

The O'Regan, M.H.R., Single taxer and young New Zealand orator, has one fault. He can't trip the fantastic and worships not at what the West Coast papers love to call "the Shrine of Terpsichore." But as "mimber" he has to attend the local hops, and as a recent experience proved, he has his uses there. There was a dance at Cape Foulwind recently at which the O'Regan was present. He sat down as a beautiful six foot specimen of a male wall flower and was cogitating in his mind as to the probabilities of the House listening to a four hour oration on the Single Tax, or else pondering over the length of time which would elapse before "supper" was called when one of the electors, a "faymale" and therefore all the more to be propitiated, slipped up with a fine sample of eighteen months old West Coast babyhood and asked the O'Regan "well yez moind the baby Mister O'Regan while meeself's waltzin' wid Barney Hogan." The Single Tax student took the kiddy amidst much laughter, and, after, we hope, a careful adjustment of certain nether garments of the infant—with a view to certain physical contingencies well-known to fathers and families—"nussed" the "kid" like a true hero and patriot until the waltz wid Barney Hogan was over and the fond mother reclaimed her offspring. That little incident will get O'Regan a lot of votes next time there is an election at Cape Foulwind.

*Apropos* to the women's franchise, an industrious Hawke's Bay man has dug out the fact that the Bible after all does speak of "lady" and "ladies." In Isaiah reference is made to a lady, in Judges, "wise ladies" are mentioned, in Esther, there is mention made of the "ladies of Persia," and in the second Epistle of John, the elect lady is spoken of. Of course it is a pity that the "lady voter" is not mentioned in Holy Writ, but then there were no elections in those days. But let no one say that it is snobbish to use "lady" instead of "woman." All women readers of FAIR PLAY at least must be ladies.

The Primitive Methodists held their annual "korero" a New Plymouth the other day, and celebrated the 50th Anniversary of Primitive Methodism in New Zealand. One of the first members of the denomination to labour in Maoriland was the Rev. J. Ward, whose son, the Rev. Charles Ward, is well-known in Wellington. Another brother is Mr. Robert Ward, formerly R.M. at Wanganui, and now a Native Land Court Judge, and a third member of the family is Mr. F. Ward, the well-known Australian journalist, for many years editor of the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*.

A "time limit" for speechifying is badly needed in our New Zealand Parliament. In a capital letter to the *Post* on the evils of Party Government, Mr. G. A. Schoch has pointed out that the last Parliament talked no less than 9,556 pages of *Hansard*, and last session it cost £400 to correct members' speeches. There ought to be less of the jaw nuisance next session now that Fish, Fisher, and others are out of the show, but some of the new ones are bound to be as Dizzy said of Gladstone "intoxicated with the exuberance of their own verbosity." Decidedly, there ought to be a time limit.

The cable man has a funny idea of the sort of news we New Zealanders take interest in when he beplasters the dailies with long wires as to what Mrs. Knorr, the baby murderess, has or has not said, as to how she has been "bearing up," under the news of the Cabinet's refusal to grant a reprieve, and so on. Such cablegrams pander to the same contemptible taste which makes the lower-class cockney gloat over a page of gory woodcuts in

the "*Lusterated Perlice Noos*." The woman was guilty, was a selfish, mean, unsexed creature, who was a wholesale murderer at "thirty-bob a head." Let her swing and have her neck broken and be done with her wretched life for ever, but for the sake of all that is decent why inflict these sensational cablegrams upon us!

The editor of a Southern daily paper, a man who has occupied some very responsible positions under the state in his time, a highly intellectual man, was fined the other day for drunkenness and riotous behaviour. This same gentleman, when editing a North Island daily, used to come to his office very frequently in a very fine and large state of "three star" begotten bliss, and lie down amongst the "pied" type in the composing-room until roused out by the foreman to write his leader. Poor fellow, he must have broken out again. Dipsomania—nothing less.

There have been some nice goings on at Napier over the disgraceful way in which the Flood Relief Committee (most of whom belong to the Tory landgrabbing and Seddon balmy party) have shown their political bias. It is notorious that several of the small settlers round Olive, who suffered severe losses through the floods, have received hardly anything in the way of relief, presumably for the reason that they did not vote for Captain Russell at the last election, whilst other settlers well known to be supporters of the Tory Party have received far more than they ought to have.

Nor is that all. There is worse to come. Let the *Napier News* tell the tale:—"The Flood Relief Committee have acted a very shabby part by the men who rose from their beds at 8 o'clock in the morning, hauled the boats from the water, conveyed them to the railway station, accompanied them to Waitangi, manned them, and worked them till after 7 o'clock at night—in that time rescuing many precious lives. The answer the men got to an application for payment for the valuable services rendered by them was impertinent as well as heartless. It was to this effect: 'Apply to your Liberal Government. They are so Liberal, that they will, of course pay you.'"

Such conduct can only be characterised as being un-English, unfair, and utterly discreditable. The truth is that in their blind rage over the fact that a Liberal was elected for Napier, the local Tories have completely lost their heads. They have, however, done everything in their power to make another Liberal victory a perfect certainty at the next election.

One hears from time to time of "sundry cures for drunkenness." That eccentric personage—half bogus prophet, half quack—Mr. W. T. Stead, recently claimed to have discovered a man who had a distinct "cure for drunkenness," but as the discoverer pretends it is made from a mysterious herb found in the forests of South America—pretty vague that—it sounds as if it were another quack nostrum. We notice that Dr. Richardson, the great English medical expert on sanitary matters, and a very shrewd observer of the various forms of dipsomania, has been expressing an opinion on "drink cures." It is brief and to the point. All the so-called "drink cures" are impostures. There is no cure for inebriety but total abstinence. People who read, and are inclined to believe in the advertisements of silver, gold, and other, so-called "drink cures," are recommended to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest Dr. Richardson's dictum as above.