

San Francisco Bay.

I lean against the rail and gaze
Across the waters blue and clear,
And dream of those romantic days
When men come seeking Fortune here;
I see a hundred bulging sails
Pass through the distant Golden Gate,
As, stained and torn by many gales,
And having battled well with Fate,
They bring the eager Argonauts
At last in triumph to behold
The haven of their fondest thoughts,
The legendary Land of Gold.

I taste the spray upon my lips
And from the present turn in scorn
To dream of men in tussling ships
That beat their way around the Horn;
I look on ancient battered hulls
Well washed and worn by many seas;
I hear the plaintive cries of gulls
That soar about with grateful ease,
And, putting all my cares away,
I dream such dreams as once they had
Who, sailing up the splendid bay,
Rebeld Golconda and were glad.

The wild duck wings its graceful flight
Unmindful of the passing throngs,
And all that breaths before my sight
Still fails to romance belong;
The splendid cities on the shores
Remind me of their fearless quest
Who came to claim the golden stores
That turned men's longing to the West;
Far out the mighty ocean gleams,
The breeze blows sweet across the bay,
And all that is prosaic seems
On fancy's wings to float away.

—S. E. KISER, in "Record-Herald."

More Clever than the Minister.

In some of the more remote parts of rural Scotland it is still the custom of the minister, when calling upon his flock, to have all the members of the household come in for prayers and to be tested in their knowledge of the Bible. On one such occasion the minister, having interrogated the more immediate members of the family to his satisfaction, came finally to the ploughboy, who was standing awestruck by the door, tremblingly awaiting his turn.

Minister: "Noo, Saundry, I'll gie ye a wee bit easy ane; ye'll nae ha' o'er muckle time fer readin'. Can ye tell me why the children of Israel made a golden calf?"

Saundry: "Wa-a-l. I dinna ken, meenister, unless it be they did na ha' goold enoo to mak' a coo."

A Judge of Tea.

A certain suburban gentleman, who is somewhat of a gourmet, discovered one day that his wife was giving him tea at 1/4 to drink. Although he had never made any complaints about the quality of the tea, no sooner did he discover the price than he detected all sorts of shortcomings in the article supplied, and when he went down to business that morning he dropped into a tea store and bought a pound of orange pekoe at 3/8. This he carried home in the night, and, taking the opportunity of the kitchen being empty, he hunted round till he found the tea-caddy, which was nearly full. The contents of this he threw away and replaced out of his own pocket. It had not been his intention to say anything about the substitution, but next morning he could not help referring to the improved quality of the beverage.

"This is something like tea this morning," he said. "Don't you notice the difference?"

"No, I don't," said his wife. "It tastes to me exactly like the tea we have been drinking for the last month, and so it should, for it is the same tea."

The husband laughed. "That's just like a woman," he said. "You never know what is good and what isn't unless we tell you. Now, I could have told you with my eyes shut that this tea is better than what we have been drinking."

"It is a pity you haven't been drinking with your eyes shut all along," retorted the lady. "Anyhow, it is the same tea."

"Now I'll just prove to you," said her husband, "how defective a woman's sense of taste is. Yesterday I bought a pound of 3/6 tea, threw out what was in the caddy, and put mine in its place. And to think that you never noticed the difference?"

"Which caddy did you empty?"

"One on the upper shelf of the pantry," was the reply.

"I thought so," said the lady quietly. "That was some special tea I keep for special occasions. The caddy with the cheap tea is in the cupboard in the kitchen; and this," she added, with an ex-

asperating smile, as she lifted the teapot, "was made out of the self-same caddy as it has been every morning. What a blessing it must be to you to possess such a cultivated taste! I have heard that tea-tasters get very high salaries. Now, why don't you—"

But he cut her remarks short by leaving the room.

Willing to Abdicate.

A certain prosy preacher recently gave an endless discourse on the prophets. First he dwelt at length on the minor prophets. At last he finished them, and the congregation gave a sigh of relief. He took a long breath, and continued: "Now I shall proceed to the major prophets." After the major prophets had received more than ample attention, the congregation gave another sigh of relief. "Now that I have finished with the minor prophets and the major prophets, what about Jeremiah? Where is Jeremiah's place?" At this point a tall man arose in the back of the church. "Jeremiah can have my place," he said; "I'm going home."

His Mother and Dicky.

She's a woman with a mission; 'tis her heavenborn ambition to reform the world's condition, you will please to understand.

She's a model of propriety, a leader in society, and has a great variety of remedies at hand.

Each a sovereign specific, with a title scientific, for the cure of things morbid that vex the people sore; For the swift alleviation of the evils of the nation is her foreordained vocation on this sublimary shore.

And while thus she's up and coming, always hurrying and humming, and occasionally stunning, this reformer of renown.

Her neglected little Dicky, ragged, dirty, tough and tricky, with his fingers soiled and sticky, is the terror of the town.

At the 'Phone.

Mr Miggles was trying to call up a friend who lived in a suburban town. Mr Miggles looked up the number, then got central.

"Hello!" he said. "Give me Elmdale two-ought-four-seven."

"Elmdale? I'll give you the long distance."

Long distance asked, "What is it?"

"Elmdale two-ought-four-seven."

"Elmdale two-ought-four-seven?"

"Yes."

"What is your number?"

"I just told you, Elmdale two-ought—"

"I mean your own house number."

"Sixty-five Blicken-street."

"Oh, that isn't what I mean. Your 'phone number."

"Why didn't you say so?" asked Mr Miggles, who is noted for his quick temper.

"I did. What is it?"

"Violet Park eight-seven-seven."

"Violet Park eight-double-seven?"

"I reckon so."

"And what number do you want?"

"Elmdale two-ought-four-seven."

"What is your name?"

"My name is John Henry Miggles. I live at 65 Blicken-street, Violet Park; my house 'phone is Violet Park eight-seven-seven, or eight-double-seven, as you choose; I am married, have no children; we keep a dog, and a cat, and a perpetual palm, and a Boston fern, and—"

"All that is unnecessary, sir. We merely—"

"And last summer we didn't have a bit of luck with our roses; I tried to have a little garden, too, but the neighbours' chickens got away with that; the house is green, with red gables; there is a cement walk from the street; I am 40 years old; my wife is younger, and looks it; we have a piano; keep a cook and an upstairs girl; had the front bedroom papered last week and I want to—"

"Did you want Elmhurst two-ought-four-seven?"

"Yes!" gasped Mr Miggles.

"Well, the circuit is busy now. Please call again."

But Mr Miggles wrote a letter.

Answered.

Two tourists during a visit to North Wales met a simple-looking rustic on one of the mountains, so they thought they would have some fun as his expense, and one of them said:

"I daresay you can see long distances from here on a clear day?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I can see very far."

"Perhaps you can see London?"

"Further than that at times, sir."

"How can that be, man?"

"Well, sir," meekly replied the Welshman, "on a bright clear night I can easily see the moon."

"HOWDY, HONEY, HOWDY."

Do' a-stan'in' on a jar, nah a-shin' thoo, Ol' folks drov'le' 'roun' de place, wide awake is Lou,
When I tap, she answeh, an' I see hah 'nence to grin.
"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step right in?"
Den I step erpon de log layin' at de do', Bies de Lawd, hah mammy au' hah pap's done 'menue'd to su'.

Now's de time, em evah, ef I's gwine to try an' win,
"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step right in?"

No use, playin' on de atdge, trimblin' on de brink,
W'en a body love a gal, tell hah what he 'ink;
W'en hah hea't is open fu' de love you gwine to gin.
Pull yo'fe'f' togetah, sub, an' step right in.
Sweeten' imbitation dat a body eah b'yeabed,
Sweeten' den de music of a love-sock mock-in'-bird,
Comin' 'om de gal you loves bettah den yo' kin,
"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step right in?"

Lady Curzon's Babu Note.

Lady Curzon brought with her from India many quaint specimens of "Babu" letters. Here is one which was addressed to Lady Curzon and received at the Allahabad Memorial Hospital for Women from grateful relatives of patients:

Dear She: My wife has returned from your hospital cured. Provided males are allowed at your bungalow, I would like to do you the honour of presenting myself there this afternoon, but I will not try to repay you—vengeance belongs unto God. Yours noticeably.

Distinctly Marked.

The frontier between Germany and France is more distinctly marked than that of any other two countries. The frontier line is so arranged that it crosses every road at right angles.

On the German side is a large post, twelve feet high, painted like a barber's pole, red, black, and white, with a cross-piece at the top with the word, in black letters on a white ground, "grenze" (boundary), with an exclamation mark.

Diagonally opposite is a cast-iron post, twelve feet high, whereon is painted in grey, on an iron cross-piece, the word "frontiere."

Such posts are placed only on roads and railways. The line is indicated "across country" by stone blocks projecting about a foot above the ground, at intervals of fifty yards.

On the French side of the block is cut with a chisel the letter "F"; on the German side is the letter "D," for "Deutschland."

Ruined His Case.

A man had entered an action against a railway company for injury to his arm in a railway accident.

Opposing Barrister: "I understand you have lost the use of your arm entirely through this accident?"

Plaintiff: "Yes."

Barrister: "How high can you lift your arm now?"

Plaintiff with great difficulty moved it about one inch.

Barrister: "How far could you lift it before the accident?"

Plaintiff: "Right up there" (shooting it above his head).

Verdict for the defendants.

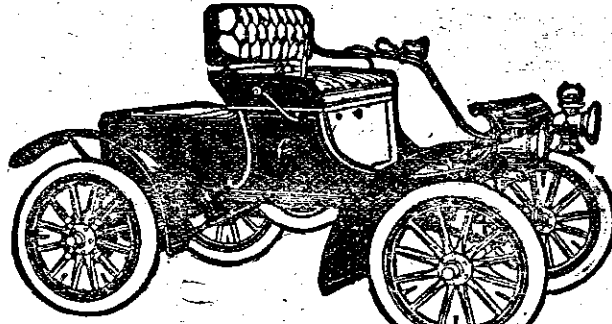
THE GUINEA POEM!

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The hard who wrote the fery ody About the Exhibition Forget to mention "SAPON" Soap—A scandalous omission!

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