THE SUGAR OF LIFE.

WHEN Professor Schenk, of Vienna, announced some time ago that he had discovered the secret of sex genesis and could regulate the proportion of boy babies to girl babies with absolute nicety, the world held up its hands half in amazement at the claims of science, and half in incredulity at them. But being a particularly modest and delicately-minded world, it did not care to press the Professor to reveal his secret. The latest mail news from Europe, however, informs us that of his own accord the savant has made a clean breast of the whole thing, and it turns out to be nothing so very new after all. The great determinative factor in sex is sugar; simply sugar and nothing more. It is precisely as we were taught in the nursery rhyme, showing how wonderfully infallible are our primal instincts. Don't you remember how we used to answer that half conundrum of our infantile days, 'What are little girls made of?' The answer was, 'Sugar and spice and all things nice.' And science after years of study has at length come to corroborate that spontaneous dictum. Literally little girls are, according to the professor, composed of these ingredients; little boys on the contrary are made of sterner stuff. So, my dear young lady, when you are dissatisfied with your feminine lot and wish you were a man like your brother, remember that it was your mother's sweet tooth that placed you under such disadvantages. Sugar was your bane. Fate in the shape of saccharine condemned you to a kirtle. Well may you look on the sugar basin with aversion, and regard lollie shops as a snare and delusion, for it was these that wrought your ruin. What a wide field of speculation and inquiry does the Professor's statement open up. Fathers with large families of girls may naturally enough condemn the sugar-eating propensities of the age, but how can the young men look otherwise than kindly on a practice that has surrounded them with such bevies of charming young ladies and raised their own value in the social mart. Viewed in the light of Professor Schenk's discovery the candy-man becomes a beneficent personage, and a new interest invests the olive features of the Persian lollie vendor. But for thee, oh humble purveyor of succulent dainties, in which elements even more foreign than the products of Persia may play, a part—but for thee and thy friendly persuaviness, my sweet Amaryllis might have been a mere whipster of a boy and I be wandering through the world searching in vain for that kindred soul which, thanks to sugar, I have found.

THE PAPER MAN.

SIR HERBERT KITCHENER has decreed that no newspaper correspondent shall accompany him on his march from Khartoum to Fashoda; the reason for this prohibition, assigned by those who know the Sirdar, being that he finds the newspaper men sometimes interfere with the complete success of his plans. He is reported to have declared that he does not object to the correspondent on the actual field of battle, but the latter's inquisitiveness and all-consuming desire to satisfy the inquisitiveness of the great public whom he serves may sometimes upset the most delicately laid scheme by revealing it to the enemy. I don't deny a certain appearance of reason in this, but there is another side to the matter. What, one would like to know, would modern war be without the newspaper correspondent? What would the Sirdar himself be—modern Alexander as he now appears if there were no sacred vates in his camp in the shape of the newspaper scribe to sing his doughty deeds? Up to the present the Egyptian campaign has been a brilliant affair. But so far as the great world is concerned who made it so? Was it the Sirdar and his men? Hardly. They disappeared into the desert and we might have heard nothing of them till they reappeared again had it not been that the newspaper correspondent accompanied them and daily wrote down all they 'fought and feared and felt.' Practically, it was his pen, not their swords, that made the campaign what it was so far as the public is concerned. Take as another instance the recent American war. What a very tame affair it must have been for us had there been no newspapers and no newspaper correspondents. To those that immediately took part in an engagement the campaign, of course, had its realities, especially if

"he does not object to the correspondent on the actual field of battle"
(There is always the chance of their being killed off early in the engagement.) AN.

they got shot. But how were we to realise what took place had there been no one on the scene to observe on our behalf and to relate the events. The Americans now will not forget that war for hundreds of years to come; and the memory of it will stimulate patriot passion when the grandsons of those who fought have been gathered to their fathers. Would it have been so memorable, would it have inspired such national zeal, do you think, had the story of it never been told in the daily prints by eye-witnesses, who were there not to fight but look on? Of course not; and I cannot but feel a little surprise that the Sirdar has not recognised this side to the question. Even in the sphere of Parliamentary warfare the value of the newspaper correspondent is well known. How often have I seen a member in the course of his speech stop and glance anxiously up to mark not whether his brother members were listening, but whether the Press gallery was noting his words. Was it not appreciation of the invaluable services of the newspaper correspondent that led the Chairman of Committee on that recent memorable occasion when all the galleries were cleared to refuse to make the order apply to the ladies' gallery? Mr Guinness explained his action on the ground that according to Parliamentary usage he was not supposed to be cognizant of the existence of the ladies' gallery, or its occupants. Some think that after all this was a mere excuse and that a delicate gallantry really prevailed with him. Love is blind, and may not courtesy be too? But in my opinion the correct explanation of the matter is that there was a lady newspaper correspondent in the gallery—and she was really the only newspaper correspondent in the House. Her profession, therefore, and not her sex, saved her.

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.

'Query.'—The bridegroom is not supposed to give his best man a present, but it is customary for him to make each of the bridesmaids a present of some article of jewellery, such as a brooch or bracelet, of a value proportionate to his means and inclinations.

'Nancy.'—The lines which I think you must refer to are in 'Hamlet,' and occur in Polonius' parting address to his son Laertes. They are:—

'To thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

'R.E.V.P.'—I think you must be terribly astray in regard to the name. I know of nothing on earth or in sea or sky that bears the name you mention.

'Spring Cleaner.'—You will find that a dry scouring of portieres and other hangings will remove the dirt which has come through ordinary wear and is not the result of accident. A thorough scrubbing with either hot bran or stale bread crumbs is a great refreshener.

'Tender Conscience.'—It is a delicate point; in fact, so delicate a point that I do not care to advise you upon it. I think the most suitable person for you to apply to for the advice you seek would be a priest of your own faith.

'Ada G.'—Gently smear the edges of your eyelids every night with a little vaseline, and you will find that they will not stick together in the morning.

'R.B.'—It is best for a gentleman when sending a present of flowers or of books to a lady to indicate by his card, or by some writing on the package, from whom it comes. It removes an unpleasant feeling of uncertainty from the recipient's mind.

'Anxious Ethel.'—No, you have not troubled me at all, and I shall be pleased to do the same thing for you another time.

'Jilted.'—So far from condoling with you, I take leave to congratulate you on having made a lucky escape from what would have been a miserable married life. You would certainly prove yourself utterly deficient in spirit and common sense if you made overtures again to one who could behave to you with such contemptible heartlessness.

'D.L.E.'—I am sorry to say that your MS. is far beneath the requirements of the 'Graphic.' Send stamps if you desire its return.

'Inquirer.' Shintoism is the primitive religion of Japan, but it is singularly devoid of almost everything that goes to constitute a religion. Its most marked feature is its inculcation of reverence for ancestors.

'Richard N.'- No; jewellery would be quite out of place as a present at this early stage of your wooing.

'Black-eyed Susan.' Of course you can obtain the protection of the law and have him punished, but would that be altogether desirable? Seeing that it is his first outbreak of violent conduct, do you not think that much milder measures would be more likely to ensure its being his last?

'Mrs R.'—I think you should take the doctor's advice and try a change of air for your little boy, in the first place.

'An Imitator of Villon.' I am afraid that I must describe your effusions as very villainous imitations of Villon. Indeed, I can see nothing in the structure of the verses or their themes that suggest any resemblance to that charming old French poet.

'A Faint Pipe.'—It is evident that your voice requires a complete rest.

'Paterfamilias.'—Certainly such singular devotion would almost seem to imply your child's possession of a distinct talent in that line, but she is so very young that it would not be wise to assume that this is really the case. Wait and watch what another year's development may bring out of her.

'Economy.'—About the best way of cleaning tan kid gloves is to wash them with deodorised naphtha. Have everything in readiness, pour a pint of naphtha into a bowl, put in the gloves and wash them in the same way as you would a bit of cloth. Another way is to put them on the hands and with a piece of soft linen cloth dipped in naphtha rub them over, taking care that all spots and streaks are removed. Let them remain on the hands until nearly dry, then take them off and pin them to a line in a current of air. It is well to clean them several days before they are to be worn in order that the odour of the naphtha may be dissipated. Of course, everybody knows, or should know, that naphtha is exceedingly inflammable and must not be used where there is fire or in a closed room where there is a light.

BYGONE DAYS IN TARANAKI.

ADVENTURES OF A MAN SENTENCED TO DEATH.

(To the Editor N.Z. 'Graphic.')

Sir,—I read with some interest Mr Seffern's narrative of the above, because I believe I recognise an old acquaintance in the man Hori. Though, if he is the man I knew, and I think he must be, some of the details of the drama, as narrated by Mr Seffern, are not quite correct. In the very early days of the Thames goldfields I had a man—a half-caste Maori working with me, a fine tall well-built and altogether a fine-looking fellow. This was the man who murdered Dr. Hope and nearly succeeded in murdering a lieutenant; the name of the latter I forget. This half-caste was befriended by Mr Robt. Graham because of valuable assistance he (Hori) gave at the wreck of, I think, the steamer 'Lord Worsly,' near the White Cliffs; and it was Mr Graham who was instrumental in preventing the sentence of death being carried out. The man was a splendid worker, spoke English well, but his leanings were toward the Maori part of his nature. I had heard something of his history, and after we became intimately acquainted with each other I succeeded in getting him to tell it, so far as it related to the murder, and his subsequent capture. Hori, though I think we called him Harry, was playing a double game. He was employed at the British camp and was supposed to mix with the hostile Maoris for the purpose of learning their strength and plans for the benefit of our soldiers. But instead of that he was acting in a directly opposite manner. I forget the details of Dr. Hope's murder, but I distinctly remember what induced Hori to do it—that was the Doctor's watch and chain. Hori told me that he had often noticed these on the Doctor, and one day he asked to have a look at the watch, when the Doctor put it into his hand. At that moment Hori told me he made up his mind to have both the watch and chain, and the first opportunity he committed the murder and robbery. It was thought to have been done by the Maoris at the time. Some time after this an officer was riding. I believe by himself—up a road cut in the side of a hill not far from camp. Hori and a few Maoris were lying in ambush close by; the Maoris fired, wounding the horse, which fell with its rider; at the same moment Hori sprang from the bank above with the intention of putting an end to the officer, but fortunately in jumping was injured so much that he could not reach the officer. The firing had been heard in camp and in a few minutes a number of soldiers were on the spot; and Hori told me the only thing that saved him from being bayonetted was that so many were trying to do it at once while he lay on the ground that they were in one another's way, which delayed the matter till the officer called them off. When searched, to their surprise Dr. Hope's watch and chain and another trinket were found on him, and he subsequently confessed to being the murderer. The above is exactly as told me by Hori.—I am, etc., I. Hopkins.