

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN

Youthful Teacher and Octogenarian Pupil.

"Too old at forty"—that's an expression one often hears. Yet it is often entirely misleading. For instance, if you go to any of the tutorial night classes run by the Workers' Educational Association you shall see men, not merely forty years of age, but in one particular class that meets on Monday nights at the Waverley-Bond Street School of Arts, actually reaching from the meridian of life to the ripe old age of 71 and 82 years. If this seems extraordinary, more wonderful things follow. The lecturer to this literary class is a mere strapping of 26.

There were seventeen students assembled in the room when the visitor dropped in. The lecturer is singularly young looking. If you had met him in the street he would have impressed you as a nice-looking average athlete in a college team. The last thing he suggests is an individual with an almost encyclo-

pedic knowledge of History and Literature and Law. This young Australian, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette and putting his notes and references in order before his lecture started. He is a graduate in Arts and Law. His slender, well-proportioned middle age, and included a septuagenarian, also an octogenarian. There were three or four ladies present. The class is thoroughly representative of the working class. Most of the men are self-made, well-educated. Present in the room, there is a solicitor, a builder, a military captain of the Australian Permanent Force, a hatter, a commercial traveller, an old gold miner, and an old gentleman who graduated from the workshop to become a Lecturer in Chemistry at Glasgow University, and who holds the M.A. degree.

To Mr. Philip Moses, the well-known dentist, must be given much of the credit for the formation of this tutorial class at Bondi. It was his conception, and he is a member of the original class.

The lecturer mounts his rostrum, puts out his cigarette, takes a drink of water, and announces that the subject of his lecture for the evening is William Blake, the poet and mystic, whose writings made in the latter end of the 18th century were decided by the literary men of his day, and were never fully appreciated until giants of the 19th century discovered their worth.

A very torrent of erudite expressions flowed from the stage. Mr. Jordan speaks with tremendous rapidity. He is never short of a word, and the right one is

always there at his command. The whole lecture, delivered at lightning speed and with easy grace, was a revelation. What was still more remarkable was that it did not appear to be over the heads of his audience of working class folk. They followed it with eager interest, some taking notes.

At the conclusion the lecturer invited discussion. He also lit a cigarette. Pipes were produced, and soon in full swing. This was for the visitor the most interesting part of the evening.

First a lady got up and made a most cultivated and able little speech. She touched skilfully on the points raised by the lecturer, and traversed nimbly his thesis, and offered a few points that he had missed. It was all cleverly and neatly done.

Here is a young man, with a keen thoughtful face, and neatly dressed. He speaks with a Scotch accent. He has



YOUTH THE TEACHER AND AGE THE PUPIL.
Inset: Mr. T. Cummins, 82 years of age. At the desk, Mr. George Hill, M.A. (71), and the teacher, Mr. E. S. Jordan, B.A., LL.B. (26).

been all over the world, and speaks of Indian art and its decadence as an authority. His knowledge of authors is amazing, and his quotations wonderfully apt. Another young man has a say. You can tell he comes from Lancashire. He is a materialist, and frankly tells us he has no time for poets and their dreaming. But he is quite good natured about it. Then an old gentleman gets on his feet. A look of extreme benevolence is on his face. He is a poet, and he approves his mysticism. He wound up by pleading for a "world of harmony," and points out that in a debate the Socialist is right, so is the Individualist. The difficulty was to fit the happy mean, which sentiment, when you come to think of it is a very heartening thing in these days of class war when it comes from a man who has worked his way up from the workshop.

JOTTINGS IN MUSIC

(By A.C.C.S.)

Caruso's First Constitutional.
Everyone knows that Caruso, the world's greatest tenor, has for months been at death's door. He has had a pneumonia—or huge abscess—in one of his lungs, and has undergone several operations. The accompanying wide-world photo-

Like Tenneyson's Brook
You cannot stop them! Ben Davies, veteran English singer, came out of his retirement to sing at the Crystal Palace concerts last Good Friday and at Easter. But then Ben is only a youth of 64. Sir Charles Santley beats him by



ENRICO CARUSO, WORLD-FAMOUS TENOR.
Leaving the Hotel Vanderbilt, leaning on the arm of Mrs. Caruso, for one of the first short walks he has taken since his long illness. He and his cohort of pre-illness days are no longer the close associates they used to be, as he himself demonstrates.

graph shows Mr. and Mrs. Caruso out for an open-air walk, the first since his convalescence.

His long illness has not robbed Enrico Caruso of his sense of fun, even if it has deprived him of considerable weight.

Time was when Caruso's collars were very close to him. Now the relationship is a somewhat more distant one, as the picture demonstrates.

There seems every possibility that Caruso will make what the pugilistic world calls a complete come back. Already he is practising, and according to some leading American journals, there is a probability of his return to the Metropolitan Opera House in the late Autumn. Meanwhile, Caruso contemplates leaving for Italy, there to rest at his villa. He says he is "ambitious for the future."

16 years, making his final professional appearance at the immature age of 80.

John McCormack as Art Collector
Everybody knows John McCormack, the singer, but not so many know him as John McCormack, the art collector. A report from London says that John recently added to his collection two paintings, Rembrandt's "The Clinging Children" and Gainsborough's "Duchess of Grafton," as well as Houdon's bust of Marie Antoinette, the whole standing him in the neat sum of about £17,000.

Musical Dipsomaniac Figures in New Novel.
In Gerald Cumberland's new novel, "The Poisoner," not exactly a musical novel, there is, however, a musical character. His name is Martin Stewart, and, as to say, he writes "musical music." One of his piano pieces, for instance, "The Lover's Rite" is as follows: "Two halting lovers, played simultaneously, but beating

The Copy-Book School



THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS HARD AT WORK, PREPARING THE DINNER.

LITTLE HOUSEWIVES

Pyrmont School at Work
PETER BOARD'S PRIDE

It was about five years ago that Peter Board, C.M.G., Director of Education, started his Copy Book School. He experimented in true domestic science at the Pyrmont Public School. He changed its name to the Pyrmont Special Public School, and established the only residential domestic science school of its kind in Australia.

He furnished the teachers' home as a model residence for working men. A cooking mistress, a housekeeper, and one other member of the staff lived there in their home. It is their business every morning to get up, bathe and dress, and leave their rooms in that delightful untidy state so many of us revel in. It is the duty of the children who attend the school to cross over to the kitchen as they call it, daily and learn to do housework, home management, and laundry work under real conditions. These in the know call it Peter Board's pride.



AFTER DINNER, AND MORE WORK TO DO.



CENTRE: EVEN CLEANING WINDOWS IS A BRIGHT JOB TO THIS PRETTY-FACED YOUNGSTER.

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT

The Humphrey Bishop Co., Now at Criterion
THE LITTLE WHOPPER

The Little Whopper, which comes to Her Majesty's Theatre on the 10th is a gay, irresponsible, innocent story strung on cheery little jingles, and clothed with sunny and smartness.

Lots of young women who can sing go to it mindfully, and they wear actual frocks with stockings, skirts and many things we have not beheld in musical comedy for several years. Harbach, Fritz, Bide Dudley, and others, including Wilmer Bentley, the producer, have labored pleasantly together in the combination of score, story, and lyrics. Only two or three men aside from the principal entertainers are allowed the sanctity of the Balmain League team. Below is there is not the modish whirlwind and demoralization of all else because of in-veterate dancing.

This and the fact that the bedroom is



THE JUVENILE BED-MAKERS.

ARMCHAIR AND BOOK

(By FRANK MORTON)

LITERARY COMPETITIONS
Nothing Noteworthy in Results

But how many people in Sydney know that Peter Board's Copy Book School still exists?

Peter Board's Copy Book School lies at the end of the Pyrmont tram terminus. At the end of this section, Peter Board, C.M.G., and his staff have opened a new outlook to the children and their parents. It is only a youth of 64. The Sugar House, and sailors.

"I know I've been there," said one of the teachers. Besides the boys and the kindergarten classes, we have over 200 girls all under 14 years, who spend their last two years at school doing practical domestic work as well as their studies. But before I take you to the house, I want you to come with me through the class rooms and judge for yourself what a school of this means to the children of poor people.

"We saw the class rooms, filled with happy children. Then we crossed the playground and came to the gymnasium, filled with every modern apparatus for health. To the right of it lay the house. Here every boy and girl of the school was taught designing, drawing, carpentering and cabinetmaking. Nor has the average competition of the school been to enter themselves in their pet hobby.

So that the people who offer the prizes are badly hampered. They can only make the award to the best work offered, and when the best is not really good they cannot escape a certain odium. It is a pity, because the publishers really want to encourage promising talent, were it only for their own sakes. The winner of the Collins prize writes a highly disagreeable book, but it did disclose some genuine merit in the writer. In the case of the average competition no merit is disclosed. Nor has the average competition the advantage of publicity which alone will enable it to cast a wide net. As a rule, in competitions of this kind, the mere fact that the competition is being held is only known to comparatively few people. Even in 1921 publishers have not fully discovered the high and excellent virtue of good advertising.

A Pleasant Story.
Since she wrote her first highly successful novel, Mrs. Oemler's quality has fluctuated; but in this book we have her back to the standard of her early admirable performance. The incidental sidelights on the American negro and his problems are of peculiar interest, good for any man to read if he happens to be a bit wobbly on the White Australia ideal. Otherwise, though the lady is an ardent sentimentalist, her book is wise and fine in a number of ways. The story is skilfully developed, and delightfully readable. There is here nothing to be credited to the point of collapse. Mrs. Oemler tells of things that might easily happen so well that they do happen while you are enjoying the charming book.

In a world that runs a bit awry there is room for such books. They do not get near the plane of the Bennetts and the Wellises and the Beresfords and the Contrads; but there are so many millions of people who cannot appreciate the glories of style that it is eminently necessary that they should have something that is wholesome to browse on. There could be nothing wholesomer than this story of the boy Champneys, and his growth into a man worth while.

The Purple Heights, by Marie Conway Oemler, London, Heinemann; Sydney, Angus and Robertson, 1921.

Little Girl Who Made Good
Many years ago, in Hobart, a little Sydney girl came down and recited in the Town Hall. She advertised herself freely, and she had no lack of enthusiasm to go with her ambition. As a reciter, she was somewhat hampered, partly by the tricks of the professional elocutionist, and partly by the undisciplined vigor of her youth. But she had character, and the magnetism that goes with character. She was not a very good reciter, but she was a very interesting girl. That was Summer Locke. I think she gave up public reciting after that, and she did well. She took to writing and found herself. There was no promise of greatness, but there was admirable performance in her place and degree, and



HUMPHREY BISHOP, Showing at the Criterion.

made decidedly a phantom trouble gives to the show something unique and welcome. It is a variant of the familiar tale of a schoolgirl's elopement, and the complications are amusing and quite without guile. The Little Whopper is a childishish which brings on the worst inevitable with each pictorial modification, as comic opera alone could encourage—and the participants to the unfolding of the brick counterpoint the marplot efforts of the librettists lend the slight romance a pretty if somewhat trolly interest.

A Much-Travelled Manager
After a most successful week at the Palace Theatre, the Humphrey Bishop Company moved yesterday to the Criterion Theatre. Mr. Humphrey Bishop is one of the most travelled of all theatrical managers. It is no light task with a big company to undertake a tour of South Africa, East Africa, Rhodesia, Mesopotamia, India, China, Japan, Malaya, States, and now through all Australia. The company is for the most part as it originally started, though it was strengthened whilst in India by Mr. Joe Brennan and Miss Ida Newton joining Mr. Bishop at the conclusion of their own Far East tour, and returning here with the company a short time ago. Whilst in Calcutta the theatre Mr. Bishop was performing in at the time was burnt to the ground, and everything the company possessed—music, clothes, and props—were burnt, but in three days they managed to get enough together to open again at another theatre in the town.

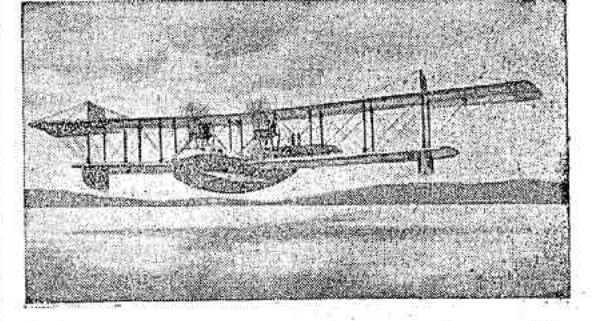
MAILS BY AIR

Talk of Using Flying Boats in Australia

After two years there is again talk of the flying boat, the latest triumph of naval architecture, coming to form part of the Australian mail service, and being used as a mail boat.

The flying boat is a yacht-built vessel of the highest order, double-planked with cedar and mahogany, and copper fastened throughout in three watertight compartments. During the winter of 1918 and 1919 such vessels, made out of the heaviest gales at their moorings in Southampton Water.

After being launched and tested the vessel, during the war, was fitted with a pair of Rolls Royce engines, capable of propelling her 40 miles per hour in the water. After further tests her wings of planes were fitted, and she was ready for the trial trip conducted under competent pilot and engineer. Having reached her 40 miles per hour in the water by propelling the planes she left the water and took to the air, in which, on



TYPE OF FLYING BOAT USED DURING THE WAR.

the trials in 1918-1919, she attained a speed of over 100 miles per hour. She was fitted, with an armament of two machine guns, two Lewis guns, and four heavy bombs, carried under her lower wings, and with trigger action, able to be released by the pilot instantaneously.

"When finished these boats had a lifting capacity of five tons, and were invaluable as scouts, as flying low, submarines or submerged mines were easily

FOOTBALLER ONCE—MINISTER NOW

Mr. McKell, one of the youngest Ministers of the State Cabinet, was once a footballer—and not very long ago either. He was a dashing member of the Balmain League team. Below is a photo of the Minister in his football days—and as he is now. Only he has his coat off despite the fact that Mr. Nesbitt won't allow him to use a radiator.



A witty critic of the present Government has remarked that, while the Attorney-General, as representing Law, "suits them in," the Minister for Justice, representing mercy, "lets them out." Mr. McKell is the Minister for Justice, and is almost the twin in age of Mr. McTiernan, each of them being 29 years.

There is plenty of tough material in Mr. McKell. He comes of a family of ring-generals. Four uncles were very prominent in the world of pugilism about 20 years ago. They were Herb, Billy, Arthur and Jack McKell. Herb was a

AUSTRALIAN HUSTLE IN LONDON

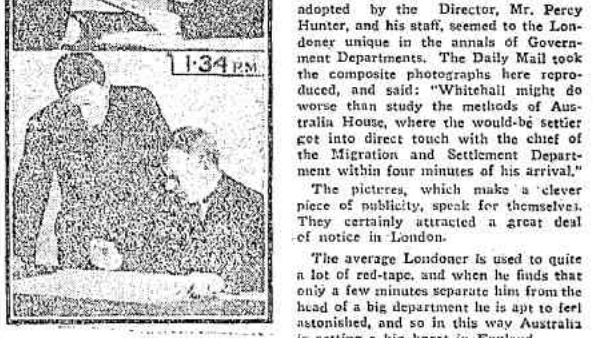
How Mr. Percy Hunter Attracts Attention

The Department of Migration and Settlement at Australia House, London, has already secured much appreciation. In an article published at its inauguration the British-Australasian said—

Separate from the main building in a sense—for the offices, used by the Commonwealth Bank during the war are approached direct from Aldwych—and what is more important, placed on the street level, the new department looks already a definite working entity.

Such up-to-date methods as were adopted by the Director, Mr. Percy Hunter, and his staff, seemed to the Londoner unique in the annals of Government Departments. The Daily Mail took the composite photographs here reproduced, and said "What a fine idea to do worse than study the methods of Australia House, where the would-be settler got into direct touch with the chief of the Migration and Settlement Department within four minutes of his arrival."

The pictures, which make a clever piece of publicity, speak for themselves. They certainly attracted a great deal of notice in London.



The average Londoner is used to quite a lot of red-tape, and when he finds that only a few minutes separate him from the head of a big department he is apt to feel astonished, and so in this way Australia is getting a big boost in England.