

BROOKE'S MONKEY BRAND SOAP WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

# Fair Play

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL FOR SENSIBLE MEN AND WOMEN

VOL. I. No. 12.

WELLINGTON, JANUARY 20, 1894.

Registered as a  
Newspaper.

PRICE 8d.

## STRAIGHT TALK

Judging from the offences returns for Wellington for the year 1893 the Empire City is hardly as free from crime and fraud as its inhabitants might desire it to be. During the past year 1727 persons have been either apprehended or summoned which means an increase of 473 on the previous year. This looks as though Wellington was going ahead in more senses than one, and that with its alleged increase of prosperity and population, there was also either a development or influx of criminals. Of this number 78 males and 5 females were committed for trial, and convictions were recorded against 53 males and 2 females. This number may seem small, but there were 1169 males and 284 females convicted in the lower court, and many of them for serious offences, for it must be taken into consideration that magistrates in New Zealand have, in many cases, more extended power than in the other colonies. The list of crimes upon which these people were convicted ranges pretty well all over the calendar, about the only ones that are not included being bigamy, manslaughter, and rape. There is no very great inducement for a man to commit bigamy in Wellington during the present time; as a rule he finds it takes up all his time to keep himself and one woman. An increase of 473 criminals in one year, however, in a city with a population of a trifle under 40,000 gives the impression that something must be radically wrong, either in our laws or our mode of punishment. The above conclusion naturally forces itself upon us, unless we admit that criminals are being driven from other cities in the colonies to find a refuge in Wellington. If the latter be the case *Fair Play* would suggest that all suspicious characters should be quarantined until particulars could be obtained from the places they had just left; if the report was satisfactory they could be discharged with a clean bill; if not a heavy poll-tax might be inflicted, and the new comer obliged to report himself

at the police station once a week for six months. In case of his inability to pay the tax he might either be sent back, or placed at some Government work (not necessarily with other prisoners) until he had worked out his tax. If a similar system to the one we have briefly sketched out were adopted by every big city the local police would soon become acquainted with the dangerous characters, would be more able to cope with them, and pauper and criminal immigration would be effectually discouraged.

We regret to chronicle the death of Trooper Vogel, a son of Sir Julius Vogel, who was with Captain Wilson's detachment in Matabeleland. Definite news has now been received that the detachment was completely annihilated by the Matabeles who, after the flight of Lobengula, again faced the whites and came off victorious. Our opinions on the Matabele war have been freely expressed in previous issues, and we have no reason for changing them. We can only express our sorrow that this young man, who had a life full of promise before him, should have been sacrificed in so bad a cause. He was a soldier, however, and was obliged to follow where his officers led him. Our sympathy goes out to the lonely father in London who, after a life devoted to the interests of this colony, now finds misfortunes crowding fast on him in his old age.

A query appears in *Christchurch Truth* asking the editor whether the Honourable William Jukes Steward, M.H.R., and Speaker of the House of Representatives, had ever refused a knighthood, to which a reply is given that he was never asked. We think we can give a somewhat more definite explanation. The Honourable "Jukes" aspires to be a poet, and his sensitive and delicate nature would in all probability shrink from the paltry bauble of knighthood; no, his ambition aims higher. Conscious that there is latent in himself, the combined powers of Byron, Browning, and Walt Whitman, he looks trustfully forward to the time when the laurel shall rest upon his brow, and he shall be hailed as the modern Homer, the bard of New Zealand.