

to—without pauperism—will have solved the problem of the mitigation, at least, of an evil the existence of which may sap the healthy foundations of our cities. Will not the next rich person who is about to die, and has no immediate kin, bear this great want in mind?

Of course these words of mine will bring a storm about my ears. The usual cry will be raised—'Let the girls go into domestic service.' Dear ladies—for it is you who will complain—let me remind you that there are some nice mistresses and there are other kinds; that there are good sensible girls who will go into service and be a credit to themselves and all around them, and there are others who prefer a free-lance sort of life. Everyone, fortunately, is not built on exactly the same principle, and though a want of principle may be noticed occasionally, yet all girls who work in shops and factories are not necessarily to be condemned because they don't go as you would wish—into domestic service. Some of them, dear madam, you would not find suited to your establishment. There is, I know, the Y.M.C.A. Buildings. It is very good—too good for many indeed. Out of the six hundred girls working in shops and factories in Auckland over one-third are Roman Catholics, who would not go to the Y.M.C.A. Rooms. At all events, whatever the cause, there are the girls and they want help. All honour, then, to Mrs Hendre and those who are assisting her to make the lives of these young women better and brighter. And all success be to the proposed Fancy Fair which is to be held in three months for this purpose. Money to start the affair is, of course, needed, and donations will be welcomed by Mrs Hendre.

A MOST suitable vocation for ladies desirous of earning their own living in an honest and eminently woman-like way has been discovered by some enterprising demoiselle. Alas! I know not her name nor her abode, consequently the GRAPHIC interviewer has sedulously let her alone, and the pioneer of the 'Kiosk' and other suitably-named establishments remains an undiscovered social benefactor. There are one or two, if not more, of these luncheon and tea-rooms in most of our principal cities. Wellington has been blessed with a very taking afternoon tea-rooms, where the cakes and liquid refreshments are voted 'delicious.' Auckland is well off now in the matter of dainty, light meals at singularly light prices, and Napier is following these good examples. Of Christchurch and Dunedin I am not in a position to speak with gusto, but I have no doubt they are similarly blessed, or, at all events, shortly will be. For there are, unfortunately, many ladies who are much in need of work, and the confectioning of dainties wherewith to tempt the heart of man or woman is especially their work.

MANY otherwise thoroughly good and satisfactory housewives are under the impression that it is only necessary to have a prettily spread table when someone else's lord and master comes to join in the feast. They think that their own particular menkind do not care about flowers and fripperies, which add to the ladies' labours, rooms of the various luncheon and without, as they think, any adequate return. Herein they make a great mistake. Judging from the large proportion of men who daily enjoy the tastefully arranged meals in the charmingly-decorated feeding tea establishments presided over by the newly-arisen lady cooks and confectioners, it would seem that the appeal to the outward man is fully successful as old domestic staggers tell the novices is the appeal to the inner. 'How shall I retain my husband's affection?' pitifully asked an inexperienced young wife. 'Feed the brute,' said her twice-wed aunt. The words are rough, but there is a large amount of truth in them. Therefore, practical wives and mothers, recollect that you have terrible rivals to fear in these pleasant-mannered palate-tempting æsthetic-sense-satisfying Kiosk or Savoy-keepers.

IT sometimes is a little hard upon our magistrates that they cannot express their feelings concerning some of the cases which come before them in the few, pithy, and very pointed words which rise to their lips. But they have to support a reputation of absolute fairness and unbiasedness, and, consequently, have to wrap up their private feelings in the smooth silk of legal utterances. Occasionally their own view of the character of the person whom they are trying, or the case before them peeps out in an apparently innocent and unconscious manner. This happened in Auckland recently. A visitor to that city went to see the famous man in a trance, paying his silver coin for admission. He had been present but a short time when all visitors were requested to leave the hall, as the doctors were about to make an examination. This particular stranger refused to leave, stating that he was one of 'nature's physicians,' and was in-

terested in the case. He was gently, but forcibly, removed, and brought an action for assault. In dismissing the case Mr H. W. Northcroft, S.M., said that 'it was a queer show where the public, after paying their money at the door, could be turned out every five or ten minutes while the man in a trance could get up and walk about.' Very many people, myself included, would demur to the latter statement of the worthy magistrate, for a large number of us do believe in mesmerism, and in this particular case the man as I said last week, submitted to some hard tests of his unconsciousness. But what I wish to point out is the very neat way in which Mr Northcroft implied that he has not much belief in trances or uncanny things of that ilk.

BELOW is a reproduction of a photo of Mrs Camille Lorcher, now awaiting trial in Wellington for the attempted murder of Mr George Norbury. Mr Norbury's picture is also given. The particulars of the occurrence are well known. Messrs George Norbury and Trevor, builders, of Wellington, had erected buildings for Mr



MRS CAMILLE LORCHER.

Lorcher in Manners-street, and were the mortgagees in the case of a certain section belonging to him. On February 26th, Messrs Harcourt and Co., auctioneers, were about to offer for sale some of Lorcher's sections, the one over which Norbury held a mortgage, being among the number. Lorcher had for some time endeavoured to have the sale postponed, but it is said he eventually allowed matters to take their course. About



MR GEORGE NORBURY.

the time advertised for the sale, Mrs Lorcher entered the auction-rooms, and without any remark walked straight up to Mr Norbury and discharged a pistol at him. The bullet struck him on the right breast and penetrated the body. Although dangerously wounded, he is still alive at the date we write. Mrs Lorcher, who was promptly arrested, made no attempt to get away. Mr and Mrs Lorcher are Swiss, and came to New Zealand about five years ago.

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THE man in a trance' novelty seems to be drawing well all over the world, and seeing that it does not necessarily require any hypnotic power on the part of the operator, nor any excessive power of somnolency in the subject operated on, but merely a gullible public for its success, it is not surprising that the number of professors running this particular kind of show is large. The following is an account of an *expose* of a so-called hypnotic trance in the United States.

DURING the month of January last Santinelli, a 'hypnotist,' was giving exhibitions in various Michigan cities, in which he claimed to put a young man into a hypnotic sleep and keep him sleeping constantly for from four days to an entire week, during which time it was said all bodily functions were suspended. The young man in each case was Herman Leonard, an employé of Santinelli, who travelled with him from town to town for the purpose of being put to sleep. Leonard was put to sleep on a Monday night for five days at Grand Rapids. Early one morning in the week Dr. Harman, a thoroughly reputable Grand Rapids physician, slipped into the Opera House by the aid of a skeleton key. The watchman employed by Santinelli is known as 'Jim.' Jim was asleep but the doctor declares that Herman Leonard was wide awake. Dr. Harman says that he saw Leonard arise in his bed and throw a pillow into the box where the watchers were stationed, and asked to have 'Jim' awakened. 'Jim' was aroused from his slumber. At 5.22 Jim and the watchman went out of the auditorium of the Opera House, leaving the alleged sleeper alone. Three minutes later a stranger appeared. He brought a long-necked bottle, which he handed to the man on the bed. The 'sleeper' took the bottle and a few minutes later handed it back. Then the same man gave the 'sleeper' some food that looked like bologna sausage and a drink of water. Five minutes later the 'sleeper' asked for a cigarette. It was lighted and handed to him by his friend. The 'sleeper' took several long whiffs from the cigarette and expressed his satisfaction in various ways. All was serene when the hired watchers returned.

THE most peacefully disposed persons are liable to catch the war fever when it is prevalent. Mr Fowlds, of Auckland, has never been one who was likely to seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, wherever else he might endeavour to find it. According to his own showing he has no foolish fancy to reap glory on the field of battle or to die of

'a mortal stroke.
What time the foeman's line is broke
And all the war is rolled in smoke.'

As with the majority of us, a plain unromantic death in bed is more to his mind. But these rumours of war that are circling round the world have roused the latent soldier in him, and he is to the front with a suggestion that we should form rifle clubs in all the large centres. Mr Fowlds's clubs would not aim at any great proficiency in military evolution, nor would they adopt any of the gauds with which military men make themselves and their profession attractive. The members would be simple shootists, men who could take a straight aim and knock over an enemy at 500 yards. Mr Fowlds would have us take to the rifle range as we take to the cricket field, the golf links, or the bowling green, and become such experts in the new game that no enemy would care to have a match with us.

THE idea is good, but the difficulty seems to be to excite that widespread interest in it which is necessary to success. I have no fear that if he were called on to do it every city man would not leap from his counter and till and strike home 'were it but with his yard wand,' but until the rude blast of war blows in their ears they will trouble themselves very little about preparations for defence. Mr Fowlds has as his idea of what these clubs should be the Transvaal Burghers, and he believes we might attain to as great a proficiency as those Boer marksmen who whitened the cannon of the British at Majuba Hill with their bullets and picked off the gunners one by one. He forgets, however, that the circumstances under which that proficiency was attained do not exist here. We have not the opportunities nor the necessity for the use of the rifle which the Boer farmer has on the broad veldt. He has had a weapon in his hand since he was a lad. I am afraid that the kind of people which Mr Fowlds would like to see practising at Mount Eden have never fired a rifle in their lives, and would never take kindly to shooting as a pastime. The supposition seems to be that without the restraints and discipline of volunteering shooting would become popular. I question very much if such would be the case. If we have a difficulty in making the volunteer movement a success I don't see that rifle clubs are likely to prove much better. If men display little interest in volunteering it is not to be expected that they will show much enthusiasm in rifle clubs, or even if, contrary to expectation, they did, I fear very much that they would cut but a sorry figure in their untrained condition.