

run through sanding machines. Both the sand-papering and colouring processes are automatic, the pencils being fed in quantities in hoppers. In the latter case they are carried one at a time through small colouring vats, and discharged through an aperture of the calibre of the pencil and deposited in a slowly moving drying-belt, which carries them a sufficient distance about twenty feet to allow them to dry. They are then gathered from the receptacle into which they are deposited, and the process is repeated—often ten or more times, according to the quality of finish desired. Oval-shaped pencils, such as hexagons, flats, etc., are coloured by the old process, by being suspended by their ends from frames and immersed in colouring vats, then slowly withdrawn by machine. This gives a smooth enamel finish.

The finest grade pencils are polished by hand, and it takes a workman several months at best to learn to do this work skilfully. Other high-grade pencils are given the steel polish, but these, while they show a fine finish, lack the warmth and rich effect of the hand-polished pencil.

**The Wail of the Rejected MS.**

Brandled as "unavailable," alas!  
Early I pass  
Forth from each sanctum where post  
haste I came  
In search of fame.

Editors tall, short, dark, blond, fat, and  
thin,  
Neat—as a pin  
Or with desks wildly strewn all, all agree  
To frown on me.

Newly enveloped each successive trip,  
Homeward I sigh  
Dog eared, lorn, stamped, travel  
stained, and worn—  
Why was I born?

Always the same old Jack-o-lantern quest—  
Farewell my ghost,  
Even my author sheds a secret tear  
When I draw near.

How could her pretty hand so cruel be  
As to snub me?  
Lo, she is waiting by the open door—  
I'm back once more.

Fain would I end the miseries of earth  
Here where I had my birth,  
Oh that I might—there glows the open  
gate  
Myself create.

Arduous scribbler, I have done my best;  
May I not rest?  
Grant me (the peace my soul hath long de-  
sired—  
I am so tired!

**Wise and Otherwise.**

What a man can do is his greatest ornament.

Don't accept a favour unless you expect to pay interest on it.

Better to be occasionally deceived than to be always distrustful.

It is best to be on with new cook before you are off with the old.

Enthusiasm generates energy as naturally as the sun gives forth heat.

A man may have more money than brains without having much money.

Of all the advantages which come to any young man, poverty is the greatest.

As soon as a man begins to lose his work, then he will also begin to make progress.

A woman may be as young as she looks, but would rather be as young as she thinks she looks.

It always pays to be polite. When you are shaking hands with a man he can't very well be picking your pocket.

Faith is that quality which leads a man to expect that his flowers and garden will resemble the views shown on the seed packets.

Half of us are wondering where we will spend our summer holidays, and the other half are wondering if we shall have anything to spend on them.

**The Oldest Love Letter in the World.**

What is believed to be the oldest love letter in existence was recently discovered in Chaldea. It was written on clay, probably in the year 2200 B.C., and is described as follows:

"We possess many love songs of the old Egyptians, but a genuine love letter had not heretofore been found. Only recently, in Chaldea, was a love letter found, written on clay. Though the letter has much formality for such a missive, the reader can feel the tenderness that lies hidden between its lines. The document was produced, we should say, in the year 2200 B.C., and was found in Sippara, the biblical Sepharvaim. Apparently the lady lived there, while her lover was a resident of Babylon. The letter reads:

"To the lady, Kashuya (little ewe) says Gimil Marduk (the favourite of Merodach) this: May the sun god of Marduk afford you eternal life. I write wishing that I may know how your

health is. Oh, send me a message about it. I live in Babylon and have not seen you, and for this reason I am very anxious. Send me a message that will tell me when you will come to me, so that I may be happy. Come in Marchesvan. Why you live long for my sake."

"Doubtless the summons to come in Marchesvan is based on the writer's wish that she may have an opportunity to share with him the festivals of that month and the gaiety that comes with them.

"Though no love letters have been found in Egypt, this country may claim to have the most beautiful love songs. Egypt was the land of eternity; there death was only an incident of life, and woman was man's 'beloved sister' as well in the 'hidden land' as on earth. This beautiful side of the Egyptian character is shown most clearly in the celebrated Song of the Harpist, of the year 2500 B.C., that probably was sung at the Egyptian festivals:

"Graciously grant us days free from sorrow, Holy Father. Come near! Behold, ointments and perfumes bring we unto you; blossoms and lilies do we bring to adorn the neck of your sister—of her who lives in your heart, of her who sits there beside you. Come near! Music and song are greeting you. And the days of sadness—these have sunk away, and radiant joy is smiling, and will smile till the day on which you pass into the land that loves eternal silence."

**The Editor.**

There is a being brave and bold,  
Omnipotent and wise,  
In trailing robes of cloth of gold  
And plumes of Paradise.  
His mandates breathless thousands wait  
(Oh, aspirations all!);  
All sits apart in kingly state  
Rejecting manuscript.

On locust and wild honey fed  
Ambrosia and dew,  
A laurel crown upon his head,  
He holds a pencil bane,  
Into that chamber consecrate  
No alien ever slept,  
He sits alone in kingly state  
Rejecting manuscript.

With gleaming eyes he loves to sit  
Fuddling, calm, serene,  
"Your work is good but will not fit  
Within our magazine."  
The literacies at his gate  
Are with keen anxious gripe  
The while he sits in kingly state  
Rejecting manuscript.

The stalwart man child of our brain,  
The baby of our thought,  
He eyes them both with cold disdain  
That withers them to naught  
They come back wearily and late  
Of all their splendour strip,  
From him who sits in kingly state  
Rejecting manuscript.

There is a being brave and bold  
Omnipotent and wise,  
In trailing robes of cloth of gold  
And plumes of Paradise—  
As long as in the ink of fate  
Our foolish pens are dip  
He'll sit apart in kingly state  
Rejecting manuscript.

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and strengthening COCOA.  
1/2 teaspoonful sufficient for a  
breakfast cup

ROYAL DUTCH  
**COCOA**  
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