

# The New Zealand Graphic

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

**TERMS:**

Per Annum...£1 5  
(In advance, £1.)  
Single Copy...Sixpence.

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**OFFICE:**

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## HERE AND THERE.

**A Fable from Broadway.**

Funny passer-by: "What are you digging for, my man?"  
Subway excavator: "Money."  
F. P.-B.: "When do you expect to come across it?"  
Subway Excavator: "Saturday night."

**Scared Out.**

He sold a little block of stock:  
Now sorrow fills his cup,  
For from the moment that he did,  
Up,  
Right,  
Went  
Thing  
Blamed  
The

**Give 'em Ditto.**

One of the best things in some recently published reminiscences of the American Civil War is a pretty contrast between the methods of two generals. For instance, while General Cheatham, when excited, by combat, invariably yelled, "Give 'em hell, boys!" General Polk was a strict Episcopalian. True, he shared General Cheatham's sentiments, but episcopally he could not countenance General Cheatham's language. So he shouted, "Give it to 'em boys! Give 'em what General Cheatham says!"

**Life's Average.**

I never talk Philosophy  
Like Pessimists an' such,  
Who try to make a feller think  
That life ain't nothin' much.  
I know there never was a spot  
Where shadders didn't fall,  
But shadder's just the other side  
O' sunshine after all.  
An' there ain't no use in fumin'  
When the world seems out o' gear,  
For music's always in an' cheer,  
An' love, an' song, an' cheer  
Jest keeps a feller's spirits up,  
An' kinder makes him glad.  
An' come what will, he's bound to think  
Life ain't so awful bad.  
Sometimes a feller has ter weep,  
Sometimes he has to laugh,  
The shadders an' the sunshine mix,  
Jest kinder half an' half.

**Breaks Ten Thousand Eggs a Day.**

Every careful housewife knows that the surest precaution against stale eggs is to break each one individually into a cup before adding it to others in a bowl. On a gigantic scale the same care is observed in the large bakeries, and one in London employs several men who spend ten hours a day breaking eggs used in the various mixtures. Devoting themselves to breaking alone, they have gained such experience that an old hand will break one thousand eggs an hour or ten thousand in a working day.

**Just as He Thought.**

A small boy was reciting in a geography class, says the "Ladies' Home Journal." The teacher was trying to teach him the points of the compass. She explained:  
"Of your right is the south, your left the north, and in front of you is the east. Now, what is behind you?"  
The boy studied for a moment, then puckered up his face and howled:  
"I know it. I told ma you'd see that patch in my pants."

**Bridegrooms Ignored.**

Bridegrooms are usually considered necessary to the wedding festivities the world over, about the only land where they are regarded as unnecessary being Polynesia. There the young man who would a-wooing go turns the matter over to his parents and friends and takes to the woods—the no-doubt matter in that part of the country.

The family proceed to traffic with the parents of the bride-elect, and after a more or less extended palaver the arrangements are brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

Then ensues a festal time, with feasting, speechmaking, and other forms of celebration, until at last the nuptials are announced and the groom makes his appearance among his friends, in theory at least, sufficiently hungry for human companionship to regard his bride with more than usual complacency.

**A Pretty Wit.**

Dr. Jowett, of Oxford, was a formidable wit. At a gathering at which he was present, the talk ran upon the comparative gifts of two Balliol men who had been, respectively, made a judge and a bishop. Professor Henry Smith, famous in his day for his brilliancy, pronounced the bishop to be the greater man of the two for this reason: "A judge, at the most, can only say, 'You be hanged,' whereas a bishop can say, 'You be damned.'" "Yes," said Dr. Jowett, "but if the judge says, 'You be hanged,' you are hanged."

**Take Things as They Come.**

Got t' take things es they cum;  
I ain't no use t' make a fuss;  
When yew rip an' swear around,  
'Pears th' allus makes things wuss.  
Got t' take things es they cum;  
I ain't no use t' sweat an' stew;  
Darlurn sun can't alius shine,  
'Ner th' sky he alius blue.  
Got t' take things es they cum;  
Bitter dose long with th' 'sweat;  
Now an' then yew'll find a thorn,  
On life's path t' prick yer feet.  
Got t' take things es they cum;  
'Not set down with hope 'most gone,  
But jes' face misfortune brave;  
Gilt yewr teeth an' push right on.  
—Chicago "Tribune."

**The Grip Courtroom.**

Professor Shouter was taking leave of a pupil who had been a member of his elocution class for several sessions, and was giving him a few parting "pointers" as to how he should comport himself at a church soiree where the pupil was shortly to give a recital.

"When you have finished your recital," said the professor, "bow gracefully and leave the platform on tiptoe."

"Why on tiptoe?" queried the embryo elocutionist.

"So as not to awake the audience," replied the instructor.

**Curious Devices of Bankers.**

Some amusing anecdotes are being told of the devices resorted to by bankers to gain time and inspire confidence. On one memorable occasion the excited subscribers of a Chicago bank, much to their indignation, were only able to enter the bank one by one except at the cost of spoiled coats, as the cute manager had caused the doorposts to be freshly painted.

Another bank prevented a crisis in its affairs by exhibiting in the windows large tubs apparently brimful of savings. These tubs, however, simply were upside down, and only a small quantity of gold was piled up on their bottoms.

But the most ingenious dodge of all was successfully carried out in Buenos Ayres recently. There was a run on a large bank, and for several days subscribers besieged the premises, withdrawing money and placing it in another bank on the opposite side of the road. It happened, however, that these two institutions had a private understanding, and as fast as the "safe" bank received the deposits they were returned to the "unsafe" one by an underground passage, with the result that everyone marvelled at its continued ability to meet its demands.

**Something Wrong.**

The Bishop of Worcester, on alighting from a train at Paddington, asked a porter to see after his luggage.

"How many articles are there, sir?" asked the porter.

"Thirty-nine," replied the Bishop abstractedly.

The man came back and said he could find only two.

**Luxurious.**

James H. Hyde, storm centre of the Equitable fight in New York over extravagant expenditure by the directors, is said to have one of the finest stables in America. The stables are ruled over by Francis Gerillot, a Parisian, who was with William K. Vanderbilt for years. Mr. Hyde has an office in the stable, a room full of telephones and electric bells, furnished with fine carpets, old mahogany furniture, sporting photographs and prints, coaching trophies, and hunting horns. Next to his office is the kitchen, which permits him and his guests to come when the whim seizes them and have supper in the stables more freely and gayly than in the chateau.

**Idyll.**

In Switzerland, one idle Jay,  
As on a grassy plain he lay,  
Came a grave peasant child and stood  
Watching the strangers eat their food.  
And what he offered her she took  
In silence, with her quiet look,  
And when we rose to go, content  
Without a word of thanks, she went.

Another day in sleet and rain  
I chose the meadow path again,  
And surely turning chanced to see  
My little guest, friend watching me,  
With eyes half hidden by her hair,  
Blowing me kisses, unaware  
That I had seen, and still she wore  
The same grave aspect as before.

And some recall for heart's delight  
A sunrise, some a snowy bright,  
And I a little child who stands  
And gravely kisses both her hands.

—Hugh Macnaughten, in "The Spectator."

**Boring Glass.**

A scientific authority says that holes of any size desired may be bored in glass by the following method: Get a small three-cornered file and grind the points from one corner, and the bias from the other, and set the file in a brace, such as is used in boring wood. Lay the glass in which the holes are to be bored on a smooth surface, covered with a blanket and begin to bore a hole. When you have made a slight impression on the glass, place a disc of putty around it, and fill with water to prevent too great heating by friction. Continue boring the hole, which will be as smooth as one bored in wood with an auger.

**It Reminded Him.**

The best remedy against a lapse of memory is the piece of thread tied about the finger. But there is a well-authenticated case of a man whose wife tied a piece of thread around his finger in the morning to remind him to get his hair cut.

On his way home to dinner he noticed the piece of thread. "Yes, I remember," he said, and, smiling proudly, entered the usual shop and sat down before the accustomed artist.

"Why, I cut your hair this morning, sir!" said the astonished barber.

**For the King.**

The construction of the new yacht for King Edward VII. designs for which were invited from private firms, is to be undertaken by the well-known yacht builders, Messrs. A. and J. Inglis, of Glasgow. This new vessel is primarily intended for short cruises, and entrance to harbours of comparatively shallow draft. The yacht will measure 285ft in length by 40ft beam, and be of 2000 tons. A noticeable feature of the vessel is that it is to be propelled by Parsons marine turbines, which will be arranged in the orthodox manner, with one high-pressure turbine in the centre, and a low-pressure turbine on either side. A cruising speed of 17 knots is anticipated, with an astern speed of 13 knots. Steam is to be raised in a battery of cylindrical boilers.

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