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Here and There.

How much can a man earn by song-writing? There are, of course, song writers and song writers, and some rhyesters make handsome fortunes; but apparently the common saying that "poetry does not pay" applies as a general rule to songs. A composer of music for songs told a London magistrate the other day that his average return from songs was about thirty shillings a week, a quarter of that amount being the "gurdon" of a recent fortnight's work!

Herbert Spencer, in the attitude of superintending his household affairs, was practical and amusing. At one time the poulterer had not been giving satisfaction, so Mr. Spencer called his house-keeper, and gave her directions to transfer his custom to another tradesman, whose shop faced the delinquent's. "And, Miss Smith," said the author of "Synthetic Philosophy," "be particular that the first poulterer sees you giving your orders to the second poulterer!"

The modern peerage of Japan consists of 70 princes, 25 marquises, 80 counts, 352 viscounts, and 93 barons. Thirty years ago the present marquises, viscounts, and barons still wore the ancient Dalmic costume and lorded it as petty sovereigns, with capitals of their own, and retinues of doubly-sworded retainers. Nowadays they are dressed in immaculate Western costume, attend tea parties, read European papers in European club-houses, and follow European fashions in all things.

The other morning a navy had just boarded a suburban tramcar, when he stooped down and picked up something from the floor. He looked round the compartment with a twinkle in his eye, and said, in a gruff voice:

"Anyone lost a two-hob bit?"
There was silence for a moment; then an overdressed young man jumped up and exclaimed:
"Yes, I have!"
"Well," replied the navy, holding up his hand, "here's a penny towards it."

Thirteen years ago a lady in England left the residue of her estate (£400) to the Lifeboat Institution, payable on the death of her favourite cat. The cat remained in good health for eleven years, but after that time (the lady who had it in her charge having changed her residence) it wandered away several times, and finally disappeared. It was therefore presumed to be dead, and the legacy has been paid to the institution, the committee having undertaken to provide for the cat should it at any time be recovered.

A little girl of seven one day went up to a gentleman after they had got home from church and asked:

"Have I any children?"
He dropped his book and regarded her with amazement.
"What!" he said.
"Have I any children?" she repeated.
"Well, I should hope not," he exclaimed.
"Why on earth do you ask me such a question as that?"
"Why, in church this morning," said the little girl, "the clergyman preached about children's children, and I wondered if I had any."

A workman, on coming home in the evening, was asked by his wife to look at the clock. She complained that it had been silent all day, and she could not tell the reason. Her husband took it down, and examined it carefully. Then he took off the hands and face, and looked at the works with the aid of a magnifying-glass. Next he blew into it with the bellows, oiled the wheels, and then put it back on the wall. But still it would not strike. Tired and puzzled, he went off to bed. The next morning at breakfast his wife said to him, "George, I think I can tell you what is amiss with our clock." "Well, what is it?" he asked sharply. "It wants winding up!"

Messrs. George Bell and Sons announce the publication, under the title "The York Library," of a series of standard and classical works, by English and American authors, and translations from foreign languages. They are printed in a convenient size for the pocket (6 1/2 in. x 4 1/4 in.), on thin but opaque paper, and are neatly bound in cloth. The first of the series is Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection" and "Confessions of An Inquiring Spirit," to which are prefixed Dr. James Marsh's preliminary essay to the "Aids" originally published in 1829. Works by Motley, Emerson, Hazlitt, Hawthorne, Draper, Fielding, etc., are to follow in the same series.

Commander Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, used to like to describe how he avoided a duel in India during his residence in the Punjab. Mr. Booth-Tucker was in the British civil service at the time, but he already inclined towards the Salvation Army, and such an inclination made him naturally a foe to brawling.

He was seated in a lonely railway station one afternoon, when a German soldier, a tourist, entered. This German had been drinking. He was in a bellicose humour, and he began at once to pick a quarrel with Mr. Booth-Tucker. The latter said nothing to help on the quarrel, but nevertheless the German worked himself into a frenzy. Finally he exclaimed:
"One or the other of us two, sir, will not leave this room alive."
"Stay here and die, then," said Mr. Booth-Tucker, and he arose and went out quickly, slamming the door behind him.

The artistic world is, says the Paris correspondent of the "Chronicle," eagerly discussing the remarkable works of a Polish boy named Thaddeus Styka, living in the Palace Pigalls. He is only thirteen years of age, but has already exhibited at the Salon, and is now engaged on his works, both in painting and sculpture, for this year's exhibition. The lad has never had any lessons except from his father, who is also an artist; but at the very early age of four had already begun to make capital sketches. At seven, when he was being educated by the Jesuit Fathers at Vaugirard, some of his drawings were shown at the children's exhibition at Paris, and he was awarded the gold medal. His style of painting reminds one forcibly of that of Henner.

A full biography of Tschaiowsky, written by the composer's brother, is now appearing in the Russian and the German languages. The book makes much more lively reading than one would have expected. The musician's opinion of the music of his contemporaries seems to have been the reverse of flattering. Of Wagner's "Ring" he says that "there never was such endless and tedious twaddle." He also had only the smallest opinion of Brahms, of whom he writes, in a letter to Frau Von Muck, "I will tell you, without false modesty, that I rank myself much higher than Brahms"; and he adds that if he visited Brahms he could as an honourable and faithful man, only say: "Herr Brahms, I consider you a composer ungifted, pretentious, and bereft of creative power. I by no means please you stiff, and I look down upon you with disdain." If Brahms had been thus addressed, he would probably have knocked his brother composer on the head with a folio full score. Perhaps Brahms thought as meanly of Tschaiowsky!

An amusing incident is told by a Melbourne writer in connection with the first visit of John Roberts to Australia. Before John made his first public appearance in Sydney two friends took him to "Gus," Wungenheim's hotel, and introduced him to the proprietor as "Mr. Walker, a storekeeper from Gundagai." Gus, who was intensely fond of billiards, and played a good game on his own table, induced "Mr. Walker," after some persuasion, to accept 30 in 100, and play him for drinks. Gus gave a miss in balk, and "Mr. Walker" walked out in an unfinished break. Wungenheim was a very clever caricaturist, and his two friends declared

that if he could have "caught" his own face as "Mr. Walker" piled up his score, it would have been a fortune to him. However, when subsequently let into the joke, "Gus" thoroughly entered into the spirit of it, and whenever anybody started to chaff him about "Mr. Walker from Gundagai," "Gus" always scored by retorting, "Py gracious! I swear I was de only man in Australia vat ever gave John Roberts points, anyway!"

Mrs L. T. Meade's new novel, "Resurgam," has for its plot a situation that has been used before in fiction, but she has made the most of it. A young English girl, Joan Galbraith, ascends an Alpine peak with Denis Waring, whom she has met only a few days before. A cloud comes down upon them, and they are obliged to remain all night together on the summit, as to move would mean almost certain destruction. As soon as the fact becomes known at the hotel the tongue of scandal is unloosed, and Joan's character is seriously compromised. In order to save her reputation Waring offers her marriage, which she accepts, not knowing that he loves another woman, though he is not actually engaged to her. This is only the beginning of the story, which is decidedly interesting, the scene changing from Switzerland to Crete, where Waring is engaged in exploration work, and then to the East End slums. The wickedness of Mrs Penrose, who does all she can to make mischief, both before Joan's marriage and afterwards, in order to serve her own ends, almost goes beyond the limits of probability.

Mr D. Field writes to the London "Times" from 4, Royal Arcade, Old Bond-street W.: "I have pleasure in sending herewith a photograph of an interesting Transvaal stamp—a 5/ one with the King's head inverted. This is the first stamp on which the King's portrait has appeared in this position, and it will probably be the last to be issued so. The greatest care is taken in producing British and colonial stamps, and they are examined as carefully as bank notes before being issued, so that it is all the more surprising that the error was not detected. Messrs De la Rue and Co. print the stamps, and this is the first time, as far as I can recollect, that an error of this description has emanated from them. I have two specimens of this error, possibly the only ones in existence, and these were obtained by a Johannesburg solicitor in the ordinary way of business from the local post-office. The error was detected before more were issued, and the rest of the sheet destroyed."

A man is measured by his power to grow—to become larger, broader, nobler. The intensity of his desire to reach out and up defines his capacity for development. Anyone, young or old, possessed by a passion for growth is constantly adding to his knowledge, always pushing his horizon a little further. Every day he gains additional wisdom; every night he is a little larger than he was in the morning. He keeps growing as long as he lives. We often find plants and trees that are not fully developed, but have reached the limit of their growth. They cannot be made to respond to the wooing of rich soil or copious watering. The power for the extension of cell life seems to have departed. There are many human plants of similar nature. Early in life they settle into grooves from which nothing can displace them. There is no further growth, no more progress for them. They have reached their goal. Employees often think that they are kept back designedly, and that others less deserving are pushed ahead of them, when the real trouble is with themselves. They have ceased to grow. They continue to move in a circle. They have not been wise enough to keep pace with the trend of the times. One keeps young as long as one keeps receptive.

The effect of a full, straightforward gaze on the person to whom one is speaking is not as a rule sufficiently considered. And yet there is nothing in personal intercourse that carries more weight than a direct gaze. It is the medium for sympathy, the mental telegraph that brings speaker and hearer in touch with each other. Everyone has experienced the gibe of talking to a person whose wandering glances betray their part of interest, but one often fails to analyse the subtle attraction of an attentive eye that stimu-

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