

## OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

By Rozilda.

### THIEF!

We found a thief upon the beach at Fish Hoek the other day, for what else can we call Miss Irma Stern, who comes to spend the day with us and then calmly takes out her colours and steals the sunshine, the sparkle, the warmth, the gay colours of bathers, the dancing movement of care-free children, the gasping retreat of a baby at whose feet the wavelets make tiny sallies?

The rate at which the artist portrays these fleeting colours and movements must be seen to be believed. She seems to see with her pencil point, registering on her paper what we do on our retina, always looking for movement rather than for repose.

In an inconceivably short time her colour sketch is complete. The elegant sweep of the Fish Hoek beach, the rocks, the colour and movement of people coming and going, the boats all are there.

A youthful Appollo, sun-tanned and beautiful, rests for a moment against a wall. Simultaneously he appears upon her paper. Already this page has been turned and a girl with her surf board under her arm walks buoyantly across the paper.

A group of silent, interested children perch breathlessly on the rocks over her head. We wish that we, too, had this gift of pencil and brush that we in our turn might steal the picture of artist and child spectators.

\* \* \* \*

Hurry on, beloved Thief!

### MISS GERTRUDE GERBER.

A brilliant young man, very brilliant, very young, holding a position twice as important and responsible as his father's, said to me once:—"Now-a-days it's the young men who get all the big jobs."

I was forcibly reminded of his remark the other day, while chatting to Miss Gerber, who came to spend the day with us at Fish Hoek. As Almoner of the New Somerset Hospital, Miss Gerber holds a very responsible position. To her own discretion and judgment is left much of that wise discrimination required in the after-care of patients who are discharged from hospital, but who nevertheless still remain a cause of anxiety to themselves and their immediate dependents.

"I link up," says Miss Gerber, "the hospital with the outside world. I try to see that patients do not go back to work before they are fit. If it is the bread-winner who is ill I get assistance for his family in order to prevent mental worry. I am not so concerned about the family as about him. He is sent to a convalescent home. In the meantime I find out whether his work is not too strenuous for his reduced strength. If it is, I write to various heads of departments or other likely employers and get him a job."

Of course, Miss Gerber makes no discrimination between her Jewish and Gentile patients, but she does appreciate the fact that Jewish charitable organisations are very

liberal. Recently the Sick Relief Society paid a Jewish gentlewoman in straitened circumstances three pounds a week for several weeks. The Jewish Board of Guardians, too, is an invaluable stand-by.

"As a rule I do not go directly to them," says Miss Gerber. When she is satisfied that the circumstances are genuinely necessitous and that open investigation would embarrass and mortify the people concerned, she rings up the Rev. Mr. Bender and puts the case before him.

"Mr. Bender would give up his sleep if he knew that a family was starving."

The Board of Aid supplies needy families with groceries weekly to the value of seven shilling and sixpence; the Child Life Protection Society gives milk, meat and bread. Neither is sufficient to maintain a family without the co-operation of the other and of further helping agencies. The Samaritan Fund provides Miss Gerber with a monthly allowance of twenty-five pounds with which she purchases artificial appliances for needy cases.

About three hundred cases per month pass through Miss Gerber's hands. To deal with them effectually it stands to reason that a great deal of tact is required. That she possesses it is evinced by the success attending her efforts.

Yet for all her responsible work and her necessarily close-up acquaintance with the sordid facts of life, Gertrude Gerber is still a jolly young girl, full of enthusiasm for her work, it is true, but fond of swimming, tennis and amusement.

"I must tell you of another case before we go and bathe," she says, "a perfectly lovely one." She tells it with great gusto, but a few minutes later she is tearing down the beach and plunges into the water with all the zest of a two-year-old.

### "PYGMALION."

We all love magic. That the magic may have a very ordinary explanation does not worry us, provided we have had the thrill of amazement in the beginning.

"Pygmalion" is a play full of magic. The opening scene, in which a stranger tells a miscellaneous assortment of individuals where they all come from, with astonishing correctness, might be a scene from a fairy play. The audience gasps with wonder no less delightfully than the players.

The whole theme of the play, the transformation of a flower-girl into a duchess, what is that but the old story of Cinderella, who is changed by the magic wand of a fairy god-mother into a princess? Only, instead of the old-fashioned wand, Shaw uses a modern tool, the science of phonetics. Voila!

Mr. George S. Wray as the eccentric, growling, but altogether lovable Professor Higgins, is a delightful character. His witticisms bear a spontaneous sound. "What is life but a series of inspired follies?" he asks. And there is supreme self-glorification in his voice when he asserts: "I tell you, I created this

thing out of the squashed cabbage leaves of Covent Garden."

He bullies everybody except his mother (a part ably and sympathetically played by Maude Bracewell), while Mrs. Pearce, his housekeeper (taken by Isobel James), is clever in her treatment of the *enfant terrible* in her charge.

The difficult role of Eliza is brilliantly played by Constance Burrell. Her Cockney accent is most realistic, her transition from street arab to duchess a masterly and genuine growth.

George Merritt, as the dustman, Alfred Dollittle, gives a clever characterisation of a man who is proud to belong to the "undeserving" as opposed to the "deserving" poor. His fight and eventual defeat by "middle-class morality" is one of the funniest features of the play.

The other characters contribute largely to a very fine presentation of a witty, modern drama.

### LAST THURSDAY'S CONCERT.

I wonder whether the time will ever come in Cape Town when a symphony concert will consist of two pieces of music by one composer, a symphony preceded by something shorter to give atmosphere. I remember a delightful concert that consisted of two items, the Variations Symphoniques, by Caesar Franck, and the Caesar Franck Symphony after the interval.

The first part of last Thursday's concert consisted of three miscellaneous items, each interesting and delightful, but to my mind entirely unnecessary in a symphony programme. After all, one comes to hear music, not merely to spend an evening.

### Mozart's Symphony in G Minor.

The programme describes the first movement of this symphony as "full of melancholy beauty." Yet to me it was cheerful, intensely melodious, whimsical and fantastic. Still, I can conceive as listening to the same music and describing it as the programme does. Music depends so very much upon the mood of the hearer.

The *Andante*, with its slow haunting melody, was beautifully rendered. Indeed, Mr. Pickerill's delicately poised conducting might be likened to the strokes of a painter's brush laying on colour.

The *Menuetto and Trio* was like a small etching full of light and shade, a delightfully rendered little picture.

The *Finale—Allegro assai* was rich allegorical and colourful, like a picture by the late Mr. Charles Sims, R.A.

The entire symphony was splendidly received by a large audience, who had the good taste not to applaud between movements. To-day the old-world charm of Mozart still casts a spell over us that places him among the world's greatest composers.

### THE MOTOR SHOW AT PAARDEN ISLAND.

"If this building were thirty times as large as it is," said my Little Friend, "it would remind me of Olympia."

"I am quite satisfied with the size of this one," I retorted. "As a matter of fact, I am pleased it is no larger, for as it is my feet are so tired that I can scarcely toddle."

Even my Little Friend, who has had experience of shows overseas, agrees with me that there is no weariness like show-exhaustion. Can't anyone invent a special type of footwear to mitigate this evil? A show-shoe!

We were particularly interested in little cars—or, rather, in one little car. We wanted a car, a car for two, with a "dicky" for luggage and an extra passenger, with a large gallon mileage. We wanted a dignified little car rather fattish, with sufficient impudence to silence disrespectful remarks from other passing cars. We wanted a car that would turn easily, that was simple to manage, that would not be obstinate and refuse to go into, up, down or round awkward places. We wanted, in fact, the ideal two-seater.

We have not yet decided which of all those we saw is the one we want. But one of these days we shall make up our minds.

ROZILDA.

### The "Chronicle" Cake.

No. 980.

In acknowledging receipt of the "Chronicle" Cake, Councillor S. Finburgh writes:—

"Permit me to thank you most heartily for the cordial and generous way you have dealt with my visit to your hospitable shores. To receive cakes of welcome must add sweetness to the pleasant memories I will carry away with me both of your valuable paper and its many readers."

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