

PEOPLE'S NATIONAL THEATRE MAGAZINE



Edited by NANCY PRICE

Telegram sent by H.M. the King at the opening of the
People's National Theatre:

"Please convey to all connected with the
People's Theatre, including those who are
assembled this evening for its inaugura-
tion, the King's best wishes for the success
of their undertaking."

Selsey Freehold for Sale.

DELIGHTFUL
BUNGALOW

ideal for family young children.

Lounge, Sun Verandah,
Nursery, Six Bedrooms,
Garage, Garden.

Near Sea and Country.

Tennis, Riding, Golf.

Well furnished.

Full particulars :

MRS. HENDERSON,
5, Carlton Rd.,
Ealing, W.5.

Bound Volumes

Preserve your copies of
the P.N.T. Magazine.

Send to the Printers of
this Magazine P.O. for
7/6 and your twelve
Numbers of the Magazine
to be bound in One
Volume in red rexine
cover. Lettered on back,
Carriage paid home.

Cash must accompany
order.

ECHO PRESS LTD.

THEATRICAL PRINTERS,

LOUGHBOROUGH

WEST WORTHING

To Let Furnished

SMALL MODERN
HOUSE WITH
GARAGE.

Two Minutes from Sea.

"HALTON,"
SUNNY CLOSE,
SEA PLACE,
W. WORTHING.

Apply—

Miss E. Pierpoint,
47, Minster Road,
N.W.2.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

DORNEY REACH,
Nr. MAIDENHEAD.

SMALL HOME SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG CHILDREN
DAY PUPILS AND BOARDERS.

Terms Moderate

APPLY PRINCIPAL.



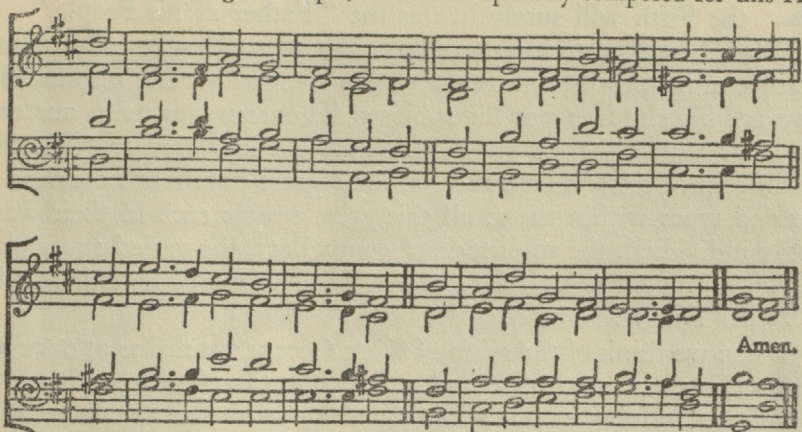
[By permission of Messrs. W. & D. Downey.]

CORONATION HYMN

Words by A. C. AINGER.

Music by SIR WALTER PARRATT.

Master of the Music to His Majesty the King, Organist of
St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Specially composed for this Hymn.



O God, Who, in the days of old,
Didst raise up David from the fold,
Who didst to David's son impart
A wise and understanding heart,

O King of Kings, to-day look down
From heaven, Thy dwelling place, and crown
With blessings from Thy throne outpoured,
Thy servant, and our sovereign lord.

Bless him with health, and length of days,
With wealth and power, with fame and praise:
Bless with the crown all crowns above,
His people's trust, his people's love.

Let truth and justice, joy and peace,
Through all his world-wide realms increase:
And send him from Thy holy place
Thy saving help, Thy favouring grace.

Bless Thou our King, and with him bless
With lifelong health and happiness,
With children's children at her knee,
The mother of our kings to be.

So we, for whom Thou dost provide,
The flock Thou deignest, Lord, to guide,
With grateful hearts, and loud acclaim,
Will laud and magnify Thy name. Amen.

GEORGE THE FIFTH—FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE

KINGS have often been given descriptive titles by their people, and as Edward the Seventh will live as the "Peacemaker" so George the Fifth will surely live as the "Father of his People."

When he talked to his Empire on Christmas Day he called himself the father of his people and no word could better describe his attitude to us, we are his children not his subjects, he encourages us in our enterprise, bears patiently with our perverse ways and varied temperaments, English, Irish, Scots, Welsh, the Empire's great dominions overseas and the varied types within them, all this great people each in their way so strongly individual, the multitude of counsellors, the varied statesmen—all these, no matter what their politics, faith or work, honour and love their father King.

When we think of the reign of King George we realise at once what anxieties this sincere, sensitive and selfless King has had to endure. We think of his infinite understanding and sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men.

His serious illness must have brought near to him the definite knowledge of our love and need for him. We drew him back to us as the gates were opening to let him in to another kingdom.

In the twenty-five years of his reign we have known the devastation of the Great War, yet with all its horror, waste, suffering and ruin it brought the knowledge of man's endurance, unselfishness, devotion, heroism. I can well imagine that, as the King's heart bled for his country's suffering, so it must have thrilled at his people's strength and loyalty.

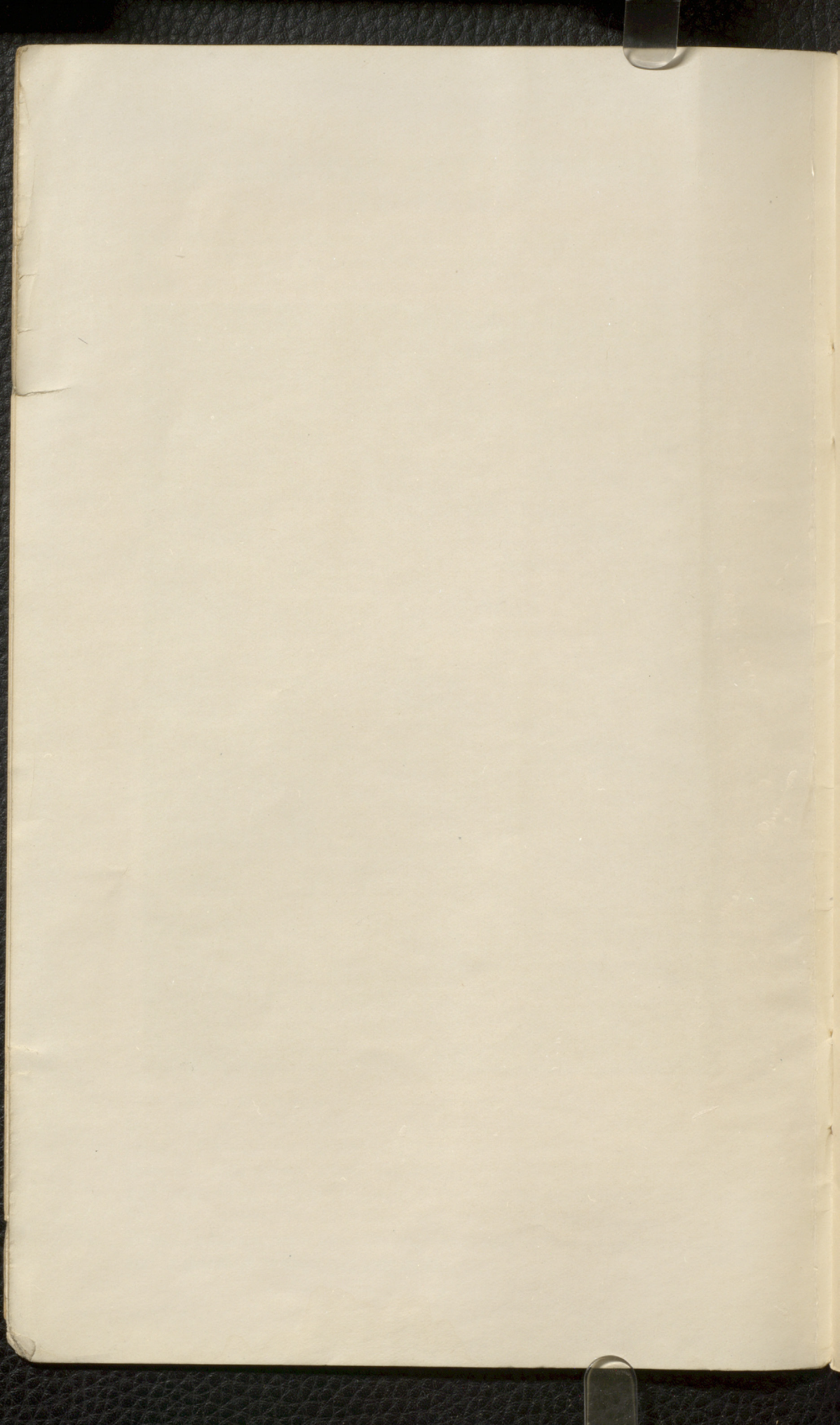
Mechanical progress has been almost miraculous, what our grandparents would have regarded as a miracle we look upon as a matter of course. We can talk with our friend five thousand miles away when we wish, we can press a button and let the voices of the world into our quiet room. A great part of the world's labour has been taken over by the Robot Man. Mechanical transport is in our streets, on and under the great waters, in the air, and the girdling of the earth in forty minutes is a possibility and not a mere Puckish feat.

Social conditions have been bettered beyond all belief, the slum areas are disappearing, holidays, playing fields, open spaces for the herded people of our great cities have come into being, children are now recognised as the fateful new generation.

These twenty-five years of King George's reign have been twenty-five years of rapid scientific achievement; let us be careful that in this rushing forward we do not lose home life, reverence, courtesy, serenity, these precious things which our beloved and beautiful Queen cherishes and keeps alive. When we speak of the King we think also of the Queen; her fine personality, understanding and continual interest in all the Empire's affairs, must have been to the King, as to us, a garden of beauty and inspiration within his vast estate.



[By permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.]



SHAKESPEARE'S CAVALCADE.

Extracts from the King-plays of England's greatest poet-dramatist.

THIS ENGLAND

GAUNT: This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself
Against infection, and the hand of war:
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

Richard II. Act II, Scene 1.

THE KING'S HOLIDAY

GLOUCESTER:

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

Richard III. Act I, Scene 1.

THE DAY

KING PHILIP:

To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.

King John. Act IV, Sc. 1.

DUKE OF YORK:

Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright
To entertain great England's lawful King.

King Henry VI, Part II, Act V, Sc. 1.

KING EDWARD:

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets!

King Henry VI, Part III, Act V, Sc. 3.

THE PROCESSION

DUKE OF YORK :

You would have thought the very windows spake
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage
Whilst he from one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck
Bespake them thus—I thank you, countrymen :
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

THE CROWD

A MAN : Pray sir be patient ! 'Tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter them as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning, which will never be.
We may as well push against Paul's as stir them.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN :

Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here !
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in : are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs?

King Henry VIII, Act V, Sc. 3.

PROLOGUE :

Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours.

King Henry VIII.

THE CROWN

KING JOHN :

Here once again we sit, once again crowned,
And looked upon I hope with cheerful eyes.

PEMBROKE :

This once again, but that your highness pleased
Was once superfluous : you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

SALISBURY :

Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

PRINCE HENRY :

King John. Act IV, Sc. 2.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow !
O polished perturbation ! golden care !
That keepst the ports of slumber open wide
So many a watchful night.

PRINCE HENRY :

There is your crown,

And he that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours !

King Henry IV, Part II. Act IV, Sc. 4.

THE LONELINESS OF KINGS

KING JOHN :

Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds
To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou poss'ed with a thousand wrongs:
Or if that surley spirit melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy thick
(Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purpose;) Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;
Then in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not:—yet I love thee well;
And by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

King John. Act III, Sc. 3.

HOMAGE

BUCKINGHAM :

My vows and prayers
Are yet the King's, and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him : may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be !
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

King Henry VIII. Act II, Sc. 1.

CANTERBURY :

The King is full of grace and fair regard.

ELY : And a true lover of the Holy Church.

King Henry V. Act I, Sc. 1.

WESTMORELAND :

Never King of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects.

King Henry V. Act I, Sc. 1.

EARL OF GLOUCESTER :

The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

King Henry VI, Part I. Act III, Sc. 1.

BISHOP GARDINER :

Dread Sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,
Not only good and wise, but much religious.

King Henry VIII. Act V, Sc. 2.

KING RICHARD :

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King.
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.

King Richard II. Act III, Sc. 2.

BOLINGBROKE :

May many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most-loving liege !

NORFOLK :

Each day still better others' happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown.

King Richard II. Act I, Sc. 1.

NORFOLK :

My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.

King Richard II. Act I, Sc. 1.

KING'S WISDOM

KING HENRY:

A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon,—for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly.

Henry V. Act V, Sc. 2.

KING HENRY:

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Henry VI. Act III, Sc. 2.

RICHARD:

True hope is swift and flies with swallows wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Richard III. Act V, Sc. 3.

KING RICHARD:

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live unto the world
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but my self,
I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer it out,
My brain I'll prove the female of my soul;
My soul the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermixed
With scruples,
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride;
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortunes slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.

Thus play I in one person many people,
And none of them contented: sometimes I am a king:
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king:
Then, am I king again:

—but whate'er I am

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased, toll he be eased
With being nothing. (Music) Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! Keep time:—how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disordered string;
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs, they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

Richard II. Act V, Sc. 5.

KING'S PHILOSOPHY

LEAR:

No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou doth ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins, who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies; And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.

King Lear. Act V, Sc. 3.

SLEEPLESS MAJESTY

KING HENRY :

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody
O, thou dull god! Why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Henry IV. Act III, Sc. 1.

THE QUEEN

(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sov'reign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens:—she's nobly born;
And like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Henry VIII. Act II, Sc. 4.

KING HENRY:

WAR

On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your Mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"
Henry V. Act III, Sc. 1.

PEACE

KING HENRY:

Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
To this debate, that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.

King Henry IV, Part II. Act IV, Sc. 4.

KING HENRY:

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master.

Henry IV. Act I, Sc. 1.

FRENCH KING :

Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me : that the contending Kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each others' happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christianlike accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword twixt England and fair France.

King Henry V. Act V, Sc. 2.

THE BURDEN OF DISLOYALTY

KING HENRY :

O God ! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall sheer the fleece :
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?
O, yes it doth ; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Henry VI. III, Act II, Sc. 5.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH

CRANMER: This royal infant,—Heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be,—
But few now living can behold that goodness,—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,—
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,—
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—our children's children
Shall see this and bless heaven. *Henry VIII. Act V, Sc. 4.*

OUR ALLIES

KING PHILIP OF FRANCE:

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and linked together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our Kingdoms and our royal selves.

King John. Act III, Sc. 1.

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“to talk of many things—”

OUR thoughts at this period must be with thrones, the glitter and the gold, the pageantry of kings. But we like also to recall the little human incidents which make them more real to us. As a nation we possess humorous outlook even upon tragedy, we can laugh at death. This possession of humour has been one of the nation's great assets, a bulwark against adversity and so, when we think of our kings and queens we remember the little things about them that entertained us, and that held our interest when we were children.

Without consulting history books I watch our Cavalcade of Kings—

- 1066 *William the Conqueror*. What is the immediate picture we have of him, is it the Battle of Hastings (even, when we think of that, we recall, not the battle itself, but the arrow which shot Harold); is it the great Domesday Book? No. When we think of his death we think of the horse treading on the red hot cinder in Nantes. In life, what leaps to my mind is William's difficulty in conquering the proud, fierce, stubborn heart of Matilda. I can see him riding over the drawbridge and appearing in the midst of Matilda's amazed ladies at their tapestry work, seizing her by her hair and swinging her round his head. He had come to teach her manners and this was his way. She had sneered at his birth—he taught her to respect him, and that for them Might was Right.
- 1087 *William Rufus*. I remember that he had red hair and was killed by Tyrrell's arrow, inoffensive now he lies, once one of our wickedest kings, in beautiful Winchester Cathedral.
- 1100 *Henry Beauclerc*. I remember that he died from a surfeit of lampreys; scholars are not always ascetics—he was not the first and he will not be the last to die of over-eating.
- 1135 *Stephen*. I see continual fighting, and Matilda escaping from Oxford through the snow—clad in white!
- 1154 *Henry II*. I think of broken friendship—the murder of Thomas à Becket.
- 1189 *Richard Coeur de Lion*. I see him ever away on Crusades—riding a black horse—Blondel's song outside the prison walls waiting to hear Richard's voice. His magnificent return, with London garlanded and decorated as to-day. His “Saucy Castle,” entirely blocking the Seine between Rouen and Paris. “I would take it, were its walls of iron,” said the exasperated French King; “And I would hold it were its walls of butter,” parried Richard.
- 1199 *John Lackland*, who let so much of France slip through his fingers and was finally brought to book on Runnymede and made to sign the Magna Charta. I see him losing his treasures in the Wash. He died in a temper after a gluttonous debauch.

- 1216 *Henry III.* I think of him as the cause of Parliament being instituted, and that he was the first of our kings who loved art.
- 1272 *Edward Longshanks*, our great Plantagenet King. I think of his wife, Queen Eleanor, sucking the poison from his wound. I think of King's Cross, Charing Cross, and the many other chains of crosses that were raised to mark the place where her body rested on its last journey from Scotland.
- 1307 *Edward the Second*, the man of mistaken favourites, passes before me, produced by Marlowe.
- 1327 *Edward the Third* brings to mind Cressy and Poitiers, bows and arrows, the beginning of the Hundred Years War, the building of Windsor Castle, his splendid son, the Black Prince.
- 1377 *Richard the Second* passes before me produced by Shakespeare. I have always been sorry for him but never liked him.
- 1399 *Henry the Fourth* I see in two parts—producer, Shakespeare.
- 1413 *Henry the Fifth* I see again in two parts, *Revels and Royalty*—the glory of Agincourt. Superhuman fighting with personality leading against fearful odds. His wooing of Katherine and his tragically early death at Vincennes.
- 1422 *Henry the Sixth* I see being crowned as a baby in Notre Dame. I see the burning of Joan of Arc in his childhood. Endless quarrelling among his nobles and the plucking of the red and white roses.
- 1461 *Edward the Fourth*, like many other kings, did a number of things their prerogative brings, but most of us remember principally that he drowned his brother Clarence in a butt of Malmsey; the king who believed in too much of a good thing—for other people.
- 1483 *Edward the Fifth*—tragedy—the origin of fear of bed in the dark for children. Originator of the wicked uncle.
- 1483 *Richard Crookback*. His villainies are known to everybody, if he had virtues they have been forgotten.
- 1485 *Henry the Seventh*, whose wonderful mother, the Lady Margaret, built colleges in Cambridge and Oxford, while Caxton set up his printing press in Westminster. I also think of two other personalities in his reign, Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Simnel.
- 1509 *Henry the Eighth*. I forget much of Henry the Eighth's work in the interest of his love affairs, yet I know his kingly acts, his love of beautiful buildings, and that he was a poet and a musician; let me read of him again.
- 1547 *Edward the Sixth*, the founder of our grammar schools. I always remember him when I see Blue Coat boys, who still wear yellow stockings as he did.
- 1553 *Mary* was the lady Queen who owned the unladylike adjective and had Calais engraved upon her heart.
- 1558 *Elizabeth* we know well, every sidelight of her life is interesting. It was she who founded the J.Ps. She realised the importance of the middle class and wished to honour it. Great figures pass before our eyes—Shakespeare, Raleigh, Drake, Spenser, Burleigh, Bacon—ships, royal progresses, the Armada, great days, yet in spite of it all we remember her vanity, her wig, her little shoes, her wonderful hands, and the ring she gave to Essex, and that she fought death standing.

1603 *James the First* bringing Scotland over the border with him. He shrank from a sword of steel but was ever ready for wordy warfare. His reign will always be remembered by the youth of England for Guy Fawkes.

1625 *Charles the First* I remember chiefly for the superb way he met that unconquerable enemy of king and commoner—it is through his death and not his life that he will live. One of the few statues in London that we can all admire is that of Charles I by Le Sueur in Whitehall, which was hidden in a cellar during Cromwell's rule.

1649 *Cromwell*. The Protector gazes sternly at us, his back to Parliament, his statue in Parliament Square. We think of the destruction of the beautiful for which he is held responsible, not wholly justly. He shut our Theatres and established our Puritan Sunday. He knew little of laughter but much of sincerity.

1660 *Charles II* we remember his ladies and his dogs and are apt to forget what a fine statesman he was, and that to save his navy he taxed the theatre that he loved. All children know the rhyme:

Here lies our sovereign lord the King

Whose word no man relies on;

He never said a foolish thing

And never did a wise one.

The King when he heard it replied "That's true enough, my words are my own, my actions are my ministers."

1685 *James the Second*, the church of Rome, ecclesiastical controversy, I remember nothing more.

1689 *William of Orange* made a very good William of England and has always been a favourite King of mine.

1702 *Anne*. When we think of Queen Anne we think also of Marlborough's brilliant victories and his lonely old age and of the Queen drinking beer and playing cards, tortured with rheumatism and laden with jewels.

1714 *George the First*

1727 *George the Second*

1760 *George the Third*

1820 *George the Fourth*

} For these we go to Thackeray.

Every child remembers George the Third asking how the apple got inside the dumpling. George the Fourth was the last King to lead his troops personally on the battlefield and now sits astride his horse in Trafalgar Square. A bookcase in my room holds George the Fourth's set of English Dramatists which he presented to my great grandfather and which gave me my first appreciation of drama.

1830 *William the Fourth*, our Sailor King as indeed is George the Fifth.

1837 *Queen Victoria* some of us remember—I do. I can see her now quite vividly and feel the dominance of her personality in spite of her, then, dumpy figure. I saw her continually when I was a child in the Isle of Wight, driving out in her pony carriage, and on one occasion she invited me to join her picnic, so whatever I have not done, I have sucked bones with Queen Victoria.

They are more than shades, these kings and queens. They are so alive they actively matter to us, we dispute over their characters, their lives, their rules. We fight over them.

I remember hearing a little man who espoused the lost cause of Charles the Martyr and got very heated over it in Trafalgar Square. He was challenged by a rival faction and soon became the centre of a melee. A taxi-driver jerked his thumb over to the fracas and enquired of a crossing-sweeper what the argument was about. "Charles I and Oliver Cromwell" was the information.

"My Gawd," said the driver, raising his eyebrows and turning to crank his engine. "Both the perishers is dead, anyway."

JUBILEE JUMBLE.

THIS is the time when we read our History books. For accuracy we read Green; I like also the laconic history of Hume and Smollett, read Pope again; in fact our reading for this particular period could not be better directed than towards our Kings and Queens. In this swift moving, vital, colourful drama, there is pathos, tenderness, comedy; such reading leaves one gasping and agape at the wonder and splendour of our country's history, its gallant deeds and gay escapades. Tragedy and comedy are jumbled together—a patchwork of the years.

I am including in the collection I have made some familiar, and some less familiar items.

I have seen a French manuscript containing accounts of some private disbursements of this King. There is an article among others, of a crown paid to one for making the King laugh. To judge by the events of this reign, this ought not to have been an easy undertaking.

From David Hume's History of Edward II.

THE VICAR OF BRAY

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous High Churchman was I,
And so I got preferment;
To teach my flock, I never miss'd,
Kings were by God appointed,
And d——d are those that do resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed:

Chorus

And this is law, I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King may reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir!

When Royal James possess'd the crown,
And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration :
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.

When William was our King declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance :
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non resistance.

When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory :
Occasional Conformists base,
I curs'd their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was,
By such prevarication.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And mod'rate men look'd big, sir,
I turn'd a cat in pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender;
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession;
To these I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep possession :
For in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be,
Until the times do alter.

Chorus

And this is law, I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King may reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir !

"SUCH A KING HARRY—"

Know ye your Harry, men of Chepe?
Harry has lopped the dolphin's fin;
Harry, whose hand was wont to leap
To cup and dimpled chin!
Know ye your Harry, Jack and Ned,
Now that he rides in battered steel,
A broken helm upon his head,
A bent spur on his heel!
Know ye your Harry, revellers all,
Whose lips the spilt wine used to stain?
The King of France tossed him a ball,
And—he tossed it back again!
The King of France flung him a sneer,
Holding him for a worthless thing;
Hath not our Harry proven clear
Which was the truer King?
The saints of heaven have blessed his blade,
And the bows and pikes in their degree;
Was ever, since royal crowns were made,
Such a King as he?
And know ye what a King was this,
Now that to Westminster he goes,
Upon his lips death's lingering kiss,
And on his brow death's rose?
Aforetime he went there to pray,
"Te Deum" thundered deep;
Now 'tis "Placebo" that they say,
And he goeth there to sleep.
Of English oak his bed is hewn,
With carven leopards round;
The flowers about his cold hands strewn
Grew upon English ground.
With rosemary and herb o' grace
And many small, sad flowers
We carry to his resting-place
This valiant King of ours.
God rest his soul! Heaven's high towers glow
Beyond death's mountains dim;
And at the blessed gate I trow
St. George will welcome him in.

Dorothy Margaret Stuart.

A JACOBITE TOAST

God bless the King—I mean the Faith's Defender.
God bless (no harm in blessing!) the Pretender;
But who Pretender is, and who is King,
—God bless us all, that's quite another thing.

FROM SIR WALTER RALEIGH TO THE EARL OF ESSEX

"My heart was never broke till this day, that I hear the queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years, with so great love and desire, in so many journeys, and am now left behind her in a dark prison all alone. While she was yet near at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less; but even now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery. I, that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph, sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like Orpheus; behold the sorrow of this world! once amiss hath bereaved me of all. O glory that only shineth in misfortune! what is become of thy assurance? All wounds have fears but that of fantasy: All affections their relenting but that of womankind. Who is the judge of friendship but adversity, or when is grace witnessed but in offences? There were no divinity but by reason of compassion; for revenges are brutish and mortal. All those times pass, the loves, the sighs, the sorrows, the desires, cannot they weigh down one frail misfortune? Cannot one drop of gall be hid in so great heaps of sweetness? I may then conclude, *Spes and Fortuna, valete*. She is gone in whom I trusted; and of me hath not one thought of mercy, nor any respect of that which was. Do with me now therefore what you list. I am more weary of life than they are desirous I should perish; which if it had been for her, as it is by her, I had been too happily born."

It is to be remarked that this nymph, Venus, goddess, angel, was then about sixty.

Hume's History of England, Vol. viii.

A KING'S LOVE-LETTER

(Written by Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn in the year 1528 when the King was seeking a Papal pronouncement annulling his marriage with Katharine of Aragon).

My mistress and friend, my heart and I surrender ourselves into your hands, beseeching you to hold us commended to your favour, and that by absence your affection to us may not be lessened: for it would be a great pity to increase our pain, of which absence produces enough and more than I could ever have thought could be felt, reminding us of a point in astronomy which is this: the longer the days are, the more distant is the sun, and nevertheless the hotter; so it is with our love, for by absence we are kept at a distance from one another, and yet it retains its fervour, at least on my side; I hope the like on yours, assuring you that on my part the pain of absence is already too great for me, and when I think of the increase of that which I am forced to suffer, it would be almost intolerable, but for the firm hope I have of your unchangeable affection for me: and to remind you of this sometimes, and seeing that I cannot be personally present with you, I now send you the nearest thing I can to that, namely, my picture set in bracelets, with the whole of the device, which you already know, wishing myself in their place, if it should please you. This is from the hand of your loyal servant and friend.

H.R.

EDWARD V.

1483.

Edward the First was the one that was tall,
Edward the Second was weakest of all,
Edward the Third was the first in the fray,
Edward the Fourth the most gallant and gay—
And Edward the Fifth was a nice little lad
Who never grew up to be good or be bad.

He might have been braver than Edward the Third,
Like Edward the Second, he might have been worst,
He might have been braver than Edward the Third,
Or than Edward the Fourth a more debonair bird—
But what Edward the Fifth would have been as a man,
Well, nobody knows, because nobody can.

Alas for this nice little, poor little lad!
His reign was the shortest that any king had—
And if, gentle reader, you want to know why,
Turn to Richard the Third, and you'll find the reply.

Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon.

JAMES II.

1685

Four Stuart kings there were, whose names
Were James and Charles and Charles and James.

The first, as history makes plain,
Was ugly, greedy, gross and vain.

The second, it must be allowed,
Was dense, pernickety and proud.

The third, if I make no mistake,
Was an incorrigible rake.

The fourth combined, it seems to me,
The vices of the other three.

So England cried, "Avaunt! no more
These Scottish Stuarts we'll adore,

But try instead a monarch much
Safer, if stodgier, from the Dutch."

So Orange William hove in sight,
And James the Second took to flight,
Since when no Stuart has been known
To sit upon the English throne.

But though in practice they were not
A very efficacious lot,

They still look well in picture frames,
Do James and Charles and Charles and James.

Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon.

THE GOOD QUEEN ANNE!

Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain, was in her person of the middle size, well proportioned. Her hair was of a dark brown colour, her complexion ruddy; her features were regular, her countenance was rather round than oval, and her aspect more comely than majestic. Her voice was clear and melodious, and her presence engaging. Her capacity was naturally good, but not much cultivated by learning; nor did she exhibit any marks of extraordinary genius, or personal ambition. She was certainly deficient in that vigour of mind by which a prince ought to preserve his independence, and avoid the snares and fetters of sycophants and favourites: But whatever her weakness in this particular might have been, the virtues of her heart were never called in question. She was a pattern of conjugal affection and fidelity, a tender mother, a warm friend, an indulgent mistress, a munificent patron, a mild and merciful princess, during whose reign no subject's blood was shed for treason. She was zealously attached to the church of England from conviction rather than from prepossession, unaffectedly pious, just, charitable and compassionate. She felt a mother's fondness for her people, by whom she was universally beloved with a warmth of affection which even the prejudice of party could not abate. In a word, if she was not the greatest, she was certainly one of the best and most unblemished sovereigns that ever sat upon the throne of England; and well deserved the expressive, though simple epithet of "The good Queen Anne."

Smollett's History of England. Vol. iii.

KING ALFRED

(Traditional)

When good King Alfred ruled our land,
He was a goodly King:
He took two bags of barley meal
To make a bag pudding.

A bag pudding he quickly made,
And stuffed it full of plums,
He put therein two lumps of fat
As big as my two thumbs.

And then the King and Queen both ate,
And all the Court beside,
And what they could not eat that night
The Queen next morning fried.

THE QUEEN IN FRANCE

It fell upon the August month,
When landsmen bide at home,
That our gude Queen went out to sail
Upon the saut-sea faem.
And she has ta'en the silk and gowd
The like was never seen;
And she has ta'en the Prince Albert,
And the bauld Lord Aberdeen.
“Ye'se bide at hame, Lord Wellington:
Ye daurna gang wi' me:
For ye hae been ance in the land of France
And that's eneuch for ye.
“Ye'se bide at hame, Sir Robert Peel,
To gather the red and the white monie;
And see that my men dinna eat me up
At Windsor wi' their gluttonie.”
They hadna sailed a league, a league,—
A league, but barely twa,
When the lift grew dark, and the waves grew wan,
And the wind began to blaw.
“O weel weel may the waters rise,
In welcome o' their Queen;
What gars ye look sae white, Albert?
What makes your ee sae green?”
“My heart is sick, my heid is sair:
Gie me a glass o' the gude brandie;
To set my foot on the braid green sward,
I'd give the half o' my yearly fee.
“It's sweet to hunt the sprightly hare
On the bonny slopes o' Windsor lea,
But O, it's ill to bear the thud
And pitching of the saut saut sea!”

Bon Gaultier.

HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY

Here's a health unto His Majesty
With a fal lal lal la la la
And he that will not pledge his health
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself;
With a fal, etc.

John Saville

His Majesty* expressed a desire to have the literary biography of this country ably executed, and proposed to Dr. Johnson to undertake it. Johnson signified his readiness to comply with his Majesty's wishes.

During the whole of this interview, Johnson talked to his Majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room. After the King withdrew, Johnson showed himself highly pleased with his Majesty's conversation, and gracious behaviour. He said to Mr. Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the King as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he afterwards observed to Mr. Langton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Lewis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second."

* George III.

From Boswell's Life of Johnson.

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious King,
Nation and State and King
 God save the King!
Grant him the peace divine,
But if his wars be Thine
Flash on our fighting line
 Victory's Wing!

Thou in his suppliant hands
Has placed such mighty lands:
 Save thou our King!
As once from golden skies
Rebels with flaming eyes,
So the King's enemies
 Doom Thou and fling!

Mountains that break the night
Holds He by eagle right
 Stretching far Wing.
Dawn lands for Youth to reap,
Dim lands where Empires sleep,
His and the Lion Deep
 Roars for the king.

James Elroy Flecker.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE ENGLISH THEATRE

—AN IMPRESSION. By HORACE SHIPP

THE telephone, the unescapable telephone, broke into my lotus eating somewhere along the Dorsetshire coast and She-Who-Must-be-Obedyed requested that I should "Survey" the theatre during the reign of His Majesty King George the Fifth, after the current fashion for Jubilee stocktaking. As an oblique compliment to my prowess and an indication of the slightness of the task it was suggested that I could do it in the train as I returned. Alas, there were two factors against this: firstly, that I had already pushed aside a fortnight's work to do in that three hour journey; and secondly, that a survey demands exactness even from a dramatic critic. When I *survey* I ravish the bookshelves and make pilgrimages to Colindale and Bloomsbury where the British Museum stores its diverse information. So this is *not* a Survey; but it may be an Impression.

In 1912, as I remember it, the theatre was showing most promising new life. A few years before, the courageous and practical idealism of Vedrenne and Barker at the Court had put Shaw and Galsworthy and Barker himself on the theatrical map. Miss Horniman was doing her magnificent work at Manchester, the Liverpool Repertory Theatre was just started, the Abbey in Dublin was flourishing, the Birmingham Repertory was just around the corner of time. Charles Frohman had little more than a year before giving us intelligent drama at the famous Duke of York's Repertory Season which, even though it were not itself a success, gave a tremendous impetus to the whole movement.

How intensely alive it all was in those halcyon years at the beginning of the reign! This whole repertory movement had discovered a new type of drama, quietly realistic, concerned with the ordinary doings of ordinary people, and with it had discovered a number of new dramatists with a message of social faith. Alongside it the work of J. T. Grein in the old Independent Theatre of the nineties had left its noble legacy of the Stage Society which kept us aware of the best drama of our own new men and equally of the great Continental playwrights. At last the wind seemed set fair, the doldrums escaped, the vessel moving.

Then came the war. The theatre was among the first casualties. At least the decent theatre was. Tired Tommies became the order of the day. In the theatre as elsewhere the profiteers made a golden harvest of the misery of the world. The rack-renters established themselves firmly across the West End playhouses so that theatrical production became possible only if a piece played to capacity from the start. The gratification of the greatest number was the only rule of the theatre, and for the war years those immediately following things were little short of appalling.

The record of the worth-while theatre since has been a story of heroic managements, heroic producing societies, heroic individuals, plunging about to try to establish some foothold against the current still flowing strongly from the banality and frivolity of those years. The enormous popular growth of the cinema and the later invention of the talkies added to the difficulties. The economic slump, that other inevitable by-product of war, increased them further. But in spite of all the theatre survives. As we look back over the period since the war we see that there has always been a theatre somewhere, somehow, battling against the current. Nigel Playfair out at Hammersmith, Philip Ridgway putting on Tchechov away at Barnes, Norman Macdermott struggling for years at the Everyman at Hampstead, Leon M. Lion gives us Galsworthy, Lewis Casson and Sybil Thorndyke asserting whenever they took the risk of management their faith in the good things of the theatre: name after name, occasion after occasion comes to mind.

It is all, as everything in England tends to be, unorganised and chancy, depending entirely as the hospitals would say "upon voluntary contributions." Sometimes a rich man like Sir Barry Jackson contributes something big like the regular yearly Festival at Malvern. Sometimes a Philistine commercial manager proves that he loves the thing he kills by giving us beauty and truth. Sometimes the thousand to one chances against the right people getting a show are overthrown, and a Noel Coward, a John van Druten are brought into the theatre. Thus, somewhere, somehow the right thing goes on happening despite the heavy odds in favour of the wrong thing, and because I love the theatre, and believe in it, and hold that its health is an important part of the greatness of England, I watch for those chance happenings and give them whatever support is in my power. Which explains, if explanation were needed, why I obey when the Director of the People's National Theatre asks me to do something for this particular contribution to the theatre's well-being.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE THEATRE

IT is interesting to follow the theatre's movements throughout the twenty-five eventful years of this reign. Below is a list of the plays showing at the London theatres on May 6th, 1910, and also a list of the artistes who were playing. Of these artistes we have lost during the last twenty-five years Charles Rock, James Welch, George Tully, Norman Forbes, Frank Cooper, Arthur Bouchier, Norman Trevor, Lewis Waller, Leonard Boyne, Fred Terry, H. B. Irving, George Alexander, Alfred Lester, Charles Hawtrey, Eric Lewis, Herbert Waring, Charles Wyndham, Alfred Bishop, Mary Moore, Rutland Barrington, Lyell Swete, Miss Compton, Mrs. Calvert, Sydney Valentine, Laurence Irving and Mabel Hackney (these last two fine artistes went down on the "Empress of Ireland" in the St. Lawrence River). Thus the twenty-five years have taken their toll.

I think it will interest you as it has interested me to see how many of the "star names" are still stars to-day. It is something of an achievement to shine for twenty-five years.

PLAYS WHICH WERE BEING PERFORMED ON MAY 6th, 1910.

ADELPHI. *The House of Temperley*.—Ben Webster, Chas. Rock, EDMUND GWENN, Bassett Roe, Mrs. Russ Whytal.

ALDWYCH. *The Bad Girl of the Family*.—Violet Inglefield.

APOLLO. *The Islander*.—Fred Allandale, Neil Kenyon, Sam Walsh, Elaine Inescourt, Elsie Spain.

COMEDY. *Alias Jimmy Valentine*.—Gerald du Maurier, Guy Standing, Harry Nicholls, C. M. Hallard, Alexandra Carlisle.

CRITERION. *When Knights Were Bold*.—James Welch, George F. Tully, H. K. Ayliff, Audrey Ford.

DALY'S. *The Dollar Princess*.—Robert Michaelis, W. H. Berry, Basil Foster, Joe Coyne, Emmy Wehten, Gabrielle Ray, Gladys Cooper, Lily Elsie.

DRURY LANE. *The Whip*.—Basil Gill, George Barrett, Austin Melford, Fanny Brough, Nancy Price, Jessie Bateman, Madge Fabian.

- DUKE OF YORK'S. *Prunella*.—Chas. Maude, Lewis Casson, Hubert Harben, Sybil Thorndike, Mary Jerrold, Dorothy Minto.
- GAIETY. *Our Miss Gibbs*.—George Grossmith, O. B. Clarence, Robert Hale, Edmund Payne, Denise Orme, Gladys Homfrey, Maisie Gay, Gertie Millar.
- GARRICK. *Dame Nature*.—Ernest Leicester, Norman Forbes, Frank Cooper, J. D. Beveridge, Agnes Hewitt, Ethel Irving.
- GLOBE. *Parasites*.—Arthur Bouchier, A. E. George, Norman Trevor, Constance Collier, Marie Lindon.
- HAYMARKET. *The Blue Bird*.—Carlotta Addison, H. R. Hignett, Doris Lytton, Fisher White, Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, C. V. France, William Farren.
- LYCEUM. *The Prince and the Beggar Maid*.—Godfrey Tearle, Halliwell Hobber, Annie Saker, Eric Mayne.
- LYRIC. *The Rivals*.—Lewis Waller, Robert Loraine, Leonard Boyne, Lottie Venne, Kate Cutler.
- NEW. *The Scarlet Pimpernel*.—Fred Terry, Horace Hodges, Miriam Lewes.
- PLAYHOUSE. *Tantalising Tommy*.—Cyril Maude, Kenneth Douglas, Maidie Hope, Marie Löhr.
- PRINCE OF WALES. *The Balkan Princess*.—Bertram Wallis, Lauri de Frece, Mabel Sealby, Hazel Dawn, Isabel Jay.
- QUEEN'S. *Louis XI*.—H. B. Irving, Eille Norwood, Rosina Filippi, Dorothea Baird.
- ST. JAMES'S. *Importance of Being Earnest*.—Geo. Alexander, Allan Aynesworth, Rosalie Toller, Stella Patrick Campbell.
- SHAFTESBURY. *The Arcadians*.—Dan Rolyat, Alfred Lester, Nelson Keys, Ada Blanche, Phyllis Dare, Florence Smithson.
- STRAND. *Two Merry Monarchs*.—Phil Smith, Lennox Pawle, Hayden Coffin, Daisy Le Hay.
- WYNDHAM'S. *The Naked Truth*.—Chas Hawtrey, Arthur Playfair, Eric Lewis, Ernest Thesiger, Maude Cressall, Clare Greet.

THE FIRST PLAY PRODUCED IN LONDON AFTER THE KING'S ACCESSION WAS AT THE GARRICK, 13th May, 1910, *The Dawn of a To-morrow*.—Herbert Waring, Jameson Lee Finney, James Hearn, Henry Ainley and Gertrude Elliott (Lady Forbes-Robertson).

- The Principal Productions during the remainder of the year were :—
- MAY **Richard III.* LYCEUM.—Martin Harvey (for the first time).
- JUNE **The Case of Rebellious Susan.*—Chas. Wyndham, Alfred Bishop, Chas. Quartermaine, Ellis Jeffreys, Attene Seyler, Marie Illington, Mary Moore.
- The Girl in the Train.* VAUDEVILLE.—Robert Evett, Rutland Barrington, Huntley Wright, Phyllis Dare.
- The Speckled Band.* ADELPHI.—Lyn Harding, H. A. Saintsbury, Christine Silver.
- Priscilla Runs Away.* HAYMARKET.—Lyll Swete, Charles Maude, C. V. France, Phyllis Neilson-Terry.
- SEPT. **Henry VIII.* HIS MAJESTY'S.—Tree, Bouchier, Ainley, Violet Vanbrugh, Laura Cowie, Mrs. Calvert.
- Nobody's Daughter.* WYNDHAM'S.—Du Maurier, Sydney Valentine, Ronald Squire, Leon Quartermaine, Lilian Braithwaite, Henrietta Watson, Mary Rorke.
- The Chocolate Soldier.* LYRIC.—Constance Drewer, Amy Augarde, Elsie Spain, Charles Workman, Roland Cunningham, T. A. Shale.
- OCT. *Inconstant George.* PRINCE OF WALES.—Chas. Hawtrey, C. Aubrey Smith, Ernest Thesigel, Lydia Bilbrook, Hilda Moore, Doris Lytton.
- **Lysistrata.* LITTLE THEATRE, OPENED FOR THE FIRST TIME.—Gertrude Kingston, Dorothy Minto, Guy Rathbone, Herbert Standing.
- Count Hannibal.* NEW.—Oscar Asche, Ben Webster, George Relph.
- **The Liars.* CRITERION.—Chas. Wyndham, Ellis Jeffreys, Mary Moore, Lettice Fairfax.
- NOV. *The Quaker Girl.* ADELPHI.—Hayden Coffin, Joe Coyne, Gracie Leigh, Gertie Millar.
- The Unwritten Law.* GARRICK.—Laurence Irving and Mabel Hackney.
- Eccentric Lord Comberdene.* ST. JAMES'S.—Geo. Alexander, Athole Stewart, J. H. Barnes and Miss Compton.
- * Signifies revival.

May 6th, 1910, was the date of the Accession, Coronation year was 1911, but this does not count in reckoning the Silver Jubilee. It is interesting also to note that all London theatres were closed on Saturday, May 7th, 1910. The Lord Chamberlain, however, advised the Theatrical Managers' Association on that date that, by King George's orders, the theatres should remain open, except on the actual day of King Edward's funeral. In consequence, the Haymarket was reopened on Monday, May 9th, the Lyceum and Aldwych on Tuesday, May 10th, and on Wednes-

day, May 11th, Drury Lane, St. James's, Criterion, New, Savoy, Comedy and Lyric reopened with their matinee performances, and were joined in the evening by all other theatres except the Strand, Adelphi, Playhouse and Queen's. The Strand reopened on Thursday, 12 May, Adelphi, Playhouse and Queen's reopened on Saturday, 14th May.

Now look at a list of the plays showing at the London theatres on May 6th, 1935.

ADELPHI	<i>Stop Press</i>
ALDWYCH	<i>The Dominant Sex</i>
ALHAMBRA	<i>The Flying Trapeze</i>
AMBASSADORS	<i>A Woman Passed By</i>
APOLLO	<i>Hyde Park Corner</i>
CAMBRIDGE	<i>The Greeks Had a Word For It</i>
COLISEUM	<i>Dancing City</i>
COMEDY	<i>Shall We Reverse?</i>
CRITERION	<i>All Rights Reserved</i>
DALY'S	<i>Love and Let Love</i>
DRURY LANE	<i>Glamorous Night</i>
DUCHESS	<i>Cornelius</i>
EMBASSY	<i>Ten Minute Alibi</i>
GAIETY	<i>Jack O' Diamonds</i>
GARRICK	<i>Love on the Dole</i>
GLOBE	<i>Youth at the Helm</i>
HAYMARKET	<i>Barnet's Folly</i>
HIPPODROME	<i>Yes Madam?</i>
LITTLE	<i>Lady Precious Stream</i>
LYRIC	<i>Tovarich</i>
NEW	<i>The Old Ladies</i>
OLD VIC	<i>Hamlet</i>
PALACE	<i>The Co-Optimists</i>
PHOENIX	<i>Family Affairs</i>
PICCADILLY	<i>The Shadow Man</i>
PLAYHOUSE	<i>The Skin Game</i>
QUEEN'S	<i>The Wind and The Rain</i>
ROYALTY	<i>Frolic Wind</i>
ST. JAMES'	<i>Worse Things Happen at Sea</i>
ST. MARTIN'S	<i>Man of Yesterday</i>
SAVILLE	<i>Jill, Darling!</i>
SAVOY	<i>The Aunt of England</i>
SHAFTESBURY	<i>Let's Go Gay</i>
STRAND	<i>1066 And All That</i>

VAUDEVILLE
WHITEHALL
WINTER GARDEN
WYNDHAM'S

"Charlot's Char-a-bang!"
Viceroy Sarah
Murder in Motley
Sweet Aloes

There are thirty-eight theatres open to-day—twenty-five in 1910.

I think to-day's theatrical programme compares very favourably with that of 1910, both have variety but, according to these lists, there is more serious work in the theatre to-day than yesterday. The great Drury Lane success "*The Whip*," by those two perfect collaborators of the melodrama, Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, with which I was associated for such a long period, was playing in 1910. It had some of the most realistic and impressive settings I have ever played in. I can see now the train scene—the train roaring into the tunnel, and the train accident, magnificently done. The horse race was another astounding spectacle, the horses tore along, each galloping on a moving platform. The Madame Tussaud scene, an authentic representation. With all the mechanical resources at our command to-day the theatre cannot produce more realistic scenes than those in "*The Whip*," and no producer could surpass Arthur Collins in the presentation of big spectacles.

My husband, Colonel Maude, was also playing in 1910 in "*The House of Temperley*," by Conan Doyle, at the Adelphi, though, as it happened, on the actual night of May 6th and May 7th, he was playing in "*Prunella*" for two special performances that were put on at the Duke of York's Theatre.

During the first part of this reign our outstanding dramatists were: Sir Arthur Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Sydney Grundy, H. V. Esmond. I would put these plays chiefly in the category of fine craftsmanship, technique, manners, drawing-room dramas at their best, they mirrored the social life of the day. There was also Barrie, standing alone with his whimsical fancies, his tenderness and his sentiment. Shaw, with his satire, was at this period but fare for the highbrows, caviare to the general. Next came Galsworthy and St. John Ervine with fine realistic plays—the former was a propagandist—the finest dramatic propagandist we have had. Then there were the Irish poet dramatists: Yeats, Lady Gregory, J. M. Synge, Lord Dunsany. Then a revival in the romantic drama, of which Clifford Bax's work is an example.

Later came the Thriller, and that miracle boy, Noel Coward, with his versatile mind and his remarkable photograph of our times, "*Cavalcade*." The vogue for plays round known personalities and the plays dealing with psychological questions followed. Now the audience is co-operating, their imagination is supplying half the picture, we see this actively working in our present production, "*Lady Precious Stream*."

Who are our outstanding dramatists of to-day, the dramatists who will be discussed, remembered and cherished by the public of twenty-five years hence? I would chose Sean O'Casey.

WHO WAS ROSSETTI?

by

R. L. MÉGROZ

YES, of course, he was a Pre-Raphaelite, and wrote "The Blessed Damosel." And he married a superior sort of shop-girl, Elizabeth Siddal, who died after two years of passionate marriage, and the distraught poet-painter put into her coffin the manuscripts of his unpublished poems, saying they belonged to her. Subsequently he was persuaded to allow the poems to be taken out and included in a book, thus doing his duty to society as a poet, but incurring not a little odium, which still exists, from severe moralists who feel themselves fit to pass judgment upon this extraordinary man and genius.

Thus much of the legend survives as general knowledge because of the recrudescence of Rossetti literature that has continued ever since the centenary of his birth, which was on 12th May, 1828. The legend is right as to the facts, but inadequate as a reflection of the greatest personality in nineteenth century literature. It is very difficult now to recapture from memoirs and other records enough of the living man to realise his force, why he created so much and yet no more (as if, for example, Shakespeare had ceased at "Romeo and Juliet") and just how humanly tragic, but not futile in her haunting influence, was poor little Lizzie Siddal, who, under his sway wrote strange, poignant little poems and painted dream-like pictures, some of which you may see in the Tate Gallery. It is easier by merely reading the records of contemporaries to understand what too few people even now are aware of,—the laughter, the full-blooded gusto that was Elizabethan rather than Victorian, of the two groups of brilliant young men of whom Rossetti became the central force. It is true that much of the correspondence and letters of himself, and Swinburne, Burne-Jones and William Morris, among others, is unprintable except in private editions by collectors; but I have often wished that more of it than has actually appeared might be published, just to correct the falsely-romantic view of poets, and especially of creative young men such as these.

Probably the 'nineties cult of the Pre-Raphaelites, led by Oscar Wilde and Walter Pater, helped to distort the view of the last generation, so that even to-day many people think of Rossetti in terms of his earliest paintings of his sister Christina as the Madonna, or of the frail, pale damsels of Burne-Jones's dream-world. No sort of languid and lisping aesthete of a decadence could have led the life that Rossetti led, or have dominated some of the strongest and most brilliant personalities of the time as Rossetti did. Just after his death one of his contemporaries, that intellectual cleric and excellent minor poet, Canon Richard Watson Dixon, wrote: "My recollection of him is that of greatness . . . the main features of his character were fearlessness, kindliness, a decision that sometimes made him seem arbitrary, and condensation or concentration." Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, who was, like so many other

young men of the time, immensely encouraged by Rossetti's praise, wished that he had been "some splendid exiled king" that they might have served him with their lives. More restrained and balanced, but all the more convincing are the glimpses of Rossetti's personal ascendancy over Burne-Jones, William Morris and other Oxford men, in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, a beautiful book. In that circle Burne-Jones was "Ned," Morris was "Topsy" or "Top," the red-haired Swinburne was, sometimes, just "Carrots," but Rossetti was "Gabriel" or "Dante," when he was not "the Master." And yet this ascendancy depended not at all upon any assumed dignity or airs, but rather upon others' uncalculated affection and respect. Those who could not give personal precedence or bend gracefully to this fascinating Anglo-Italian, such as Ruskin, Coventry Patmore, and Meredith, just kept away. The Rossetti circles dispensed with them, continuing so long as its centre remained constant. The first circle was composed mainly of the young pre-Raphaelite painters, Holman Hunt, Millais and (though he would not call himself a P.R.B.) the ever loyal Madox Brown; the second was more literary, including the Oxford group of Morris and Swinburne. All ardent young men—not all of them geniuses, but all vivid and, as we say now, "full of beans."

But the centre did not remain constant. At the centre of the whirling creative energy was a brooding soul that tortured itself as it matured and made wild efforts to escape by the way of sensuality. This was an alternative to the inadequate relief gained by giving plastic and poetic form to an unattained dream, and neither sufficed to bring Rossetti the longed-for peace that all men, consciously or unconsciously, pursue. The goal of peace may be seen as an idealised love, or as beauty, or as truth or goodness, though few have the terrible concentration of desire that drove Rossetti by turns to creative work and then, dulling the divine impulse, to what the shocked Ruskin summed up as "women and wine." Alas, there was also a drug in the wine to counteract insomnia, since the women failed; and in the end we find that a blowsy and common Venus with a saving grace of some divine tenderness in her greedy, thieving nature, became the dominating influence in the sensual life of this poet of "The Blessed Damosel," this painter of Dante's Beatrice.

If any of my readers do not know the full story they should go first of all to William Rossetti's *Memoirs* of his brother, and other records by contemporaries. There is not space here to trace it fully and these comments are designed primarily to stress aspects often overlooked, or distorted. In Rossetti's emotional life the biographical fact not sufficiently recognised is that the famous collection of sonnets entitled "The House of Life," which are largely passionate love-poems, like nearly all the rest of his erotic poetry, were not written to Lizzie Siddal. Most of them were written after her death and inspired by another woman, whom biographers have by consent (usual tacit) treated as anonymous.

Rossetti was still a young man when his wife died of an overdose of laudanum that was probably taken deliberately. Up to that point Rossetti's story is only half told, and the threads of his destiny had still to be brought together into the strange and pre-arranged pattern. Her subsequent

influence depended upon his pity, his remorse and an immense respect, all heightened in his turbulent soul to a pitch at which he could persuade himself that he saw and spoke to her after death. He was almost convinced that her spirit once tortured by jealousy and the pains of her consumptive and nerve-wrecked physique had become a half-maternal Beatrice in heaven to his earthly Dante. When the deeper passion, sullied by the streak of animalism, developed as he approached maturity, so far from striving to forget Lizzie, he believed that she knew and approved his new love. But when that almost complete fulfilment of his nature failed, Fanny of the corn-coloured hair, who had been his mistress before his marriage to Lizzie, Fanny, the loose but uncritical, the coarse but queerly devoted, reigned over his sensual and lonely mortal part and deepened the rift in that divided being who shunned even his friends, and could not pluck up the buried roots of an unforgotten dream.

Of his poetry, and of the shrill and painful poems written by Lizzie, perhaps the Editor will permit me to say more in a subsequent issue, if this has not bored readers already. It will be with relief that I turn from the difficult task of summarising so complex a personality, to the clear reflection in his poetry of his deepest moods. As Mr. Esmé Percy truly said in the last issue of the Magazine, "definitions are seldom satisfying and nearly always devitalizing." One has largely to depend upon suggestion, after sorting out facts. I tried to condense suggestively Rossetti's weird fate in 14 lines of verse which (and not without reason) I should hesitate to term a sonnet:—

Self-hunting heart, you opened to noon's desire
Night's deep-leaved dell where dreams moon-haunted grope,
Because unveiled Astarte crowned the slope
Of mounting manhood though Beatrice shone yet higher;
And your blood thundered into blinding fire.
Then Beatrice vanished, leaving the One Hope
Less clear than Dante's in Love's horoscope
To grow through virtues vain and agony dire.
Self-exiled, oracular soul, raptured you tell
Old secrets of the vale of Proserpine
Where ache the servant dreams whose rich-wrought sign
Glow with your beauty in the glooms of hell,
While shaken is death's hollow by the spell
They sing there of the spirit's Palestine.

ALEKSANDR HELMANN

by

JONATHAN FIELD

ROMANCE does not exist without passion. I was a little apprehensive at the programme Helmann proposed at his Sunday Recital at the Little, not that I was prejudiced against Helmann, for he was new to me, but that I had never heard any young artist of the twenties avoid reading *con fuoco* for *appassionato*. Schumann and Chopin were the backbone of the programme — both romantics *con passione* and Schumann bore the palm. Helmann's amazing finger technique in "Papillons" prompted applause in the wrong place (I once heard an audience at the Paris Opera clamour for an entire repetition of "Caro Nome"—and they got it!); but Chopin's B flat minor Sonata came poorly off. The attack was like the Thin Red Line—brave, but untidy; and I wondered over and again why the lovely singing notes got such harsh treatment, such indiscriminate execution by that arch enemy of *tenuto*—the damper. I only wished I could have applied damper tactics to that member of the audience who would insist on letting everyone in the theatre know that they knew as much as they thought they did by singing the melodious subjects as and when they occurred: and to the ushers who dared smash the majesty of Chopin's grief by opening the exit door and popping in. I class hummers and poppers, programme rattlers and nose-blowers, with St. John Ervine's late-comer, hoping with him, that they have a place stoked hot in hell.

With Prokofieff and a new group by Schillinger, Helmann came into his own. Why didn't he give us a whole programme of these? Here he may play *con fuoco* to his heart's delight. The answer is, I suspect, that he wanted a representative programme; but the pitfall was that it was not representative of Helmann's amazing, courageous, audacious, hard, glitteringly brilliant and completely unromantic temperament, and he fell by the wayside.

Nancy Price has kindly given me this page uncensored, so that this may not be her view. I do not know; but I do know that I am grateful to her for this glimpse of a young artist who is going to be a sensation when he knows that he whose head is among mountain peaks must have his feet well planted on good earth. In ten years time I suppose he will be playing programmes of Mozart.

The receipts for the evening were £56 11s. and as a result of this recital Helmann has already received three offers of other concerts besides a splendid appreciation.

PATCHWORK

Silver Jubilee.—1935 is not only the Silver Jubilee of H.M. the King. It is also the Silver Jubilee of the Little Theatre, for it was opened for the first time in 1910.

I hope very much we may celebrate the actual Jubilee date in October if we all hold together and stand firm.

"Rossetti" by L. R. Megroz and H. de Hamel. A new play "Rossetti," which deals with this fascinating personality, is in rehearsal. Members will be circularised as to date and Theatre of production.

There is an article by L. R. Megroz in this number. His books are perhaps too well known for me to mention, but most bookshelves hold a copy of his "Life of Francis Thompson" and "Dante Gabriel Rossetti." One of the most interesting features of this production will be the return of Maisie Darrell, after her serious operation, as Lizzie Siddal, and Peter Glenville's appearance as Rossetti. This young artiste, who was president of the O.U.D.S., played while he was there Marlowe's Edward II, Mephistopholes in Dr. Faustus, Puck in Rheinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Richard III in Leontine Sagan's production of that play, and his vacs in playing leads in the Manchester Repertory to give himself further dramatic experience. Altogether he has played more great parts and had more experience than most actors of fifty. Among the parts he played while with the Manchester Repertory Company were Marchbanks in "Candida," Tony Perelli in "On the Spot," Agi in "The Swan," and Jack Maitland in "The Maitlands."

Jubilee Night.—We are installing in the Theatre a microphone so that the audience may enjoy the King's speech before the performance. For this purpose the Theatre will be open a little earlier—at 7-45 p.m.

The Editor has received several very interesting articles and poems from Members and hopes to include some of these in the next issue.

The Actress-Manageress articles will be resumed in the June Number with the second part of Sarah Siddons. An article on Duse will follow.

The Coronation Hymn is reprinted by kind permission of Messrs. Skeffington and Son, Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C.4, from "Hymns for the Coronation of King George V."

The poems in "Jubilee Jumble," by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon, are reprinted by kind permission of the authors and Messrs. Victor Gollancz, the publishers.

COMING EVENTS

MAY 12th. SUNDAY DEBATE at 3 o'clock.
Subject: Jubilee.

MAY 16th. Thursday, at 5-45 p.m.
POETRY READING: Nancy Price will read
from the Poets Laureate.

The Ada Cole Memorial Stables



The Stables were built in 1932 in memory of Miss Ada Cole whose life was spent in trying to put down the exportation abroad of old and worn-out horses.

The work of the stables is to rescue horses which run the risk of exportation, and also cruelty cases.

Funds are urgently needed.

HELP US TO SAVE OLD SERVANTS.

Do come and see the Stables, any day, any time.

MEMBERSHIP: 5s. per year.

Hon. Secretary: Dr. Rose Turner,
The Ada Cole Memorial Stables,
5, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1.
Telephone: Holborn 5463.

Overcoming the Prejudice Against Insurance

My experience is that about 90% of the prospects with whom I discuss insurance are prejudiced against it.

This prejudice, on analysis, proves to be due to a lack of understanding of the scope, the functions, and the cost of the dozen different ways in which insurance can be effected. The trouble is that of the dozen different ways, only one is the right way, and indicating the right way, the cheapest and most profitable way, is where I can assist you.

Would you build a house without an architect? Then see an expert about investing your surplus funds.

I am overcoming the prejudice against insurance every day and I am helping others to:

1. Provide for old age.
2. Invest small annual sums to secure Capital.
3. Make provision for their Children's Education.
4. Secure Capital for young women and men's careers.

For further information, without any obligation to you, please write to me with full details, and it will give me pleasure to call on you and suggest the particular scheme which meets your individual case, based on all the factors and circumstances.

Write or 'phone to

L. ESPIR, B.Sc., B.A.

Insurance Consultant,

**2, St. James Square,
London, S.W.1.**

Telephone. Whitehall 6122.

Ref.: Miss Nancy Price.

SUBSCRIPTION 3/6 a half year or any part thereof (including tax, non-transferable). This entitles holder to book reserved seats at half the public price and to attend all readings, lectures, debates, etc. A half-yearly Guest Ticket, 5/9 (including tax, transferable), is issued to those holding a Membership ticket only, entitling them to bring a friend to any performance at Members' prices.

FOUNDER PATRONS who make a donation of £10 10s. or more have no call on them for membership, and have the privilege of booking two seats at Members' prices.

PATRONS who contribute £100 or more to the Endowment Fund, receive the privileges of Founder Patrons, and have their names on the Roll of Honour tablet which is in the foyer of the People's National Theatre, wherever playing.

We ask Members to stabilise their Theatre by trying—

- (1) To come at least once to every play.
- (2) To enrol Members as often as possible.
- (3) To wear their badge. It provokes enquiry and is our best advertisement.
- (4) To see that by making a contribution their name is either in the Endowment Book, which is honoured by the names of H.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York, or in the Brick Book kept in the foyer of the Theatre. Many bricks are necessary to stabilise this theatre, and if these bricks are laid with affection and enthusiasm, it will endure.

Date.....

To Hon Sec., EDITH NEVILLE,
17, Great Russell Mansions, W.C.1.

*I should like to become a member of the People's National Theatre, and enclose P.O. for 3/6 for a half-yearly Membership Card to October 1st, 1935.
(1/- extra for a Badge)*

Name

Title and Initials

Address

Membership No.

Please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

"The perfect theatre can never exist without the perfect audience."

HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER.