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Unused to Western Luxury.

An amusing story is told in the "Quiver" of the servants who accompanied the Sultan of Perak on his last visit to England. All of them caught very bad colds, though it was the warmest month in the year. The cause being investigated, it was found that they had been sleeping on the floor at the foot of their beds.

Wind and Lyre.

Thou art the wind and I the lyre:
Strike, O Wind, on the sleeping strings—
Strike till the doud heart aches and sings!
I am the altar and thou the fire:
Burn, O Fire, to a whiteden flame—
Burn me clean of the mortal blame!

I am the night and thou the dream:
Touch me softly and thrill me deep,
When all is white on the hills of sleep,
Thou art the moon and I the stream:
Shine to the trembling heart of me,
Light my soul to the mother-sea.

Art of Conversation.

We should try to avoid talking too much about our own special cranks and hobbies. We are apt to think because people know we have a hobby and ask us about it that they are as interested in it as we ourselves; but we must not forget that frequently they question us out of politeness.—Mrs Neish, in "Pall Mall Magazine."

She Didn't Sleep Well.

A woman who lives in an inland town, while going to a convention in a distant city, spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever travelled by water. She reached her journey's end extremely fatigued. To a friend who remarked it she replied:
"Yes, I'm tired to death. I don't know as I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my state-room about how to put the life-preserver on, and I thought I understood it; but I guess I didn't. Somehow, I couldn't go to sleep with the thing on."

The Old Man's Trouble.

Romulus took sick one day, and in a little while it looked as if his end was near. The minister was sent for, and came promptly—a stout man, done up in one of those religious waistcoats without any buttons down the front or any opening at the neck.

"The minister said to Uncle Romulus: 'Is your mind at ease, brother?'"
"Yes, sah," answered the old man.
"Are you sure there's nothing troubling you?" the minister went on. "If there is, speak up. Don't be afraid. I am here to help and comfort you."
"Dey is one ting, jes' one, sah," said Romulus, "dat 'plexes me."
"What is it, my brother?" the minister murmured.
"Ah kain't fo' de life o' me make out, sah," said the old man, "how yo' gits yo'self inter dat dere vest."

Apt.

Little Freddy has a quaint talent for description, and at times the things he says are distinctly out of the ordinary. Possibly that is why his father is less unpopular than the average man who recounts the sayings and doings of his offspring.

A little while ago Freddy imperturbed for some soda-water. It was a beverage he had never previously sampled, but with the fearlessness of his age he insisted on trying it.

"You won't like it," sighed his indulgent mother, as she poured out a glassful: "it has a most peculiar taste."
The youngster waived aside the objection, and gulped down the drink.
"Yes, mummy," he said a moment later, "you're quite right. It is 'culiar. Why, if—it tastes like my foot gone asleep!"

Automobilia of Punjab the Railer.

Judge not an auto by its smell: all comparisuns are odorous.
A tack in the tyre is as a thorn in the flesh: both are tiresome.

It is a short ride that hath no mending.

All does not go that glitters.
An auto is not without odour save in its own front seat.

Say not "We shall return at five"; ye may return at sixes and sevens.

'Tis well that ends well.
Approach railways warily, lest they lead thee to Heaven.

Though thou swear by thine auto seven times, the eighth thou wilt swear at it; that is Kismet.

To speed is human; to be caught—is fine!

Sad.

The Frenchman who has just been painting the portrait of the Kaiser in the uniform of the imperial hunt says he will never forget how, when he had expressed a regret that his Majesty wore such a brilliant and ostentatiously new uniform, the Emperor murmured: "Alas, I haven't any old clothes!" How this little incident will touch the thousands and thousands of people who have not any new ones!

Appreciated.

"You bet," says the man from the Chilkoot Pass, "there never was a paper that was hailed with as much joy as that copy of yours that had all that article about alcohol in patent medicines."

"I am very glad to hear from such a far-away corner of the earth that my efforts have been appreciated," says the editor of the journal which has published the article referred to.

"It was all the goods—it sure cheered the boys up; an' here's a subscription from every one of them in return. Why, say, pudner, when your paper come to town it was just two days after Tom-toothed Tompkins had broke through the ice with his whole winter stock of whisky, an' if we hadn't found out about them medicines bein' good to drink we'd 'a had to go dry all winter. An' bein' as I own the drugstore you can see how thankful I feel to'ards you."

Her Fears.

"Of course," said the lady to the druggist, "it may be perfectly harmless, just as you say; but then you know there has been so much exposure of patent medicines and such goods that I"—

"My dear madam," interrupted the druggist, "I beg to assure you in the strongest terms that you need not apprehend any"—

"I know; but I read in one magazine where lots of people had acquired the drink and drug habits through using such remedies, and"—

"Impossible in this case. Why, you can see for yourself that"—

"Will you give me your word of honour that it contains no alcohol?"

"I would swear it on a stack of Bibles," answered the druggist.

"Then I'll take it."
And the druggist wrapped up the porous-plaster for her.

Disillusionised.

It was his hope from boyhood's hour
To be a scribble some day;
He'd read about the mighty power
The fourth estates sway.
He longed to drive a sixpence free,
As he would oft confess,
And thought he'd greatly like to be
Connected with the press.

Within newspaperdom's great wheels
At last he forms a cog;
Then the busy he takes his meals
And hustles like a dog
At thirty bob per week, I wot,
And you can well guess
He wishes now that he were dis-
Connected with the press.

Too Many for Him.

An Iowa judge recently related an amusing incident that had occurred in his court when a coloured man was brought up for some petty offense. The charge was read, and as the statement, "The State of Iowa against John Jones," was read in a loud voice, the coloured man's eyes bulged nearly out of their sockets, and he seemed overcome with terror and astonishment. When he was asked if he had anything to say or pleaded guilty or not guilty, he gasped out:

"Well, yo' honob, of de whole State o' Iowa is ag'in' dis one pore niggab, I ez gwine to give up right now!"

Immortality.

I had that life ere I was born
Into this world of dark and light,
Waking as one who wakes at morn
From dreams of night:

I am as old as heaven and earth;
But sleep is death without decay,
And since each morn renews my birth
I am no older than the day.

Oh though ev' outward form appears,
Though at last outworn shall lie,
This that is sov'rite to the years,
This is not I.

I, who outwear the form I take,
When I put off this garb of flesh
Still in immortal youth shall wake
And somewhere clothe my life afresh.

In the Old-Fashioned Way.

"Dot a bid o' good you dawkid," said the man with the cold to the man who was advising a new remedy. "I'b goin' to stick to the o'd-fashio'd rebedy--fect it bustard-and-water ad a glass o' rub hot. Good-bye!"

And that evening, comfortably ensconced before his bedroom fire, he sat with his feet in hot water and a glass by his side. A sense of calm enjoyment stole over him as he sipped the glass. He was at peace with the world.

At three o'clock in the morning his wife woke with a start. He was of Henry?

Tremblingly she struck a light.
But there was no need for alarm.
Henry was in the room. The fire was out, the glass empty, and there was a cake of ice an inch thick on the top of that mustard-and-water. He had gone to sleep, but forgotten to go to bed.

He still has a cold, but is trying another remedy.

One Drop of Water.

In a single drop of unfiltered water may be seen in miniature the tragedy that goes on perpetually in the world at large, for in the little drop there is a whole universe of life, with all its terrible and death-dealing competition, with all its mystery and won.

It was a French biologist who invented the method by which this wonderful state of things is demonstrated. He called the method the "changing-drop slide," and it is beautifully simple. A drop of water from the edge of an ordinary pond is placed in a lollowed-out space on a small strip of glass and sealed with a bit of thinner glass. And now day after day and night after night the hideous business going on in that one drop of perfectly clear, and apparently pure, water may be watched and studied at the leisure of the observer.

The drop of water is a world in itself. Multitudes of animals swim about in it with plenty of room. The giant worms, with tremendous swishing tails, of whose approach one is made aware by the confusion and panic of the smaller creatures scurrying out of the way in fear of their lives, and countless bacteria inhabit that drop as their permanent and proper home and their ranging place.

THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1s. has been sent to the writer of this verse, Miss C. M.A., 217, Leith-st., Dunedin.

Fill to my tub, and lightly rub,
The water, when I measure;
When SA-PON'S night, no need to sigh,
For washing's nought but pleasure.
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