

administrative ability, he is not likely to commit himself in any way at present. The heavy loss which the Chartered Company will suffer may possibly ruin the company and its shareholders, but Mr Rhodes is a multi-millionaire, and far too knowing a financier to put all his eggs into one basket. He will be annoyed; so



'THE GOD IN THE CAR'—MR CECIL RHODES.

will Barney Barnato. They may drop a million or so apiece before the matter is settled, but there their financial afflictions will end. The Car, as Anthony Hope has it in his novel, of which Cecil Rhodes is surely the thinly-disguised hero, will move on no matter who or how many are bruised and crushed under the wheels.

**T**RIBUTONIC humour is not usually of the brilliant order, and the average German has not commonly a talent for *repartee*. It must be confessed, however, that the German Band fellows in Melbourne scored, and scored heavily, in that street scene reported in Friday evening's cables. It was an admirable idea on the part of the loyal and warlike Melbournians to make the Germans play 'Rule Britannia,' to cheer lustily the while, and to reward the music makers liberally; but the Germans certainly turned the laugh with wonderful adroitness and commonsense when they offered to play 'God Save the Queen' on similar terms. Under similar circumstances, had the offer been made to a Frenchman, he would have spat in the face of the spokesman who proposed such a thing. The German Band wins.

**W**ANTED, Stonebreakers at once! As might have been anticipated, the above advertisement, which appeared one evening last week in a very large evening paper in the North Island, attracted a vast amount of attention. The week's racing, not to mention keeping Christmas, had provided a very healthy army of *stone breakers*, who literally besieged the house of the unlucky advertiser, who dared not venture forth till the arrival from town of a huge placard (sent for in hot haste). 'I wanted stonebreakers, not stonebreakers.' The crowd then groaned heavily, cursed volubly, and as they say of deputations, withdrew.

**A** GENTLEMAN by the name of Yatman, one of the promenade platform preachers who raid this country from time to time to save our souls and collect our tuppences, has pronounced the very extraordinary dictum that 'a man who uses tobacco loses the finer sensibilities of a gentleman.' Now I should like to know which are the finer sensibilities to which Mr Yatman refers. The weather is something too hot for argument, as far as I myself am concerned, but if any champion of the weed cares to enter the lists against Mr Yatman, and to combat his preposterous and very absurd assertion, I shall be pleased to afford him reasonable space in these columns to do so. The value of what Mr Yatman has to say on the liquor question and prohibition may be estimated from his narrow minded dictum on smoking. Which of the finer sensibilities of a gentleman did Tennyson lack, by the way? and is not Sir Walter Raleigh accredited with having been one of the finest gentlemen in the world? Mr Yatman's ideal of the fine old word is probably—Mr Yatman.

**M**AN never is but always to be blessed! In the piping times of assured peace we are prone to peevish complaints against the dullness and stupidity of the cable columns of our daily paper. Now when the cables are of a nature to stir the pulse of the most phlegmatic, and to rouse the martial spirit of the most unpatriotic and callous colonial, when the press teams with rumours of wars, and all the nations of the earth seem suddenly actuated by a desire to fall upon the busy Britisher and to stop forever his schemes of self-advance, ment, we shake our heads and sigh regretfully for the dull papers and stupid cable columns, which we sadly recognise meant peace and prosperous times. Now the chances of peace, for any length of time, seem getting more and more remote. The fire may be stamped out temporarily in South Africa, though that seems doubtful, but it will surely burst out in some new and perhaps totally unexpected quarter. As I said last week, I cannot pretend much to regret the fact. It is inevitable, so it would seem, that men must fight, and if they must, why it is better that England should not get out of training by having too long a rest in between.

It is, however, high time Englishmen realised that under the new conditions of warfare the old idea that one English Tommy Atkins could account for four 'bloomin' foreigners' is a fallacy and a farce, a farce that has already ended in a somewhat grim tragedy. Our men are as brave as ever; they will fight as stubbornly, and they will keep up the tradition that they don't know when they are beaten, but beaten and beaten badly, as Jameson's forces were, they will continue to be if they insist on underestimating the fighting powers of their enemies. Under the new condition of warfare no man, however brave or gallant, can be safely trusted to do the work of four. The quick-firing rifle, the deadly machine gun, the hundred and one improvements in death-dealing instruments have made modern warfare a thing of brains rather than bravery, of generalship rather than gallantry. It is true that a brave and gallant deed may yet occasionally electrify the world and prove that the spirit of our forefathers yet lives within us, but far more often, and oftener still in the future, will gallant but foolish attempts to fight against superior odds result in the disaster and defeat which overtook poor Jameson's ill-fated and ill-advised expedition.

**A**ND in connection with that expedition let us not be in too great a hurry to condemn a brave and gallant officer. With the unwisdom and foolhardiness of the affair it is not now time to speak; the man has his punishment. But we cannot but feel proud of the manner in which he and his band fought during those thirty-six memorable hours. But we must hope it will prove that even the bravest and most determined must come to grief if they insist on trying impossibilities, and still endeavour through a mistaken notion of national superiority to pit one Britisher against four times the number of his adversaries.

**T**HE late Mr John Peter Robinson was one of the unknown millionaires of England. His will has just been proved, the gross value of the real and personal estate being entered at Somerset House at £1,119,660 12s 5d. The executors are Messrs Thomas Peter Clarkson, Philip Goddard, Richard Rabbidge, George James Wenham, and William Hitchins, to each of whom is bequeathed a legacy of £500. The testator leaves legacies of £30,000 each to three of his sons, and, after giving certain specific legacies and annuities, he bequeaths the residue of his estate in trust for his other children. The business will be carried on by the trustees. This is not the only instance of a million of money being made in retail business, but cases of the kind are very rare. The fortune was not made in a single lifetime. Mr Robinson's father founded the Oxford-street shop, which had obtained great prosperity when the late proprietor succeeded to its control. A very interesting article commenting on the advantages of trade over professions, as exemplified by Mr Robinson's, appears on page 49 of this issue.

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**MR J. ALBERT MALLINSON**, Pianist.  
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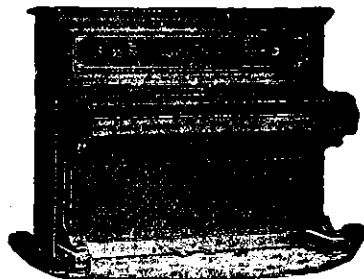
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