

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

By Rozilda.

A Pair of Cherniavskys.

ON A GREEN BENCH.

A pair of Cherniavskys were pacing the green grass of the Mount Nelson as we approached. Although they were expecting us, they looked as if they were trying to forget. Mischel wore his hat and Jan a vacant look. Mischel glanced at his watch and murmured something about three appointments. Jan glanced at Mischel and in a falsetto voice made the obvious remark that Leo was not with them. It all looked very unpromising, and for a few seconds it seemed as if our interview was going to be still-born.

Our Three Wives.

How it happened we cannot quite tell. A few minutes later one of us was sitting on a green bench with Jan. The other was standing with Mischel. All were laughing, all were talking, except the one who was writing, and she made interjections occasionally. Mischel was explaining why his head was bald. "Grass don't grow in busy streets," observed Jan. They were head over ears keen to tell us all about themselves and their families. "We have three wives," they informed us proudly, "all Canadian girls. We usually travel with all our families. On our last trip from London we left fourteen strong, including cooks and nurses." Jan has a daughter of six who has crossed the Atlantic six times, and a boy of two and a half who has crossed three times. Mischel is the proud father of four boys. "I think it is so extraordinary," said Mischel, "that four of us should have married Canadian girls. Two of them are sisters, and one of our sisters married the brother of one of our wives. We are wonderfully happy together."

In Velvet Suits.

The Cherniavskys have a very warm place in their hearts for South Africa, for it was here that they had their first really big success. Many in Cape Town will remember the little boys of fourteen, fifteen and seventeen with their serious faces and their velvet suits who took the country by storm. A reception in the old Good Hope Hall was held for them, of which the organiser was Mr. E. H. Kloot.

"We could write a book about South Africa. We have been here seven times. In the olden days we used to go by Cape cart and ox-wagon. Once we travelled thus for six weeks. Very often we were compelled to sleep on the veld. We have even had to swim rivers. Once we were travelling from Frankfort to Riets when the river suddenly came down in flood. On our side we found a gathering of farmers, all outspanned, who said that it was impossible to cross. But people were expecting us on the other side and we just had to get through. Leo put his Amati violin in its case in the box under the driver's seat. I put my 'cello on top of the hood.

We swam and the horses swam and somebody pulled a rope. "When we arrived at our destination it was just about time to start the concert. We had a reception like heroes. Unfortunately when Leo took his fiddle out, it had become water-logged. 'Anybody got a violin,' we asked. 'Yes,' said a farmer, 'I don't live far—only seven or eight miles away; I can do it easily on my motor-bike.' In no time he was back. Leo transferred strings and a bridge and the concert went off beautifully."

"Have You Got a Piano?"

Another time they were travelling through the Transkei. At Umtata they were suddenly surrounded by hordes of natives. The Chief stopped them and in a mock-threatening voice said: "You can't pass here; you must give us a concert first."

"Have you got a piano?" they asked.

"Oh, yes; the man at the Jewish store has one!"

"Soon the piano stood in the open veld, a platform was fixed up, and we gave a concert to 2,000 natives. They were wildly enthusiastic. When we ran our fingers down our instruments, they thought we were performing miracles."

"Besides these interesting experiences," added Jan, "our travels up and down South Africa have given us tremendous good health."

"Last year," recalled Mischel, "when we arrived in Honolulu, a journalist asked us:

"How many miles have you travelled?"

"The answer was, 'A million and a half.'"

"Gee," said the journalist; "you must have made a lot of money."

"It works out at about one shilling a mile!"

"The journalist came to the conclusion that we could not be much better off than Honolulu taxi-drivers!"

The Cherniavskys have played to all sorts of audiences. One of their biggest successes was in Mexico four years ago. They compared this with their overnight success in South Africa in 1908. In Mexico they played not in a concert hall, but in the national bull-ring, which holds an audience of 40,000 people. There must be something very intoxicating about the enthusiasm of such an audience. They threw up their hats and yelled with delight.

In India they had large audiences too, consisting of about fifty per cent. Parsees, who are very cultured, twenty-five per cent. British, mostly Army men, the rest being Indians.

The people of Japan are very progressive and ambitious. They study everything European eagerly and take a great interest in European music, which is, of course, totally different from their own. Japanese music has quarter tones. It has no melodies, but chants

which resemble Hebrew music closely.

In Egypt they played to people who have European tastes in music and are highly appreciative.

Artist and Audience.

"Climate has a great deal to do with musical atmosphere. In cold countries the people are usually more reserved. In the Latin countries music-lovers look upon musicians with an almost religious admiration. He is the *Maestro*, a being apart." They remember California for its audiences all in white.

"The artist and his audience," said Jan excitedly, "may be compared to husband and wife. The psychological relationship between them is exactly the same. If we appear before an audience for the sixth time and find them not so wildly excited as they were at first, we do not take it to heart. We understand it perfectly. It is like this: I can't expect my wife to be as thrilled with me now as she was ten years ago. This is our seventh visit to South Africa and we are very pleased to be here again."

* * *

The pair of Cherniavskys were just getting warmed up. They had got to the stage of showing us their elegant crocodile shoes made in Australia, had told us about audiences loyal to death, had discussed young people, celebrities and prodigies. Jan was red in the face reliving old experiences. Mischel was reeling off a fluent scenic picture when the one who sat on the green bench writing suddenly looked at her watch, and involuntarily uttered an exclamation. We all looked at our watches and rose in simultaneous surprise and dismay.

We were late for our next appointment and Mischel had missed his three!

But it had been worth while!

ROZILDA.

The Brainin Campaign.

Mr. A. Shaban, propagandist for the Reuben Brainin Campaign, sends his thanks to all those who assisted him in making his propaganda tour a success: Wellington, Messrs. L. Kling and D. Michalovsky; Ceres, Mrs. Joseph Sarembock and Mr. D. Cohen; Worcester, Messrs. A. Volks and M. Rabino-witz; Robertson, Rev. Josef Lovitz and Mr. Sandler; Montagu, Mr. Schochat; Heidelberg, Messrs. Friedman and Green; Riversdale, Mr. S. Samuel; Malmesbury, Mr. Beinart; Moorreesburg, Messrs. Pokroy and Bank; Piquetberg, Mr. Max Meyers.

Mr. A. Shaban leaves shortly for Namaqualand.

Amusements.

GRAND THEATRE.

What promises to be a highly amusing and entertaining picture will be screened on Monday at the Grand Theatre, "The Love Thrill," featuring Laura la Plante and an excellent supporting cast. The picture makes no pretence of being anything but a fast-moving comedy. On Thursday the great stage success, "Through the Breakers," featuring Margaret Livingstone, will be shown. This picture of a vivid love conflict, a love romance with beautiful settings, the story of two women's love for the one man, will hold you spellbound from start to finish.

ASTORIA KINEMA.

"Tommy Atkins," which will be shewn at the Astoria Kinema for the first time on Monday, the 22nd July, and will be screened nightly for the remainder of the week, is an adaptation by Ian Hay of the stage melodrama by Ben Landeck and Arthur Shirley. Popular British artists in the cast are Lilian Hall-Davis, Henry Victor, Walter Butler and Shayle Gardner.

The story deals with two cousins, Harold and Victor, who both love the same girl. Harold is really the Earl of Petherton, but his uncle, an imposter, holds that title. On the old man's death Harold learns the truth, but goes away, so that Victor, who has won the girl, may succeed to the title. He joins the army and is sent to Egypt, where he meets Victor, who is his commanding officer. During a native attack Victor is killed, leaving the girl to Harold.



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