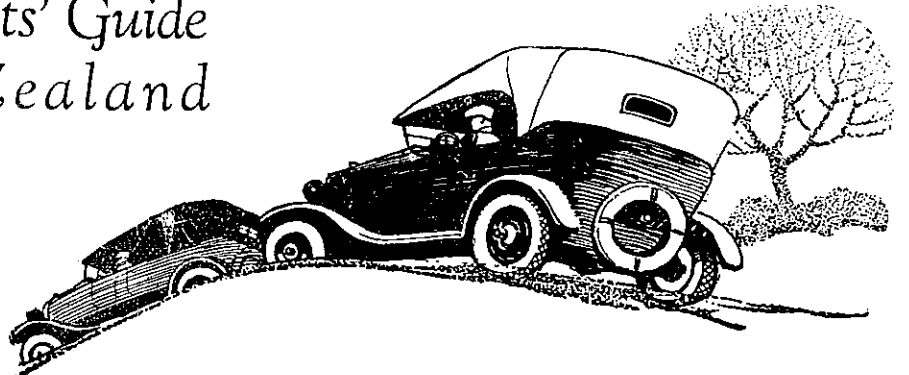


The Tourists' Guide to New Zealand

by J. ROBERTS



All those who wish this land to view
Should not, as many tourists do,
Just go to town or city:
The rural roads they should pursue,
Embracing all the country through,
To miss which seems a pity.

The scenic wonders of the land
Are picturesque as well as grand,
And well repay a visit.
While industries on every hand
Show progress, such as milk that's canned,
And stills that are illicit.

Away up North 'tis very rare
To get cold weather often, where
The climate's semi-tropic:
But in the South 'tis wise to wear
Warm clothing (though the settlers there
Dispute with heat this topic).

Although the North has better climate
The Southern scenes are more sublime,
In Fiordland, lake and valley;
Far, far away from smoke and grime
Midst snow or bush, where all the time
One longs to stop and dally.

The Thermal Region is most queer,
With boiling pools at which to peer,
Hot mud or shooting geyser:
But should all these the tourist fear
Don't take a risk and go too near,
And sadder be, if wiser.

If well advised a guide he takes,
In case the right path he forsakes
And in a trice is frizzling,
These Maori guides ne'er make mistakes,
Will lead him safe past red-hot lakes
And sulphur blow-holes sizzling.

Both Isles in gorge and bush disclose
Where splendid milling timber grows,
Just waiting for the felling,
While water in abundance flows,
And irrigated land well shows
Results that are most telling.

The farming population must,
To win its well-earned daily crust,
Herd workers be, and willing.

In weather they must place their trust,
And labour late and early, just
To turn an honest shilling.

If Sidey's Daylight Saving Bill
Is passed next Session, people will
For work be longer given:
More hours of light their toil will fill
From early summer dawn until
To rest they're early driven.

The Government has earned a name
And given to New Zealand fame
For wise administration,
And settlers truthfully can claim
That it has well achieved its aim
In bettering their station.

This little nation overseas
In time will bring upon their knees
All lands in veneration.
Good health comes waited on the breeze
With opportunities to seize,
To give each occupation.

A New Race of Tramps.

One of the big problems the New Zealand police force and magistrates are endeavouring to solve is how to suppress motor thieves, drunken motorists, and "joy riders." Just at present, however, the civic fathers and district councillors of many a township in Western America are worried to distraction by a race of tramps which they have classified under the name of "auto gypsies."

What the motor tramp does is to get hold of a cheap second-hand car—which he can do for a mere song—pack his family and a few cooking utensils aboard, and move off to "the finest climate in the world." There, by ironic Providence, he finds that a beneficent municipality has provided a beautiful camping site which he can use free of charge. It is true the site was planned and prepared for the genuine tourist, whose presence was desired and sought by means of lavish advertising; but the gipsy hobo and his kind have monopolised these camps to such an extent that no tourist will so much as go near them.

The "Lizzie Families"

When the motoring tramp arrives, his usual plan, if funds, food, and petrol are low, is to approach one of the welfare agencies which are common in all American



MOTOR RACING ON THE THAMES

Women have become devotees to even this exhilarating sport, previously a hobby of "mere man."

Topical Press, London.

towns. If there should be no such agency, he goes to the town authorities with the plea that he is seeking a job. He knows full well that while that search progresses his family will be looked after; but he knows even better that no town is anxious to keep him and his family in the neighbourhood, and that the main desire is to be rid of them with the least possible delay. So he accepts the two days' rations and a full petrol tank which the town or the welfare agency—offers, and passes on.

Both parties are thus satisfied, the one to the full, the other more or less so. Often, of course, the new-style tramp, like the old, does not scruple to help himself as he passes. If he wants wood, he chops it down or purloins a fence post and rails. Orchards, fields, and hen-houses all suffer from the depredations of these gentry, so that the problem of dealing with the "Lizzie families" is daily becoming more acute.

What is more, California has now found it necessary to institute a corps of truant officers on motorcycles to seek out the children who ride with the "fly-by-Fords" instead of more prosaically learning the three R's in school as the law demands. So civilisation creates new difficulties in removing old ones.



The girl who admits another girl is pretty must be very sure of being much prettier herself.