

The LITTLE THEATRE MAGAZINE

Subscription
per annum. 3/-

Edited by Noëla Marienthal



Vol I. No.2.

AUGUST, 1933.

Price 3d.

WILL SECRETARIES PLEASE NOTE:

THAT The Little Theatre Magazine does not solicit, nor will print in any circumstances, Advertisements from Little Theatre groups. The whole of the reading space is theirs, free, and paragraphs complying with the normal rules of journalism will be gladly inserted.

ATTENTION is drawn to the list of "Forthcoming Attractions" on page 2 of cover. Full information of Programmes is asked for insertion. This page is very informative to Little Theatre Magazine subscribers, and of value in obtaining audiences.

WHEN the Editor is informed of shows, studio evenings, lectures, meetings, etc., a competent reporter will be detailed to attend. It is impossible for the Editor to keep track of all Little Theatre happenings, unless assisted by Secretaries.

THE Editor wishes to make a special feature of Studio Evenings, reviewing the work of junior members in particular.

LITERARY communications, advices of shows, etc., should be addressed to "The Editor", and all business communications--including requests for supplies of magazines--to "The Publisher" at

BOX 4059W, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES,
AUSTRALIA.

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS

- Adelaide Repertory Society, Inc.**--Play Competition, closing in September; a full-length play. Open to Australian Dramatists.
- Experimental Theatre, Sydney**--September: A studio night (date to be fixed) October: Public Performance at the Savoy Theatre (Play and dates not fixed yet).
- Impressionist Theatre, Sydney**--October: "Cyrano de Bergerac", Criterion Theatre or Theatre Royal, Sydney.
- Junior Theatre League, Sydney**--August 10: Fancy Dress Ball, Emerson Hall, Sydney. August 26--Final Performance of Plays selected from the Second Annual Drama Contest, St. James' Hall, Sydney, at 7.45 p.m., and Presentation of Prizes to winning groups. October 5: Some Young People of Shakespeare. November 2: Children Orchestras and Toy Symphony Orchestras (Madame Jensen). December 7: The Plays of J. M. Barrie (S. Elliott-Napier). Macquarie Street, Sydney.
- Sydney Players' Club**--August 17: Five one-act plays (written by members), St. James' Hall, Phillip Street, Sydney. September 9, 16, 23: Fifth Public Season. September 14: Playreading. September 28: Studio Evening. October 12: Playreading. October 26: Studio Evening. November 2: Playreading. November 11, 18, and 25: Sixth Public Season. December 7: Studio Evening. December 14: Playreading. December 19: Nativity Play. December 21: Christmas Party.

AUSTRALIAN THEATRE SOCIETY

offers performing rights in the following one-act plays:

- "The Mind of a Child"
- "The Heart of a Woman"
- "The Soul of a Man"
- "Easter"

Four morality plays, by Dulcie Deamer.

"The Cudgewa Outlaw"
by C. L. Cunnington.

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THIS AUDIENCE BUSINESS.

A problem confronting most Little Theatres at the moment is "How to Get an Audience". It is most disheartening both to players and producers to see their theatres half full, at best. The lack of an audience is not always the fault of players and producers, for a large percentage of the presentations are well worthy of public support. In a great measure blame must attach to the Society's management, who appear to consider they have accomplished their work when they have appointed producer and caste, and ordered the printing.

We cannot cull our audiences from the passers-by, although we would like to think that we had only to put on a play and the "man in the street" would support it; nor can we command people to attend it. The general rule today, is to urge the players to sell tickets. It is distinctly unfair on actors to have to sell tickets--and hard work to do so--as well as play a part.

The first step in obtaining satisfactory audiences is that Societies must produce plays which will not only win the support of the press but will be so capably

produced and acted that the audience will go away well satisfied, and tell their friends of the good show they had seen.

Above all, in striving for an audience, "fluffing" and prompt-work must be done away with. No one likes to hear a friend say: "My dear, it is such a bore to have to go to these amateur shows; the caste invariably forget their lines and look so stupid when they don't know what to do, or what comes next"; or, "Oh, the players generally leave out all the interesting parts--the parts one wants to hear."

Another solution of the problem is Advertising. We know that in business Advertising carries great weight and it is certain that it is a big factor in "This Audience Business". Advertising is costly, however, and needs capital. How to get capital is the problem. The most practical way this can be accomplished is by representatives of the various societies and clubs meeting and working out some really practical scheme.

Mr Edward Howell's article, on page 9 is a sound and logical appeal for this action, and deserves grave consideration by Little Theatre folk.

Editor--L.T.M.

Our New Serial.

THE LITTLE THEATRE MYSTERY.

by Aidan de Brune.

Chapter 1.

A little ripple of laughter swept through the darkness of the auditorium, losing itself in a rolling billow of applause. Slowly the heavy curtains came down blotting out the bright lights of the stage, shutting off from the audience the mimes, the gaudy scenery, the glitter and tinsel of the play-setting. Around the classic contours of the house discreet lights came to life, casting subdued shadows over the expectant audience.

The play had ended; yet there was no movement in that seated throng to seek the exits and the night-streets. Indeed, they settled themselves more comfortably in their seats, staring at the lowered curtains as if loath to relinquish the glamour of the evening's entertainment. Almost beneath the stage, concealed from the audience by banks of luxurious greenery, the orchestra waited, their instruments mute in their hands.

It was the first night on which Sydney's Little Theatre had opened its doors to a speculative and slightly amused public. There had been much talk and speculation concerning the Little Theatre and its work during the days since the house-breakers had started the demolition of the row of old, gaunt, forgotten houses in Wessex Street; since the hoarding had usurped more than half

the width of the pavement of that thoroughfare, concealing from curious view the details of the building slowly working to completion.

The Little Theatre! Many passers-by had laughed as they scanned the board lashed to the scaffolding of the building. Many asked: "What is a Little Theatre? A few answered the question, vaguely remembering the Tom Thumb Theatre, and "The Little Theatre" of a northern suburb--only the size of a commercial garage. Surely then, a Little Theatre was a small theatre . . . Yet they had read in their newspapers that only huge theatres could be profitably run, in these days of splendid and expensive settings. If so, why a Little Theatre in the heart of Sydney? Who had put money into so obviously a losing proposition.

Behind the act-curtains an excited, chattering throng was gathering--players and stage assistants mingling with favored members of the audience. Stagehands were hastily removing from the set everything immediately removable. Eyes turned insistently to the wings, for the first glimpse of the vice-regal party. There was keen expectancy in the air. On this occasion the entertainment had not ended with the author's final tag.

In her dressing-room Myra Dreen turned to the brilliantly illuminated mirrors, touching her hair with expert fingers, studying her make-up and dress, in preparation for her final appearance that night--the social scene that would, in the newspapers of the following day take precedence

(Continued on page 14.)

THE P. J. PLAYERS.

"The Scarlet Lady."

WHEN a gentleman is tired, or has taken a glass too much at dinner, and unknown to his hostess, who is a grass-widow, returns to the house to camp for the night on the drawing-room lounge--surely that's Farce, not Comedy? This is the plot of "The Scarlet Lady" produced by the P. J. Players on July 17, and one on which we cannot congratulate the author for its strength. The explanations by lady and gentleman are not convincing, though true, and naturally, are not believed by husband or neighbours.

The P. J. Players are to be congratulated on the presentation, remarkably good for so young an organisation. In particular must be noted, and placed to the credit of the producer, Paul Johnstone, was the use of gesture by most of the cast. Only too often amateurs speak their lines with arms hanging inert at their sides. This is neither graceful nor helpful. Another point to be noted, with thankfulness, is that prompt was rarely in evidence.

The weight of the story falls on Alicia Crane (Aileen Nihill) who was mainly convincing, but sometimes failed to quite reach her audience. In so heavy a part this was to be expected, and that she "held" her audience in the main is greatly to her credit. Peter Crane, the husband (Harry Farrell) and Peggy Winton (Yvonne Cahill) gave her excellent support--though during certain scenes the audience were distressed, with Mr. Farrell, at the erratic behaviour of his tie--a few

pins appearing desirable.

The trio of gossips, Lady Hipcomb (Miss Gwen Burrows), Mrs. Whetherby (Miss Myra Nettelbeck), and Mrs. Pryce (Miss Enid Youngman), were excellent. The Rev. John Pryce (Thomas Lowe) would have been far more effective if he had assumed a more clerical manner. At times he appeared almost afraid of the character.

Reggie Gill, the young man who was too tired to go home, was very well characterised by Paul Johnstone--many of the audience agreeing with Peggy that Reggie was a bit of a fool, though loveable. The character demanded a lot of restraint and at times Mr. Johnstone appeared to give it too much. Violet, the maid (Miss Gwendolen Griffiths) was entirely convincing, with her screams when she found the intruder on the couch. At times, during the first act, she appeared nervous; in her later scenes she was more confident and showed to better effect. The same may be said of Baden, the handyman (Jack Saul). His final scenes far surpassed his earlier ones. J. H. Cologon provided the music of the evening in a very capable manner.

YOUR BEST LITTLE THEATRE STORY.

THE Proprietors of The Little Theatre Magazine will pay half-a-guinea for every quaint episode of Little Theatre life published. The incidents submitted must be strictly true although real names and places need not be mentioned.

THE REPERTORY CLUB, PERTH, W.A.

WE were founded in 1919 and in spite of the vicissitudes that are usual in the progress of new institutions, our history has been one of continuous development. Our chief object is to promote the appreciation of the best drama of whatever type, firstly through the activities of our own members, and secondly, through appeal to the public.

The range of our productions has been extremely catholic; we present, on an average, six full-length plays and a dozen one-act plays each year. We have played Shakespeare in the open air (Midsummer Night Dream), for the schools (Twelfth Night), in modern dress (Hamlet), Shaw, Tchekov, Galsworthy, Vosper, James Bridie, all within the last twelve months. We have weekly play-readings and frequent social evenings. We are in closest touch with the Little Theatre movement in the State, having fifteen country clubs affiliated, while we, ourselves, are an affiliated branch of the British Drama League, which is of perpetual use and interest to us. We have about 400 members, apart from the country clubs, and have high hopes of a rapid increase.

Our hopes are especially high at this moment as we have secured new premises in the heart of the city which will give us for the first time a theatre of our own, with ample stage space and seating accomodation. In our new home we mean to play a bigger part than ever before in the life of the community. (Bravo, Perth! --Ed. L.T.M.)

J. M. Brooks.

NOTES.

THE P. J. Players must be congratulated on securing an excellent audience for "The Scarlet Lady". The hall was well filled; a very refreshing note in Little Theatre work. There are audiences to be obtained for Little Theatre presentations--and it is up to the various Societies to get them.

* * *

CONDOLENCES to C. L. Cunnington, the producer for the Australian Stage Society, on his recent illness. He came from a sick bed to witness the performances of Dulcie Deamer's Morality Plays, over which he has spent many painstaking months.

* * *

A VERY well-filled house greeted Alon Hynes' "Scrubby" on July 15. It is understood that this play will shortly visit many suburban theatres.

* * *

TWO forthcoming productions of the P. J. Players are: "A Knight in Love"--an American farce-comedy, with Yvonne Cahill, Paul Johnstone and Harry Farrell, and "The Pink Parasol", with Gwen Griffiths in the lead. Dates are not yet announced.

* * *

LADIES in the audience "ate" Dulcie Deamer's morality plays. No wonder, when Intellect was supreme in "The Heart of a Woman", while Lust, Greed and Fear dominated "The Soul of a Man".

* * *

THE P. J. Players announce complete changes of castes. A good move, giving chances to the younger members.

ALON HYNES DRAMATIC CLUB.

"Scrubby."

ON Tuesday, July 11, the three-act comedy drama "Scrubby", by Alon Hynes, was presented to a well-filled house at the St. James' Hall, Sydney. The play was produced by Claude Hansfield, who is to be congratulated on his work.

"Scrubby" is the work of a Sydney dramatist and, being well on the comedy side, is a welcome change from the woeful gloom in which Australian playwrights appear shrouded. It is strange to consider that while Australia is a laughter-loving nation, sin, suffering and gloom are the most used motifs of its dramatists.

The first two acts of Alon Hynes's play were good, the dialogue being brisk and witty. The third act was not up to the standard of the first two; one had been led to expect a more dramatic ending—one more in keeping with the plot. Taken as a whole the play was good, and was well cast.

Gordon Ramsay, a twelve-year-old boy, played the name-part very well, being very natural as a mischievous little boy. He should go far in future productions. Ann Grey, as Mrs. Carey was very motherly and suited the character. William Hynes interpreted Grandfather Curlewis as rather a dear old man. Mr. Carey showed as a very hard father, and the part was played by Ron Dargin with skill. Wendy Cary (Margaret Chalmers) was a good study of the average modern schoolgirl, while Uncle Rob (Robert Gill) was not sufficiently professional for a doctor. Aunt Ella (Helen Blood) was handled with skill and it is

a pity the part was so small.

Cousin Hoppy, played by Jack Neath, was a real country cousin, and Marjorie Jones (Marjorie Jones) gave a charming impersonation of the young girl with whom Dr. Curlewis is in love. Irene Beatty (Cousin Marion), E. Jackson (Mr. Gummerson), Jack Whitely (Squizzy Gummerson, Scrubby's friend), George Hamilton (Higgins, the bottle-o man), and Phillip Ludgater (Oswald Jones), gave creditable characterisations.

The prompter's voice was only heard on a couple of occasions, and gestures, for the most part, were good.

The song, "Scrubby Boy", sung during the play was composed by Celia Mavis to words written by Alon Hynes. Miss Mavis provided the music of the evening very capably.

J.L.M.

NOTES.

Under the nom-de-theatre of Ann Grey, in "Scrubby", it was not difficult to recognise the authoress of the play, Alon Hynes. Mrs. Hynes found it necessary to undertake the part with only a fortnight's rehearsals. In addition, this was Mrs. Hynes first appearance before the footlights. How creditable a performance Mrs. Hynes put up can be understood when it is known she was taken from the hall to a sick bed where she has been confined since. This is the true mummer spirit!

* * *

"Scrubby" was Gordon Ramsay's first appearance. That he "acted" even when "lines" were not his way showed the right spirit; and an example to many more experienced.

SYDNEY PLAYERS' CLUB.
"Tobias and The Angel."

THE first performance of this play, which is a fairly faithful transcription of the - Book of Tobit, in the Apocrypha, took place at St. James' Hall on July 22. We need only say this: That in spite of the bitter cold, and the fact that the performance did not end until 11.35 p.m., we went home with the feeling that we had seen one of the most worth-while and entertaining plays it has ever been our good-fortune to witness. It is regrettable that the audience was so small, but even this fact only gave us a superiority complex over the unfortunate multitude who had failed to see this play.

The whole caste was well in character and the performance went without a hitch. Edward Cavill, as the youthful Tobias, gave an enthusiastic and studied portrayal of his part. Perhaps the outstanding piece of acting was that of Jack Saul as Tobit, the father of Tobias--a blind old Jew, fallen on evil times--who both preaches and practises a religion of brotherhood, and whose eyesight is eventually restored by the angel, played by Ian Valentine. Mr. Valentine, with his great height and charming voice, brought to this characterisation a dignity and presence which were most effective. Gladys Shaw ably played the part of Anna, Tobit's wife; while James Hancock played Ragnel with great success and to the great amusement of the audience.

Wendy Woolfrey took the part of Sara (who becomes Tobias' bride) and played with a vivacity and a naivete most refreshing. Nor

must we omit to mention Myrna Dickey whose dancing was a very attractive feature of the evening.

The Club was very fortunate in this production to have the interest of Samuel Brentnall, who composed the music for the songs sung by Irene Williams, and also the pleasingly appropriate incidental music used throughout. Mr. Brentnall, at the piano, led a string quartette of members of the Orpheum Society whose playing contributed greatly to the success of the production.

Jack Appleton is to be congratulated upon the very capable production of "Tobias and the Angel", and also upon the settings and costumes, all of which were designed by him. For the last week of rehearsals, and on the night of the production, he was burdened by a most distressing cold; but such is his enthusiasm and driving power that he made light of the handicap. His reward is in the artistic success of his work.

A PRIZE STORY.

"Packing up the props after 'Scrubby'," writes Mrs Alon Hynes, "the blackberry jam used for the pie was added to the remaining jam in the tin--the fact forgotten that REAL LIVER PILLS had been used on the stage. Unpacking the props at home, the tin of jam was put aside to use in a tart. My attention was drawn to the fact by a friend asking me what I had used for pills on the stage. I suddenly remembered, exclaiming: 'Oh, my God; the pills are still there!'. If my friend hadn't been inquisitive, I hate to think what might have happened."

Mrs. Hynes wins 10/6.--Ed. L.T.M.

EFFTEE FILMS PLAY COMPETITION.

**Conditions Governing £250 Prize
For a Stage Play.**

1. The Judges for the Competition are: Professor Osborne, of the Melbourne University; Mr. Gre-gan McMahon, producer at the Garrick Theatre; and Mr. Ber-nard Cronin, President of the Society of Australian Authors.
2. Manuscripts must be typed and forwarded to Efftee Films be-fore December 1, 1933.
3. The Competition is open to any person who has been resident in Australia for a period of six months.
4. The Play must be non-musical; but there are no restrictions as to the location of set-tings.
5. The Play, in the opinion of the Judges, must be of suf-ficient merit to justify its commercial production on stage or screen.
6. Efftee Films have the right to the first refusal of any play submitted, either for stage or screen production.
7. In addition to the prize of £250 the usual royalties, as between producer and author, will be paid for stage produc-tions only.
8. The stage play must be of two and one quarter hours' dura-tion.
9. The Author's complete Copy-right becomes the property of Efftee Films.

AUSTRALIAN THEATRE SOCIETY.

Presentation to C. L. Cunnington.

AT the conclusion of the programme at the Tom Thumb Theatre, Sydney, on July 22, members of the Society gathered on the stage, in view of the audience, for the purpose of presenting their producer, Mr. C. L. Cunnington with a gold cigar-ette case in token of their appre-ciation of his four years' work with the Society. After several male members of the Society had spoken briefly, eulogising Mr. Cunnington's untiring labors on behalf of the Little Theatre move-ment, and the Society, Miss Noela Marienthal, the leading lady of that night's production, made the presentation, expressing the hope that Mr. Cunnington would lead the Society for many more years. The little ceremony closed with the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow".

NOTES.

At the performance of a dramatic sketch in Sydney recently, the curtain was scheduled to rise on the sound of a shot. The curtain behaved in the orthodox manner--but what became of the shot?

* * *

In the same performance, a bath-heater was "cued" to explode. The makers must have supplied a "si-lent" one. Nervous ladies in the audience are requesting the ma-ker's name from the stage-manager. They're sure they could light one like that!

* * *

THIS MONTH'S RECIPE:--Blackberry and Liver pill tart. Delicious!

THE CHELSEA THEATRE GROUP. "London Wall."

A refreshing feature of this production at the Savoy Theatre on July 26 was the crowded house which witnessed the play.

Why the Chelsea management chose "London Wall" it is hard to guess. It has been produced several times in Sydney, most notably by the Independent Theatre and the Junior Literary Society. The plot is not particularly new, although it has been cleverly dealt with. The scenes are set in the offices of Walker, Windemere & Co., solicitors, in London Wall, and deal principally with the love affair between Eric Brewer, manager, and Pat. Milligan, junior typist.

The caste of the play was a little uneven, but on the whole very enjoyable. The part of Birkenshaw, the volatile office-boy was well played by Bill Clifton. Grenville Spenser, as Eric Brewer, was not quite convincing enough in a character which gave ample opportunity to a juvenile lead. Miss Janus (Clarice Gee) was very acceptable as the efficient secretary of long service whose love affair goes awry. Noreen Gardiner-Garden, as Miss Milligan, gave a charming impersonation of the raw junior in the office who is susceptible to Brewer's attentions. Jess. Trenoweth (Miss Hooper), and Nell. Buckingham (Miss Willesden, an eccentric old lady who makes herself a nuisance at the solicitor's office by continually wishing to see Mr. Walker, to change her will, and eventually dies and leaves Pat Milligan some money), were well caste. Marie Hemingway, as Miss Bufton, was inclined to overact

and simpered far too much; no solicitor would tolerate anyone so "bubblingly boisterous" in his office. Jack Love's Hec. Hammond was an acceptable impersonation of a young lover who wrote stories which would probably never be published and who didn't know he loved Pat until he realised Brewster's attitude toward's her. Tom Doherty's Mr. Walker was a little too stilted and for half the play he was inaudible to those seated at the back of the hall. The character was spoilt by a hideous make-up, entirely unnecessary.

The presentation was capably carried out by Miss Vera Baillie, and great credit is due to her for absence of hesitation and prompting, so often marring Little Theatre productions. A feature of the play was the freedom and ease of action by most of the caste.

NOTES.

At a certain performance in Sydney a young actor who had taken a part of an old man wearing a long, white beard and hair was going on to a party after the show. On the conclusion of the show he disappeared, omitting to remove his make-up, although he had to travel quite five miles to his destination. Was this vanity, absent-mindedness, or--too much spirit-gum?

- * * *

We understand--viewing a recently produced comedy in Sydney--that the easiest way to wash a floor is to hold the cloth poised in mid-air --and circulate. With acknowledgments to a certain very, very young actor.

THE EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE. "Mr. Prohack."

ARNOLD BENNETT is so essentially English that the presentation of a play by him to an Australian audience must be considered daring. We have Treasury officials in Australia, but surely none of them would give utterance to the candid avowals of Mr. Prohack--even if they thought like him. It just isn't done, here.

The production of the play was excellent, and would have reflected great credit on any theatre. Miss Desmond is to be congratulated on her work.

It should be stated at once that the play is "Prohack". Edward Howell took full advantage of the epigrams and situations the authors provided; his principal weakness being a rather too rapid delivery, not allowing his audience time to keep up with him. On his entrance in Act II. he was inclined to be a little uncertain, but as the act proceeded became more confident.

Mrs. Eva Prohack (Marie Hemingway) made much of the doll-like wife, but with rather a tendency to overplay the character. This was not too exaggerated, however, and she certainly appealed to her audience. Sissie, Prohack's daughter, (Elizabeth Browne) played well a part not too sympathetic. Her scenes with Oswald Morfey (Max van Hemert) were good; the give and take between the actors excellent.

Charles, Prohack's son (Dominic Harnett) was a clever study of the modern "get-rich-quick" young man with a dislike of hum-drum business and the fixed belief that daring compensates for knowledge. Not marked enough was his

speculative downfall; this detracting the scenes between father and son in the last act. Lady Massulum, (Florentine Danciger) made a charming semi-adventuress--that is the only description possible. So good was Miss Danciger that her avowal of a husband and a determination to abandon finance for a sick room almost shocked her audience.

Softy Bishop (Cedric Kempson) was not a well-defined study. A little more assurance would have helped the actor in a not-too-easy role. Sir Paul Spinner (William Hume) fitted well into the story, playing a part that was really mystery on rectitude until the finale. Machin, the maid, (Bessie Nerea) had little to do, but was satisfactory; as also was Hollins, the tailor (Frank Johnstone). A special word of commendation must be given to Mimi Winstock, the typist (Patricia Nall). The character was excellently sketched, and brought back to Australians vivid memories of exasperating "lady secretaries" met in Whitehall during war-years.

The stage-management was excellent and was a credit to Alton Little and his assistant D. Yarroll, and the electrician, O. Anderson. "Prompt" was given a holiday, except on one occasion. For so technical and swift-acting a play this is an excellent record for the caste.

TO SECRETARIES.

The Editor will be grateful if Secretaries will keep her fully advised of shows and other Society happenings. The L.T.M. is your record; help keep it right up to date.

THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow," and the famous Birmingham Repertory Theatre (England) is an illustration of the truth of the old proverb. The origin of the company was founded upon a suggestion by a parishioner of St. Judas' Church, Birmingham, who, discovering that church funds were low, volunteered to get together a cast and present a play. The first production was "Eager Heart", a morality play, and was so successful that an amateur company was promptly formed, under the title of "The Pilgrim Players". It speedily became a prominent feature of the city and plays of high calibre were presented twice weekly for eight months annually. One of the outstanding features was that the players were anonymous, only the list of characters being on the programme.

Among the original members were John Drinkwater and Barry Jackson. Drinkwater wrote a series of one-act plays and, eventually, "Abraham Lincoln", which the writer had the honor of stage-managing, and assisting to produce on its first presentation. John Drinkwater later became one of England's leading writers, and married the Australian violinist, Daisy Kennedy.

Barry Jackson decided to build a theatre incorporating all the modern improvements. From that time the Pilgrim Players, together with a small number of London players, became a professional company. The main object of the new company was to obtain a high grade for the drama. That this object was attained is shown

by the knighthood bestowed on Sir Barry Jackson. Many now-famous actors have graduated from this company; the call-boy becoming the well-known Dennis King. A permanent producer of the Australian Broadcasting Co., Frank Clewlow, was at one time a player with the "Rep."

Two of the most ambitious productions in the early days were "The Trojan Woman" and "Edipus Rex", translated from the Greek by Sir Gilbert Murray. All Galsworthy's and Bernard Shaw's plays have been produced, and several by Eden Philpott.

One of the most memorable scenes in the history of the "Rep" was when the Abbey Theatre Players, of Dublin were its guest. Sara Allgood, playing Diedre, had made her usual poignant ending, and the curtain fell. There was a deathly silence for easily one minute, and the writer, back-stage, thought the play had frazzled. Then came a tremendous tumult of applause, lasting ten minutes. There were fourteen curtains, and the thrill of that reception will never be forgotten.

The "Rep" is now a commercial success and is the weekly resort of the cultured inhabitants of the Midlands. There are three touring companies on the road from the theatre. One company visited New York and proved very successful.

What has been accomplished in the industrial town of Birmingham, England, can be, in time, accomplished in Sydney, Australia; but where is the young, wealthy man who will subsidise such a development?

J.W.H.

UNION IS STRENGTH. *

THE title used here is a saying almost worn out by repetition yet, when applied to the Little Theatre movement, we find that there is no unity, and therefore no strength. The strongest part of a Little Theatre is its finance, because without funds to do the work it wants to do a Little Theatre cannot prosper. All the units of the Little Theatre movement in Sydney suffer from lack of finance. Funds can only come from two sources, (1) membership, or subscription, fees and (2) admission charges to the performances. The latter is by far the most important, therefore it is on the enlargement of this source of income that Little Theatre directors should concentrate.

The Sydney public is a difficult one to cater for but, however trying their idiosyncrasies may be, one fact emerges which is indisputable—they know a good show when they see one. But—and this is a big "but"—they are not yet aware of the difference between a genuine Little Theatre show and "an amateur show". The "amateur shows" of Sydney are one of the biggest drawbacks to the progress of the Little Theatre because they do not, taken as a whole, advance the progress of the Art of the Stage and they do serve to confuse the public's mind. And, unfortunately, while the Little Theatres have to use artists without payment for their services there is no justification for a line of demarcation between the two. The public, therefore, having developed, through bad acting and bad production in the past, a horror of the word "amateur", when applied

to plays, still refrains from attending Little Theatre performances, being under the impression that there is no difference between them and what they have been used to.

To my way of thinking, therefore, the paramount object of Little Theatre directors should be to work as hard as possible to raise the standard of acting and production to such a high level that the public will be forced to eventually realise that there is a difference and will show their appreciation by bigger "houses", thus increasing the financial strength of the units to that point where the artists can be paid. The outcome of this would be that only persons of sufficient artistic ability as to justify a salary would be employed by Little Theatre directors and would provide opportunities—if the directors would broaden their minds to this extent—for an interchange of artists between the different units. This, in turn, would bring about greater interest by the followers of each unit and, one hopes, cultivate a spirit of unity and goodwill on which the entire movement could rise, not only to great artistic success, but to a great financial success and thus become the strong power in the community which the Stage has always been and CAN, and WILL, become again.

Edward Howell.

With this issue of The Little Theatre Magazine is enclosed a Subscription Form. Readers are requested to fill in and hand to their Society's secretary with 3/-; or post to Box 4059W G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., with 3/- p.n.

MANLY & DISTRICT PLAYERS' CLUB**"Sally."**

THE above Club, which has two previous, successful productions to its credit, commenced a short season of the popular musical comedy, "Sally", at the Arcadia Theatre, Manly, on July 3. The players well merited the success they achieved, playing each night to a packed and enthusiastic audience.

The outstanding players were Hazel Meldrum, who took the part of Sally, and whose acting and dancing were delightful; Bede Gorman, a young local baritone with a very fine voice and an easy and assured stage presence, who played the part of Blair Farguar; John ("Snow") Hogan, a very entertaining comedian, who played the part of the Duke of Czechogovina; Reg. Cobley, (producer) who ably took the comedy part of Otis Hooper, the theatrical agent; and Gene O'Neil, who played opposite Mr. Cobley as Rosalind Rafferty and as the maid of a Russian princess. The only faults to be found were very occasional awkward stage grouping by some of the supporting male chorus, and that Miss Meldrum's voice appeared slightly forced in some of her songs; but these are minor details.

The ballet, and the dancing generally were particularly good, the frocking excellent, and the lighting effective. The Butterfly Ballet, in the last act was a wonderfully beautiful pageant.

Special mention must be made of the orchestra, under the able direction of John Crowley; also of the work of the wardrobe mistress, Mrs. H. G. Nobbs.

GREENTREE PLAYERS.**Initial Play Night.**

ON July 10, at St. Matthew's Hall, Manly, the Greentree Players made their first bow to the public presenting three one-act plays. Good discretion was shown in the choice of the plays but production was marred at times by the apparent wait for the intervention of "Prompt". Several stage groupings and movements were awkward and on occasions lines were inaudible. In spite of these defects, which will be obliterated by time and experience, the performance was very creditable.

"Morbid Psychology" was played by Kathleen Turner, William Byron, and Eileen Cramer with no small measure of success. Mr. Byron, in particular, is a very promising player, while Miss Turner and Miss Cramer will do good work when their experience banishes stage fright, with it's attendant loss of memory.

The next play was "Boots to the Rescue", a bathroom farce which was ably played. Mr. Byron again acquitted himself well, supported by a caste including Reg. Bottom and Bettina Doyle. It was rather a surprise to find that a player of Mr. Bottom's experience was not utilised to greater advantage.

"Peppery Plot" concluded the programme. Merle Kerswell, David Seddon, Norman Rooke and Ernest Tomlin (producer) acting well. The play dragged, owing to the long waits for "Prompt".

Rene Maxwell sang a number of songs with the perfection we expect from her, accompanied by Natalie Rosenwax, while the orchestra, under H. D. De Conter played some very interesting music

AUSTRALIAN THEATRE SOCIETY.

Four Morality Plays.

FOUR Morality Plays on one programme is more than a feast for the most intellectual, and the Australian Theatre Society is to be congratulated on this innovation in Little Theatre work at the Tom Thumb Theatre, Sydney, on July 22 and 29.

In her plays Miss Dulcie Deamer has been daring, but not always wise. On the surface the plays appear to wear the simplicity of Middle Ages productions; beneath that veneer is more than a suspicion of ultra-modern sophism. An instance of this may be found in Intellect's denunciation of Pity--and the presence in the play of The Man--in "The Heart of a Woman".

The series opens with "The Mind of a Child". Two children, Nona Cunnington (Mary-Next-Door), and Vivian Cunnington (The Hero), play leads. They were both excellent, playing their respective parts with the aplomb of adults of experience. Noela Marienthal made a spritly Spirit of Adventure, playing charmingly to her small companions and materially assisting their inexperience over stage pitfalls. Edward Goldie made a satisfying ogre (Uncle John), and Vern Cunnington a Conscience on conventional lines. Marie Boyers' Mother was so real that it relieved the final scene from any touch of the bizarre.

"The Heart of a Woman" gave Marie Boyers opportunity for some beautiful elocutionary work, of which she took excellent advantage. Her Intellect was the dominant chord of the play, which contained very little action. Noela Marienthal (Indulgence),

and Nora Sattler (Vanity) gave excellent support to Miss Boyers. Joan Marienthal (Pity) played a difficult role very capably, her exit-speech being rendered with good effect. Reg. Bolton (The Man) was truly dejectedly homeless and uncomfortable at finding himself in such an abode of femininity.

"The Soul of a Man" appeared to bewilder the male section of the audience. The play owed much to Leslie Hay-Simpson who put vim into Greed. Pride and Lust, his two satellites, were ably undertaken by Dulcie Deamer and Nora Sattler. William Hudson's Reason was good, and Vern Cunnington made an efficient Fear, though he was lacking in action. Nona and Vivian Cunnington played the simple parts of Simplicity and Generosity very prettily. Reg. Bolton was an impressive Master.

"Easter" is a scene in the brain of a dead man. The deep gloom of this play was greatly relieved by Noela Marienthal's impressive characterisation of Love. It would have proved a trying part for an actress of long experience and Miss Marienthal carried the play well. Wisdom was played by Alwyn Samuels capably, while Dulcie Deamer was a faithful Memory. Death was in the capable hands of Leslie Hay-Simpson, who was accompanied by Vern Cunnington, a terrifying Decadence. William Hudson was a good Skill and Reg. Bolton played a just-risen man well.

The plays were preceded by "The Triumph of Fleurette", a dramatic fragment, in which Leslie Hay-Simpson played a careful study of Armand. Joan Dibbs characterised Fleurette as capably as the shortness of the fragment would allow. It played well under 5 minutes.

THE IMPRESSIONIST THEATRE.

Lecture by Dr. C. J. R. Cardamatis
on "Cyrano de Bergerac".

AT the B.M.A. Hall on July 19, Dr. C. J. R. Cardamatis delivered a most interesting lecture on "Cyrano de Bergerac", the play and its historical associations, to the members of the Impressionist Theatre. The lecture was illustrated by many lantern slides depicting historical periods.

At the commencement of his lecture Dr Cardamatis stressed the necessity for whole-hearted teamwork by the caste of the play. He pointed out that the times of the "virtuoso" of the Theatre had long since passed and--he trusted--would never return, quoting Goethe in support: "Not a singular voice has any right to predominate on the stage, but harmonious work must prevail right through so as to reach the highest standard of art."

Referring to the illusion of the theatre in relation to other forms of art and real life, Dr. Cardamatis pointed out: "The actor himself to the public is a real person who by means of dramatic art is lying to the public that he is someone else. The better he carries to the minds of the audience that he is the artistic medium of this illusionary person he represents the greater pleasure will the public derive from him." The lecturer illustrated this fact by a story of the famous actor, Betterton and a Bishop of London. The Bishop asked the actor: "How is it possible that you people, you actors, can create such an emotion among the public about things everybody knows to be only imaginary and fantastic, non-existing

as real, while we churchmen can scarcely achieve the same by talking about real things in life?" Betterton said: "My Lord, we actors speak about illusionary beings and things as if they were real, while you speak about true and real things as if they were only imaginary."

Dealing with the period, 1640--1655, in which Cyrano de Bergerac lived, Dr. Cardamatis made a rapid but comprehensive survey of the great historical personages. In France the ruling iron hand was the Cardinal, Armand de Richelieu and his unknown councillor, the Grey Eminence--a monk. Richelieu was the man who forbade the duel, and we find Le Bret, the friend of Cyrano, warning him of the severity of the Cardinal's law. The Duke of Montmorency, when he arrogantly defied this law, lost his life on the scaffold, despite the pleadings of his mother and the whole nobility of the nation. Even the King, himself, pleaded in vain for the life of the last Duke of Montmorency.

The good soldier of the period was described by the lecturer as having a body that could stand a lot of wine and an enormous amount of food; more or less a master of swords; kind to his horse, and a devoted admirer of his fair lady. Good looks were a subordinate quality, and the poet, the musician and the philosopher, had the greater chance of conquering the heart of a precieuse--these are the combined qualities of Cyrano.

In conclusion Dr. Cardamatis asked his caste to steep themselves in the spirit of the period so that they could transfer the persons they impersonated the more easily to the minds of their audience.

THE REPERTORY CLUB, PERTH, W.A.

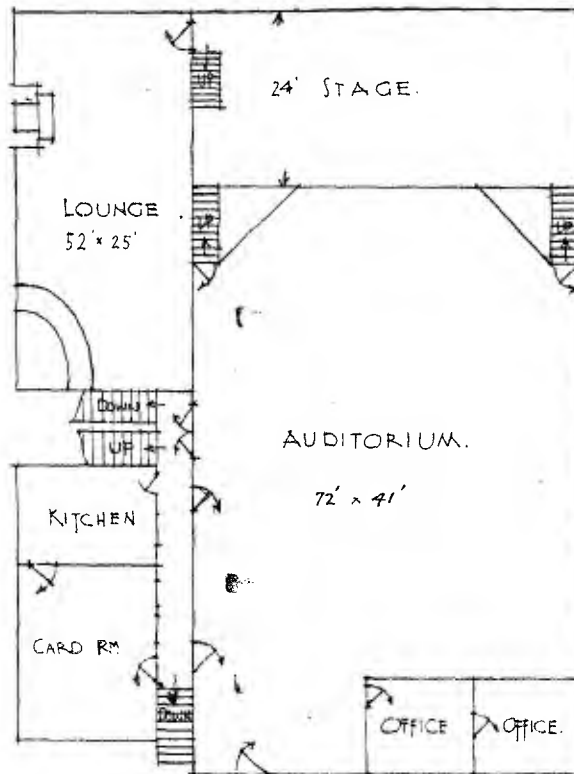
LAST month we played James Bridies' comedy "The Anatomist", and the interest which the play aroused provided ample evidence of the author's remarkable qualities. Miss Molly Ick, our secretary, who saw the play in London, produced it here for its first presentation in Australia. The well-knit plot and vivid character-drawing gave the caste excellent scope, of which Tom Tracy (who toured Australia with Sybil Thorndike) and Miss Florence Besley, as Dr. Robert Knox and Amelia Dishart respectively, took full advantage.

The stage was simply set with blue and black "tabs" as a background, and received specially favorable comment. It is interesting to note that we are finding "tabs" ever more suitable to our requirements; so much so that on our own new stage we are providing for "tabs" only, with special lighting, including a cyclorama and ample dimming arrangements.

Now we are in the throes--the later throes, we hope--of moving. Our offices, lounge, rehearsal rooms and kitchen are practically finished, and last week-end a "busy-bee" laid the floor of the stage; next week-end we mean

to color the walls of the auditorium. The enthusiasm for, and approval of, our latest step were encouragingly shown at the half-yearly meeting on Saturday, July 8, and we hope that our opening programme of one-act plays on August 3 will be marked by a large increase in membership, and by the growth of the feeling among our members that our place in the community here, and in the Little Theatre Movement generally, is well assured.

The plan of the Club shown on this page--which does not include another room, for dressing rooms and wardrobe, 40 feet long. over the stage -- illustrates the space and compactness of our premises; and the fact of their being in the heart of the city block makes them almost ideal for the purposes of Little Theatre work.



Plan of Club Premises.

NOTICE.

DURING the past month a rumor has been current in Little Theatre circles that this Magazine proposes to canvass Little Theatre organisations for advertisements.

The Proprietors wish it to be distinctly understood they will not accept any sort of advertisement from any L.T. Societies. They have the free use of reading matter for their requirements.

JUNIOR THEATRE LEAGUE.

THE Junior Theatre League, which is under the direction of Miss Fay Hornby and Don Finley, has just completed its Second Annual Drama Contest, which is open to girls and boys up to eighteen years of age (not necessarily attending school). For six Saturday afternoons at the Emerson Hall, groups of young actors presented little plays before the Adjudicators. The final performance of plays chosen from the contest, and the presentation of prizes, will take place at St. James' Hall, Phillip Street, on Saturday, August 26, at 7.45. The Directors have received a letter from the Director of Education commending the work of the League.

Play readings and Studio evenings are held regularly, and membership fee is only 2/6 per annum. There is no restriction as to age of members.

The writer of the "Music and Drama" column of "The Sydney Morning Herald" recently wrote of the work of the Junior Theatre League, stating: "At a time when a generation is growing up which centres its attention on the moving pictures, any movement, such as this, has definite value."

Margaret Jonson,
Hon: Secretary.

SCOTS' COLLEGE. Four One Act Plays.

ON July 20 and 21 the Scots' College Literary Society performed four one-act plays at the school, and played them very well, indeed. The audience, composed mainly of students, were by no

means critical, but even if they had been, would have found little at which to cavil. All the actors played with refreshing enthusiasm, and no mean ability.

"A Voice said 'Good-Night'", a detective play, was notable for good work by C. Carlross, as Beldon a butler, and P. Leslie, as Chance Crichton, the murderer; whilst H. G. Russell was excellent as Chief Inspector Lavery, C.I.D. Mr. Russell has a splendid voice and a very attractive stage presence, and gave an extremely convincing performance.

"Night Journey", produced by H. W. Varna, was a very entertaining comedy. L. C. Smith was both funny and popular as a lorry driver; the other outstanding players being W. Richardson, as a coffee-house proprietress; E. Chanswick, as her husband; and I. Bevan, a rather adventurous young thing. In this, as in the two succeeding plays, the female make-up was excellent.

The gruesome atmosphere of "The Sister who Walked in Silence" was well brought out by a caste comprising J. C. Lane, as Flash Roper; P. C. Mullens, as Snark, his circus partner; and S. Varna, as the Girl. All three did equal justice to their parts and presented the play in a way which gripped the audience.

A revue entitled "Thirty Minutes in a Street" concluded the programme. Special mention out of a caste of twenty-two is due to H. G. Russell (a strong man), P. de Burgh (a professor), J. R. Kufton and B. G. Clarke (charwomen), and J. A. Wood (a curate). These character studies were entertaining and accurate.

THE SYDNEY PLAYERS' CLUB.

A DRAMATISATION of Arthur Coslett Smith's novel, "The Turquoise Cup", was an outstanding feature of the Sydney Players' Club's Studio evening held at St. James' Hall, on Thursday, July 13. "The Turquoise Cup" was recommended by The Book Lovers' Society as a gift book for Christmas, last year, and it is certain that there are very few more charming stories between covers.

Miss Muriel Steinbeck, a member of the Club, compiled a very capable dramatisation of that part of the story which deals with the efforts of the Earl of Vauxhall to obtain possession of the Cup so that he may thereby win the hand of the fair Lady Nora Daly. The play was very effectively produced by Winchester Ford, whose portrayal of the role of the Cardinal of St. Mark's, Venice, left nothing to be desired. Muriel Steinbeck played the part of Nora Daly with distinction, and Clive Coppard was particularly convincing as the Earl of Vauxhall. The part of Molly Kelly was capably filled by Beatrice Wines; while H. Ernest Way and Harry Godolphin were happily cast in minor roles.

At the next Studio evening of the Club, to be held at St. James' Hall, Phillip Street, Sydney, on Thursday, August 10, there will be presented five one-act plays. all of which have been written by members of the Club.

THE GREENWOOD TREE PLAYERS.

THIS Society, under the direction of Miss Elma P. Perdriau, gave an interesting performance on July

22 of three short plays. In the first, Act 1, Scene 3, of "As You Like It", Patricia Davis made an attractive Rosalind, while Barbara Milne was a sufficiently ferocious Duke Frederick, the illusion largely assisted by a symmetrical black beard. The slight lack of confidence displayed by Rosalind was amply compensated by that displayed by Celia and the Duke.

The second item on the programme was a delightful little phantasy entitled "The Last of the Fairies", by F. Morton Howard. The play was charmingly staged and well produced, the honors going to Trix May as Zachariah Burton—an impersonation. Ena May made a pretty, though substantial fairy, while Cecilie Milne, as Margaret, showed a talent for natural acting, with the asset of an attractive voice. With more experience this player should do well.

The last item on the programme, a farce in two acts, entitled "Checkmate", by Andrew Halliday, was a laughable farce of the old school of writing. The play was well cast, Jean Mann making a delightful Charlotte Russe, while George Newby, as Sir Everton Toffee looked every inch the typical English gentleman. His delivery, however, had a monotony that did not help him in the many soliloquies that fell to his lot. With more vocal light and shade this player will do much better. Miss Perdriau, as the ignorant maid, gave a clever and thorough interpretation of a character study. The honors of the play undoubtedly went to John B. Tate for the presentation of Sam Winkle. Mr. Tate is a born farce actor with the commendable quality of not overacting his part.

THE LITTLE THEATRE MYSTERY.

(cont. from page 2.)

over the clever words and acting of Andrew Blex's comedy, "The Silent Witness." Smiling, she nodded to her own reflection, then turned to the door. She paused, drawing herself to her full height and turned to face the mirror. For seconds she remained, gazing inquisitively at the beautiful woman who looked back at her. Again she nodded, satisfied. The evening had been her triumph. On the stage she had reigned supreme. The author had given her a part clothing her individuality flawlessly. The audience had been appreciative; her fellow-actors kind and helpful. As she had passed him, on her exit of her great scene, Phillip Westomer, the producer, had patted her shoulder, his face aglow with pride. Yes, she had been successful, and now . . .

Again she turned to the door. Now the finale was to be played—not with those who had worked beside her during the evening, but with those who counted great in the life of the nation. Awaiting her was a notable group. Alphert Hearst, Prime Minister of Australia would be there. With him would be the State Governor, Sir Theodore Padst. Around them would cluster those who figured largely in the social life of the community. On the stage would be those counted great in the Little Theatre world . . .

Andrew Blex would be there. Myra smiled as thoughts of the playwright came. Almost she could see him lounging, characteristically, in some remote corner, his hands in his pockets, a cig-

arette between his lips, a quiet smile, as if in derision of the social turmoil about him, drawing and narrowing his keen eyes. Andy Blex, the man who had given her the words, the thoughts, the actions, that had gained for her applause beyond her wildest dreams—who had made it possible for her to reveal to others the actress-soul she had long known was hidden in her breast.

Still Myra hesitated to leave her room. Knowing well that once she passed the door she would enter a maze of talk and congratulation, she lingered, her memory's eye seeking the dramatist. Was it her triumph that night, or his? His triumph, surely! She thrilled at the thought that she shared in his triumph—his supreme triumph. He had conceived the building in which they had played. His work, his insistence, his generosity of time and money had induced others to realise and support his ideal. He alone, had conceived this centre for the Little Theatre movement. He had written the play that marked its opening—the play she knew in her heart was the triumph of his and her arduous years of work in Little Theatre activities.

Someone knocked at the door. Instinctively, she it drew open. A man stood in the brightly-lit passage, beckoning her. Almost a sense of disappointment came to her. It was not Andrew Blex who had come to escort her to the stage, but George Alton, the juvenile lead. She shrugged in self-condemnation as he entered the room, picked up her cloak and draped it over her shoulders. No, Andy Blex would not have though

THE LITTLE THEATRE MYSTERY.

(cont. from page 14.)

of that!

She answered the quick, eager flow of words accompanying Alton's entry of the room mechanically, walking beside him the few yards that brought them to the wings. There, for a moment, she hesitated, scanning the strange crowd on the stage; seeking the figure of the man whose image filled her heart and mind. Yes, he was there; standing in a shadowed corner, one hand resting on the back of a chair, the other thrust deep into his pocket. Between his lips was the inevitable cigarette, quirking his face to the derisive smile she had learned to expect. Abruptly, she left Alton and went to the dramatist, her hands extended in congratulation and welcome.

"You did not come to me, Andrew." Myra spoke almost in a whisper. "I waited--and . . ."

"For me?" The heavy eyebrows lifted slightly. "My dear Myra--to-night? The night of your triumph . . .!"

"Your triumph, Andy." The girl's fingers closed over his firm clasp. "Your triumph, Andy. This . . ." Her expressive gesture indicated stage and auditorium. "This is your work, and . . ." A little catch shook her voice. ". . . and you are in a corner--thrust aside--while others take the homage that is your due . . ."

Andrew Blex laughed, glancing over the groups consciously and unconsciously posing on the stage. His fingers closed tightly over the girl's, straining on them until she winced with pain. He looked down into her dark

face; her glowing passionate eyes--and laughed again.

"Myra! You almost make me conceited! Now, dear, you must take your proper place in this pagentry; but first--may I express my gratitude on your wonderful interpretation of 'Agatha'. It was splendid; wonderful! You clothed the phantom I conceived with glorious flesh--gave her the essence of life . . ."

"Andy, you created her--created every mime who walked the stage this night--created this beautiful theatre that we believe will do so much for our art--much that the professional stage cannot do . . . And you, to remain in a corner, unnoticed . . ." Myra spoke passionately. "It's unfair, Andy; oh! so unfair!"

"The people worship only what they see." The dramatist spoke sombrely. "If we humans could see God, this would be a very righteous world."

"Myra!" George Alton stood again beside the girl, his hand on her arm. "Come, Myra, they are waiting for you."

Myra allowed herself to be drawn towards the groups, now forming in some semblance of order in the centre of the stage, facing the dimly-visible audience. She found herself standing beside the tall, white-haired Prime Minister. Dimly she heard sonorous words of congratulation; allowed her fingers to rest on the plump, over-soft palm. As in a dream, she bowed her acknowledgments of the thunderous welcome from the audience.

Then she heard Sir Basil Repton speaking; and it was some time before she could gather the thread of his words--yet, instinctively,

THE LITTLE THEATRE MYSTERY.

(cont. from page 15.)

she knew what he was saying—he had said it almost daily during the evenings she had spent in that building working on the production of the play:

"The acme of the Little Theatre movement! . . . The movement had now come into its own! . . . The Little Theatre had assumed its rightful place, not in opposition to the professional theatre, but complementary to it . . ."

She knew it all by heart. Sir Basil had been chairman of the Organising Committee—the committee who had gathered the funds for this building; the committee that had supervised its erection, and made it safe for all time. Sir Basil who always posed as the apostle of the Little Theatre movement; who had granted—daily, if he could—interviews to the press reporters; who had posed and mimed—while the brain and genius of the conception had lolled in a back seat . . .

Almost the girl stamped her foot with vexation. Alphert Hearst would be the next speaker. She knew what he would say. Sir Basil's name would be freely mentioned; there would be hints of high honor in recognition of his valuable work; there would be words . . . words . . . And the hearts behind the words would be pulseless of truth, emotion, or honor.

They would ask her to speak. She would be expected to say very little, merely a recognition of the homage offered her to-night. If only she dare to break through custom—through the flimsy reality mocking the tinsel and pretence of the stage—tell the people be-

fore her the truth, plainly, bluntly; bring forward the man who had indeed created—show them to whom their plaudits were justly due?. And, if she did . . .

He would look down into her eyes with that kink of mockery that always set her heart throbbing with emotions she could not understand, or fathom. Almost she could hear his quiet whisper: "Myra, Myra! What have you started now?"

" . . . and, ladies and gentlemen," Sir Basil was reaching his peroration. " . . . in this building we have the ultimate of our work—yet we must continue. We have no antagonism towards the commercial theatre; we wish to work in entire harmony with it—to help it—for it to help us. Here we will produce the works of dramatists it is unprofitable for the commercial theatre to handle—impossible because of the financial costs compared with the limited appeal, and which otherwise would be lost to our era. That is our work—the work of the Little Theatre . . ."

Sir Basil hesitated; a gaze of astonishment came on his square, florid face. His hand went to his breast—to the white of his shirt-front, pressing there, clinging tensely. He swayed; with a curious loosening of his knees . . .

"Look! Look!" A woman's voice from the auditorium rose to a shrill shriek. "Blood! God, he's shot!

(To be continued.)