

# Wise and Otherwise

Speaking at Christchurch at an exhibition of physical culture, says a Southern exchange, Dr. Thacker stated: "He did not think prohibition was a good thing simply because it would abolish barmaids. Undoubtedly the barmaid was the great attraction to the bar with many young men, but with all the physical culture ladies now growing up in their midst there was now no use for the barmaid." For a layman to criticise the diagnosis, prognosis, or therapeutics of a medical man is, of course, presumptuous, but such an illogical statement as that contained above requires attention and correction. The exercises in which barmaids indulge—save that of preserving an equable temper—are not calculated to develop female Sandows. One of their first lessons is to push the bulk whisky unless asked specifically for the bottle. Not much muscular energy is required for this. Another is, in manipulating the beer engine, to pull the beer with the left, saving the might of the right arm for the froth. Owing to the circumscribed limits of her sphere of usefulness she has not a tenth the exercise of the tea-room waitress or restaurant nymph. Any young man who has frequented saloon bars in order to observe specimens of physical culture had better give it up or find some other excuse that will hold—well, whisky and soda. When in a bar the other day a man was served with a squash. Hebs of the equable temper leaned forward and dexterously flicked out a lemon-pip with the remark, "You don't want appendicitis, do you?" "No!" said the brute, "just a plain squash." Even that sort of thing is not the worst they have to endure, the attentions of amorous young, and sympathetic old, gentlemen must make them long for muscles, if they have them not.

Oh, Hebs of the rayon locks,  
Oh, Phyllis, sweet and fair,  
Nest-banded, quiet in speech and frocks,  
With wondrous plied up hair.

How, how do you your tempers keep  
When tempters come to woo?  
With Hebs to make the angels weep,  
And bling, swear they're true.

How day by day and year by year,  
That ancient question float:  
"When is your size in flosses, my dear?  
And what's your evening out?"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mabel."—Yes, I can tell you how to make a cheap but attractive meat-sauce, and will do so with pleasure. Ask your grocer to let you have the first empty four dozen beer case that he has. I see that you live within a prohibition area, and it is possible that he may charge you a few pence for the case, but you need not pay, so neither point presents any difficulties. One half of the lid, sawn off, must be nailed firmly in position, so as to form a centre-shelf when the embryo safe is placed on end. Then with some of those pretty brass-headed nails tack on anti-macassar scenery over the front and ornament with bows of ribbon, see that the colour harmonises nicely with the kitchen wall-paper, and finish off the top and sides with a little gold paint. It will not be necessary to tear the crocheted work each time you wish access to this dainty receptacle, for you can rip the planks off the back at any time with a claw-hammer, which can be obtained at any respectable ironmonger's for a shilling.

"Poppy."—How very nice to have your fiancée staying upon a visit to your home. I congratulate you, dear. Yes, you are quite right; the only way to successfully eradicate pimples is to amputate them with a razor. It was very thoughtful of you to use your brother's, rather than that of your intended. Some men are very fussy about their shaving gear—as they call it. Do not trouble to send us the cuttings—some papers make a specialty of them, so I hear.

"Troubled Sixteen." I hardly like to advise you in such a delicate matter. You see, dear, it is such a long time since I was a girl; but, as you say, at

your age you ought to know something about men, and I think if he will not take "No" for an answer you ought to soothe the dog on to him: Try it, anyhow, and let me hear how the plan works.

"Housewife" asks for a recipe for a dainty afternoon tea cake. A friend of mine tried the following a couple of weeks ago, and expects to be about again in a few days: Take six eggs (I mean, of course, after you have paid for them), the weight of one in flour, a heaped cupful of sugar, a pound of pastry butter (if the butter is very strong less will do), and a small piece of alum the size of a walnut. Mix all these ingredients together, then add a table-spoonful each of carbonate of soda and tartaric acid. Pour into a greased tin and bake in a slow oven for four or five hours. My friend tells me that when she added the soda and acid the other ingredients seemed to resent it and bubbled furiously. In such a case the cake, of course, is spoiled; but the batter will still make most appetising pancakes. Let me know how you succeed, as there may be some little error in the recipe. You will remember those beautiful lines of Heine's:

Oh, the little teas and how much it is,  
Oh, the little more—how far!

How appropriate, are they not?  
"Rigid Etiquette": Certainly you cannot be too strict in observing less conveniences. A lady should always bow first, winking is considered rather unladylike, and "Cheer-oh!" has quite dropped out of polite English.

"Just Engaged": That horrid editor limits my space so much that I cannot chat with my girl friends nearly as much as I would like. You want to know what you can do with a sofa's leather of which is nearly worn out. Give it a rest, my dear; give it a rest.

[Just as we go to press our contributor writes that he fears his copy has become mixed, some notes which he contributes to "Dainty Dame" under the pseudonym "Aunt Martine" having gone astray. He attributes the mistake to the fact that he could not keep his pipe alight, and the consequent annoyance. Whilst apologising to our readers we congratulate "Old Salt" upon the truth of one statement, and have marked it with an asterisk.—Ed.]

An interesting plebiscite might be organised by some Dickens' enthusiasts to ascertain the opinion of the majority as to the most lovable character created in that great writer's works. I think that, if not in the front rank, not very far behind would be found the name of Mark Tapley, and whenever one encounters that same cheery spirit which never failed Mark it compels admiration. A chance meeting with a man the other day, to whom in more prosperous times it was my good fortune to be of assistance, revealed a glimpse of this spirit. After describing vicissitudes of various and entertaining sorts, but familiar to one who has himself sipped with adversity, he described how he breakfasted—a sausage purchased at a cook shop, a couple of stale scones from a baker's, a drink from a friendly sifter, and the meal is complete. "But," he added, "I have the pull over you; the bill of fare I select from is as long as Queen-street!"

A certain "Mr Gradgrind," from somewhere in the wilds about Oamaru, wishes to delete from the little ones' school books the stories of Jack, the Giant Killer, et huc genus omne. I have interviewed some of the junior classes and explained to them what was proposed. The little ones were so indignant that only rhyme could restore their reason, and I pacified them with this:

There was a poul woman who lived in a shoe,  
Decided to visit the town Oamaru,  
Just time for her traps and her slipper to pack,  
And call for her nephews, who both were named Jack.  
One was the killer of giants, his fame has spread, while the other had beautiful for name.

Then just a sharp jab on the magical brooch,  
And waiting them stood Cinderella's glass coach.  
Then off and away they went, hickety-split,  
While Giant Grim passing fell down in a fit.  
Arrived at the town, they inquired for the man  
Who wanted themselves and their book to be loan.  
One Jack took his heels, the other his head,  
While the Old Woman whipped him and left him half dead.  
And if he is wise he'll let fairy folk go,  
Or beware the Old Woman, the two Jacks and Co.

MORAL.  
The Truth is bitter. Let our mites Retain and relish the delights Of fancy, while they have their youth. Alas, too young they learn the Truth.

A question which is agitating the minds of saintly and secular alike has reference to the sex of angels. It is a somewhat difficult matter to discuss without appearing irreverent, so I will merely state, as my unalterable opinion, that angels belong to the female gender. Can anyone conceive an angel with a three days' growth of beard? What were male can remain

"Ever bright and fair?"  
That is the prerogative of the eternal feminine, as proved by the noble army of ballet girls (!). My opinion is supported, too, by the teaching of Mahomed. Would his followers accept their kismet coming in Death's grim shape with so much tranquillity but for the promised joys of Paradise? No! their celestial sherrbert is to be handed to them by hours clad in diaphanous robes of green and not by white-coated stewards. Perish the thought! After all it is a matter of vice versa; to an "Old Salt" all women are angels; hence all angels must be women, and as old Euclid would say, "Quod erat demonstrandum."

"OLD SALT"

Mr. Carnegie as an Outdoor Man.

Mr W. T. Stead contributes to "C. B. Fry's Magazine" a sketch of Andrew Carnegie as an outdoor man. His health is attributed to the fact that he has always spent a considerable portion of each day in the open air. From his boyhood upwards he has never taken kindly to the confinement of the office, the mill, or the factory. When he was a weaver's hain in Dunfermline Town, as now, when he is Laird of Skibo, he is most at his ease under the broad canopy of heaven.

From twelve to fifteen he was in the loobin factory; then he took to the open-air life of a telegraph boy; next he became clerk and operator on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr Stead says: "His duties caused him to be out and about a good deal, and he spent his Sundays in summer in wandering with his companions through the woods. It was on one of these Sunday afternoon strolls through the woods that the young Carnegie showed his boy companions the first cheque he ever received as interest on capital. He cried, 'Eureka!' for be-

fore that none of them had received anything but wages from toil. How money could make money—how without any attention from me this mysterious golden visitor should come—led to much speculation. I had never received anything before for nothing, as it were." To a thoroughgoing Socialist that scene in the Pennsylvania forest makes a latter-day up-to-date companion picture to the "Temptation in Eden." Of his later life Mr Stead says: "Mr Carnegie has been all round the world 'seeing things.' He has been in India, in Egypt, and knows more about the British Empire than most of the men who are governing it. He has driven, or been driven, in a four-in-hand from Land's End to John o' Groat's, and has probably seen more of Britain and the Britons than any of our Home Secretaries."

Travel by land and sea that brings him easily and rapidly to the centre of human interest is set down as the chief outdoor amusement of Mr Carnegie. Mr Carnegie is said frankly to prefer his estate at Skibo to the Celestial City: "He revels in the glimpses of moor and sky and the blue firth. He loves his trees and his gardens. It is not exactly the delight of the poet in the beauty of nature, who in ecstacy declares, 'My Father made them all.' Mr Carnegie feels that, no doubt, but it is a comfort to him to reflect that, if God made them, Andy Carnegie helped to mind them." He never smokes. No one but a duke or a king is allowed to smoke in Skibo Castle. He neither plays cricket nor football; he does not hunt. He provides grouse-shooting only for his guests. He drives, he walks, he golfs, he fishes. Such are his outdoor amusements. Skibo is a great open-air toy, with which he is never tired of playing.

Professor Goldwin Smith, who recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday, is the subject of a short sketch, by Mr. Frank Yeigh, in the London "Bookman."

The Professor, we are told, attributes his longevity to his not having been overworked at school. Since 1871 he has lived at Toronto, and at his home, "The Grange," he has received nearly all the famous men who have found their way to Toronto during the last quarter of a century. Sixty years ago he became one of the first contributors to the "Saturday Review." His first book appeared in 1861, and on a shelf in his library is a collection of his literary works—books, pamphlets, magazines which he has edited, etc.

The main part of his library was given to Cornell University in 1868, and he regards his present collection of books as merely a working library. His favourite reading includes the works of Thackeray, Balzac, Scott, Jane Austen, and George Eliot. In reading Scott he says: "You enjoy intercourse with a truly noble gentleman," and Jane Austen is "a little female Shakespeare." He does not like political or theological novels, but prefers to have his politics and theology straight. Toynsen he regards as supreme in art, the mirror of his age.

Professor Wylder, of Cornell, is making a collection of skulls, and Professor Goldwin Smith has promised that his skull shall be added to the collection.

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