

twenty summers will proudly point to their wounds received in deadly battle with a hostile team! That will be a game worth something, then.

As yet, however, use has only sanctioned the use of pistols on the football field by referees. The players in the game must be content to do what execution they can with their hobnailed boots, and a notice will have to be posted up 'firearms strictly prohibited.' It will not do, however, to take the pistol away from the referee, or if he is to go unarmed it will be necessary for him to deliver his verdict from a position inaccessible to the defeated team, or to obtain the services of a posse of policemen till the conclusion of the match. In time, of course, the natural evolution of football along the present lines will inevitably bring about a time when the employment of lethal weapons in the football field will be sanctioned by law, but at present only referees should be allowed to draw in self-defence.

#### MARY ANN'S FRIEND.

MR W. KELLY, the member for Invercargill, is 'a ladies' man.' This epithet in Parliamentary language bears a different significance from that usually attached to it in the ordinary social sphere. The ordinary ladies' man is a gentleman who especially lays himself out to be agreeable to the sex and cultivates their society. The Parliamentary ladies' man is cast in a sterner mould. He may be kind and courteous, but he is concerned with more serious things than the mere politeness of life. He has dedicated himself to the cause of woman, and has joined with the close-lipped austere female whose life's object is the emancipation of womankind. Of course Mr Kelly is not the only ladies' man, or if you would rather have it, woman's man in the House. There are dapper Dr. Newman and Mr Riccarton Russell, who have both got Bills in the interest of woman before the House. But the difference between them and Mr Kelly is that while they have directed their efforts to the general improvement of the status of the sex generally, the member for Invercargill has taken up the cause for a humble class—the domestic servant—and is battling not for privileges, which after all may be questionable, but for a certain amelioration in their lot which a legal half-holiday per week would be.

THIRTEEN, while woman in general blesses the name of Newman and Russell, let the voice of Mary Ann and Bridget rise in dulcet trebles from every kitchen in the land. Occupants of the parlour may frown disapproval on Mr Kelly, who dares to introduce disturbance into the domestic circles—for women have a good deal of the tyrant in them, and are curiously blind to the injustices they themselves commit—but there are as bright eyes and as ruby lips downstairs as in the highest drawing-rooms in the land, and Mr Kelly will not mind what they say of him upstairs. Besides, it is only the unreasonable mistresses who will object to their servants having a regular respite from work on one afternoon of the week, and after all is it not the object of all Parliament's legislation to have the world conducted on reasonable lines?

#### AUSTRALIA TRIUMPHANS AND AFTER.

THERE has been much metaphorical weeping and gnashing of teeth in colonial athletic circles over the Lucifer-like fall of the Australian cricket team in England. The first weeks of their stay in the Old Country was a record of brilliant successes, and ardent young Australasia for a time quite forgot her worship of the great winter god, Football, to sing the victories of her young heroes of the willow. But, alas! Fate, which smiled on the cricketers at first, afterwards withdrew her favour with the direst consequences. The triumphant career was suddenly arrested and crushing defeat followed. The men whose limbs were made in England reasserted their prowess in the great national game and Australia bit the dust. I for one do not altogether regret the humiliation which has befallen her. There was very great danger of her being altogether spoiled if her sons had returned to her bosom unchastened by a single reverse. They are already inclined to entertain a much too high opinion of themselves, and to be inordinately lifted up by the contemplation of their own perfections; but if they had overcome the Englishmen on every field we should hardly have been able to hear ourselves speak for the crowing that would inevitably have arisen from the Island Continent. Goodness only knows what Australia might not have been tempted to do on the heads of such success—anything probably between floating a big loan and renouncing their allegiance to Great Britain. It would have been a bad thing for Australia—would unqualified success. But it was not decreed that her boys should obtain it. England has yet a few sons who have not left their mother's knee, who can uphold her name on the field of sport as well as on the field of

battle. The race is not decadent in its home, but is fresh and vigorous as of yore. And if decadence should come, which God grant it never may, we have the assurance that in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the Cape there are growing up peoples who will perpetuate the virtues which have grown to such vigour in that little island, Freedom's abode.

#### 'WE LEAVE THE CHAIR.'

'A.M.'—I have carefully read both the verses and the story you sent me. You ask me to give you my candid opinion regarding them, and I shall endeavour to do so in short compass. But first let me give you a word of advice which is applicable to a great many young writers. You are anxious, you say, 'to make money by writing (for few of us in this mercenary age can afford to write for the laurel wreath alone).' Now let me tell you at once that beginners who think of the reward for their work, whether in money or fame, more than of the work itself, are not going the right way to success. You do not suppose, do you, that the great poets thought first of remuneration and then of artistic truth and excellence? Can you fancy Dante peevish those terrible passages in the 'Inferno,' or Milton singing of seraphic choirs, or Shakespeare writing the sublime consummation of one of his tragedies—can you fancy any of these heirs of fame working with, as the Americans would put it, 'an eye on the almighty dollar'? I am perfectly sure that you cannot. Nor, indeed, can you conceive any of the lesser lights in the literary firmament who have achieved fame bothering much about the money except as a side thought. The men and women who have done anything in literature, or indeed in any worthy walk of life, have loved the work for its own sake, and troubled themselves, as Matthew Arnold said of a distinguished writer, 'much more about perfection than about glory.' Believe me, I am advising you for the best when I say that you should not be thinking of making money at this stage of the chapter, but of writing something that is really good. From an artistic point of view this is the best counsel I can give you, and even from the monetary point of view it is the best also. The stories which command a price nowadays must be good, and until you can write really good stories you need not enter the market, for in these days of universal education it is glutted with mediocre wares. I have had a good deal of experience in that market, and know how very difficult it is to get a stand in it. If you, like many of my young friends, cherish the belief that it is to be taken by storm, I can only say 'try it.' Your verses are fair. There are one or two good ideas in 'Death,' though I could hardly say there are any which are very strikingly original. The thought is somewhat trite, and the rhythm not always quite satisfactory, the accent of the line shifting about. The verses on the 'Reform Dress' show a facility in rhyme and a sense of humour, but with a little more care you could have given them more point, I am sure. You might also have improved on some of the rhymes. For instance, 'reformers' does not fit very happily to 'enormous.' 'The Ring of Fate' is very much like scores of other stories, a thread of incidents lightly strung together in fair enough English. The incidents are by no means novel in story book life, and cannot claim special attention on the ground of originality. But of course, novelty of incident is not essential to a good story. Some of the best books make use of the very oldest situations and every day plots. Shakespeare borrowed most of his. The component of materials suffice for the master's hand. Putting aside your incidents what is there in the story? You have attempted no particular representation of life, of feeling, of emotion, though in the plot as you sketch it there should be abundant opportunity for elaborate character drawing. I should certainly not care to discourage you from writing if you really feel you have a real bent in that direction. I would not, from the specimen of your work, predict that you will be successful, but at the same time I will not go so far as to say that you may not with practice and the study of the best models attain to something good. If you have pleasure in writing, and leisure, write on. The work will certainly be good for you, giving you a command of English, and cultivating your imagination. I cannot offer you payment for either the verses or the story, but I might, if you like it, find a place for your 'Dream of Fair Women.' Drop me a postcard if you desire it. If I do not receive word from you I shall return the MSS.

'Alice.'—I am sorry that I cannot make use of your MSS. Although I have a great deal of work on my shoulders I have given them my best consideration. The question you ask, 'whether it is worth your while continuing to write?' is one that you must answer for yourself. My advice to young writers has always been, 'write if you feel you must write.' In many respects I have formed a high opinion of your good sense, and for

that reason I am inclined to be more blunt in expressing my opinion than I might be to a young writer whom I feared to discourage. I tell you frankly, therefore, that I doubt whether you can hope to attain to any high poetic standard. Almost anyone, as you are aware, may become pretty proficient in verse-making, but poetry is another thing. With regard to your story, it ranks in a different class from the most of those I receive—and I get a great many. It is the work of a person who has a command of English, and can express her thoughts, which, alas! is not the case with too many of the embryo writers who seek my advice. But as a story it is not deeply interesting. I confess I much preferred your general treatment of the first story, though the subject was against its appearance in the GRAPHIC. I return you the MSS. as requested, and shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

'Penelope.'—If I mistake not Penelope is young and lively. At any rate her story is youthful and lively, and if from a critical standpoint it has a good many faults, still it is not devoid of a certain naturalness and spontaneity which cover a good many shortcomings. As the subject it deals with is at this moment a good deal under discussion, I should be willing to insert the tale later on among the unpaid contributions to the GRAPHIC. Do you desire it?

'C. Clyde.'—Your story shows that you are possessed of no little imagination, and although I regret I can make no use of it just at present, I shall be glad to hear from you some other time.

#### A STORY OF OLD NEW ZEALAND.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—

TO THE EDITOR: Dear Sir,—I notice in the issues of your paper of the 6th and 13th inst. an interesting account of the wreck of the barque 'Harriet,' and as no mention of the fact is made therein, I presume you are not aware that one of the principal actors in the small tragedy recorded, and probably the only survivor, is still alive. I refer to the boy child, who with his mother was held captive by the Maoris. He is now residing, as he has done for many years, at that picturesque spot, Port Underwood, Clondy Bay, and is well-known both here and in the Sounds as 'Old Jack,' or 'Jack Guard.' I have no doubt he could, if asked, give some interesting accounts of events which occurred in 'Old New Zealand' days. It may be of interest to your readers to know that he is still in the land of the living.

Yours, etc., PONEKE.

Wellington, June 14th, 1896.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notice to contributors.—Any letters or MSS. received by the Editor of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC will be immediately acknowledged in this column.

'TRILEY.'—It is not at all necessary for any one to be a correspondent of Cousin Kate in order to send money in aid of the Cot Fund. Cousin Kate assures me she is very much pleased when anyone, beyond the cousins, shows sufficient interest in it to send her a contribution. Would you like a collecting card? They cost the collector nothing. In reply to your second question, I was at first going to give an immediate 'Yes,' but on thinking the matter over, I see it would have to depend on one or two points. First, is the gentleman considerably older or entitled in any way to any special consideration? And again, does she wish to leave from any sudden caprice or whim. If for either of these reasons she desires to leave theatre, dance, or any place of amusement, I think she is wrong, especially if he would prefer to remain. But perhaps you only mean can she be the one to suggest going? Most certainly she can; but she should ask him if he has any more engagements on his programme, or if he would object to leaving the theatre as she is cold, or indisposed, or must be home by a certain time? If she proposes leaving in a pretty pleasant manner, thanking him for the pleasure he has afforded her, no man would feel annoyed with her. You ask, thirdly, how to start an Amateur Dramatic Club? If I were in your place I should run over in my mind and then make a list on paper of all the people you know who have sufficient talent and would be likely to prove good members. Then get one or two of the best together—in your own drawing-room—and talk the matter over. First settle on a place for general rehearsals; if possible where no payments will be wanted. Choose a good manager (who could also be secretary) and a treasurer. Fix your subscription as low as possible—or have none at first if you can manage to get books for your first play—and let each copy his or her part (you must allow extra time for this). Have a very small committee who will arrange a piece, and decide on the various actors—who shall be asked to personate a character, fix the rehearsals, and the date of performing. If in public, they will hire the hall and issue tickets. You ought to pay expenses by a good piece, and have something in hand towards buying extra wigs, costumes, etc., which must be the property of the Club. Be sure your committee are good-tempered and likely to work well together. If I can help you in any way further, I shall be very pleased.

'Vivian Arden.'—Your manuscripts received.