

512  
G. a. L.  
1/2 Row

√90

# Fair Play

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL FOR SENSIBLE MEN AND WOMEN

No. 1. Vol. I.

WELLINGTON, NOVEMBER 4, 1893.

PRICE 3d.

## Straight Talk

### OUR BOW.

FAIR PLAY makes its initial bow to the public of New Zealand to-day, and in accordance with the immemorial custom opens with an explanation of its *raison d'être*. The title, which with all due modesty we are assured will become a household word in New Zealand, is in itself a guarantee of the tone we intend to adopt in all matters, whether political, social, or otherwise. Political, social, and financial interests exact a slavish obedience from many sections of the New Zealand Press, and the writers, clever though they may be, are figuratively manacled, and a free, fair criticism of public life and public morals has so long been actually prohibited, that its exercise has become almost a lost art. FAIR PLAY is against prohibition of any sort, whether it be applied specifically to the temperance movement, or taken in its broader sense as meaning the suppression of honest thought, or the attempt to give publicity to such social and political evils as may be remedied or uprooted by the attraction of popular attention to their existence.

FAIR PLAY being bound to neither party, nor creed, except that of the public good and the people's welfare, holds itself free to criticise adversely or otherwise, public men and public matters. This must not be understood as the declaration of an intention to pillory every prominent citizen and pelt him with satire and bitter humour, but of whatever persuasion or party he may be, if his armour be defective or his weapons ill advised, to attack him honestly and fairly in the lists of public opinion. A space has been specially reserved in the columns of this journal for those who feel themselves aggrieved to take up the gauntlet, and reply to our challenge in the shape of a signed article. Our title "FAIR PLAY" is not to be a meaningless phrase, but a political policy which will be consistently carried out in every issue.

With reference to the "Women's Suffrage" it is now an

accomplished fact, and it would be superfluous for us to advocate its expediency; we can merely sit in judgment on the practical application of a theory that has puzzled statesmen for years, and hope that the delicate perception and refinement of the women of New Zealand will introduce a leaven of purity into political affairs, that, devoid of sentiment or emotion, will logically tend to improve our present position.

Special arrangements have been made for literary matter. Suffice it to say FAIR PLAY numbers on its staff some of the best-known writers and journalists in the colony. Particular attention will be given to music, drama, art, sports and pastimes, social news, and matters of local and colonial interest. Tales by well known English and New Zealand writers have been arranged for, and in addition a series of portraits by a competent staff of artists will be produced in each issue.

We have come, and we have come to stay. Wellington has long needed a journal of unbiassed opinion that dares to speak the truth without fear or favour. FAIR PLAY will fill the vacant niche, and only asks a dispassionate hearing to prove its worth and honesty of purpose.

FAIR PLAY will always be "death on quacks"—political quacks, medical quacks, religious quacks, quacks of all sorts. This country is the grandest place on the face of the earth for quacks. They batten on New Zealand, and on the money of of New Zealanders like a foul fly on a muck heap, and they are as brazen as a dozen Yankee book canvassers. Here's this Worthington fellow for instance. A nice sort of religious teacher he is to be sure. Three of his congregation trucked the prophet, or whatever he calls himself, to his lair the other night. The lair proved to be the residence of a lady member of his congregation, and a good looking one too, at that. The prophet stopped at the house until close on three in the morning, and the amateur and holy detectives climbed up a fire-escape, or up the ivy creepers, or something of that sort, and saw—well, we will not say what they saw. Anyhow, they deemed the conduct of the prophet to be such as was hardly consistent with his holy office, and they sought out an elder, or a deacon, or somebody in a higher position in the show, and told their