

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

Fair Play

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STRAIGHT TALK

Eugene, the spiritualised ex-publican and coal-porter, has departed from our shores in a very orthodox and conventional manner. There is no doubt that a number of Wellingtonians were fully prepared to see him ascend heavenward—like Elijah—in a fiery chariot, or to make a dramatic descent to Hades, smoking a Dollar Cigarette, after the manner of John Wellington Wells in the "Sorcerer." But as this kind of an exit would have possibly been contingent to the fulfilment of his prophecies, their disappointment is a matter highly satisfactory to the rest of the community.

We have yet a great deal to learn about psychical matters; and the exhibition of powers and conditions such as have been manifested by Eugene and many others, in the successful diagnosis of disease, clearly indicate the existence of "more things on earth and under heaven than men dream of," which, in the future, may be utilised to promote the health and welfare of the human race. So far—with the exception of hypnotism—no great advantage has accrued to medical science through these developments, and the possession of the veriest minimum of occult power has generally induced the practising of the maximum amount of fraud and deception.

It is to be regretted that those so endowed cannot confine themselves to the cultivation of their faculty in combatting the woes and ills of men, without venturing into the realms of prophecy, where they always come to grief. With the unmistakable evidence—afforded by the telephone and phonograph—that sound is produced by minute and invisible vibrations, it is not logical to deny that a highly-organised human being, with the

aid of special nervous magnetic qualities, might, by actual contact, report on the "state of our liver," or tell us what we had for dinner; but when they predict earthquakes and the end of the world, we want to know why they cannot give a preliminary and substantial proof of their abilities by correctly "tipping" the next winner of the Melbourne Cup, or describing the whereabouts of the Hon. Mr. Ward's much-disputed surplus.

The deplorable part of the business is that the vagaries and sophisms of this spiritual crank have been the means of producing a miniature exodus, and of breaking up the homes of a few respectable but simple-minded citizens, who will probably live to regret their fatuous credulity. The Government's crusade against *laissez faire* should certainly extend to special restrictive legislation against prophecy.

The country has certainly reason to be thankful for the alteration of the Standing Orders in respect to the "time limit," otherwise the debate on the Budget would have outrivalled the longevity of the Mercantile Bank trial in Melbourne. The continued "harking back" and stirring-up of old party sores, which ought to be forgotten, is greatly to be deprecated; and beyond satisfying the vanity of those members who wish to advertise their success in imposing themselves on a long-suffering country, we cannot see that any good is effected. The new members rise in our esteem. *They have no political antecedents.*

Amongst other senseless twaddle, the accusation, and counter-accusation, of having brought Sir Harry Atkinson to an untimely grave, formed an example of unwarranted perversion of truth and reason, which stands condemned and ridiculed by its very absurdity. They might as well ask "Who killed Cock Robin?"