

citizens at large; and the history of cities, from Athens and Florence to Cork and Kilkenny, have declared to us to what lengths the spirit of faction may go when once firmly fixed in the breasts of citizens. I can conceive it possible that this fight for the Tournament surplus money may last for many generations—didn't the fore-talked of war of Troy, which really originated in the dispute of three celebrated ladies as to which of them should have a certain apple, last over ten years? I can, also, conceive it possible that, while this surplus lies quietly awaiting, through the years, the people of Auckland's decisive choice and accumulating enormously at compound interest as it waits, the original subject of dispute may so get lost sight of that after a century or two, when the glory of the Queen's Record Reign has become merely an old man's tale, it will be a matter of fine antiquarian research to discover whence originated the names—Hospitaliers and Statue-ites—of the great faction parties of Auckland. Most probably the Antiquarians will trace a clear connection between the *Hospitaliers* and the ancient Knights of St. John, who bore that name; and he may conclude that *Statue-ites* is a corruption of *Statuettes*, a term applied in some opprobrious relation to this faction by its opponents.

ARTHUR'S RETURN.

THE prophesy that 'Arthur would return again' has been fulfilled in the case of the well-known A.B. Worthington; but, alas! the reception he has been accorded in the City of the Plains is very different from that which Merlin foretold A.B.'s namesake of the Round Table would meet with. There was, indeed, warmth and enthusiasm in the greeting of the Christchurch people, but it was principally expended in hustling, stone-throwing, hooting and groaning, so that Arthur, who was the centre of these attentions, had some difficulty in keeping a whole skin. A thousand people, we are told, had assembled to do him insult and injury, and it was only because of the protection afforded him by twenty policemen and detectives that he escaped serious maltreatment at the hands of the crowd. What a change in the temper of the Christchurch people this indicates! I mind me of a time when Arthur and his temple were among the lions of the city, and even later, when his glory had somewhat waned, he still could command a following; while those who were not inclined to accept the man or his teaching were indifferent to him and tolerant of his ways. But now when he returns to the scene of his former triumphs, it is to find that indifference has given way to virulent hostility, and that the chief tribute he can expect from Christchurch is more in the shape of kicks than ha' pence. This can scarcely have been what he expected, or he would never have returned. The chances are that he was deceived by some one or two ardent disciples in Christchurch, who are believed to have asked him to return. Now, however, that he has had some experience of the general feeling towards him, one would say that he would make tracks for fresh woods and pastures new. In this planet, small though it is, there must be possibilities for such a man as Worthington, which he has not yet exhausted, and one rather wonders that he should go back to Christchurch, where his doctrine is no longer novel and his reputation not altogether unsmirched. There surely must be some strong attraction in the place that draws him thither. Is it association, the memory of his old successes, or does there still remain a remnant in the City of the Plains that believes in Worthington, towards whom, when the energy to make new conquests and form a new church among some other community is failing him, he instinctively turns? Is it a confession of failure, this return of A.B.'s to Christchurch, or is it prompted by the conviction that there is no field all the world over so favourable for the profitable employment of his peculiar talents as there? Appearances, it is true, rather belie that conviction, but mankind are so gullible that it is not improbable that Arthur may conquer the hostility which his first appearance has created, and rearing another temple, pass the rest of his days in peace and plenty, a burning and a shining light to his congregation.

False modesty frequently deters women from doing their share of love-making. From fear of being considered over-bo'd, they are apt to be over-shy, and thus discourage attentions which they secretly desire. Women are as well entitled as men to express their love, only each sex has its own way—man with words, woman with manners. The one is quite as expressive as the other; and, in either case, the more delicately expressed the better. A woman who does not express her attachment by her manner cannot expect to be loved. It is altogether foolish, because it is a hypocritical practice, that of pretending to be indifferent to those whom she really and legitimately loves. Preference is a legitimate feeling which may be always modestly manifested by any woman.

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.

'CURIOUS.'—I am sorry I cannot comply with your request. I do not recollect in which number of the paper you mention the article occurred, and the rest of it has long since been swallowed up in the waste-paper basket. We do not file those papers, or I might have been able to trace it.

'Palmerston North, D.R.'—I hope you will see these initials and recognise them as yours. You will get a beautiful soft silky material, in the new shot lustrous alpaca, for about 35s the robe, which I should imagine would exactly meet your requirements; or a still cheaper dress in fancy spot scroll lustre can be obtained for 12s 6d. If you want a zouave, you can get one from the same firm—Te Aro House, Wellington. If you are likely to go out much whilst paying your promised visit, you will require at least a couple of evening dresses. Take three or four blouse bodices, two in silk; these look very well with a really good silky alpaca skirt.

'Mrs R.S.B.'—Many thanks for your kind, sensible letter. I shall take the liberty of publishing a few of your remarks:—'If I could only persuade mothers to be more particular as to the kind of man with whom their daughters associate, it would be far better for the moral tone of our young people generally. Men are far more particular about the sort of man their women folk are friendly with than are the women folk themselves. This is a general rule, with, however, a few exceptions. But it is not very creditable to the women that this should be so, except that they often err through sheer inability to either ascertain or understand the real character of the man with whom they associate. They—the best of them—have some curious notion that they can reform a bad man; or else that their influence keeps him from going from bad to worse. This is a mistaken idea. . . . But let me conclude by urging all mothers to more closely guard their daughters. There is far too much laxity in New Zealand society. Teach the girls all they should know. Ignorance is not safety. A certain knowledge imparted by a pure, loving mother may prove the salvation of an innocent daughter.'

'Little Miss Moppet.'—Why bewail the fact that you are a blonde? I heard lately of an intelligent hair-dresser, who claims that blondes cannot be done away with; that blondes are essentially the beauties of civilisation, and that they cannot be driven away. He says that the blonde can dress more effectively, and that a well-kept blonde has ten years' advantage in the point of youthful looks. You cannot expunge her in favour of the brunette even in literature, for in the novels turned out during one year recently, there have been three hundred and eighty-two blondes to eighty-two brunettes.

'Economical.'—When you are buying material for a dress, you will find it a great saving to purchase a yard or two more than you require at the moment. This comes in for new sleeves—which get old-fashioned so quickly, new collar, cuffs, or facing on the skirt, or for mending. If your new stuff looks too fresh, hang it in the sun for an hour or two, so as to make it harmonise with your worn dress.

'Rosalie.'—No; you must wear all black or none at all. The compromise you suggest is impossible for the next three months at least. In very hot weather wear a thin silk blouse, or batiste, or linen, but it must be black in your case.

'Trousseau.'—A charming way to finish a night dress is to scallop, with coloured thread, that part of the placket which laps over, and then to embroider all over the collar and cuffs, which, by-the-bye, are outlined in the same way, tiny flowers, that is, daisies, rosebuds, forget-me-nots or buttercups, in the same colour and after the flat Kensington fashion. In addition to their being very pretty, some suitable work is afforded for a great many idle hands.

'Charles, Esquire.'—I regret that I cannot receive your suggestions. Try some other paper.

'Caller.'—Yes, any information of the kind will be very welcome, but must reach the Lady Editor on or before Monday morning. The earlier it comes the better chance it stands of appearing in the next week's issue.

'Ruby.'—Yes, I remember you quite well. I am very sorry to hear of your trouble. With regard to your second question you will find an excellent wash for the mouth, to be used when some little indisposition has affected the breath, is made of an equal mixture of camphor and myrrh. A few drops of this in a glass of tepid water used as a gargle will be found refreshing, and will do the duty demanded of it, i.e., sweeten the breath. When there is the slightest eruption on the face always bathe it with warm water. When you are heated or your face is

flushed do not use cold water, but take warm water and pure soap, and with them give your face a gentle bath, being careful to give it a second bath of clear, tepid water, so that every particle of soap is removed.

'Helen.'—I do not think the red and green mixture would be at all harmonious in your room. Vivid colouring of the patterns you enclose in your letter is quite out of date. Reds and greens to blend nowadays must be artistically subdued, of almost sombre hues, with some soft shading to unite them. Any good furniture place would send you samples of this style of colouring. Your room, as at present designed, is simply impossible. I wish I could see you and show you just what I mean. Do you never come to town? and are all your neighbours' drawing-rooms as brilliantly furnished as the one you propose arranging? At any rate write for patterns, and look at and study them until you like them, and are quite unable to put up with the vivid, old-fashioned shades. But they are not shades; they are prismatic colours.

'Curiosity.'—If you want something 'quaint but useful' for your chateleine (which style, by the bye, has not caught on as was expected), you will find it in a pencil that exactly imitates a match, and which may suggest to the looker-on either that the wearer is matchless, or her match has been found.

'Donald.'—I am very much obliged for your offer, of which I regret extremely I cannot avail myself. I am also much gratified by the kind remarks you make about this column. At the same time you must allow me to say that I have much pleasure in answering correspondents, and that I am not in the habit of receiving 'impertinent' letters. Perhaps you only mean that it is impertinent to ask questions, as good little boys and girls are taught? But what else is this column for?

'Best Man.'—A very pretty gift would be a handsome brush with back of tortoiseshell with a monogram or cipher cut into the shell itself. This with the comb is strapped in a pretty leather case and possesses the two desirable qualities of being ornamental and useful.

'A Poetess.'—You are indeed 'in doleful dumps,' but, after all, you need not despair. You may still become a poetess in reality as you say you are now in dreams. Grace Greenwood says her first effusion was as follows:

Farewell! a long farewell, dear friend!
Alas! our happy times must end:
Of all my schoolmates, kind and true,
There is no one I love like you.

In Western climes may be my grave—
Or I may sink 'neath Erie's wave:
So keep these words with tender care,
Also, this little lock of hair.

Ah, never with a critic's eye,
Look on this verse of poetry.
For, oh! remember that it was given
When your dear friend was scarce eleven.

I do not think the specimen you enclose any worse than this. *She* has attained a mild sort of fame, why should not you? Only, do not try to publish your poems just yet. Burn a hundred or two first.

'Rita.'—It would be wise to select for your ushers, friends who are well acquainted with the friends and relatives of your own and your fiancé's family, for then they will know how to place them, putting the friends and relatives of the bridegroom on the left side and the friends and relatives of the bride on the right.

'Women endure painful surgical operations much better than do men,' said a medical traveller. 'Men will receive frightful wounds without flinching, then act like babies at the sight of the surgeon's knife and needle. As a rule, the most robust nations bear pain with less fortitude than those noted for effeminacy. A native of Bengal will look placidly on while you saw off his leg, while your bold Briton must have an opiate before getting a tooth pulled. The Mexicans and Cubans endure pain much better than do the Americans, while a Turk will let a surgeon saw him to pieces without raising half the disturbance that a big German soldier will over the setting of a broken bone. But for a genuine stoic in the matter of patient long-suffering commend me to an Indian who has not been tainted with the white man's civilisation. There is no torture human ingenuity can devise that will break his nerve.'

Traces of former customs still linger among us. 'Giving the bride away' is a relic of the time when women were sold and paid for. The word 'obey' recalls the days when it was more than a form. The veil is a reminder of the 'care cloth,' or canopy, with dependent curtains, borne over the bride's head by four attendants to conceal her blushes at the coarse remarks made by the crowd that attended her to the church. The rice comes from India, where it was thrown after brides in token of a hope that they might always have enough of the staple food of the country. Old shoes were thrown after German brides before the Christian era; and so on, through the whole list of wedding observances, there is nothing that has not probably been hallowed by centuries of use.