"The New Zealand Graphic."

(PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.)

Office—

SHORTLAND STREET,

Auckland, N.Z.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

Per Annum - - £1 5 0
(If paid in advance, £1.)
Single Copy: Price SIXPENCE

By sending direct to "The Graphic" Office Twenty Shillings sterling, which you may pay by Post Office Order, Postal Note, One Pound Note, or New Zealand Stamps, you can have "The Graphic" posted regularly to you every week for a year.

All unsuitable MSS., Sketches or Pictures will be returned to the sender, provided they are accompanied by the latter's address and the requisite postage stamps, but contributors must understand that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the preservation of the articles sent us.

Cheques, Drafts, etc., and all Business Communications to be addressed to the Manager.

Literary Communications, Photographs and Black and White Work to be addressed to the Editor.

Society Notes and Correspondence relating to matters of special interest to ladies to be addressed to "The Lady Editor."

The Editor will carefully read all manuscripts submitted to him, and all communications will be regarded as strictly confidential by him.

HERE AND THERE.

Mother has a lace collection,
Sister goes for rugs;
Others go for books and pictures,
Butterflies and bugs.

One thing, though, they all omitted—
So, the whirl to join
Father works with toil unceasing;
He collects the coin.

Some light is thrown on Robert Browning's method of composition in Miss Alice Corkran's "Chapters from the Story of My Childhood," now appearing in "The Girl's Realm." She tells how once he came down ready dressed to go out, and exclaimed, "I am another man to-day—my poem is planned." The poem was the "Inn Album." Browning continued:—

"There will be five people alive at the beginning of the book, and but two alive at the end, and it will all have happened within the course of two or three hours. I begin writing to-morrow, and it will be done, always supposing that I am in good health, and nothing extraordinary happens on such a day." He said that he wrote so many lines a day, and that it was exceptional when he was two or three days out of his reckoning in regard to a poem.

The king went pacing to and fro,
He kicked the queen's small poodle pup;
The clown sidled off and murmured, "Oh!
I prithee, sire, what is up?

"Dost feel thy conscience pricking, hey?
Or does thy liver play thee tricks?"
The monarch sadly answered, "Nay,"
And dealt the door a dozen kicks.

"Alas, uneasy rests the crown,"
The jester said, whereat the king
Let fly his mace and knocked him down,
And smiled to see him quivering.

"It ain't my crown, you caitiff lout!"
The potentate in anger said,
"Nor has my liver knocked me out:
My conscience, you should know, is dead.

"But at the queen's behest I swore
Off smokin' yesterday, and it"—
He bit his nails and frowned some more—
"Ain't time to light another yit!"

The "Atlantic Monthly" publishes "A Letter from Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn, in which he gives a very extraordinary and interesting picture of the way in which the whole population of Japan is absorbed in the war. Souvenirs, war toys, photographs, plays, songs, are all of the war, warlike. The following passage describing one form of the souvenirs of the war is surely the climax of war spirit:—

"But the strangest things that I have seen in this line of production were silk dresses for baby girls—figured stuffs which, when looked at from a little distance, appeared incomparably pretty, owing to the masterly juxtaposition of tints and colours. On closer inspection the charming design proved to be composed entirely of war pictures—or, rather, fragments of pictures, blended into one astonishing combination: naval battles; burning warships; submarine mines exploding; torpedo boats attacking; charges of Cossacks repulsed by Japanese infantry; artillery rushing into position; storming of forts; long lines of soldiery advancing through mist. Here were colours of blood and fire, tints of morning haze and evening glow, noon-blue and starred night-purple, sea-gray and field-green—most wonderful things!"

In a recent issue of "La Revue," there is an interesting article on "Neglected Glories," by Captain H. de Malleray. He tells how he has visited several battlefields on the Continent—Jemappes, Fontenoy, Waterloo, and others, all battles in which the French distinguished themselves, yet neither at Bergen-op-Zoom, San Sebastian, or Fontenoy does the glory of the French appear to be commemorated. At Fontenoy the writer was particularly mortified and humiliated when he found the following inscription—"In memory of the heroic Irish soldiers who changed defeat into victory at Fontenoy, May xi., 1745. God save Ireland!" This misleading plaque was erected about two years ago by Mr Frank Sullivan, an Irishman from San Francisco, and is a modest eulogy compared with the one which had been originally prepared. Few people remember that this Irish Brigade fought in the French ranks and that it was a victory for the French, and a defeat for the English, Dutch, and Austrian allies. Naturally, the writer thinks it intolerable that such an inscription as this should be allowed to adorn the burial-ground at Fontenoy, while nowhere is there to be seen a single word commemorative of the French honours, and he pleads earnestly for the erection, at Fontenoy and other battlefields where the French have fought and died for their country, of suitable commemorative plaques.

Mr. H. G. Wells, that dreamer of fantastic dreams, has been imagining for us the bedroom of the future. It is to be a most wonderful and healthy affair, and will require no labour to keep it clean.

"There is no fireplace," says Mr. Wells, in the "Fortnightly Review," "and I am perplexed by that until I find a thermometer beside six switches on the wall. One switch warms the floor, which is not carpeted, but covered by a substance like soft oilcloth; one warms the mattress; and the others warm the wall in various degrees.

"There is a recess dressing-room, equipped with a bath and all that is necessary to one's toilet and the water, one remarks, is warmed if one desires it warm, by passing it through an electrically-heated spiral of tubing. A cake of soap drops out of a store machine on the turn of a handle, and when you have done with it you drop that and your soiled towels and so forth, which also are given you by machines, into a little box, through the bottom of which they drop at once, and sail down a smooth shaft.

"The room has no corners to gather dirt, wall meets floor with a gentle curve, and the apartment could be swept out effectually by a few strokes of a mechanical sweeper. You are politely requested to turn a handle at the foot of your bed before leaving the room, and forthwith the frame turns up into a vertical position, and the bedclothes hang airing. You stand at the doorway and realise that there remains not a minute's work for anyone to do."

Presumably you press another button to have the bed remade.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bairnsfuther, in "Good Words," recalls some impressions of Tibet, which are, however, of another time and place than those involved in the recent mission. He tells how, on entering Ladak, he came on a long, low wall, running in the same direction as the road, and apparently occupying or blocking the centre of it: No dividing barrier evidently, nor part of any fortification. Useless, seemingly, and of no meaning. On approaching we find that the path divides on either side of this wall, each section being equally trodden. But there is no choice. The left-hand path must be taken, the wall remaining on the right. This indeed, we afterwards learn, is one form of prayer. For every one of the countless small slabs of stone which cover the sloping roof of the wall are inscribed with the one universal and all-sufficing prayer—the mysterious, and to us (even when translated) meaningless, Om mane padme hauni: Oh! the jewel in the lotus. Amen. These walls vary in length from about one hundred yards to a quarter of a mile, and one I saw could not have been less than eight hundred yards; from six to ten feet high, about twelve feet broad at base, and sloping to an apex at the top. Think of the labour expended, not so much in the construction of the wall, but in the carving of all the prayer stones. This last is the work of the monks, and it is not a dead idea, for I found a career at work on a prayer of more ambitious size on a rock face. The writer reverently acknowledges the strong desire thus expressed to keep the reality of the other world daily and hourly in mind.

In the "American Review of Reviews" Mr W. C. Edgar writes a picturesque sketch of "Hiawatha" as the Ojibways interpret it. This tribe of Indians annually produce the play of "Hiawatha" during the pleasant months of summer at Desbarats, Ontario. This is how a quaint Indian parallel to the Oberammergau Passion Play arose: "Mr L. O. Armstrong, who has spent his summers for many years on an island close by, is responsible for the production of the play of "Hiawatha." Ten years ago he was travelling in an open boat along the north shore of Lake Huron, nearly thirty miles from Sault Ste. Marie. As night fell he came upon a group of islands, and pitched his camp on one of them. When he awoke the next morning he found the lake covered with canoes, and, looking across to the mainland, discovered it to be the camping-ground of a tribe of Indians. He became acquainted with the natives, and found them kindly disposed. Later, he built himself a shelter on the island, and invited the Ojibways to visit him. He won their confidence and goodwill, and in the course of many long and friendly talks, learned that the legend of Hiawatha was not unfamiliar to them. He read parts of Longfellow's poem to his red guests, and they verified and corrected it. He then undertook to obtain the Indian version of the story, and in this, after patient effort and much tact, he finally succeeded. He was surprised to find how close a similarity existed between Longfellow's interpretation and the legendary lore of the Indians themselves. Out of this acquaintance grew the idea of playing "Hiawatha," and its first presentation was given in 1899 before members of the Longfellow family, who have since testified to their enjoyment of the event."

The Indians are very unwilling to accept modern innovations. An unfortunate exception to this praiseworthy rule is a modern laughing song, translated into Indian, which has been put in the mouth of Pau-Puk Keewis. "There are several additional scenes in Hiawatha's history which might perhaps be given with excellent dramatic musical effect, but the actors decline to present them. Particularly and emphatically, they refuse to portray the great famine and the death of Minnehaha, nor will they sing her death chant. They maintain that the costumes, dances, and songs of the play as it is now given are correct, and any suggestions to alter them in the slightest particular are disregarded.