

The New Zealand Graphic

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

TERMS:

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

By sending direct to "The Graphic" Office Twenty Shillings sterling, which you may pay by Post Office Order, Postal Note, One Pound Note, or New Zealand Stamps, you can have "The Graphic" posted regularly to you every week for a year.

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OFFICE:

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Doctors, lawyers, ministers, bankers, merchants, business men everywhere, all rely upon Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, whenever they have a cough of a cold. They keep it on hand, at their home, at their place of business. They carry it with them when they travel. They say there is nothing so bad for a cough as coughing, and here is nothing so good for a cough as



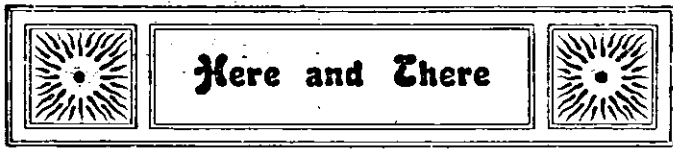
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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.



Here and There

Visitors in Profusion.

A circular has just been issued by the relatives and friends of Luther Burbank, calling attention to the annoyance to which he is subjected almost daily, and requesting the discontinuance of visits by the public. In the year 1905 over six thousand visitors were received on the Burbank grounds, and Mr. Burbank was given absolutely no opportunity to rest. A warning sign has been placed on each gate at the residence, declaring that anyone entering or trespassing on the grounds will be prosecuted.

Little Dorrit Still Alive.

In view of the announcement that the crypt of the Church of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, so closely associated with Dickens' "Little Dorrit," is to let for "storage purposes," it may interest lovers of Dickens to learn that the original of the character is still alive (remarks a London paper).
—Mrs. Cooper, who, as Mary Ann Mitton, was a playmate of Dickens and the sister of his dearest school companion, has lived at Southgate for more than half a century. Although more than 90 years of age, she is still in full possession of all her faculties, and takes an outdoor walk every fine day.

In a conversation with a reporter, Mrs. Cooper showed how keen a pleasure it affords her to talk of the far-away times when as a girl she attended St. Pancras Church with "Charles," and of the visits afterwards paid by him to Manor Farm, Sunbury, where the Mittons lived later.

Of the boy Dickens she retains the fondest recollections. One of her quaintest anecdotes tells how as a girl she teased him about his future wife.

He declared that she must possess an intellectuality which would qualify her to take a keen interest in his work, and when the girl remarked: "Then I would not do for that, Charles," he agreed, "No, Dorrit, you wouldn't do for that."

How keen an interest both she and her brother took in the young writer's work is shown from the tales she tells of how "Charles" used to bring his manuscript and read it aloud to them. "If we thought anything was not quite as it ought to be, we would tell him straight: 'No, no, Charles, that won't do at all,'" Mrs. Cooper would say.

Of Dickens, the man, the old lady says: "There never was such a man. He was so gentle and kindly to every one, and clever, for he never really had much education; but he had a natural gift for noticing things and describing them."

The old lady has still in her possession many relics of those old days, notably part of the bed upon which Dickens slept when he used to visit her brother during holidays at Sunbury. She is proud, also, of having received many letters from the great novelist in his younger days.

She dearly loves to tell of the trouble she used to get into in the early days of young Dickens' sojourn in Camden Town (Mrs. Cooper was born in Hatton-garden), when, instead of returning straight home after the service at St. Pancras Church, she used to listen to Charles' persuasions, and go to see the "beadle in his gorgeous dress," or some such other wonder of childhood.

Speaking of the life at Sunbury she said: "You could always find Charles lying out among the hay, absorbed in some book."

Erroneous Ideas in Regard to Snakes.

King Solomon acknowledged that there were "three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not," and one of these was "the way of a serpent upon a rock," and for years the mode of progression of a snake remained to men of science as much a mystery as it was to Solomon. It is thought that the absence of limbs is a great disadvantage to snakes, but the fact is their ribs take the place of limbs, so that, instead of having two pairs, they sometimes have over 200. Mr. Ferguson of India, says that he once followed a

large snake, and found a smart walk sufficient to keep up with it. Nor do snakes exercise any fascination over their victims. Pops alleged that they ejected poison on larks in full flight so that they fell into their mouths—but in fact, chickens, rats, guinea pigs, rabbits, and hens show no fear of snakes when given to the latter in a cage. A hen has been known to roost on a pathon, and one has been known to peck at a snake's tongue in motion, evidently taking it for an insect or worm. The functions of a snake's tongue have also been the subjects of popular error. Job speaks of the viper's tongue slaying one, and Shakepeare is full of similar remarks. The tongue is really a very delicate organ of touch, for the eyes are so placed that the snake cannot see in front or below, and by means of its tongue it literally feels its way. The popular notion that every snake is poisonous is, of course, absurd, but the proportion of poisonous to harmless snakes is much less than is generally supposed. In India only one genus in ten is poisonous, and the same proportion is probably accurate as to individuals also. The cobra is timid—the charmers who play a pipe in front of it do not attract it by the music, for it is nearly deaf; but by the movement from side to side, which is followed by the snake. The bites of some species of poisonous snakes are not fatal at all, and merely produce a little pain and swelling of the injured member.

One Way of Doing It.

There are all sort of ways of offering your manuscript to a publisher. One of them is this from a letter received in a newspaper office the other day:—"Dear Sir,—If this is any use to you, why any use you use it for will be all right, and I can use whatever you're used to giving for whatever you use.—Yours truly, Ulysses Honston." The letter, at all events, was not useless.

A Startlingly Large Family.

The visit of the Japanese sailors to Australia just now recalls a laughable incident in connection with the visit of some Japanese sailors to Cork a couple of years ago. A Japanese battleship was in Queenstown Harbour, and a large number of the men obtained leave to visit the city. They were to be seen everywhere, walking, driving, riding, and, as may be imagined, they were an object of great interest to everyone. An old woman, up from the country to see the exhibition, which was then open, was also "doing the sights," and was "tramping it" in a car which happened to be more than half full of Japs., of whom she had never till that day seen a specimen. Utterly bewildered by what appeared to her the absolute sameness of all their faces, she turned at length to someone beside her, and remarked aloud, "Glory be to God! Wasn't she a wonderful woman that had all them sons? Everywhere I went to day I seen more of them, and they have all the same faces on them, the little crathurs!"

Ghost in the Camera.

An astounding story of mysterious photographs, which is vouched for by a well-known London photographer, is told in "M.A.P."

A certain young lady, who may be called Miss R., lives with her mother in one of the Home Counties. Some time ago, wishing to have her photograph taken, she made an appointment with the photographer in question. The sitting was duly given, and the photograph taken.

After the lapse of a week Miss R. received a letter saying that the photos were not a success, and asking for another sitting. She at once agreed, and as soon as possible went to London again, and a second photograph was taken.

A short time elapsed, and as no proofs were sent she wrote to make inquiries, only to receive a very apologetic letter,

saying that again the photos were failures, and asking for a third sitting. So for the third time Miss R. came up to London. She is a good-natured girl, and contented herself with expressing a hope that this time there would be a successful result.

In two days' time she received an urgent letter from the photographer asking her to come up to his studio and to bring a friend with her. As a result of the letter Miss R., accompanied by her mother, paid a fourth visit to the studio, and there the photographer exhibited the amazing results of the three sittings.

The actual photos of the girl herself were quite good, but in each plate there was to be seen standing behind her the figure of a man holding a dagger in his uplifted hand.

The features, though faint, were clearly discernible, and to her horror, Miss R. recognised them as those of her fiancée—an officer in the Indian Army.

The effect of this experience was so great that after a few days she wrote out to India breaking off the engagement.

The "Gods."

Mr Arthur Bourchier pleaded for a clean and wholesome drama at the annual dinner, at Frascati, of the Gallery Firstnighters' Club (says the "Express"). The following are some of the principal points in his response to the toast of "The Drama":—

I maintain that the public do not want to go to the theatre to see a rehash of the sweepings of the divorce court offered them as a picture of English-home life in the nineteenth century.

No play has ever made for the good of its author, its producer, the actors engaged in it, or of any one else, which had a breach of the seventh commandment for its pivot, or the display of the seamy side of private life for its raison d'être.

The man with the muck-rake is not wanted within the walls of the play-house.

He certainly will never hold sway in my theatre; and it rests with you, free and independent gallery firstnighters, to make his stay elsewhere both brief and inglorious. As sure as "the drama's laws the drama's patrons give," if you will, you can send him back to the obscurity from which he ought never to have been allowed to emerge.

There is nothing novel in his methods, for wherever there are two men and a woman, or two women and a man, there is bound to be trouble. To pervert the old proverb: "Where there's a will there's a way."

I know from experience that the reward is great for one who will take the extra pains and exploit the wholesome, which, after all, is the grandest thing in art. In this present year of grace the art of acting is, in my humble opinion, on the up-grade, but the craft of the playwright hangs in the balance.

Are the writers for the stage to-day prepared to take the hard but only way that ennobles them and leads them towards the uplifting of the true standard of the British drama, or are they satisfied to lie back on the epicurean rewards of the society for the promulgation of the greatest possible fees with the least possible labour?

The Fanning Island Sale.

Apocryphal of the sale of Fanning Island, where the Pacific cable station is, a lawyer writes to the London "Express" as follows:—"The private sale of a British Island to a foreigner, or even to a foreign Government, has no more effect to detach the property from the British Empire than the sale of a freehold house in Park Lane to a foreigner would do.

"Some years ago the island of Anticosti, opposite the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, was purchased by M. Menier. He thought the purchase entitled him to hoist the French flag, but was quickly undeceived.

"It is well known that the island of Horn, in the Channel Islands, is owned by a German. I have heard that he, too, presumed to fly the German flag, but was promptly required by the captain of an English gunboat to haul down the offensive emblem of foreign sovereignty.

"The rights of the Crown can only be ceded by the Crown, and no owner of land, even in fee simple, is other than a tenant of the Crown."