

great discovery of making mild steel nearly five per cent. lighter than it has ever been made before.

Preese: What's interesting is to do things, and to do 'em better and quicker, and less clumsily than ever they were done before. If I can make aluminum fins of steel do the work of twenty, well, I reckon I've accomplished something for the world.

Emily: I like that. It's very original. Preese: Not my intention, you know, I'm a disciple of William Morris.

Emily: Oh! He's a poet, isn't he? Preese: You should read "The Earthly Paradise."

Emily: I should love to. Preese: If people would read a bit more William Morris, and less of those silly gaudy novels about lords and actresses, lords and so on. What's the matter?

Emily: Nothing. William Black's silly, too, isn't he? Preese: Of course.

Emily: Oh! I'm going to read "The Earthly Paradise." Preese: Let me lend it you. I've got a signed copy from the author.

Emily: You know an author? Preese: I know William Morris. I was up at his studio last night.

Emily: He's a staid? Preese: He gives lectures in a stable behind his house at Hammersmith. I wish you'd heard him pitching into the House of Lords. "A square of dukes."

Emily: But why? Preese: Oh, because they aren't interested in the right thing.

Emily: What is the right thing? Preese: They're right that it is to make the world fit to live in.

Emily: But isn't it? Preese: Have you ever been to the East End?

Emily: I did some stinking work. Just to see. But I was so ashamed to go into their awful houses that I never tried again.

Preese (getting up, excited): That's grand! That's grand! That's just how I feel. Everybody feels like that that's got any blood in 'em and any sense of justice. We ought to be ashamed of the East End. At least the governing classes ought. Not for the poor, but for themselves. They ought to go and get buried if they can't govern better than that.

Emily (after a pause, rising as if in thought): Preese: But how are you going to change it?

Preese: Not by planning, and that's a certainty. You can only change it by getting some decent laws passed, and by playing fair, and doing your job, and thinking a great deal less about eating and drinking, and fine clothes, and being in the swim and all that sort of thing.

Emily: I'm not going to do it soon as I can afford? I'm going to be a member of Parliament.

Emily (how): Why did you offer to take us to the Hotel Metropole?

Preese (confused): I thought you'd like it. I—I— Emily: You despise it yourself.

Preese: I'm human. Emily: But— (She draws close to him.) Preese: I've got ambitions. I want a whole lot of things. But if I thought I could find someone—and a woman, who—who feels as I feel; who'd like to leave everything to help to make the world decent—I'd like to find it. (Profoundly stirred, she falls into his arms.)

Preese: Emily! (He kisses her long, holding her close.) Emily (gently releases herself and walks away, with effort): I haven't told you, I forgot. Father doesn't wish me to go out with you this afternoon. He's here now, in the study.

(Gertrude enters from the hall, without her bonnet this time.) Emily: Good afternoon, Mr. Preese. (They shake hands. To Emily.) I suppose you've—told Mr. Preese that the excursion is countermanded? (She goes to the fireplace.)

Emily: Yes, Mr. Preese was just going. (Emily.) Good afternoon. (She looks out her hand to Preese, who hesitates. Emily repeats in firmer tone.) Good afternoon. (A tender voice.) Please! (With a smile.) Another man slinks hands and, bowing to Gertrude, retires. As he departs Gertrude rings the bell by the fireplace.)

Gertrude: Well, I've been catching it. I can tell you, Emily. What about? Gertrude: About you. They simply asked me to go into the study so that I could be talked to by your good, my girl. Emily: They weren't rude, were they? Gertrude: You know your mother's always most considerate. She's an angel. But your father rubbed it in lately. How many times had you seen the young man? If ever you saw him? When were you last talking of it? Preese: On our way down, you mother and I have noticed nothing? As if your mother ever noticed anything! And so on! Of course, I told him pretty straight that they were looking a most ridiculous fuss about nothing.

Emily: Well, anyhow, I've let him kiss me. Gertrude: You've let him kiss you? When? Emily: Just now. Here. Gertrude: But what? Emily: Don't ask me. I don't know, I really don't.

Gertrude: Do you mean to say he walked in here and proposed to you straight off, and you accepted him? Emily: I didn't accept him, because he didn't propose. He was talking about his ideas.

Emily: What does? Gertrude: What does? Oh, about the world in general, and all that he means to do. He's made another marvellous invention, only no one knows except me. It's a device on which you might depend. I couldn't help it before I knew what he was doing he'd got his arms round me.

Gertrude (rather already in spite of her tender feelings): Well, Emily, I must say I'm very surprised. Emily: So am I.

Gertrude: Of course, you're engaged to him. Emily: Am I? Gertrude: And it'll all be my fault. How- ever, it's got to be seen through to the end now.

Emily: He has very strange ideas. They sound splendid when he's explaining them. But if you know, he thinks it's silly. Gertrude: Does he?

Emily: And he really doesn't care about money and fashion and all that sort of thing. He despises going to the Hotel Metropole. He only offered to go there because he thought it would please our horrid little mother. I was awfully awkward.

Gertrude: But surely you knew all this before—at least you guessed it? Emily: I didn't, auntie. I never thought about his ideas, never! I just— Gertrude: You just simply fell into his arms as soon as you heard them, that's all. Well, surely in that case you must admire these ideas of his tremendously. (She sits in an armchair.)

Emily: I don't know. Yes, I admire them, but— Gertrude: Listen, young woman! Are you in love with him, or aren't you? Emily: I—I—How can you tell whether you're in love with a man or not?

Gertrude: I know. You were alone with him here, how would you let him kiss you again? (Pause.) Emily: I— Gertrude: Now, out with it!

Emily: I shouldn't be able to stop him, should I? Gertrude: That's enough. Emily: Yes. But then what about father? He would be frightfully angry. I can see that. Oh, I do hate unpleasantness, auntie. And Mr. Preese's ideas are very peculiar.

Gertrude (after a look at Emily): Listen, Emily! I was once engaged to be married. Emily: Oh, auntie! I always knew you must have been. Do tell me. Who was it? Gertrude: Your uncle Sam.

Emily (staggered): Not Uncle Sam? Gertrude: You're surprised, naturally. But you mustn't be too hard. Remember it was twenty-five years ago. Uncle Sam was a splendid fellow then. He's old now. We're all old except you and Mr. Preese. You've got the only thing worth having, you two.

Emily (sitting at Gertrude's feet): What's that? Gertrude: Youth. Your Uncle Sam had the miserable life of a bachelor. All he was after, he'd have been very different what if I'd married him. And I should have been a very different woman. I looked off because there were difficulties; and because I thought his ideas were peculiar; and because I hated unpleasantness. And now look at me! Couldn't I have ruled a house and a family? Couldn't I have played the hostess? (In another tone.) To-day the one poor little girl I have in life is to pretend I'm not here. I look at my position here, I'm only—

Emily (compassately): Oh, auntie, don't! I can't bear to hear you say it. I know! Gertrude: We were opposites in every way but one, and I loved him.

Emily (softly): Do you still love him, auntie? Gertrude (in a flat tone of despair): No! Love dies out.

Emily (with a sob): Why didn't you marry somebody else? Gertrude: There was nobody else. There never is anybody else when you've made the mistake I made. Marry? I could have chosen anyone a dozen men! But they were all the wrong men. Emily: Pouring out tea every day of your life for the wrong man. Every breakfast-time—every afternoon! And there he sits, and nothing will move him. Think of that, Emily—think of that! (A pause.)

Emily (embracing her again): Oh, auntie! I love you awfully! Gertrude: You must show some courage and get out of my way at once—and especially not of my arguments and threats. What does unpleasantness matter, after all? It's over in a month; but a mistake lasts forever.

John Richard, who is looking forward to a baronetcy for himself, objects to his daughter's love for Preese, and threatens dire consequences to Emily's lover if she should marry without paternal consent. In vain Gertrude attempts to save her niece from surrender. Emily meekly, and tearfully, gives up Preese and accepts his lordship. "And there," remarks Gertrude with great feeling, "is your tea—your daily tea, for the rest of your life."

The third act brings us right into the present. The drawing-room has undergone an entire change. All the old mid-Victorian furniture, has been crowded out by furniture of a later style. The lights are electric; so is the bell by the fireside. Ned is dead; his son, Lord Monkhurst, has inherited his foppishness without his brains. Emily, now forty-eight, has developed into a handsome, well-preserved woman of the world. John and Rose are celebrating their golden wedding. Muriel, Emily's daughter, is a handsome girl of twenty-four, rather thin and eager, with a high forehead and with much distinction. She has herself under absolute control. Richard, the son of Sam and Nancy, is in love with her. He is tall, dark, broad, with clean-shaven face, rough hair, and a taciturn disposition. Calmly Muriel enters the room. She informs her mother that she and Richard are engaged, and that they expect to live in Canada.

Emily (after a pause): Muriel, I tell you at once, both of you, I shan't allow this marriage.

Muriel: Not allow it? My poor mamma, Monkhurst: Certainly not. Richard and I: Richard: I've told you to shut up once. Emily: And your grandfather won't allow it either.

Muriel: Of course, mamma, you and I have always been opposed to each other. You've made allowances for me, and I've made allowances for you. But you must please remember that we're in the year 1912. I've proposed to marry Richard, and I shall marry him, ever in the event of being "allowed." And if it comes to that, why shouldn't I marry him, indeed?

Emily: You—your father's daughter, to think of going out to Winnipeg as the wife of—your place in London. Richard (stiffening at the sight of trouble): But I say, Cousin Emily—

Muriel (gently, but firmly): Richard—please. (Turning to her mother.) Mamma, you really do shock me. Just because I'm the Honourable Muriel Pym! (Laughs.) I won't say you're a snob, because everybody's a snob, in some way or other. But you don't understand the new spirit, not in the least, and I'm so sorry. Why, hasn't it occurred to you even yet that that aristocratic racket's played out?

(Rose and John enter by the double doors. They have both grown old, Rose being seventy-three and John seventy-seven. Rose is a little short-sighted, white-haired and stoutish. John has grown a little deaf; his hair is thin, his eyes sunken, his complexion of wax, his features sharply defined. Gertrude follows them, now seventy-three. She has grown into a thin, shrivelled old woman, eyes hard with a high, shrill voice and keen, clear eyes.)

Rose: Oh! It's here they seem to be collected. Is that you, Muriel? Wherever has the poor lamb been! (She kisses him.)

Muriel: Grandmother, congratulations! (To John.) Congratulations, sir. (Laughs.) John (sternly): Is this what you call good manners, boy? Monkhurst: Sorry, sir. I was kept. John (sarcastically): Kept? Monkhurst: At the House of Lords. A division.

Muriel: Good Heavens! Break it to me gently. Has his grandeur's lamb gone into politics?

Monkhurst (laughing, ignoring his sister): They telephoned me from headquarters. I thought you would prefer me—

John: Certainly, my boy. (Shakes his head.) You couldn't have celebrated our first wedding in a more agreeable to us than by recording your first vote in the House of Lords. Could he, granny?

Rose (feebly): Bless us! Bless us! John: What was the division? Monkhurst (laughing):—The Trades Union Bill, sir. (Third reading.)

Muriel (not hearing): What did you say? Monkhurst (louder): Trades Union Bill, sir.

Muriel: Oh, my poor lamb! The Trades Union Bill division isn't to be taken till tomorrow.

Monkhurst (hastily): What am I thinking of? It must have been the Extended Franchise Bill then, anyhow, I voted. John (continuing): Yes, H—

Gertrude (drawing a shawl around her shoulders, fretfully): Couldn't we have that window closed?

Rose: Auntie Gertrude, how brave you are! I dare say, in a season, more agreeable to us than by recording your first vote in the House of Lords. Could he, granny?

Gertrude: I daresay I'm very old-fashioned, but when I was young we didn't try to turn a drawing-room into a park.

John (pretending): Put a match to the fire, boy, and have done with it. (Richard goes to the fireplace, kneels down, and lights the fire.)

Gertrude: What's the matter, Emily? Emily (who has begun to weep): Oh, Auntie Gertrude!

Nancy (soothingly): Come, come, Emily. John: What's that? What's that? Rose (peering at Emily): What is it, John? John: Monkhurst, have you been upsetting your own head again?

Muriel: I think it's us, grandpa. John: What does she say?

Muriel: I'm afraid it's us—Richard and me. We're engaged to be married. (Muriel points to Richard, who is still on his knees busy with the fire.)

Rose: Oh, my dear—how sudden! What a shock! I can understand your mother crying. I must cry myself. Come and kiss me! It's astonishing how quietly you young people manage these things nowadays. (Embraces Muriel.)

John: Who's engaged to be married? Who's engaged to be married? Richard (loudly): Rising—dusting his hands: Muriel and I, sir.

John: Mu—Mu—! What the devil do you mean, sir? Emily, what in God's name are you thinking of?

Announcements. THE AUCKLAND ARTS AND CRAFTS CLUB. FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION. ART GALLERY, COBURG STREET. NOW OPEN. Hours, 12 to 5, 7 to 10. ADMISSION, 1/- The finest collection of arts and craft work ever exhibited in New Zealand.

AUCKLANDERS. Support those who are earnestly striving to make your city THE PREMIER ART CENTRE IN NEW ZEALAND. Illustrated Catalogue, price 6d. The Finest Art Production ever published South of the Line!!! E. WARNER, Hon. Sec.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE THE MIKADO. ONLY FOUR MORE NIGHTS. A BRILLIANT SUCCESS. Acknowledged to be the Most Successful Amateur Performance Ever Given in Auckland. THE MIKADO, THE MIKADO, THE MIKADO. PRICES: 4/-, 3/-, 1/-, Box Plan, Whidman and Arrey. Day Seats, Gertr. Campion's. Early Doors, 7 o'clock, 8d extra. GEO. BOOKLASS, Secretary.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE Lessee, C. H. Batley. EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION. COMMENCING MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11. For Six Nights Only. MISS CARRIE MOORE Famous Anglo-Australian Musical-Comedy Actress, supported by a Specially Selected Company of Continental Artists, including Mr. Percy Clifton, the well-known London comedian, in the latest English Musical Comedy.

CHIPS. By C. S. Fawcett and Victor May. A Place that is now Captivating Australia. Just Note the Prices: 3/-, 2/-, and 1/- Reserves, 4/-. Early Doors to 2/- and 1/- Seats, 6d extra.

HAVE YOU VISITED THE LYRIC THEATRE YET? Direction Hayward's Enterprises, Ltd. THE MOST UP-TO-DATE PICTURE THEATRE IN THE DOMINION. Loss no time in spending a pleasant evening at "HAYWARD'S PICTURES." BRILLIANT LIGHT. PERFECT PROJECTION. ABSOLUTE STEADINESS. SUPERB SEATING ACCOMMODATION. MAGNIFICENT FILMS. In fact, THE LYRIC starts where others finish, and the popularity is increasing.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL. WEST'S PICTURES. THE FIRE OF LIFE. A Tragic Story of a Scientist's Discovery. GIANTIC EXCLUSIVE PROGRAMME. Popular Prices.

PARNELL DISTRICT C.C. GRAND CONCERT. In aid of the Funds of the above-named Club will be held in the Grand Theatre, Parnell, on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1912. Splendid Programme, including items by the well-known Lyric Quartette. Doors open at 7.30 p.m. Commence 8 p.m. Admission 1/-.

THEATRICALS. CONCERTS. BAZAARS. EXHIBITIONS. SPORTS. ETC. For Artistic, Cheap and Reliable Signs, R. WILKINSON GREAT NORTH ROAD, GIBBY LYNN, IS THE MAN. Phone 3208.