in the opera of that name was Marion Hood, who was succeeded by Marie Tempest.

“ENQUIRERS,” Christchurch.—Rene Maxwell has not yet entered that blessed state, neither has Edith Drayson. Claude Fleming is a benedict, but his wife does not appear with the company.

“FLIPP.”—(1) Walter George is not likely to visit Wellington for some considerable time. (2) Not decided yet, though, after the Marie Tempest season, which extends well into April, “The Beggar’s Opera” may be amongst the first plays to be seen here, also “A Night Out.” (3) Miss Mary Miles Minter’s address is c/o the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, New York.

Scenes from James Oliver Curwood’s “The Golden Snare,” with LEWIS STONE and RUTH BENICK sharing stellar honours.
The Greatest Living Authors Are Now Working With Paramount

Progress has two phases for Paramount Pictures—one is to surpass competition. That means effort, but not difficulty. The other phase is to surpass ourselves—to surpass our own achievements. And this is a more exacting task. That is why Paramount has assembled, and maintains, such perfection and completeness of personnel and mechanical equipment in its immense studios in Los Angeles, Long Island City, and London. Since the beginning of the human race, some men and women have been given the great power of creation and depiction; the power of showing us ourselves and our neighbours, not simply in the flesh, but more intimately, more truly, in the spirit. Sir James M. Barrie you know, and Joseph Conrad and Arnold Bennett, Robert Hicheus, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Sir Gilbert Parker, Elinor Glyn, Edward Knoblock, W. Somerset Maugham, Thompson Buchanan, Avery Hopwood, Henry Arthur Jones, Cosmo Hamilton, Edward Sheldon, Samuel Merwin. All these famous authors are actually in the studios, writing new plays for Paramount Pictures, advising with directors, using the motion picture camera as they formerly used the pen. They have every one of them realised the infinitely greater scope for expression offered to their genius by the medium of modern motion pictures, when reinforced by the stupendous producing and distributing resources of the Paramount organisation. Every form of printed or spoken drama that might be suitable for Paramount Pictures is examined. Everything useful published in Italian, Spanish, German, or French is steadily translated. The word “Paramount” already says more to you than any other word or phrase in motion pictures. It means that in future, as in the past, as you approach your theatre and see the legend, "A Paramount Picture," you know you will see the best show in town.

The Paramount Service of N.Z. Ltd

E. R. Chambers - General Manager
THE SERIAL FOR EVERYONE.

AT LAST!

The Universal Film Manufacturing Coy. has listened to the outcry against Serials. The complaints of parents and school officials have been justified. The Serial had reached a stage where it had become the target for everyone because of its “horror” scenes, masked gangs and sheer absurdities.

Some of the arguments against the serial may have been far-fetched but it is certain that the “blood and thunder” chapter play has done no good—it has not improved the minds of the children and it has not earned the admiration of the adults. The Universal Film Manufacturing Coy. are the pioneer producers of the chapter play and they have felt it their responsibility to banish for good the harmful serial.

“WINNERS OF THE WEST” marks the new era in serials. The Universal Company has made the last “blood and thunder” serial! Universal is going to give to the people chapter plays founded on the most thrilling and momentous periods of the world’s history. Universal is going to dramatise in the chapter play the immortal works of the world’s greatest writer’s of history, romance and adventure.

“WINNERS OF THE WEST” is the first of these. It is taken from the historical records of the great Californian Gold rush in the year 1848. Every foot of the film is true to the history of the adventure, and the picture has been endorsed by educational authorities all over the world.

“WITH STANLEY IN AFRICA,” and “ROBINSON CRUSOE” are already in the course of production at Universal City and they will be followed by productions equally commendable. The serial from now on will be a clean, vigorous, wholesome production, and it will occupy a place of pride on every first-class theatre’s programme.

You will want your children to see “Universal” serials and you will want to see them yourselves.

Keep your eye open for a startling announcement regarding forthcoming Universal Serials.