question, not what kind of a man he is, but what kind of a man you are.

Brand: Judith, if you only knew the truth, all of it, things I can't tell you, you'd be with me heart and soul in what I'm trying to do.

Judith: Against my father?

Brand: Yes, against him.

Judith: Oh, it's impossible. Can't you see that you're wrong?

Brand: I wish that I were.

Judith: You wouldn't do anything deliberately to hurt me, would you?

Brand: Whatever I've done or whatever I may do, I love you.

Judith: And you're more to me than my father; but, for my sake, you mustn't work against him. How could we ever be happy together if you did? You'll do this for me, Wheeler, just this? I want you to carry out your ideals and live up to your high purposes in every other way, but you must not attack him. Promise me that you'll never do it again, won't you promise me that, and you'll retract that article you had this morning, you'll do this for me, just this?

Brand: Judith, it's the truth, and, knowing that, would you have me retract it?

Judith: Yes.

PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.

"Alone in London."

Brand: I can't. (Judith begins to take off ring. Brand stops her.) You don't mean to do that!

Judith: I most certainly do.

Brand: I won't let you mean it; I can't let you go without your ring. You may be Judge Bartelmy's daughter, but you are going to be my wife. You've worn my ring for a month, and you must wear it forever. (Judith takes off ring and throws it on table.)

Judith: I'll not wear it again until you come to your senses.

Brand: Judith!

Judith: Will you do what I ask?

Brand: I can't. (Judith goes out. McHenry re-enters.)

McHenry: Well, did you settle it?

Brand: Yes, sir.

Judith has hardly shaken the dust of the editorial rooms from her feet, when Dupuy, a corporation lawyer, compels an interview with the managing editor, and in the name of powerful advertising interests demands the removal of the dauntless young journalist. McHenry finds himself cornered, and asks for Brand's resignation. Here, fortunately, the new owner, Nolan, who has a long-standing grievance against the Judge, intervenes. He emphatically endorses Brand's attitude, and even places him in the chair of the managing editor. "From now on you sit here. You are managing editor now."

"Arms and the Man."

That Bernard Shaw decidedly strikes the note of originality and get quite out of the beaten track in his treatment of his leading characters in "Arms and the Man," which is to follow "The Lion and the Mouse" at the Sydney Theatre Royal, goes without saying. His stalwart Captain Bluntschli is not at all in line with the military heroes we read about or make the acquaintance of across the footlights of a modern melodrama. Captain Bluntschli is called the chocolate soldier, from the fact that he starts out to mingle amid the horrors of the campaign with chocolates nestling away in the receptacles in which soldiers usually carry their revolvers. This Shaw hero, moreover, is inclined to take a very matter-of-fact view of things generally, and patriotic fervour in particular, and is so convinced in his own mind that his view is the right one that at last he succeeds in persuading Raina, the heroine of the story, who is also totally unlike the ordinary run of stage heroines, that he is really far more an object of admiration and regard than Sergius, the man to whom she has formerly lost her heart, and who is, after all, only one of the romantic unpractical defenders of his country. Mr. Julius Knight may be trusted to get the full value out of the part of Captain Bluntschli, and Miss Katherine Grey, in the part of Raina, will also have plenty of scope to show her ability as a versatile actress. "Waterloo," Conan Doyle's fine one-act play, is to be added to the evening's bill.

The Moving Picture Entertainment —What of the Future?

"Ichabod," "Ichabod," and yet again "Ichabod." The word is round and full flavoured, and rolls relievingly off the tongue in such a moment of stress as this, when, and under such a nom-de-plume, too, one is expected to discourse of music and the drama in a Dominion whose theatres and concerts halls are entirely given over to moving pictures, a magician, a musical comedy company, and a couple (I think) of Vaudeville entertainments. Auckland had no other form of entertainment whatsoever last week. The All Pathe Picture people taking possession of His Majesty's with at least two other similar entertainments in opposition. To save argument—which is overheating this close weather—let everything be admitted that will be claimed for these modern entertainments. They are vastly improved from what they used to be, they are now practically flickerless—there is much virtue in the word practically—and in brief they are "the best ever." Gentlemen of the management, it is as you say, I have no doubt upon the matter, but as you are strong, be merciful, do not insist on my sitting out these magnificent entertainments in order to prove to me—as one generous gentlemen offered—that there is now no strain on the eyes—even in two hours of pictures. After ten minutes I admitted it, and will yet admit, so that I may go free. But I do want to know where all this picture business is going to end. If in Auckland they are able to occupy every single notable place of entertainment during a whole week or more, and further to keep two important theatres going month in and month out all the year round, ousting even vaudeville, and running full houses even when musical comedy is in opposition. When such is the case, is it not fitting that one should cry "Ichabod," for verily, indeed, the glory is departed, and what hope does there appear for drama which is dead, and for music which is sleeping. It is claimed that the pictures are educative, and if this applies to the travel and industries series, I suppose one must agree, but as the majority of the films are comic, or melodramatic, I venture to think that the effect of these last is of far greater effect, and that the balance swings on the less desirable side. The majority of comic slides are of the knock-out order. The more the victim of the "chase" picture gets cuffed, kicked, mauled about, and reduced to a wreck of humanity, the louder the yells of amusement, the more successful the film, and the bigger the house next evening. What is going to be the result of prolonged indulgence in this class of entertainment? What kind of appetite is encouraged to grow on that it feeds on in the screamings over rollings in the gutter, peltings with fish and vegetables, and the wholesale breakages of glass and china, which form the background, foreground, and middle distance of eight out of ten moving pictures exhibited to-day. If moving pictures—with occasional musical comedy—is soon to be the sole fare of New Zealanders, and there seems real danger of it, what will the word "theatre-goer" come to mean in a year or two's time. If, in promising one an introduction to a friend, some years back, he was spoken of as an old threatre goer, one promised oneself an agreeable exchange of reminiscence and opinion. But in the future! What?—

No more shall we discuss plays and praise players. No longer will wives complain that "the plays the thing" which keeps the pipes going and conversation humming in the smoking room well into the small hours. Who could discuss films, whom endeavour to arouse enthusiasm by recalling an absence of flicker? What then does the future hold? Echo—at present—answers a dreary, weary what?

Stray Notes.

In the next piece at the Sydney Palace, "Vivian's Papas," Miss Celia Ghiloni will have some straightforward singing. Miss Ghiloni hasn't let herself go as a singer since she left the Williamson Comic Opera Co.

There were produced in London and district on Boxing-night no fewer than twenty-eight pantomimes and children's plays, as compared with twenty-six in 1908, and twenty-three in 1907, while the number of dramas, comedies, musical plays, and variety performances is larger than on any previous Boxing Day.

Carter in Auckland.

The Carter season in Auckland opened most auspiciously on Monday, and the magician bids fair to repeat in the northern capital the success achieved elsewhere. This is well deserved. Carter is neat, he has many new illusions, and his manipulation of those tricks of legerdemain which are older friends, gives them an air of freshness which makes us forget we have enjoyed something similar before. He is quiet and effective, and his patter is amusing and in good taste. Moreover he has one or two exceedingly original novelties which will quite effectually close the mouth of the inevitable bore who usually "knows," and endeavours to explain how its done.

Our Illustrations.

OUR IMPERIAL VISITOR.

HORATIO HERBERT KITCHENER was born in County Kerry on 24th June, 1850—Gunsborough House, situated three miles from Listowel, was the scene of his birth—and was baptised on the 22nd of September in Aghavallin Church by the Rev. Robert Sandes, who was then pastor of the parish of Ballylongford.

Although an Irishman himself—and very proud of it he is, too—Kitchener comes from English stock. His father, Lieutenant-Colonel H. H. Kitchener, belonged to Cossington, in Leicestershire. He served in India in an infantry regiment. When he retired he came to England, and there married an English wife, Miss Frances Chevallier, a daughter of the Rev. John Chevallier, of Suffolk. Eventually they settled in Ireland, where Kitchener was born. He is the second son of a family of five, four boys and one girl.

There are very few particulars of his early life. He was renowned for getting into scrapes—as most boys are—but he generally managed to escape the consequences—which most boys do not.

His old nurse—the old woman, it has been cynically said, whom he loves—could tell some interesting tales if she wished. No matter what others may call him, to her he is, and always will be, plain "Master Herbert," and "her boy."

In 1863 the boys were sent to Grand Clos, Villeneuve, and were placed under the care of the Rev. J. Bennett. In the following year their mother died. Kitchener then, after some further travel, came to London, and lived with the Rev. George Frost, and eventually passed up to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. After remaining there a few years the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and he offered his services to the French authorities. They were accepted, and he was drafted into the Second Army of Loire, under the command of General Chanzy. But in a little time he caught pneumonia, and was obliged to return home, where, in 1871, he was given a lieutenancy in the Royal Engineers.

Four years later there was a vacancy open for surveying for the Palestine Exploration Fund. The position was offered to Kitchener, and was immediately accepted. At two different times, while surveying, he saved the life of the officer he was with. Once, some natives, seeing the various instruments the surveyors used, got the idea into their heads that Kitchener and his party were looking for gold; so one night, when everyone was asleep, they stole to the camp, and removed some little cairns the surveyors had built for measuring purposes. Kitchener, when he found the culprits, made them rebuild them exactly where they found them. He was not troubled with them any more.

In the war against Arabi Pasha, Kitchener served as a major of Egyptian cavalry. Although successful in returning the young Khedive to the throne, it was thought necessary to leave some troops in Egypt, until matters became quieter. These numbered some 12,000 odd. But after a little while they were recalled, and Sir Evelyn Wood was sent out to reorganise the Egyptian army. Under him were Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor and Lieutenant Kitchener, R.E. The former was first in command, the latter second. The work at first was very difficult, and needed great forbearance and patience, but they stuck to it, and their efforts were eventually crowned with success. On January 4, while this work was in progress, Kitchener was promoted to captain.

At about this time the Mahdi, or False Prophet, at the head of bigoted Mohammedans and dissatisfied subjects of the Khedive, rose in rebellion. He was ably helped and advised by Abdullahi, afterwards known as the Khalifa, a son of a priest, but a crafty, vain, ambitious, and selfish creature, who would do anything to further his own interests. The British Cabinet refused to send troops against him, and the Egyptian soldiers were