

front, all the white troops and residents turned out and cheered Lieut. Gaunt and his men again and again. They were brought to a halt in the square by the Supreme Court, where Captain Sturdee congratulated and praised them for their gallantry and success. The ships also signalled off, 'Well done, Gaunt's Brigade.' The German flag was then handed over to Captain Sturdee, who told the men that they were not at war with Germany, and therefore he could not see a national flag disgraced, but that the flag had been captured in fair fight from the rebels, that he would take it off to the senior officer to show to him and report how it was captured, and it would then be handed back to the army's 'Taupo.' The troops then went back to Mulinuu. Before this account of Monday's fight is closed, it is necessary to say something of the attention paid to the wounded. The Supreme Court has been made into a hospital for the white troops, and a large shed in front of Mr Fabricius's store for the natives. Here Surgeons Andrews (Porpoise), and Bowie (Tauranga), and Dr. Braught, assisted by Miss McCoy (a Pitcairn Islander), Miss Forth, and two Six baymen were ready to attend to the wounded. They had not long to wait, and very soon a sad sight was to be witnessed. The first batch of twelve wounded men was brought down very soon after the fighting commenced, and the doctors were hard at it. Volunteers were put on to cut up more bandages, and assist in any little way possible. As soon as a man's wound was dressed he was taken possession of by his weeping female relations, and carried off to the temporary hospital. These natives show most extraordinary pluck with their wounds; never so much as a single groan is heard, although some of their wounds were truly ghastly. No wound, no matter how severe, prevents him from turning to the doctor and saying: 'Faafai tele lava' (Thank you very much).

On Tuesday evening the Porpoise and Tauranga once more turned their guns on Vailimo and the vicinity, and a heavy bombardment continued for an hour or so. Wednesday the Taviuni sailed, having on board Von Bulow, who was bound for Nukualofa.

**MARRYING FOR LOVE.**

The following are the personal experiences, told by themselves, of men whose names are known to everyone of us. These men married when they were in very modest circumstances, and having long ago attained distinction and wealth, their opinions on 'marrying for love and working for siller' are worth hearing. This is what a well-known politician has to say:--

When I married the woman who gave me no other sorrow than her death, I was what in these days the world would call a poor professional man, struggling for a position.

I loved a lovely girl, the daughter of a man prominent in business, and who had lived in handsome style. She believed that her wealth as my wife would promote my career. All the world supposed her to be the daughter of a rich man. Only I knew that her father was on the verge of bankruptcy. Only I knew that all my money—the accumulations of a lifetime—was in his hands. We were married presently, and then in the first month of our happiness the crash came, and her father was ruined and beggared, as I had known he would be.

I was not only penniless, but in debt as well, so we had to begin again early in our lives to practise self-denial study a thousand little economies and yet keep up a semblance of style before the world in which we moved.

We could not in those days live in the fashion to which I am now accustomed. In those times I was often, for all my prominent positions, comparatively poorer than the mechanic because my expenses were so much heavier.

In those times the girl would give up something to the man she loved. She'd make sacrifices; she'd accept chances. In these days, owing to the society usages, 'the higher ideals,' the general extravagance of city life, she is greedy, grasping, selfish. Her eyes, her heart are centred on money,

money—nothing but money. The evil is growing. The days when a girl of society, or of the upper class, married a poor man because she loved him appear to have gone forever—except in the country towns.

**AN EX-MAYOR AND HIS PLUCKY YOUNG WIFE.**

An ex-mayor delivers himself in these words:—I wouldn't like to say how poor I was when I started life, with a widowed mother and a family of brothers and sisters dependent upon my efforts. When I married I was—let me see—well, I was a poor man, a salesman in the firm of which I afterwards became the head.

My dear wife had been accustomed to many of the refinements and elegancies of life. Yet she was content to accept my poor lot, and we had to do a lot of managing in those days to keep up appearances.

I remember how we scraped and

responsible for the new spirit among our girls. But go into the country districts. See the charming little houses built up here for very little. A man earning a modest salary in a country town is fairly prosperous and well-to-do. In the city he feels mighty poor.

In a provincial town the average girl asks herself, 'Do I love this man?' In the city the question is, 'How much money has he got?' And for this our style of life is responsible.

**A NOTED FINANCIER'S FIGHT FOR A LIVING.**

A financier of world-wide renown tells this of his early struggles:—When I married I was assuredly not the man I am to-day. I was fighting for a living. My wife had been accustomed to wealth and a fine establishment. Yet she did not disdain to share my comparatively poor lot. Because, although I had a fairly good

sole fault of our modern existence, (to out of the city and you find the woman in her natural self—sweet, tender self—surpassing true, living in her husband and home.

**A GOOD EXAMPLE TO YOUNG FOOLS.**

How did I begin married life? exclaims a professional man who has made a name. What was my income? That's none of the public's business. But if it is to set a good example to the young fools—men and women—who believe that money is the only road to happiness, I'll tell you that I began married life on £2 a week. Yes, sir, I had about £10 besides my pay.

I loved a girl who was as poor as myself, or poorer. Well, we decided that we would marry and take a chance in the lottery. You must remember then that I had not been



Davis, photo.

LUFALUFA FALLS, SAMOA.

saved, culling a little here and a little there to buy our first drawing-room set, and the joy that filled our hearts as we sat in the midst of our newly-acquired household gods can only be known once in a man's life.

Well, it isn't worth talking about. Somehow or other I reached the position I hold to-day, and I only consent to talk of my own case that it may serve as an example to the young men and young women who seem to be able to face life together. The girls look for rich men, the men look for rich wives now.

Still, even in these days, I find women—society girls—who are willing and anxious to marry a poor man simply because they love him.

It seems to me that the higher style of life, the tendency to extravagance, the striving for display, the hot composition which has sent up the scale of income and made men poorer, are

income, I was compelled to keep up a certain appearance, and no one but a man in that position can reduce the shifts to which he may be reduced in order to keep his end up.

My wife—I have been forty-four years married—aided me in my career to success as only a good wife can. Children came to us. I hold that a child is always a spur to a man. I know that the birth of each little one seemed to urge me to renewed efforts in work. It is the case with every man who is worth anything in this world.

It is unhappily true—no one knows that better than I do—that women in these days look out for wealth and demand it at all costs. They want dresses, they want luxuries. They have no real love of home. They look upon a husband as a convenience.

This is not the fault of the woman, who is naturally unselfish. It is the

fault to practice. We went to a cheap boardinghouse. It cost twenty-four shillings a week. It seems strange to look back now.

Well, we were happy together when times were good, and starved together when times were bad, and by-and-by after I had been called I began to pick up a little practice here and there and live somehow. Then we moved into our little house. Dear me, to think of the day we brought the ornolu clock and put it on the mantelpiece in the parlour! We sat right down in front of it, arm in arm, and fastened our eyes on the most prized of all our earthly treasures.

Those times have gone and times changed, and I made my way, but I wouldn't exchange the fond memory of those days for all the wealth and all the success that has since fallen to me.