

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW ZEALAND LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

The championship meeting held last week at Cornwall Park, Auckland, was most successfully carried through. The weather was not very encouraging for the opening, but cleared up, and the meeting finished in beautiful weather.

In the first round of the championship Miss E. C. Pierce beat Miss J. Mill, 4 up and 2 to play; Mrs. Mellopp beat Miss N. Gorrie, 3 up and 2 to play; Miss G. Gorrie beat Miss Foster, 6 up and 5 to play; Miss E. Martin beat Miss Jackson, 2 up; Mrs. W. Bloomfield beat Mrs. Innes, 4 up and 2 to play; Mrs. G. Williams beat Mrs. Cleghorn, 3 up and 2 to play; Miss Cave beat Miss Cowper, 1 up at the 19th hole; Miss W. Cotter beat Miss Cotter, 4 up and 3 to play.

The second round resulted: Miss E. C. Pierce beat Mrs. Mellopp, 6 up and 1 to play; Miss G. Gorrie beat Miss E. Martin, 4 up and 2 to play; Mrs. G. Williams beat Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield, 3 up and 1 to play; Miss W. Cotter beat Miss Cave, 2 up.

In the semi-final Miss Pierce beat Miss Gorrie 5 up and 3 to play, and Mrs. Williams beat Miss Cotter 3 up and 1 to play.

The final resulted in a splendid game, both competitors playing at the top of their form, and the match was practically won at the last hole by Mrs. Williams. The scores were:—

Mrs. Williams, out: 6, 8, 2, 8, 5, 6, 5, 4, 7; in: 6, 5, —, 4, 5, 7, 6, 7.

Miss Pierce, out: 6, 4, —, 6, 5, 6, 7, 6, 6; in: 7, 5, 5, 3, 7, 6, 5, 6, 9.

Teams match.—Auckland "A" came first, Auckland "B" second, Wanganui third, and Hutt fourth. Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Bloomfield, Misses E. C. Pierce and G. Gorrie represented Auckland "A."

Foursomes.—Mrs. G. Williams and Miss G. Gorrie won the foursomes match, their score being 4 down; and Misses Cave and Cooper, of Wanganui, were second with 8 down.

Consolation Match.—Mrs. Watkins, Mrs. MacGonick, and Miss M. Cotter tied in the Consolation match, with eight down, and in the play off Mrs. MacGonick took first prize.

Handicap Match.—The handicap match (medal play) on Monday afternoon resulted in a win for Mrs. Williams (scratch), with a score of 92. Miss Gorrie (handicap 15) was second with 110, and Miss E. Martin (handicap 16), third, with 111.

Competitions.—Miss Cowper and Miss C. Hull tied in the putting competition with nine strokes, and in the play off Miss Cowper was successful. Miss Cowper also won the driving competition with 342 yards in three drives, Miss Martin coming second with 317 yards. Mrs. Watkins won the continuous putting competition. Mrs. Innes and Miss Standish tied for second place.

Mixed Foursomes.—Miss M. Towle and Heather carried off first prize in this event with a net score of 90, their handicap being 16. Miss Foster and Barnford (handicap 6), net score 93; Miss E. Martin and S. Upton (handicap 15), net score 94, were the two next best scores.

Coronation Challenge Medal.—This trophy, which was played for under the handicap rule of the English Ladies' Union over 18 holes, was won by Miss E. C. Pierce (handicap 11), gross score 98; Miss G. Gorrie (handicap 13), gross score 111; and Mrs. Williams (handicap 7), gross score, 97, were second and third.

Yorkshire brass bands and the stories about them exercise the rivalry of the villages. At the Elm Tree Inn in a certain Yorkshire village is told the story of a rival band, in which each member strove for mastery over his particular instrument—more particularly the man with the big drum. They won a prize, and marched playing from the station to the halting place in a side street. But the big drummer, absorbed in the music score, his carmen and thumps, missed the turn, hanged his way ahead for a quarter of a mile. Then he bumped up against a cart—turned, bewildered:—"Has the crown lost of a brass band?" he asked. "Ah've owt mine somewhere."

Music and Drama

CHORAL HALL.

Direction, BENNO SCHERERK.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY,
MONDAY.

AUGUST 22 to 26.

MADAME TERESA

CARRENO.

Particulars see Daily Papers.

"Lady Madeup," the second of the new pieces in the repertoire of Mr. J. Williamson's new musical comedy company, which a crowded and very enthusiastic audience welcomed at the Princess Theatre, promises to vie with its musical predecessor in popular favour. The piece which is by Paul Rubens. The scene is laid in England, and the characters who wear the garb of members of modern English society, are essentially descendants of British ancestry. In it the members of the company have an opportunity to display their talents in the field of light comedy as well as in musical comedy. In this regard Mr. Myles Clifton shows to decided advantage in the part which has been entrusted to him, and delights his audience with his finished representation of a "die-away," "couldn't help it" type of present day "Johnnyism." His whole style and manner of acting tending to impress onlookers with the fact of his careful and painstaking study of the part, together with the self-evident natural aptitude for the portrayal of such characters, Miss Daisy Wallace in the title role plays admirably as the frolicsome madeup daughter of the Earl of Framingham and her escapades presented with all the vivacity and "go" of which that clever young lady is capable, naturally won the unmistakable approval of the house. Mr. Victor Gourist, Mr. Harold Parkes, Mr. Cyril Mackay, Mr. Reginald Kenneth, and Mr. Harry Halley, together with the Misses Maud Thorne, Dulcie Murphy, and Celia Gliondi, all appear to distinct advantage in their several parts, which though comparatively speaking are only sketches, are nevertheless a special feature of this piece—each standing out clearly from the rest—and showing to what good account such character sketches may be turned in the hands of capable exponents.

That the public are still true to the old time-honoured productions in the repertoire of the Royal Comic Opera Company was abundantly evidenced by the enthusiastic reception which was accorded to the revival of "La Mascotte" at Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney. A reception only equalled by the greeting which awaited the production of "Dorothy" a fortnight previous. "La Mascotte" is having full justice bestowed upon it by the members of the Company and the excellence of its production generally is answerable for the warm approval with which it is being witnessed by large audiences nightly.

A sort of rivalry is at present going on between Mr. J. C. Williamson's two musical companies—not so much on the score of their histrionic and musical abilities as on the ground of their muscular capabilities. The "Crocodile Girls in 'The Blue Moon'" as has been mentioned previously, have developed wonderful physique as the result of their strenuous exertions, and now the Royal Comic Opera Company possess a contingent who are going in for physical development in the most approved fashion. Included in the production of "The Dairy-maids" is a "real" gymnasium scene, and all the apparatuses which go to make up a genuine school of muscular development are contained therein, while physical culture training is being practised under the supervision of fully qualified teachers of the art. If the wish of the two companies could be gratified and a trial of strength were arranged between the respective "Sandow" teams, it would certainly be a novelty capable of drawing a crowd as big as a test match.

The culmination of the rush from Perth to Broken Hill, just completed by the "Mother Goose" company, was its final stage. The "Kyarra" met with exceptionally bad weather in the night, and only reached Largs Bay at midnight on Thursday. There was a tender waiting to take the company off, however, and with the A.U.S.N. Company's willing assistance, they all left by special train at half-past three in the morning. Travelling all day, they got to Broken Hill at five in the afternoon of the opening day (Friday, August 2nd), and though they must have been "dog tired" after the experience, they met the extra demand upon their resources with cheerfulness and succeeded in giving a really first-rate performance—to the manifest complete enjoyment of the audience.

Mr. J. C. Williamson's companies seem to take turns in rushes, and every month or so one of them at some time or another is hastening between two towns hundreds of miles apart. The Julius Knight Company's turn comes next. They are to finish their highly gratifying tour of New Zealand on Saturday next (24th instant), which leaves them just a week to travel all the way across to Melbourne for their opening night at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, on August 31st. The "Warrimoo" is the steamer and her speed will be "hit up" across the Tasman Sea in order to get in to her Yarra berth as soon as possible on Saturday morning. The scenery for the first production, "Robin Hood," is to be sent over the week previously, and with it will come the stage manager to see that everything is in order for the opening.

Ballarat excelled all records in regard to its reception of "Mother Goose," and its three performances in that city on August 9th and 10th were absolutely wonderful in the matter of box office receipts. At the present time the company are in Brisbane for an eight nights' season, and after a brief "stop over" at Toowoomba on the way back to Sydney, they sail for New Zealand, opening in Auckland on September 2nd.

Miss Beatrice Irwin, Mr. J. C. Williamson's latest engagement, comes to these parts with an enviable reputation, having "seen service" in the companies of Sir Henry Irving, with whom she toured in the United States, making a notable impression, especially in "Robespierre," and of Sir Charles Wyndham, who thought so much of her that he engaged her exclusively for his London theatre. She comes of a good old English family, and it needed much persuasion before she was allowed to go in for the stage. Even to-day her grandmother, Lady Hilliard, is not reconciled to her granddaughter's profession, and she set her face firmly against Miss Irwin's visit to Australia. As the lady herself was in Italy holiday-making, when Mr. J. C. Williamson arrived in London, there was a considerable number of obstacles for him to overcome before the contract was signed.

The other night an enthusiastic Irishman, who had been born within a mile of Kilkenny Castle, startled the audience at Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, by standing up and cheering vociferously when the curtain rose on Mr. Coleman's picture of it in "The Ragged Earl." On another occasion the horses employed in the last act set up nearly all the property ivy, and then not satisfied with that tried to devour the painted imitation on the next set—with the result that they were very sick and sorry for it next morning.

Paderewski does not intend to give another public recital in London this season, because he is so busy with private engagements, for which he receives less

varying from 200 gs to 500 gs. The great pianist, indeed, can command any terms he cares to ask, for he is now the "king of the keyboard."

Carreno, the famous pianist, has conquered New Zealand as she has previously conquered Australia, not to mention Europe. Her power over audiences of all sorts and conditions of men is phenomenal, apropos of which Herr Benno Scherek tells an amusing story. He was making final arrangements for programmes with the head of a certain Australian printing establishment.

"You will have the treat of a lifetime to-morrow," said Scherek, as he gathered up his papers to leave, alluding, of course, to the forthcoming recital.

"No, I won't," returned the man of ink and type, "I'm not going; I don't care a continental about music; don't understand it or pretend to either."

"Do you ever get excited over anything," queried the impresario.

"No, never very much. A horse race occasionally, perhaps."

"Well, I bet you a bottle of champagne that you will over Madame's playing; but you must sit the concert through. If you do that, and do not of your own accord come to me and say you have never been so excited before, I will pay up."

The bet was accepted. In the interval the printer forced his way to the back and demanded to see Scherek. "I've lost," he said, when that worthy appeared. "I don't know about being excited, but she made me cry, and that's a thing I've never done at a show yet. I'll pay up." And so he did.

In Auckland, Madame Carreno gives her first concert on Thursday, and enough has been said previously in these columns to assure music lovers that they are to hear one of the greatest living artists, whose playing is preferred by the majority to that of Paderewski, with whom she ranks us absolute equal in the great musical world. The "Appassionata" Sonata is comprised in the programme, and Chopin's Etude in G flat, not to mention Liszt's No. 6 Rhapsodie Hongroise, and the Campanella of Eganini-Liszt, so some idea may be given of the treat in store. One very strong word of advice to those who may imagine that the recitals will be "above them." Don't let that deter you. Go, and if you do not enjoy yourself to a very amazing and altogether unusual extent, never trust the recommendations of this paper again. It is an opportunity, which it were really a crying shame to miss. Mind YOU don't.

The Story of My Life.

(By ENRICO CARUSO.)

The story of my life! Ah, what a title! What man would really tell the story of his life? No matter who he is, no matter how low his station, no matter how uneventful, if one would actually tell the story of his life, with all of his ambitions, his thoughts, the little deeds that only he knows of, it would be the most wonderful and the most interesting book ever printed. But I warn you now, Enrico is going to make no such literary sensation.

When I look back to the dear spring-time period of my life in Naples, back to the little black-haired boy that was I, just like so many other little black-haired boys, I wonder why I should write the story of my life. Then I think of this gift, my voice; this thing that was bestowed upon me that I might entertain people; that people might be happier—and I feel that possibly it is right that I should tell who I am, where I came from, and what I have done. If I am anybody, the public has made me what I am; therefore, the public should know who they made.

I was born in Naples thirty-three years ago. My parents were what you might call good, every-day people. They were not peasants, and they were not nobility, but what they call in England middle class. My father was a sort of superintendent of the warehouses of a large banking and importing concern, I used to frequent the water-front where the warehouses were, and at an early