

Adelaide * Literary * Theatre

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Alice Pattinson
Zoe Reid
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Graham Saunders
H. Trethewey
Douglas Walsh
Herbert Walsh
Ray Walsh
Frank Wilkinson
George Whittle
Gavin Wald

UNLEY CITY HALL.

.....
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, at 8 o'clock.
.....

"JUSTICE"

A TRAGEDY IN FOUR ACTS.

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

.....
Next Tuesday, Dec. 20th—"Cupid and Commonsense," by Arnold Bennett.

The Literary Theatre and its Critics: A Reply.

In setting out to vindicate the position of a society after the many attacks that have been levelled against it, one is apt to be impugned with a desire to palliate existent discrepancies. I should like this assumption shattered at the outset. We are unpretentious enough to recognise and acknowledge our limitations, and, with the docility and submissiveness of tender years, are only too willing at all times to know whereby we may eradicate our defects and rectify our mistakes. It would be a premise of unhealthy development if we felt we had attained the lustiness of perfection so early in life. But obviously some distinction should be made between derogatory anathemas and legitimate criticism. Personal antipathy can in no way be construed as a prerogative or a justification for carping and illiteral criticism. Criticism loses its savour when it is either biased or inept. A critic should have an absolutely open mind. His own conception of what is good or bad should not obtrude and thus prejudice his judgment. If he is confronted by a new idea or a new mode of utterance he should be able to adjust his attitude.

The press, if it appoints itself the arbiter of public taste, should take as sagacious an interest, and adopt as exalted a mien in its criticisms as it invariably does in its political polemics. These it nurses with the most maternal concern, and the devotion of a little of the care lavished there towards the amelioration of the present amphigoric and banal matter which masquerades in the name of dramatic and musical criticism might tend to fertilise what seems but arid and sterile soil.

As I suggested, criticism is ostensibly a matter of adjustment.

To one reared on certain foods, all other foods may be noxious and deleterious, but the failure to assimilate may be due to personal diathesis and not to any defect in the product itself. The simile can be carried further. A man whose conception of dramatic values does not soar higher than "The Squaw Man" may be quite incapable, as he is ingenuous enough to confess, of appreciating the genius of Ibsen. But that doesn't dislodge Ibsen from his niche of greatness. He can afford to rest unperturbed and immutable, knowing that his works will receive their due meed of appreciation when all petty disputations are deleted and forgotten. Supposing now for purposes of exemplification, one of Ibsen's plays was being performed and a man with a prejudged and consequently prejudiced opinion was deputed to criticise, could that man deal equitably and impartially with that particular play? That is what I mean in speaking of an open mind.

In the selection of the plays I am prepared to take the full measure of responsibility. My aim has been to present plays sufficiently diversified to appeal to all sections of the community. I have been twitted with an antiphrastic use of the word "literary," and have been told that the application of the word to such plays as "The Silver Box" and "The Tragedy of Nan" was a misnomer.

To dispel this idea I can't do better than quote a paragraph from Arthur Symon's illuminating essay on the "Literary Drama."

Therein he says: "I have never been able to see that any written work can be in a true sense, literature, if it does not precisely answer the purpose of its existence. Now, a play is written to be acted, and it will not be literature merely because its sentences are nicely written. It will be literature, dramatic literature, if in addition to being nicely written it has the qualities which make a stage play a good stage play. Ibsen's plays are in the best sense of the word literary, because they express their ideas through a perfectly successful use of the conditions of the stage, because they deal profoundly with life through the medium which they have chosen for expression."

I don't think I need enlarge upon this. After such a lucid description further expatiation would be superfluous.

Some people again resented "The Silver Box" and "Warp and Woof," as their objective appeared to be an inculcation of an alleged poisonous form of polity. Socialism may be a menace or a boon—this, obviously, is not the place to argue the question. But when people refer to these two plays as socialistic, they make a sad misuse of a much-maligned word.

Galsworthy, in "The Silver Box" as in "Justice" is not so much concerned with the reformation of society generally, as with an exposure of the irregularities of our judicial codes. Plays of this nature are sociological rather than socialistic. Their intention is to unfold perversities in the social fabric, and by attracting attention to existent anomalies to help to obliterate injustice.

It has been said that gloom pervades this type of play, and that the author is transgressing the province of art in depicting misery, and in uncovering the purulent excrescences that run rampant on the surface of the social stratum. As a reprisal to this I would like to quote one of Victor Hugo's oracular utterances. He insists that "the story of social infirmities and deformities, with a view to their cure, is a sacred duty. The mission of the historian of ideas and of morals is not less obligatory than that of the chronicler of events. The latter skins the surface of civilisation. He describes the external aspect of events. But it is a deeper and more arduous task to penetrate beneath the surface; to lay bare the foundations on which the social structure has been reared; to tell of those who labor, who suffer and who wait; of the silent, secret conflicts which alienate men from their kind; of the obscure ferocities, the prejudices, the entrenched in justice; of the subterranean reactions of the law. . . . He who would lay bare the mysterious springs of human actions, must descend into those impen-

etrable casemates, where crawl in confusion those who bleed and those who strike, those who weep and those who curse; those who fast and those who devour; the wronged and their oppressors.

Is the underworld of civilisation, because it is deeper and more gloomy, less real and important than the upper? Can we know the mountain, if we know nothing of the cavern?"

So, assuming an author sets out to delineate life, he has the right to treat any phase of it;—his right to the name of artist will not rest on his choice of material, but on the fidelity of purpose and sincerity of aim with which he treats his subject.

If a man is assured of the iniquity of certain things, he is well within his rights in choosing any mode of transmission for the dissemination of his beliefs. Any work of art, be it a poem, a play, or any other form of prose, which seeks the obliteration of unjust ordinances is doing humanity a good turn.

The next venue of attack was directed to the "tone" of our plays. Some of the characters were reproved for a certain laxity of language. Their diction hadn't that melliferous finesse and delicate allusiveness which we are so accustomed to associate with the conversation of the drawingroom and the salon. They just called a spade a spade, and by this conformance to veredical principles succeeded in alienating the allegiance of persons who are at other times, most exigent in their insistence on the truth, at all hazards.

Then again an embargo was placed upon certain deviations from the moral code, which the authors with a keen sense of the apposite and essential had been compelled to characterize. I have been told that such episodes were adscititious and their elision or desynonymization would materially deplete the plays.

That is a matter of opinion, and I am quite content to believe that the authors know better than their would be vandals.

The astonishing and egregious statement was made in one of the papers, that "a piece, in which unsavoury subjects are handled in a crude way" was presented by us to an audience "of young girls and elder folk who are never seen inside a first class theatre."

For this gratuitous knowledge, I should like to thank the writer, at the same time envying him his perceptive faculty in differentiation.

There was nothing more unsavoury in "The Wasters" than can be found in the columns of any daily newspaper many times a week. In the stage, would result in an ethical cataclysm.

The morality of "The Wasters" to those not too obtuse to diagnose it, was draconic in its Puritanism, and the contention that we outraged public sensibility by the production of such a play is perile and untenable. This is quite apart from the encouragement we were paying enchorial art by giving the play a hearing. I can't leave this particular thesis without a reproval of two assertions which are unjustifiable from the standpoint of common courtesy alone, and are additionally calumnious when applied to a literateur of the renown of Arthur Adams, and used as a butt to belittle his reputation and to smudge and detrimentalize his work.

The "Register" commiserated with us in our "laudable and patriotic" endeavours to produce work by "practically unknown Australian authors."

This can have only one application, as Arthur Adams is the only Australian author we have as yet been able to represent on our programmes.

As the author was good enough to honour us with his presence at the performance, we felt the affront perhaps more than he did. I can well imagine that he, in his quiet philosophical way, would not be the least bit chagrined, but sit back in his chair, feazening whorls of smoke, and gleaming amusement from the perusal of a criticism wherein he was to learn that in at least one place in Australia, he was unknown.

The other assertion, while not being personal, is impregnated with virus of a different genre.

It is extracted from the "Herald," and reads like this: "If 'The Wasters' represents the legitimate Australian drama, may the gods preserve us from the illegitimate."

I don't know whether the writer had been reporting police court cases in the daytime, and had got his metaphors hopelessly mixed at night, but as a species of frampold journalism, it is hard to beat.

This sort of stuff is not criticism but disparagement and abuse.

I shall make but slight comment on the criticisms directed to the players. As our methods may be open to misunderstanding, it may be expedient to explain the intentions which underlie the histrionic side of the question.

Once for all, we want to denude minds of the idea that walking about the stage constitutes dramatic action.

There is an art in being still. If one is paying another a call, the time is not usually spent in an indulgence of peripatetics from one part of the room to another. Yet this is what is continually happening on the stage,—the formula of cross stage has become a fetish.

This, and many other fallacies we wish to help expunge. People should be as natural on the stage as they are off the stage. It is not illusion that we want, but reality. The days of fantoccini are dead. We don't want puppets to be pulled this way and that by the stage-manager's strings; we want interpreters of intelligence who can think for themselves, and are sufficiently adepts in the art of movement to

know that all actions on the boards must have some analogy to similar actions in everyday life.

Again, there is the art of speaking naturally on the stage, of simulating the inflections of ordinary conversation, and not adopting some stilted method of delivery which only succeeds in spoiling the effect. I am referring here to discursive and not poetic drama. I am quite aware that the latter must have a somewhat more distinctive treatment. One should not speak verse as one talks prose. There must be a more euphonic sonority, a more chastened appreciation of the beauty of language and of sound.

Even so, some of our people may be inclined to overemphasise, a defect which arises, in part, from their earlier elocutionary training. Elocutionists are prone to forget that a work written in verse has many redundant words, which are really only symbols of the muse's fertility and are merely used by the poet to ornament a predominant idea. These words have really only a subsidiary significance, and in the act of interpretation should be consciously subordinated so that the accentuation be centralized upon the main thought.

A little experience of stage work will help to modify this, and it is to give this experience that a society like the Literary Theatre serves an educative purpose. We afford an opportunity to ambitious aspirants to develop their latent talents, and it must be one of the planks in the policy of the organisation, to encourage novitiates and not damp their ardour by a too-exclusive preference for the experienced.

I think our audiences will acknowledge that, whether our performances have given them pleasure or displeasure, we have done our best to fulfil our obligations. The remarkable response to our proposal and the readiness and enthusiasm with which it was taken up, far out-distanced our anticipations. We thought if we succeeded in getting 200 subscribers we would be attaining a fairly liberal patronage, but, to our joy and gratification, this number has been nearly trebled.

This has enabled us to present plays demanding more spacious treatment, with a degree of fidelity in the matter of scenery and dressing, which could not have been secured if we had to consider constantly the monetary position. As it is, we have found that running a succession of performances entails a considerable outlay, and although we have succeeded in ending the present year with a surplus to our credit, we feel, that in order to ensure absolute stability to the scheme financially in future years, it is necessary to increase the subscription to some extent.

I think it has been universally recognized that the subscription, as it stands, is abnormally low and I am sure our patrons will agree with us that rather than face the possibility of a deficit in future seasons, it is better to place the matter before them now, frankly and clearly.

I have been told that the interest taken in the movement is largely ephemeral. I should be sorry to believe this. Without giving credence to the idea that our supporters are as interested in the movement as we are ourselves, I think there is a sufficient percentage of them willing and anxious to help us still further in ensuring permanence and success to the scheme.

In the coming year we propose giving eight evenings, six of which will be devoted to long plays of three, four or five acts; the other two will be made up of programmes of three or four short plays each. In another part of this programme will be found a list of authors whom it is intended to represent.

The subscription will still be kept at 5s. for the entire year, but the tickets will be single and not double as they are at present.

On behalf of the Society, I should like to thank all those who have so willingly supported the Theatre this year, and in seeking a continuance of their support, we hope to place before them next year a fare equally good, and we hope more delectable than that presented this year.

Before concluding, I should like to take this opportunity of replying to two questions that have more than once been asked. They are to this effect: What is the ultimate aim of a Society of this nature? What gain to the community can accrue in the years to come from the propaganda which you are so energetically promulgating now?

I will attempt to reply as briefly as possible. In the first place, we want to infuse a taste for sincere drama; to get people to distinguish the difference between what is good and bad art on the stage.

To do this, the prevalent idea that the theatre is only a place of amusement, using the word in its narrowest and most circumscribed sense, must be got rid of. This doesn't infer that all plays need necessarily be serious; nothing is more stimulating or thought-provoking than a comedy of the type, say of Shaw's "You never can tell."

In the second place, we are seeking to lay the foundations of an institution, which by reason of its endowment, will be more stable than it is possible for ours to be. Australia is a young country; it is governed democratically, and in the evolutionary phases of its laws can bring shame on its maternal progenitor. But it has still something to do. It has to consider Art as a serious item in a community's welfare.

In no branch of art has the Government shown practical sympathy. Is it any wonder that Australia loses all her gifted sons and daughters? And this misfortune will continually recur, until this country can give its people an artistic education and an outlet. The former is no good without the latter. It is futile training people in any realm of art and then turning them adrift without much hope of gaining sustenance by a sufficiency of labour.

Let us consider this in its bearings upon histrionic art.

Australia, at present, depends exclusively for its amusements upon private managers. These managers, with every due respect to them, have given the people, not exactly what was good for them, but what, with a tolerable measure of certainty, they felt would replenish their own coffers. I don't say this is every case because Mr. Williamson, to take an instance, must have lost heavily on his last operatic venture. He is a man of great acumen and discernment, and must have foreseen that to present a piece of such advanced modern texture as "Madame Butterfly" must irrevocably end in disaster.

Music, such as this, is difficult of comprehension. It requires not only a keen sensibility on the part of the listener, but presupposes a knowledge of much that has gone before in the art to account for what to the uninitiated may appear as mere idiosyncracies.

With words as a medium, it is a different matter. We can safely assume that most people can distinguish between beauty of phrase, tersity of language and play of wit, so that the possibility of failure in presenting intellectual plays, is far more remote than it is in presenting modern opera.

We hear much of enterprise, but it is a unilateral sort of enterprise, to say the best of it. The thing that should be considered most is the one that is considered least. The play, after all, is the important element in the theatre, not the dresses, the scenery and the stars.

The managers will tell you that good plays don't pay. How can they know when they never produce them. Perhaps they would find it difficult after nurturing their audiences on inanities for years. If we delve deeply enough we shall find a latent intelligence in every mind, and if you give them enough of a good thing, in time they will come to appreciate it as much, and more than the other, which actually fills them to repletion every time they are forced to feast on it.

So I contend, that given the opportunity, Australians would appreciate good plays as much as they seem now to appreciate bad ones.

There is another side to the question. We have a number of clever writers, men and women. Many of them have turned their literary energies to account by writing for the stage, but the utter impossibility of securing a hearing, must discourage them, and divert their talents into other more fruitful and remunerative channels.

How are we to meet this contingency? Well, the best and I think the only way, is to institute a theatre, which for purposes of expediency and safety, will have to be subsidized by the Government or by the munificence of a private donor.

This isn't such a formidable proposition as it may, on the surface, appear.

It needn't be run on the same scale of expansiveness as that controlled by the private managers. As a matter of fact, it can be run in a comparatively small way, and yet serve its purpose and exert a salutary effect in the community.

Two things are necessary. (1) A place to perform the plays. (2) A company to interpret them. A small theatre, capable of seating say about 600 people would have to be built in each of the large cities. This would have to be well equipped, have a good stage, be compact and suitable. The charge of admission could be made subject to the extent of the expenditure, but I think a uniform charge of 2/6 per person would meet the demands of the exchequer. You see, it wouldn't be the aim then to look for large profits; all that would be asked is that the scheme pay its way. Supposing, for example, the hall was but two-thirds full for each of the six nights and a matinee, that by would result in an income of £350 a week. Well, I contend that by eliminating many of the non-essential expenses incurred by management nowadays, this would be enough to meet all calls.

A company would have to be selected, and as they would be people actually interested artistically in the venture, who would naturally prefer doing work beneficial and instructive to themselves to wasting their time and talents on mediocre and shoddy stuff, they would be content with a fair and reasonable remuneration. There would be no star-system; every member of the company would be on an equal footing and each one would work for the good of the whole.

Again, for example, supposing we had 15 people in the company, and they were paid £10 a week each, this would only bring our expenditure sheet up to £150. There would still be £200 left and this should prove sufficient to tide over all emergencies. One company would suffice for the whole of Australia; they could give seasons of say two months duration in the principal cities, and on such times when they were not utilizing the theatre it could be sub-let for other purposes and would very quickly recoup any actual expenditure which the building of it would entail.

This is only a bald outline of what might be done. The details of the scheme I will leave untouched. I only throw out the suggestion in the hope that some day, sooner or later, it will be taken up.

We, here, are paying the way for some such scheme and when it eventuates, we shall be quite prepared to retire, content to know that the efforts we expended towards arousing interest in the project, were not altogether in vain.

In the meantime, we want to keep the movement and our particular share in it, alive.

Will you help us? One word more! Our united thanks to the authors for their permission to perform their respective plays and for their many kindly words of encouragement and goodwill.

BRYCESON TREHARNE.

The Reform Movement in the Theatre.

Until the theatre is established on an artistic basis it can have no lasting value ; it will not become a national power, or of any importance whatever. That the moment has arrived for a development of this kind is beyond question. We are faced with an epoch in the making. We live in an age of transition, of changing ideas and ideals, of readjustment and reorganisation, of new spiritual, philosophic and artistic longings, leanings and learnings, which not even the theatre, pagan and heathen, unconscionable and unaccommodating though it be, can avoid. Indeed, so far as its drama is concerned, it has been caught in the wave of reform, and slowly but surely it is changing its unnatural attitude towards life, and one can no longer safely predict that it will not at least have a shaping influence upon public thought and action, or even declare that it does not, to some slight extent, materially affect them to-day. Real reform has entered the theatre, and the possibility of the latter emerging from a primitive condition is no longer a Utopian dream. As the interpreter of human experience in many and varied forms of thought and action, it is readjusting itself to a new vision of life, it has formed an original conception of the world within and without us ; it aims, for the first time in history, truly to record the moment in which it lives.

—HUNTLY CARTER in "The New Age."

The movements for citizens' theatres started in different cities is mainly a practical demand by the would be playgoers for a provision of the current drama from which theatrical circumstances are more and more cutting them off. These movements are not fostered by the professional theatre ; they spring up often in the face of its prejudice, a prejudice though that tends to pass and will pass I think. But there is evidently a growing feeling that the development of such an art as the theatre, cannot be left solely to its professional exponents, strangled as they are apt to be in the art of speculation and competition. When J. W. Barrie, giving his evidence before the Censorship Committee, was asked how he would distinguish a sincerely unconventional play, from a catchpenny piece of riskiness, he answered that he could always tell whether a thing was well meant or not.

By cultivating an artistic as well as a moral conscience—a clean palate—good taste in fact, one can distinguish soon enough between a normal work of art and an abnormal.

Apart from its sincerity and the little touch of life which an insincere writer never has, I think this drama is noticeable for its Puritan spirit, for the fact that good-naturedly, portentously, industriously or lightheartedly, it somehow makes for righteousness.

The obvious test of the normal drama is in its normality, in the fact that it does try to present, not an unprejudiced view of life (that would be too tame for anything), but an undistorted view.

The sign of life in art has always been the revolt against tradition, the determination to remould the old forms, which will no longer perfectly contain or express the new spirit.

GRANVILLE BARKER in "The English Review."

The theatre grows more elaborate, developing the player at the expense of the poet, developing the scenery at the expense of the class, specialising more and more, doing whatever is easiest rather than what is most noble, and creating a class before the footlights not herself turns to other things, content to leave it to weaklings and triflers. to those in whose body there is the least quantity of herself.

W. B. YEATS in "Samhain."

If there is anything that needs the helping and reforming hand of the Commonwealth, we should say it is the stage. It can be made the mightiest educational instrument.

LAURENCE GRONLUND in "The Co-operative Commonwealth."

From time to time a cry is raised for some one theatre that shall be managed in the interests of art, not in the interests of gain. Without a theatre of the kind we cannot hope to produce a drama worthy to the work we are producing in the other departments of literature and art.

ST. JOHN HANKIN in "The Fortnightly Review."

The public, for so many years, has been accustomed to plays with strong situations, plays that have been "written round" extraordinary and well nigh impossible people, or about improbable events, occurring in almost inconceivable existences, that when they see life presented to them in all its stern reality and sombre impressiveness they cry out, perhaps involuntarily, at the strangeness and difference of it all. Only a few years ago people were content to see some strange and peculiar phase of a man's life presented and analysed for them upon the stage. All the dramatists wrote of life as they imagined it, not as it was. Managers know full well, the fate of anyone who interferes with an Englishman's prejudices—or digestion. But a growing public of men and women, who want the theatre to be more than a place where food may be digested, have made their desires felt, and so what Granville Barker recently termed the Normal Theatre has come into existence, and playwrights who have successfully attempted to dispense with limelight, to let in fresh air and pure light, have taken the place of clever movers of abnormal puppets. At first it was thought that these new playwrights were merely trying to attract attention by their strange opinions and the unfamiliar way in which they handled their materials. But gradually there dawned upon the public the conviction that these views were not only tolerable but acceptable ; not only acceptable but the only ones that were ever right.

JOHN LADEVEZE in "The Booklover."

TO-NIGHT, at 8 o'clock—

“ JUSTICE.”

A TRAGEDY IN FOUR ACTS,

By JOHN GALSWORTHY.

| | | | | | |
|---------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|--------------------|
| JAMES HOW | ... | ... | ... | ... | GEORGE WHITTLE. |
| WALTER HOW | ... | ... | ... | ... | L. W. CHAMBERLAIN. |
| COKESON | ... | ... | ... | ... | T. NAVE. |
| FALDER | ... | ... | ... | ... | WILFRID NEILL. |
| THE OFFICE-BOY | ... | ... | ... | ... | ERNEST COCKING. |
| THE DETECTIVE | ... | ... | ... | ... | SYDNEY PEARCE. |
| THE CASHIER | ... | ... | ... | ... | GAVIN F. WALD. |
| THE JUDGE | ... | ... | ... | ... | JAMES ANDERSON. |
| THE OLD ADVOCATE | ... | ... | ... | ... | RUDOLPH KOEHLER. |
| THE YOUNG ADVOCATE | ... | ... | ... | ... | ARTHUR SMITH. |
| THE PRISON GOVERNOR | ... | ... | ... | ... | FRANK JOHNSTON. |
| THE PRISON CHAPLAIN | ... | ... | ... | ... | DOUGLAS WALSH. |
| THE PRISON DOCTOR | ... | ... | ... | ... | NORMYN POTTER. |
| WOODER | ... | ... | ... | ... | GRAHAM SAUNDERS. |
| MOANEY | ... | ... | ... | ... | FRANK WILKINSON. |
| CLIPTON | ... | ... | ... | ... | HENRY HADLEY. |
| O'CLEARY | ... | ... | ... | ... | HOWARD REID. |
| RUTH HONEYWILL | ... | ... | ... | ... | IVY STACEY. |

TIME: The Present.

ACT I.—The Office of James and Walter How. Morning. July.

ACT II.—Assizes. Afternoon. October.

ACT III.—A Prison. December.

Scene 1.—The Governor's Office. Scene 2.—A Corridor. Scene 3.—A Cell.

ACT IV.—The Office of James and Walter How. Morning. March, two years later.

The Play produced under the stage direction of DOUGLAS WALSH.

When a man wants to murder a tiger he calls it sport; when the tiger wants to murder him he calls it ferocity. The distinction between Crime and Justice is no greater. G. BERNARD SHAW in "Man and Superman."

The public, and some well informed persons, honestly believe that the cellular prison is a dumb and paralytic thing, without tongue or hands, simply because the law has ordered silence and inactivity. But as no decree, however vigorous, can counteract the nature of things, so this organism speaks, moves, occasionally wounds or slays, in spite of all the decrees. Only, as always happens when a necessity of humanity is opposed by a law, it acts by less known, underground and hidden means. CESARE LOMBROSO "Les Palimpsestes des Prisons."

Reformation does not come from beating on the prisoner's fibre with the dull mallet of suffering. To reform one must inspire. There is a spark of good in every man's breast; the only chance lies in fanning that spark. But if we are not reforming men in our prisons, how can we be said to be protecting society, by sending them there? We are surely endangering society; and nurturing the spirit of crime.

Prisoners working in association are, in our prisons, forced into an unnatural silence, for ever furtively evaded. Some silence may be good, but perpetual silence is too unnatural not to defeat itself. Classification is the true preventative of contamination, not complete separation, nor perpetual silence. Let us get rid of the idea that we are protecting society and reforming offenders by inflicting suffering that we falsely call deterrent. Let us take discipline and loss of liberty as our sole deterrents, and on those whom we deprive of liberty let us use all the resources of a commonsense that shall refuse to apply to criminals, methods which would be scouted in the reform of human beings outside prisons. JOHN GALSWORTHY in "The Spirit of Punishment."

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS, 1910 SEASON.

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 Mrs. Ashworth
 Mrs. J. R. Anderson
 Mrs. W. Allison
 Miss Beryl Alford
 Miss Asher
 Miss Elizabeth Anderson
 Miss Anthony
 Mr. James Anderson
 Mr. G. L. Anthony
 Mr. Adamson
 Mrs. C. Bollen
 Mrs. Buchanan
 Mrs. A. Beyer
 Mrs. Beare
 Mrs. Broad
 Mrs. Chas. M. Bagot
 Mrs. J. Beaven
 Mrs. P. Boyce
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 Mrs. Leonard Bakewell
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 Miss Borthwick
 Miss Bertram
 Miss C. A. Benda
 Miss Birks
 Miss Ada Bonynthon
 Miss E. J. Benham
 Miss Broad
 Miss Bagshaw
 Miss Meta Buring
 Miss Dorothy Bourne
 Miss M. Basewood
 Miss Rebe Bloom
 Miss M. Best
 Miss M. Bennett
 Miss Trixie Bennett
 Miss D. Bennett
 Miss Butler
 Miss Brown
 Miss Elsie Bruce
 Miss E. Bickford
 Miss Maude Bayly
 Miss Helene Billiet
 Miss Clara Black
 Dr. Barlow
 Mr. Blondel
 Mr. C. Back
 Mr. T. S. Bagshaw
 Mr. Ernest Brose
 Mr. Henry Brose
 Mr. S. R. Booth
 Mr. Theo. Boase
 Mr. A. B. Black
 Mr. R. Buring
 Mr. R. Bates
 Mr. E. H. Bayer
 Mrs. Crozier
 Mrs. Cleland
 Mrs. Cruickshank
 Mrs. Harry Church
 Mrs. W. H. Craigie
 Mrs. Cowan
 Mrs. H. T. Cowan
 Mrs. Cox
 Mrs. Clarke
 Mrs. Campbell
 Miss Connor
 Miss Cole
 Miss Muriel Craigie
 Miss May Chamberlain
 Miss Gladys Cleland
 Miss Cater
 Miss Ethel Cooper
 Miss Clayton
 Miss Clutterbuck
 Miss N. B. Camaway
 Miss Clarke
 Miss J. Calder
 Miss Castles
 Miss Edith Campbell
 Miss Cussen
 Miss Checkett
 Mr. Congdon
 Mr. H. Chalinder
 Mr. Alex. Cooper
 Mr. Cruickshank
 Mr. C. Craven
 Mr. F. W. Chaplin
 Mr. H. G. M. Cole

Mrs. Dubois
 Mrs. P. Dignan
 Mrs. John Dunstan
 Mrs. C. A. Degenhardt
 Mrs. W. W. Duffield
 Mrs. Dunsmore
 Mrs. F. Doenau
 Mrs. F. Day
 Mrs. Delprat
 Mrs. J. L. Dyer
 Miss H. M. Driscoll
 Miss Dorrens
 Miss Stella Daw
 Miss M. Duggan
 Miss Doenan
 Miss Millicent Dean
 Miss Doris Duncan
 Miss Edith Daw
 Miss Denny
 Miss Doyle
 Mr. Dunstone
 Mr. C. F. Drew
 Mr. R. J. Dempster
 Mrs. Egan
 Mrs. Ennis
 Mrs. Ellis King
 Mrs. Edmeades
 Miss Espie
 Miss Evans
 Miss W. Eitel
 Miss England
 Dr. Ennis
 Mr. Edwards
 Mr. T. Elix
 Mr. Eardley
 Mrs. Fallon
 Miss B. Frinsdorf
 Miss Fanny Fenton
 Miss Sylvia Fawcett
 Miss Fowler
 Miss Forrester
 Dr. Fischer
 Mr. R. Finlayson
 Mr. C. Fuller
 Mr. A. Forman
 Mr. Foster
 Mr. B. Fisher
 Mrs. Green
 Mrs. Goyder
 Mrs. Ernest Good
 Mrs. S. G. een
 Mrs. Glover
 Miss May Goyder
 Miss Gurner
 Miss Ethel Green
 Miss Dutton Green
 Miss Kathleen Gordon
 Miss Gregory
 Miss Vera Goss
 Miss Edith Goss
 Miss Ray Gordon
 Miss Goldsmith
 Miss Rita Gardner
 Prof. Kerr Grant
 Mr. Giffen
 Mr. H. R. Gillespie
 Mr. T. W. Goss
 Mr. N. Gordon
 Mr. Gasson
 Mr. V. Gent
 Mr. Goyder
 Mr. V. A. Gurney
 Mr. A. Gow
 Mrs. George Hallett
 Mrs. N. Hargrave
 Mrs. Harvey
 Mrs. C. Horrocks
 Mrs. J. A. G. Hamilton
 Mrs. Hall-Henderson
 Mrs. Heuzenroeder
 Mrs. Hack
 Mrs. W. H. Hine
 Mrs. G. Hale
 Mrs. A. R. Hosking
 Mrs. Heilbronn
 Mrs. W. Harcus
 Miss Kathleen Holder
 Miss Hakendorf
 Miss Haycroft
 Miss Harrold
 Miss E. M. Howell
 Miss A. Hemingway
 Miss A. Hutchins
 Miss Heuzenroeder
 Miss Hyett
 Miss Henderson
 Miss Marjory Hill
 Miss Gwen Hill
 Miss Higgins
 Miss Hale

Miss Harrington
 Miss Hackett
 Miss Josephine Hines
 Miss Hallett
 Miss Hardy
 Miss H. A. Horn
 Prof. Henderson
 Mr. J. B. Hansen
 Mr. Wilfred Hosking
 Mr. G. Hall
 Mr. Heilbronn
 Mr. Hagzart
 Mr. H. Holmes
 Mrs. J. Ingram
 Mrs. Ives
 Miss Edith Ingleby
 Mr. Douglas Inman
 Mrs. W. Sargent Jones
 Mrs. John Jacob
 Mrs. Oliver Jones
 Miss D. V. Jacob
 Miss H. Jones
 Miss D. Egerton Jones
 Miss B. Jones
 Miss Katie Joyce
 Miss Jacob
 Miss J. Johns
 Miss Jude
 Rev. P. W. Jones
 Mr. Brewster Jones
 Mr. W. F. Jacob
 Mr. J. W. Jones
 Mrs. A. E. Kinsley
 Mrs. W. Keightley
 Miss Marjory Kennedy
 Miss W. Kidner
 Miss P. Knuckey
 Miss Kirkpatrick
 Miss Ruby Kurth
 Miss Eileen Kelly
 Mr. S. King
 Mr. Rudolph Koehler
 Mr. Knowles
 Mr. Frank Keon
 Mrs. Lynch
 Mrs. Lang
 Mrs. Levy
 Mrs. E. R. Lucy
 Mrs. W. E. Longbottom
 Mrs. Lathlean
 Mrs. Hugo Leschen
 Miss De Lissa
 Miss Essie Lawton
 Miss Lambert
 Miss M. Lander
 Miss Lawrence
 Miss Ethel Lloyd
 Miss W. F. Lines
 Miss Latter
 Miss Livingstone
 Miss Lyne
 Miss Languiddecke
 Miss Lea
 Miss Lempriere
 Mr. Lambert
 Mr. Erskine Latter
 Mr. Reginald Lucas
 Mr. Lakeman
 Mr. Langdon
 Dr. Helen Mayo
 Mde. Mouchette
 Mrs. Messent
 Mrs. A. S. Moncrieff
 Mrs. McLachlan
 Mrs. Martin
 Mrs. Percy Morice
 Mrs. C. A. Mumme
 Mrs. Marshall
 Mrs. Miller
 Mrs. E. A. McMillan
 Miss Meek
 Miss McDonald
 Miss Lottie Mitchell
 Miss A. Munton
 Miss Mellor
 Miss W. Macklin
 Miss Meyer
 Miss A. E. Martin
 Miss A. Mitchell
 Miss Doris Metters
 Miss K. Maucly
 Miss Myra McDonald
 Miss Rose Macpherson
 Miss Violet Matthews
 Miss Mutch
 Miss Norma Mueller
 Mr. G. J. Murray, K.C.
 Mr. L. B. Mawby
 Mr. A. S. Moncrieff
 Mr. W. A. Matthews

Mr. Leslie K. McDonald
 Mr. J. S. Malone
 Mr. J. Marcus
 Mr. F. Metters
 Mr. S. Matthews
 Mr. G. Elton Mayo
 Mr. E. M. Mugg
 Mr. E. W. Mills
 Mr. J. F. Morice
 Mr. S. S. Mills
 Mr. E. Mahnke
 Mr. Oswald Martin
 Mr. S. Mellor
 Mr. F. Moulden
 Miss M. E. Nicholls
 Miss Newbery
 Miss Norton
 Miss Nation
 Mr. Paris Nesbit, K.C.
 Mr. Wilfrid Neill
 Mr. Noltenius
 Miss O'Conner
 Miss Oliphant
 Miss O'Hara
 Mr. O'Mahony
 Mr. F. E. Osborne
 Mrs. Priest
 Mrs. Anna Porter
 Mrs. Poynton
 Mrs. Pendlebury
 Miss Edith Pearce
 Miss Edith Plummer
 Miss M. Parkinson
 Miss Poole
 Miss Dorothy Piper
 Miss Ivy Phillips
 Miss E. Pryzgodna
 Miss Made Plunkett
 Miss Pooler
 Mr. H. A. Parsons
 Mr. R. Falmer
 Mr. Poole
 Mr. A. W. Piper
 Mrs. Ridgway
 Mrs. C. E. Roberts
 Mrs. Ragless
 Mrs. Bowyer-Rosman
 Mrs. Rigby
 Miss Ethelwyn Robin
 Miss Zoe Reid
 Miss de Kose
 Miss Winifred Roberts
 Miss Hugh Reid
 Miss Ryan
 Miss Jean Robertson
 Miss M. Randle
 Miss E. L. Keynell
 Miss V. Rushton
 Miss Mary Rosman
 Miss Ralph
 Miss Reynell
 Miss Elsie Rogers
 Miss Myrtle Hamage
 Miss Patric Rickards
 Miss Rudkin
 Dr. Rogers
 Dr. Reissmann
 Mr. Russell
 Mr. J. Roach
 Mr. H. Rule
 Mr. Rossiter
 Mrs. Barr Smith
 Lady Symon
 Mrs. Ross Sowers
 Mrs. Ramsay Smith
 Mrs. Siebert
 Mrs. Van Sonden
 Mrs. F. W. Shoobridge
 Mrs. Stevens
 Mrs. Sewell
 Mrs. Duncan Stewart
 Mrs. E. W. Simpson
 Mrs. Teasdale Smith
 Mrs. Percival Stow
 Mrs. E. A. Stack
 Miss Ivy Stacey
 Miss Sandland
 Miss Stevenson
 Miss A. Stone
 Miss Strawbridge
 Miss Racey Schlank
 Miss Slater
 Miss Siebert
 Miss Lucy Sanders
 Miss Scruby
 Miss L. Smith
 Miss Sandover
 Miss M. Smyth
 Miss M. Steele
 Miss Stirling

Miss A. M. Stirling
 Miss Muriel Smith
 Miss Symonds
 Miss Winifred Scott
 Miss Sillifant
 Miss Skevington
 Rev. A. Depledge Sykes
 Dr. Ramsay Smith
 Mr. Talbot Smith
 Mr. Leslie L. Solomon
 Mr. Reginald Solomon
 Mr. L. W. Stanton
 Mr. S. Skipper
 Mr. S. Sloman
 Mr. A. C. Sutherland
 Mr. Sargent
 Mr. Gordon Short
 Mr. Sands
 Mr. A. C. Smith
 Mr. Steele
 Mr. Supple
 Mr. Rowland Smith
 Mr. Mervyn Skipper
 Mr. H. E. Strong
 Mr. F. W. Stokes
 Mr. Arthur Swan
 Mr. Kenneth Stamp
 Mrs. B. Thomson
 Mrs. Tibbits
 Miss Tattersall
 Miss Tomkinson
 Miss Nora Kiffin Thomas
 Miss Taylor
 Miss Gladys Taylor
 Miss G. Thomas
 Miss Twelftree
 Miss V. Taylor
 Miss M. Todd
 Miss Tunstall
 Miss Ada Thomas
 Mr. J. E. Thomson
 Mr. Athol Tier
 Mr. Tyrrell
 Mr. F. W. Tiddemann
 Mrs. W. A. Verco
 Mr. L. C. Venn
 Mrs. F. W. Waters
 Mrs. Wells
 Mrs. Geo. Webb
 Mrs. Arthur Walker
 Mrs. Wiedenhofer
 Mrs. Grant Williams
 Mrs. C. Wallmann
 Mrs. Crawford Woods
 Mrs. L. A. Weir
 Mrs. A. C. Williams
 Mrs. A. Wright
 Mrs. Spence Williams
 Mrs. Woods
 Mrs. Whitham
 Mrs. Wardle
 Mrs. L. A. Wells
 Mrs. F. F. Wholohan
 Mrs. G. A. Way
 Mrs. T. Williams
 Miss Weir
 Miss Mignon Weston
 Miss Mignon Woollatt
 Miss Weil
 Miss Watson
 Miss V. Williams
 Miss May White
 Miss Mary Wright
 Miss Walkem
 Miss E. Williamson
 Miss L. Koeppen Wendt
 Miss B. Wallmann
 Miss J. Wilton
 Miss Hilda Williams
 Miss Warren
 Miss S. Ware
 Miss J. Wyatt
 Miss C. Wyatt
 Miss Edith Ward
 Miss Amand Wright
 Mr. Frank Wilkinson
 Mr. C. Weger
 Mr. Wauchope
 Mr. G. A. Wallmann
 Mr. Woolnough
 Mr. E. J. Wood
 Mr. A. W. T. White
 Mr. Douglas Walsh
 Mr. F. F. Wholohan
 Mr. Wellborn
 Mr. Ward
 Mr. W. N. Weir
 Miss Edith Young
 Miss F. G. Yeates
 Miss Florence Young

THE ADELAIDE LITERARY THEATRE

LIST OF AUTHORS ALREADY REPRESENTED IN THE PROGRAMMES

(Figure after name denotes number of plays by this author which have been produced).

| | | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Arthur H. Adams (4) | W. L. Courtney | Charles Rann Kennedy | Maurice Maeterlinck | G. Bernard Shaw (3) |
| Eva Anstruther | Ernest Dowson | Edith Lyttelton | Rutherford Mayne | J. M. Synge (2) |
| Arnold Bennett (2) | Lady Gregory (2) | John Masefield | Stephen Philips | Ivan Turgeneff |
| William Boyle | John Galsworthy (2) | Charles McEvoy (2) | Gertrude Robins | Oscar Wilde (2) |
| Laurence Binyon | Wilfred Wilson Gibson | Norman McKinnell | August Strindberg | W. B. Yeats (4) |
| Granville Barker | Laurence Housman | | | |

1911 SEASON.

Plays by the following authors will be presented:—

Granville Barker
Ashley Dukes
Louis Esson
Frederick Fenn

Cicely Hamilton
St. John Hankin
Henryk Ibsen
Charles Rann Kennedy

John Ladeveze
Percy Mackaye
Gilbert Murray
Gertrude Robins

Arthur Schnitzler
G. Bernard Shaw
Upton Sinclair
Hermann Sudermann

Yearly Subscription, 5s.

Entitling the Subscriber to one seat for each performance. The performances will take place monthly, starting in April and ending in December.

Subscriptions will be accepted and yearly tickets may be obtained at Rigby's, King William Street, on and after March 1st, or subscriptions will be taken by members of the Theatre on collection cards supplied for the purpose.



THE ADELAIDE LITERARY THEATRE CLUB

Formed for the purpose of furthering interest in dramatic art generally. It is intended to supplement the work of the Literary Theatre by providing for its members opportunities for discussion and for any other purpose which may from time to time be deemed expedient. It will have a separate constitution and be governed by a Committee elected annually by the members of the Club.

CLAUSES IN THE CONSTITUTION.

- I. The Club shall be open to acting and non-acting members of the Adelaide Literary Theatre.
- II. Acting members shall be those who take part or have taken part in the performances of the Adelaide Literary Theatre.
- III. To those fulfilling the requirements of Clause II. membership to the Club shall also include membership to the Theatre without the payment of an additional subscription.
- IV. The annual subscription to the Club for acting members shall be gentlemen 10s. and ladies 5s. This subscription, as aforesaid, to include subscription to the Adelaide Literary Theatre.
- V. The annual subscription to the Club to non-acting members shall be 10s. This subscription will not include membership of the Adelaide Literary Theatre.

CLUB COMMITTEE FOR 1911.

The Director
Muriel Craigie
Zoe Reid
Constance Wyatt
Secretary and Treasurer MURIEL CRAIGIE, William Street, Norwood.
Frank Johnston
Arthur L. Smith
George Whittle

A FOREWORD ABOUT THE CLUB.

To control and maintain successfully such an organisation as the Adelaide Literary Theatre is an almost herculean task, unless its units display a unity of purpose which will break down all opposition, and drive the movement to success. Unfortunately, however, "success" admits of many readings. The halo of individual limelight may be an achievement, and yet unbalance the dramatic construction carefully calculated by the Stage Manager; the Producer himself may have erroneously preconceived ideas upon staging which, while apparently successful could well bear the illuminating influence of public discussion. The members of the Theatre have recognised these disparities and at the same time found the panacea, a cure which, while broadening the ideas of its acting members, will mould their divergencies into one concerted force. We have produced a great many plays, and the acting varied, not wholly to the scale of our histrionic ability, but to the measure of understanding of the ideas and ideals which lay at the back of the authors' minds. There is no artistic yard-stick by which one can measure dramatic verities. Discrimination is a matter of cultivation, ergo—The Literary Theatre Club has arisen—a nursery for the fostering and inculcation of dramatic erudition. But its purpose will not end there. Our members come and go, sometimes feeling their non-inclusion in a cast has warranted the severance of their connection with the Theatre. Such exclusion is at times inevitable, and to combat this draining of the forces the Club stands as a dam to hold our trained members interested in the movement.

It is proposed to maintain, conjointly with the Theatre, rooms for rehearsals and Club meetings—a temple of the drama always accessible to members, where a library of plays will be found, addresses and papers from time to time be given, and ideas exchanged. Its funds and management to be beyond the jurisdiction of the Theatre, whose link will be one of sentiment and idealistic similitude. Its membership being open to all subscribers of the Literary Theatre will, it is hoped, extend its sphere of influence. Upon these lines the Club is now in process of formation, and we commend its virtues to all.

WILFRID NEILL.

Ourselves: Some Criticisms.

I consider that the Adelaide Literary Theatre, is in one respect the most remarkable theatre of the kind in the world, inasmuch as it has paid its way from the first. While it produces solid drama, which would not otherwise be seen in Adelaide, it occasionally puts on Australian plays. At present, Australian dramas can not be produced except by such organisations, because theatrical managers do not regard them as sound business propositions.

Adelaide is the Mecca of those interested in serious drama and the Adelaide Literary Theatre is an institution which puts the other Australian cities to shame.

—ARTHUR H. ADAMS before the Commonwealth Club.

Australia is perhaps the only country in the world that has no drama. In every other form of art something has been achieved. Conder and Bunny have pictures in the Luxembourg, Lawson has been translated into French as a classic; but in drama we are, as it were, at the beginning.

Drama is the most popular of the arts and Australians are a theatre going people. But Australia has not yet taken the theatre seriously.

It is a debatable point whether the managers are to blame for the bad taste of the public, or the public to blame for the bad taste of the managers. One thing is certain; bad taste dominates the theatre.

Certain experiments have been made that show what way the wind is blowing. In Adelaide, Mr. Treharne has founded an admirable institution which gives nine performances a year of modern European masterpieces. It is doubtful if any theatre in London has a more interesting repertoire. They have produced Shaw, Galsworthy, Barker, Masefield, Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory, Maeterlinck, a number of German, French and Scandinavian plays, and Australian plays by Arthur Adams.

Interest in serious drama is keener in Adelaide than elsewhere and this society should form a model for societies in the other Australian cities.

"THE SILVER BOX."

LOUIS ESSON in "The Bulletin."

The acting of this was literally surprising in its all-round excellence. The charwoman of Miss Violet Matthews was almost painful in its fidelity to life. It is a part that would be perfectly easy to play by overacting, and so gaining a cheap applause; she preferred to build up the character by a multitude of small, but valuable touches, and a consistency that never once faltered. There were only slight blemishes in an interesting and even memorable performance.

—THE REGISTER.

"THE WINTER FEAST."

The most convincing performance was that of Herdisa, played by Miss Dorothea Jacob, who gave evidence of very unusual dramatic and emotional talent. From beginning to end she played a difficult part with a fine intensity and a freedom from self-consciousness, deserving of the highest praise.

The most difficult part in the play to render convincingly was that of Ufeig, the priest, and in Mr. Wilfrid Neill's hands this part was rendered with all the impressiveness the author demands of it.

Considerable attention to scenic effect and great fidelity to stage directions were noticeable throughout, and the Adelaide Literary Theatre is heartily to be congratulated on the very thoughtful and intelligent production of this play.

—THE HERALD.

"PRUNELLA."

The presentation of the play was successful beyond expectations.

—THE ADVERTISER.

The charm of the play survived triumphantly by reason of the excellent interpretations of Pierrot, the lover, by Mr. Arthur Smith, and of Prunella, the heroine, by Miss Zoe Reid. A word of warm praise should also be given to Mr. Rudolph Koehler, for his performance of Scaramel.

"WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS."

—THE BOOK LOVER.

The play was as well played as anything that the Literary Theatre has yet given. Mr. Douglas Walsh, who during the year has sustained several very important rôles, acted Sir Charles Morgan with his usual thoughtfulness and intelligence, while the part of Francis was played by Mr. Ray Walsh with a very unusual degree of charm, and with a security and repose only too rarely seen in amateur representations.

"THE TRAGEDY OF NAN."

—THE BOOK LOVER.

Apart from its beauty, the play is finely constructed, its concentration of episode and revelation of the development of a character in a few hours is wonderful.

—THE ADVERTISER.

In particular, the individual acting of Miss Violet Matthews as Nan and Mr. Frank Wilkinson as Dick were very fine,

"THE IRISH PLAYS."

—THE CRITIC.

The plays held us and thrilled us, and we forgot everything but the calm, simple peasant folk who appeared before us. It is difficult to describe these plays, impossible to criticise; they were so full of sincerity and courage, intellect and pathos.

They make one feel that there is a real future for the stage, and that one day we too may have a National drama, which will show us the lives of the people with their sorrows and joys, their heroisms and cowardices, instead of the mere tinselly abominations which just now make theatres the despair of moralist and philosopher alike. In "The Shadow of the Glen" the story is almost as slender a thread as is possible to hold a play together, and yet the audience was held tight.

The acting of the girl was very fine, simple, unconventional, and vivid. The tramp was equally good, a quiet delightful piece of realism.

"Deirdre," by W. B. Yeats gives scope for really splendid tragic acting, and all one can say is that these intrepid amateurs overcame their disadvantages with a courage and ability that filled us with wondering admiration.

—THE HERALD.