

**THREE MARRIED.**

Nordica, the once famous singer, was married five or six weeks ago for the third time. No. 1 spouse went up in a balloon and descended in the wrong way. No. 2 the lady divorced for good and sufficient reasons. Her third is a New York banker named Young.

**MAORI ENTERTAINERS FOR SYDNEY.**

Maggie Papakura, the well-known Maori guide, who has been a sojourner in Sydney for some time, recently returned to Rotorua to gather a Maori company for displays at Clontarf. The Balmain Ferry Co. are to run the scheme, and the Papakura will run the Maori co. The pah that was used at M.L. Exhibition of some years ago will be put up at Clontarf, and the visitors will live there. Hakas, poi dances and other properties peculiar to aboriginal Maoriland will enliven the coming Sydney summer. Such, at least, is the story we gather from the Sydney "Bulletin."

**"WHAT EVERY GERMAN KNOWS."**

What the Germans in general think of Du Maurier's play, "An Englishman's Home," and the state of the defences in England, doubtless coincides with the remarks passed by a German attache when asked by an English friend if he had seen the play of that name. "Well," remarked the loyal subject of the Kaiser, "I did see a military play the other night. I don't remember whether it was called 'An Englishman's Home' or not, but anyway it might just as well have been called 'What Every German Knows.'"

**"JACK AND JILL" HUSTLING.**

Something like a hustle is being made by the "Jack and Jill" company, which has been accorded an enthusiastic welcome on its return to Sydney. They left the New South Wales capital on Friday, and are due at Fremantle at daylight this morning. They were to leave Sydney after the last performance, in the very small hours of Friday morning and board a special train with all their vast paraphernalia, including scenery, wardrobe, properties, etc., spend two hours at Albury, half-an-hour in Melbourne, and expected to reach Adelaide at 6.30 on the Saturday evening. At Adelaide the A.U.S.N. Company's Kanowna was to be in waiting in the outer harbour, and all the baggage was to be transferred from the train to the steamer as quickly as possible. Then the steamer was to be sent full steam ahead across the Bight and

reach Fremantle at daylight on the Thursday morning. Even the mails (writes our informant) cannot boast of such a rapid trip, for a letter from Sydney to reach Fremantle on the same day as the Pantomime Company would have to be posted in the former city at five o'clock in the afternoon of the day before the company leave the Harbour City.

**DRAMATIC RIGHTS SECURED.**

Two fine dramas, "The Fires of Fate" and "Strife," have been secured for Australia by J. C. Williamson. The former piece is by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and boasts of some thrilling situations. It treats of a comparatively young military man who goes to consult a doctor about his health, only to be told by a specialist that his days are numbered, and that he has only about twelve months to live, being the victim of an insidious nerve disease. The patient with set face listens to the verdict, and then comes the temptation to commit suicide and end at once all anxiety and suffering, but he is dissuaded from this course and finally decides to take a trip out to Egypt and try as best he can to reconcile himself to his fate. On the way out to Egypt, Colonel Egerton (the doomed man) meets an American girl and falls in love with her. But he refrains from making the state of his feelings known to her. Later on, however, the party falls in with a horde of Dervishes, who ill-treat them and drag them into the desert. But, strangely enough, this encounter with the enemy proves to be Egerton's salvation, for a blow which he gets on the head is the means of restoring his nerve centres to sound health, and, of course, the love story works out to a satisfactory ending. The other J. C. Williamson acquisition, "Strife," by John Galsworthy, is that author's best drama, and treats of the problems of the eternal warfare between capital and labour. Mr. Charles Frohman thought so highly of this piece when he saw it at the Court Theatre that he organised an all-star company to play it at the Duke of York's Theatre, where it ran with great success this year.

**EQUAL TO LONDON.**

One of the British pressmen accompanying the Empire Congress delegates has paid a tribute to the Australian stage. After seeing "The King of Cadonia," he remarked the production equalled in every way that in the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London. "I don't know," he said, "how you can mount a piece so elaborately, and give it so exceptional a cast, with a tariff so far below that of London. No

charge for programmes either—this is indeed the theatre-goers' paradise." "The King of Cadonia" is now being played in England, Canada, South Africa and Australia simultaneously. It is also by an English composer, author, and lyricist.

**THE OLDEST EMPLOYEE.**

Mr. Willie Ford, head wardrobe man of the J. C. Williamson management in Sydney, claims to be the oldest servant in the employ of the firm. Nearly 30 years ago, when Mr. Williamson decided to go in for comic opera, he entered his service. "I was a good wicket-keeper," he recalls, "and Mr. Williamson wanted me chiefly for his eleven. And what a team we had!—the Rices, the Musgroves, Sid Dean, and I wasn't bad myself. We are starting 'The King of Cadonia' Cricket Club, and we hope to play some matches during the coming season. I have played a lot of small parts in my time, and can take a top A and C as easy as apples falling off a tree. I have seen most of the present managers come to the front, and played cricket with all of them. The most exciting game I ever had was when we played the Kew Lunatic Asylum in Melbourne. I was behind the wickets, and when I tried to stump one of them he showed homicidal tendencies. 'Look here,' he said, when I made as though to take the balls off, 'if you put me out I'll bash in your head with the bat!' and he brandished it so meaningfully that I was long-stop for the rest of his innings. I have dressed all the leading tenors and baritones for the last 20 years, and I've never had an angry word with one of them in my life."

**PERFORMING SEALS.**

Captain Winston's seals (according to the "Bulletin") impart quite a religious flavour to the bill of Sydney Tivoli. They look like sleek sea-curates as they bark hoarsely over their pulpits, and their flippers suggest the cloth-encumbered arms of the clergyman in his working garb. To complete the resemblance, their strange terminations are like the lower ends of elongated surplises. If the Truth is ever planted in the Polar regions, "The Bulletin" is willing to lay six archbishops to one vicar that seals will do the job. However, their well-oiled religious aspect doesn't prevent them saying "D—n" publicly. During their performance, when the small humorous seal is trying to get the big soft globe balanced on his snout, he has to chase it down to the footlights, nip it with his teeth, toss it into the air, and catch it. It is the difficult preliminary to their best concerted

trick, and he generally has to make three or four attempts. Usually, after the second unsuccessful try, he whirls round to the audience and shouts "D—n!" It is a loud, wild, human "D—n," and the fact that it is said in Sealish makes no difference; it is so plain that no translation is needed. The three Sprightly Sisters have a change of programme, including a clever doll dance. They are a joyous trio, and when they rush through a romantic burlesque it is like three clever girls romping at home. One of the great charms of their performance is that they seem to enjoy their own fun. Other cheering turns are supplied by the Kremka Brothers, Blake and Granby, and Ronald Georg, a young instrumentalist from London.

**CHRISTCHURCH NOTES.**

My Christchurch theatrical correspondent writes:—The Hugh Ward Co. wound up a successful season at the Theatre Royal on Friday, September 30, with "The Man from Mexico," which "went" very well indeed. The piece is really funny, and was rendered additionally attractive by the interpolated songs, etc. Miss Pallotta was in capital form, and in her Indian song and dance fairly brought down the house. Miss Ghiloni, also, contributed very largely to the success of the evening, while Mr. Ward has rarely been seen to better advantage. His song, "Nobody" (with eccentric dance) was so good that he had to oblige with a double encore. Miss Musgrove and Miss Baxter also deserve honourable mention. Altogether the "last night" proved one of the brightest and best of the season. Fuller's Pictures are as popular as ever. The usual weekly change of bill, presented for the first time last night, introduced some splendid films, notably "When Jack Comes Home," "On and Off the Stage," and "How to Train a Mother-in-law." You are always sure of getting your money's worth at Fuller's. Mr. Hy Hayward, so well known in connection with the Pathe Pictures, tendered a benefit entertainment at His Majesty's last night in aid of the funds of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. There was a capital house, and the society, which is doing noble work in our midst, ought to find its "fighting fund" considerably increased. Now that the Ward Co. is off up North, matters theatrical are just a little quiet with us, but on the 13th inst. the J. C. Williamson Co. will be with us, and will remain until the 23rd. And that will bring us close to "Carnival Week," with all its junketings—of which more anon.

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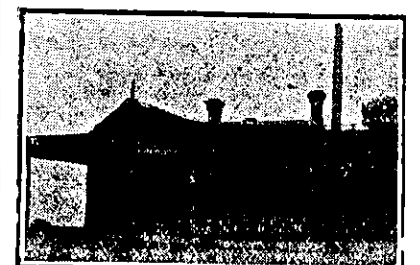
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