

And so it is with civilised man generally. It is not that we are getting better, or perhaps even much wiser than our ancestors, that the sentiment is growing and growing in favour of peace; it is simply because we are losing the talent for fighting. (Of course I do not forget our wonderful engines of destruction, our iron-clads, 100-ton guns, torpedoes, and Lydite shells; but these only prove our superior ingenuity, not that we are more imbued with the war-like spirit than Berserker, for instance, whose very courage and fury stood him in place of a coat of mail.)

A TALE OF WOE.

THE weakness of the ministry is apparently becoming a common topic of conversation even in political circles most favourable to the present administration. Mr Wilson, the member for Wellington suburbs, was one less bewildering statement, made the financial power of this female Croesus a little more capable of being grasped. It is a common growl on the part of husbands that their wives do not know the value of money. Feminine ignorance in this connection is usually shown by an alleged carelessness in small affairs of household management. It is rather, however, when dealing with such colossal sums as are represented by the fortune of the baroness that men, as well as women, really lose sight completely of the value of money. Sit down with your pencil, you, my dear, who envy the baroness her millions, and tell me how you would get through half a million a year, for your supposition of course is that you would spend it if you had it. Then you will begin to realise dimly what a business the spending of a half million in the twelve months really is. The ladies of America have attained wonderful proficiency in the art of spending money, but notwithstanding their expertness a paltry £12,000 a year is sufficient for an American society woman to keep up a decent appearance. If, says a society journal, a woman has two or three daughters on her hands it is a trouble to make both ends meet on so small a sum. The cottage at Newport, the camp in the Adirondack Mountains, a winter house at Aiken, and renting a house in New York city for the season run to about £100 a month. Servants are the next large expenditure—no less than fourteen, including the men-servants, all of whom must be well turned out. Parties for the young daughters soon swallow up £100. Ordinary dinner parties run into £20 each, and those for the husband's old friends are not done for less than £50 each. Theatre parties, with supper afterwards, cost more than a trifle, to say nothing of a box at the opera. The finest horses must come to town during the season, and for the country there needs to be a plentiful supply of traps, carriages, etc. Then there are the gowns and the other trifles that cost hundreds. Evening gowns range from £60 to £140 each, and cloaks to about £80. But after all these expenses are met a very small hole would be made in half a million, and like Alexander sit-

to know how to bear the weary burden of colossal wealth or even to get rid of it.

THE QUEST OF IMMORTALITY.

THAT old matter of names again. The new Costley wards in the Auckland Hospital will soon have to be christened, and the business will devolve on the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board, as managers of the institution. I understand that the naming of the baby often causes division in the most loving households; yet on the point at issue there can scarcely be more than two opinions. But the question of naming a hospital ward, when there are eight different gentlemen with an equal say in the matter is quite another affair, as was proved at the last meeting of the Auckland Board. The Chairman introduced the matter by moving that the wards should be named after himself, the ex-Chairman and the Chairman of the Charitable Aid Committee, and handed down to posterity as the Stichbury, Bollard, and Bruce wards, and he indicated that in his opinion the services of the gentlemen named entitled them to the distinction he proposed. Another member, however, took strong exception to this, hinted very unkind reflections on the suggested recipients of so much honour, and concluded by urging that the wards should be named after persons distinguished in letters or for their philanthropy. Florence Nightingale, Lady Henry Somerset, and Miss Frances Willard were in his opinion much more appropriate personages to give their names to the wards than Messrs. Stichbury, Bollard, and Bruce, who after all are but local celebrities at the most. Is it to be wondered that after that the discussion was not prolonged, and that the whole question of naming the wards was deferred for a month? The little incident suggests a good many things, but I only wish to refer to one. Have you ever noticed how suspicious and jealous the subject of Demos is of his brother. He will bow the knee fast enough to the aristocrat or autocrat who in a lordly fashion claims his worship as his due, but how hardly will he suffer the comrade by his side to step out of the ranks and assume superiority over him. As of old, they ask: 'Is not this the carpenter's son, and his brethren, are they not among us?' The man who would be king in the democratic ranks has a hard enough business to get his sergeant's stripes to begin with, but the man who would grasp immortality by mere standing on tip-toe undertakes a bigger contract by far. That is first, second, or third-class immortality. If you like to make money, and die and leave it to some institution, the thing is not so unattainable, but we are speaking of getting yourself inscribed in humanity's book of life, even in the very obscurest corner of humanity's book of life, and there only as a sort of foot-note. Perhaps, after all, if you want to get your name perpetuated, foolish son of the people, the easiest way to go about it is to invent a bicycle or a baking powder, or something after that style, or start a public-house or a brewery, or even get a street named after you.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

I HAVE always understood that America, the home of Tammany, broke the record in the matter of municipal corruption, as it has done in so many other things, good and bad. But that distinction must henceforth—until some enterprising Yankee city can go one better—belong to the town of Bazer, in Hungary, where the entire Town Council, headed by the burgomaster, have been carrying on a system of elaborate forgery. The cablegram which conveys the information is tantalisingly brief. It merely says that the officials were caught redhanded forging bank notes in the cellar of the Town Hall. But what one wants in such cases is detail; and here there must be plenty of it. Can't you just imagine that knave of a burgomaster and his friends issuing from their weekly meetings with their pockets bulging—or more probably, their nightly meetings, for I have no doubt they were particularly zealous in their attendance at the Town Hall, so that

the poor deceived citizens commended them for their interest in the welfare of the town. I am supposing that it was for their own aggrandisement that the Council carried on their nefarious work; but might it not have been done for the sake of the community? It is not impossible that the councillors of Bazer wanted a new water supply for the town, an electric light installation, electric tramways, and sundry other improvements, and that the ordinary finances of the town would not admit of it. Or it may be that the Council had a big overdraft at the bank, and the municipality was groaning under an unbearable load of taxation. In either case the forgery, though certainly reprehensible enough, was not quite so bad as if it had been perpetrated by the councillors for their own personal gain. Perhaps, if we knew all the circumstances of the affair, we might even come to recognise an enterprise, a self-sacrifice, and a devotion in these councillors which it seems ludicrous to look for now. So far as I know, it has never occurred to any city or borough council in New Zealand to resort to these methods, either to save the credit of their city or borough, or enrich themselves. That, however, by no means proves that the thing has not been tried, or even now may not be going on. One can never be certain after this Hungarian case, and I would advise the people of New Zealand to have their eyes open, especially in the case of those councillors who display an unwonted diligence in the service of the town. Who knows what might be discovered in the cellars or secret cupboards of the most eminently respectable town hall if a careful search were instituted?

places the whole list correctly, the first prize will be divided.

- Here follow the names:
- RANGI .....
  - ROTO .....
  - HUA .....
  - PAP .....
  - ARA .....
  - MATA .....
  - OP .....
  - WAI .....
  - WAI .....
  - ROTO .....

The competition will close on May 31st. Mark envelopes 'Geographical Competition.'

*Funny Story*  
*Competition.*

Prize: £1.  
Two Second Prizes

A prize of One Pound and two second prizes of Ten Shillings each will be given for the best Funny Story or Joke, sent in before May 17th, ACCOMPANIED BY THE FUNNY STORY COUPON ON THE COVER.

CONDITIONS.  
The story must not exceed 100 words in length. It need not be original. Send the best you've ever read or heard if you like.

Write your name and address on the Funny Story Coupon, which you will find on the cover, cut it out, and send it attached to your story before May 17th.

A selection of the best stories will be published in the 'Graphic.'

Mark envelopes 'Funny Competition.'

CLOSES MAY 17th.

*Dickens'*  
*Competition.*

Prize: £2.

Write on the coupon on the cover the names of the six characters you think the most humorous in 'Pickwick Papers,' placing the names in the order of merit.

CONDITIONS.  
When all the coupons are sent in, the votes for each character will be counted, and the names placed in the order of popularity shown by the voting. The prize of £2 will be awarded to the sender of the coupon whose list most nearly corresponds with this. Thus, the majority vote the winner.

All the envelopes will be placed as they arrive in a sealed box, and this will not be opened till the competition closes. If two or more competitors are equal the prize will be given to the sender whose envelope is first opened.

Write your name and address on the Dickens' Competition Coupon on the cover of the 'Graphic.' Cut it out and forward it with the names written on the spaces provided.

Mark envelopes 'Dickens' Competition.'

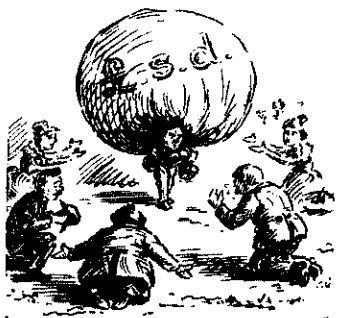
CLOSES JUNE 7th.

Competitors may enter for all or any one of the Competitions now open

NO ANSWERS WITHOUT COUPONS.

SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

FULL DETAILS IN THE 'GRAPHIC' ON WEDNESDAY NEXT.



The weary burden of colossal wealth.

ting down to weep because he had no more worlds to conquer, the unhappy possessor of so much wealth would sink under the sense of impossibility to get through her income. It is a mercy for us all that there is little chance of our coming into fortunes like that of the baroness, or even a fractional part of the wealth she left behind her; for clearly it requires either a genius or a special education

N.Z. GRAPHIC

*Prize*  
*Competitions*

The Proprietor of the 'New Zealand Graphic,' in order to excite an interest in geographical, arithmetical, literary and other topics, within the family circle, during the coming winter months, has decided to offer for competition a series of

GENEROUS CASH PRIZES.

The following are now open:

*Geographical*  
*Competition.*

Prize: £10.

In the list below will be found ten uncompleted names of places in New Zealand. The stars represent the missing letters, and all you have to do is to substitute the proper letters for the stars, and send them (WRITTEN ON THE COUPON which you will find on the COVER OF THIS WEEK'S 'GRAPHIC'). If correct, you will get the prize of £10.

You may send as many lists as you like if they are written on coupons.

If no one wins the prize, a pound each will be given to the two competitors whose lists are the most nearly correct. In the case of three or more of these competitors being equal, the prizes will be given to those whose lists are first taken from the sealed box. If more than one competitor