

NOTES

"Iosagan"

A few evenings ago, in St. Joseph's Hall, the pupils of the Dominican schools gave an entertainment, of which the proceeds are to go to help the Far East missions. There were songs *go leor*, well sung and well accompanied, as goes without saying when the Dominican pupils take the floor. Miss Ursula Lundon, Miss Gallien, Miss Vera Inder and several others sang beautiful solos, while the Kaikorai children brought down the house with their action-song telling of the fate of "poor Molly Malone," and Miss Mary Butler sang and acted "Bubbles" like a star. But all this is a digression. What we set out to say before being led astray by all the other excellent things was that the acting and presentation of Pearse's play, *Iosagan*, was the prettiest thing Dunedin people have seen for years. Of the beauty of the play we need not speak. We presume there is no reader of the *Tablet* so dull of soul as not to have read all Pearse during the past seven years. The children did their parts wonderfully. Kathleen O'Neill and Vera Inder and Roma Reilly were like young professionals so thoroughly did they enter into the spirit of their roles and so artistically did they perform them. By all accounts they were like professionals also in that those at a great distance from the stage could not hear them. The people who were near the stage enjoyed it so much that they want it all over again soon. And they will all tell their friends, and they will want to see it, as *their* friends also will when they hear about it. And the moral of all this is: Dear teachers religious and irreligious, regular and irregular, if you want a play for your "Break-up" that will take hold, try one by Pearse and you won't be sorry.

Harmless Fiction

We have recently wasted some time over a number of open-air, full-blooded stories through which revolver shots crackled or horses galloped or deep-sea men swaggered with all the vitality with which a Peter Kyne or a Jackson Gregory could endow them. These stories are only superior "penny-dreadfuls," and we all—at least all of us who have reached *il mezzo cammino della nostra vita*—remember how we used to be warned solemnly against "penny-dreadfuls" in our school days. Now "penny-dreadfuls" are harmless enough, and they are spiritual compared with what *la jeunesse* reads nowadays. Hence the kinship does not by any means imply that the Gregory and Kyne school is to be shunned. Far better see them in the hands of a youth than books of the Charles Garvice or Robert Chambers type. And youth whose eyes have become inured to the flicker of the motion-picture will assuredly take no harm from them. We might also say that there is no moral lesson to be gained from them, if there is none that is immoral. As a matter of fact we recall only one thoughtful sentence from a bundle of such books. In Peter Kyne's *Cappy Rick Retires* it is alleged that a proud and kingly rooster when removed from his admirers to be prepared for the pot, murmured sadly: Such is life: an egg yesterday, and to-morrow a feather custer! Of another class is Joseph Lincoln, an American with a delicate vein of humor, who has written many wholesome stories such as a young flapper need not scruple to permit her mother to read. *Captain Warren's Wards*, *The Postmaster*, and *Fair Harbor* are good samples of his craftsmanship. Now before we forget it let us remember that a correspondent wrote last week asking what we think of Ouida's novels. The answer is: "Not much." Better take up and read Mick McQuaid, which ran as a serial for twenty-eight years in the old Dublin *Shamrock*.

Some Contract (Fifty Years Ago)

If the following was "meant serious" it was sure some contract: "The Grey Literary Society advertises for a secretary and librarian, his duties being to open

the rooms at 9 a.m. and close at 11 p.m.; to be there *every day* from four to five p.m.; on other days, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, from 8 to 10 p.m.; to conduct all correspondence; to catalogue all books; to keep inward and outward entries of receipts and deliveries of books, periodicals, etc.; to keep up files and arrange them every day; to wash out the rooms every morning; to wash and scrub them weekly; to light fires and keep up supplies of coals; to light the gas every night, and to run messages. Salary 19/2 per week." It is a pity that the committee did not make it an even pound on condition that the librarian should also buy all books and periodicals out of his salary.

Charles Wolfe

We wonder how many New Zealand boys and girls have been taught that the author of the famous poem, "The Burial of Sir John Moore" was an Englishman; because he was nothing of the kind, being a boy from Dublin. Apropos of the centenary of his death, which occurred on February 21, 1823, the *Manchester Guardian* has the following interesting note:

A MAN OF ONE POEM.

On February 21, 1823, died the Rev. Charles Wolfe, leaving unclaimed the authorship of a poem that had already attained great fame and probably ensures the immortality—"The Burial of Sir John Moore." "The most perfect ode in the language," as Byron termed it, was inspired by an account of Moore's hurried burial at Corunna which appeared in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, and was first published anonymously in the Poets' Corner of an Ulster newspaper, the *Newry Telegraph*. It sprang into popularity immediately, being reprinted in "Blackwood's" and numerous other magazines, but, though ascribed to Byron, Scott, and Campbell, and claimed by others of the lesser fry, the authorship remained a mystery until 1841, when the impudent claims of a Scottish schoolmaster caused Wolfe's friends to establish his right beyond dispute. Born in Dublin, brought to England at an early age and educated at Winchester, Wolfe took orders and became curate of Ballyclog, and later rector of Donoughmore, but his health was always frail, and, after a vain effort to throw off the disease in the South of France, he died of consumption at the age of 32.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Owing to the heavy rainfall of the past few days, and the flooded state of portions of the city and suburbs, the coronation pageant in connection with the St. Vincent's Orphanage Carnival arranged to take place on Monday and Tuesday of this week had to be postponed, and is now advertised to be held on next Monday and Tuesday evenings (April 30 and May 1) in His Majesty's Theatre.

The local commercial travellers have presented Mr. M. Reddington, late ticket inspector of the Dunedin railway section, with a handsome case of pipes as a small recognition of the courteous treatment they always received from him while he was in the employ of the department.

NORTH-EAST VALLEY BAZAAR.

A euchre party will be given at the residence of Mrs. Thompson (opposite the Botanical Gardens) on Thursday evening next, in aid of the Refreshment and Sweets Stall at the forthcoming bazaar. With Mrs. Thompson as hostess, this, like previous functions organised by her, is sure to be enjoyable, and will doubtless attract many visitors.

The attractive and enjoyable entertainment given last week by the pupils of St. Dominic's Priory, will be repeated on Friday evening, May 4, at St. Joseph's Hall, for the benefit of a stall in connection with the above-mentioned bazaar. Those who were unfortunate enough to miss the first concert given by these pupils of the Dominican Nuns should avail themselves of the present opportunity. Nothing better in the nature of a children's entertainment has heretofore been given in Dunedin.

Ponce de Leon the veteran Catholic Explorer reached Florida on Easter Sunday, 1513. The Spanish name for Easter Sunday is Pascua Florida, hence the name given to the land by Ponce de Leon.

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