HERE'S TO LIFE!

AYWARD

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HENRY J. HAYWARD.

To My Dear Wife and Comrade —
Domenica

Here's to Life!

The IMPRESSIONS CONFESSIONS *and* GARNERED THOUGHTS *of a* FREE-MINDED SHOWMAN

by

Henry J. Hayward

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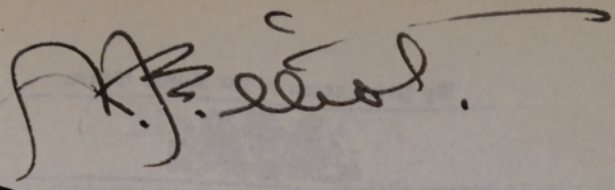
Programme.

	Page
FOREWORD	7
MY ANCESTRY	9
EDUCATION	12
MY FIRST PICTURE SHOW	14
A BOY'S PLAN OF LIFE	16
BOYHOOD'S WORK	18
I FACE LIFE	19
I MEET A SIREN	21
GREAT AUNT CAROLINE	25
A DAY IN LONDON	28
I KNEW OSCAR WILDE	35
MORE ABOUT MUSIC AND OLD FIDDLES	38
I MEET CHARLES BRADLAUGH	41
THE STAGE KEPT CALLING	44
THE "BRESCIANS" ORCHESTRA AND SINGERS	46
MARGARET'S GOLD WATCH	49
A FLOATING THEATRE	58
SHOWS IN STRANGE VENUES	61
AN ISLAND CO-OPERATIVE HOME	64
A TRAGEDIAN'S ISLAND HAVEN	67
A FAMILY OF STAGE FOLK	70
LOVE AND SEX MAGNETISM	73
DATES WITH DEATH AND DISASTER	77
I AM INTRODUCED TO THE MOVING PICTURE	81
NEW ZEALAND ATTRACTS ME	83
THE RISE OF THE ALL CONQUERING CINEMA	86
THE CINDERELLA OF ENTERTAINMENTS	88
AN AGNOSTIC'S PRAYER	90
LISTEN TO EINSTEIN	91
DOCTORS AND DOCTORS	95
HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS	99
A "MADCAP" PRIMA DONNA	102
THE GREAT FINANCIAL FLOP	104
NATURE CALLS AND CONSOLES	107
THE RISE OF REPERTORY	109
AN ENTREPRENEUR'S NOTE-BOOK	112
ART IN RUSSIA	117
JULIUS CAESAR ANSWERED THE ADVERTISEMENT	120
THE STOLEN "STRAD"	123
THE CINEMA: YESTERDAY—TO-DAY—TO-MORROW	129
THROUGH A CHILD'S EYES	134
A LITTLE GRAVE	138
THE ORCHESTRA	139
HEALTH BY FOOD	140
SCIENCE POINTS THE WAY	145
THE FEDERATION OF HUMANITY	150
A NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR NEW ZEALAND	153
HERE'S TO LIFE	155



FOREWORD

I dislike all kinds of regulations—necessary or unnecessary; that's why I have a sneaking attraction for Philosophic Anarchism—it promises untrammelled freedom. An old Greek statesman, 3,000 years ago, said:

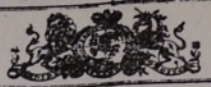
"When laws multiply,
Liberty lessens."

And even in scribbling down "*Impressions and Confessions*," I have the same dislike to the perfect order of an autobiographic survey. An old Elizabethan poet wrote a verse claiming: "There is more beauty in Disorder than in Order," which is my mental attitude. So, if in this "*Pot Pourri*" of thoughts you find all sorts of articles jostling one another, without perhaps that continuity which orthodox biographies possess—well, 'tis just ME—and you must make the best of it.

What can you expect from a Freethinking Showman?

H. J. H.

By Permission of the Royal Court.



MR. W. DAVIES

RESPECTFULLY BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HIS

MORNING

CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

Wednesday, July 31, 1833,

AT THE

Assembly-Rooms, Market-Place,

ON WHICH OCCASION THAT CELEBRATED VOCALIST

MRS. GIBBS,

LATE

MISS GRADDON,

(Of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, Opera Concerts, and the Oratorios,)

WILL SING FOR THE LAST TIME PREVIOUS TO HER LEAVING THE ISLAND; AND

MR. HAYWARD,

A Gentleman whose inimitable performance on the Violin excited so much surprise and admiration at the late BIRMINGHAM CONCERTS, [illegible]

AND WILL PERFORM

A SOLO ON THE VIOLIN,

AFTER THE MANNER OF

PAGANINI.

Leader of the Orchestra .... Mr. W. Davies.

A PROFESSOR WILL PRESIDE AT THE PIANO-FORTE.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Symphony	*A. Romberg.*
Glee—"Blow gentle gales"	*Bishop.*
Cavatina—Mrs. GIBBS, "Di piacer mi balza il cor"	*Rossini.*
Recit. and Aria—Mr. WILLIAMSON, "Scenes of my childhood."	*Bishop.*
Quartetto {Mrs. GIBBS, Mr. WILLIAMSON, and gentlemen Amateurs, "How blest the Man"	*C. M. Weber*
Song—(By a gentleman Amateur.) "Largo al Factotum"	*Rossini.*
Song—Mrs. GIBBS, "Tell me my heart"	*Bishop.*
Glee—"The Winds whistle cold"	*Bishop.*
Finale—Instrumental	*L. V. Beethoven.*

PART II.

Overture—"Masaniello"	*Auber.*
Glee—"Hark Italy's Music"	*Stevens.*
Cavatina—Mrs. GIBBS, "Di tanti palpiti"	*Rossini.*
Ballad—Mr. WILLIAMSON	*A. Lee.*
Round {(By desire) "Yes! 'tis the Indian drum," Mrs. GIBBS, Mr. WILLIAMSON, &c.	*Bishop.*
Solo Violin—Mr. HAYWARD	*M. S.*
Song—Mrs. GIBBS, "Should he upbraid"	*Bishop.*
Glee and Chorus—"Mynheer Van Dunk"	*Bishop.*

Finale "GOD SAVE THE KING,"

A century old programme, printed on satin, of an appearance of Mr. Henry Hayward, Senr., by permission of the Royal Court of King William IV.

Mr. Hayward was 24 years of age at the time, and was afterwards presented by the King, through the Royal Chapelmeister, with the Jacobus Steiner violin, which that great violin maker especially made for King William IV. and which was known as "The Elector Steiner"—his late Majesty being at the period Elector of Hanover.

Programmes of concerts given by the permission of the Royal Court were all printed on satin.

My Ancestry.

I am scribbling this in 1943—and 200 years ago, to wit, in 1743, my paternal grandfather, Thomas Henry Hayward, was born in the County of Shropshire, locally called "Salop."

1743—when George II. (who "did penance by taking ugly mistresses") was King of England—and two years before "The Young Chevalier" invaded Scotland. So my grandad Hayward was 36 years old at the time of the American Revolution, and 46 when the French Revolution set Europe in flames. Grandmamma Elizabeth Hayward was born in 1755.

First they had sixteen children, and then in the Indian Summer of their lives, when grandma was 54—in 1809—a seventeenth child was born—my father, William Henry Hayward. This was the year when Charles Darwin, Abraham Lincoln, and Gladstone first saw the light, and six years before the battle of Waterloo !

Violinist to the Royal Court of William IV.

My old dad was an adventurous mortal, the greatest English violinist of his time, a European wanderer, but he settled in London and became "Court violinist to William IV." I possess a tattered old programme printed on satin, of one of his appearances under "The patronage of the Royal Court," "playing solos after the style of Paganini." He performed with Mendelssohn, Mocheles, Ole Bul, Sivori, Talberg, and other musicians of his time. But he was not a marrying man and he was nearly 60 before he entered the holy bonds of matrimony; even then such was his vigour that he had eight children, of whom I was ushered into life about the time of the Siege of Paris in the Franco-Prussian War.

So here I am, in my autumn-age, the son of an old father, who was the son of an old father—and looking back only two generations the vista is 200 years.

I wonder if anyone else in New Zealand can match this?

My Father's Books.

I was my father's "Benjamin," and although there were eight children, he always wanted me close to him.

He was a strange, many-sided man, well educated, a wide reader, a Shakespearian scholar with a knowledge of Greek, Latin, French, and a little German. Yet withal, practically a Puritan in religion. He believed in every word of the Bible, but never went to church, for he thought it "an impertinence for any parson to come between him and his God."

I generally slept in a little cot in his room, and he seldom went to sleep without reading some part of the Scriptures—and aloud to me if I happened to be awake. By his bedside he kept four favourite volumes: the great brass-bound Bible, in which he wrote the exact time of the birth of his children—for example: "Henry John, my second son, born Saturday, December 11, at 6 a.m."

There was also Sir Isaac Newton's "*Chronology*"—in which that distinguished astronomer endeavoured to prove the connection between Sacred and Pagan history—a prosy, tiresome volume, which is outdated these days.

The Grecian Mythology Was My Bible.

Then came a translation of Homer's "*Iliad and Odyssey*," with a wealth of old Grecian legends, a lovely book; lastly there was a ponderous volume of *Captain Cook's Voyages*, full of wood-cuts of that greatest British sailor's adventures; and his journeyings around the globe—including his visit to New Zealand, with pictures of the fearsome Maoris.

Somehow, even as a child, I never liked or believed the Bible—from the "story of a man and woman in a garden to Revelations" it seemed so unreal, and out of tune with life as I found it even in my budding teens; its stories and miracles left me cold, but I bore my father's readings without protest, for I was afraid of angering him against me. But it is curious how he disliked all Ministers of Religion. I recollect his

giving me this advice: " Be very careful when you do business with anyone, my boy! but be extra careful if you do business with a parson."

I disliked also Newton's " *Chronology* "—it was laboured and tiresome about things that did not seem to matter to my childhood's viewpoint. But Homer and the Grecian legends I delighted in, their Gods, Goddesses, Heroes, and Nymphs seemed so natural and human, it worshipped courage and beauty—Aphrodite, Euridice, Ceres, Penelope, as well as brave Ulysses, Hector and Hercules were my friends, and sweet, tender Clytie, my boyish ideal of womanhood, was my sweetheart.

" *Cook's Voyages*," too, was an enchanting book—every word true, and in fancy I sailed with him on his gallant ships, and I knew New Zealand through his eyes, long before I dreamt of crossing the Equator to make my home in its islands, a world away.

My Old Father Was My Educator.

Yet sometimes—even from a lifetime ago—I catch the echo of my old Dad's sonorous voice, as he read to me in the evening, about Adam and Eve, Solomon, and the Palestine Christ, of Homer's legends, or Orpheus and Euridice, and the Sirens, or the modern Odyssey of Captain Cook, and I learned more from him than ever the schools could teach me.

Education.

I had little schooling; first I went in frocks (for boys wore skirts until about eight in those days) to a girls' school in Wulfruna,* and even in my baby years I developed a flare for Mental Arithmetic; so when the top-class of girls had their lessons in " Reckoning," I was called in, and at the age of six was matched against them.

Another time, when the great tenor, Sims Reeves, visited father, I sat on his knee and he offered me half-a-crown (an immense sum in those childish days) if I could do this sum: " $3\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of sugar at $3\frac{3}{4}$d. a pound "—and I left him with the prize in my pocket. You try it, reader; it's not so easy even for the average grown-up in 1943.

Then I went to the Board School in Red Cross Street, and was in the 6th Standard at nine—which only four boys in the school's history had achieved at this age. To " finish off " my education, I was sent to two different private schools, and there learned absolutely nothing but " supposed manners," as became a gentleman's son.

I Become Valet to the Viols.

So, at eleven I left school for good—and my old Dad gave me a job to be valet to his wondrous collection of antique viols, and to practise the violin in between my little work of re-stringing and re-bridging the viols. Occasionally, when he thought of it, he gave me a lesson; he possessed a magnetic power to impart to my fingers and mind, the poesy of violin playing.

I was a thin, nervous child, and there were no " vitaminic " food reformers in those far away days. I suffered every childish disease flesh was heir to; I was secretive, and a passionate reader, devouring every book within reach. Looking back I now realise that the schools of those days offered little real education except that they gave us the tools of the three " R's "—then we had to dig for ourselves or exist in ignorance.

* Wulfruna is the ancient name of the modern city Wolverhampton, the capital of the Black Country.

We lived in a rambling old building at Wulfruna called the "*Athenæum*," which was a theatrette let to small travelling companies; also for concerts and dances. It had living rooms, and a long irregular saloon about 35 feet by 12 feet, with only one window at the end. Here it was that my father kept his large collection of ancient viols, which averaged about 50 in number, a majority of which were violins, then violas, viols de amore, viola de Gamba—both strung an octave lower than the violin—extinct instruments these days—played *on* the knee, not *between*. Then, violoncellos and an occasional Basso de Camera—there was also a grand piano.

The smaller viols were kept in cases or "Stalles" lined with baize or velvet, and the larger ones hung on the walls. It was a darksome saloon, lit by gas—and here I, as valet to the viols, spent long days from my eleventh year until my seventeenth, when my father died. This collection was known throughout artistic England, and once in a way lovers of fiddles came from long distances to buy or sell; in addition, we had a strange old fellow, who spent his time travelling around hunting up old fiddles from wherever he could hear of one. Sometimes he would find one in an old farmhouse, where it had lain a lifetime in its case forgotten. He was uneducated and could not read or write, but "knew fiddles."

The resplendent tone of the violins by their Cremonese and Brescian makers of long ago, did not come entirely from exquisite shape and varnish—a violin that lies fallow without being played upon for long years, goes back in responsiveness —its virtue depends in a measure in the continuous vibrations, which I personally believe arrange the atoms of the wood favourably to sound.

My First Picture Show.

I was destined to be a Picture Showman. My first public picture entertainment was given when I had but seven years to my credit—or was it discredit ?

My sister Mary was my aider and abettor—she topped my slender seven summers by a year or so.

A penny a week each as pocket money mother gave us as wages for " being good," but alack and alas! we were *not always* good. On these tragic Saturdays " the ghost did not walk!"

By ruthless economy and desperate sacrifice, Mary and I saved thirty-three pennies to buy the wee magic lantern we had daily worshipped in the window of a second-hand shop.

A fear haunted us that some other wealthier child would forestall us and buy the magic lantern before we had saved enough pennies, so Mary, who possessed " a beautiful smile," interviewed the old Jew, who, upon receipt of twelve pennies, put a card " Sold " on the treasure, and promised to keep it until the balance of twenty-one pennies were saved.

One glorious Saturday we brought it home to our cellar, which became my first theatre, for the very next day after this gigantic purchase of the lantern with its twenty-three slides, Mary and I decided to go into the Show Business.

We concocted our public announcement poster out of alphabet biscuits pasted on a piece of card—it ran like this:

To-night at Seven O'Clock.

HAYWARD'S CELLAR.

GRAND

MAGIC LANTERN

ENTERTAINMENT.

Admission One Penny.

The Biscuit Poster we gummed on a nearby shop window, but Mary and I had to guard our advertising from hungry onlookers.

There was quite a "good cellar," but the magic lantern was bad-tempered and smoked like a miniature furnace. Still Mary and I put the 23 slides through several times—kids in those days were easily pleased !

But owing to our energies being occupied by the bad-tempered lantern, we installed a strange boy as money taker. He proved a welsher and bolted with the Box Office receipts.

Mary and I wept—but consoled ourselves by devouring our publicity biscuits.

A Boy's Plan of Life.

It is in times of tragedy that our characters are evolved. The most tragic day in my life was the day my father died; in 24 hours I jumped the gulf that lies between Boyhood and Manhood.

One day I was a dreamy lad of seventeen. The next day I was a man, with all the responsibilities that face one who has to fend for himself and has others dependent upon his labour and wit.

One night my father died.

All that night until dawn came, I paced up and down the floor of the little theatre, while he who had been my sun, moon and stars among men, lay dead in an adjoining room. Out of the agony of that night I emerged a man—although my years were only seventeen—yet in those few dawning hours I formed and wrought a "Plan of Life," which I have ever endeavoured to follow. I determined to step on the Ladder of Success and climb it, to its topmost rung in whatever business or profession I adopted.

I asked myself one question thrice repeated—and thrice I found mine own answers, and thrice made resolutions.

WHY DO MEN FAIL IN LIFE?

They fail more often when they work for others than themselves.

Therefore, I will never work anywhere or for anyone save I have a direct interest in the management and profits of my labour.

WHY DO MEN FAIL IN LIFE?

They often fail because they dope themselves too freely with alcohol, nicotine, or other debilitating drugs.

Therefore, I will never take alcohol as a drink or nicotine as a pastime.

Why Do Men Fail in Life?

They fail when they do not respect womanhood.

Therefore, I will endeavour to respect and be unselfish towards every girl whom I meet in my life.

Many years have waned, and much water has passed under London Bridge since I made this boy's "Charter of Life," but through all those years I have honestly tried to keep faith with my ideals—which are mine, but which I agree in tolerance many of my readers may not wholly subscribe to. Yet we must each follow the ideals we best vision ourselves, and I have followed mine. I have never worked one single day for a master, not one! I have never taken wine or spirits, or worshipped my Lady Nicotine, and I have never lost a woman friend.

Boyhood's Work.

After my father's death, determined to keep to my vow to always be my own master, I had some years of struggle. Father's small estate was encumbered, and what little we children inherited we all signed over to mother, so I was practically penniless. I could play the violin passing well, and my eldest brother and I started a small fiddle shop, where I did repairs to musical instruments and taught the violin at 15/- per quarter.

But I was adventurous! I joined another lad who knew the confectionery business, and together we ran a two-boy factory to make all kinds of sweets: acid drops, butter-scotch, pulled rock, and very bad, crude chocolates.

We did a small wholesale business at 28/- cwt., but our principal sales were made at a stall in the Municipal Market, hired at 4d. a day, where we sold our sweets at 4 oz. a penny. Afterwards I joined another young man, and together we ran a tobacco shop: cut tobacco at 3d. an oz., Irish twist, principally in pennyworths, with the penny for a weight against the small piece of twist. There were no regulations or inspectors in those days, and no cigarettes, but cigars from 2d. I took my turn in the shop, but never once in my long life have I smoked even a cigarette. I patented a concertina box, which had a fair sale; so altogether I managed to live and help my mother.

I Face Life.

My father's death caused a complete "change of scene" in my life.

The little old rambling theatre—"*The Athenæum*"—was sold for conversion to a "general store." To what base uses!

There I had passed my childhood, and creeping into my 'teens had found whatever soul I possessed from my father's loving wisdom, from the happy days I had spent in the Fiddle Salon, from my omnivorous reading, and under my old Dad's guidance, or rather inspiration, was born a love for the classics, through which I glimpsed "The Greatness of Greece and the Grandeur of Rome"—Socrates, Aristotle, Herodotus, were everyday acquaintances, and Homer's "*Iliad and Odyssey*," my story book.

Coincident with the sale of "*The Athenæum*"—the collection of Royal Viols were sent to be sold at Puttick's and Simpson's, London, but the Trustees allowed, within reason, my two brothers and I to choose instruments for our personal use.

Flavell, my eldest brother, chose a Nicholas Gagliani violin, which in later years he sold to Hart, of Wardour Street, London; my younger brother, Rudall, was given a Nicholas Amati violoncello—unfortunately burnt in a fire at Folkestone—and to me came the lovely Carlo Bergonzi, the enchanting flapper fiddle that stole my heart with her rapturous singing and gorgeous varnish—it was wise the trustees gave her to me, otherwise I would have kidnapped her.

I can well remember what joy was mine from the sense of possession. How, when I opened the sleek mahogany case, she seemed to leap into my arms—and coo so caressingly in whispering melody; how we promised that never, never should we be parted.

Alas! it was only cruel poverty that caused grim circumstances to steal her from me.

I wonder who's caressing her now? She was born in 1747 in Cremona, so must be almost 200 years of age, but, good Lord! as fiddles go, she is only in the heyday of her blossoming summertime.

Well, here I was facing life on my own. My assets were my golden youth, the ability to play a violin concerto—and a whole heart full of dreams—together with my boyhood charter that I would never work for anyone except I shared in the results; in short, I would never have a master.

My initial adventure was to take, with my brother Flavell, a shop devoted to the sale of violins, all the small goods associated with stringed instruments, as well as sheet music of their kinship.

We also did repairs, not only to viols but to English concertinas, and generally traded, and too, what was the most important source of income, gave lessons.

I Meet a Siren.

The shop was in Lichfield Street, in the old Town of Wulfruna, and when you opened the door and trod on the mat, a bell rang.

As customers were few and far between this enabled us to go on with our teaching in a small room upstairs, and when the bell rang, interrupt the lesson, serve the customer and return to the pupil.

I was still seventeen! and, as became an embryo Professor of Music, under the aestheticism that was the vogue then, I dressed rather extravagantly in leaf brown velvet coat and vest, striped trousers, a sombrero hat, a long white silken tie "*a la* Oscar Wilde," and a fob with hanging seals—to say nothing of the cloak—to complete the suit.

A trifle bizarre, perhaps! To-day it would be regarded as foppish, but recollect it was a recoil from the stiff, stuffy stodginess of the Victorians, a movement heralded by the Pre-Raphaelite School, of whom Millais, Burn-Jones, William Morris, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Oscar Wilde were the leaders.

Perhaps, too, to some extent it was an advertisement! To belong to the cult of aestheticism—which Gilbert so wittily satirised, thus:

If you walk down Piccadilly
With a poppy or a lily
In your mediæval hand;
Why! everyone will say
As you walk your flowery way
If this young man is contented with this—
Which would certainly not suit me—
Why! what a particularly pure young man
This pure young man must be!

I Am Nervous of the Fair Sex.

At any rate the young ladies of Wulfruna came for lessons in sufficient number to pay our way—what with the occasional sales of fiddles.

But with all my brave attire I was a desperately shy boy, and really I believe that femininity has far from a monopoly of

shyness. Watch the average bride as she marches down the church aisle to the strains of the "*Wedding March*" in brazen triumph, dragging a poor mere man by the arm, who in reality would like to hide himself behind every pillar they pass.

Yes! in the golden days of my 'teens I was fearfully nervous in the presence of the fair sex, and especially the younger and more attractive women.

I blushed all over if I had to sell some dear damsel a string or a box of resin and, to tell the truth, I was jolly glad when she had finished the purchase and departed, although I needed the custom.

Some of my fair customers, I fancy, gauged my agitation in their presence, and one pretty girl who wanted her fiddle repaired in a hurry, promised me a kiss at Christmas if I obliged her.

That promised kiss used to worry me, for the fair offerer was a constant customer and used to linger in my little shop, and I was absurd enough to wonder how I could dodge the gift, which was only made in fun, yet I feared it might be in earnest.

And how shy I was with girl pupils when I had to guide their delicate fingerettes on the fingerboard of the violin, or instruct them how to hold the bow correctly!

One day a dreadful thing happened. I had concluded my lesson to a pretty golden haired damsel, and went to open the door to dismiss her—down the stairs and through the little fiddle shop—when somehow the door jammed and denied my every effort to open.

"Pussie" (that was the name of the pupil) instantly conceived the idea that I was a bold, bad boy—and promptly fainted.

My one idea was to get out. So leaving Pussie to faint I climbed out of the window, down the spouting, dropped to the ground, then hunted up an old woman nearby, went up and burst the door, and left the old dame to sort up the faintful girlette.

Pussie came back the next week for her lesson and protested it was only indigestion: "She had been eating too much chocolate."

But it was not only the "Jeunnesse Doree" who came to worship Music at our tiny shrine.

I MEET A CRADLE SNATCHER.

There were others. Sirens also sought to prey upon my poetical, temperamental youth.

Here is such an one.

A Lady of seeming High Degree (because she had a carriage and pair, a coachman and footman) occasionally used to tread upon our mat, and obedient to the ring of the bell, I went to serve.

She was perhaps 30. I was 17, a boy inexperienced in sex and possessed of a strange repulsion to much of the ugliness that paraded as "love"; and furthermore, I had promised on that night of agony when my father passed, that Sir Galahad should be my ideal.

In old melodramas—and resurrected, too, on the modern screen—it is always the male villain who has designs on the immaculate virtue of the young heroine, and there generally comes a crisis in the drama when the slenderous, lovely, innocent heroine is pursued and cornered by the villain; the audience is torn by suspense at the prospect of her dreadful fate. Poor innocent dove, of the Victorian type, who faints at the sight of a mouse, what indeed can such a dove do in the clutches of a vulture?

But hurrah! The noble hero turns up in the nick of time, rescues the weeping, panting, fluttering dove—and hurrah! again—knocks the villain out; then wedding bells ring.

I know full well this would not happen with our athletic modern Miss these days! for she would knock the villain out herself by giving him a kick in the solar plexus; and serve the dirty dog right!

But let us return to my youthful experiences. Romance and Reality are often widely different, and there are villainesses—as well as villains—we call them "cradle snatchers" now!

A BLANDISHING INVITATION.

The lady with the carriage-and-pair came several times, ostensibly to purchase things; then asked me to dine with her

at her home, and in a weak moment (or was it a strong one?) I fell to her blandishing invitation.

I recollect the day as well as yesterday that I fulfilled the date.

Her mansion—for such it was, parked five miles away from Wulfruna—an old, Tudoresque building at the end of an avenue of chestnuts.

More than once I half turned back, but the spirit of adventure lured me on.

I rang the bell—a footman came.

"Yes! Her Ladyship expected me." I left my cloak and cane in the baronial hall, and was ushered upstairs into a dining room shaded with rose lights.

I only nibbled through the courses—and did not take wine; only nibbled also at the walnuts. But as the dinner proceeded the lady became increasingly ingratiating, crescendoing into blatant affectionality.

LOVE? AND A PILE OF GOLD.

Then an incident happened, which, had it been invented by a novelist, would have been discounted as absurd.

My hostess produced a pile of golden sovereigns, and putting one between her lips invited me to steal it away from her—with my lips—and so on with the pile.

My Sir Galahad came to my rescue; I was not for sale; besides, I was now aroused nervously, so I made for the door.

It was locked! And then a comedy-tragedy ensued. "*Hell holds no fury greater than a woman scorned.*" She chased me around the room, but I was lithe and nimble, and eventually got through the window on to the verandah and dropped into the garden.

There was snow on the ground! I did not wait for my cloak but made a bee-line home with my boyish mind filled with a strange mixture of indignation and wonderings.

The next day the carriage-and-pair called at the little shop, the coachman handed in my cloak and stick, and I never heard of the amorous dame again.

Such is life. This was my first touch with the vortex of sex.

Great Aunt Caroline.

There is generally a patron saint in every family—for little lads to look up to. Great Aunt Caroline was such an one to me.

From the earliest dawn of my childish recollection Great Aunt Caroline loomed as a kind of family Buddha; she was there—a model of propriety, a symbol of perfect virtue, of correctness and manners.

In her august presence—which had a tingle of the divinity that doth hedge royalty—we all had to mind our *p*'s and *q*'s; even grown-ups, but especially little boys.

Your "pinny" must be clean, your face lately washed—yes! and your ears, too!—your boots shining, and your collar clean. You must sit bolt upright in your chair just as Great Aunt Caroline did to her dying day.

Then, when you thought you were in apple-pie order, immediately you were ushered into her presence came the fatal request: "Let me look at your hands, child."

Of course, no healthy little boy can keep his hands clean for more than five minutes! So away you had to be dragged to the "brewhouse," and whilst you were there—well, your ears must be washed all over again—a horrid indignity!

But behind her virginal and Victorian severity Great Aunt Caroline had a heart of gold, and sacrifice, too; out of her slender resources came many helpful things to mother's large family. But Great Aunt Caroline had a predilection for boys, and as time spent itself I became her "angel boy," a most difficult part to sustain, and many's the time I slipped, but ever her love held me up—to try again.

Perpetually she wore a locket around her old neck with my picture in it.

Great Aunt Caroline lived at the village of Kiddamore Green, about nine miles from Wulfruna, and regularly I tramped the whole distance there and back, for there were no trains or buses, only an occasional carrier's cart.

Always I went on Good Fridays, generally accompanied by one or more of my brothers or sisters, and sometimes with a pal.

Her wee cottage was at the end of a long lane—a "puddin' bag," as these cul-de-sacs were called in the country. With a thatched roof, built of stone hundreds of years old; an entrance of cobblestones, a wide, deep frontage of grass, flanked by seasonable hollyhocks; then about twenty yards in front of the cottage an old well with wooden bucket and clanking turn-handle.

Small windows with tiny diamond shaped panes of thick, bulbous glass, and a porch with York and Lancaster roses. Save but for a tiny back kitchen, called a "brewhouse," the entire ground floor was occupied by the living room, which was parlour, kitchen and storeroom combined.

A generous and "comfie" room with a noble fireplace, wide for blazing logs, fronted by a stone guard, within which, at the sides, were brave shining brass dogs with grotesque, smiling faces and green-beaded eyes that ever hypnotised me.

An overhanging mantel with more brave brasseries, and hanging from the centre a clockwork roasting jack.

Enclosing the spacious fireplace were ingle-nooks on either side.

Heavy oaken beams crossed the ceiling, from which hung sides of bacon, cured hams, and bundles of dried herbs.

The furniture was age-old oaken table and stiff-backed chairs, a sideboard with more brass gods and shining blue and white crockery; a copper skelet for jam-making; a whatnot in a corner with shells and nick-nacks, and "goodness gracious! heart alive!" as Great Aunt Caroline used to say, I nearly forgot the grandfather's clocks—that both told the time and the quarters of the moon.

Lastly, in a corner beside a latticed window that looked upon the garden, was a winding staircase to the upper storey of two bedrooms, both latticed with sloping oaken beams, and both with small diamond shaped window panes.

All this with half-acre garden, a score of fruit trees, a pig-sty, and another half-acre grassed for a pony—for the magnificent rental to the Squire of 2/- per week!

"GREAT AUNT CAROLINE'S LOVE STORY."

One Good Friday—I was in my early 'teens—when I had hiked over to Rose Cottage alone, I found Great Aunt

Caroline in tears over an old faded blue satin gown, a gold watch, and a little satin slipper stained with wine.

Behind her austere and rigid personality, her primness and feminine dignity, lay the story of a love romance, to which more than half a century's memories had brought no forgetting.

In the days before Victoria reached the throne Great Aunt Caroline was the Belle of Wulfruna.

On her twenty-first birthday she became engaged to a merchant's son, and to commemorate the dual events a party was held in her honour.

In vision I see her!—young, beautiful, with her patrician profile, her crinolined gaily flowered petticoat and gown, her life full of hope, and with sweet romance walking by her side.

Her lover presented her at this birthday festival with a gold watch, costing as many guineas as her years, and when the bucks stood, one foot on chair and one on table, to drink her health and happiness, she took off her little satin shoe, which became the love-cup, filled and re-filled with wine that was passed round from which to honour the toast.

Alas! for Great Aunt Caroline, the marriage was never consummated. Her lover died!

All through the years she cherished his memory, perhaps dreaming that another world—or another incarnation—would bring them together.

That day, opening her heart to me, she promised when she passed to "the bourne whence there is no returning," that her treasured gold watch should be mine.

A few years after, when I had reached my twenty-first birthday, I received through the post a small wooden box. Opening it, I found the box filled with sweet white violets, and lying beneath the perfumed blossoms was Great Aunt Caroline's gold watch with a tiny tear-stained note which said "she did not want me to wait until she died, so sent it now."

Great Aunt Caroline lived well into the eighties, until I married—until my son was born—then travelled by carrier's cart to Wulfruna, nursed my baby son all day, went home to her cottage—and died.

"*Requiescat in pace.*"

A Day in London.

"TWENTY HOURS IN LONDON FOR 5/-."

So ran the alluring invitation. It was a trip organised by the Radical Club of Wulfruna, of which I was, at sixteen, the youngest member.

The primary objective was to meet and congratulate the Father of the House of Commons—Charles Pelham Villiers —on his Golden Jubilee of fifty years' representation of Wulfruna.

As a boy, besides being an ardent Radical, even in my 'teens, I felt a personal interest in meeting our member, because there was hanging in the House of Commons a picture of Charles Pelham Villiers dealing with an incident that occurred in 1835, when first he sought the suffrages of the free and independent electors of Wulfruna.

My maternal great-grandmother in those far away years kept a little inn with the sign of "*The Packhorse.*" It must have been a small place because great-grandfather went out to work, whilst grandmother served whatever customers happened to drop in to assuage their thirst.

In the flamboyance of youth—for he was still in his twenties—and dressed as a fashionable "buck" of good King William's golden days (yellow buckskin breeches, red waistcoat and sky-blue coat, with curled beaver hat), in came Mr. Villiers to "*The Packhorse*" to solicit "the vote and influence" of my great-granddad.

Great-grandmother was a plain, blunt mortal, and she said: "*Chalk your name on the counter and the 'maister' will enquire into your character.*"

The painting depicts the future "Father of the House of Commons" and the hero of the Corn Repeal Bill in the act of chalking his august name on the counter of the taproom of "*The Packhorse,*" with grandmother in her old-fashioned mutch and crinoline standing at the back of the counter amid her regiment of bottles and glasses.

Great Aunt Caroline's Cottage was at the end of a lane in Kiddamore Green, near Boscobel, where King Charles II. hid in the oak tree, which is still growing there.

See Page 25

OSCAR WILDE

See Page 35.

So to see this, to meet our honoured member, and to spend twenty hours in mighty, throbbing London, all for five shillings, was too alluring to miss, even although I was as poor as a Scots church mouse.

A Reverie on London Bridge.

The train left Wulfruna at midnight and arrived at the great metropolis at 4 a.m. I slipped away from the crowd of Wulfrunians at Euston on arrival, for I disliked "Cook's Touring," and determined to "do London" on my own, for although it was my initial visit, yet I knew its sights by repute.

First I found my way to Billingsgate to watch the daily fish harvest being landed by the burly porters from the great river barges; thence I went to Covent Garden to see the arrival of the day's vegetables from the Home Counties, and the flowers from the South of France, the Channel Islands and the Scillies, and to marvel at the agility of porters with the piled up baskets balanced on their heads.

Dawn had now come, and the general population had begun to stir. I went to old London Bridge to watch with wonder the workmen pouring into the city from the south side of the Thames. What a multitude they were! Yet each anxious unit, with his individual cares, interests and hopes, and, too, his despairs! What scenes had this grim old Thames reviewed through the March of Time as Destiny had shaken the Kaleidoscope of History. In fancy I saw the invincible cohorts of great Cæsar pass over London's first bridge; then the glittering procession of knights and esquires cross that narrow bridge streeted with the tall houses and the quaint shops of the mediæval ages; then Chaucer's cavalcade of Priests, Nuns and Knights, tired with their ride from grey old Canterbury.

So musing, I returned along Fleet Street to the Strand, breakfasted at a cheap tea shop opposite Charing Cross Station, which bore on its windows these strange devices: "Just as Mother Makes It," and "Peace and Plenty." In those days one could get a cup of cocoa, hot and steaming, for a halfpenny, and a "slice of thick," buttered, for a penny.

Having satisfied my modest appetite, I returned to "doing London." It was now about 10 a.m.

I wended my way back along the Strand, thence up Ludgate Hill to Old St. Paul's, lifting its topmost golden cross 404 feet heavenward. I climbed to the tip-top of its hundreds of steps to gaze out upon the map of London stretched below, and across the mist and rising smoke of the busy metropolis could discern in the distance the hills of Haslemere beyond Dorking, and Guildford. I crept down to the Whispering Gallery and listened to my own voice wandering around the walls of the immense domed auditorium, thence descended to the floor of the cathedral to pay my reverence to the great dead buried there and particularly to the resting place of Sir Christopher Wren—whose monument St. Paul's itself is—and I visioned the great architect in his winterage being wheeled in a chair and left alone an hour to meditate upon his wonderful work.

THE MERRY MONARCH AND HIS MISTRESSES.

Leaving St. Paul's I sped to the other principal building of Wren's, the Monument to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666, 202 feet in height—exactly half the height of St. Paul's. In my tireless energy I climbed to the top of that too.

Thence I took a boat up the Thames to Hampton Court, passing the Tower of London, noted the grim Traitors' Gate and thought of the despairing procession of men and women, the innocent and the guilty, who had entered its gloomy portals.

Hampton Court was reached before noon. I wandered through its gardens, its great grapery, passed through the halls and chambers full of the memories of the Merry Monarch, of his mistresses—stately Lady Castlemaine, lovely Lady Cleveland, and laughing, pouting Nell of Old Drury.

I lingered by and looked through the window where Nell threatened to throw her infant son out unless the King ennobled the baby. Surely it was only a gesture, for Nellie was the essence of kindness—a gesture to which the King responded with "God Save the Duke of Grafton."

Thence I returned down the Thames to be at the presentation by Wulfruna's Radical Club to "The Father of the House," which was held at the Royal Albert Hall. It was a simple ceremony and I was presented and chatted for awhile with the grand old gentleman. What I recollect most of him was his peach-like complexion, which was remarkable for his advanced age—maybe his life-long bachelordom had saved him a sea of worries and left him that calmitude of manner, his bright eyes and his rose-leaf cheeks.

I Visit the House of Commons.

This ceremony over, I made for Westminster, for Parliament was in session and I wanted to sense the environment of that historic assembly and see and hear, perchance, some of the political heroes who then blazed upon the Screen of Time —and neither was I disappointed!

I well remember the feeling of awe and reverence that came to me as I entered the precincts of St. Stephen's—and yet, as a very humble unit of our great Empire, I found some pride in the budding ideal of citizenship that was yeasting within me. Recollect I was only a boy, and bashful at that!

A debate was in progress. The procedure for visitors was, and is, that you send your name on a card by an usher to some Member of the House who will vouch for your good conduct for entrance to the "Strangers' Gallery."

Amongst my political heroes was Charles Bradlaugh. In my boyish way I had upheld in the Press the cause of Bradlaugh, and once I received a letter from that heroic man, and so the card the usher took from me was addressed to the Member for Northampton. And with charmful courtesy he came to vouch for my character to enter.

Two faces fill my memory of that vivid day—that of Gladstone, the greatest of Victorian Parliamentarians, and Charles Parnell, the mystic Irish Leader.

'Twas the head of Gladstone that fascinated me as he strode across the lobby. It was the head of an old, benign

eagle—if there could be such a thing as a benign eagle!—deep-set, flashing eyes, aggressive nose, all rimmed round with a ruff of white hair.

Charles Parnell was so different! A poetic, sad face. It was just after his political fall from dictator of English politics to the leader of a section of his former followers—all his great career thrown into the melting pot for the love of Kitty O'Shea.

The Liberty of Parliament.

The hour or so I spent in the House of Commons made an indelible impression on my boyish mind; to me it was the most sacred place I had ever visited. Here what liberties we possessed were cradled, and here, too, were the potentialities to create and mould for the British people a wider life of political and economic equality in which the halt and lame, with their physical and mental weaknesses, should no longer be the prey of poverty, in which the strongest and most selfish should not monopolize the wealth and luxury and leave the hindmost to the devil of misery.

As I mused in the lobbies and sat perched in the historic gallery, half listening to the desultory debate below, two scenes arose in my mind.

I pictured Charles I. and his troop of Cavaliers cantering over the cobblestones, fully armed and mounted, clattering upon their horses even into the sacred precincts of the old House of Parliament. Dismounting amid the clang of armour and sword, the King, full of his alleged Divine rights, heading his troopers, the doors of the House were flung rudely open, and with all the menace of military force the King and his men clanged down the floor of the Commons.

In imperious voice Charles demanded from the Speaker "the names of those Members who had been speaking treason against the Crown."

A dead silence fell upon the serried rows of the members—defiantly hatted in even the presence of their Monarch.

Wise Speaker Pym unfalteringly answered: "Sire, I have neither voice, eyes nor ears, save as the House commandeth."

The House sat silent! And this was the only reply the King received; after a pause Charles turned on his heels and, followed by his troopers, clanked their way out, mounted their horses and clattered back over the cobblestones.

Thereupon the House "resolved that the doors be locked, and that in the future if any Monarch of England wished to interview his faithful Commons, he should be required to knock three times on the door of the House," whereupon the House should forthwith decide whether or not admittance should be given.

And to this day this resolution is honoured and any Monarch who desires audience with his faithful Commons has to knock three times upon the door of the House. Thus our liberty from Royal intimidation was won and assured.

The second scene that arose in my memory was entirely different, and occurred in 1777. David Garrick, the supreme actor of the English stage, often went to the House of Commons to hear the debates. In those 18th century days it was fashionable for public men to have enemies—the courtesies of life were not so kindly as ours—and a man's enemies did all they could to injure his reputation.

Garrick was sitting quietly in the "Strangers' Gallery" when one of his enemies, seeking to discomfort him, arose, saying, "Mr. Speaker, I spy strangers," which means that the Speaker must order the galleries to be cleared, unless the House rules otherwise.

But for once the spiteful M.P. was checkmated. Edmund Burke instantly arose and moved: "That the galleries be cleared, with the exception of one seat, the seat on which Mr. David Garrick sat." Mr. Brinsley Sheridan seconded the motion, and both these eminent men testified as to the advantages they had derived from the matchless eloquence of Garrick.

The House adopted the motion, and David Garrick sat silent and alone—the only occupant of the galleries—to hear the rest of the debate.

THE OLD "EMPIRE" BALLET.

But to continue my experiences of my one-day trip to London.

I found a little Italian eating house at the back of St. Martin's Church, and refreshed my appetite.

Thence I made for the Empire Theatre, the home of the dance, where the lovely Faust Ballet was being performed. That I listened to from the Promenade, where I watched with curious eyes the parade of the demi-mondaines plying the oldest profession of womanhood.

Before the show ended I wended my way down Euston Road towards the railway station, pausing on the way at a fried fish shop, where I ate some skate, and whether it was the fish or the long excitement I know not—but I was *very* sick. As the wee boy said: "I did not throw up Jonah, but I throwed up a floorful of other things."

At midnight I boarded the train for Wulfruna.

So ended my first introduction to "the mighty Metropolis" —"Twenty Hours in London for 5/-." Don't you think I had my money's worth?

"I Knew Oscar Wilde."

The Apostle of Beauty.

Listen: Oscar Wilde speaks!

> *The Laburnum and the Lilac will be blooming in the gardens and I shall see the wind stir into restless beauty the swaying gold of one, and make the other toss the pale purple of its plumes, so that all the air shall be Arabia for me—and there are tears waiting in the petals of some rose.*
>
> *It has always been so with me from boyhood; there is not a single colour hidden away in the chalice of a flower, or the curve of a shell, to which by some subtle sympathy my Nature does not answer.*

I can see him now, dressed for the platform in his black velvet coat, with broad lapels, his flowered waistcoat, frilled shirt, Byronic collar and flowing silken tie; with these he wore tight fitting velvet knickerbockers, silk stockings, shoes with jewelled buckles, and over his white, delicate hands, from his velvet sleeves, fell Irish point lace.

But more remarkable than this picturesque costume was the face of the poet himself—clean shaven, as pale as a gardenia, with the most brilliant eyes I have ever looked into, and behind the face, a mass of dark hair that tumbled around his collar.

Shakespeare said: "A low voice!—a most excellent thing in a woman." So it is with a man. There was melody in Oscar Wilde's voice, and priceless wisdom in the words that came from it.

It is a lifetime since I, in my late 'teens, being intensely interested in the "Aesthetic Movement," had the honour of presenting Oscar Wilde, as a lecturer in the Midlands of England, where I lived.

His lecture was entitled, "*The House Beautiful.*" Only those who are old enough to remember the drear, dull homes of the Victorians, with their stodgy furniture, their shouting primary colours, their horsehair sofas, their wax flowers in

glass cases, can appreciate the great advance which has been made towards beauty in our houses of to-day.

Ugliness was God! It was the Crusade for Beauty by Oscar Wilde, associated with that great Englishman, William Morris, poet, craftsman, and social reformer, that revolutionized the ordinary homes of England.

William Morris designed furniture of loveliness, fabrics of wondrous patterns and art-colours; Liberty & Co., made these into beautiful realities; and Oscar Wilde went into the highways and byways to preach " The Gospel of Beauty."

What a brilliant, strange, tragic genius he was! And what a wizard of words, too. Playwright, Poet, Essayist, Epigrammist, a star of the first magnitude in English Literature.

Yet of all the services Oscar Wilde rendered us, that of the Apostle of Beauty was the greatest. During his too short life, how passionately he pleaded for Beauty of Colour and Line in our every day lives.

Our audiences were practically all women—mere men mostly ignored the Crusade for Beauty—but the fair sex came in crowds that overflowed into the corridors, filled the aisles and even invaded the platform. It needed all my tact and diplomacy to protect the poet from the awkward adulation of hundreds of adoring matrons and maids. It was my doubtful pleasure to select from these " fans " who clamoured to gush to Oscar Wilde, six adorers only, and take them, armed with their " Birthday Books," to the ante-room for introduction—but I was a good picker, and my selections did not offend the Apostle of Beauty's æsthetic taste.

As a budding showman, I learnt a lesson from this initial experience as an entrepreneur, and that is—in every walk of entertainment, whether of the theatre, the cinema, or the concert room, it is the goodwill of women patrons that alone can spell success. Whilst men are mainly the Creators of Art, it is women who build the shrines—it is women who worship at them.

The Fates at birth, flung into Oscar Wilde's make-up of mind and body a flair of femininity, for he was a midway human between the sexes—because of this he possessed a knowledge of the emotions of both men and women which is denied to us more normal mortals.

His poetic temperament sensed the secret longings of both Man and Woman—in his one mind both Aphrodite and Apollo held sway.

True! this was his Tragedy, as well as his Genius; yet weighed all in all in Life's scales, his service to human æthetiicism was a great gift to us all. His witty wisdom was amazing! his plays sparkle! and his prose is jewelled. Listen:—

To a woman the consciousness of being well-dressed imparts a satisfaction that religion is powerless to bestow.

The Book of Life (the Bible) began with the story of a Man and Woman in a garden—it ended in Revelations.

But priceless is his repartee to a pompous old judge, which occurred at the time when I was associated with him. The publishers of a book entitled, "*The Green Carnation*," were prosecuted for alleged indecency, and Oscar Wilde was called to give evidence. The pompous judge had ferretted out the most purple paragraph; he read it with accentuated emphasis.

"Now! Mr. Wilde, is not this paragraph indecent?"

"My Lord! it is worse than indecent! *It is ungrammatical*!"

More about Music and Old Fiddles.

The Goddess of Music is a jealous jade. To earn her favours one has to be a true devotee and worship with one's whole heart at her shrine.

She is generous indeed to those who give themselves entirely to her service. Only this, she demands we know Life and Love; we must experience Poverty, to be acquainted with Grief; we must climb to the highest heavens of Joy and descend to the deepest Hades of Despair, for if the student of the Divine Art of Music has no experience of the gamut of emotions that constitute Life, how indeed can he interpret the passions that the great Masters of Music seek to convey to humanity through their harmonies?

Music, like language, has its science of sounds that are gathered into its notation—its grammar and techniques; but these are but vehicles through which inspired composers have given to us the poetry that yeasted up in their natures.

But the Goddess of Music will not brook rivals—for her sake we need to drink deeply at the wells of Life—yet the experiences we garner must not make us absentees long from her shrine, or her gifts will grow less and her divinity within us wane.

Valet to the Viols.

My job in the salon that housed the collection of royal viols was an ideal one for a boy student of music. My labours were light—I was valet to the viols. But their needs were small—to preserve them from damp; to polish their precious varnish with silk kerchiefs moistened with olive oil; to re-string them; to occasionally cut bridges of the right wood, weight and texture to harmonise with the individual characteristics and contours of each instrument—a most delicate operation that often meant a dozen bridges fitted before one found the best suited to convey the vibrations.

Still, these days of my early 'teens were happy ones. I loved and paid court to all the royal viols under my care,

and grew to know the tonal virtues and weaknesses of most of them.

The oldest was a Gasparo da Salo, then about 350 years. It had begun to lose its brilliance on the higher strings, but was particularly sonorous on the lower registers; in model, was slightly larger than the average violin.

Next in age was a Maggini; then came the Amati school.

Resplendent in their summer-time years were three examples of Antonius Stradivarius—the acknowledged king of violins. One of these was the "Hellier Strad," another "The Charles Reade," and the third a poorer example of this great master that came from Hills, of Wardour Street, London.

VIOLINS OF REGAL PEDIGREE.

We never possessed a Josephus Guenarius Del Jesu violin, but had a viola of that maker, and a violin by Josephus Guenarius filius Andreas, and a viola by Andreas himself.

The "Joseph" viola was an exquisite example, with dragon's blood varnish and resplendent tonal quality.

One of the most beautiful violins that ever came through our hands was an "Elector Steiner," made by that greatest of all German artists, Jacobus Steiner. In the whole range of the masters of the craft there was no maker, not even the supreme artists of Cremona, whose technique excelled Steiner at his best in exquisite workmanship, in purfling and varnish.

The reason why this superb artist did not rival Stradivarius and Guenarius was that the model he always adopted was too high, and this militated against tone of the D. and G. strings.

The soprano strings were especially brilliant, but the D. and G., owing to the high model, lacked the sonorousness of the great Cremonese masters.

Jacobus Steiner in his old age ceased making violins for profit, retiring to a monastery, but there he made for love his twelve finest instruments, which he presented one each to the

twelve Electors of Germany. This particular violin came to George III. of England, who was also Elector of Hanover. It was given to the King's chapelmaster, and my father, who, in his youth, was violinist at the court of William IV., eventually obtained this historic violin. It was an adorable fiddle, and I was sad when it was sold for £350 to an amateur collector at Torquay, in Devon.

I Invoke Tartini's Tones.

Oft in the stilly night, when, time forgetting, I communed with my enchanting Carlo Bergonzi until beyond the midnight hour, I used to persuade her to invoke the mystic Tartini's Tones.

This rite is best exercised when the hubbub of life dies down—when Nature slumbers—and even the countless vibrations that fill the air cease their scintillation.

I found that the sixth, in the chord of D. Major—first position on the lower strings—the best for the invocation of Tartini's Tones.

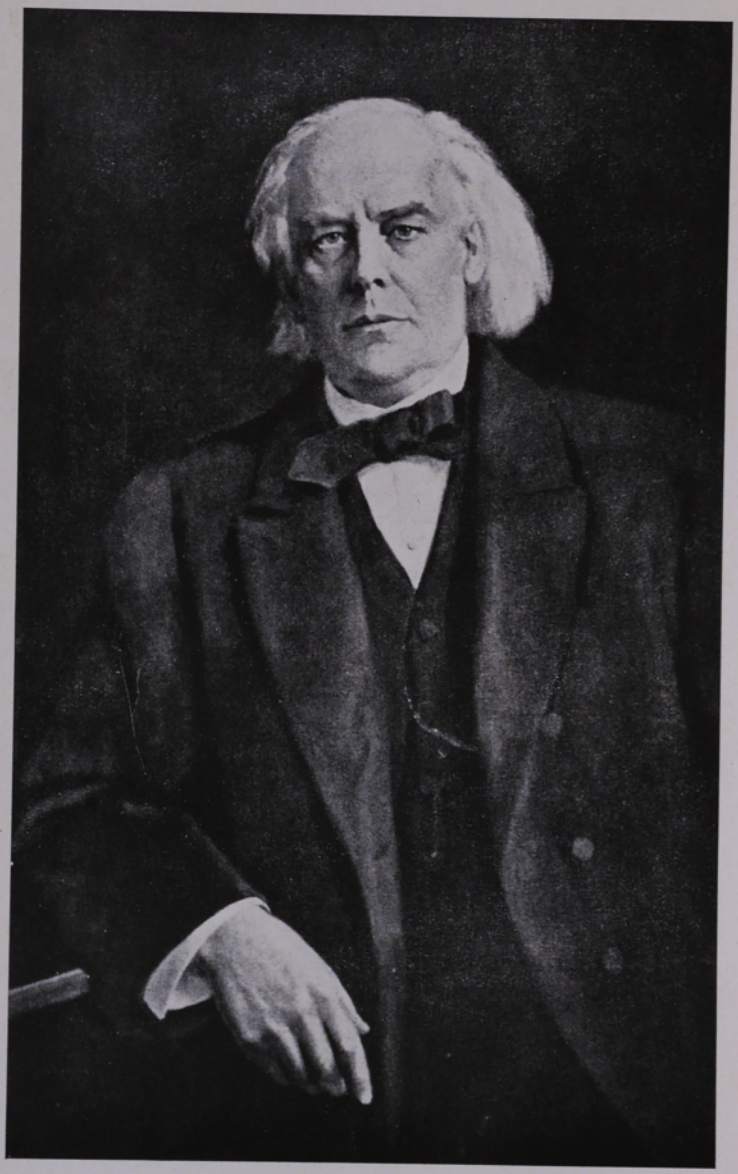
Playing this simple parent chord sonorously until the quiet air was filled with its tones, my listening ears would catch the singing sound of the "child note" born, always different to the two parent notes, which Tartini, the eighteenth century composer and violinist. first discovered.

But your violin must possess the responsiveness that is best found in the old Cremonas, that sing to the slightest touch of caressing fingers.

"FACES OF FLOWERS *and* VOICES OF NIGHTINGALES."

—Clement Scott in the "*London Daily Telegraph.*"

See Page 46



CHARLES BRADLAUGH, M.P.
"The Champion of Liberty."

I Meet Charles Bradlaugh.

I see him now, Charles Bradlaugh, the champion of the greatest of human rights: liberty of thought and expression. The British Parliament evolved to freedom slowly. In my grandfather's days you had to belong to the Church of England to be a member of Parliament.

Then the struggle commenced. Non-conformists gained the right to sit in the Commons; Quakers were allowed, and after a long struggle Roman Catholics gained admission; but it was only at the close of the XIXth century that Freethinkers were allowed to enter its sacred precincts. True, men like Dilke and Picton were at heart Freethinkers, but they concealed their opinions and mumbled the Christian oath on taking their seats.

After Charles Bradlaugh had twice unsuccessfully contested Northampton, he again presented himself as a candidate and was elected by a small majority. When the clerk of the House of Commons handed him the Bible, he frankly informed the House that the Christian oath was meaningless to his conscience and he desired to affirm instead.

"THE GRAND OLD MAN" SUPPORTS BRADLAUGH.

It was a Liberal Government, with Gladstone as Premier, who was the most religious man in Parliament; but when he pleaded for Bradlaugh and praised his honesty, his majority wilted away and deserted him. Lord Randolph Churchill seized the political opportunity, assumed leadership, and a majority of the House declared Bradlaugh's election void, and his seat vacant. Northampton, in spite of the money and clerical influences poured into the new election, again returned Bradlaugh. The same procedure occurred—Bradlaugh asked to affirm—again was the election declared void. Again the shoemakers of Northampton placed Bradlaugh at the top of the poll.

Three times this was repeated. On the third occasion one hundred thousand people accompanied Bradlaugh to the Commons, where he was allowed to address the House from the

"Bar"; again the Grand Old Man pleaded his cause, and again the bigoted majority declared his election void, and further declared that his conduct was intimidating. Bradlaugh refused to leave the House, and it took seventeen ushers to throw him out. He was taken into custody and imprisoned in the "Victoria Tower," where the clanging of the great clock continued day and night, making sleep impossible. Thus Bradlaugh was prevented from going to Northampton to fight his campaign—but the electors sent the imprisoned man back as their member.

Then a General Election occurred. Britain was aroused, and despite all the wealth and bigotry of the combined churches flung against liberty, the new House returned under Gladstone was favourable to Bradlaugh. The General Election was fiercely fought; every form of bigoted influence was used by the churches.

Bradlaugh toured the country, and in many places public halls were closed against him, but surging crowds supported him.

At Scarborough every hall was refused him, and the City Council passed a by-law forbidding speaking in the open air, but Bradlaugh knew that their jurisdiction ended at the line of high tide, so he hired a boat, and in the sea just outside the Council's influence he addressed thousands of listeners assembled on the sands.

As a lad in my 'teens, I wrote letters to the papers supporting Bradlaugh, and he was kind enough to send me a grateful little message. I met him and heard him speak several times.

Bradlaugh the Orator.

I recollect vividly at one meeting at the "Corn Exchange" at Wulfruna, the turbulent audience that assembled. Bradlaugh was alone on the big stage; it seemed as if the majority of the people were bent upon applying the closure. He pleaded passionately the right of free speech. Gradually his clarion voice penetrated, and as he was the greatest platform

orator of his time his hypnotic influence won out. The people calmed down; turbulence changed to enthusiasm.

A motion was proposed "that Charles Bradlaugh was a fit and proper person to represent Northampton in Parliament," and such was the dramatic change that when it was put to a crowded meeting only one hand was held up against the motion.

So wondrous was the effect of his oratory that the changed audience howled to eject the dissentient auditor. Bradlaugh leaped to his feet and proclaimed the right of the man to vote as he desired. "You hiss him, but I love his honesty. Now we will take that vote over again." This time the man was too ashamed or too frightened and withheld his hand. "Carried *nemine contradicente*," exclaimed Bradlaugh. The crowds cheered him as he wended his way to the street.

Bradlaugh was the greatest speaker that I ever heard, and I have listened to John Bright, Gladstone (four times) and Joseph Chamberlain often.

Bradlaugh Dies at the Zenith of His Powers.

He lived to be recognised as a most valuable member of the Commons, respected by all parties, but the hard struggle of years broke down his seemingly iron constitution. Bradlaugh died in his fifties; as he lay dying in his poor lodgings in Bloomsbury (for he was always poor from birth till the end), the House of Commons, with that chivalry that did honour to themselves, passed unanimously a motion expunging from the records of the House the struggle which gave to all thinkers the right to sit as members. A committee representing all sections was appointed to present this tribute to the dying man, but Bradlaugh was unconscious when they arrived. So passed the noblest Freethinker of the 19th century. To his courage, even we in New Zealand, a world away, owe much for in our legislature; all members have the unquestionable right to refuse the oath and to affirm instead.

The Stage kept Calling.

Then the will for entertainment possessed me, and together with my brother Flavell we gave shows in the local halls—little operettas—and also shared with travelling companies. For a time, too, I was with Oscar Wilde as publicity boy, and also with H. M. Stanley, the great explorer, on his lecture tour, "Darkest Africa," for which I provided a miniature orchestra of five, I playing lead and also conducting. Through these years of boyhood, both I and my brothers were friends with the daughters of Filipo Martinengo, the Italian Consul of Wulfruna. Signor Martinengo had come to England at the period of the Garibaldian Revolution, and had married the Miss Elizabeth Buffrey, whose father was the friend of Kossuth, the Hungarian Patriot. They were clever, and we together organised a costume concert company, taking engagements around the Black Country. From these came the ambition to be real theatricals and travel, for there were no pictures (save still-painted ones in panoramas).

There was a National Danish Exhibition pending in London, so I plucked up courage and journeyed to the great city to endeavour to get an engagement for my little show. After waiting around for days I managed to interview the directors, and whether it was my boyish eloquence, well, they promised me a trial week for our costume show at £40, which was a great sum to us and our Italian girls, all under twenty years of age. So we rehearsed and practised and the girls made costumes, and on the appointed day we journeyed, ten of us, to fulfil the engagement. The exhibition was under the patronage of Queen Alexandra, herself a Dame, and was a big affair.

But when we arrived to fulfil the engagement the directors had forgotten all about us, and there was no place available for us in the great Exhibition, which was assembled around the Royal Albert Hall. Naturally we were agitated, but the directors said: "Whether or not you perform you will get your fee." To me, the youthful manager of nineteen years of age,

they said: "Have a look round and see if you can find any suitable corner you can show in."

It was a great affair, acres in extent, with a multitude of attractions, and all was in a state of flux for to-morrow's opening by Edward, Prince of Wales.

A Theatre in a Conservatory.

However, I plucked up courage and wandered around this great hive of industry and eventually discovered a large conservatory of tropical plants in connection with the Royal Albert Hall. It was a big place, beautiful with ferns and blossoms and plenty of seats around.

There was a palatial staircase, wide and handsome, that led to another storey, and I adapted that for a stage, got together all the seats for an auditorium before it, engaged carpenters to build temporary dressing rooms. Well, the Exhibition opened, thousands thronged; we opened our little concert with operatic items—and we were an instant success. The directors came the first evening and were so pleased that they extended our £40 a week for the rest of the Exhibition, which lasted nearly six months.

Our little show, with its youth and our girls, became the fashion. Clement Scott, the literary leader of the great "*Daily Telegraph*," wrote us up in its columns, saying our girls had "faces of flowers and voices of nightingales," and our show, amid the palms and flowers, drew the dilletanti and aristocratic patronage of the mighty city—twice daily our conservatory auditorium was crowded. Our fortunes seemed made, for other engagements came: an Exhibition at York and a season of twenty weeks at the Palace beside the sea at Scarborough.

We Cut the Home Painter.

So we cut the painter from Wulfruna, and our company of four Italian girls, my two sisters, myself and two brothers, with a comedian (Mr. Fred Mills), none of us more than twenty years of age, launched upon the theatrical seas in adventures that lasted fifteen happy carefree years, until we sailed to explore Australasia.

"The Brescians."

ORCHESTRA AND SINGERS.

Our title was taken from the original home of our Italian artists—Brescia, in North Italy—and this was retained throughout the years of our touring, except at the periods we merged into our Grand Opera Seasons, playing to larger cities, when we extended our permanent company into thirty or forty artists, playing in English operas, such as "*Maritana*," "*The Bohemian Girl*," "*The Lily of Killarney*," "*Il Trovatore*," "*The Daughter of the Regiment*," and the oldest English opera, "*The Waterman.*" But usually our combination consisted of twelve artists, all versatile, for our concert repertoire exceeded one thousand items and we always played in costume: Italian, Spanish, Watteau (with white wigs), Old English (Kate Greenaway fashion), according to the style of programme we presented.

The original twelve players remained practically the same throughout the years and consisted of:

FLORENCE HAYWARD	*Dramatic Soprano, who was a member of Turner's Opera Co. at 13 years of age.*
ANTONIA MARTINENGO	*Legiera Soprano.*
DOMENICA MARTINENGO	*Contralto Cantante.*
ADELINA MARTINENGO	*Solo Violinist and Contralto.*
BETTINA MARTINENGO	*Pianist and Contralto.*
FLAVELL HAYWARD	*Conductor and Solo Violinist*
RUDALL HAYWARD	*Basso and Solo Violoncellist*
EDWARD WYNN	*Tenori Robusto and Violinist*
IDA HAYWARD	*Elocutionist who afterwards played "Trilby" in provincial towns.*
FRED MILLS	*Comedian and Double Bass.*
GEORGE MARTINENGO	*Baritone and Violoncellist.*
HENRY HAYWARD	*Viola and Manager.*

But when playing as an orchestra everyone was versatile, with diverse instruments; Florence played the drums and timpani; Antonia was organist, for we carried everywhere an excellent organ; Domenica was harpist, basso de camera, and played the carillion of bells; Adelina the mandoline; Flavell and Bettina were accompanists; Fred the double bass and bassoon.

Our Programmes.

At times we devoted special evenings to scenes from grand opera, musical comedy, a night with Oratorio, Gilbert and Sullivan operas, or excerpts from Wagner, or played a string quartette from Beethoven or Haydn, or a programme entirely of Spanish music with guitars and mandolines.

Every item was not merely sung but acted to suit the words. When we merged into our large opera company we were joined by Annette Hayward (who was principal contralto with "Carl Rosa," Opera Co.), Walter Gray (principal tenor with the same company), and Sylvia Martinengo.

It was the variety of programme with costumes that attracted and held our audiences. Everyone was in the orchestra and everyone sang, and in addition to the costumes adopted for the evening, special songs were given in dresses illustrating the solo item.

"*The Brescians*" offered beauty to the eye, artistry in song and solo, with plenty of laughter, and for years they were a household word in entertainment in hundreds of cities and towns throughout Britain.

During our long years of touring, death only once visited us. We lost sweet Bettina, the loveliest and youngest of our Italian artistes.

A Co-operative Company.

Many songs and other musical items were specially composed for us by Flavell and published. We had a stall for their sale in the foyer of each place we visited, and the thousands of copies we sold helped to advertise the show. "*The*

Brescians" was a co-operative company, share and share alike, with this exception—I was given ten per cent. of the profits extra for management, and Flavell ten per cent. for his musical arrangements, the eighty per cent. was then divided equally among the members, extra artistes were paid salaries. The system worked well and produced harmony and zeal for the show.

We had weekly dividends. Rarely it ran to £10, and sometimes "the ghost did not walk at all."

We were simple livers; our girls were not allowed to use make-up except on the stage; we boys often played billiards and chess matches against teams of the towns we visited; the railways provided special composite private travelling carriages, which remained with us, and we had two baggage men with a maid to look after the costumes.

Margaret's Gold Watch

A Romance of My Golden Youth.

In the life of every man who has walked the world wide-hearted and wide-eyed there remain in the corridors of his memory shrines to dear women who have illumined his life. How then could I leave dear dead Margaret's shrine without its blossoms and its altar lights? I should be a miserable changeling, despised by my overlord-best-self, were I so forgetful.

As I write, from a miniature set in gold, Margaret's kind eyes look up at me as if to say: "Well, Brer! have you been good to-day?" If I could credit a Paternal Divinity "that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may," I would believe that some dear women are sent into men's lives to save us from the hog-wash of our fleshly worst selves, yet, from the wrecked lives of my fellows I doubt there is a Universal Father that "marks the sparrow's fall" and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Instead our destinies are shaped by environment and circumstance, together with that subtle something within ourselves that makes us fight our way to betterment or languish into "worsement"—the something our thousand forefathers flung unasked into our natures.

I Meet Margaret.

I remember, as yesterday, the day when I first met Margaret. I was advance courier to an operatic company for a season in the ancient town of Hastings, where William of Normandy landed in England nine hundred years ago.

Hastings is a quaint, picturesque place, with an old town and a new town; an old town with a medieval harbour, the refuge of Channel fishing boats, a market, and a curious set of caves—where perhaps Hastonians hid themselves when the Royal Pirate of Normandy landed.

The new town is a fashionable health resort with pier, bathing pool, promenade, whence come the elite of London

to "take the air," to float and flirt and to laze away their days listening to the lapping of the quiet sea and look across the Channel to the shadowy Continent.

I had wandering feet in those days with wings on them like Mercury's (and still have!), and I had tramped along the waterfront through St. Leonard's and Bexhill, perhaps five miles from Hastings, where I came to a little old cottage post office "with roses round the door," that sat by the sea, from which on fine days the coastline of La Belle France loomed on the horizon. Suddenly I remembered that I had a wire to send to my company, and so sauntered into the post office, little thinking that a new vivid chapter in my romantic life was to commence.

The post office had a staff of two—a girlette behind the counter, and a hidden telegraphist. The girlette was "doubtful if my message could be accepted as the telegraph had broken down. Would I wait awhile?" Another customer was already waiting.

One glance and my eyes were filled with an impression that has never faded; slenderness, a patrician profile, hectic complexion, deep brown eyes, and a wealth of blue-black hair. "Standing with reluctant feet where maidenhood and womanhood meet."

Destiny or Chance?

What is it about a man's nature that without premeditation, unsought, in one fleeting glance, he finds his whole nature flooded at-one-ment with a woman he has never met before, and as yet not even spoken to? Perhaps some future Rutherford will find that there comes kinship between humans from Old Dame Nature's patternment of our atoms and electrons by which a man is unconsciously harmonised in tune with his melody in womanhood—the predestination of sex. Who knows?

I never can recollect women's dress! Some men can! But I remember so well Margaret's eloquent hands caressing a bunch of white heather, from which I opined her nationality.

Well, what happens when a man and a maid have to wait in a lonely little post office with nothing to listen to but the lapping of the waves against a sunny shore? It is surely polite for the man to be pleasant! So I started the commonplaces of conversation that strangers thrown together use.

Not that Margaret was stranger to me. In every man's make up of mind and body there is a haunting reflection, ceaselessly mirrored, of his ideal woman that companions and grows with him through boyhood and adolescence and remains with him as long as life. Is it a mental reincarnation of his forefathers' composite choice that sets his heart ceaselessly searching for her? True, he never quite finds her! She is a potpourri combination of womanhood that a thousand ancestors have bequeathed to him; a lurline of the restless river of sex that beats through his veins; he sees her in the fleeting glance of a girl passed in a crowded street, in perhaps a statue of Clytie decorating an art gallery, or for one hour she is Scherazade in a stage ballet, he hears her voice in the sob of a singer, or a young mother hushing her child to sleep.

Here in a sleepy old country post office, unexpected and unsought, a vision of her was living, incarnated in Margaret. We chatted awhile until the telegraph machine was mended and our two telegrams were paid for and despatched.

"Miss White Heather."

I admired Margaret's shower of white heather; she broke off one slender blossom and gave it to me for a parting buttonhole. I said: "Do you know what a gift of white heather means in the Highlands?" The dear girl blushed! My guess of nationality was confirmed by her liquid aspirates—she was a daughter of old Scotia, where tradition says that the gift of white heather is a declaration of love.

"I should like to know you better."

"You cannot. You have not been introduced."

"I shall write to you!"

"How can you, when you don't know my name and address?"

"I shall write to you as 'Miss White Heather,' and address my letter to this lovely little post office."

I doffed my hat and laughingly departed.

Her Knights of the Round Table.

My letter to Miss White Heather, addressed to the little post office that "sits by the sea," was posted, asking her to meet me.

I was not optimistic! I felt it was a bit cheeky on my part, for Miss White Heather evidently was a girl of culture and education, and I a strolling player.

But a little of the blessed inquisitiveness of Grandmama Eve lingers in modern femininity, and one lucky day to my hotel in St. Leonard's came a half-shy answer. "Her parents had always warned her against acquaintances with strangers, yet you looked kind, and as it was her 21st birthday next Thursday she felt that reaching woman's estate and being entitled to vote, well, she could meet me on St. Leonard's pier." Her name: "Margaret Genevieve Stuart."

So we met again, sat in the shelter, whilst the ocean murmured music around us.

Margaret was the daughter of the head bailiff to the estate of a politician Peer, who was a member of the British Cabinet. Her home was on this estate in Kent, just a few miles from Hastings.

The couple of hours spent together soon passed in telling one another the stories of our lives, but the evening was marred by an incident of ill-luck

It was Margaret's 21st birthday. Her parents had sent her a keepsake rose ring of twenty-one small pearls set in gold. We were leaning over the side of the pier looking seawards, when, as Margaret handed me her keepsake ring to look at, it slipped from her hand and fell into the deep blue sea. I think it was my fault, so all the next day I spent chasing around the many jewellers' shops of Hastings to find as near a replica as possible—which I eventually did—and so saved my new girl friend from the scolding she might have had from

her parents. At any rate, perhaps this misadventure was an introduction to our enduring friendship.

Margaret was a student at the Royal College of Music for voice and piano, and also as a journalist supplied "nature notes" to the "*London Times*"; for her age, one of the best educated girls I have known, a good French scholar, with a wide knowledge of the literature of that people, a smattering of German to boot and, although her people were strait-laced Calvinists, her vivid mentality had broken away from the shackles of orthodoxy; 'twas she who first introduced me to the lilting philosophy of Omar Khayyam.

But side by side with her unusual learning and modernist thought was a fairy Margaret; a day dreamer of the poesy of life; a pixie singer and dancer who dwelt in a fantasy garden of flower thoughts, far removed from this mundane world.

Withal, she possessed a psychic instinct that seemed to read other people's minds and motives, as well as mine own; maybe a legacy from her Highland ancestors. Oftentimes this quality of Margaret's mind used to puzzle mine, with its rationalist materialism.

The Shadow of T.B.

Yet this jewelled galaxy of mentality was set in a frail physique; the shadow of tuberculosis was over her, which, despite all the care of her folk, and that which I, who became, perhaps, her dearest friend, was enabled to tender her, the disease marched on to its inevitable tragedy.

Even in these youthful years, with a premonition nothing could shake, Margaret realised it all.

But there was no fretting; if the candle of her life was short, it burnt with laughing love for all she knew.

One thing was fixed in her mind. She could never marry! She would face fate alone and not add to another—her tragedy.

No woman had more devoted men friends, and as a consolation for her enforced spinsterhood she formed from them a little personal society, "Her Knights of the Round Table."

As time went on and our communion became closer, Margaret invited me to be one of "Her Knights of the Round Table."

I felt more honoured than if the King of England had tapped my shoulder with the heraldic sword.

So I became the fifth and last of her Knights, but I bucked sharply when I was dubbed "Sir Galahad"; I protested that I, of all men, was unfitted for the part of the one perfect knight who had held aloft the Holy Grail, and "possessed the strength of ten men, because his heart was pure."

But "Margaret-the-must-be-obeyed" only relented as far as making me her "Sir Try-to-be-Galahad."

There were duties as well as privileges in our amateur knighthood. Margaret would write to each of us once a fortnight, and we were invited to be her escort when we were within reach—to dinner, a theatre in London, and to her companionship and comradeship.

Set down in my cold words, the pact made by this gifted girl with her five young men friends may seem fantastic, yet it worked, for Margaret had a genius for friendship. It was a liberal education to know her, and she possessed by intuition the power to help and to arouse the best in a man and inspire him to achieve. Many happy times I spent with Margaret and her kinship in ideals, and her strange wisdom and psychic forethought helped me—and still help me—to live. I am sure the other boys would re-echo my thoughts; their success in their different professions is evidence.

One became a brilliant barrister, another a prominent Radical member of Parliament, a third won a real Knighthood for his work and art as an architect in the planning and erection of a great London public service building. Another, a young Frenchman, achieved fame as a mining engineer in the gold mines of Mexico; and I sought adventure as a theatrical entrepreneur "Downunder" in Australasia.

MARGARET'S SWAN SONG.

For three years, during which I was busily carving out my future a world away from Margaret, each fortnight would

bring me a message from her, and gradually I sensed she was waging a long, losing battle with her physical weakness.

For a time she migrated to Switzerland, hoping that the mountain air would bring back her fading health and check the hemorrhages that are often the last chapter in "T.B."

I had made money "Downunder," and restlessly waited the opportunity to return to England, for I wanted to justify in any possible way I could my "knighthood" towards her.

Eventually I sailed for and reached London, and immediately made a bee-line for Margaret's home in Kent.

I found Margaret wasted and weak in bed, and seemingly in the last stages of her disease. She could not even walk across the room, yet how brave and sweet she was.

Her parents, deeply religious, accepted her condition as the "Will of God," as a part of their belief in predestination. To me, as an agnostic, such acceptance was superstitious atavism; I felt like the young Grecian who wrestled with death on the threshold of the sick room. Instanter I hastened back to London, interviewed the medical staff of the Alexandra Hospital for Consumption. They recommended an open-air sanitorium on the cliffs at sunny Cromer, Norfolk. Forthwith I engaged an experienced nurse and an ambulance, and together we returned to Kent.

The nurse made Margaret comfortable, and gathered her clothes, and then I lifted her in my arms and carried her to the waiting ambulance.

Strangely, her father and mother did not regard my kidnapping of Margaret as anything unusual; probably they thought that I, too, was an instrument of their God.

An Open-Air Home in Old Cromer.

However, after delay and suffering, the same evening we had poor Margaret installed in her one-roomed open-air houselet, that moved around on a pivot to avoid the wind and greet the sunshine.

Then I sought and found modest "digs" in old-world Cromer, under the shadow of her ancient cobble-stoned church,

so that I could be at hand to help my girl friend in her desperate struggle.

Twice daily I visited Margaret in her wee alfresco home, and although at first the medico there held out little hope, yet with my will-power to reinforce her own, there commenced a slow and gradual improvement.

In between my visits I played golf at Sheringham and explored the "Garden of Sleep" along the poppied cliffs, made famous by Clement Scott, the poet, whose acquaintance I had made years before.

We Migrate to the Surrey Hills.

Three months passed. Each week Margaret seemed to improve. Then the doctor advised a migration to the Surrey Hills, so the nurse and I carried our patient to Halesmere, on the hilltop of the Surrey Hills, close where the old Roman Road winds its way over the moorland road to Winchester.

There we hired a big bathchair, harnessed a forest pony to it, and daily nurse and I walked miles beside the improvised carriage.

In two months more the winter came, and our third migration was made—this time to Bournemouth, in Hampshire, the warmest and sunniest spot in all England. There we had a furnished house, and Margaret's parents came down to stay.

Still the progress continued, and Margaret and I went little walks along the paths under the pine trees. In fact, eight months after my kidnapping, Margaret could walk without tiring a mile or more—such was the effect of open air, combined with the will to live.

Then came a cable from Australasia, which meant my return to my business. Reluctantly I accepted Margaret's command that I must return.

A week later she saw me off to Plymouth to catch the New Zealand boat, and promised to come overseas to see me.

DOMENICA MARTINENGO.

See Page 67.

FLORENCE HAYWARD.

See Page 70

"THEY WHOM THE GODS LOVE—"

For a whole year longer the fortnightly messages came, and they were not unhopeful. Margaret had even resumed journalism.

Then a fateful cablegram came. England was swept by an influenzal epidemic; Margaret caught pneumonic 'flu, and this, combined with the chronic weakness, well, she died.

One or two post-mortem messages came to me even after the cable, and eventually I received the copy of a girlish will written by herself; it was merely the giving away of her few personal treasures; each of the quintet of her "Knights of the Round Table" were remembered, and to "her beloved friend, H.H.," she "left her gold watch."

As I write the end of this lovely communion, Margaret's gold watch is ticking bravely before me, and the memories of her comradeship flood into my mind.

Once more I am strolling beside her, in the flowery lanes around Battle, and I am listening anew to her lilting song and laughter.

Sometimes, unbeliever as I am, I catch myself thinking that for some of us the fret and sufferings of this sad old world, the compensation of another life is merited, but from across the dark and shadowy River Styx comes no answering sound; all is silent save the echoes of our own hopes.

A Floating Theatre.

In my golden youth I was a weaver of dreams. It is not an unprofitable habit, for day-dreams are the harbingers of realities to come, just as mirages are the distant reflections of the same. The floating theatres on the Mississippi suggested the idea to my fanciful mentality.

I was 22; it was in Glasgow; it was a "*dolce fa niente*" day. I was lounging around when I happened to look up and see the offices of the "Caledonian Steam Packet Co.," and that morning I had read in the *Glasgow Herald* that the company had laid up several of their large steamers owing to the slackness of business.

Then my dream came back and prisoned my mind to the exclusion of mundane things. At last after much cogitation I plucked up courage and boldly marched into the palatial offices, and presenting my card, asked for an interview with the directors. But boards of directors are not continuously sitting, and I would not divulge my business to the counter clerks; it would have been fatal.

I Interview the Directors.

A week or two after I managed to get an appointment with the board and, whether it was my youthful eloquence or enthusiasm, eventually they agreed to a partnership with me.

(1) The Company would find a suitable boat, pay all expenses connected with same for the cost of running. They would receive 50 per cent. of the receipts for a specified period of a summer season.

(2) I was to erect whatever deck building was necessary, find an efficient entertainment company of from twelve to twenty performers and take the other 50 per cent. of the gross receipts.

The boat allotted was the "*Duchess of Hamilton.*" It was licensed for 2,000 passengers within certain distances of the shores of Britain. In many ways it was an excellent boat for the purpose, for hurrah! its one funnel was placed fore towards the bow, instead of the centre, which left a long wide deck space for any theatre stage, its shelter and the audience.

Well, here I was with my dream a reality. There was my usual operatic touring company, with its little orchestra as a nucleus, and I added a couple of vaudeville artistes to add variety.

"*The Floating Theatre*" was a summer season adventure, which meant about twenty weeks from mid-May to the close of September.

The Floating Theatre an Instant Success.

The venture was an instant success. The "*Duchess*" was packed with crowds at every port we visited. One charge only, eighteen pence, and two shows were given daily, at 2 and 7. The shows were never given in port, but with band playing and flags flying we sailed out into the stream. There we anchored, for one and a-half hours for the entertainment, which consisted of concert scenes from popular operas in costume, with vaudeville turns in front of the stage to save time for the preparation of my opera presentations.

The "*Duchess*" was a fine boat, steady even in choppy weather, and the skipper and crew were friendly and took a sporting interest in the experiment.

Dancing and Fireworks.

Sometimes we landed our patrons on some beautiful spot and with a portable stage gave the show amid sylvan surroundings; at other times our evenings had fireworks, which were a good advertisement for the townspeople of the ports we visited; sometimes the weather was unkind and then our patrons were scarce, but generally we had wonderful crowds, often more than we could accommodate. Then also we had dances on the deck.

A Piano for the Mermaids.

We had occasional mishaps. One of these I recollect vividly. The sea air being humid was somewhat deleterious to our musical instruments; our viols suffered somewhat, and our piano strings in time rusted; so I ordered a new piano to meet the "*Floating Theatre*" at our home port, Rothesay. It duly arrived, a heavy upright instrument. There was difficulty in getting it up the ordinary gangway. One of the crew came

to me touching his hat said: " 'Scuse me, sir, my mates challenged me to carry the piano aboard all by myself across a plank, I wish you would let me do it."

He was a big brawny Scot, and I was a sport; in a weak moment I agreed. A narrow plank was placed about twelve feet long from the wharf to the steamer deck. The piano was lifted by his mates on to his broad back—he holding it by his hands.

Well, he started to cross the plank; half-way he wobbled and wobbled, and finally the two hundredweight piano flopped into the sea ten fathoms deep. As we had to depart to another port, there it lay until three weeks afterwards, when we returned to Rothesay. I had arranged for a diver to locate it, and finally it was lifted to terra firma again. It was in a hopeless state, but I had it restrung and repaired, but it was useless for concertising, so it was sent to our Community Home and placed in a study at the top of the tower.

The Rothesay folk used to tell us that they heard some sounds from the instrument as it lay "full thirty fathoms deep." It must have been the mermaids practising their ocean chanties.

I Make a Pile of Shekels.

We ran the *Floating Theatre* three seasons, and I acquired quite a pile of shekels; then the steamship company required our *Floating Theatre* for mercantile purposes as trade had improved. I made a desperate attempt to obtain another boat, and eventually chartered the "*Duchess of York*" from Ireland, but it had a middle deck funnel, was half the size of the "*Duchess of Hamilton*," and cost me £40 a day. The owners would not share. It was a miserable boat in poor condition; the tubes of her boilers were continually bursting; then she would stop dead like a stubborn old mule. Twice we had to transfer our lessened patrons to a passing ship.

My profits turned to losses; the little fortune I had made wilted to nothing and left me a bank overdraft of over £1,000. So I had to abandon the floating theatre idea and "retired hurt," in my pocket. Since I came "down under" I have visioned a palatial floating theatre on Sydney's lovely harbour.

Shows in Strange Venues.

In visiting over six hundred "stands" in Great Britain, we met with some queer places in which to give our entertainment. Sometimes we travelled (generally in the winter months) in large cities and towns with our Grand Opera combination of between thirty and forty artists, playing "*Faust*," "*Il Trovatore*," "*Daughter of the Regiment*," "*The Bohemian Girl*," "*Maritana*," and the "*Lily of Killarney*." At other times we shrank down to our little original company of ten players; this was in the summer months when entertainment-loving folk forsook the theatre for the open-air attractions. So in the "dog-days" we played the "smalls," and there met with some queer places to show in. Strangely, as such "stands" were seldom visited by itinerant shows, the business done was good. The Orkneys and the Shetlands called us at such times, and the citizens there used to organize financial guarantees, to encourage us to visit the "Ultima Thule," as the old Romans called these faraway isles.

Very delightful folk they were, mostly Scandinavian in race, who scorned to call themselves "Scots." At both Kirkwall and Lerwick they let us their small theatres at peppercorn rents, and living was absurdly cheap. We loved the couple of months spent there, although the sea journeys were often stormy.

Scarcely ever we lived in hotels; all theatricals, even the stars preferred "digs." Usually we stayed together, two girls and two boys; the girls went shopping for our food, which our landladies cooked. It was a form of advertisement to have our girls going around the shops; the boys attended to the stagecraft.

Cheap Living.

At Kirkwall we reached our lowest amount for living during our long round; it cost us each 8s. 9d. for the week's food and lodgings combined—the digs being 2s. 6d. each

weekly. Eggs were 4½d. a dozen, milk 1d. a quart, and fish free.

Things were cheap in those far away days. Usually we could live well for an average of 14s. a week at ordinary touring times. But one day, as our season was ending at Lerwick, a deputation came to ask us to go for at least one night to a village on the other side of the island. Accordingly, a few days before the date arranged, I journeyed across with a few bills to advertise our coming; the only transit was the Royal Mail pulled by two bullocks at two miles per hour, so I walked the fifteen miles. The only place to show in was a fish drying store with thousands of "haddies" hanging down from the roof; no stage, no seats. To encourage us the natives put up a rough stage and dressing room, and I chalked across our daybills:

"BRING YOUR OWN SEATS."

The fish store was on a hill, and at 7 o'clock on the show night I looked abroad and saw hundreds of folk coming along with chairs and boxes to sit on. The perfume from the drying fish was awful, but the audience was enthusiastic, and we took it all in great fun. Another time, at a small old-age townlet in Derbyshire, the only place available was the Police Court, which was granted us free. Our singers were on the Magistrate's bench, and we put the comedian in the "prisoner's box." At Tonbridge, in Kent, and Taunton, in Somerset, we were granted the courtyards of their 1,000-year-old castles. We played seasons, installing electric light and seats with shelter for the players. Very charming was the effect of our music and costumes in these ancient environments.

A RAILWAY STATION FOR A THEATRE.

But perhaps the strangest venue was at Wemyss Bay, where we were to give a great open air entertainment in conjunction with the Caledonian Steam Packet Co., who ran boats from a dozen places for us on a 50/50 basis. We erected a special stage and over 2,000 people turned up. It

was a lowering day and just before the show started, when our great audience were seated on the grassy slopes, the sky darkened with a coming storm.

I was at my wits' end, but there was a railway station close by—a terminus with only half a dozen trains each day, but a handsome roofed station. In desperation I approached the station-master and persuaded him to allow us to give our show in his great covered station. I was a good persuader in those days, and he gave in to my entreaties.

They ran empty carriages on both sides of the spacious centre platform to form theatre boxes from the compartments. The porters entered into the fun by erecting a rough platform of luggage trollies.

Well, we ran the show to the roar of tumultuous rain on the roof, but everyone seemed to enter into the spirit of this strange theatre and the large audience was enthusiastic. The storm passed and our 2,000 auditors went home dry in their waiting boats.

But I wonder if the head railway office at Glasgow ever heard of the adventure, for I read carefully the countless regulations of the Caledonian Railway Company, and no one was allowed to do anything but pay their fare—everything else was "verboten." But the station-master was a sport and rescued us and a great audience from a dilemma with a wetting to boot.

Another week in the "Dog Days" we divided our show of twelve players into two SIXES—one booked at Beith and the other at Loch Winnoch. I was a performer with the Beith group. On the opening Monday night, 14s. of an audience turned up and we were too proud to show, so returned the money; but we said: "Never mind, let's have a walk over to Loch Winnoch and for once see our cobbers perform there." It was only four miles distant and we were all in our golden youth. Half-way between these two small towns was a bridge that crossed a river. *We met the others there*—they had returned money also.

An Island Co-operative Home.

I always hankered after an Island home, a careless haven, fretless and free, cradled in murmuring sea.

The Brescians had as many ups and down as a liftman, sometimes we struck a gold pocket, sometimes we almost starved, it was a share and share alike show.

It was a nomad existence. In any vacations that occurred, or in the "Dog Days" of midsummer, when travelling shows "rested," we had no homes to go to.

So one day, it was in Glasgow, we suddenly became enthusiastic for a co-operative home where we could rest and laze awhile or when illness came, where we might retire and recuperate.

I, who was the manager of our enterprises, was commissioned to look around and explore for a haven.

As luck would have it, one day I tripped on the "*Lord of the Isles*," away down the Clyde through the kyles and lochs to Inverary, amid the gorgeous scenery of the Scottish Western Isles.

Well, I did not complete the tour, for the steamer called at a little ancient isle of beauty, where Robert the Bruce lived almost a thousand years ago.

It possessed an old, old castle with a moat, a practical drawbridge, a ruined courtyard, and a romantic little town that clustered around the old castle. It was a sunny day, and I could see the wallflowers and sweet Betsy climbing up the grey walls of the battlements.

There were woods that clothed the hillside.

There was my island of dreams, so I sacrificed the rest of the trip and dropped off to stay until the "*Lord of the Isles*" returned.

Wandering around, I saw on the hillside about 200 feet up an old mansion of Scots-Baronial style of architecture, triple storied, with side tower.

There it stood, with a background of forest.

Yes, it was empty! It was too large for ordinary folk. From an old shop I obtained the keys and climbed up the Ministers Brae to explore.

The road ended in a *cul de sac*, beyond was a winding path through the Skippers Wood, and fretted through the trees was a panorama of the seascape of Loch Striven.

Fronting the old Mansion House was a hundred yards of level plateau, and across the wide road was a small garden with a glistening hedge of escallonia with its waxy pink blossoms which buccaneering bees were rifling for its honey.

The house had twenty apartments, including three bathrooms, one on each floor. There were thirteen bedrooms, spacious dining and drawing rooms, and a billiard room all facing the sea, with kitchens at the back.

And at the tip top of the side tower was a round room poised above the rest of the house. This we made our study to practice our music.

But oh, the vista! A hundred mile sweep of sea and loch and mountain; and down 200 feet below lay the old, old moated castle with its green sward courtyard, its tumbled stone walls broken by centuries of storm and stress, and clinging affectionately around the castle was the wee town with its crooked winding streets, its wooden wharf and its curved bay.

And, hold your breath, the rent was only £75 a year, or thirty shillings a week. I secured an option and hastened back to my people.

We leased it, ten of us, six girls and four boys, all under 25 years of age, and formed the syndicate. It was only half a crown weekly each. A wave of homing enthusiasm came over us; the plan was each to have a bedroom which she or he would personally furnish according to one's fancy or taste, the other three bedrooms were guest rooms, and these, with the dining, drawing, billiard rooms and kitchens, were furnished co-operatively.

We were frugal folk, and all had savings. Then came a delightful period of furnishing our new-found home, which was completed in about three months. Very little new furniture was bought; we hunted the second-hand shops for bargains in old oak and antiques, and although the whole furnishing presented rather a harlequin effect—for individual tastes differed—yet the effect was charmful.

We engaged a permanent housekeeper, with casual cleaning help, and my dearest mother was installed as chaperone.

Oh, the happy days when we all assembled for our holiday month. The island was explored—it was seven miles long and from one to two miles irregularly wide; in the centre was a wee gem of a lake, Loch Fad, and beside it reared a mountainette, "The Barone," which soared up about 400 feet. There were three wee rocky hills called the "Maids of Bute," and at the other end of the island was an old ruined abbey beside a smaller lakelet, Loch Ascog. Here and there were farmlets with meadows and grazing cattle and sheep, and in addition to the forest adjoining our home was another wood which clothed the western side of the island.

The climate was one of the best in all Britain. The warmer waters of the "Gulf Stream" encircled the whole island, the mean temperature was equal to that of Bournemouth and Torquay on England's South Coast. Snow seldom came, and never stayed a day, and in our little gardenside we have had roses growing on Christmas Day.

In the spring and summertime the island was filled on every side with the blossoming and perfume of wild flowers; wild daffodils nodded to you from every green sward, the lanes were scented with wild roses, in the hedgerow were the flowering friends of my childhood, the honeysuckle, robin-run-in-the-hedge, the leaf-scented briar, the "Parson in the Pulpit," the lucky wild blue pimpernel, side by side with its scarlet brother, ox daisies, red crab apple, white hawthorn, and even wild orange blossom, whilst in the meadows were wild rainbow-iris, cornflowers and poppies.

We lived eleven of the happiest years of my life here, until our adventure overseas to Australasia.

Perhaps it was propinquity. Oh! that is too poor a word, but three brothers of us Haywards married three of our Italian comrades. Flavell espoused sweet Bettina, Rudall, Adelina, our brilliant solo violinist, and I made a love match with Domenica, our principal contralto. In this enchanting island home some of our children were born, and spent their first years with a nurse, whilst we all blazed our trail of entertainment from the Shetlands to Cornwall.

A Tragedian's Island Haven.

A Reverie in an Old Garden.

"I remember! I remember!
An old garden, gay and trim,
And a fountain in the centre,
With a gleaming marble rim.

"There were rows of stately lilies,
Winding walks where roses grew;
And a dragon at each corner
Fashioned from the hedge of Yew."

I was ever a tramper and explored every nook and corner of our island. In the centre was a lovely little lake three miles long; beside it a mountainette about 400 feet high, the Barone.

This was my favourite haunt. Loch Fad was a thing of beauty and a joy for ever; its quiet mirroring surface was a calm contrast to the ever restless yeasting sea that beat and moaned ceaselessly around the encircling shores.

An Invocation to Lurline.

Here was a haven to dream; sometimes when the moon had raised her lamp above, which fretted through the fringed trees, one expected a "Lady of the Lake" to arise from amid the pale floating lilies.

One rememberable evening, as we were walking around Loch Fad, Domenica, my sweetheart companion, sang the invocation to Lurline, the pagan goddess of rivers and lakes. Domenica possessed an "Annie Laurie" voice, it was "sweet and low":

"O Thou, to whom this heart ne'r yet
Turned in anguish, or regret,
The past forgive, the future spare,
Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer!"

But the goddess did not appear. Perhaps she was jealous of the voice that lilted and echoed round the quiet moonlit lake.

Another sunny day when wandering around Loch Fad I found nestling on the gentle slope of Barone Hill the ruins of an old stone cottage. Its tumbling walls were ivy clad; around it what once was a garden, with gnarled ancient fruit trees, and amid the weeds, clambering briars, wild flowers, half choked by the grasses were six small statues of Shakespeare's heroines, sweet Rosalind, wise Portia, gentle Imogen, petulent Beatrice, passionate Juliet, and imperious Cleopatra.

Alone! save for the murmuring of bees, the serenade of song birds, and the sighing of pines that fringed the lovely lakelet. A hundred years and more before, Edmund Kean, England's great Shakespearean actor, who was the idol of old Drury in the early Georgian days, made this faraway isle his haven.

When the London theatrical season was ended, tired of the city's dust and moral rust, with its human artificialities, Kean coached northward to Scotland, thence across the sea to his island home, there to rest and gather renewed strength and health.

"*It was called my Lady's Garden,*
And the maiden fair and tall,
Who was wont to walk within it
I remember best of all.

"*In her petticoat of satin,*
And her gaily flowered gown,
The perfume and the powder
In her hair of sunny brown."

But even in this quiet haven Kean could not forget his Shakespearean loves, so amid his roses, they too blossomed beside him.

Oftentimes I went to linger in Kean's old forgotten garden and, lying on the hillside, warmed by sunshine, I mused and dreamed.

In my fancy the old stone cottage rebuilt itself, with its carved gateway, its oaken doors and leaded windows, its beamed rooms, and its garden aflame with hollyhocks and sunflowers. I visioned the poetic actor finding peace and health lingering beside the lovely lake.

In my day-dreaming I saw beside him a lovely lady—yes, she must have been there! with poked bonnet and crinoline, for what human man with beating pulses could be content amid Nature's glowing beauty with six stone darlings, even of immortal Shakespeare's creation. Why, one dear woman in tune with a man's ideals and desires is worth all the goddesses that ever were, carved in stone.

A Family of Stage Folk.

We were seven—four girls and three boys, cradled in music from babyhood—and music of the highest classical type: String quartet playing, combined with opera and oratorio.

The old *Athenaeum* resounded with our daily practice under the watching eye and ear of my old father, and we harvested his tuition and care after he had departed from us at a ripe old age, for we were children of an old father, born from his sixties and, aye, seventies.

My eldest sister, Mary, was a brilliant pianist, but she left us to marry J. P. Millington, M.D., Lon., and migrated to New Zealand, where she lived many years on the West Coast, and spent her musical ability on repertory production and musical comedy.

My second sister, Annette, incredulous as it may appear, sang arias in public at the age of nine. Then she possessed a soprano voice, singing as high as D in alt., but as she grew older her voice became lower. In her teens she joined, as prima contralto, J. W. Turner's Opera Company, and after years of experience graduated to Covent Garden, and finally became prima contralto in the great Carl Rosa Company.

Annette married Mr. Walter Gray and in their autumnage they came out to New Zealand.

FLORENCE HAYWARD.

My younger sister, Florence, has had a remarkable career. At the early age of thirteen she joined J. W. Turner's Grand Opera Company as a chorister, and was fortunate to attract the kindly sponsorship of the brilliant prima donna, Constance Bellamy, who sheltered her as if she were her own daughter, taking Florence to live with her everywhere the company travelled. Under Madame Bellamy's artistic guidance Florence was soon promoted to small parts, and at the youthful age of seventeen became the youngest prima donna in all

England—playing principal soprano in "*The Bohemian Girl*," "*Maritana*," "*The Lily of Killarney*," "*The Daughter of the Regiment*," "*Faust*," and other popular operas.

Florence was more than a fine singer; she was an outstanding actress, and her youth made her a favourite wherever she appeared.

Florence joined the "*Brescians*" as our chief dramatic soprano, and in our orchestra was an expert tympanist, as well as other percussion instruments.

She sang in the operettas composed by my brother, Flavell, and made popular many of his songs, one of which, "*Come Back To Me*," had an immense sale throughout Britain.

Florence was also a partner in our Island Co-operative Home, and came to New Zealand with "*West Pictures and the Brescians*," singing in every Australian State.

IDA HAYWARD.

My youngest sister, Ida, started by playing comedy in opera, but migrated to the dramatic stage. Her chief success was as "Trilby," which she played throughout Britain. Eventually she married Neil Kenyon, the popular comedian, who followed Dan Leno as Dame at Drury Lane Panto., where he was salaried at £150 a week. They retired from the stage and are living in London, to which they are fondly attached.

FLAVELL HAYWARD.

My eldest brother, Flavell, was the outstanding musician of the family. He was a musical director in Grand Opera, and also the soul and inspirer of "*The Brescians*." He was in his day a composer of merit, including an opera on the life of the young Pretender, entitled the "*Young Chevalier*"; also many songs, solos and anthems. He died at the early age of 44, but to-day I receive royalties from his compositions. He married our lovely Bettina, who died at 23, a pathetic loss to all.

RUDALL HAYWARD.

Rudall, my second brother, was a most successful buffo singer, singing as the devil in "*Faust*," and devilshoof in "*The Bohemian Girl*," with great gusto, and was an ideal "Mr. Bundle" in the oldest English opera, "*The Waterman*." Rudall was also a violoncellist of note. He came out with me to New Zealand, but, alas, died too early.

ME.

I was the least musical in our family of artistes, although in my golden youth I was a budding virtuoso as a solo violinist, yet I deserted the shrine of the goddess of music for business management in entertainment, which was more profitable. My fiddle lies, in my autumnage, silent beside my Spanish guitar and my lovely old Cremona viola, keeping company with Domenica's harp.

Love and Sex Magnetism.

The commerce between women and men is not always of the market of sex, as sex is generally understood.

The possessive, passionate Romeos and Juliets have not a monopoly of the sweet word of Love!

There is a communion spiritual in glow, where Love is born that stays, long after the fierce fires of physical attraction have died down to cold ashes; where rose-in-hand sweet romance leads a man and woman to the calm heights, far away from the miasma of bodily passion.

Cynics will smile and whisper treason against such ideals.

But ideals are like the stars that beckon us!

We cannot touch them with our hands, but as with the sailors on the trackless seas, they guide us on our way.

And just as beauty is in the eye of the beholder, so Love is the mirror of the mind, for "Love maketh the body rich," and is the greatest gift of Life.

Oscar Wilde once said: "There is only one greater tragedy than the parting of lovers with a grand passion; and that is—the tragedy of their coming together."

What draws most couples together is sex magnetism.

Sex Is The Lure!

Sex magnetism is the lure, that often dies with its own spending.

Love is the harmony between a man and woman, that grows with its giving.

Sex magnetism is wrongly termed Love; it is not itself Love, although it may be the dawning gateway of it.

Primarily it is the call of Nature, for the perpetuation of the race; a species of hypnotism in which reason plays but little part.

A marriage of passion often fails! Indeed, in the majority of cases it does; then it is a matter of repenting at leisure. Such couples are tied together by clerical and legal bonds only.

The Awakening from Sex Magnetism.

It generally happens that when the young couple have awakened from their hypnotic dream of sex magnetism, they have to begin a new kind of courtship all over again.

The young wife discovers she has been living with a strange man, and the strange man finds he is bound to a woman he has not really known before.

Then as the sex magnetism fades away, indifference and aversion often come instead.

With this awakening comes a recognition of disparities of temperament, of personal habits, that are difficult to accept, or coarsenesses, mental and physical, that offend.

The melody of sex that hid these differences has ended!

With their natures out of tune, the young couple have to face the inevitable petty trials, the disquieting misunderstandings that matrimonial misfits are heir to.

Yet perhaps! in many marriages, this stage passes, and is succeeded by a comradeship based on mutual needs, that eventually flowers into an intimate friendship, with a love that is purged of erotic passion, and out of doubt and perhaps passing bitterness, may evolve a communion that remains as long as life.

"The Saddest of All Words."

The saddest of all words are not "It might have been," but "*It has been*," for there is nothing so dead as dead love, when a man and woman can meet and pass with cold, callous indifference, where once the fierce fires of passion blazed between them.

Cleopatra in her chariot of sex, dragging behind her wheels Rome's mighty trio of conquerors, has illumined history for 2,000 years.

But when humanity's final verdict is given, Cleopatra will hold a lesser place than Anne Rutledge, who was the spiritual lover and inspirer of Abraham Lincoln, the world's greatest Liberator.

Listen! Anne Rutledge is here. She speaks!

"I AM ANNE RUTLEDGE WHO SLEEP BENEATH THESE WEEDS—

Out of me, unworthy and unknown
The vibrations of deathless music—
'With Malice toward none, with Charity for all'
Out of me, the forgiveness of millions, toward millions!
And with the beneficent face of a Nation
Shining with Justice and Truth."

"I AM ANNE RUTLEDGE WHO SLEEP BENEATH THESE WEEDS!

Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln;
Wedded to him, not through union,
But through separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic!
From the dust of my bosom."

"*Yet I remember how*
My soul kept watch from Day to Day
My thirsty soul kept watch for you away;
At length there came the step, upon the stair,
Upon the lock your old familiar hand,
Then first my Spirit
Seemed to scent the air of Paradise,
Then the tardy sands of Time
Ran golden, and
I felt my hair put on a glory,
And my soul expand."

"*Now! I am gone away!*
Gone into the Silent Land.
You can no more hold me by the hand—
Nor I half turn to go
Yet turning—stay."

"*Only remember me.*
Yet if you should forget me, for a while,
And afterwards remember, do not grieve!

For if the Darkness and Corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had—
Better far, you should forget and smile
Than you should remember, and be sad."

I pause a moment in reverent silence to salute two great souls!

Sweet Anne Rutledge! who sleeps beneath her weeds, and brave Abe Lincoln, the Liberator.

They loved!

Is not life wonderful?

Till Daybreak.

Nothing matters now, the breath of dawn—
That thrilled us one-time with its ecstasy.
The shadows moving on the uncut corn,
The sunlit glory of the summer sea—
The God-sent day, the magic hours of night.
The kiss of spring upon the waking bough,
The soaring madness of the lark's glad flight—
She sleeps unheeding, nothing matters now.

Nothing matters now, across her sleep
No sun nor any shade may ever fall.
No joy to bless, nor any tears to weep,
But just the dreaming silence over all.
For me alone is left the breaking heart,
The memoried love, the unforgotten vow,
Mine is the sunless path to tread apart,
Until the daybreak nothing matters now.

—ANNETTE HAYWARD.

Dates with Death and Disaster.

Wrecked at Sea.

Most of us, if we lived long enough and wandered, have at some time been face to face with the Grim Reaper. In my earlier days, as I have said, I toured with operatic shows for years, and in these theatrical orbits visited more than six hundred cities and towns in Britain alone, and so had many adventures.

One midsummer's night in sailing south from the Shetland Isles in the *s.s. Ban Righ*, the curtain of life almost dropped upon our little company of show folk. We had left the land of the midnight sun where his Sol-ship encircled the sky for twenty-three hours daily, and were ploughing the waves back to the mainland of Scotland.

The *s.s. Ban Righ* was a smelly old boat, for she carried cattle as well as people, so I stayed on deck. The sea was as calm as a mill pond, or I would not be here to-day. But as Napoleon said: "It is always the unexpected that happens," and without warning, at 1 a.m., we crashed into an uncharted rock.

In an instant all was confusion, but the conduct of the crew was splendid. Within seven minutes the gunwales were axed down, the life-boats were lowered, and my operatic girls in them, arrayed in their nightdresses, for all our effects and dresses were booked for Davy Jones' locker. There were seventy odd passengers.

A Parson's "Christian Faith."

We were all excited and nervous, for it was really a rendezvous with death, and anything might happen.

I recollect in waiting my turn that my legs would not cease from shaking, but there was no open cowardice save from one man.

He was a Presbyterian Minister of mid-age, and he lost his head completely. First he covered himself with several

life-belts until he looked like a knight in cork; then he made a bee-line for the women's boats. He had to be restrained by the crew, for instead of being a help to us pagan play folk in such a crisis, he was hysterical at the bare thought of leaving this wicked world for the realms of bliss he had so often preached about.

One cynical old salt whispered to me: "Why, he fears to go to Heaven more than we do to go to Hell." I left in the seventh boat and helped to row our long sea road to Fraserburgh, where we all arrived safely. The fisher folk were kindness itself, lending the girls clothes until we reached Edinburgh.

It Was Our Fire.

Another time we were playing a season at Folkestone Pier Pavilion.

I was lodging in the outskirts of the borough, and one Sunday morning I was wending my way to the Pavilion when I met fire-engines rushing down the street. In too light a heart the drama of a fire brigade and ladders appealed to me.

But the drama was our own, for the Pier Pavilion was burning furiously.

We lost practically everything we had; instruments including an Amati violoncello, priceless and irreplacable, all our costumes and effects. The only thing saved was a double-bass. Some stranger had rushed into the burning stage hall; he thought that the biggest fiddle was the most valuable and so rescued it from the flames.

Adelina, Flavell, and I generally carried our violins to our digs, as they were valuable, and we saved these.

The folk of Folkestone were the essence of kindness. They raised a fund to help us, lent us instruments, and our girls hurriedly made a temporary set of costumes. Soon we were showing again to packed houses.

Floods as Well.

Twice we were drowned out with floods. Once at Arley in Shropshire I had to row in a boat to my "digs," and at Cheltenham the floods invaded our Pavilion and our dress baskets were found floating on the waters.

Fire in an Hotel.

One morning in a Glasgow hotel I was awakened by a smothered feeling. I lit my candle and found the bedroom thick with smoke. I struggled to the door—the staircase was ablaze. Luckily I was up only one storey, so I climbed out of the window and with the help of people in the street I managed to reach *terra firma*.

An Ocean Tidal Wave.

I was sailing in the "Roaring Forties," my third passage of that stretch of water between Cape Town and Tasmania, and loneliest sea-road on earth. Suddenly in the distance we saw a huge tidal-wave, twenty feet high, rolling towards our ship. The captain had only time to point the bow of the boat towards it, and orders were shouted for everyone to cling to some structure. There was a party of nuns on deck, and instantly they knelt down praying, thinking their supplication would stay the tidal-wave, a product of some submarine earthquake. We had to rush and disturb their prayers and drag them to hang on to what shelter was around.

The waves came and passed without loss of life, but we were all like drowned rats. The water swept down into the cabins which were half filled. Sometimes ships disappear, and before radio no trace of their going was known. It is probable that great tidal-waves, started by a submarine 'quake, are the solution when the mighty force strikes broadside.

San Francisco Earthquake.

I was a visitor to this international city when the earthquake and consequent fires swept away a large portion of the city.

An auditor at a legitimate theatre, I was seated at the rear of the stalls when the 'quake started. I noticed the pillars of the proscenium swaying and then the electric lights went out.

As a theatre manager I had always schooled myself to the idea of "keeping my head" in any trouble in the "House," but I was out of that theatre in a few seconds. Fortunately the 'quake did not wreck the theatre, but as I stood in the street I was penitently ashamed of myself for my panic.

There was a weeping woman who in the hurried exit had lost her bag with money and valuables. "Now is your chance to regain your self-respect," said I to myself. So I went back into the theatre and in the pitch dark walked up and down rows of stalls until I kicked the bag, got out safely, and brought it safely to the lady.

I felt once more a man.

A Fractured Spine.

But the worst of accidents experienced was in Colne, Lancashire. We were playing opera. In the dark after the show I walked off the stage, falling about sixteen feet, and injured my spine.

For a month I lay under two doctors' care at "Grange-over-Sands," with the kindest landlady that I ever met, and for a year after was encased in a horrible harness to keep the weight of my shoulders and head off the fracture of one of my vertebrae. It was the worst illness I ever had, and to this day I feel its effects.

The show continued to tour during my enforced absence, and my sweetheart Domenica used to rush down to Grange every week-end to comfort and encourage me to Wellville.

At first both doctors informed my folk that my recovery was doubtful, but years afterwards when I returned to lovely Grange-over-Sands on my honeymoon to the Lake District I found that both doctors had shuffled off this mortal coil and I was alive and kicking. Such is life.

I am Introduced to the Moving Pictures.

To me, the fascination of Life is ceaseless! Yet I meet folk who profess themselves tired of existence, and who are so blase that they would welcome "Shuffling off the Mortal Coil."

What is the cause of this difference of attitude towards Life? Is it not a matter of health or wealth!—for I have suffered much pain and poverty, yet not a day has dawned on which I have not faced the East with expectant eyes.

Perhaps the difference between optimism and pessimism is at the root, or the chemicality of our blood streams, the varying count of red and white corpuscles, or more or less of the elusive electrons.

The world has always been my sweetheart, and like dear Chico, that "very remarkable fellow" in "*Seventh Heaven*," "my eyes are filled with its beauty." Around every corner is an adventure! Why, the littlest happening on any drab day may blossom into a great event that might change the course and current of one's life. Often times we "entertain an angel unawares."

When I first saw a series of animated photographs, the size of a handkerchief, projected on a wall, I never dreamed it would be a flickering "Will-o'-the-Wisp" to lure me to the ends of the earth—that it would cause me to stop worshipping my beloved violin, and follow it, dropping most of my dreams in its pursuit.

It was my dear old partner, T. J. West, who first introduced me to the cinema. I am always trying to forget how many years ago it was, for at least forty, for Phil, my only son, was the tiniest wee chap, toddling about the Community Home. West was running a show entitled "The Modern Marvel Company" at Edinboro'. The idea of his company was to pick up and exhibit scientific novelties, showing them as an entertainment. We became partners.

Among other things we exploited X-Rays, the Ives Colour Photography, and the Analecticon (a sterosceptic invention).

Then Robert Paul developed into reality the idea of an animated picture, which had been dreamed of from the wondrous days of the old Grecian civilisation, two thousand years ago—even the earlier Egyptians endeavoured to depict movement by a succession of Bas Relief carved on their ancient monuments.

The first two Moving Pictures we handled were: "Boys Playing Leapfrog" and "Boys Snowballing"—the time of projection of both together only occupied 1½ minutes; the pictures flickered, danced and continually ran out of alignment; the mechanism was crude, with intermittent rollers that tried to beat the film around. Still, they were the genesis of the "Mighty Motion Picture," which to-day is Monarch of Entertainment in every corner of the wide world. We did not exhibit these baby films with our ordinary entertainment. No! No! Our "Living Pictures" were projected in a side room on the bare wall after the regular show was finished at 6d. extra. And crude as they were, they drew like a mustard plaster.

The audiences were easily pleased in those days—they were not impatient when the machine broke down, which it did with clockwork regularity at every show; but the wonder of the pictures held them spellbound.

Then to satisfy the rising public curiosity to see the "Living Pictures" we rented shops in the busy streets of Glasgow and Edinboro'—with glaring posters and a talking touter at the door. For a time we did roaring business.

We also exploited the provincial towns of Scotland, sending out concert and vaudeville turns as time fillers, with the Living Picture as the draw.

New Zealand Attracts Me.

"13—My Lucky Number."

I was restless. For full fifteen years with my various shows I had wandered through more than six hundred cities, towns and villages of Britain, from the Shetland Isles to Cornwall, which fifteen years included the seasons in my Floating Theatre.

I felt like Mercury; little wings had grown on my feet; there was "a world without" I wanted to explore. I was thirty-eight and the year 1905. My sister Mary had married a medico, and they had adventured to New Zealand, whence messages came to me of its beauty. Mary wrote of her "hedges of geraniums" and roses in her "winterless isles," and my old Dad's book of "Cook's Voyages" arose vividly before my mind.

We were touring Devonshire with T. J. West's Baby Cinematograph added to our operatic show under the title of "West's Pictures and the Brescians." I was advance manager a fortnight ahead of the show, doing the booking of towns, arranging advertisements to herald our coming, and fixing "digs."

It was in age-old Exeter that my "feet wings" kept fluttering, so one day I sent a wire to my partner West: "Why not take the show to New Zealand?" A return wire said: "Come back and talk to me about your idea."

I went back to the show and there and then we boldly decided to take our show to Zealandia. We formed a new co-operative fund of £1,000, in which all our players took shares; mine was 22½ per cent. of the capital.

Three months ahead of the company I sailed on the good ship "*Ionic*," to make arrangements ahead and book a tour through New Zealand, and as its southernmost city, Dunedin, meant Edinburgh, I made a bee-line to it with an advertising stunt: "Edinboro' of Old Scotland sends her Greatest Show.

West's Pictures and the Brescians, 13,000 miles direct to Dunedin, the Edinboro' of the South Seas."

It was a great adventure. The "*s.s. Ionic*" called at Teneriffe, where Nelson lost his arm, and then we visited Cape Town; thence across the "Roaring Forties" of the great South Atlantic, and finally arrived at New Zealand. I boldly booked the Dunedin large old theatre for four weeks, an unknown length for a travelling show. I had brought a mass of printed matter, and started the publicity, then pushed on to Christchurch, Wellington and Auckland, booking a month in each city. By the time I had finished my preliminary advertisements in these four metropolitan places my company was due to arrive, so I travelled back to Dunedin to sparkle up the advertising.

The local prophets decried the idea of any show running for four weeks, as the usual visiting time for travelling theatrical companies was only about three days, for old Dunedin had a reputation of being careful and canny with its bawbies.

Well, our company arrived and our girls invaded the shops, waking up the sleepy city. The show caught on; we opened to £60, the business grew, and night after night our receipts topped the century.

Strangely, although I had booked the theatre a full four weeks, yet the management knew better than I that no show could run that record season in careful canny Dunedin, and they had actually booked, "out of kindness to me," a couple of nights towards the end of the season for other purposes. I could have taken legal action against them, but being a peaceful mortal, booked the odd nights at Port Chalmers, and our £100 nightly takings continued to the end.

Christchurch was just the same—crowds flocked every night. At Wellington the old Opera House was far too small, so we transferred our entertainment to the new Town Hall just erected, paying two rents.

At Auckland I increased our booking to six weeks. We played at 3/-, 2/-, and 1/-, and did over £1,000 a week.

We made £3,500 clear profit at Auckland alone. Then we did the larger provincial towns, clearing £13,000 on the New Zealand tour the first time round, and I slipped off to Australia to arrange seasons there. In short, including the latter, we made £35,000 clear profit, of which my personal share of 22½ per cent. meant over £8,000.

All of us felt we had tapped a vein of gold.

Yes! thirteen is my lucky number; we came to N.Z. with a company of thirteen; we opened at Dunedin on the thirteenth of the month, it was a Friday too, and we made £13,000 the first time round the Dominion.

The Rise of the All-conquering Cinema.

At the close of the Australasian tour of "West's Pictures and the Brescians," which netted more than £35,000 profit, I recollect vividly walking with my partner T. J. West up and down Pitt Street outside the Palace Theatre, in Sydney.

We were tired and needed a rest and a change, and our conversation was the permanence of the cinema as a standard entertainment like the legitimate theatre, or vaudeville, and after long and serious discussion that extended until the audience flooded out we came to a mutual conviction that "pictures" would not last or become a permanent show.

On this conclusion I sailed for London to interview Maskelyne and Cook, the great magicians, with the idea of their coming for a special tour under my direction through Australasia. "Maskelyne and Cook" had run without a single day's intermission for forty-four years in London; it was the record run for all theatrical shows, and was a household word in England, for John Maskelyne was not only the world's most famous magician, but a public character who had fought ceaseless war against spiritualism and its frauds.

Cook had died and a new title was publicised—Maskelyne and Devant—and eventually after long negotiations I succeeded in arranging a tour outside London, the first departure in their history.

So I brought the show out to Australasia, and we did good business. A most happy tour it was, for Devant was a charmful companion, and Barclay Gammon a great artist who was their laughing comedian. For a whole year we wandered through every worthwhile city in Australia and N.Z.

But during this eventful year of 1908, the cinema kept yeasting, and both West and I had to change our opinions regarding its staying power as a permanent show.

Rise of the Cinema.

Eventually I came to an arrangement with my old partner that he should stay and devote himself to the cinema in Australia and I should apply myself to New Zealand, but we

made mutual arrangement for the joint purchase of what film we could purchase, which lasted through the rapid growth of pictures until they practically swept both the legitimate drama and vaudeville out of the payable market of entertainment. West was an unusual showman, clever and resourceful, a great advertiser, but in his personal character the very opposite of mine. He was a very religious man, I was a Freethinker, yet we harmonised happily together.

Oftentimes he used to kneel down in the office and pray fervently for the success of his business, and he really thought that his God intervened specially to bring him success.

I respected his convictions, and he complimented me in saying: "H.H., you are the most honest man I have ever done business with." And curiously, success came to me in equal measure without the prayers.

It takes all sorts to make a world, and I have met churchfolk and otherwise, for honesty and good deeds are no monoply of any section of thought. The conviction is firm in my mind that if all the 2,000 million people of the world were to kneel down and pray they could not make one single blade of grass grow. It is better so. If we could gain things by prayers instead of labour what a change 'twould be. Idleness would be at a premium.

"*He prays the best who loves the best all things both great and small.*"

The cinema grew amazingly, and theatres arose like mushrooms all over N.Z. I first created "Hayward's Enterprises" with £30,000 capital, afterwards increased to £100,000, by building, leasing, and by interest, and then I amalgamated with Fullers under the title of "The Fuller-Hayward Theatres Corporation."

During the negotiations connected with its amalgamation I crossed the Tasman fourteen times in one year, and the last time, owing to a maritime strike, I sailed on a tramp steamer and had to join the crew as an A.B. owing to their license not permitting passengers, but my job was an easy one. I played chess with the engineer, and the journey occupied eleven days from Whangarei to Sydney.

The "Cinderella" of Entertainment.

The cinema is the Cinderella of Entertainments!

Forty years ago the cinema was regarded by most of the Thespians and the Vaudevillians as unworthy of any serious attention. They said:

"The Living Pictures were only a craze."

"It was only a kid's show."

"The pictures were the toy of the day, the public would tire of them."

Yes! the Legitimate Theatre and Vaudeville played the parts of the Ugly Sisters to perfection.

In the early days we had great difficulties to find halls in which to present our "Picture Shows." The difficulties were the same in New Zealand and Australia as in other parts of the world. Our first picture theatres were empty shops, old warehouses, schoolrooms, and deserted churches.

My first permanent show in Adelaide was a tent erected on a vacant section; at Wanganui, Louis Cohen, Will Jameson and I ran the first regular cinema in the auction mart; at Napier, in partnership with Messrs. Thompson and Payne, I opened the initial "pictures" in an old garage; Fullers' first permanent movie house was a horse bazaar in Christchurch; whilst Wellington's venue was a deserted church.

When the big folk of the "real" theatres, who "did" Shakespeare and Pantomime, and the high salaried stars of Vaudeville, arrayed in fur coats and diamonds, swept by our little movie shows, their noses were tip titled towards Heaven, in derision.

To-day, these scoffers, hat in hand, are waiting on the steps of the cinema studios, praying for screen tests, only to find, when the merciless camera is turned upon them, how artificial have been generally the methods of technique of the legitimate theatre and the vaudeville stage.

To-day, Cinderella has come into her own!

Her Prince Charming has been H.R.H. the Public, for it is the love of the people themselves, bereft of the guidance of critics, that has taken our Cinema Cinderella from her lowly environment and enthroned her in the most gorgeous Palaces of Entertainment the world has ever known.

In these, our Fairy Princess, the Cinema, to-day holds Court, and paying tribute to her, bringing their priceless gifts, are the foremost leaders in science, art, literature, and music. Among the crowd of courtiers were Edison, the wizard of science; Richard Strauss, the master of melody; George Bernard Shaw, the leader of literature; as well as the world's greatest architects, who are writing her praise in palaces of greater beauty than the Genii of Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp ever dreamed of.

But our Cinderella of the Cinema is a Democratic Princess; she is not only to be found in her greatest theatres. When the "Shades of Night are Falling Fast" she steals out with her Magic Lamp to illuminate with Happiness the countless humble shows that are star-scattered in every clime and country.

She has a mission greater even than her happy entertainment.

The cinema brings to the Babel of differences, which afflict the world with its diverse illusions of religious and racial intolerances, and to its selfish disharmonies born of ignorance, distance and discordant tongues, a message of world unity and brotherhood, which nothing else can.

An Agnostic's Prayer.

Lift the veil! oh, God!
And let your children see.
We are tired, and grow old—
Lift the veil! oh, God!
Let your children see!

We have waited; we have longed
With a longing past all expression,
And in darkness still we suffer.
Lift the veil! oh, God!
Give your children light!

We are but little children,
With little children's thoughts.
Give us guidance, Father.
Lift the veil! oh, God!
Grant your children sight.

—C. FLAVELL HAYWARD.

Listen-in to Einstein.

Professor Albert Einstein is one of the greatest scientists of all time. But he is more than this—he is a great libertarian who loves his fellow men, and by his own example seeks to lead mankind towards truth, goodness and beauty.

Like most informed thinkers, he desires and lives the simple life, and asks for nothing but the bare necessities.

Listen to Einstein's viewpoints on life:

" A hundred times every day I remind myself that my inner and outer life depends on the labours of other men, living and dead, and that I must exert myself in order to give in the same measure as I have received and am still receiving."

("*Shall we with leathern hearts forget*
That to Mankind we owe a debt?")

" I am strongly drawn to the simple life, and I am often oppressed by the feeling that I am engrossing an unnecessary amount of labour of my fellow men."

" I regard class distinctions as contrary to justice and, in the last resort, based on force."

" I consider plain living is good for everybody, physically and mentally."

" I have never looked upon ease and happiness as ends in themselves—such an ethical basis I call more proper for a herd of swine."

" The ordinary objects of human endeavour—property, outward success, luxury—have always seemed to me contemptible."

DEMOCRACY THE BEST SOCIAL SYSTEM.

" My political ideal is democracy. Let every man be respected as an individual and no man idolised."

"An autocratic system of coercion in my opinion soon degenerates, for force always attracts men of low morality, and I believe it an invariable rule that tyrants of genius are succeeded by scoundrels."

"The really valuable thing in the pageant of human life is not the State but the creative sentient individual—the personality! It alone creates the noble and sublime."

"*The State was made for man, not man for the State.* The State should be our servant, not we its slaves. We are only to make such sacrifices to the State as will promote the free development of individual human beings."

"Only the individual can think, and thereby create new values for society—nay! even set up new moral standards to which the life of the community conforms."

"Without creative independent thinking the upward development of society is as unthinkable as the development of the individual personality without the nourishing soil of the community."

"It is clear that all the valuable things—material, spiritual and moral—which we receive from society can be traced back through countless generations to certain creative individuals. The use of fire, the cultivation of plants, the steam engine—each was discovered by one man."

FEAR—THE FATHER OF RELIGION.

"It was the experience of mystery and fear that engendered religion."

"I cannot conceive of a God who rewards and punishes His creatures. An individual who should survive his physical death is also beyond my comprehension. Nor do I wish it otherwise—such

notions are for the fears of absurd egoisms of feeble souls."

"The religion of fear is stabilised by the formation of a priestly caste which sets itself up as a mediator between the people and the Gods they fear."

"The political leaders and the priestly caste make common cause in their own interests."

"When one views the matter historically one is inclined to look upon science and religion as irreconcilable antagonists for a very obvious reason. The man who is thoroughly convinced of the universal operation of the law of causation cannot for a moment entertain the idea of a Being who interferes in the course of events. He has no use for the religion of fear and equally little for social and moral religion."

Morality a Human Affair.

"A God who rewards and punishes is inconceivable to him for the simple reason that a man's actions are determined by necessity—external and internal—so that in God's eyes he cannot be responsible any more than the inanimate object is responsible for the motions it goes through."

"A man's ethical behaviour should be based on sympathy, education and social ties—no religious basis is necessary."

"Man would indeed be in a poor way if he had to be restrained by fear and punishment and hope of reward after death."

"It is easy to see why the churches have always fought science and persecuted its devotees."

"There is nothing divine about morality—it is purely a human affair."

TRUTH THE HIGHEST IDEAL.

"Truth must take precedence of all other things. It was this basis that enabled our civilisation to rise in Greece; this supreme good has been paid for by the martyrs' blood of pure and great men whom we love and reverence."

"The pursuit of scientific truth ought to be treated as sacred by every government. It is in the highest interests that honest servants of truth should be left to work in peace."

But Einstein is more than a great scientist and a leader of mankind. He possesses the saving sense of humour and can smile at even the persecuting he has endured because of his being a Jew and a Freethinker. Listen to his laughing reply to the "unco guid" women's societies who, when he sought an asylum in the United States, as his life and liberty were threatened by the Fascist tyrants of Europe, petitioned the U.S.A. Government to bar his entrance to their "land of freedom" as "he was a Jewish agnostic, whose moral ideals were questionable." Here is his priceless reply to such bigotry:

"Never yet have I experienced from the fair sex such energetic rejection of all advances, or if I have, never from so many at once!"

"But are they not quite right, these watchful citizenesses? Why should America open its doors to a person who devours hard-boiled capitalists with as much gusto and appetite as the Cretan Minotaur in days gone by devoured luscious Greek maidens, and who is low down enough to reject every sort of war —except the unavoidable war with one's own wife?"

"Therefore, Americans! Give heed to your clever and patriotic womenfolk, and *remember that the capital of mighty Rome was once saved by the cackling of its faithful geese.*"

Doctors and Doctors!

"ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN IMPATIENT PATIENT."

In all the seven seas there's not a happier city than Sydney. Nor a happier, healthier people than the Sydneyites.

The sun is kind and caressing, not fiercely scorching as it summers at Cairo or Colombo; or a shy stranger, as at Manchester or Hokitika.

At Sydney the sun is an everyday friend, so the Sydneyites are Sun Worshippers, frankly Pagan; in their open-air life there is not room for the smug puritanism of colder climates.

The Australian man is a royal creature. He fears nothing on earth; he faces the realities of life frankly and fearlessly; "dead yesterday or unborn to-morrow" do not worry him at all—"to-day" is all sufficient.

He does not go to church for he fears neither God nor devil. The Apollo of the Southern Seas, he harnesses the sun to his desires, seeking happiness in the beauty of the bush, on the sounding sea shores.

I have spent much contented time in Sydney. For a decade almost half my days were lived there. Indeed, one year I crossed the Tasman Sea fourteen times!

When the cinema was in its lusty youth films were not so plentiful as to-day, and we used to tie up our buying with the larger circuits of Australia, hence my presence in Sydney.

Although it meant the spending of thousands of pounds, yet the conferences with my partners were not often or tiresome, and left me leisure for happy adventuring amid the carefree folk of Sydney and its hinterland.

I stayed mostly at the charmful Pacific Hotel of Manly—a cheerful holiday resort across the harbour. Manly is ideally situated on the isthmus between the Pacific Ocean and the harbour, and the Pacific Hotel is one of the most comfortable I know of.

So long and often did I stay there that I became almost as part of the establishment, and Mimi with the kind eyes, who presided at the office, regarded me as one of the hotel family, and sometimes she honoured me with her sparkling company cityward to the theatres. I was friends, too, with the Pacific Hotel Girls' Orchestra, often suppering with them between their sessions of melody.

My "Little Mary" Rebels.

Yes! Those were happy times, with all day Sundays spent in the lovely French's Forest. Off I went early with a knapsack of simple food and a stick; and where else is there so much beauty? With its great cathedrals of eucalyptus trees, its carpet of boronia and its wondrous bird life.

But life even in this Paradise beside the Pacific has bodily frets that intervene, and one day—was it perhaps that I dined unwisely but too well?—my "little Mary" rebelled—or was it my "compassionate bowels?"

However, I hied me to a Manly medico, and after grave research, he diagnosed a duodenal ulcer.

This was bad news! But I remembered a saying of Charles Mayo, of the Rochester Clinic, U.S.A., that 80 per cent. of all diagnoses were incorrect, as was proved by post-mortem examination. A brutal and disturbing statement to an impatient patient of my psychological temperament; so I paid my guinea to the local doctor and resolved to get expert advice of the two thousand medicos of Macquarie Street, which is their central habitat.

I Visit a Specialist.

This time I sought the advice of a "specialist" on that part of human anatomy which the ancient Greeks and Hebrews regarded as the seat of the intellect—the stomach.

He was a swell medico, with a splendiferous surgery, and you paid three guineas before you entered to the immaculate maiden who guarded the gate.

Quite a charming chap he was, and when my theatre identity was disclosed he discussed with enthusiasm the stage, the cinema, and old fiddles before he settled down to the diagnosis.

As I lay on the couch I recollected a modern French proverb, which was told to me by a New Zealand doctor: "The rich man always has appendicitis—the poor man, never."

So it turned out! I then had plenty of shekels, and the verdict was "a chronic appendicitis," not acute yet, but liable to break out into dangerous inflammation. Even peritonitis loomed ahead, and "it would be best to yank the painful part out before it got worse." Fee: Thirty guineas.

I pleaded that I would rather return to my wife and home in Auckland, and if it was then necessary my own medical man could arrange the operation.

But no! The specialist strongly advised me against this course; the waiting was too dangerous, and he told me of another New Zealander patient "who refused to take his advice, and who, bereft of surgical help, died on the voyage across the Tasman."

STILL ANOTHER DOCTOR.

Well, my nerves were jangled with the verdict, yet I managed to get out of the great man's surgery without consenting to the operation, and promised to advise him later about it.

Then, as I walked despondently from Macquarie Street, with its 2,000 medical experts, I suddenly recollected a friendly old doctor named McCarthy, whom I had met, and who combined surgery and medicine with wholesome but passionate love of the arts, and who, when he was not carving up humans, carved marble into lovely Grecian Goddesses; was also an up-to-date Orpheus, who composed haunting melodies. So off I hasted to Dr. McCarthy, who lived in a charming flat facing Hyde Park, near the Unitarian Church.

As I was ushered into the waiting room by the trim maid I heard the sound of a valse, Viennese type, being played on a piano. I guessed it was the old doctor, and I scrambled down the stairs and found him, full of enthusiasm for his new composition, "*a la Strauss.*"

He was so cheerfully glad to have me for an audience that for an hour he kept me listening to his adventure in the land of melody. We discussed "Consecutive Fifths" and "Tartini's Tones"; I almost forgot the discords of my "little Mary."

Eventually I confessed that I needed his advice medically, and the dear old soul apologised for keeping me; so upstairs we went for my third diagnosis that fateful day.

I discreetly hid my visit to his confreres, but as he was concluding his examination, I interjected: "Is it appendicitis, doctor?"

"Appendicitis, fiddlesticks! No!" he replied. "I have taken out over two thousand appendices and there is not the slightest trace of it in your case."

"Just a dose of dyspepsia, that's all!" he continued, with a slap on my back, "it will be all gone in a day or so."

He would not take a fee! He said: "Our love of music made us kin," and as he companioned me to the sunny outside world, where the slanting evening sunlight was making fretted patterns through the grotesque branches of Moreton Bay fig trees on the green grass below, I noticed in the old doctor's hall an enchanting bust of Clytie, who, with her slenderous form and her lovely head—beautiful in the simplicity of her unadorned hair—is my ideal of womanhood. "How beautiful!" I exclaimed.

"It was the work I exhibited in the Paris Salon," he replied.

As doctor McCarthy foretold, my trouble soon vanished, never to return.

Life's Highways and Byways.

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the Fire of Life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Life has its broad highway, where a man marches along, hampered perhaps with the impedimenta of his own character, where man meets man in the markets, struggling with victories and defeats, trying to play the game as far as circumstance, custom and capitalism will permit.

It is these very struggles and ups and downs that constitute Life's fascinations.

Yes! Life has its broad highway, lined with its markets, where men jostle and wrestle for wealth and the notorious baubles of alleged honours.

Where sometimes, momentarily tired of its struggles, a man rests awhile and watches the ceaseless procession of success and failure, of rags and riches, of Duchesses with fifty hats, and of predatory demi-mondaines with their enamelled smiles.

Of poverty, crushed by the juggernaut wheels of finance, leaving its bloody and careless trail of misery.

Where proud politicians in official chariots, armed with brief electoral authority, strut their hour, breaking their pie-crust promises as they pass.

Where parsons, priests, secure in their endowment stalls, wearily try to market the withering weeds of their dying creeds.

LIFE'S SAVING BYWAYS.

"From the streets' rude bustle,
From the trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle,
And the meadow's kindly page."

But Life has more than its broad highways, it has the saving grace of its by-ways, where a man, tired of the tumult and the shouting, may find escape—escape from the brass-band-loudness of life, and the lewdness of listed virtues, where most things are priced but few are valued.

But ever ahead is the horizon of hope.

Humanity is marching slowly but surely to some form of collectivism!

It will possess advantages to the mass of people, for it will bring a more equal distribution of wealth.

The short but simple annals of the poor in our midst will end.

A higher standard of physical health and average content will be born.

There will be more regimentation of life. The survival of the fittest will not be so apparent, nor will the devil take the hindmost so easily.

THERE ARE LIONS IN THE PATH.

Yes! there are lions in the path! Charles Darwin once stated: "No social system that does not march with Nature can be permanent."

Therein may be our danger! Will our dreams be our undoing?

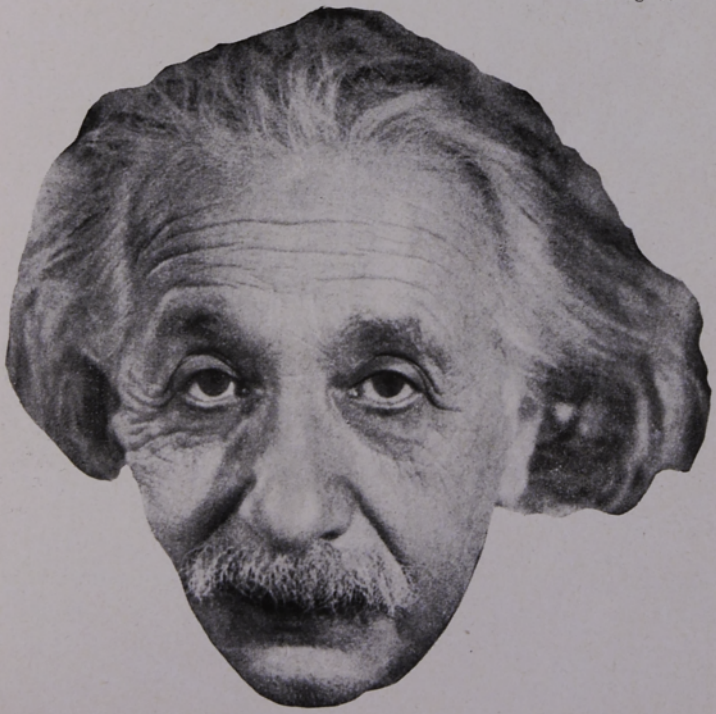
I confess that all my life I have been a dreamer, and have visioned a Social State where poverty would be outlawed, and even pain and disease conquered.

Where, by a union of the common people of the world, war would be banished and peace enthroned.

But I possess enough reason to recognise that our social dreams may not come true so easily as the spearpoint of human thinkers may vision. Human nature cannot be purged of its selfishness and the weeds of a million generations eradicated in a few lives.

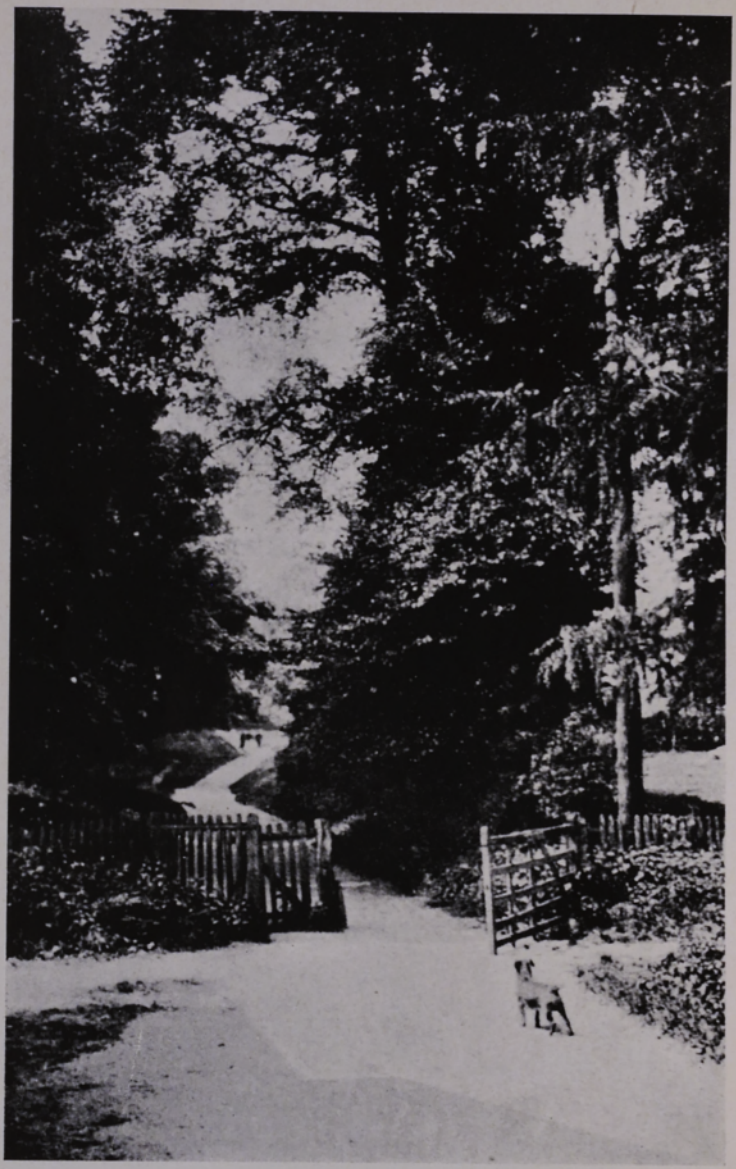
BETTINA MARTINENGO *and* FLAVELL HAYWARD

See Page 90



PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN.

See Page 91



NATURE CONSOLES

See Page 107.

Evolution treads slowly along time's road, and the road is long.

The very progress of humanitarianism may evolve weaknesses to life.

Biological and medical science may rescue and keep alive those of us who are weaker in body and mind, long enough for us to perpetuate our kind, and so add to the general debility of the community.

To combat this degeneration further regimentation of our lives may come.

Sterilisation of the unfit, or alleged unfit; but who can justly draw the line between human values of mind and body?

The past has proved that many men and women of "unfit" physique have possessed superlative mental qualities.

Physical disability, with its compelling confinement, has often brought a blossoming of mind, with its harvest of literature, art and music, even from short-spanned and pain-racked lives.

The triumphant 100 per cent. healthy physique too often spends itself in action, bereft of that thoughtful leisure that seems necessary to mental creation.

THE MIRAGE OF ARCADIA!

Each progression of evolution brings its own problems:

The visioned Arcady we dream of recedes as we advance!

But let us take heart! The glowing minds of thinkers and dreamers will always be with us, and aided by the searchlight of science the mirage of Arcadia will ever be visioned. Yet even a mirage is not born of nothingness; its hopeful beauty is mirrored from some reality beyond the present horizon.

So let us fold our tents, and taking up our burdens, cheerfully cast our stone into yesterday's desert.

A "Madcap" Prima Donna.

Starring a touring concert company, the shining light of a coterie of artistes, a brilliant songster, a captivating personality, who dressed like a Worth model, she also possessed a thousand guinea Rolls Royce, and being her own chauffeur roamed around the countryside of every town we visited in New Zealand.

It was at the end of the Great War, when feverish expectation of an armistice was in the air.

One day in the South Island, as was her custom, she motored around, and pausing at a small town whose pride was a beautiful all-marble church, our madcap Prima Donna halted her car at this lovely church, climbed up the long staircase to the belfry—and there a bell was hung.

The temptation was too great; so her ladyship tugged the rope vigorously.

The whole township was aroused by the sounding peal.

When tired of the exercise, she descended down the steps, and was met at the bottom by some townsfolk, who naturally enquired "why she rang the bell."

The answer was:

"*The Armistice is Signed.*"

Instantly the news flew around the town. A Magistrate's Court was sitting; the patriotic Magistrate immediately adjourned the court, invited the fair Prima Donna to his parlour, and cracked a bottle of champagne. The Mayor, sharing the enthusiasm, declared a half-holiday, and the shops and schools were closed.

From an hotel a piano was dragged into the square, and the Prima Donna sang "God Save the King," "Rule Britannia," and "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," amid cheering crowds.

Then realising that the hoax might be soon discovered, her ladyship bade a hasty farewell and flew away in her one thousand guinea car.

Within less than an hour the hoax *was* discovered; but the strange thing is that it was viewed in an hilarious spirit, and all joined in the laughter at the clever way it was put over them.

Afterwards, a couple of months later, the Armistice was really declared, and I happened to be in the same Southern Town, and to me came a deputation from the marbled township asking if I could arrange just one evening's visit by the company, promising a "bumper house," for they said:

"She *was* a great sport."

The Great Financial Flop.

As head of a corporation in its combined cinema companies handling over a million pounds of capital, I had reached the Mt. Everest of my adventurous career.

From Auckland's first little permanent picture house at the Royal Albert Hall, and Fuller's initial show at the Old Horse Bazaar, Christchurch, had evolved the mammoth business of the Fuller-Hayward Theatres, of which I had the honour of being President and Managing Director, with Sir Benjamin Fuller, John Fuller, Walter Fuller, Percy Herman, E. J. Righton, Hector Cameron, Laurie Quinn, Phil Hayward, as executive.

We were owners, lessees, or interested in 68 picture theatres; we employed over 800 New Zealanders, and the weekly attendance at our cinemas exceeded 250,000 patrons —more than that of the combined churches of all denominations of N.Z.; and we were spending over £30,000 per annum in advertising alone.

Our gross turnover weekly exceeded five figures, and in addition we had a large film business; in my office were sixty-four of a staff. We could not imagine that New Zealand would ever recede in its progress, which had been a steady crescendo of prosperity, and our reserves were put into building new theatres.

The Great Depression.

Suddenly, without any warning, the great depression came upon the world; it seemed universal in civilized countries; everywhere great businesses flopped like castles of cards.

The entertainment business, whether legitimate stage, vaudeville, or the cinema business—both in film manufacturing and exhibition—were the first to suffer.

Cinema receipts are not like those of manufacturing or trading ventures; in a boot business or a furniture establishment if your gross takings fall, you have still the unsold stocks of boots or furniture; the drop is lost profits of sale and cost of distribution; but in the cinema business if your receipts fall it is a total loss of such takings.

The depression grew and increased until our receipts fell 45 per cent. of the weekly gross, and as our profits on the turnover averaged about 8 per cent—which gave the company about £50,000 yearly net profits—the drop of 45 per cent. in receipts meant 37 per cent. or over five figures weekly loss.

The Debacle Continues.

Well, we stood the tornado of the great depression for a time, in which big legitimate stage and vaudeville combinations went down like nine-pins everywhere, never to revive—most of them.

We raised over £100,000 in debentures by bank and finance to hold the fort, but the colossal debacle continued, and at long last on our great company, which seemed hitherto as sound as a bank, the debenture holders foreclosed on our assets.

I had accumulated in a lifetime a fortune, and had private investments outside the company, but my whole savings vanished like mist before the morning sun.

I could have still stayed with the Corporation, which was taken over by the debenture holders, of which the bank was the chief owner.

My leal partners, Sir Ben. and John Fuller, desired me to do so, but the urge of my ideals bade me not to obey them. I vividly recollected the vow I had made when a teeny lad over my dead father's body, "that I would never have a master."

I Commence Life Again.

My son Phil was also a director and had a good position. I said: "Phil, I am going to walk out and start again on my own." Phil answered: "Right, Dad, I am with you." So with the loss of a life's fortune and an additional debit of bank guarantees of nearly £10,000, by the aid of a few loyal friends, who found new capital, even in the face of the merciless debacle, we started Auckland Cinemas Ltd., which is only a miniature company compared with the one we left; but it has prospered, and for the last decade and a-half my good friends have drawn for their investments wonderful dividends.

I was 62 at the time of the downfall, and it is difficult for an ageing man to renew business life. But strangely, I did not lose a single night's sleep over the debacle, for I had ceaselessly continued my ascetic living and philosophically realised that riches are life's greatest illusion.

Health is the only real wealth, and a simplicity in all ways of living is its key. One cannot eat two meals without indigestion, and an apple and a glass of milk were always more attractive to me than roasted peacock with ortolans. I love old clothes more than new ones, and if one tries to sleep in two beds, well, it often leads to trouble. Simplicity of living is the armour against the ills of life, whether it be the varying fortunes or the many ills that flesh is heir to.

Nature Calls and Consoles.

It was Sunday morn. The dawn was sunny, the air kind; I read not books, nor fretted with business, but walked where the wild flowers laughed and the tui sang and told me I was right.

The man who loves Nature has a faithful mistress. She is consoling, even when this wretched war knocks daily at our very doors. Within a mile or more from my home is a necklace of little lakes that stretch from the sea to the deep bush.

It is my favourite walk, where peace and beauty reign, where the wild swans fly and the water-lilies blossom.

Somehow I always loved wild flowers better than garden grown. True, even our most aristocratic garden blossoms once were wild flowers, but they have grown proud and tame, penned in their new artificial environment, and like the professional beauties of womanhood—require a lot of toileting; one had to be careful how one approaches orchids—or orchid-ladies.

But the wild flowerets of the hedge-row, riverside, or meadow have happier smiles and sweeter perfumes to offer those who love them.

And what fairy-like names our English wild blossoms possess—these happy immigrants of our New Zealand. "Robin-run-in-the-Hedge," "The Gardener's Clock," "Sweet Betsy," "The Parson in the Pulpit," "Honeysuckle," "Love in a Mist," "The Creeping Sailor," "Wandering Willie," "Forget-me-not."

The Luckiest Flower that Grows.

In the early summertime I have found over fifty different wild flowers growing on Auckland's North Shore in a single morning's tramp. One has to look with tireless eyes, for some of them are so shy; perhaps the shyest and most elusive is

the tiny blue wild pimpernel, which tradition tells us is the luckiest flower that grows.

I have hunted wild flowers the world over. Perhaps, being a Britisher, I possess a predilection for the Home blossoms, and I recollect the last time I left the Homeland, as I gazed at the retreating cliffs of Old England, I asked myself what was the loveliest thing I remembered there. It was an English meadow with the wild flowers growing amid the hedgerows and the grasses. But although one's heart holds Home memories the longest, yet there are other places that possess a wealth of Nature's blossomings.

Honolulu is a gorgeous place for flowers—perhaps more flamboyant in colouring, as most tropical countries are. In Hawaii there are 360 different kinds of wild hibiscus alone, and a wealth of others too, including the "Champagne Cup" and the "Dutchman's Pipe." West Australia is a paradise for flower hunters. One day's tramp holds my memory. In a bush clearing there was a scene of Dame Nature's colouring that thrills me when I think of it.

A Strange Flower.

The sun was dropping down to its setting; its light was aslant. There was a patch of "Kangaroo's Paws" with transparent ruby stems and gorgeous heads of black and gold; there were stately waratahs of deep scarlet; and weaving in and out of the tall trees the climbing "smoke flower." But as I walked entranced by the beauty of the bush a white fleshly orchid-looking flower seemed to move towards my swinging hands; this astonished me that I doubted my senses, but I took out my pencil and touched one of the strange petalled beauties; instantly a tendril shot out and wound itself round my pencil, and I had to break the tendril to release it. I never learned its nomenclature, but it must have been a carnivorous flower—a fly-catcher.

Yes, Nature calls and consoles.

The Rise of Repertory.

A Plea for the Community Theatre.

What has caused the rise of Repertory throughout the world? It was the advent of the Sound Film, commonly called "The Talkie."

This occurred a decade ago, before then the Legitimate Stage was firmly entrenched and Vaudeville was equally successful.

Both these forms of entertainment and culture collapsed when the Talkie was born; most of the great companies operating in these classes of enterprise were swept out of the market.

The great majority of the Theatres used for "legit." changed to Cinemas.

The position is that except in the very largest cities of the world, permanent "legit." Theatres have ceased to exist, a few travelling companies wander round, but even these, with rare exceptions, cannot make money.

Although "legit." was swept off the boards, yet in the desire for expression the people everywhere began to organise their own plays; then came the rise of Repertory.

Russia Leads in Repertory.

The movement varied in success in different countries (I am writing of pre-war conditions).

Russia is the greatest Repertory country. In England and America the Repertory Societies are increasing despite the war.

But Russia leads, both in Repertory as well as the resurrection of Legitimate Drama.

Russia during the past eight years has built over seven hundred theatres for Professional Drama, and Community Repertory Theatres can be numbered by thousands. From the great cities of Leningrad and Moscow to the far away

towns along "the golden road to Samarkand" Repertory Societies and humble Community Theatres have sprung up like mushrooms.

NEW ZEALAND NEEDS COMMUNITY THEATRES.

As a showman of life-long experience, I express my conviction that the weakness and lassitude of the Repertory movement in New Zealand is due to one thing, and one thing only—the need of suitable Community Theatres.

Repertory is a people's movement, it cannot pay high rentals; the available halls are either unsuitable or too expensive.

New Zealand needs, and needs badly, small theatres for this purpose. Such theatres—and I speak particularly of the four metropolitan cities—must be economically in tune with the means of the Societies and the general public.

The essentials are:

1. Central site.
2. Outside the cost of the land, its erection and equipment should not exceed £5,000 to £6,000.
3. All productions to be run at picture prices.

The task that combined Societies should apply themselves is: *To build Community Theatres not to exceed 500 capacity (I would prefer 400)* with adequate stages.

On one floor.

Nothing ornate! Nothing expensive! Nothing ambitious!

A simple, small Playhouse.

Given such a centre I have abundant faith that Repertory would flourish like the proverbial bay tree.

We have authors who can write plays.

We have good players, particularly women, who offer themselves more enthusiastically than men—is it that women have more opportunity to act in real life?

We have producers!

What Has England Done?

In a hundred towns Repertory is alive, active and successful.

In Birmingham Repertory has played almost continuously for a decade of years.

In Bradford and Wolverhampton, Repertory theatres are open all the year round, and in the former city two shows are given every Saturday evening at 6.30 and 9.

Get together! I believe by united effort and with the aid of socially-minded citizens these small Community theatres can be built in New Zealand—if not during the war then immediately after.

But one thing is absolutely essential, that the prices of admission to Repertory should be the same as the Picture theatres.

Last year in New Zealand forty million people paid an average of 1/4 each to see the Movies.

In Auckland the average attendance at its fifty-four cinemas exceeds 100,000 patrons weekly, and proportionately the other centres exhibit the same huge attendances.

Surely if these metropolitan cities can support so many cinemas, one small Community theatre would attract sufficient to pay its way.

But it must compete with Movies by having comfortable tip-up seats and always playing at picture prices.

An Entrepreneur's Note-Book.

Although my work in N.Z. has been for half a lifetime devoted to the development of the Cinema, in which I have either owned, leased or been interested in 127 Picture Theatres, and in my earlier days many other Cinemas in Australia, yet, in addition, as an entrepreneur, I have introduced to the Dominion and Australia many eminent stage, concert, and notable personalities, including:

MASKELYNE AND DEVANT, the great London magicians, to whom I have referred earlier in this volume.

THE SISTINE SOLOISTS. A wealthy Sydney syndicate had brought the whole Sistine Choir of sixty voices direct from St. Peter's, Rome, and toured Australia, the cost of this attraction exceeding £500 a day.

I was in Sydney when this great choir was on the eve of returning to Rome, and I opened negotiations with the management, suggesting that ten only of the Sistine Choir should be detached for a six months' tour of New Zealand, under the title of "*The Sistine Soloists.*"

After long negotiations this was agreed to at the following unique terms, which clearly showed that the Vatican's representatives understood safety first in business:

Salaries to be paid to each of the ten artists—averaging £25 a week.

Plus all travelling expenses by sea or rail, including ocean return fares back to Rome.

Plus all hotel expenses, with taxis to and from the theatres, together with laundry and other incidental items.

Plus one bottle of good French or Spanish wine to each artist.

The Australian syndicate went 50/50 in the speculation with me, and the artists chosen for New Zealand included Signorini Emillio Casolari (conductor), Paganelli, Facchini, Sarti, Passinata, Rasponi, Constantini, and Belli—a wondrous harmonic combination.

The opening date was the Auckland Town Hall and the show was an instant success, the artistry of the singers charming great audiences at popular prices, 4/-, 2/6, 1/6.

The receipts on the week's concerts exceeded £2,600—of which over £600 was taken on the concluding Monday evening.

The enthusiasm of the crowds of women, who formed eighty per cent. of the audiences everywhere, was simply bewildering; on the final performance the stage was flooded with flowers and a deputation of ladies presented gifts to each of the artists.

Hundreds of feminine fans waited after the show, and the artists were practically carried to their cars and smothered with kisses. In all my theatrical experience I never witnessed such an hysterical send off.

That evening I spent £31 in telegrams to advance bookings describing the extraordinary scene, which was repeated in a lesser degree in the other Metropolitan cities. This six months' New Zealand tour netted us £10,200 clear profit.

One untoward incident occurred in Oamaru, where, through jealousy, one of the singers attempted to stab another with a dagger, and I had to discharge the offender, and forthwith return him to Rome.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (the World's Jester and Philosopher).

G.B.S. visited New Zealand a decade ago, but I could not persuade him to publicly lecture. He said: "I never lecture for money; I depend entirely on my literature for my income."

G.B.S. talked over the radio and aroused interest by advocating free milk for our school children. He said: "You have free roads and free libraries—why not give your children free milk."

At the time it was deemed a wild Socialistic suggestion, but strangely, following his advice, we now give our school children not only free milk but free apples as well.

I have received cheerful epistles from G.B.S. in his own holograph, and he always drops in a joke. Just after the Coronation, when "Honours" were given to many folk (even one decoration came my way), Shaw said: "The reason why the King did not confer the O.M. (Order of Merit) on me was because I had already conferred it on myself."

But G.B.S. is too great a man to need any decoration.

My nephew Rudall Hayward took a cinema interview of G.B.S.; it was on board a liner. G.B.S. gracefully agreed to the "Camera Talk," but said: "I must not have such a portraiture taken in orthodox fashion, it must be done in the true Hollywood fashion."

G.B.S. then retired behind the funnel of the steamer for a moment, emerged with his hair fuzzed up, and with mincing, grotesque steps and action in imitation of a Hollywood star.

Shaw is one of the world's greatest thinkers and critics—long may his autumnage last to add fun and spice to life. His nationality is as wide as humanity.

G.B.S. AND VEGETARIANISM.

"If the war goes on much longer, vegetarianism, like conscription, may become compulsory on all of us. It is a very terrifying prospect because of the dread entertained by many people that in that case they may all become Bernard Shaws.

"Let me reassure them. They can preserve their own individualities when they give up eating their fellow creatures just as the Maoris did when they gave up cannibalism. And the millions who now waste their lives in valeting, nursing,

feeding, driving and slaughtering cows, and sheep, and pigs, and who at last come to resemble them so strikingly, will be set free to cultivate themselves in nobler ways.

"Besides, they will live longer. The average age of a meat-eater is 63. I am on the verge of 85, and still work as hard as ever. I have lived quite long enough, and am trying to die; but I simply cannot do it. A single beef-steak would finish me; but I cannot bring myself to swallow it. I am oppressed with a dread of living for ever. That is the only disadvantage of vegetarianism."

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, "*The American Vegetarian.*"

H. G. WELLS.

I had considerable correspondence with H.G.W., and when, before this World War commenced he arranged to visit Australia, he asked me to act as manager regarding his public appearances. As I could not spare the time, I entered into partnership with Mr. D. D. O'Connor, who went there, booked dates and arranged publicity.

Wells was really an extraordinary attraction. As evidence of this two public lunches were given at which he spoke; at the first over six hundred of the public gladly paid half-a-guinea to lunch and listen; and at the second more than seven hundred paid the same fee.

At the last gathering the great Sydney Town Hall was crowded and many turned away. Mr. D. O'Connor and I arranged for four lectures in New Zealand, but the outbreak of the war cancelled the tour.

In a letter to me afterward H. G. Wells bewailed the fact that he had passed the allotted span of seventy years and feared he would not live long enough to accomplish all the work he desired.

I replied: "You should come and live in Auckland, because Aucklanders live longer than the people of any other city in the whole world." For example, I quoted: "At this year's Bowling Tournament the average age of the contestants

was 92.6 years, and if you come and live here it will be twenty years before you are eligible to play!"

I regret exceedingly that war prevented New Zealand from hearing this great leader of modern thought, for he has a way of cutting through the shibboleths and moss-grown everyday dogmas that hold the public mind in chains.

WESTMINSTER GLEE SINGERS.

I was interested in this excellent combination, which toured the Dominion—fine choral singers. The boy vocalists were a great attraction; the show attracted large audiences and made good profits.

Art in Russia.

I Entertain a "Queen."

"A Queen on your phone, sir!"

I hastily picked up the receiver.

It was lovely Anna Pavlova, the Queen of Terpsichore, whose devoted subject I was, for of all the allurements of the theatre, the ballet, with its gorgeous orchestral environment, is, in my opinion, the supreme entertainment.

It was the last day of Anna Pavlova's New Zealand tour. The American boat was a day late, so Anna phoned that to-morrow she had a free evening: What should she do?

"Let me be your escort," I said. So at 6 p.m. by the clock I picked her up.

Away from the searchlight of the stage, Anna Pavlova possessed that simplicity of life and nature which I have found in most great artists.

First I persuaded Anna to be photographed with me, and a souvenir of that evening hangs on my office wall.

Anna Pavlova and Russian Art.

No! Anna did not want to dine at an hotel. "Let's go to an ordinary tea room"; so we went and ate a simple repast and afterwards to a Movie.

Anna Pavlova was a Russian, and during this too short evening she enlightened me on the position of Art generally in the Soviet Republics.

She had travelled in every part of the world, and possessed an observant mind, but she maintained that of all the countries Russia was at heart the most artistic, and since the revolution the passion for Art to a great extent had replaced the emotion that was expended on religion in the days of the Czars.

Sweet Anna Pavlova! the Gods loved her; she died too young. She was not only the greatest artist of her time, in the dance, but she possessed the supreme gift of theatre presentation by gathering around her a coterie of other brilliant dancers and of welding the whole by the choice of exquisite music into a rapturous entertainment, and if there be another world, in which we could be reincarnated, what a welcome Anna Pavlova would receive from those great devotees of terpsichore who have "passed over."

SHAKESPEARE IN RUSSIA.

But returning to Anna Pavlova's statement that "Russia was the most artistic of all the Nations." This view is reinforced by Professor Dillon, of Oxford University, who was sent as special correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* "to investigate the progress of Art, and particularly Theatrical Art, in the Soviet Republics."

Professor Dillon was well qualified, for he speaks Russian, and in his youth was an attaché of the British Embassy at the Imperial Court at St. Petersburg. In his review in the *Daily Telegraph* (which is a conservative journal) he writes:

"Never in the history of mankind has there been so great an enthusiasm for anything as the enthusiasm for Art in Russia to-day" (1938). "Everyone is *furiously* studying some form of Art, the only comparable enthusiasm is that which France had for liberty in 1789.

"In Moscow there are over 1,500 Repertory Societies, and last year 471 performances of Shakespeare's plays were given. Shakespeare is the second most popular dramatist in Soviet Russia to-day.

"I went to a performance of Wagner's Opera '*Lohengrin*,' by a Moscow Repertory Society. There were eighty in the chorus; seventy in the orchestra, and the whole of these, together with the principals, all came from one single factory.

"It was given in a humble theatre, at prices of admission in equal English money of a few pence. Unfortunately I

was a little late, the Prologue had commenced, and the doors of the auditorium were closed, so I had to wait thirty-five minutes until the doors were reopened. It was an excellent rendering of Wagner's great opera."

Think of it! 471 performances of Shakespeare's plays in Moscow in one year. Why! in 1938 in the whole of New Zealand there was not one public performance of a Shakespearean play; and please recollect Shakespeare is a British dramatist, not Russian.

INTOLERANCE MAKES COUNTLESS THOUSANDS MOURN.

What endless mischief has been done to the peace and progress of the world by the ceaseless moaning of pharisaical people, who have refused to see anything but evil in Soviet Russia because, forsooth, their Government is a secular one, as even our New Zealand in its education purports to be.

"Can any good come out of Nazareth?" But despite the continuous chorus of libel that has welled up from these dour critics, Russia in half a generation has progressed from a semi-savage 13th century civilisation, where ignorance and superstition manacled her in the days of the Czars; yes, Russia has progressed to her place as one of the great industrial countries of the world, in some ways leading America and the British Empire, and more than their equal in the passion for Art her people possess.

The time has arrived when these carping critics must tear the blinkers from their eyes and stand in salute to the great Russian people for their heroic struggle for liberty against Hitlerism and Fascism, or go and hide their faces in shame.

Julius Caesar Answered the Advertisement!

The art of advertising is as old as civilisation, although it is only in modern times that it has reached its apex. Indeed, to-day advertising is a psychological science.

Even in the old Bible one gets occasional glimpses of it: "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon."

On the walls of buried Pompeii and Herculaneum are publicity announcements concerning the games and entertainments, and even a barber's ad. tells the Pompeians where to get a good shave—doubtless supplemented with "tips" of the winning gladiator and which lion will get the most Christians.

The old Troubadours were more than wandering minstrels and story tellers! On their way, as they wandered from castle to castle and to the village greens, they were both "publicity men and salesmen too," for, in addition to retailing the news of the Court, the latest battle, tournament and scandal to induce more generous largess, they brought toilet secrets for the Lady of the Manor and her maids as well as love philtres, unguents and salves for the villagers.

Even Hopkins, the witch finder, was not bashful in publicity, for in his cruel peregrinations his coming visits were heralded by "wood cuts."

In my long theatrical life I have had considerable experience of the subtle art of advertising, and in my later years, as Managing Director of the Fuller-Hayward Corporation, we spent around £30,000 yearly in publicity.

The essential points in advertising are: (1) First to arrest the attention of the reader, even as he runs; (2) next to retain that attention and intrigue and interest him; (3) but above all, the main thing in advertising is to give good value in what you sell, whether it be a "tip-up seat" or merchandise.

Despite all the immense amount spent on advertisements in newspapers, on hoardings and by post circulation, the fact

remains that it is "word of mouth," from people to people, that is the most effective publicity. Unless you satisfy your customers, business will wilt despite "shouting from the house tops."

But just as yeast is useful to make more yeast, so one has to use the general channels of advertising to get some people to start the "word of mouth." To test the value of different forms of publicity I once issued a questionaire at a popular theatre:

"*What was it that induced you to come to this theatre?*"

The questionaire was answered by over eleven thousand patrons, and this is how the replies ran:

	Percentage.
Saw the advertisement in the morning paper	6.1
Read the ad. in the evening paper	4.8
Attracted by the posters on the walls	3.2
Front of house display	4.5
Recommended by a friend	69.3

There were other lesser reasons, but here it is seen that it is "word of mouth" which is the supreme factor in theatrical business, which applies to other trading. Of course there are diverse lines of other publicity, some of which appeal to the fears and hopes of people as some patent medicines do, and some which slyly use a kind of personal blackmail, as those that stress "bodily odours" do; also a large number of ads. that trade alleged beauty to adolescent girlhood and fading womanhood.

But the basic fact remains, that in the main it is the intrinsic value of the goods sold that is the abiding advertisement.

Did not Emerson say?

> "*If a man can write a better book, compose a better song, or even make a better mousetrap than his neighbour, though his house be in the wilderness, the public will beat a path to his very door.*"

But I am forgetting my title—which was to arrest *your* attention, gentle reader!

WHEN THE BEAUTEOUS CLEOPATRA WAS UNROLLED FROM HER CARPET, BEFORE THE EYES OF THE IMPERIAL CAESAR, SHE WAS BUT ADVERTISING HER CHARMS! JULIUS CAESAR ANSWERED THE ADVERTISEMENT!

The Stolen "Strad."

THE FASCINATION OF FIDDLES.

Only lovers of violins can truly appreciate the spell royal old violins bring and hold over those who own them.

There are few passions that possess a man to equal the fascination he feels for his singing violin.

Naturally there is the grand passion he feels for his woman-mate. Still, after all there are many, many lovely women, but oh, so few lovely violins.

Then again, your sweetheart-violin has the advantage over your woman-sweetheart, for "age does not wither nor custom stale" its passionate attraction.

Perhaps I am ungallant! but fiddle lovers alone will sense what I say. Men who in all other ways live honorable lives have been known to even steal violins that spelled them.

Here is the true account of a really great artist who kidnapped my "Strad." I will not pillor his name, for instead of the rape being a "*cause celebre*" that would have newspapered around the world, I, knowing intimately the ruling passion a violin inspires, for the sake of Art and the reputation of a master-violinist that took decades to build, decided that I would not prosecute.

But as a psychological study the incident of the "Stolen 'Strad' " should be put on record.

For the purposes of setting down the facts of this psychological case, I shall write of this artist as "Incogniti."

ANTONIOUS STRADIVARIUS (fecit 1725).

This "Strad" violin was an heirloom, and had been in my family just over a century, for my father, Henry Hayward, whose namesake I am, purchased it in 1839 from Charles Reade, the novelist, who was not only a connoisseur of Cremonese violins, but whose work on the "Lost Art of Cremonese Varnish" still remains a standard authority.

So my old dad first owned the "Strad" in 1839, which cost him £150—a large sum for any violin a century ago—and until he died, in 1886, it was his constant and beloved daily companion. At rare occasions he loaned it to other contemporary artists—"Sivori," the favourite Italian pupil of Paganini, played upon it, and as also did "Ole Bul," that strange but gifted and poetic Norwegian virtuoso; and my father himself played on it with Mendelssohn at the Birmingham Musical Festival in the early forties.

The "Hayward 'Strad'," for so it was called, descended to my eldest brother Flavell upon my father's death, and when my brother died in 1907, came to me; and although in the golden days of my youth I dreamed of emulating my old dad's career as a solo violinist—and indeed I played in over a hundred English towns on tour—yet I found the profession of an entrepreneur more profitable, and gradually my fiddle playing became fallow, except for occasional quartet parties.

KUBELIK AND HEIFEITZ.

Yet, becoming a citizen of New Zealand, my ownership of the "Strad" was well known, and visiting violinists generally "looked me up," more to make acquaintance with the "Strad" than myself.

Thus to me came Kubelik, who was one of the kings of the violin, and I lent him the "Strad," which he played upon during a part of his Australian tour; also John Dunn, the greatest English violinist of our time; and too, Heifeitz, one of the most masterly exponents of the art of the violin to-day.

"INCOGNITI" MEETS THE STRAD.

Then came another brilliant touring genius, whose name shall be "Incogniti." He was a strangely fascinating man, with his mentality engrossed in his art and a superlative artist —a poet of the violin.

My "Strad" instantly cast a spell upon him—it was "love at first sight." Several times during his New Zealand tour

THE HAYWARD "STRAD."

ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS (made in 1725).

It formerly belonged to the collection of Charles Reade, the Novelist, and was purchased from him in 1839 by Henry Hayward, Senr., and was used for solo work by that well-known violinist for over forty years.

This "Strad" was also used as a solo instrument by Ole Bul, Sivori, Kubelick and other eminent violinists, and was the subject of the true account here narrated in "The Stolen" Strad.

ANNA PAVLOVA.

See Page 117

he came to pay court to the violin, which responded to his touch and welled out in exquisite harmonies. For these master Cremonas leap in magic response to the caressing fingers of the true artist.

Then came the question: "Would I sell the 'Strad' to him?"

At that time I had a plethora of shekels, and for "Auld Lang Syne" I would not part with my precious fiddle, for it had become "one of the family."

As he had heard of my loan of it to Kubelik, "would I lend it to him for the period of his Australian visit?" I paused awhile, then his manager, who had been my schoolmate at the ancient home town of Wulfruna, privately assured me that "Incogniti" was a man of unquestionable honour who had acquired also a modest fortune.

"I LEND THE 'STRAD' TO INCOGNITI."

So I fell to his entreaties, and the "Strad," together with a fine Tourte bow, in its strong ancient mahogany case, was handed to him.

Several months passed. Through the newspapers I noted the royal progress of "Incogniti" as he toured the capital cities of Australia.

During this period I received a further inquiry as to sale, asking me to name "my own price."

The Press spoke of his return to the United States, and I thought the time had arrived for my "Strad" to be returned.

I wrote to a young lady friend of ours—a newspaper girl, Elsa de Tourret—who was coming to New Zealand, and asked her to call for the "Strad" and bring it home, at the same time sending a note to "Incogniti" intimating Elsa would come for it.

He was full of courtesies to Miss de Tourret, who visited his studio, where he improvised rapturous harmonies for her own ears—on the "Strad."

True to his promise he came to see her off by the boat, and the mahogany case was safely placed in her cabin.

Elsa's cabin mate was an invalid lady, who never left the state room during the whole voyage.

A Bombshell and a "Changeling."

When the boat arrived in Auckland I met it at the wharf. Elsa walked down the gangway with the violin case in her hand.

What a bombshell awaited me when an hour later, at home, I opened the violin case.

In it was a changeling violin!

The "Strad" was stolen and an old copy of Stradivarius lay in its velvet bed.

But to fiddle lovers every instrument is as individual as men and women are.

I was distressed and dumbfounded; yet the violin case had never left the cabin. The only logical inference was that "Incogniti" had substituted an old copy for my precious "Strad"—a copy that had been carefully given the characteristic wearing marks that two centuries of playing had left on the "Strad."

Where the past players' fingers had slipped from the finger board in the higher "positions," and worn off the varnish —where the bow had caught the edge of the "belly" rim by the "purfling"—these had been cunningly imitated.

The Police are Warned.

Without handling, I instantly took the case with the "changeling" to the police station, and arrangements were made to "take any finger-prints that might be on the instrument."

Cables were dispatched to the Sydney police, and also to friends of mine to watch the movements of "Incogniti."

Later replies came that "Incogniti" had booked a passage to America under an assumed name, and although he was a rich man, he travelled steerage class. This was proof positive!

All this information implied that the "Strad" was stolen and was being spirited to the States, where untold difficulties of identification of both the violin and the man would arise.

"Incogniti" sailed!

"A Fellow Feeling—Wondrous Kind."

Then the psychological side of this extraordinary action by an eminent artist appealed to me, for I recollected the passion I had for a Carlo Bergoni violin which enraptured me in my golden teens—a lovely flapper fiddle dressed in dragon's blood varnish, that sang like a siren at my caressing bow, and which I might have stolen had it not been given to me, the most royal gift of my adventuring life; afterwards, when in poverty, I sold it to Colonel Thorneycroft, of Spion Kop fame.

So this fellow-feeling made me wondrous kind; and I decided to make a last appeal to "Incogniti" as his ship was on the water; for, as Fate had it, the boat was scheduled to call at Auckland.

The police were ready to arrest and take possession of both his person and belongings on arrival.

As I did not desire to ruin a man and his reputation, I dispatched a wireless to the steaming boat, appealing to his better self, and promised to forego action if the "Strad" was returned.

A laconic cable came: "I will return the 'Strad' to you at Auckland."

The boat arrived—the police went aboard, took possession of all his properties. A friend of mine went aboard and my precious "Strad" came home.

I called the "tecs" off!

"Incogniti" came to my office to ask forgiveness, but I would not see him.

However, neither then or now do I bear him ill will, for it was not a common theft, any more than Charles Parnell's overwhelming love for Kitty O'Shea was a too common sex passion.

The goddess of music is a jealous jade to those who truly worship her! "The canons of conduct do not apply to great artists," as a 16th century Pope said of the greatly gifted Benvenuto Cellini.

The siren "Strad" sang to "Incogniti" and he fell for her, as many of us mere males have fallen to sirens both of flesh and our art dreams—of yesterday, to-day, and I hope to-morrow—for there are human frailties, sweeter and more forgivable than unctious rectitude.

The Cinema: Yesterday—To-day —To-morrow.

I have spent my whole life as an entrepreneur in, and as a provider of, entertainment through its whole gamut, of Grand Opera, Musical Comedy, Drama—and in my twenties I even ran a "Show Boat" or Floating Theatre for three happiest years around British ports; and for the last thirty-eight years I have been selling the cinema to New Zealand.

As politically I have always been a Radical and Socialist, I have endeavoured to implement my ideals as well as earn dividends for my shareholders, but my adventures and efforts to combine "the educational and cultural in the highest sense," and "to hold as 'twere the Mirror up to Nature," have not always been blessed with success, as under our capitalistic system *the selling of any commodity, even aesthetism in entertainment, must pay or perish.*

FOR EXAMPLE:

EDUCATIONAL MATINEES.

(1) Some years ago, in association with Lady Alice Fergusson and an all-New Zealand committee, we endeavoured to establish Educational Matinees throughout the Dominion—especially for children—not a "goody goody" show, but programmes of healthy adventure, comedy, combined with travel and scientific subjects, but eliminating sophisticated films.

We had the best cinemas in each metropolitan centre as well as the provincial towns.

The distributors of film placed the whole of their libraries at our service, and the programmes were chosen by Lady Fergusson, whilst I organised the movement, and the Press helped.

The result was disappointing! At first the influence of the Governor's Lady and her committee filled the theatres, but gradually the interest waned, until the enterprise had to be abandoned for want of attendance.

"The Window of the World."

(2) Then I entertained the idea that as Auckland had fifty-three cinemas, surely it would support one entirely devoted to newsreels, travel and science. I was encouraged by the fact that in pre-war Soviet Russia thirty per cent. of the cinemas were run by the Educational Department; and thought forsooth, that if Russia could support that percentage of educational cinemas, Auckland would support two per cent.

I formed a company to run "The London Theatre," opposite the C.P.O., Auckland—gathered at considerable trouble a weekly supply of films, importing special attractions, and sent out thousands of circulars to folk I thought would support such a venture. Everyone thought it was a happy idea; but the Box Office said "No!" and after eight weeks' running I returned the subscribed capital in full, meeting the losses personally, and had to return to the usual "Moonlight and Kisses" and "The Eternal Triangle."

A Theatre for the "Intelligentsia."

At the present time, in association with my son, I have a cinema, "The Tudor," of Remuera, in which I endeavour to screen the best of "box office" films, together with what I should designate as "Repertory films," i.e., those few subjects that appeal to the "Intelligentsia" by their purposeful drama, their special art or technique, the outstanding histrionic performances of individual players, or pictures we can get of Radical outlook, as well as those which we can occasionally present of Russian or French origin. To quote examples, films such as "High Treason," "The Wandering Jew," "The Guardsman," "Hungarian Rhapsody," "Turk-Sib," "The Roofs of Paris," "Congress Dances," "Deferred Payment," "Crime and Punishment."

Such films, when they come through the ordinary distributors, usually pass by "like ships in the night," unheralded and unnoticed, through the smaller "second-run" class of cinema, because they are not "Box Office Features."

"Box Office Films."

The general opinion of cinema exhibitors is that "there can be no good films except box office films," and the great distributing exchanges hold the same opinion.

So Art, Originality, "Appeals to Higher Purpose," Aesthetism, and the Searching Ideals of New Thought, alike are sacrificed upon the altar of profit making. The cinema, like many other mediums for human progress, has become the slave of capitalism.

Box office is king and dictator combined! Producers, distributors, exhibitors, all seek films to please the same majority of fans who are satisfied with "Moonlight and Kisses," "The Eternal Triangle," with so-called historical features that betray truth as "The Mutiny of the Bounty" and "Henry VIII." have done, and who are also satisfied with jazz and "horse operas."

The result is that this "damnable iteration" is educating the mass of the people in one direction, and the "high lights" and "deep darks" demanded by the majority are screened, whilst all shades of thought of the minorities between are, generally speaking, uncatered for.

It is true that if we turn to other arts—such as literature and music, we find the dominant tastes reflect those of the cinema. Sexy fiction, with its sugary stories and happy endings, are the majority issues of the libraries, and in music the crooner is top seller.

But owing to technique and presentation the cinema lover is in a different position; he cannot, like the reader and musician, individually choose of ten thousand offerings. The picture fan has to take what is offered, and when it is screened.

What is the Remedy?

Television may to some extent help, but it is far distant, and then we must remember man is a gregarious animal, and Jack and Jill, and even Darby and Joan, love to take their pleasures with their kin and kind assembled together. It is good that it is so! Even Bacchus and Terpsichore are sad companions in lonesomeness.

Then the reign of radio, at any rate in this New Zealand of ours, lacks that width and depth and that complete opportunity of choice and expression of the individual, which is the most precious thing life can give us.

What then can rescue the cinema from its box office complex, and make its wondrous power to entertain, to interest and to educate, available to all sections of thought in our Commonwealth?

In the United States of America a group of so-called Uplifters, headed by the Roman Catholic Church, are endeavouring to purge the cinema of its alleged weaknesses.

But churches, with painfully few exceptions, are too narrow to help the cinema to betterment.

In our fair city of Auckland this was signally demonstrated by the solemnly conclaved request of seventy-seven of the churches and religious organisations to the Forbes-Coates Government to bar utterly from New Zealand exhibition "*any film that had its origin in Russia*"—a most intolerant request, which meant that New Zealand should know nothing, as far as the cinema was concerned, of 170 millions of our fellows who are striving in their own way to regenerate their nation.

The seventy-seven churches "also requested" that all films which presented a minister of religion as a comic man or a villain should be censored, even unto Rasputin and Stiggins.

Needless to say, the Parliamentary Commission of 1935, before which I offered much evidence, refused to consider either request.

How can the cinema be handled so as to give its maximum usefulness to the whole community?

Through years I have given much thought to this question, for I have always recognised that I was a servant to the public, rather than a chaser of "bawbees."

Under a planned exhibition service, cinemas in the larger towns could be allotted different kinds and qualities of film, the larger cinemas being devoted to the dominant demand, even if it remains "Moonlight and Kisses"—and others graded for the demands of the "intelligentsia"—perhaps one always for musical shows, and another as "The Window of the World," through which those inclined might vicariously travel and know "how the other half lives."

In smaller towns and districts different nights could be allotted to the qualities of films.

At present there is a ceaseless battle between the highbrows and the lowbrows, the ends of the cinema rainbow. That wide section of folk between, who really are the "width and depth" with their varied tastes, are poorly catered for. The lovely inner tints of the rainbow are absent.

The battle is to the strong! and the lowbrows are masters of the box office, and the box office is master of the producer.

Through a Child's Eyes.

Yes! Children are the Greatest Blessing of Life.

Although each one of us has walked the way of childhood, yet how difficult it is for us "grown-ups" to retrace our steps along the paths we have passed and look at life again through the eyes of a child.

We cannot recapture again the thoughts that then were ours, the fears and hopes that held us captive, the reactions that the changing patterns of life's kaleidoscope had upon our sensitive minds.

How small our world was then! A mental sphere bounded by home, school, the limits of surrounding Nature. Then a new set of kittens was vastly more important to us than the state of Europe or the stock market of our present lives, and the violets growing by the stream, or the sparrow's nest in the hedgerow, were treasures that we cannot match to-day with all the costly things in our possession.

Was not the old worn fairy book of Hans Anderson of our childhood's days vastly more alluring than our shelves of literature that lie so fallow and half-forgotten to-day?

And was not the one Christmas visit to the pantomime or circus more lasting in influence and excitement than to-day's hundred-and-one visits to opera, repertory and kinema combined?

I love children!

They don't fret their little minds by worrying about their pasts!

Dead yesterdays are forgotten, they live in to-day, as we elders should if we had more of their simple wisdom.

Wee kiddies often possess a simple sanity that cuts to the bone our conventional sophisties. Here are some examples:

I Have Never Been There!

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" I sententiously inquired of a little maid of seven.

"I don't know! I have never been *there!*"

A simple but priceless reply.

Another tiny girlette asked her father:

"Dad! is mother your mother, as well as mine?"

"No!" said her rather pompous father. "I am her husband, and someday, when you grow up, if you are a good girl, you shall have a hus——"

"*Can't I have a bicycle instead?*"

Alas! how many women would have been happier with a "bicycle instead."

Dorothy Interviews God.

Dorothy came running from kindergarten.

"Mother! Mother! ! I've seen a big roaring lion round the corner!"

"Now, Dorothy, you should not tell such wicked stories, you know well enough that you did not see a big roaring lion. You know it was only Jones' dog!"

"You are a very naughty girl to tell such lies; so just go up to your room and beg God's pardon for telling such an untruth."

Little Dorothy did not mind a bit interviewing God; she climbed the stairs cheerfully, and came back just as cheerfully.

"Well," said her churchy mother, "did you beg God's pardon for telling such a naughty lie?"

"Yes, mother," replied the unabashed Dorothy, "and Mr. God said: '*It doesn't matter at all, Miss Smith, I have often mistaken that dog for a lion—Myself.*' "

They Are Too "Slippy!" It Isn't Fair.

One Sunday as I tramped by the side of the necklace of lakes that stretch from Chelsea's beach to the bush, I came across two little lads up to their knees in the fringing sedge grass water.

"What are you doing, boys?"

"Well!" said the elder lad of nine years, "you see the nasty eels come up and bite off the baby ducks' feet, so we said we would catch them all."

"How are you getting on?"

"*We nearly caught two, but they are too slippy! It isn't fair.*"

The little lad of six ran after me as I left them, catching "all the eels"; he wanted to do me a good turn!

"You will mind—when you cross the road—won't you? It's 'dange-fer-us'."

I S'pose Jesus Helped!

(Little Alice aged seven):

"Papa! did God make you?"

"Yes, Alice, He made me!"

"And mother and Aunt Caroline?"

"Yes, God made all of us!"

"And the lions and worms?"

"Yes! God made everything!"

"It must have been messy work making mosquitos! I s'pose Jesus helped?"

(After a minute interval):

"Papa! What did God make Hitler for?"

"You get on with your home lessons and don't ask naughty questions!"

The Relativity of Life.

True life has widened with the years, and the great world and all it contains for us grown-ups has shrunk until most of it crowds into our homes through the ubiquitous radio—until music, heavenly maid, has become a garrulous wench, the state of Europe a tiresome trouble, and the groaning, droning radio religion only a damned nuisance to be switched off forthwith.

Yes! relatively childhood's world is as fascinating as our wider sphere—it is one of Nature's loveliest compensations that our minds are adjusted to our environment; a widened life, with widened wealth, does not always mean more happiness.

When we reckon up realities we find the simple ways of living are the best. The sky is our best roof, the open road more friendly than parks or gardens. The simple food the sweetest; old clothes happier to wear than new; and a contented mind a jewel that all the wealth of the Indies cannot purchase or match.

The Way to Laughter Town.

Yes! I love children, they are realists, they do not prattle of yesterdays, they recognise their friends and are bereft of snobbery. They are not social climbers.

They help us to the simple happiness of everyday, for whilst we vainly try to reach the stars, they pluck the simple flowers that grow at our feet.

"Would ye learn the road to Laughter Town,
O ye who have lost your way?
Go learn from a little child each day,
Go serve his want, and play his play.
Catch the lilt of his laughter gay
Follow his dancing feet as they stray;
HE knows the way to Laughter Town."

A Little Grave.

There's a little grave on a hillside,
In a land beyond the sea,
And all that is best and dearest
Lies hidden there from me.
The tall grass croons above it,
The river whispers by,
And all night long the silent stars
Keep watch in a quiet sky.

The years have gathered honours,
And pride of peace and gold;
But the old home lies in ruins
That did once such glad-ness hold.
And I'd give my hopes of Heaven,
Every blessing life has got
To bring me back that summertime,
When that little grave was not.

—ANNETTE HAYWARD.

The Orchestra.

Of all the arts born and blossomed from the mind of man, the orchestra, as the supreme interpreter of music, is the greatest.

The evolutions of the orchestra is a fascinating study.

It genesis was in the earliest dawn of civilisation.

From the shepherd's simple reed cut from the riverbank, to pipe away his vigil, came all the wondrous wind instruments of to-day—from the hunter's bow with its string, came the passionate viols and the harps of our modern orchestra, and from the tom-toms of the prehistoric savage its timpani.

Slowly, with the march of time, through the centuries of man's progress, the orchestra has gradually evolved until, with increasing crescendo, it has garnered every nuance of sound to its incomparable art, into which the great masters of music have poured their poetry and dreams. Through it Beethoven, Berlioz, Wagner, Tschaikovsky, and the other poets of music, have made the air rich for ever with their harmonies.

The reason for the supremacy of the orchestra in art is the limitless expression of music.

Music is a rose-lipped shell that murmurs of the eternal sea of man's emotions; its domain is between thought and phenomena, it explores the twilight, that shadows spirit and matter, which words cannot interpret.

The Meaning of Music.

Once when Beethoven at a salon had played a movement from one of his sonatas, a young lady asked: "What does it all mean?"

The master answered: "I will tell you," then sitting down, he played the movement over again.

Remember, music lovers, as the baton is poised for the opening chord of the symphony that each one of us, as listeners, are part of the art itself; to us comes individually the message of the masters.

"The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away!"

Health by Food.

As a Man Eats — So He Is.

"We dig our graves with our teeth," so an old French proverb says and, generally speaking, the indictment is true.

It seldom happens that the effect of food reform can be tested upon a whole nation, yet, during the Great War Denmark was compelled by the blockade of the Germans by land and the British fleet by sea to radically reduce the amount of food consumed and to exist upon what was practically a meatless diet, with only one-third of the usual amount of cereals.

Dr. Hindhede was appointed by the Danish Government as Food Dictator, and he put the Danes upon a strict ration.

In his report he states: "It seemed desperate, but the solution was nevertheless extremely simple. The fact merely was that both people and pigs could not live. In Germany the pigs were allowed to live, and therefore the people died. In Denmark we killed our pigs and lived directly on the pigs' food—their barley and potatoes.

We took all the wheat-bran from the cows and put it in our whole-rye bread; the half of our bread consisted of bran.

Moreover, we took the grains from the distillers, which left us without brandy and whiskey, whilst the English deprived us of our tea and coffee.

Some doctors were angry and wrote that Hindhede put the people on pig-food and hen-food. Yes, I did. It was my intention to put my people on pig-food, a natural diet, to show how foolish we humans have lived."

Dr. Hindhede also states: "Many of the orthodox doctors were opposed to the methods adopted, but the result upon the health of the Danish people was amazing."

The death rate fell 34 per cent., and during this blockade period Denmark had the lowest mortality rate of any European country on record.

Mortality in men from apoplexy declined over 50 per cent., and deaths from "diseases of the kidney" declined in men by 32 per cent., and women 36 per cent., whilst the mortality from diseases of the liver actually decreased to one-fifth of that in the U.S.A. and Britain—a truly amazing decline.

Diseases Artificially Produced by Food.

Van Leersum, of Amsterdam, automatically produced in hundreds of rats stone in the kidney and bladder (phosphatic calculi) by diet deficient in certain qualities, and McCarrison noticed that "in rats stone in the bladder is brought about by an ill-balanced diet."

During the last twenty years scientists in Europe and America have conducted many experiments upon various animals, with a view to discovering the cause of the many degenerating diseases which affect humanity, especially such as high blood pressure, chronic diseases of the arteries and kidneys, as well as diabetes, rheumatism, Bright's disease and degenerative diseases of the heart.

These investigations included such well-known men as Nurzum, Osborne and Sansum of the American Medical Association, Evans and Rosley of California, Newburgh and Squier of Michigan University, McCarrison, Rosenow, Battner, Voit, Richard Cabot, Bigelow, Lombard, Sir William Broadbent and other medical scientists of Europe and elsewhere.

In summing up the conclusion of these investigations and experiments, Dr. George Knapp Abbot, Medical Director of Washington (U.S.A.) Hospital, says: "That a vegetarian or low protein diet increases endurance.

"That a high protein diet, especially flesh foods, causes high blood pressure, degeneration of the arteries, the appearance of albumin and casts in the urine, and kidney diseases.

"It also causes an increase of acid and protein waste in the blood, and substances created by the kidneys are known causes

of degeneration. Some of the protein wastes (amino acids) are especially toxic to the kidney tissue.

"Flesh foods, including all animal fats, are the only source of cholesteral, the chemical material productive of 95 per cent of arteriosclerosis. The other known factors which cause it to impregnate the blood vessel wall are acidosis and high blood pressure; these are furnished by a diet excessive in acid ash.

"Acidosis and a diet excessive in acid ash or protein produce an enlarged (hypertrophied) heart with its resulting degeneration and premature heart failure.

"Scientific experiments of the last third of a century have shown:

"That a flesh diet, and even an abnormally high protein diet from other sources produces an excess of fatigue, which appears prematurely and outlasts normal fatigue.

"That such a diet lessens the amount of muscular work performed, and is therefore a weakening diet.

"That there is an increase of 50 per cent. in the work done when a change is made from a high protein to a low protein diet.

Further, Dr. Fox, of Philadelphia, has examined all the animals that have died at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, and he states:

" 'That the Carnivora had chronic vascular and renal diseases, and that they were practically the only animals that had such diseases'."

Overweight and Health.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance of New York systematically examined 16,662 policy holders with a view to ascertain facts concerning the effects of obesity upon health.

They found "that 75 per cent. of the overweight had advanced on serious physical impairments, with more enlarged hearts and more rapid pulses than those of normal weight."

There was a steady rise in the death rate as the weight increases above the average, which reaches over 100 per cent. increase with extreme overweight, whereas the under-weights' death rate is lower than even the average of normal weights.

Dr. Fisk, of the Dublin General Hospital, says: "Overweights show a very high mortality from degenerative diseases, but they favourably respond to regulation of diet and exercise. It is not uncommon to note a fall in blood pressure, millimetre per pound as the weight comes down, and this without any weakening of the individual."

Weight reduction can be attained without damage by reducing consumption of proteins and carbohydrates to normal requirements, if green vegetables and fruit are used freely.

What is Normal Diet?

There is room for many differences as to the constitution of normal diet, but scientific research has proved that to avoid the dietary results of obesity, high blood pressure and degenerative diseases of the heart, blood vessels, kidneys and liver, from which over 50 per cent. of people die, we must:

(1) *Avoid* excessive consumption of protein foods (meat, fish, eggs and the pulses) above the requirements of the body, which, according to respective individual needs, varies from 40 to 60 grammes daily (30 grammes to the ounce).

(2) *Avoid* excess of acid-ash foods. Meat, fish, eggs and cereals are acid-ash foods, whilst vegetables and fruits generally are alkalining foods. The proportion should be roughly 20 per cent. of the former to 80 per cent. of the latter.

(3) *Avoid* excess of all foods beyond bodily requirements. Eat to live not live to eat.

To Sum Up.

Whilst we can lay down general principles upon food and its effect on health, we cannot ignore other factors that take

toll upon our strength and well being, such as the temperamental passions that humanity is subject to—hate, malice, envy, and jealousy all prey upon our health, so does the excessive worship of Bacchus, Lady Nicotine and the feverish emotions of sex.

Nor can we entirely escape from the slings and arrows of preying bacteria, although by building up strength by wise dieting we can lessen such ills.

Scientific dietetics prove how we can help ourselves and others dependent upon us to better health, and so become more useful citizens, and although epicures will still continue to lure some of us, and ortolans, caviare and other alleged food luxuries of the appetite, yet it remains true that simple food, like the simple life, makes for greater health, happiness and contentment in the long run.

Science Points the Way.

Scientists, instead of looking backwards through the dead eyes of men who lived twenty centuries past, when thought was clouded with superstition, look at Life to-day through the Searchlight of creedless knowledge.

So Scientists are the natural leaders of Freethought—and what a galaxy of these great truthseekers of yesterday and to-day march under our advancing banners—Darwin, Haeckel, Spencer, Huxley, Edison, Burbank, Ray Lankester, and our lovely Marie Curie, whose gift of Radium to Humanity was worth more than a whole calendar of praying saints.

Whilst to-day we have Frazer, Einstein—who knows more of the heavens than centuries of Popes—Sir Arthur Keith, Julian Huxley, J. B. Haldane, Westermarck, Beadnell, Laski, and scores of other leading Scientists.

A Great Scientist Reveals Life To-day.

Yes! Science points the way, and from a remarkable article in *The Rotarian*, by A. H. Compton, I have gleaned the following review of the achievements of Science in our time and the influence of its technology on the social progress of Mankind, as well as a foresight of To-morrow's horizon.

Arthur H. Compton is a physicist of world fame, whose quest of the cosmic ray and its secrets, and his notable work on X-rays particularly won him the Nobel Prize. He lectures at Chicago University—but spends most of his time in his laboratory.

But listen-in! to Professor Compton:

Prometheus, you remember, was the Titan of Greek mythology, who stole his fire from the heavens and gave it to man. But modern science has outdone Prometheus in ways the ancients could not possibly imagine. Sweating slaves rowed their cumbersome galleys, but it would take eight million galley slaves to propel the "Queen Mary." A modern locomotive pulls as much as could 25,000 straining men.

New power loosed by man is the great difference between our world and that of our ancestors. Consider alone the fact that the aircraft carrier "Lexington" produces power equivalent to the hand labour of all able-bodied working citizens of the United States in Thomas Jefferson's day. A century ago it took three hours of a farmer's time to raise a bushel of wheat; now it takes less than ten minutes. The 30 million automobiles in the United States could put its entire population on wheels at once. The average American is travelling 2,500 miles annually now, but it was only 500 miles as recently as 1920.

In ten years, the increase of electricity used in America equals the labour capacity of 100 million men working eight hours a day, 300 days a year; yet the "wage" of each of these "electric slaves" was only 2¼ cents a day.

The Power Age indeed! Yet, when we think of potential sources of new power as yet untapped, we well may wonder if the process started by Prometheus is without end. Our best methods of consuming coal, oil, and gas, use but a fraction of their power. We have hardly started to harness the waterfalls of our mountains, the winds that blow over us, the tides of our seas. The enormous energy resources that we find in the atom suggest a future as incredible to us as the present would have been to the past.

The Leitmotiv of the Human Drama.

Our knowledge of cosmic rays is only beginning. They flood the earth, and have been detected hundreds of feet below the ground surface. They long escaped discovery, for not only are they invisible, but they release heat somewhat less than that of starlight. Where do they come from? Recent studies show they are electrical particles that originate far outside our planet.

The release of energies imprisoned in Nature's close reserve is the *Leitmotiv* of the human drama. Prometheus started it; with fire enslaved, man—slowly at first, then with ever-rising acceleration—has been levelling the barriers that circumscribed the life of primitive man. Superstitions are being dissipated by fact.

Impressive work into the nuclear mystery of the atom is being done by Ernest Orlando Lawrence with his cyclotrons at the University of California. They shoot atoms at a speed of 20,000 miles a second against a target. Lawrence now has a newer and larger cyclotron under way designed to generate 100 million electron volts. Its magnet alone will weigh 4,900 tons. But even preceding Lawrence's work, artificial disintegration of the atom's nucleus had been accomplished by Rutherford, while Fermi built up heavy atoms out of lighter ones, leading to the discovery of a whole new series of radioactive elements. Hundreds of new types of atoms have thus been made.

The alchemist's dream of transmuting base metal into gold has already crept into the realm of possibility. One door to Nature's close reserve was unlocked by Fermi, who produced No. 93, an atom heavier than any previously known on earth by bombarding uranium with neutrons, which are particles racing about within the atom's nucleus. The discovery of atom No. 93 may be of greater importance than the discovery of radium.

TECHNOLOGY—HUMANITY'S HOPE.

Science and technology cannot accept the blame for the war. It is true that some of its products have become the instruments of war. But before modern science came into being wars had been ravaging the earth for centuries—with plague and hunger competing with war to see which could destroy the most in life and property. Technology has conquered practically all the great plagues which periodically took millions of lives, and has made possible the production and distribution of food that would banish hunger from the last outpost on earth.

Technology has created wealth. Shall it be usurped by a few, or be universally shared? Shall not access to its benefits be available to all willing to work for the reward? That goes for material resources as well. If a people is denied the essentials of nutrition—or the "newer necessities" of modern

life—a breeding swamp of war is created. Opportunity and resources on our planet must be shared.

Science inflicts no penalty because of race or creed. We shall always have groupings of peoples. But when we become objective, we will neither exploit others or permit ourselves to be exploited. There will be fair play with regard to the world's goods and resources. Every person, every nation, will have a chance. And within the structures of co-operative opportunity, there will be healthful competition. We must recognize that as mastery over distance grows, and the natural units of society grow with it, the dangers of monopoly, and consequent disease and degeneracy, increase. Competition within bounds helps to eliminate social weakness.

Technology does not obliterate geography, but it does destroy artificial barriers, selfish human outlook and racial differences.

THE CREDO OF A SCIENTIST.

The virtues of courtesy, unselfishness, humility, courage, kindliness, and decency, now accepted as primarily personal, must be extended into the larger fields of corporate human relationships as between states, nations, races and creeds.

It is hard to see how humanity is being bettered by present events. Yet experience does teach that even evil may be made to work for good; that the way to the stars is through difficulties —*ad astra per aspera;* that bloodstains marking the path of the climber mean he is in earnest. A storm clears the atmosphere. Even from the chaotic present we shall salvage much for the future.

Weal or woe? Which shall it be? Here lies the great opportunity. If men of illwill seize upon it, civilization may slip back into another Dark Age. If men of goodwill press it, civilization will advance.

From the courage and selflessness of the search for truth which have marked the lives of such men as Galileo, Pasteur,

and Marie Curie, we may extract a hope for the future—the indomitable spirit of inquiry will persist.

I believe that through sincere and courageous effort one can learn what is true. I believe that inherent in what is true is that which will serve creation in its highest form, which is humanity. I believe that truth shall make man free—free from the ills of the flesh and the spirit. I rely upon an unfolding knowledge of the truth to provide a solution for the problems and conflicts that vex humanity. I therefore dedicate myself to the task of seeking the truth, fearlessly and zealously, and to the application of what knowledge I may gain for the establishment of a peaceful, just and orderly civilization on earth.

Democritus said: "Rather would I discover one fact than become King of the Persians."

Yes, "Science points the way." What a "To-morrow's Dawn" awaits wakening Humanity if only it will drop the selfishness that divides man from man, the rabid nationalism, the discordant differences of theology, the greed of capitalism, the lust for power.

If Science with its technology could only devote its wondrous genius and powers to the regeneration of Humanity and not be the destroying prostitute of Dictators!

Science, free from the cobweb creeds of age-old superstition—free from the dictation of the dead—with its international brotherhood, is blazing the path to world betterment.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is brotherhood!
Until it comes we men are slaves
Travelling to the dust of graves
Blind creeds and kings have had their day:
Break the dead branches from the path,
Our hope is in the aftermath,
Our hope is in heroic men
Star-led to build the world again.

The Federation of Humanity.

"The World is my Country! To do good is my religion."

I have travelled the wide world from the Shetlands to the Antarctic circle, from Port Said to Hobart Town, from Seattle to Ceylon, and I have found that the people you do not know are just as good as those you do know. If kindness and sacrifice be the tests of real goodness, then goodness is to be found everywhere.

We British, in a national arrogance, imagine we are the superior race; and to prove it we have annexed a quarter of the earth and half the most liveable and fruitful portion of it. There is even a fraction of Britishers who claim they are the Christian God's chosen race. Wherever the British flag is waved the British bible also goes with its hundred-and-one brands of religion, and the same arrogance of cocksure Christianity—that they alone possess the keys of their hypothetic heaven; that you must accept the particular kind of salvation they trade in, or be damned.

THE GENTLE BUDDHA'S PRAYER.

Yet in an old, old Indian temple dedicated to the gentle Buddha, who lived the sweet kindnesses he preached, half a millennium before Christianity was heard of, I saw engraved in granite this prayer of his:

> "*Thou shalt pray to God that of all the people of the world thou shall be the very last to enter Paradise!*
>
> "*Thou shalt ask that every other soul shall enter and be given place before thee.*"

So different to the gate-crashing creeds that scramble for heaven's reserved seats, and leave the hindmost of humanity to their devils.

"The way to world brotherhood is to raze down the custom houses and blot out the national frontiers."—Victor Hugo (1859).

It is the ambitions of nationality and exclusive religions that bar the way to the brotherhood of humanity—of the federation of its peoples.

Things That Divide.

Side by side with the curse of flamboyant nationality, are other things that divide.

The selfishness of tariffs, by which each nation seeks to get the most of the world's wealth with the least giving in return; and added to these divisions is difference of language, which distorts with an astigmatism of thought, preventing accurate and unbiased viewpoints.

Do I write myself down as a pessimist of humanity's future? No, indeed! I am far from that, for as I have wandered the world I have found everywhere among the common, everyday folk—the average labouring folk—a gospel of simple international brotherhood that shames their political leaders and government.

Faith in the Common Folk.

It is the common man and woman of the world that will ultimately solve its problems and wipe out the divisions that diverse nationalities and diverse religions have selfishly made.

I do not call myself a Socialist or Communist, as I dislike labels, for I am a Freethinker, and the liberty to think freely and live freely is greater than any "ism" freedom shelters, but the slogan: "Workers of the World Unite," commends itself to my best self, and that each should give to the State according to his ability and receive according to his needs.

Grandfather Adam—or shall we say Grandfather Protoplasm—smiles at the exclusive conceits of national patriotisms and sectarian religions, as well as "racial purity." There

is no royal section of humanity, we are all arisen through the tortuous processes of evolution, and the world and its fullness belongs to all its people.

Aided by its wondrous inventions and its technology, Nature's prodigality is more than sufficient to give generously all the needs that life demands to all its peoples.

Yes! it is the common folk of all lands that will bring peace and brotherhood to the whole world, unseduced by wealth and purified by common suffering they alone, ultimately, will rear aloft their international flag.

Red, red, red, as the blood that beats through every man's veins.

The cruel nightmares of war, capitalism, and the useless selfishness of individual wealth and tiresome possessions, will dissolve as internationalism grows.

Competition for a N.Z. National Anthem.

After the Great War I offered a prize of £25 for verse for a New Zealand National Anthem.

A small committee of judges was appointed, headed by Miss Elsie K. Morton and Mr. Richard Singer, to choose the best six of the 157 anthems submitted. These six were then handed to the Minister of Education, the Hon. Hanan, from which he made the final choice, which was "*Land of Promise.*" This was submitted by Magdelene Wycombe, and was without my knowledge sent in under this non-de-plume by my sister, Annette Hayward, who was resting in New Zealand after her operatic career as prima contralto with "The Carl Rosa Opera Company."

Mr. Alfred Hill, New Zealand's well-known composer, set the words to music. I felt diffident at the circumstances of my sister being chosen as winner of a contest I had promoted, and laid both verse and music aside, and it was lost in moving my office, and it was only twenty years after that it was found—and here it is:

NEW ZEALAND NATIONAL ANTHEM.

LAND OF PROMISE.

1. *Oh! land of promise, on whose brow*
The star of hope is set,
Light thou the path, lead thou the way
For those who follow yet.

Land of promise, land of hope,
Land of liberty,
Slave nor tyrant may not live
Where thy flag waves free.
Great among the sons of men
Shall thy children rise;
God, in token, sets His cross,
Ablaze within thy skies.

2. *Oh! youngest daughter of the seas,*
No storied past is thine;
But cradled in the lap of years
Thine unborn glories shine.

Land of promise, land of hope,
Land of liberty,
Slave nor tyrant may not live
Where thy flag waves free.
Great among the sons of men
Shall thy children rise;
God, in token, sets His cross,
Ablaze within thy skies.

—ANNETTE HAYWARD.

Both the words and music are too good to be lost to New Zealand, and in due course this prize-winning Anthem will be published for sale.

Here's to Life.

"What is this I hear of sorrow and weariness, of anger, discontent and drooping hopes?
Degenerate sons and daughters!
Life is too strong for you!
It takes Life to love Life!"

Life is a mirror! If you frown at it, your frown will be reflected; if you laugh, laughter comes back and you will find Life is a jolly good companion.

It is true that pain and poverty are ever with some of us. When we are wise enough we shall outlaw poverty, but pain is the heir to the countless past of human weaknesses, and whilst we must help to mend or end it in those who suffer, yet to weep with sufferers helps but little; sympathy with kindly smiles is often more than medicine.

Consider how courage conquers one's weaknesses and even lessens suffering.

LISTEN TO HELEN KELLER.

Helen Keller was born blind and dumb, yet how she triumphed over these heart-breaking disabilities. Listen to her: "My share of the work of the world may be limited, but the fact that it is work, makes it precious." Charles Darwin could work only half-an-hour at a time, yet in these diligent half-hours he laid anew the foundations of philosophy.

Henrich Heine was the victim of creeping paralysis, which gradually deprived him of every physical movement, until at the end he could only open and close his eye-lids, but he continued up to the last to pour out his immortal poetry, and faced death itself with a joke, as Socrates did.

Homer was blind, but his thought helped to create the "glory that was Greece."

Byron was club-footed, but he swam the Hellespont.

Nature is compensating! Oftentimes to the blind, the halt and the lame comes thought precious to humanity, that lights into leadership.

Let us try and not brood over our pains and weaknesses, or be too sorry for ourselves, for self-pity can magnify both.

Sir James Frazer, the great scientist and student of humanity, said: "Thought and imagination can slay as surely as prussic acid." Discussing this an Auckland physician said to me: "I have as a patient a Maori woman of 39, who was dying of no disease, but of her own fears; she had been cursed by a Tohunga, and to save her I had to send for the Tohunga to 'lift the curse', then she mended rapidly."

Yes! it is true:

"*A merrie heart goes all the day,*
A sad heart tires in a mile-a."

Let us try and find courage to look up from the depths of our despairs, and even thank whatever gods there may be for Life.

Simplicity the Keynote to Life.

Ahead is ever its horizon of hope! and let us recognise that there is more joy in journeying than in arriving; that simplicity of life makes for the greatest contentment.

The remedy for our ills is not to be found in dissipation, or the hunting of false pleasures that fade with their repetition. Remember, evil temper, malice, jealousy, emotional cyclones, fears, panic over disease or misfortune, all generate toxins within our veins.

We are all sailing uncharted seas; we cannot always reach our ideals, but like the stars that guide the sailors on the trackless seas, our ideals point the way and help us to live for others as well as ourselves.

Contentment of mind and welfare of body is not to be found in hectic revels where the candle of health is burned at both ends.

The most lasting joys are found by those who live simple lives in tune with Mother Nature.

STORIES OF STAGE LIFE.

A MADCAP PRIMA DONNA.

MY FIRST PICTURE SHOW.

I KNEW OSCAR WILDE.

A FLOATING THEATRE.

THE STOLEN "STRAD."

ANNA PAVLOVA ON ART IN RUSSIA.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHAS. BRADLAUGH.

A TRAGEDIAN'S HAVEN.

THE CINEMA—YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

LOVE AND SEX MAGNETISM.

THE "BRESCIANS"—ALL ABOUT THEM.

SHOWS IN QUEER VENUES.

G. B. SHAW AND H. G. WELLS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A SHOWMAN.

HERE'S TO LIFE

HENRY J. HAYWARD