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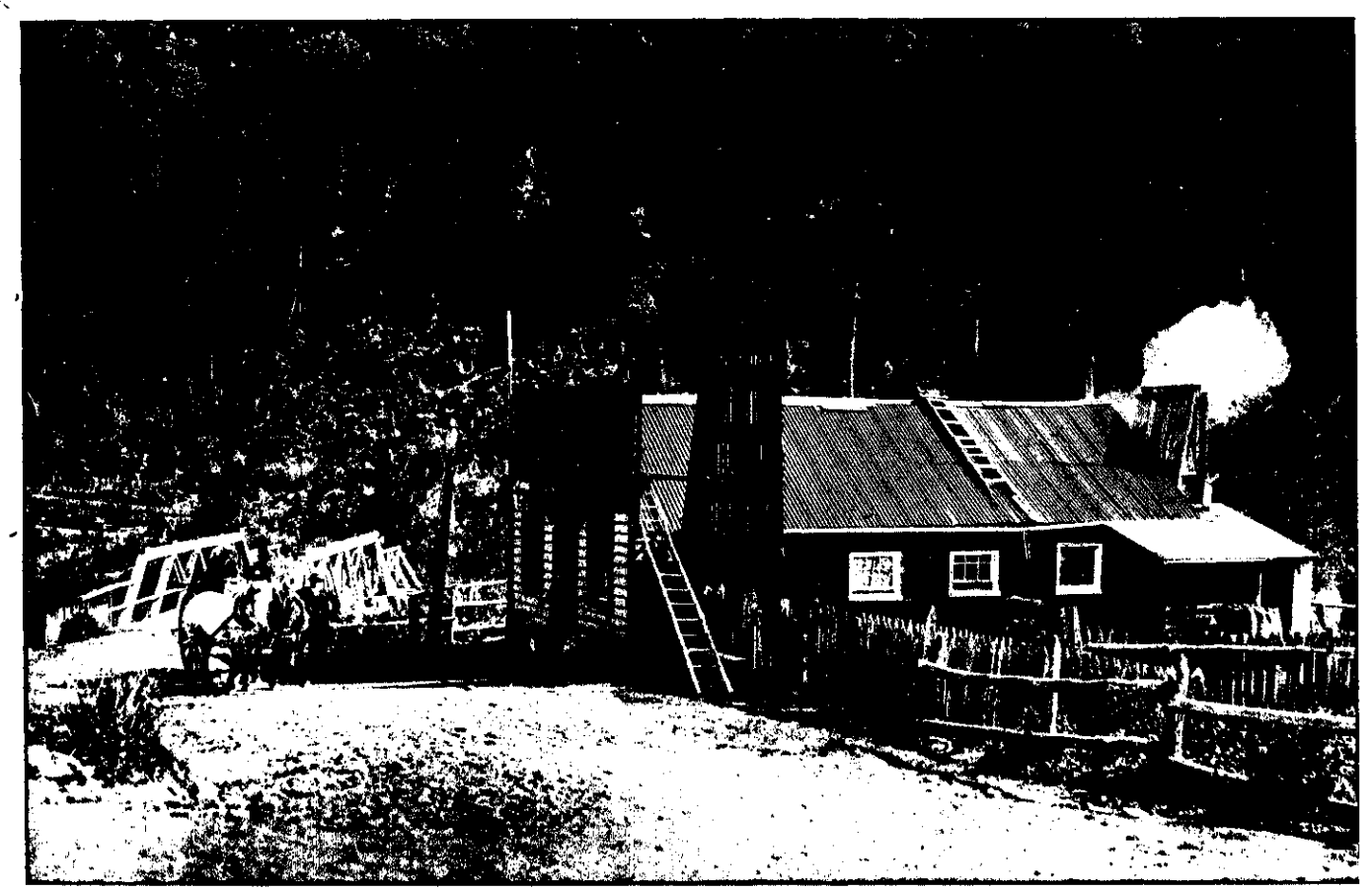
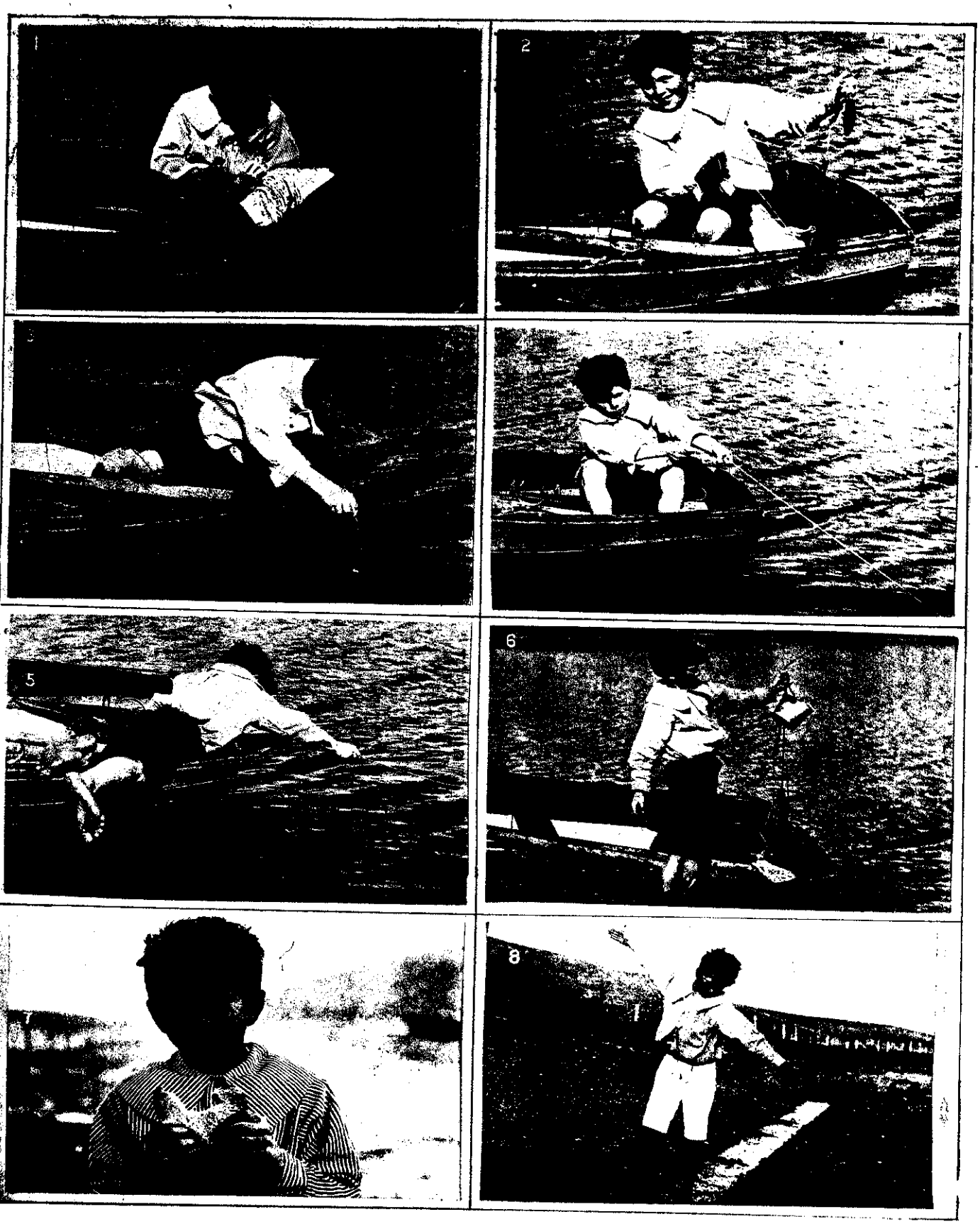
REMOVING THE BANDAGES: JOHN BULL AFTER THE FORTHCOMING IMPERIAL CONFERENCE.

SIR JOSEPH: Ah, much better already, as we thought! Now, if you will just slip on these glasses, you will, I am sure, admit you never saw so clearly or so far in all you life.

NEAR FALLS HUTS, MILFORD TRACK, THE OVERLAND ROUTE FROM TE ANAU TO MILFORD SOUND, A TRIP WHICH WAS PATRONISED BY UNUSUALLY LARGE NUMBERS THIS SUMMER.



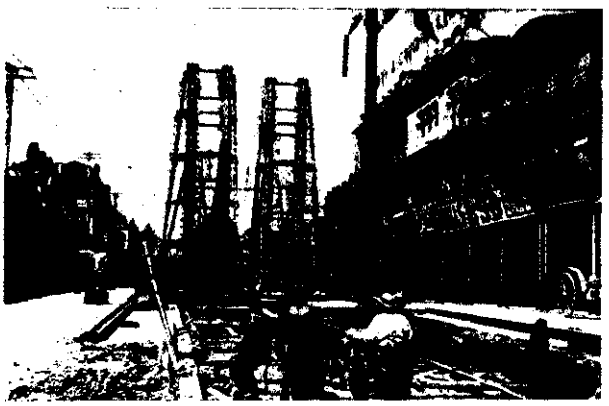
Tourist Department photo. OKARITO FORKS, WESTLAND.



D. H. Morrison, photo.

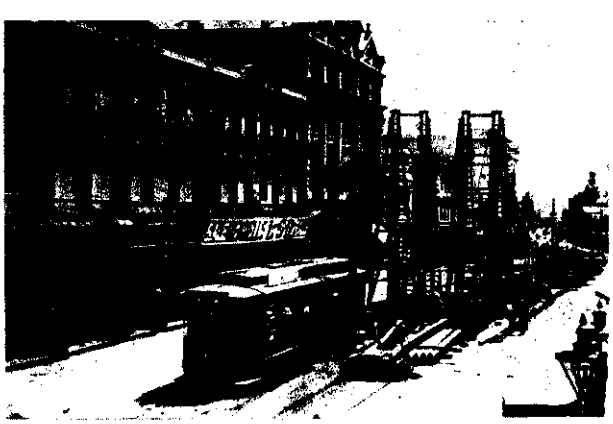
A DAY'S FISHING—A SUMMER HOLIDAY EPISODE.

1—"You can't beat rock-cod for bait after all." 2—"Now just you watch me catch fish." 3—"What did I tell you—a nibble already. 4.—"Got him!" 5—"No; he's got me." 6—"You fellows think you're clever, I suppose." 7—"The best bite of the day." 8—The fish that got away.







THE "MEN IN POSSESSION"—QUEEN-STREET IN THE HANDS OF THE AUCKLAND ELECTRIC TRAMWAY COMPANY.

Owing to the bad foundation of Queen-street, Auckland, the Electric Tramway Company have had constant difficulty with the track owing to the rails subsiding. Piles of Australian hardwood are now being driven, and on these sleepers will be laid, and it is hoped a solid permanent way will result.

BARREL RACE.

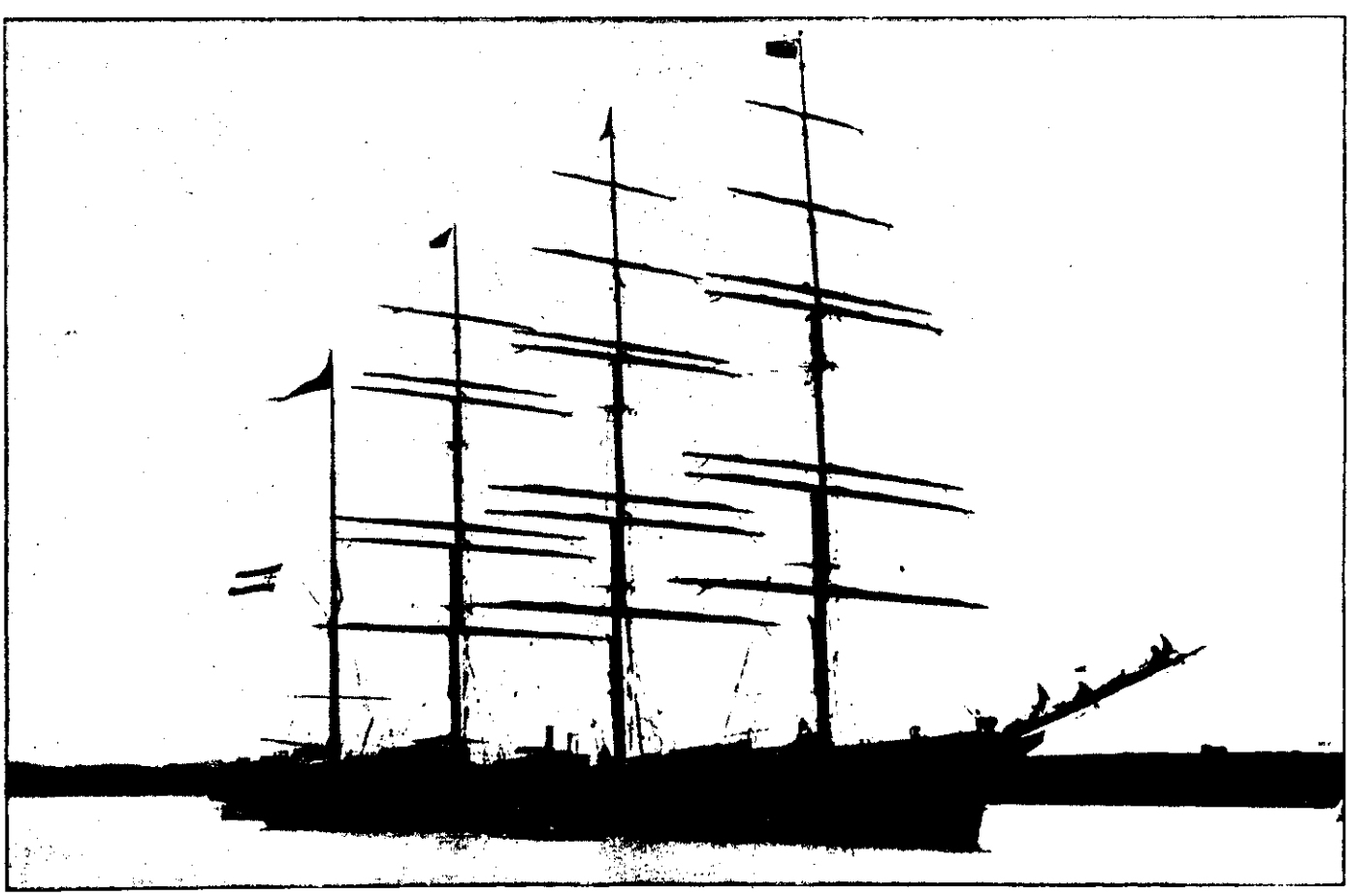
AT THE WINNING-POST.

FOLLOWING THE RACES.

THE GREASY BOOM.

See "Our Illustrations."

HAMILTON'S FIRST REGATTA: SNAPSHOTS AT LAST SATURDAY'S CARNIVAL ON THE WAIKATO.



THE FINE GERMAN FOUR-MASTED BARQUE HERZOGIN SOPHIE CHARLOTTE, 2273 TONS, WHICH ARRIVED IN AUCKLAND ON SATURDAY LAST, AFTER A SMART PASSAGE OF 76 DAYS FROM BREMERHAVEN, GERMANY.

O. Johansen, photo.

She has double top-gallants, and also carries sky-sails on two masts. Her lofty spars give her a towering spread of canvas, and as she sailed into port right to her anchorage with everything but courses set, she made a picture that one seldom sees in these days of steam tramps.

D. H. Morrison, photo.

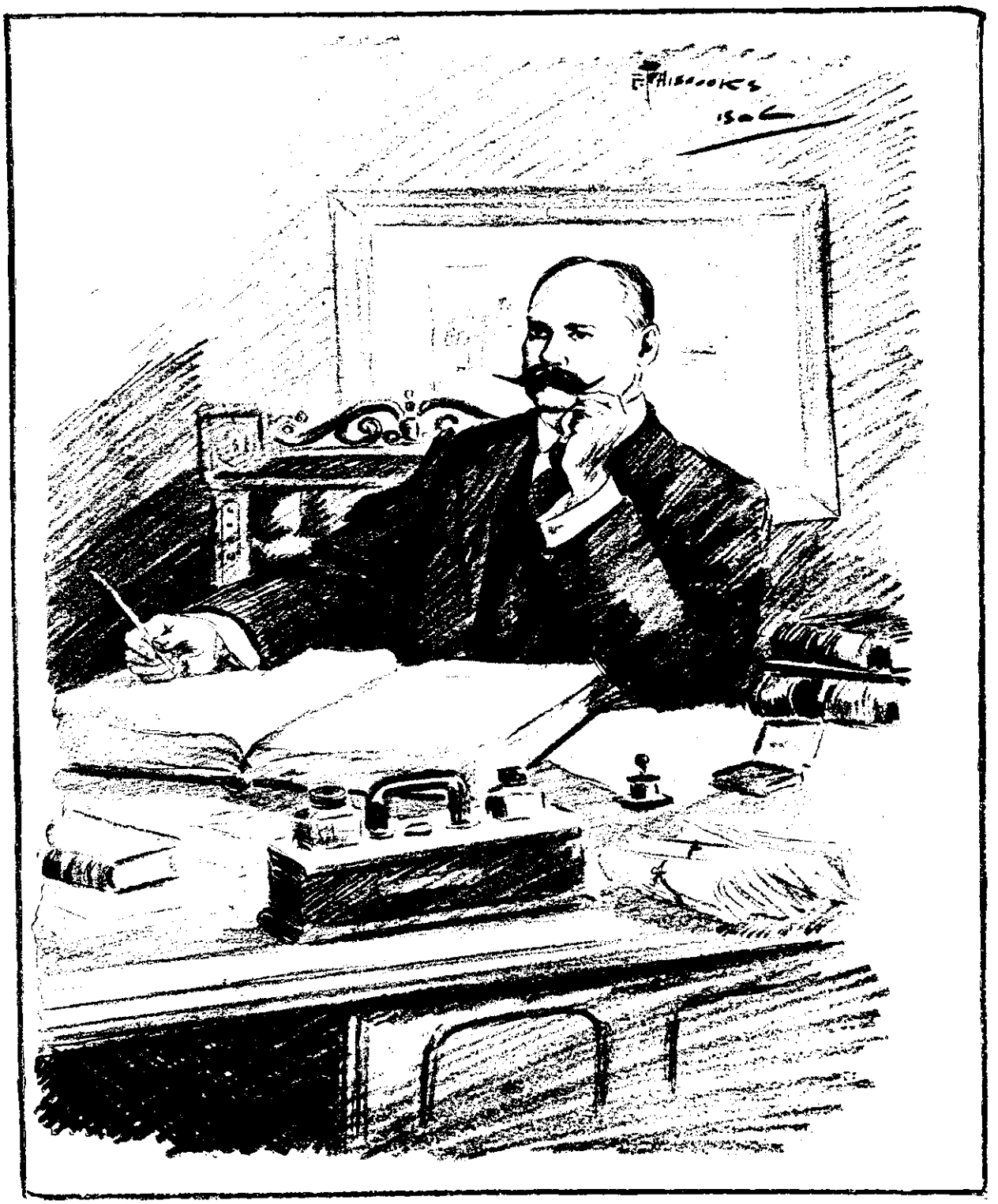
STREET SNAP-SHOTS OF AUCKLAND BUSINESS MEN.

1—Messrs. Benjamen and Rutherford, of L. D. Nathan and Co., endeavour to dodge the camera fiend by exercise of the "hat trick," but the photographer manages to score. 2 Mr. Archibald Clark, of Archie Clark and Sons, with Mr. Carl Seegner, Consul for Germany, recognise their fate (photograhpic) when too late. 3—Mr. Edward Anderson, the sharebroker, and Mr. H. Horton, N.Z. "Herald," discuss the market. 4—Mr. C. C. Dacre explains to Mr. Ansenne how he scored a success with the Anniversary Regatta this year. 5—The Health Officer, Dr. Sharman, gets a Stock Exchange tip from Mr. Brimblecombe, sharebroker, while waiting for the mail boat. 6—Judge Monro and his son-in-law, Mr. W. B. A. Morrison, accountant. 7—Mr. F. T. Ward, of the Colonial Mutual Life Insurance, discusses house property investments with Captain Fruter, the "doyen" of Auckland land agents.

The Society Entertainer.

This profession is becoming more and more recognised, and within the last few years is possibly, like the actual stage itself, in danger from overcrowding, remarks a London paper. The fee may be anything from one guinea to ten for an afternoon. Still, competition is not, and ever will be, so great as it is in legitimate drama or musical comedy, for to be a society entertainer demands a certain amount of original talent. It's not enough to pose prettily before a sympathetic audience, and open your saucy eyes as if you had only been born five minutes or in the case of the other sex to march across the stage in a Forbes-Robertsonian manner and demand with a Lewis Waller smile the way to the nearest footlights. A drawing-room in broad daylight, a crowd of people coming and going, and partaking of tea and cakes and gossip, want something in the way of novelty to arrest their very wandering attention. Many a good hunter can't leap in cold blood. Many a good actor would turn and fly before such an ordeal, but the man or girl who has it in them to hold and interest such an audience possesses talents not to be despised. In the first place the fee may be anything from one guinea to ten. All expenses paid, of course. As an entertainer becomes known and appreciated he can naturally demand a higher fee.. Indeed, in the case of a well-known raconteuse whose own particular following much enjoy her stories, she receives in remuneration from £20 to £30 for an afternoon entertainment, that is, of no more than an hour or so in duration. Another advantage is that the artists are absolutely free to choose what sort of programme they will present before their public; at the same time they must be versatile, as people soon tire of one form of entertainment, however well done. A pretty dancer with also a clear voice and a repertoire of good light songs has an excellent chance. "Tell us a story!" has been an old cry, probably dating from the days when Eve nursed wicked little Cain and good little Abel; but "good stories" are very, very difficult to find, and "chestnuts," however well told, would ruin any raconteur's career.

In the singing of songs clearness of enunciation cannot be too greatly insisted upon. The finest jokes half heard most certainly fall flat. Also it is necessary to differentiate very sharply between music-hall style and that suitable to drawing-room entertainments.



LEADING LIGHTS IN THE CITY OF AUCKLAND.

MR. D. W. DUTHIE, MANAGER OF THE NATIONAL BANK.

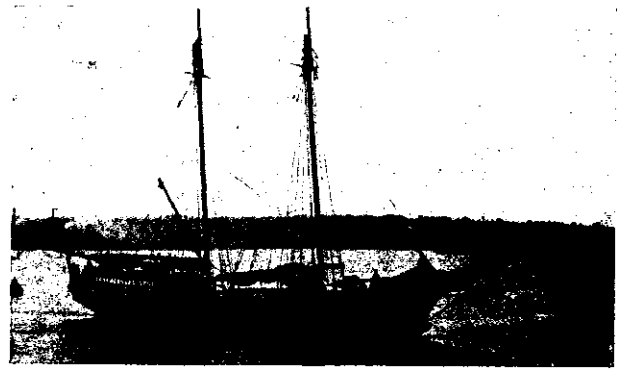
Drawn from life by E. F. Hiscocks.

THE DUCAL DOMESTIC DIFFICULTY IN THE GREAT CHURCHILL FAMILY.

One of the penalties of a dukedom is that your private and domestic affairs become public property. Thus the people of New Zealand were six months ago informed by cable of serious matrimonial difficulties between Charles Richard John Spencer-Churchill, Duke of Marlborough and his Duchess Consuelo, nee Miss Vanderbilt. Now it appears—from another cable—that a "modus vivendi" has been arrived at, and that although separated, the Duchess will have the care of the children. Our reproduction is from the famous painting by Sargent in the Academy of 1905, for which it was said the artist received a cheque for £15,600, the highest "original" price ever given for a portrait.

THE SENSATION OF THE DAY IN AMERICA.

MRS THAW, wife of the millionaire murderer, now standing his trial. In the week's cables it was stated Mrs. Thaw's evidence for the defence produced a marked effect upon the jury, being given with pathetic yet dramatic simplicity.



THE AUXILIARY SCHOONER GREYHOUND,

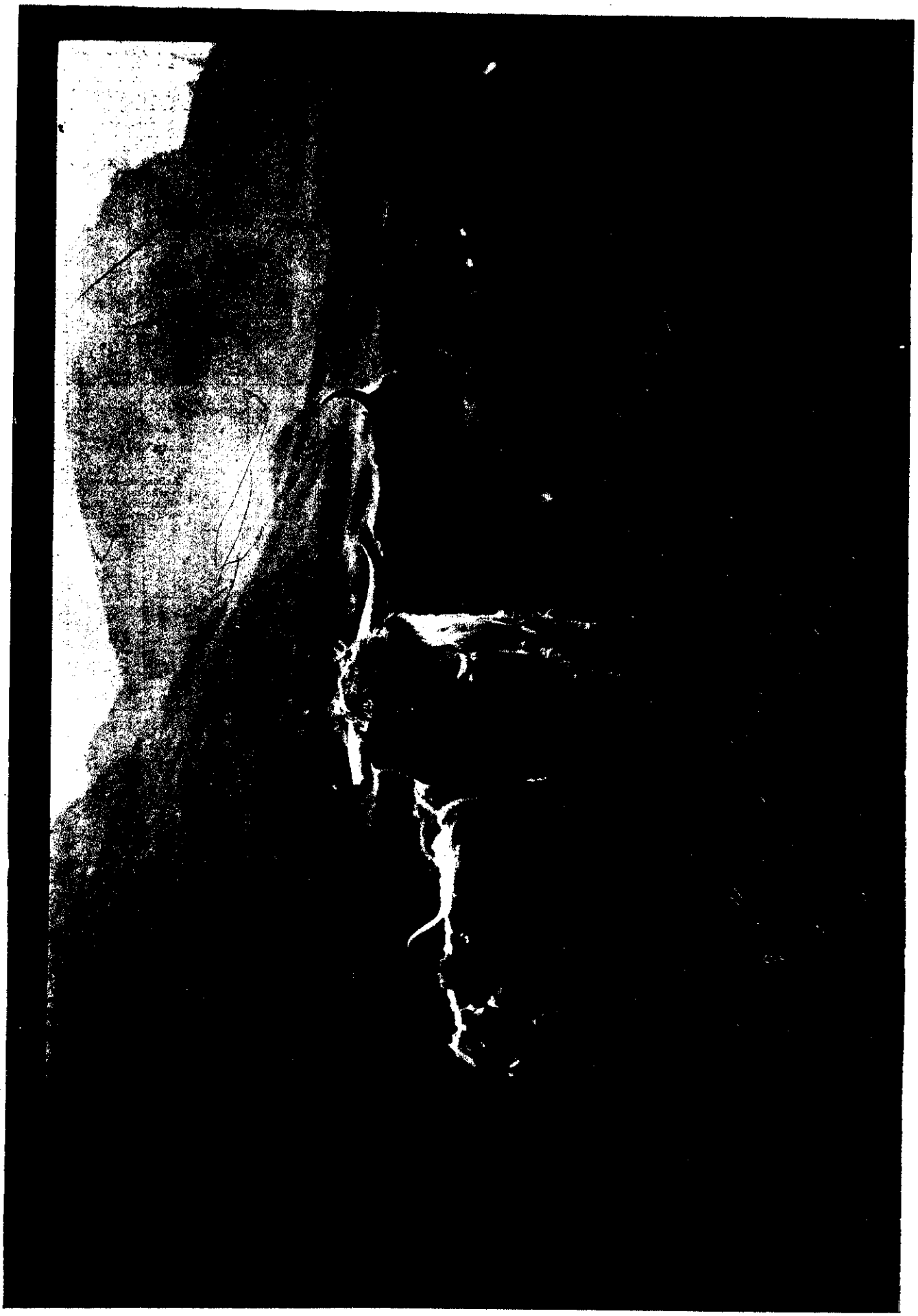
which arrived in Auckland from the North last week with a fire in the hold, and had to be scuttled to save the hull.

W. P. HARRISON,

who made a brilliant 105 for the Englishmen in their match against Otago.

MR JOHN ANSTEY,

farmer, of South Canterbury, one of the newly-elected members of the Legislative Council.



A GLEN FAMILY: STUDY OF HIGHLAND CATTLE.

Photo by C. Reid, Wishaw, Scotland.

SUMMER CRUISE IN THE BAY OF PLENTY

SNAPSHOTS FROM LOG AND CAMERA ABOARD THE YACHT ARIKI

THE Northern Cruise has for years been the accepted way for the Auckland yachtsman to spend the one brief but blissful fortnight during which he is respited from the office to enjoy the finest pastime in the world. With a safe haven every twenty miles or less, the coast from here to wonderful Whangaroa makes an ideal cruising ground, with plenty of variety and not too much continuous sailing. But one can grow tired of even the north, beautiful as it is. Hitherto the south of Cape Colville has been looked at askance by yacht owners. The Bay of Plenty is such a great yawning gap on the chart that perhaps it was no wonder it has been so long unexplored. True, an odd boat has ventured to Mercury Bay, and even Tauranga; but it was practically a terra incognita—to be somewhat Irish. The honour of being the first yacht to explore the bay belongs to the Ariki, whose enterprising owner, Mr. Charles E. Horton, had for some time past been contemplating a trip to White Island, to take the place of the conventional Xmas cruise. Most of our yachting friends thought we were looking for hard work, and some of them smiled hard when we spoke of White Island as our objective, but we set sail late on Saturday evening, Dec. 22nd, with a light north-easter and barrels of confidence. There were six of us in the cabin, and two hands for'ard. Watches were set after tea. The wind fell lighter, and it was breakfast time next morning before we were off the Watchman. Light wind, with something more of east in it, prevailed all Sunday, and it was not till late in the afternoon that we passed Ohena, in the Mercury Group, on the way through Old Man Passage. Evening saw us off the Alderman Group, when we set a course for White Island, and the navigating officer was more than proud when a steaming mountain top was reported right over the bowsprit shortly after daybreak. Sunday was gloriously fine, but there was almost a 'furious calm,' as the Spanish sailors quaintly say, and we made but slow progress. Away inshore at about mid-day we could see the three-masted schooner Kaeo plugging away with her auxiliary, bound from East Coast ports to Auckland. Strangely enough, she and the steamer Waiotahi were the only boats we met during the cruise. So light was the wind that it was late in the afternoon before we made the landing, a small bay on the south side of the south-east point. We anchored with the coir in about five fathoms, having first taken the precaution to make a tripping line fast to the anchor, as we were over a rocky bottom. In all doubtful spots we took this precaution, and never had the slightest difficulty."

Like most of the islands in the Bay, White Island, or Whakari, as the Maoris know it, is steep nearly all round, but there is another anchorage of sorts on the northern side of the point under which we lay. The holding ground is bad, however, and one has to clear out at the first sign of the wind coming in. We were more than fortunate, and landed almost as comfortably as though we were at the skids. "Allus tie yer painter" was one of the maxims of Cap'n Ben, but you want to go further in the Bay of Plenty. Never leave your dingey near the water-line. There is occasionally quite a decent-sized swell, even on very calm days, which doesn't fit in with the smooth-water habit of hauling up just out of apparent danger. White Island is a decent-sized mountain, with a huge crater, blown out down to the water's edge at the landing. It isn't white at all, but a pinky colour on the outside, which is barren all over, except for a few patches of stunted shrubs and ice plants growing near the edge. The floor of the crater, which isn't much above sea-level, is flat, and at the north-eastern side there is a lake of yellow sulphurous water. Beyond this lake is a large steam-hole, from which steam is always rushing with a noise like a steamer blowing off. This vaporous column floats high over the top of the island, and can be seen for miles round. The water of the lake is boiling, and emits a gas which is particularly trying to the throat and lungs. Our man of science did tell us the correct name of it, but it escapes me, except the impression that it would make a fine new swear-word. Common people know it as spirits of salts, and you can imagine one's sensations at the lake-side if you have ever been in a plumber's shop with all the windows shut. The sulphur is said to be fairly pure on the island, and the remains of a tramway near the landing remind one of the day when the deposits were worked as a commercial venture. White Island is a great place for gannets, which nest in thousands on several of the points on the south-western end. One of the most graceful of seabirds on the wing, the gannet is clumsiness itself on land. You can walk right up to him squatting on his nest, and when you are alongside he goes off down hill with much flopping and squawking till he gets enough way on to rise in the air, where he has few compeers. We saw the home-coming after their day's fishing, and it was a wonderful sight to see the myriads of birds flocking down at sunset, till the points were quite white with them.

It was almost dark when we got on board again. After tea and a smoke we discussed the question of to stop or not to stop. We were in calm water, but the reputation of the place and a black-looking bank of clouds in the northern sky prevailed, and we thought discretion the better part of valour, so at ten p.m. we got the mud-hook aboard, and for the third night in succession we played the "hardy mariner." Our aim was to sail right across the Bay, so we set a course for Cape Runaway. Again the wind was very light, and, as it turned out, we might have lain at White Island all night in peace and quiet. We made the mainland at dawn, and again the navigating lieutenant had the satisfaction of seeing his abstruse calculations and manipulation of dividers, parallel ruler and compass crowned with success. Good anchorage will be found off the centre of the small hill on the western side of the small river which runs into the sea just under the Cape.

Soon after daylight on December 25—three days out from the moorings—we went ashore for fresh milk, so dear to the yachtsman after a compulsory course of the "tin cow;" and learned that there was a big hui (meeting) at the southern end of the Roads, at a place called Orete Point. After breakfast we got under way again, and dropped down below the point. Maoris swarmed on the banks ashore, and the anchor was hardly down when we were boarded by two large whaleboats full of excited natives, who had never seen a yacht anchor off their kainga before. "Merry Christmas! Kia ora: Kia ora;" reminded us of what day it was. So we bundled the lot of them into the cabin, and filled them up with cake and other seasonable fare. "No hea koe?" (where do you come from?) asked one of our guests; and when we said "Akarana," they showed still more of the whites of their eyes amid a chorus of "Aue!" (Anglice, "By cripes!") Ashore we found several hundred natives who had gathered from Gisborne to Whakatane to celebrate the opening of a telephone line from Waiomatatini (where the Government line ends), to Orete, a distance of 120 miles. This is a purely Maori line put up by Maori labour under the supervision of Mr. Kelly, and paid for by the natives themselves, and there only remains a gap of some fifty miles to complete the connection with Opotiki, where the northern line ends, and so give communication along the whole of the East Coast. The cost of construction was about £8 10/ per mile, and the whole thing reflects the greatest credit upon the Maoris.

Such a scene of bustle you never saw. Haangis (Maori ovens) were making a great to-do—we had seen the smoke slowly drifting seaward in volumes just as we made the land at dawn, and wondered what the trouble was—a

DANGEROUS GROUND: EXPLORING THE EDGE OF THE LAKE, WHITE ISLAND.

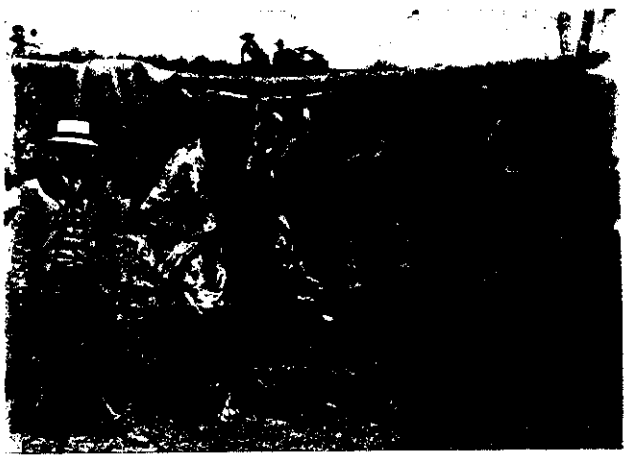
PREPARING A HANGI (MAORI OVEN),

which, contrary to appearances, turns out a meal that would win approval from even a Soyer.

CUVIER LIGHTHOUSE.

UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF KAWAU (SHAGS) NESTING IN POHUTUKAWA AT THE RURIMA ROCKS, NEAR WHALE ISLAND.

long narrow temporary eating house, made of nikau palm, ran along one side of the marae (village square), and the kainga was full of sons of the soil, and daughters, too, in their best and brightest, particularly after everybody had told everybody what a jolly good sort of fellow everybody was we were invited to lunch—pork, potatoes, kumaras and Chri-tmas puddings, washed down with tea. The sacred laws of hospitality preclude one from referring to



MAORI DELICACIES.

Collection of shark, beef, "Captain-Cookers," etc., for the Homeric feast at Orete Point.

the latter. Your true Maori never loses an opportunity of talking, so we were promptly roped in to a big corrugated iron building, with a bell on the outside, and "receptioned" with due ceremony. Great was the Maoris' regard and respect for the ad enturous manuhiri (strang-

THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL, MERCURY GROUP.

ers) who had come from afar in the wave-cater, and so on and so forth. The crew responded with a few similar tarradiddles, per medium of one of its lawyers, of whom we had almost enough aboard to furnish a hotel—I mean a bar. It was on such occasions as this that we were truly grateful for their presence, and forgot what we previously suffered in having to listen to learned disquisitions upon the various implicated provisions of the Fried Fish Act, for instance. The reception was a pronounced success, and anything that happens under the roof of one's host, but I would just like to make a few general remarks on Maori tea. Maori tea is all right so far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough; or rather, to be correct, they make it go too far. You have probably had one of your favourite airs "with variations." You know the thing I mean. Occasionally—very occasionally—you hear the tune trying hard to get his head out just for a breathing spell, but up come the "variations," and drown him instanter without mercy. Maori tea is tea with variations, and the "variations" is all water. What is missing in tea is made up in sugar and condensed milk.

The terminal pole of this remarkably well-laid telephone is a fine bit of puriri, beautifully whakairo (carved), and the chief ceremony of the day was its unveiling, performed by Mr. A. Ngata, M.H.R., and some other well-known natives. A collection was taken up in a tin wash-hand basin, placed on a table in the centre of the marae, and the result was enough to make the mouth of a sky pilot water—£421, in notes, gold, silver, and cheques, all contributed by the Maoris themselves. It was an eye-opener to the pakeha. Before this line was made that big stretch of country from Waiomatatini, on the East Coast, to Opotiki, was cut off from the rest of the telegraphic and telephonic world. Government did not see fit to construct the line, so the natives manfully set to work about a year ago, with the splendid result above described.

Towards the middle of the afternoon we made our adieux, toddled aboard again, and were soon off along the coast, with the spinnaker set, bound for Omaio, a bay about 17 miles nearer Opotiki. The anchor must have thought we were troubled with an uneasy spirit. No sooner was its nose peacefully hooked into the mud than we mauled it ruthlessly aboard again, and set sail for some fresh spot. The tired members of the crew rechristened the ship "The Flying Dutchman." It was very pleasant sailing down the coast. From the East Cape to Opotiki there are high mountains all the way, rising almost from the sea and clothed with the wonderful green peculiar to the native bush. Here and there along the bays were Maori villages, with their brown huts and bright green patches of maize. Away to the north-west rose the smoke-wreathed peak of White Island. The sun drew towards his daily bourn, and sea and land were flooded with that amber light which one sometimes sees after a long hot summer's day. It was the hour

"When on the wave is deeper blue,
And wears each leaf a browner hue."

Te Kaha Point, an old whaling station, runs out into the sea, low and flat, like an arrow-head. The Maori village, built near the extremity, is dominated by a quaint old church, with a high spire, and as we passed in the haze of the evening it would have been easy to deceive oneself that one was looking upon some Italian lake scene.

Just as night fell we were once more at anchor at Little Awanui. The anchorage is close under the island. If you get the southern point of the bay in a line with the houses on the beach, and drop the anchor off a small cave on the island, you are quite safe from anything round

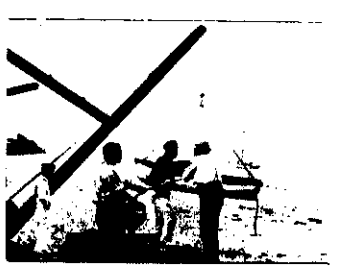
LOOKING ACROSS THE BOILING LAKE OF SULPHUROUS ACID TOWARD THE STEAM HOLE, WHITE ISLAND.

to north-west. From a sou'-west there is shelter at the Omaio end of the bay. The natives told us that Captain Skinner's schooners always shelter from north-easters where we were anchored, and they also said it would be possible to lie there through a westerly, but this we doubted. Next day the crew got general leave, and we spent the day in a jaunt to Raukokore and Omaio, the two villages along the bay. After we had seen the hundreds of fruit trees and water melon patches, we were sorry we could not accept the Maori's invitation to come back later in the summer. "We feed the pigs on it," they told us, and we wondered if anything personal could be meant. They are most industrious Maoris, these dwellers in the Bay of Plenty. At every place of call we saw large patches of well-cultivated maize, which is the staple product of the district, not to mention their other cultivations. At Omaio they showed us the remains of the last whale they caught. It must have been a pretty big one, and judging from the more than faint odour which still lingered about his bones we came to the conclusion that a whale in full blast must be fairly high. More than one of us were surprised to know that whaling was responsible for quite a tidy part of the revenue of the Maoris from Orete Point to Omaio. Personally, I did not know such beasties were caught elsewhere than at Whangamumu. We remained at Little Awanui that night, and had a visit from Omaio Charley and his small brother. Charley, who would scale perhaps 20 years, was the most ingenuous youth we struck. He imparted to us a wonderful store of first-hand information about catching cray-

RUTH AMID THE CORN, MAORI VERSION.

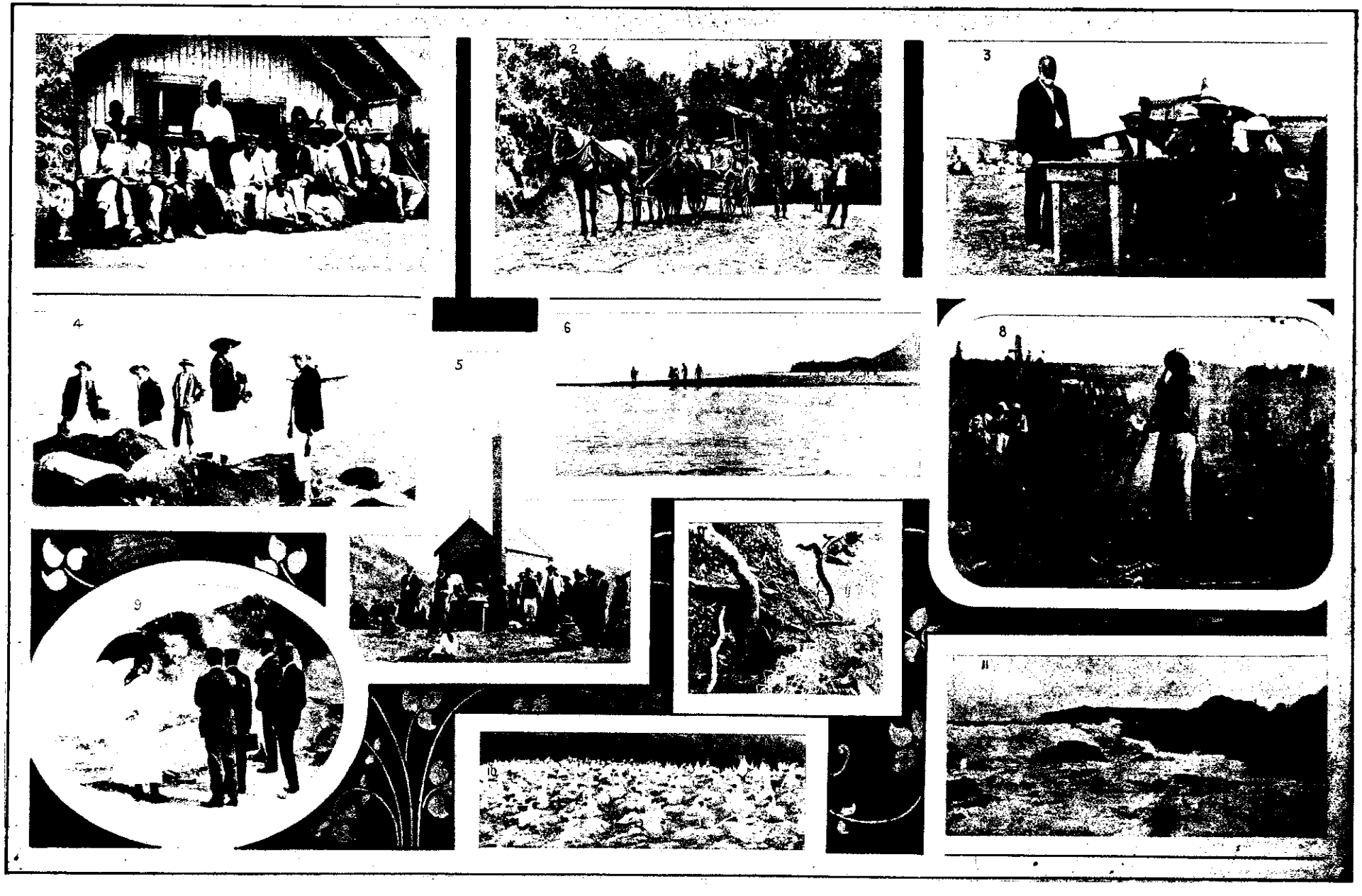
fish, hapuka, and other fish. It seems that you mustn't smoke or sneeze if you are after hapuka, and, above all, you mustn't eat the bait. Eat the bait! How the cabin did ring with laughter, and Charley wondered what he had said funny! Before Charley pulled ashore we filled him a glass of ginger ale. Charley took a large mouthful, and immediately there was a convulsive movement in the region of his waistcoat. He held the glass like a torpedo, and I shall never forget the terrified expression in his big round eyes as they appeared over the top. Charley has-tily put the tumbler down, and looked as though he thought we had "makutued" him. His innate politeness prevented him from doing what he would evidently have liked with the generous gulp he had taken, so he manfully kept his mouth shut and wrestled with the pakeha's giggle water. His contortions resembled the antics of a half-filled balloon. Gradually, however, we got him straightened out, but he could do nothing but gaze silently at the horrific liquid. It took us a long time to reassure him, and

FISHING FOR KAHAWHAI AT THE MOUTH OF THE MOTU, TWENTY MILES NORTH OF OPOTIKI.



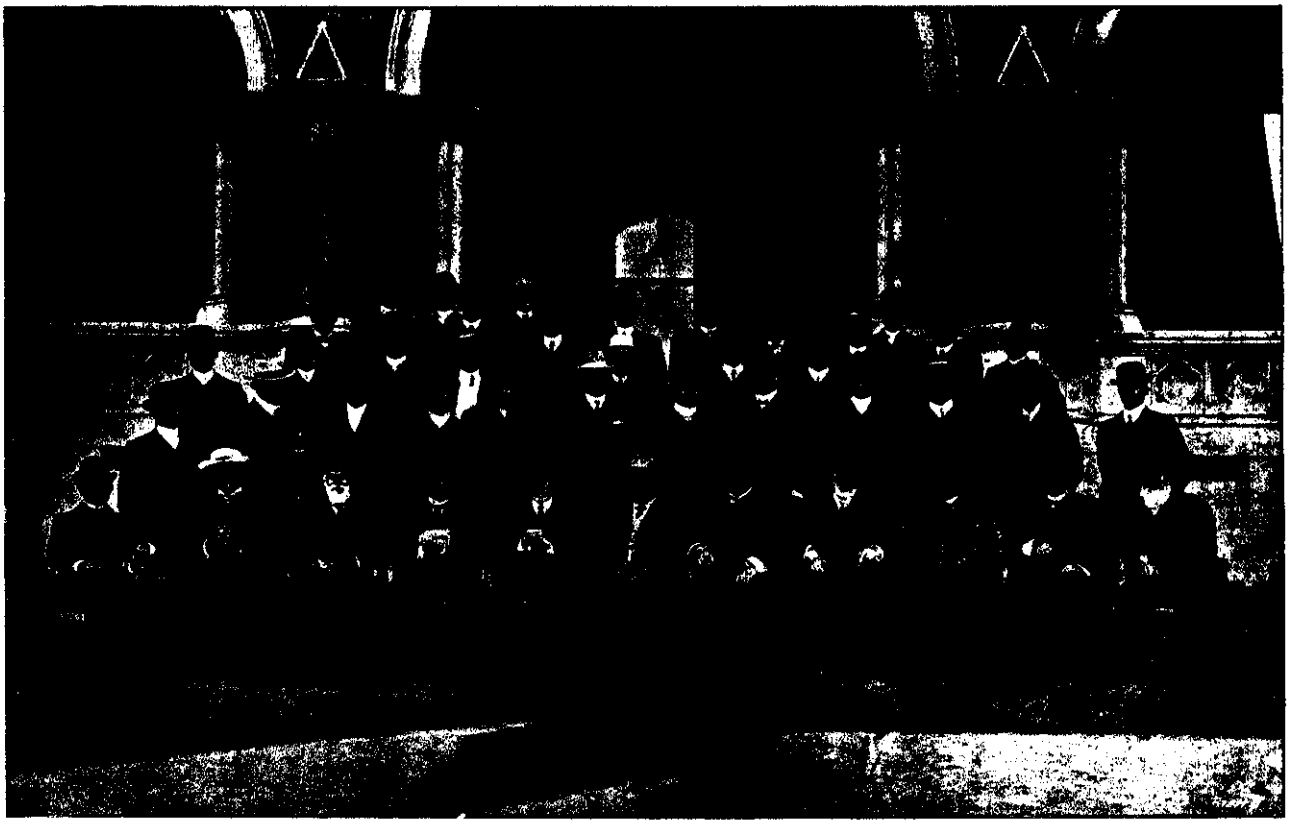
LANDING AT CUVIER ISLAND.

Continued on page 18.



SUMMER CRUISE IN THE BAY OF PLENTY.

1. In front of the whare Runanga, Omaio. 2. Through the Oropi Bush, on the Tauranga-Rotorua Road, a good deal of which had to be walked as the horse power got tired and the hills were steep. 3. Taking up the £420 collection at Orete point for the telephone line (observe the bundle of bank-notes in the right hand of the gentleman standing up). 4. Landing at White Island. 5. Beautifully carved terminal pole at Oreti point of the telephone line 120 miles long, constructed by Maori labour with Maori money. 6. Maoris catching Kahawhai in native fashion. 7. The world-famous Tuatara lizzard, which shares the Mutton bird's burrow, one of which may be seen at the left hand bottom corner. 8. Getting ready for the feast at Oreti. 9. Maggie Papakura shows the crew round at Whakarewarewa. 10. Young gannets on their nests, White Island. 11. Outside the Heads, Tauranga.



DELEGATES TO THE CONFERENCE OF INSPECTORS AT WELLINGTON, WHO HAVE BEEN DISCUSSING MATTERS CONNECTED WITH THE EDUCATIONAL NEEDS OF THE COLONY.

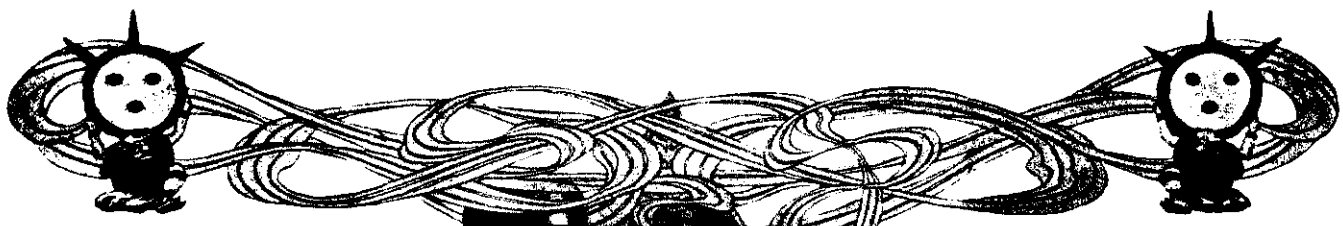
Alfred Jones, photo.

THE ENVOYS FROM IRELAND SENT OUT TO THE COLONIES TO AWAKEN AN INTEREST IN THE AIMS OF THE HOME RULERS, AND THE AUCKLAND COMMITTEE.

BACK ROW: Messrs. J. R. Lundon, D. D. Flynn, M. Foley, F. Flitt, T. Holbrook.
SECOND ROW: Messrs. P. Quinlan, Master Stopford, J. McMahon, P. J. Nerheny, P. Mackay, T. Curty, W. Tole, M. O'Connor, T. B. O'Connor.
THIRD ROW: Messrs. J. Wright, M. J. Sheehan, Dr. Stopford (Chairman), Jos. Devlin, M.P. (Irish Envoy), Rt. Rev. Dr. Lenihan, J. F. Donovo (Irish Envoy), F. Moore (Hon. Treas.), G. Higgins.
FRONT ROW: Messrs. Hall-Skelton, P. J. Grace, W. E. Hackett, Rev. Father Holbrook, W. F. Jones.

THE HAUNTED BELL

By Jaques Futrelie



IT was a thing trivial enough, yet so strangely mystifying in its happening that the mind hesitated to accept it as an actual occurrence despite the indisputable evidence of the sense of hearing. As the seconds ticked on, Franklin Phillips was not at all certain that it had happened, and gradually the doubt began to assume the proportions of a conviction. Then, because his keenly-attuned brain did not readily explain it, the matter was dismissed as an impossibility. Certainly it had not happened. Mr Phillips smiled a little. Of course it was—it must be—a trick of his nerves.

But, even as the impossibility of the thing grew upon him, the musical clang still echoed vaguely in his memory, and his eyes were still fixed inquiringly on the Japanese gong whence it had come. The gong was of the usual type—six bronze disks, or inverted bowls, of graduated sizes, suspended one above the other, with the largest at the top, and quaintly coloured with the deep, florid tones of Japan's ancient decorative art. It hung motionless at the end of a silken cord which dropped down sheerly from the ceiling over a corner of his desk. It was certainly harmless enough in appearance, yet—yet——

As he looked the bell sounded again. It was a clear, rich, vibrant note—a boom which belched forth suddenly as if of its own volition, quavered full-toned, then diminished until it was only a lingering sense of sound. Mr. Phillips started to his feet with an exclamation.

Now, in the money-marts of the world, Franklin Phillips was regarded as a living refutation of all theories as to the physical disasters consequent upon a long pursuit of the strenuous life—a human antithesis of nerves. He breathed fourteen times to the minute and his heart-beat was always within a fraction of seventy-one. This was true whether there were millions at stake in a capricious market or whether he ordered a cigar. In this calm lay the strength which had enabled him to reach his fiftieth year in perfect mental and physical condition.

Back of this utter normality was a placid, inquiring mind; so now, deliberately, he took a pencil and tapped the bells of the gong one after another, beginning at the bottom. The shrill note of the first told him instantly that was not the one which had sounded; nor was the second nor the third. At the fourth he hesitated and struck a second time. Then he tapped the fifth. That was it. The gong trembled and swayed slightly from the blow, light as it was, and twice again he struck it. Then he was convinced.

For several minutes he stood staring, staring blankly. What had caused the bell to ring? His manner was calm, cold, inquisitive — indomitable common-sense inspired the query.

"I guess it was nerves," he said after a moment. "But I was looking at it, and——"

Nerves as a possibility were suddenly brushed ruthlessly aside, and he systematically sought some tangible explanation of the affair. Had a flying insect struck the bell? No. He was positive, because he had been looking directly at it when it sounded the second time. He would have seen an insect. Had something dropped from the ceiling? No. He would have seen that, too. With alert, searching eyes he surveyed the small room. It was his own personal den—a sort of office in his home. He was alone now; the door closed; everything appeared as usual.

Perhaps a window! The one facing east was open to the lightly stirring air of the first warm evening of spring. The wind had disturbed the gong! He jumped at the thought as an inspiration. It faded when he saw the window curtains hanging down limply; the movement of the air was too light to disturb even these. Perhaps something had been tossed through the window! The absurdity of that conjecture was proven instantly. There was a screen in the window of so fine a mesh that hardly more than a grain of sand could pass through it. And this screen was intact.

With bewilderment in his face Mr Phillips sat down again. Then recurred to him one indisputable fact which precluded the possibility of all those things he had considered. There had been absolutely no movement—that is, perceptible movement—of the gong when the bell sounded. Yet the tone was loud, as if a violent blow had been struck. He remembered that, when he tapped the bell sharply with his pencil, it swayed and trembled visibly, but the pencil was so light that the tone sounded far away and faint. To convince himself he touched the bell again, ever so lightly. It swayed.

"Well, of all the extraordinary things I ever heard of!" he remarked.

After a while he lighted a cigar, and, for the first time in his life, his hand shook. The sight brought a faint expression of amused surprise to his lips; then he snapped his fingers impatiently and settled back in his chair. It was a struggle to bring his mind around to material things; it insisted on wandering, and wove fantastic, grotesque conjectures in the drifting tobacco smoke. But at last common-sense triumphed under the sedative influence of an excellent cigar, and the incident of the bell floated off into nothingness. Business affairs—urgent, real, tangible business affairs—focused his attention.

Then suddenly, clangorously, with the insistent acclaim of a fire-alarm, the bell sounded—once! twice! thrice! Mr. Phillips leaped to his feet. The tones chilled him and stirred his phlegmatic heart to quicker action. He took a long, deep, breath, and with one glance around the little room, strode out into the hall. He paused there a moment, glanced at his watch—it was four minutes to nine—then went on to his wife's apartments.

Mrs. Phillips was reclining in a chair and listening with an amused smile to her son's recital of some commonplace college happenings which chanced to be of interest to him. She was forty or forty-two, perhaps, and charming. Women never learn to be charming until they're forty; until then they are only pretty and amiable—sometimes. The son, Harvey Phillips, arose as his father entered. He was a stalwart young man of twenty, a prototype, as it were, of that hard-headed, masterful financier—Franklin Phillips.

"Why, Frank I thought you were so absorbed in business that——" Mrs. Phillips began.

Mr. Phillips paused and looked blankly, unseeingly, as one suddenly aroused from sleep, at his wife and son—the two dearest of all earthly things to him. The son noted nothing unusual in his manner; the wife, with intuitive eyes, read some vague uneasiness.

"What is it?" she asked, solicitously. "Has something gone wrong?"

Mr. Phillips laughed nervously and sat down near her.

"Nothing, nothing," he assured her. "I feel unaccountably nervous somehow, and I thought I should like to talk to you rather than—than——"

"Keep on going over and over those stupid figures?" she interrupted. "Thank you."

She leaned forward with a gesture of infinite grace and took his hand. He clenched it spasmodically to stop its absurd trembling, and, with an effort all the greater because it was repressed so sternly, regained control of his panic-stricken nerves. Harvey Phillips excused himself and left the room.

"Harvey has just been explaining the mysteries of baseball to me," said Mrs. Phillips. "He's going to play on the Harvard team." Her husband stared at her without the slightest heed or comprehension of what she was saying.

"Can you tell me," he asked, suddenly, "where you got that Japanese gong in my room?"

"Oh, that? I saw it in a window of a queer old curio shop I pass sometifes on my charity rounds. I looked at it two or three months ago, and bought it. The place is in Granston-street. It's kept by an old German—Wagner, I think his name is. Why?"

"It looks as if it might be very old, a hundred years, perhaps," remarked Mr Phillips.

"That's what I thought," responded his wife, "and the colouring is exquisite. I had never seen one exactly like it—so——"

"It doesn't happen to have any history, I suppose?" he interrupted.

"Not that I know of."

"Or any peculiar quality, or—or at tribute out of the ordinary?"

Mrs Phillips shook her head.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," she replied. "The only peculiar quality I noticed was the singular purity of the bells and the colouring."

Mr Phillips coughed over his cigar.

"Yes, I noticed the bells myself," he explained lamely. "It just struck me that the thing was—was out of the ordinary, and I was a little curious about it." He was silent a moment. "It looks as if it might have been valuable once."

"I hardly think so," Mrs Phillips responded. "I believe thirty dollars is what I paid for it—all that was asked."

That was all that was said about the matter at the time. But on the following morning an early visitor at Wagner's shop was Franklin Phillips. It was a typical place of its kind, half curio and half junk-store, with a coat of dust over all. There had been a crude attempt to enhance the appearance of the place by an artistic arrangement of several musty antique pieces, but, otherwise, it was a chaos of all things. An

DEVOTED HIS UNDIVIDED ATTENTION TO A STUDY OF THE SPLOTCH ON THE FIFTH BELL.

aged German met Mr Phillips as he entered.

"Is this Mr Wagner?" inquired the financier.

Extreme caution, amounting almost to suspicion, seemed to be a part of the old German's business regime, for he looked at his visitor from head to foot with keen eyes, then evaded the question.

"What you want?" he asked.

"I want to know if this is Mr Wagner," said Mr Phillips tersely. "Is it, or is it not?"

The old man met his frank stare for a moment; then his cunning, faded eyes wavered and dropped.

"I am Johann Wagner," he said humbly. "What you want?"

"Some time ago—two or three months—you sold a Japanese gong——" Mr Phillips began.

"I never sold it!" interrupted Wagner vehemently. "I never had a Japanese gong in the place! I never sold it!"

"Of course you sold it," insisted Mr Phillips. "A Japanese gong—do you understand? Six bells on a silken cord?"

"I never had such a thing in my life—never had such a thing in my shop!" declared the German excitedly. "I never sold it, so help me! I never saw it!"

Curiosity and incredulity were in Mr Phillips' eyes as he faced the old man.

"Do you happen to have any clerk?" he asked. "Or did you have three months ago?"

"No, I never had a clerk," explained the German with a violence which Mr Phillips did not understand. "There has never been anybody here but me. I never had a Japanese gong here—I never sold one! I never saw one here!"

Mr. Phillips studied the aged, wrinkled face before him calmly for several seconds. He was trying vainly to account for an excitement, a vehemence which was as inexplicable as it was unnecessary.

"It's absurd to deny that you sold the bell," he said finally. "My wife bought it of you, here in this place."

"I never sold it!" stormed the German. "I never had it! No women ever came here. I don't want women here. I don't know anything about a Japanese gong. I never had one here."

Deeply puzzled and thoroughly impatient, Mr. Phillips decided to forego this attempt at a casual inquiry into the history of the gong. After a little while he went away. The old German watched him cautiously, with cunning, avaricious eyes, until he stepped on a car.

As the cool, pleasant days of early spring passed on the bell held its tongue. Only once, and that was immediately after his visit to the old German's shop, did Mr. Phillips refer to it again. Then he inquired casually of his wife if she had bought it of the old man in person, and she answered in the affirmative, describing him. Then the question came to him: Why had Wagner absolutely denied all knowledge of the bell, of its having been in his possession and of having sold it?

But, after a time, this question was lost in vital business affairs which engrossed his attention. The gong still hung over his desk, and he occasionally glanced at it. At such times his curiosity was keen, poignant even, but he made no further effort to solve the mystery which seemed to enshroud it.

So, until one evening a wealthy young Japanese gentleman, Oku Matsumi, by name, son of a distinguished nobleman in his country's diplomatic service, came to dinner at the Phillips' home as the guest of Harvey Phillips. They were classmates at Harvard, and a friendship had grown up between them which was curious, perhaps, but explainable on the ground of a mutual interest in art.

After dinner Mr. Matsumi expressed his admiration for several pictures which hung in the luxurious dining-room, and so it followed naturally that Mr. Phillips exhibited some other rare works of art. One of these pictures, a Da Vinci, hung in the little room where the gong was. With no thought of that, at the moment, Mr. Phillips led the way in and the Japanese followed.

Then a peculiar thing happened. At sight of the gong Mr. Matsumi seemed amazed, startled, and, taking one step toward it, he bent as if in obeisance. At the same time his right hand was thrust outward and upward as if describing some symbol in the air.

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. . . Utter silence! A suppliant throng, bowed in awed humility with hands outstretched, palms downward, and yellow faces turned in mute prayer toward the light which fluttered up feebly from the sacred fire upon the stony, leering countenance of Buddha. The gigantic golden image rose cross-legged from its pedestal and receded upward and backward into the gloom of the temple. The multitude shaded off from bold outlines within the glow of the fire to a shadowy, impalpable mass in the remotest corners; hushed of breath, immovably staring into the drooping eyes of their graven-god.

Behind the image was a protecting veil of cloth of gold. Presently there came a murmur, and the suppliants, with one accord, prostrated themselves until their heads touched the bare, cold stones of the temple floor. The murmur grew into the weirdly beautiful chant of the priests of Buddha. The flickering lights for an instant gave an appearance of life to the heavy-lidded, drooping eyes, then it steadied again and they seemed fixed on the urn wherein the fire burned.

After a moment the curtain of gold was thrust aside in three places simultaneously, and three silken-robed priests appeared. Each bore in his hand a golden sceptre. Together they approached the sacred fire and together they thrust the sceptres into it. Instantly a blaze spouted up, illuminating the vast, high-roofed palace of worship, and a cloud of incense arose. The sweetly sickening odour spread out, fanlike, over the throng.

The three priests turned away from the urn, and each, with slow, solemn tread, made his way to an altar of incense with flaming torch held aloft. They met again at the feet of Buddha and prostrated themselves, at the same time extending the right hand and forming some symbol in the air. The chant from behind the golden veil softened to a murmur, and the murmur grew into silence. Then:

"Gautama!"

The name came from the three together—the tone was a prayer. It reverberated for an instant in the recesses of the great temple; then the multitude, with one motion, raised themselves, repeated the single word and grovelled again on their faces.

"Siddhartha, Beloved!"

Again the three priests spoke, and again the suppliants moved as one, repeating the words. The burning incense grew heavy, the sacred fire flickered, and shadows flitted elusively over the golden, graven face of the Buddha.

"Sayka-muni, Son of Heaven!"

The moving of the multitude as it swayed and answered was in perfect accord. It was as if one heart, one soul, one thought had inspired the action.

"O Buddha! Wise One! Enlightened One!" came the voices of the priests again. "O Son of Kapilavastu! Chosen One! Holy One who found Nirvana! Your unworthy people are at your feet. Omnipotent One! We seek your gracious counsel!"

The voices in chorus had risen to a chant. When they ceased there was the chill of suspense; a little shiver ran through the temple; there was a hushed movement of terrified anxiety. Of all the throng only the priests dared raise their eyes to the cold, graven face of the image. For an instant the chilling silence; then boldly, vibrantly, a bell sounded—once!

"Buddha has spoken!"

It was a murmurous whisper, almost a sigh, plaintive, awestricken. The note of the bell trembled on the incense-laden air, then was dissipated, welded into silence again. Priests and people were cowering on the bare stones; the lights flared up suddenly, then flickered, and the semi-gloom seemed to grow sensibly deeper. Behind the veil of gold the chant of the priests began again. But it was in a more solemn note—a despairing wail. For a short time it went on, then died away.

Again the sacred fire blazed up as if caught by a gust of wind, but the glow did not light the Buddha's face now—it was concentrated on a bronze gong which dropped down sheerly on a silken cord at Buddha's right hand. There were six disks, the largest at the top, silhouetted against the darkness of the golden veil beyond. From one of these bells the sound had come, but now they hung mute and motionless. Only the three priests raised reverential eyes to it, and one, the eldest, arose.

"O Voice of Buddha!" he apostrophized in a moving, swinging chant—and the face of the graven-god seemed swallowed up in the shadows—"we, your unworthy disciples, await! Each year at the eleventh festival we supplicate! But thrice only hast thou spoken in the half-century, and thrice within the eleventh day of your speaking our Emperor has passed into the arms of Death and Nirvana. Shall it again be so, Omnipotent One?"

The chant died away and the multitude raised itself to its knees with supplicating hands thrust out into the darkness toward the dim-lit gong. It was an attitude of beseeching, of prayer, of entreaty.

And again, as it hung motionless, the bell sounded. The tone rolled out melodiously, clearly — Once! Twice! Thrice! Those who gazed at the miracle lowered their eyes lest they be stricken blind. And the bell struck on—Four! Five! Six! A plaintive, wailing cry was raised: the priests behind the veil of gold were chanting again. Seven! Eight! Nine! The people took up the rolling chant as they grovelled, and it swelled until the ancient walls of the temple trembled. Ten! Eleven!

Utter silence! A suppliant throng, bowed in awed humility, with hands outstretched, palms downwards, and yellow faces turned in mute prayer toward the light which fluttered up feebly from the sacred fire upon the stony, leering countenance of Buddha!

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Mr. Matsumi straightened up suddenly to find his host staring at him in perturbed amazement.

"Why did you do that?" Mr. Phillips blurted uneasily.

"Pardon me, but you wouldn't understand if I told you," replied the Japanese with calm, inscrutable face. "May I examine it, please?" And he indicated the silent and motionless gong.

"Certainly," replied the financier wonderingly.

Mr. Matsumi, with a certain eagerness which was not lost upon the American, approached the gong and touched the bells lightly, one after another, evidently to get the tone. Then he stooped and examined them carefully—top and bottom. Inside the largest bell—that at the top—he found something which interested him. After a close scrutiny he again straightened up, and in his slant eyes was an expression which Mr. Phillips would have liked to interpret.

"I presume you have seen it before?" he ventured.

"No, never," was the reply.

But you recognized it!"

Mr. Matsumi merely shrugged his shoulders.

"And what made you do that?" By "that" Mr. Phillips referred to Mr. Matsumi's strange act when he first saw the bell.

"WELL, DEAR?" YOU DIDN'T ANSWER ME."

Again the Japanese shrugged his shoulders. An exquisite, innate courtesy which belonged to him was apparently forgotten now in contemplation of the gong. The financier gnawed at his moustache. He was beginning to feel nervous—the nervousness he had felt previously, and his imagination ran riot.

"You have not had the gong long?" remarked Mr. Matsumi after a pause.

"Three or four months."

"Have you ever noticed anything peculiar about it?"

Mr. Phillips stared at him frankly.

"Well, rather!" he said at last, in a tone which was perfectly convincing.

"It rings, you mean—the fifth bell?"

Mr. Phillips nodded. There was a tense eagerness in the manner of the Japanese.

"You have never heard the bell ring eleven times?"

Mr. Phillips shook his head. Mr. Matsumi drew a long breath—whether it was relief the other couldn't say. There was silence. Mr. Matsumi closed and unclosed his small hands several times.

Continued on page 30.

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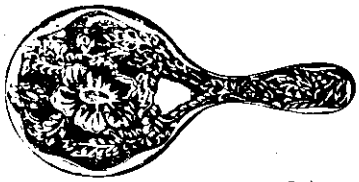

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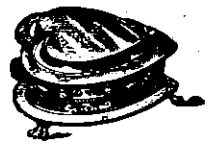

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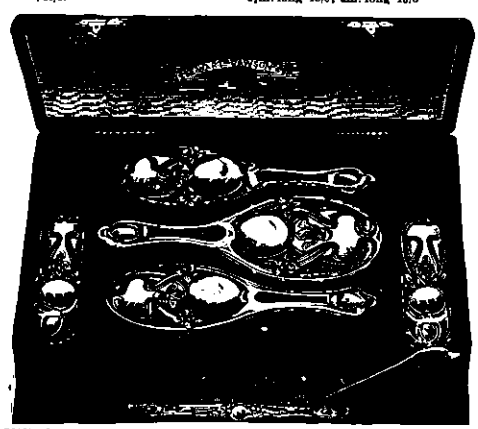

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FROM THE CLUB WINDOW

It was, observed the Lawyer, emphatically, exceedingly satisfactory to see in the cables that a father named Clark, and an elder of the sect of the Peculiar People, had been sent to gaol for two months and one month respectively for refusing proper medical aid to the former's daughter, in consequence of which she died. I sincerely wish, however, the sentences had been very much more severe, and I certainly think Mr. Justice Ridley was indiscreet—to use a mild term—in saying he recognised the "conscientious convictions" of any such set of mischievous and misguided faddists. That faith plays an important part in healing is so obvious that no sane man would for a moment argue against it; but to go to the lengths the peculiar people do, and to leave a fellow creature to die for the want of the simplest precautions and remedies, is just as obviously absurd and really criminal; and to talk of respecting the conscientious scruples of persons so morally and mentally deficient is to create a precedent which may bring about an exceedingly dangerous state of things. That liberty of thought and speech and conscience must be carefully guarded as one of our most inestimable birthrights, nobody will care to deny, but we British are nowadays straying too far in the other direction, and are allowing liberty to develop into license of the grossest description.

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I think you're right, concurred the Doctor. Of course, if we say much about this idiotic faith healing, some irresponsible fool or another says it is because we are scared of losing our fees. Nothing of the sort. Fortunately for the population, the faith of the majority of these faddists breaks down after a week or so of suffering, and then, when we are sent for, the case, which might have been put right in a couple of days, takes a few weeks, so that we profit in the end. No, the man that is his own doctor is our best friend, just as is the man who makes his own will is the most remunerative to our lawyer, over there; but I was thinking of the broader side of the subject; the ridiculous latitude we give now to conscientious objectors. Why, if you speak of respecting the conscientious scruples of a man who refuses to comply with the social law (using social in its classic, not snobbish sense) and the law of common humannity, why not respect the conscientious convictions of the anarchist who thinks to better the world by the murder of rulers and kings? I confess it makes me writhe in spirit whenever I think of what we my yet see in our day over the incalculable folly of having allowed conscientious objectors to vaccination. Knowing what I know, seeing what I have seen, it is dreadful to me, to think that a silly band of faddists has been given the power to bring that awful scourge the smallpox amongst us. Out upon "conscientious convictious" of this type, say I.

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As you are all giving a professional opinion, said the Padre, perhaps you will allow me to give mine. These people claim toleration on religious grounds, but they would be very indignant if the British tolerated suttee in India because of the religious scruples of the Hindus. No State can carry religious toleration to the point where morals or life are endangered Germany suppressed the Christian Scientists in 1902 by very stringent legislation. These people rely on a bad translation of a text in St. James. Every classical scholar knows that amongst the ancients the phrase anointing with oil meant using medical remedies. They have no warrant for their contentions.

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Hearing you three gentlemen talk, mused the Cynic, reminds me of the character in a novel I was reading, who tabooed doctors, parsons and lawyers alike. He contended that they all traded on the misfortunes of mankind, saying that doctors made out of our diseases, lawyers out of our mistakes, and parsons out of our sins. I also think, Padre, you are mistaken as to your text. These Scientist people are probably thinking of the woman who spent all she had upon doctors, and was none the better but rather the worse. Candidly, I respect a man with conscientious scruples. The great objection to people who own anything of great value is their intolerable conceit. I have never met a man with an absolutely scrupulous conscience, but I once had the misfortune to know a man who owned a blue Mauritius postage stamp.

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Thank goodness, that's done, observed The Irrepressible, with great devoutness, as he got up from the writing table and showed a handful of picture postcards which he had been busily addressing. This jolly craze threatens to become a nuisance. As you fellows know, I've just been Home, via Suez, and back through America; and every girl I've met, board ship, Old Country, America, Continent, everywhere, has, within fifteen minutes of introduction, or even without, made me promise to send her postcards from wherever I went. It's not only the bother, either, it gets deuced expensive with these coloured cards nowadays.

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There can be no doubt about it, said the Family Man, with unusual gravity of expression, that this picture-post-card business, at first a mere freak of fashion, which filled the legitimate enough purpose of saving a letter when travelling, has developed, as fashions have a habit of doing, into a craze which I confess I regard not merely with the greatest disapprobation, but with very real apprehension.

To the sending to a friend in some other part of the colony or world, a picture of the city where you reside or of some beauty spot in the colonies, or place seen in your travels, there can be no objection whatsoever, but that phase has long since passed, and the greater part of picture post-cards now exposed for sale are of actresses, of more or less notorious demi-mondaines, of "impossible" children of the sickly sentimental type, and last but not least (and as numerous as any) those of the allegedly comic description. The waste of money on these cardboard baubles is positively shocking, for the trade done in them is enormous, but it is the shocking vulgarity of taste displayed that is most serious in my mind.

Many of the coloured cards are passable enough, but there are others decked out in tinsel, and so called jewels which cry aloud for destruction, and unutterable abominations with "real hair," which fill any persons of artistic sensibilities with a lust for shop-window breaking. Yet these are bought at extravagant prices by "collectors" who boast, or bray, I should say, of the thousand or so cards they have already amassed. One in my hearing hee-hawed the fact that he had over one hundred cards of one actress alone; and fifty more of another named "Gertie Millar," each of which had cost sixpence each, and the jewelled atrocities ninepence or a shilling.

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We have, said the Cynic, the beauties of Nature and the beauties of Art—the beau monde and the demi monde. I have noticed that the more you pay for a card the more horribly vulgar it is likely to be. These people seem to have accurately gauged the taste of our wealthier classes. I believe the object of collectors is to have cards posted at the place they are meant to depict. They can then say, "This is bound to be a good view of Rio because it was posted there," just as women will tell you they know a story is true because they have seen the house it happened in. The mass of people also believe in the inscrutable, and the ways of Post Office people are so utterly past finding out that their official stamp on a card is looked upon as of magical efficacy. An institution that can send a parcel to England via Suez for 3/, and charge 5/8 if it only sends it as far as Sydney is bound to be looked upon with superstitions awe by the ordinary mortal.

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Picture postcards and telegrams, said the author, are killing the art of letter-writing, just as cheap illustrations are killing the art of descriptive writing. It is no uncommon thing for smaller publishers to buy second hand blocks to illustrate their books, and the author has to alter his story to suit the pictures. When, however, anything becomes the fashion, it is on the high road to being killed. Witness the bicycling craze and the ping-pong craze. What is really good in the postcards will remain, and collecting pictures of places you have seen seems to me an improvement on stamp collecting. Bad postcards, however, will help to still further destroy our sense of the beautiful in art.

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There have always been fools, and stupid ways of spending money, said the journalist, and I don't think you will scold those bitten with the post-card craze out of it for a good long while yet, but its death-day will come as surely as did that of the Valentine sentimental or comic—save the mark—on which fabulous sums were spent this very month a few decades back. But the picture postcard is certainly an evil, as you remark. The indecent or ob-cene variety are too dangerous to peddle about in this colony, but they exist in dangerous numbers, though most of you may not be aware of the fact. Odd things come, however, in the way of newspaper men, and an individual who certainly ought to have known better, showed me last week a series from Frisco so terrible in their unspeakable, unthinkable obscenity, that I turned positively and physically sick after the first semi-conscious glance at two. I handed the others back hurriedly without looking and bolted for fresh air, and I tell you frankly and without exaggeration, I have felt "soiled" ever since by having handled, even involuntarily, such unmentionable filth. Yet here was a man, old enough to realise he had one foot in the grave, daring to carry such things about on his person. Suppose, I asked, you were killed by a tram-car, and those things were found on your body? He couldn't see the enormity of his conduct a little bit.

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I had the misfortune to know a man of that mentally unclean type once, said the Doctor. He happened to hear that I possessed in a library bequeathed to me, an original edition of Burton's "Arabian Nights," which is, as you may or may not know, an exceedingly valuable book, both as literature and from a collector's point of view, being out of print and unprintable again. But it's a book one keeps in a locked case, you understand. Well, having ascertained it was really the absolutely unexpurgated edition, he begged the loan of it, daring, absolutely daring, to explain, he wished to copy out what he termed "the spicy bits" "in a book which he kept for the purpose." Faugh! can you imagine such a cesspit of a mind? I told him what I thought of him, and we've never spoken since.

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Apropos of the art of letter-writing, which someone deplored as lost, said the Irrepressible, I notice you mentioned the type-writer as having contributed to that, and that's curious, because in the very last "Daily Mail" I got from Home there was a breach of promise case, in which it appeared that the first rift within the lute was caused by the young man sending his young woman type-written love letters, a proceeding which revolted her ardent, and, I presume, poetic soul. The johnnie, it seems, replied that typing them saved him an infinity of time, to which his divinity replied, in a very tart epistle, that if she was worth wooing and wedding she was worth giving time to. The young fellow "backed down" at the time, but soon reverted to the machine-made article, and actually dictated them to a stenographer. Rue-tions followed, and the faithless one eventually told the lady the engagement was terminated. Very small damages were awarded, judge and jury coinciding in the opinion that the lady had unjustifiably worried her swain over the small matter of the letters, and now the correspondence columns of the "Mail" bristle with letters from girls who think a type-written love letter a cold-blooded insult to a girl's warmest feelings, and others who say "rubbish" to that, and others who say, "Let 'em write 'em how they like so long as they write 'em." What ho! here comes our latest engaged man. Come hither, my budding Benedict; and give this august assembly the benefit of your opinion. (I told him about it last night, he explained, and told him to ask his fiancee.)

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You are an unmitigated, and sometimes rather an impertinent ass, my dear Irrepressible, and I wish you would occasionally use English in conversation; one sickens of perpetual slang. But, touching type-written love letters, I gather the feminine opinion is that logically there is everything to be said in favour of the type-written love letter, if it be a love letter, and not a mere flow of gush, produced with the greatest possible despatch, and as a mere matter of form.

From another point of view, however, from a woman's emotional side on which she is more distinctly herself, there is little to be said in favour of the type-written screed. Even if it be longer, it is, after all, but as a gloved hand-shake, a masked kiss. In short, it is an insulating sort of a contrivance, by which half the electrical current is arrested. I should recommend it to the faithless, as a means of indicating the abatement of their ardour, or to the jealous, as a gentle intimation that "if you don't care much, neither do I." But (with a look of satisfaction that made the Irrepressible smile) if a fellow doesn't like the flavour of tulle and chenille in a kiss, why should a girl take kindly to the absence of individuality in a love letter. What are you grinning at? (turning severely up the Irrepressible, if you think I wasted my time on that tope last night you're mightily mistaken. I drew my sisters on the subject this morning. But, by the way, if you are anxious to make the experiment you might just fill up your sheet with hand-written protestations of regard, and poetic references to your Angelina's hair and lips, leaving a few lines here and there to be filled in afterwards by machine, when you wish to state how many schnapper you caught last yachting cruise, or how many your side scored at cricket. I don't recommend the plan on the ground of despatch, but merely as a method of introducing the practical without wholly violating the emotional. It would make interesting reading in a breach of promise court, which, my dear Irrepressible, with all your impressionableness, is where I fear you will end.

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The art of letter writing be-it exclaimed the Dominie. The old art is certainly giving place to something different. We schoolmasters know all about the renaissance in that direction, and I confess that the kind of thing that is going out of date has a charm of its own. Why, my mother and her sisters indulge in the most romantic correspondence. Their letters read just like a book in the vulgar say. Our circumstances and doings, as described and related by my mother, for the benefit of her sisters in England, have all the interest of a very pleasing and interesting novel. But, letter-writing on the decline! You should have seen the budget I gleaned the other day, descriptive of holiday experiences. One of my young correspondents had been at Rotorua. It was just lovely! made him think of "Dante's Inferno." When Wairoa began to play you'd just think it was a copper boiling over. But when she shot up, you felt as if you were looking at a glassy column. I don't know how one would feel if b-holding for the first time in his life a glassy column I'm sure. But if the boy's smiles broke down, his feelings appear to have been adequate, for he said it made you throw up your cap. He explained: "The lid they keep on Wairoa so tourists won't put soap down and make her play between times, as geysers have a way of going on strike if you overwork them."

Summer Cruise in the Bay of Plenty

Continued from page 11.

It was only after the ginger ale had been well watered down that we could get him to drink at all. Ginger ale diluted with water! This, surely, out-Isitt's Isitt.

From Omaio we dropped down the coast five miles to the Motu River, where we heard there was good kahawhai fishing. At high tide the broken water at the mouth of the river (which is about 70 yards wide) swarms with fish. We took the rods ashore, and had fair sport, but not half as much as a lot of Maoris, who rode down to the beach on those useful but inelegant specimens of the horse tribe known to the pakeha as "Maori weeds." They fish with a pawa shell and no sinker. Wading into the stream, which runs at a good pace, they throw out their lines like a lassoo, half-way across, and then haul in like mad—nine times out of ten with a shining kahawhai on the end. After lunch we lit out for Whale Island, with a fine leading wind, and covered the 29 knots before sundown. There are three anchorages here, all on the southern end, and we dropped the pick in the middle one, off the hot spring. We had a run ashore after goats, some of the crew getting to the top of the highest peak. The valley off which we anchored was full of evidences of thermal action, and on the beach two large bathing holes full of hot mineral water were scooped out in the sand—evidently the work of the last visitors.

By the time we got aboard again it was quite dark. "Indications for a heavy blow from the west," reported our Captain Edwins, and certainly they did not speak without some reason. A lowering sky and the drift of the higher scud seemed to presage a snorter from somewhere. But the wonderful weather we had enjoyed up till now had made us callous. Frequently the day closed in with all the signs and significations of trouble. "If we were in Auckland this would mean a dirty nor'easter," was remarked nearly every evening at about turning-in time, but morning always brought the faithful northerly back again. Half a dozen times we reefed down or set the trysail, expecting to have to clear out during the night, only to shake them out next day, and probably end up with the spinnaker or the leading jib. There was never a day when we could not carry the topsail, and it was no pockethandkerchief. And this was our luck, while people in Auckland and northward were having gales and rain. They say that the weather below Cape Colville is quite different from what we have here in Auckland, and I mention these incidents to show that there is more than a colour of truth in the statement. A fluky wind early next morning settled down into the old quarter, and took us right into Tauranga harbour, carrying topsail and leading jib. We looked in at the Rurima Rocks, five miles east of Whale Island, and landed on the largest, where there are a few traces of thermal action. It was about ten o'clock when we left the Rocks, and by three we were anchored off the wharf at Tauranga—distance 38 knots.

Someone suggested that Rotorua was not a long way off, and the suggestion was hailed with approval. Almost as soon as the blinds were down—which is the fo'c'sle way of expressing those fine lines of Byron's—

> "Hearse o'er her side the rustling cable rings,
> The sails are furled, and, anchoring, round she swings."

—we were pulling ashore in the dingey, with one small brief bag containing six pyjamas, six tooth brushes, and, I believe, one "swell" insisted on bringing a clean collar. After tea we chartered a special coach and four, and started for Wonderland. Truly it was a great trip for night sailing! We got to the Half-Way Houses in the beautiful Oropi Bush, at about 11 p.m., and were off again next morning before the sparrows were up. Rotorua was made about 11 a.m. on December 29—just a week out from Auckland—and great was the sensation caused by those members of the crew who sported white ducks and the uniform and regalia of the "Royals." We did the sights a la tourist (guide-book in one hand, watch in the other), and started on the return trip at 6 p.m., and negating the outward journey, arrived at Tauranga Sunday forenoon. In the evening the owner of the oil launch Amy-ewy kindly towed us down to the Heads. Next morning the wind was blowing fresh from the nor'east, when we beat out of the harbour, bound for Mayor Island, 28 miles away. En route we touched at Karewha Island—the yacht standing off and on while four of us pulled ashore—to have a look at the tuatara lizards, Karewha being one of the few places where they are found. As most people are aware, this strange and rare animal is too lazy to set up housekeeping on his own account, so simply boards with the mutton bird, which burrows out a roomy hole in the hill side. It was nesting time, and as one walked along one's foot would go through every now and again, and an angry mutton bird mama would rise from the bowels of the earth, and protestingly leave. We saw quite a number of tuatara standing guard at the entrance to the holes, looking intently at nothing, with their heads raised expectantly in the air. Beauties they are, too! They don't seem to know whether to be iguanas or alligators, and have ended up by being like something out of a Christmas pantomime. That afternoon we got to Mayor Island, where, up till about five years ago, there used to be a Maori settlement. We anchored at the south-east end, and there is good shelter on both the north and south sides of the point under which we lay. It is a fine island, with plenty of peaches in season—if you don't get anticipated, like we did. They say you can always reckon on meeting king fish off Mayor Island, and we certainly did. Soon after setting sail next morning, New Year's Day, we ran into a huge school of them. Half a dozen trolls were soon out, and we had eight in the cockpit in no time, the biggest running about 60lb. We had a close haul to Slipper Island, where we arrived in the afternoon, and finished up with one of the only two squalls of the trip—probably the tail-end of the storm raging in Auckland that day. Mr. Renall, of Masterton, recently bought Slipper Island, and runs a large number of sheep. This and Motiti are the only inhabited islands in the bay. There is splendid shelter at the Slipper, both in the South Bay, where we anchored, and off the station-house. Next evening saw us in Mercury Bay, where we attended a dance—"gents, a shilling, ladies by invitation only"—with the thermometer somewhere in the seventies.

Next day was gloriously fine, but the wind was light, and we only pottered about the Mercury Group, looking for hapuka, and ending up at Dawson's, on the Great Mercury, where we anchored late that evening.

The wind was again light the following day, and it was midday before we got to Cuvier Island. We were fortunate in striking fine weather, as the landings, which are situated on the north and south of the eastern point, are unworkable with anything of a sea on. The lighthouse people showed us over the beautifully-kept light, but our visit was unfortunately brought to a hurried conclusion. The wind came up from the eastward in less time than it takes to write it, and as the sea was getting up we decided to clear out before there was trouble. Tryphena was our next port of call, and with the leading jib set as a spinnaker we were not long in covering the eighteen knots. Next day there was a splendid breeze from the nor'east, and we had the sail of the trip. From Tryphena we went up inside the Pig Islands and beat through Governor's Pass to Flynn's, where we stopped for lunch. At 2 p.m. we were off again through Abercrombie, heading for the Little Barrier. Half-way across the racing spinnaker was set, and we bowled along in great style. We had intended putting into the Little Barrier, but the breeze was too tempting to lose, especially as we were one day from home, so we stood on for Kawau, where we arrived at dark, having carried the spinnaker all the way to the passage. Of course we did Waiwera next day, and then reluctantly pointed her nose homewards. The god of the winds was kind to us to the end, giving us a fair wind home after we rounded Whangaparaoa. We picked up the moorings at 5 p.m., and very pea-soupy we thought "our beautiful harbour" after sailing in blue water for two weeks. It was a magnificent trip, and we had undoubtedly had heaps of luck—practically a fair wind wherever we went, and only two brief rain squalls during the whole two weeks. Below is a list of the places we touched at, and the distances covered:—

Auckland to White Island, 149 knots.

White Island to Cape Runaway, 37 knots.

Cape Runaway to Omaio, via Oreti Point, 23 knots.

Omaio to Whale Island, via Motu, 34 knots.

Whale Island to Tauranga, via Rurima Rocks, 43 knots.

Tauranga to Mayor Island, via Karewha Island, 24½ knots.

Mayor Island to Slipper Island, 22 knots.

Slipper Island to Mercury Bay, 21 knots.

Mercury Bay to Great Mercury Island, via Obena and Kawitika, 26½ knots.

Great Mercury to Tryphena, via Cuvier Island, 29 knots.

Tryphena to Kawau, via Port Fitzroy, and Port Abercrombie, 48 knots.

Kawau to Auckland, via Waiwera, 32 knots.

Total, 480 knots or 550 miles.

MUSINGS and MEDITATIONS

By Dog Toby

ON CHILDREN.

The holidays are drawing to a close, and soon, very soon, will our little ones have gone back to school again. We have got to know them in the last few weeks as we never quite know them in term time. The quiet, studious boy, someday to be a great lawyer, has developed a sudden spirit of mischief and goes about with torn clothes and soiled hands. The girl so demure at school, has become a regular tomboy, and thinks of nothing but horses and bicycles. And the funny thing is that in our hearts we rather prefer them so. Papa is paying for an expensive education for his lad, and contemplates sending him to Cambridge, and is always impressing on him the necessity for hard study, but in a candid moment he will tell you that he does not attach much value to scholastic success as long as a boy grows up manly and honourable. And the mother has always a tender spot for her mischievous child. For was it not this same spirit that so endeared their baby days? Running after them to see they did not pull off the dinner cloth, watching them to see they did not swallow pins or shells or pieces of cable news from the papers, leaving them for a minute only to find your best hat in pieces on the floor, all these things are in reality dear to the mother's heart. There are those who talk of the bother of always watching children, of never having any peace, of finding your best things all pulled about and broken, and they talk of the tie of motherhood, the curtailing of social pleasure, the never being able to go out anywhere. My dear madam, if you say these things you probably don't mean them. You pick them up from others, or from books purporting to describe smart society, and you hope that they will stamp you as a woman of large and varied social influence and position. But if you really mean them then you only prove that you are doing something for which nature has not fitted you. Your neglect of your offspring for other things that are of no account only shows that as a mother you are out of your environment. A man who had a very clever monkey thought that he could teach it to make tea if he provided the tea and the pot and a kettle of boiling water. The monkey would either put the tea in the pot and the water on the floor, or else he would put the water in the pot and the tea on the floor. He never learnt to make tea because the thing never really interested him. And so if you let your child miss a mother's love you let it miss just the one thing needful, though to the outward eye there may seem to be nothing lacking. For every true mother knows that it is just this trouble, this constant watching of the little rogue, this new tale of mischief to tell daddy when he comes home that makes the real charm of infancy. We begin life again in our children and our grandchildren. We love to see the mischievous little pranks peeping out still in the children's school days. We laugh over tales of harmless boyish fun at college or in barracks, because we remember our own youth. Some of us have passed many a milestone on the road of life, and some stages were trod with bruised and bleeding feet, but if our baser nature has not triumphed over the nobler, is it not because of the ancient saying, "A little child shall lead them"?

THE PROFESSOR OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The announcement that we are to have a real live Professor of Domestic Economy brought to cheer many hearts. As she will come from America, we may reasonably expect her to be up-to-date and full of the latest Yankee notions. There will be plenty for her to do if she is to teach us the art of managing a home. She will also be expected to be a female Oedipus, able to solve all the riddles propounded by the perplexed housewife.

As a nation we are woefully ignorant of household matters. The Frenchwoman is a born manager, and can produce a good meal out of the most unlikely material; the Italian is hardly less clever, but the Briton is stolid and solid producing roast beef and plum pudding when the thermometer is over 90 in the shade. In nothing are we more lacking than in our breakfast dishes. I have been in a country hotel when the only variation on grilled steak, grilled chop, was grilled chop, grilled steak. Even the inevitable bacon and eggs are generally badly cooked and badly served. Now, here is a subject that might well serve for a year's course of lectures, and would tend greatly to popularise our university. At present we are dependent on books and papers that, like English grammars, chiefly exist to contradict each other. The puzzled housekeeper reads directions in Green Bits as to how best to polish her linoleum, only to find it stated in next week's Yellow Bits that such treatment is simply ruinous. Then we no sooner get to like a dish, and find ourselves prospering on it, than some great M.D. comes forward to tell us that anything we really like eating is sure to produce cancer, or appendicitis, or at the very least aparaperiprosoditis.

The average bachelor does not, of course, study domestic or any other economy. When he is doing his own cooking he just mixes up everything he can find, puts it with plenty of fat into a frying pan, and turns the whole lot out on to a cold plate. This concoction he dignifies by various names, according to whatever ingredient happens to predominate. He attains the theologian's ideal of a church, diversity in unity. If he is at all Hibernian, he will tell you that he never bakes anything except a pancake, and this also he makes in a frying pan on similar principles to his other dishes. This is what we call the simple life. Those who lead it, say our modern writers, never suffer from any qualms of conscience, but they often suffer from other qualms more immediately discomforting to the ordinary mortal. But the average woman is different. She delights in trying new dishes, which she sets before her bewildered spouse with a half expressed fear that it is not exactly what she meant it to be. In the early months the husband follows the Pauline precept of eating such things as are set before him. Later on he gives his wife credit for good intentions, but often feels that in their concrete form they would make excellent paving stones for a region where we are told such things are so used. An older married woman has, of course, outgrown the experimental stage. She keeps to roast beef and roast mutton. Her husband is prevented from complaining on the score of monotony by recollections of the early experimental days. Peace reigns in such households.

And now all this is to be swept away. The modern girl will take her degree in household economics, and gain a first-class in cookery humaniores. The household accounts will be kept as accurately as a Bank of England ledger, and no longer will there be the periodical puzzle as to where the money can have gone to. The husband will find in his wife all the good qualities that go to make the really successful boarding-house-keeper, and the home will wear the aspect of a first-class hotel. Even the bachelor may include a course of domestic economics in his ordinary degree, and matriculation will be further enlarged to include such subjects as washing, and ironing and making pastry. The English examiners will be receiving crates of tarts and buns, instead of dry as dust papers, and they will become fatter on their work than ever they did on their fees.

We live in an age of progress, we must move with the times, or be left behind. According to one text books I have been reading, all the old-fashioned dishes and household remedies of our grandparents were really poisons in disguise. We have no longer the delightful slow-turning spit, or the plum puddings seasoned by long keeping, or the fine, carefully stored linen. We are to have dishes garnished, instead of cooked, and linen cleaned by acids instead of washed. Chicago has taught us how much can be done for food by modern chemical science. Of course, it is a step in the right direction to make our university before all things practical. We shall have such a multiplicity of degrees that we shall require a new alphabet. B.A. will mean a bun artificer, and D.C.L. a person who can doctor calico and linen. But shall we be really happier? Is there not a charm for the young wife in trying little things all out of her own head, and does not the husband value a thing more for the loving thought displayed than for the technical knowledge? When our houses are all alike and conducted on the lines laid down in a professor's lecture room, we shall miss doubtless many discomforts and failures, but we shall miss also many of those tender little charms and loving graces, those delightful little experiments and joys of invention that make home home, and not merely a well regulated, economically conducted boardinghouse.

THE EXHIBITION.

THE BANDS' CONTEST.

MAORI AND FIJIAN DANCES.

(Special Service.)

CHRISTCHURCH, Sunday.

There was a large attendance at the Exhibition on Saturday, of which bandsmen from all parts of the colony and in all varieties of uniforms formed a portion. The city is at present full of bandsmen, who have assembled to take part in the great contest, which will continue daily from Monday morning till Saturday night. Ten bands from the North arrived on Saturday morning, seven from the South arrived by Saturday night's express, and about ten more from the North Island were passengers by to-day's boat from Wellington.

The following officers will act as judges of the military portion of the band quick-step competitions: Lieutenants-Colonel Hawkins and Jowsey, Captains Foster and Meddings, Sergeants-Major Farthing and Hoare. Mr. J. D. Hunter, of Dunedin, official timekeeper of the North Island Brass Bands' Association, will act in that capacity at the competitions.

The remainder of the attendance at the Exhibition on Saturday consisted mostly of country visitors and residents from other parts of the colony, attracted by the cheap steamer and railway fares. Visitors by steamers are still arriving in large numbers. Of the three boats which arrived from the North yesterday the Mararoa brought 660 excursionists, the Pateena 154, and the Manuka 288.

The principal features of the day were the organ recital by Dr. Bradshaw, the orchestral concert, and the combined performance by the Fijians and Maoris. Over 1400 persons witnessed the performance by the natives. The Maoris of the Hawke's Bay district, and those who came before them, made speeches, in which they expressed regret at the impending departure of the Fijians. Dr. Buck translated their remarks into English, and the reply of Ratu Ifermi, on behalf of the Fijians, was translated by Mr. W. A. Scott. Ifermi welcomed the new natives to the Exhibition, and cups of kava, the Fijian national drink, were then offered to the leading Maoris, by whom the contents were swallowed with mirth-provoking grimaces. The Maoris then danced a number of hakas, war dances, and poia in first-class style, and the Fijians gave exhibitions of their fan and club dances. Into the latter, which concludes with a ferocious combat with the clubs, as the result of which first one side and then the other, and finally both, lie prostrate on the field, much humorous by-play was imported, some of the Maoris entering immediately into the spirit of the joke, and adding touches of their own. Finally, the members of both races squatted in company on the ground, and the Fijians sang some of their native songs. The performances as a whole were most picturesque and enjoyable.

Lieutenant Bentley has drawn up the programme of the military tatto, which he suggests might be held in the sports ground on Friday evening next. It is proposed that all the visiting bands shall take part, and the co-operation of the Maoris and Fijians will be sought, and also that of the cadets in camp and a number of Volunteers. Messrs. James Pain and Sons, of London, will supply fireworks to assist in making the effect as interesting as possible.

The works in the British section of the art gallery are still being disposed of at satisfactory prices. The most important transaction recently has been the disposal of Mr. W. B. Leader's £600 oil painting, "Southward from Surrey's Pleasant Hills," to Mrs. S. A. Rhodes, of Wellington.

The executive of the Canterbury Band of Hope Union have arranged to hold the annual Easter Monday demonstration in the Exhibition grounds. The demonstration, which usually takes the form of a picnic, combined with sports for children, will be held in the portion of the Exhibition grounds west of the sports grounds. As the annual conference of temperance societies is held in Christchurch at Easter it is expected that the demonstration, particularly on account of the Exhibition, will be the largest ever witnessed.

Books and Bookmen

ANDREW GOODFELLOW: A Tale of 1805. Helen H. Watson (Mrs. Herbert A. Watson). — Macmillan and Co., London.

The first essay of a new author will always be read with more or less critical interest and curiosity; as by criticism, eulogistic or adverse, its claim to popular favour must be assured. And this book of Mrs. Watson's should win popularity, not only for the subject matter of it, but for the delightfully fresh simple style in which it is written, and which was characteristic of the early part of the 18th century. The scene is laid in Plymouth, and the story opens at the time when all England, figuratively speaking, was up in arms, and determined, by help of "the man of the hour" (Lord Nelson), to teach Napoleon Bonaparte such a lesson that any further attempt to invade England would seem both impossible and undesirable. That England's success was more largely due to the wonderful mesmeric influence that Nelson had over everyone with whom he came in touch, personally or by deputy, than to the strength or efficiency of our navy, is a matter of history, and needs no recapitulation; but the author gives such a pleasing explanation of what was jocularly and affectionately termed in the navy the "Nelson touch," that its definition will not come amiss to the reader.

"And what," asked Dorothy, "is the exact meaning of the Nelson touch?"

The Captain laughed. "Who has been talking to you about the 'Nelson touch'? The phrase savours a little of the theatrical, but it expresses a good deal nevertheless. I take it that it stands for that spirit of enthusiasm which, under Lord Nelson's lead, inspires the whole service and makes it act as one man. It is like the torch which in the old Grecian races was handed on burning from one runner to another. In this manner the race never ended, the torch never burnt itself out. It is a spirit which seems to touch the younger men more than us elders. It makes them put duty, the love of country, the love of God before anything in the shape of self-advancement, greatly as they long for that too. Andrew Goodfellow—the little Lieutenant, as we call him—is, I take it, a good example of what the 'Nelson touch' can make of a man."

"So someone said; how did he acquire it?"

"He was one of that happy band of youngsters, most of them sons of old personal friends, whom Nelson received on the quarter-deck of the Agamemnon when he gave them the three pieces of advice that everybody has heard of—To implicitly obey orders; to consider every man an enemy that spoke ill of the king; to hate a Frenchman like the devil—obedience, patriotism, sound judgment."

The hero of the story, Andrew Goodfellow," was, in the month of May, 1805, on board his ship, Queen Charlotte, lying in Plymouth Dock, waiting for commands from naval headquarters to join the fleet that was to drive the French from the Channel, and decide for all time England's supremacy of the sea. That time hangs heavily on the hands of a seaman in port is proverbial, and Lieutenant Goodfellow, to relieve the tedium spent as much of his time as possible at the house of Miss Maria Drake (a descendant of that famous seamen, Captain Francis Drake), whose family had become so impoverished that she had ventured into trade, and was at this date flourishing exceedingly, not only supporting herself in affluence, but also her brother Jonathan, and her sister, Sallie Drake. Some years before this story opens, another sister (Susan) had contracted a secret marriage with a young naval officer named Lovel. Soon after their marriage they agreed to separate. She, unknown to him, imagining there was something irregular about their union, rendering it not strictly legal. Pride forbade her mentioning this to Lovel, as she thought the error was intended. So they separated, he making ample provision for her, and not afterwards troubling, also through wounded pride, as to what befel his quondam wife beyond the fact that she still lived. In due time a child was born, Dorothy Lovel, the heorine of the story. Of the birth of this child Lovel was unaware. "Mrs. Lovel," as she was called, brought up this child very carefully and tenderly, and at the time the story opens, Dorothy Lovel was of the type of which the poet wrote when he penned the lines: "As sweet as English air can make her," and not only sweet, but unusually intelligent, accomplished and high-bred. Mrs. Lovell had for some time been an invalid, and with some prescience of her approaching death, told her daughter a secret that she had long kept, namely, that she was Lady Dorothy Lovel, daughter of His Grace the "Duke of Middlesex." After her mother's death Dorothy went to live with her aunt, Maria Drake, and there met at a Shakespearian reading, given by her aunt, Andrew Goodfellow, and Austin King, a young journalist who had made a great reputation for himself in journalism, and as the author of several very clever novels, notably "The Westons." King, on seeing Dorothy, falls in love with her, to the great grief and indignation of Sallie Drake, with whom King has had some love passages. Ambition plays a very unworthy part in King's love, and he does not scruple to use underhand means to win and marry her. He discovers beyond doubt that Dorothy's mother was legally married, and has obtained from Corryton-Gifford church, where Dorothy's mother was married, documentary proof. And Dorothy commits the same error her mother committed, a secret marriage. The wedding over, they part at the church door, he going back to his office, she returning with "Constance King," King's sister, to his home at Corryton-Gifford. In the conversation that ensues, Dorothy discovers that it is Constance, and not Austin King, who has written the articles that have made King's reputation. In a flash Dorothy sees the utter unworthiness of King and realises the impossibility of ever living with him.

In a moment, the scales had fallen from her eyes, disclosing the hideous falseness of the man she had promised to love, honour, and obey. His handsome face seemed to her now but a grinning skull from which she turned with horrified loathing; the hand which had pressed hers, which had placed the ring upon her finger, became a bony skeleton whose grip was death—moral if not physical death! Picture, if you can, this poor child, still as yet in her eighteenth year, brought up in the two great virtues of simplicity and sincerity, shielded throughout her life from all that could taint her soul or destroy her belief in the goodness of man, trained in habits of the most undeviating truth; suddenly confronted by this black demon of hypocrisy and falsehood, brought into such close contact with it that it was to become bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh! The first rough awakening in her life had been that half told confession (by her mother) of her father's desertion; then, through Sallie's unkindness, had come the further knowledge that to all women was not given that divine sympathy which she had been taught to regard as a feminine birthright—and now ——

"My God!" she cried, "save me from this living death! Have pity, Lord! and release me from this bondage of sin that has taken hold of me; save me from the consequences of my own folly!"

He had deceived her, lied to her, imposed upon her innocent credulity, mocked at her childlike trust, merely to trap her as a fowler traps the bird he means to destroy! He had lived a long life of deception, so deep that even his sister, poor girl, after many years of companionship had failed to fathom it.

Where did his falseness end? In what other ways had he deceived her? A man who could perjure his soul like that, who could live, for years, on a reputation that did not belong to him, reaping where he had not sowed, using, with contemptible meanness, his sister's talent in order to make for himself a name that he did not deserve, winning the affection of an innocent girl by a mean artifice, to what greater baseness might he not have stooped?

There were moral sins, deeper even than this, of whose existence she only vaguely knew, without fully comprehending; did his wickedness include these also? Sallie! What was his connection with Sallie! Why had he persuaded her into a secret marriage? To what base use might he not desire to put her, now that she was his, body and soul? Yes, not even her soul could escape; she felt it. She felt already the insidious strength of his will, enfolding her as in the coil of the serpent. She should never be able to escape the power of his masterful will; he would crush her into subjection. Slowly, bit by bit, she could see herself yielding to him, sharing in his deceptions, until hypocrisy became part and parcel of her own nature as well as of his.

At that moment she heard on the stairs the noise of Constance's descending footsteps. In another minute she would be there in the room, and her own future life of fraud and deceit would have begun. No, she would not; she could not shield him at the expense of her own honour! She had never loved him, blind little fool that she had been, and now she loathed and hated him!

The desire to be alone, to think the matter out to its desperate close, seized her. She stepped through the open window, crossed the lawn, gilded with the rays of the blessed September sun, harbinger of fruit time and harvest; she found herself close to the wicket gate that opened on to the road leading to the river.

The river! Ah, there at least could be found safety and peace for those who were sad of heart. No definite idea filled her mind, but only a half-formed, shadowy feeling that she must somehow escape from the bondage of dishonour that enthralled her.

The latch yielded to her impatient, trembling fingers; she passed out, closed the gate behind her and fled down the lane, anywhere, anywhere, so long as she might escape the contaminating touch that already seemed to choke her.

She went blindly forward in her stumbling, hasty flight, until she had nearly reached the foot of the lane; the placid breast of the silvery Tamar invited her, nay, even lured her forward.

She hastened her footsteps to meet it; one more curve of the road and she should be within sight of her haven of rest. She turned the corner and there, in the roadway, slowly footing his way up the hill, was Andrew Goodfellow, dear, kind Andrew Goodfellow!

The poor, forlorn, broken-hearted child stretched out her hands to him with a sharp, quick cry of distress.

"Tell me," she cried wildly, "tell me, Andrew, is there such a thing as faith and truth in man?"

He took both her hands in his very quietly and gently.

"What is it?" he asked. "Only tell me what is the matter, and what brings you here alone and unprotected?"

"My God!" she cried, bursting into tears, "save me if you can; I am married to a villain, and his name is Austin King!"

And save her Andrew Goodfellow did. Always impecunious, on account of his great generosity, he has not the wherewithal to send Dorothy to London to her father, whom he rightly thinks is her natural protector, and whom he thinks has only to see Dorothy to love her. On going to Miss Maria to obtain the necessary funds for Dorothy's journey, he finds that lady has departed with King, to seek the fugitive, and so all hope of aid from that quarter has vanished. In despair, and as a last resource, he sells a packet of letters that have been written to him, at different intervals of his life, by Lord Nelson; the Nelson and Goodfellow families being intimately acquainted, and which he values as he values his life and honour. The sale effected, Dorothy is safely escorted to London by "Proctor" (an old and trustworthy man-o'-wars-man) with instructions to put up at the fashionable hostelry of those days, the "White Horse Cellars," and there wait until Dorothy's aunt could arrive. Miss Drake arrives a day after Dorothy, accompanied by Andrew, and they immediately write to the Duke asking for an appointment on important business. After several repulses Andrew determines to waylay the Duke in the Park, but instead manages to get speech with the Duke of Clarence, to whom he tells his story, and successfully enlists his help in the matter, which is rendered all the more readily, as the Prince had been one of the witnesses of the wedding and had remembered the bride's beauty. Soon after this Dorothy in her room at the hotel was trying on sundry dainty wearing apparel, with which the room was strewed, and having attired herself in a dainty brown pelisse trimmed with sable, which emphasised the whiteness of her skin, and surmounting it with a creation of pink roses, and graceful plumes, she turned round to bespeak the admiration that she knew would be given by her aunt and Andrew, when the door was thrown open, and "His Grace the Duke, and Her Grace, the Duchess, of Middlesex," were announced.

It was too late to retreat, too late to do anything. Andrew and Miss Maria shrank simultaneously and instinctively back into the shadowy corner of the room; and Dorothy Lovel stood confronting the father she had never met before. For a moment she said nothing.

The Duchess looked at her husband; her quick womanly instinct read, better than either of them could read for themselves, the feeling struggling in both their hearts: in the girl, resentment, loyalty to her mother, together with the desire to believe in him now, and to forgive the past; in the man, annoyance, pride, and the remembrance of a passion that had been the deepest thing life had ever held for him—while it lasted.

Two thoughts: "oh, he loved her once then!" the other, "the girl must be like her mother," cut like the swift, deep prick of a stiletto into her heart; and then a noble magnanimity closed and healed the wound as soon as it was made.

She stepped forward and held out two motherly arms, that had never till that moment learnt the trick of motherhood.

"My dear," she said, in her soft, beautiful voice, "your father and I have come to claim our daughter. Dorothy, his Dorothy, and mine too, if you will suffer me to be a mother to you."

She took her in her arms and kissed her, and then passed her on to the Duke.

It is difficult to say what the Duke's sensations would have been had he found himself confronted by a buxom country lass, claiming consanguinity, with a west country drawl; worse still had she been some town-bred miss, with an affectation of gentility served up with a mincing accent. But here was a daughter of whom any man might be proud, beautiful, unaffected, with that natural grace that comes with a fine instinct and high breeding, aristocratic enough to satisfy even his fastidious taste, a face in which sincerity, intelligence, cultivation and sorrow had traced their lines, soft, firm, indelible. He breathed the egotist's sigh of satisfaction over the fact, that, belonging as she did to him, she was "all right," a something to be proud of, nothing to disgrace.

"Love me a little, Dorothy, and forgive me if you can for not knowing you before," he said as he kissed her.

"Blood is thicker than water," and Dorothy forgave her father for the sake of her mother. Austin King made strenuous efforts to have the marriage acknowledged, but the Duke managed to convince him that it would be to his interest to give Dorothy her freedom, the more especially as the marriage had not been consummated, and when the suit instituted by King for restitution of conjugal rights came on it was lost, partly by reason of Dorothy being a minor, principally through the absence of the plaintiff. Hearts are won in the recoil, and King now that Dorothy is lost to him, manages to make his peace with Miss Sallie, who shortly after marries him, and, having a strong spice of the Tartan in her composition, Nemesis may be said to be speedily on his track. In the meantime the loves of Andrew and Dorothy had been advancing by leaps and bounds. The little lieutenant could not remember the time when he had not loved Dorothy. The Duke looked on complaisantly, satisfied that her happiness could only lie that way. The Duchess was as a mother to her. But fate had decreed that these true lovers should never know wedded happiness. Now that Dorothy was safely domiciled, Goodfellow was anxious to get back to his duty. Every day the English fleet was on the lookout for the appearance of the French, and the fate of the nation trembled in the balance. But one pleasure he (Andrew) meant to give himself was to witness Dorothy's debut into society, which was to take place on the occasion of the presentation of "Twelfth Night" at Drury Lane Theatre with Mrs. Jordan as Viola. The Drury Lane Theatre of that time was the theatre of that name built by Sheridan in 1794. It was on account of its vast size, laughingly dubbed by Mrs. Siddons the "Wilderness." And a wilderness it proved to be for poor Sheridan, since it was destroyed by fire in 1842, and with it went Sheridan's prosperity. It was a memorable night, this night of Dorothy's debut. Seated in the Royal box was the Prince of Wales, the "First Gentleman of Europe," exchanging brilliant small talk with the still beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and Beau Brummel. In another box could be seen the "Man of the Hour," Lord Nelson. In the stalls sat Charles and Caroline Lamb, and in front of them Opie, the artist, and his wife, the novelist. Near them sat "Dear Barbara B." and Fanny Kelly, the girl actress, scarce sixteen, "with the divine plain face," and her friend Miss Burrell, "of the beautiful voice." Mrs. Siddons (now retired), too was present, and seated in Madam d'Arblay's box was Dr. Burney and his son, Charles. But the theatre for Andrew only contained two persons, Dorothy and his hero. The play over, final adieus were to be exchanged between the lovers before they went their separate ways, the one to follow the path of duty; the other to wait—which is hardest. The good-byes over, Andrew, turning away, felt himself touched on the shoulder, and behind him stood—Nelson—who tells him that he goes next week to take up the command of the Victory. "My Lord!" Already the lover was forgotten, not forgotten, only more

passionately merged in the man. "Will there be any luck for me this time?" To which Nelson replied that he was to see what news awaited him at Plymouth. Reaching there, he found that he had been appointed to the command of the Sappho. To tell how the little lieutenant, as he was still affectionately called, worked to get his ship in perfect repair; how he personally superintended the finding and victualling of her; and how, finally, and what was so wonderful in those days of press gangs, he had more volunteers than he could ship as crew, would be to exceed the limits of a review. Sufficient it is to say that it was done in the Goodfellow way, stimulated by the "Nelson touch." On the 13th of September the order came to join Nelson's fleet off Spithead on the 15th.

September the 15th till October the 21st! What a time of suspense for a waiting and anxious nation; what a time of uneasiness and anguish for anxious hearts concerned, not with the fate of the nation, but with the individual actors taking part in the struggle!

The epic of Trafalgar remains yet to be written*; naval songs and poems we have in plenty, songs of arms and of men, battle-songs of the Nile and of the Baltic, songs breathing of the sea, full of the bitter sweet of the briny deep, but concerning Trafalgar the song writer is silent, overwhelmed perhaps by the magnitude of the theme.

Perhaps it is that the roar of the Trafalgar guns is still too close to our ears, deadening our senses; perhaps it is that the need for the inspiration of heroism has departed from the earth; who shall say?

Even the historian falls when he attempts to describe this, the greatest unaided exploit of English arms, and we find ourselves still, after the lapse of a hundred years, too near the scene to be able to contemplate it unmoved. There is still too great a sense of personal loss. We turn from the picture shuddering, as though it were but yesterday at noon that Collingwood, in the Royal Sovereign, began the battle, followed at one by that wonderful breaking of the enemy's centre by the Victory; at half-past one Nelson is wounded; at 4.30 he, "whose name liveth for evermore," dies; and after that all is blank to us. Finis coronat opus: what matters anything else?

* Even as these sheets go to press, there is borne upon the wind the glad tidings that a new poet, touched with the old patriotic fire, has arisen amongst us. Is it too much to hope that the epic of Drake may find its fitting complement in the story of Trafalgar?

Dorothy and Andrew's next meeting was at the Naval Hospital Stonehouse, where he had been carried dangerously wounded. On her arrival there, she had been taken straight to his bedside, where she was told that he had just died. But she, detecting some small flicker of life in him, threw herself upon her knees, and for a moment brought him back to life "A faint, responsive pressure to her touch—and the little lieutenant was gone, whither Nelson had preceded, to the blessed spot prepared for the spirits of the great." And for Dorothy nothing remained but an abiding sorrow and a blessed memory. The book is beautifully written in a way that will appeal to all that is best and noblest in humanity. The writer has caught and delineated perfectly that spirit of do or die feeling that animated the navy under Nelson's command. Though life in those days was ruder than ours, ideals were higher and deeds in consequence nobler; and the fruit of heroes' deeds lives long after their names are forgotten. The only defect of the book—if defect it be—is its sad ending; and another book by its author will be eagerly looked forward to.

DELTA.

A bracelet, made about 5000 B.C., and recently found by Professor Petrie, is composed of finely cut amethysts, turquoises, gold beads, and twisted gold tubes. It has been found on the arm of the mummy of the Queen Teta (1st Dynasty), at Abydos. Mr. E. A. Reynolds-Ball assumes that at a time when the tomb was anciently plundered the mummy of the queen was broken in pieces, and a fragment of the forearm placed by one of the plunderers in a hole in the wall. For more than a thousand years offerings were made at the Osiris shrine (into which the tomb had been converted), and thousands of visitors must have passed within a few feet of the fragment, but without disturbing it. At last, however, it was brought to Professor Petrie, the bandage removed, and the bracelet disclosed. It is probably one of the earliest examples of female jewellery known, dating back into the mists of antiquity.

A GUIDE TO THE CITY OF AUCKLAND

WRITTEN IN A JOCULAR VEIN BY HARRIE GREY

Banish all dreams of other scenes in toto,—
When as you steam round stately RANGI-TOTO—
AUCKLAND!—fair vision greets the wondering eye.
AUCKLAND!—that ever flows with milk and honey—
Bounteous in everything save—"ready money."
Oh, healthy clime whose only urgent want is,—
A cure for Harbour Board "WHITE ELEPHANTIS."
There where the trams are still a burning question;—
Through "stuffing" much have chronic indigestion,
And burly men, on rainy days you'll find 'em,
A whistling of "the girls they left behind 'em."
Home of the freeman!—and "hot bed" of the prude—
Of fellows in the "KNOW"—and PHYSCES—in the "KNEWD."
Where police and beak artistic matters settle,
And let off steam as from a "copper" "KETTLE"!
Here let us pause and view with studied care,
The varied beauties of a town so fair!

IT is no part of the purposes of this little guide to enter into any lengthy details, or obstruse theories, as to when civilisation, in the person of a Murphy, or a McGregor, or a pale face from Whitechapel, first set foot on the verdant shores of the Waitemata.

on the verdant shore of the Waitemata.

It is enough to say that the original natives were of the wildest type—cannibals in fact. They devoured each other without compunction. They had their great chiefs who ate every turbulent enemy or rebellious follower with avidity. They believed in putting down opposition with an "iron jaw," and, as a man is talked of now a' days as having "passed out," so in those primitive times he was reckoned to have "passed in"—a not inconvenient arrangement for those who were walking about at that time to save funeral expenses.

Isolated trading was carried on in the early days at great risk. It is related that a pioneer trader had quite an extensive connection in the "land—blanket exchange business," and, finding it still increasing, he formed himself into a company, and the natives took shares; but it didn't pay, somehow, and the company went into liquidation in a "copper Maori," and the proceeds were duly divided among the shareholders.

We can imagine nothing more charming than the entrance to Auckland Harbour, say for the traveller, who, arriving from Sydney on a Sunday morning, finds himself steaming up the placid waters of the Waitemata!

The undulating slopes, "the ups and downs," as it were, the distant houses nestling 'neath the foliage. Where could you behold such a vision of beauty?

To the left Parnell—clothes in its best, save for a "coat" of paint; ahead, the lovely suburb of Ponsonby, where the beautiful villas slope to the water's edge, seemingly toppling over each other, in their anxiety to take a "header" and indulge in a kind of "mixed bathing" without any preliminary introduction.

To the right, we steam past Mt. Victoria and the fort, where they've got "big guns that go off and can't be located"—by the bye, they are not the only "big guns" that "go off" and can't be located—and then we pass the marine suburb of Devonport. There is a legend attached to this beautiful spot. Many years ago a certain chief—let us call him Ali for short—obtained a great ascendency over the Shoreites. He was a great sea charmer. He would take the unsophisticated over to the mainland—it was a wearying journey in those days—not like now, oh! dear no. He would take them over in a large boat, and fetch them all back in a "cockle shell", and nobody knew how he did it; but he did it, and proved he did it, with the help of a genial smile. So they thought he could do anything on water.

"He can't stop the flowing tide," said a neighbouring "King," who, by the bye, didn't believe in taxes, which is rather unusual for Royalty. So King and others formed themselves into a deputation, and waited on Ali, and stated the case to him.

"Can't stop the flowing tide, can't I?" said Ali. "You 'Canute,'" replied the 'King'; for he hadn't forgotten his English history in spite of "Henry George." Ali said nothing, but he retired to his office, and, having consulted an almanac, invited the deputation to Cheltenham Beach, whither they went.

Ali promptly seated himself, and they all gathered round.

"Must give way to a 'flowing tide', must I?" said Ali.

"Yes," they cried defiantly.

Ali paused for a few moments; then, taking his watch from his pocket, and finding that the tide was on the turn, he promptly ordered the waters to retire, and they retired, and he told the deputation to "go to pot," and they had to go to pot, as most deputations have to do, especially marine suburban ones.

As we steam up towards the wharf, we catch a glimpse of Birkenhead and Northcote, the latter especially interesting, as being the abode of the "dreaded Northcote worm." See, if you look hard you can see him just over the cliff, his eyes standing out of his head, glaring at the "Takapuna." Do you notice his sting?—as big as a stingaree's, isn't it? Mark me, that's a worm that will turn, and when he does—but more of him anon.

Here we are alongside, and it is Sunday morning. Hark! How the bells are chiming.

They ought to execute some good rings on those bells, for they were "hung" in Parnell, "drawn" to St. Matthew's, and "quartered" there.

LEGEND OF THE BELLS.

Deep was the gloom in the old belfry tower—
Ah, "miserie," sighed the wild wind!
And the old PARNELL chimes—like PARNELL these times—
Were hundreds of years behind!
And there they all hung, and they never were rung—
The tenor bell went off his chump—
And some got quite cracked, through they're not being whacked,
And they "all" of them had the hump!

Quoth the bell who rung bass—a scowl on his face—
"'Tis as deadly as it can be;
Why I'm all over dust—and cobwebs—and rust—
Oh, 'hammer' the life out of me."
The woodwork all creaked, and the wind outside shrieked,
And one of the bells did a sneeze;
Through not being tolled, he had caught a bad cold,
Which really was not quite the "cheese."

Squeaked a bell with the croup, "We're all in the soup,
As wretched as they can make it;
Let's fall from the top, and come down with a flop—
And watch how the PARNELLITES take it!"
But the bell shook his head, and gloomily said,
He "doubted if that would shake 'em;
I do not suppose, if we dropped on their toes,
We'd any one of us wake 'em."

"If the chimes they don't like, let's go out on strike,"
With a grunt, growled the old bass bell;
"If we can't go 'ding-dong,' we'll just say 'so-long'—
I'm perfectly 'sick' of Parnell!"
"There's befrides in town," snarled a bell, with a frown;
In fact, he said that he knew 'em;
Where they'd ring 'em all day, and actually pay
Sixpence apiece just to view 'em!

So the chimes did a get, of course, you may bet,
They made for the tower of St. Matt.'s;
And they rung such a peal, made every one feel,
Whatever they were, they weren't "finis"!
And there, wreathed in smiles, you can hear them for miles,
Their "ding-a-dong! ding-a-dong-dell!"
And the bass every hour, looks forth from the tower,
And turns up his "nose" at PARNELL!

Sunday is not a very lively day in Auckland. The licensing laws are very strict, and many of the loafers who are hungry all the week are very thirsty on the Sabbath; but the parks are very pretty, and well worth a visit, and this is the best day to see them.

Besides there are the people going to church. The majority of Aucklanders are great churchgoers, and a good many of them are to be seen carrying the largest of Bibles under their arms, and the most "holey" of threepenny bits in their pockets; the former to show them the way they must go in, in the largest possible type, and the latter to get there in the cheapest possible way—a business method all the world over!

(To be continued.)

"Time is Sorrow's Great Friend."

(By Landon Carter.)

It is not easy to solve the problem of sorrow; indeed, there is no solution, of it—unless each individual soul works out its own solution; but this we do know, that of all forms of purifying grief is the greatest.

Any deep, unspeakable sorrow, may well be termed a regenerator, a baptism, the initiation into a true and higher life, for God did not will it so, that grief, like material things, should totally decay, thus leaving one the same again—such fate would, indeed, be a sad, fruitless ending for all our pain, anguish and self-control, if we retained nothing but our former weaknesses and frailties at the end of the experience. But let us rather be thankful that "sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form as the forces do, and passing from pain into sympathy—the little word that includes all our best in sight and our best love." "There is no grief so deep as that hopelessness which comes with such benumbing force in the early moments of our first great sorrow. There are then no memories of out-lived pain to encourage us. We have not suffered and been healed or despaired and recovered hope." Before it comes, it is hard to imagine it possible, if one ever thinks of it at all, and when it does come it seems more impossible still to understand the meaning of the blow, for "love seemed too fair to carry in its bosom the menace of its loss," and yet, true suffering must come to all those who rightly live, and such grief is not only a preparation for, but also reconciles one to, death, for the broader the life the greater and more numerous its accompanying temptations, until the long-continued self-sacrifices necessarily create a proportionate desire for peace, rest, death, the great reconciler. There have been few broken hearts; for, with what might frequently cause them, there comes a God-given strength to suffer. Yes, even that dumb, dry, deep, silent grief, does not kill, but "cleanses from all impurities," and brings preparation for future struggles.

Time is sorrow's great friend; for to a certain extent the acuteness of memory gives way to the definite, and time changes the aspect of all things, or rather we become different interpreters, not weakening our love of the lost one, however, but prompting and exciting our hearts to do greater honour to our love.

Youth occupies itself chiefly with the semblance of things, until sorrow and pain teach higher realities, for does not deep grief, properly accepted, teach more than any purchasable joys?

What so truly and effectually demonstrates the necessity of spiritual consolation as the limitations of material wealth?

In proportion to the strength and ennobling powers of healthy grief, so also is morbidness equally dangerous, for God does not mean us to sacrifice our duties to the living by dwelling constantly among our withered hopes; then, indeed, one could never learn the meaning and lesson of sorrow—grief should incite future nobleness and activity rather than mere regrets and a morbid restrospection of the past.

Apres le plaisir vient la peine
Apres la peine, la virtu.

ROUND ABOUT THE COLONY

Karori Tramway.

All the material for the completion of the Karori electric tramway has arrived in Wellington, and no time is being lost in pushing the work to a conclusion. The Borough Engineer (Mr. Thompson) reports that the length of single track has been laid with the exception of about wetnty-five chains—six at the tunnel, four at the deviation, and some fifteen chains before reaching the cemetery gates. The whole of the track between Tinakori-road and the tunnel will be completed by the end of this week, and he calculates that the cars should be running over that section by the end of the month, and the service should be in operation by Easter—the end of next month. Besides laying the twenty-five chains of track, there are a few loops to put down here and there. The last of the hardwood poles are being erected near the cemetery this week, and as soon as the Electrical Syndicate moves its wires, the work of suspending the overhead wires will be pushed ahead.

A Helping Hand.

Comment is being made in Dunedin on the fact that Mr. Owen, conductor of the Besses o' th' Barn Band, put the Kaikorai Band through the "Heroic" selection, one of the pieces to be played by the band at the Exhibition contest. A newspaper controversy followed this announcement, and an explanation, made to a reporter of the "Dunedin Star" by Mr. J. Dixon, who is travelling in Boosey's interests with the "Besses," contained some interesting statements. "We arrived in Wellington on the Riverina," said Mr. Dixon, "and Mr. Owen, who knows Lieutenant Herd, of the Wellington Garrison Band, gave him two hours at the 'Heroic' selection. This was given, not to the band, but to Mr. Herd himself. Mr. Owen explained the whole run of the selection to him, pointing out how to make the most of it, and so forth. He then gave about an hour's interview on another score to Mr Jupp of Jupp's Band, Wellington. Then came Mr. Crichton, of the Wanganui Band, and Mr. Owen gave him about half an hour on the 'Heroic' score, besides Mr. Owen played through the selection with his own band for Mr. Crichton's benefit. After that Mr. Owen gave the Woolston Band about four hours' lesson on 'Tannhauser,' conducting for them. Many other persons also came up and sought Mr. Owen's advice in regard to the coming contest, and he gave his advice freely. In Dunedin Mr. Owen was present at the rehearsal of the Kaikorai Band, and after the playing of the 'Heroic' he offered them certain suggestions, criticisms, and so forth, but did not put the band through. It is Mr. Owen's intention to do the same for every New Zealand band that asks his advice, hoping by this means to be of some local service in trying to get the New Zealand bands into the method of his own band. He is simply inundated with applications from bandmasters to give advice, and he intends to do it. This, of course, is all without money and without price—he is not seeking to make anything out of it at all."

Only a Nuisance.

The efforts of the Chamber of Commerce to have an end put to the financial loss and public annoyance caused by the Te Aro section of railway have been only partially successful, remarks the "Wellington Post." "The Government declines to discontinue the unprofitable service," says the annual report of the chamber, "but the annoyance caused to the public has been greatly reduced by the discontinuance of the running of about two-thirds of the number of trains formerly passing over this line. It is to be hoped that before long the whole section will be removed, as it does not afford facilities for the transport of goods. The Minister also consented to throw the full width of the roadway on Customhouse-quay open to public traffic contingent on satisfactory arrangements being made with the City Council as to the formation of the road."

The Golden Mean.

Farmers have suffered severely in the North by floods, and in the South from absence of rain, but in Taranaki they seem to have experienced a happy medium. The "Stratford Post" knows of many cases in this fortunate district in which farmers have been giving free grazing to hundreds of acres to keep the grass in check. The Taranaki sheep-farmers view the situation with great satisfaction, as there is every prospect of obtaining record prices for their lambs and surplus sheep. The dairy farmers, the "oPst" says, are certainly putting up records, and some of their returns are astounding. One of the leading suppliers on the Plains is drawing £640 a month for milk alone, and a number of farmers are drawing £1 5/ per acre per month for milk only. Perhaps the record in small holdings is held by Mr. E. Long, a settler near Manaia, who milks twenty cows on forty acres, and drew £55 for last month's cheque.

A Necessary Work.

Dr. Farr, of Christchurch, at the last meeitng of the New Zealand Institute read a letter he had received from the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism, Carnegie Institution, Washington. It was stated that the German Government had already responded to the demands of the department, as far as the magnetic survey of the Pacific Ocean was concerned, and had assisted in equipping Heimbrod, one of the department's magnetic observers, who is making observations in the Pacific Islands. Dr. Farr urged that a combined effort should be made to send an expedition, representing all branches of science, to the Pacific Islands in the Hinemoa or the Tutanekai next summer. The trip could embrace visits to the Antipodes, Auckland, Chatham, and other islands. After some discussion, Dr. Thomas moved:—"That this Institute desires to express its complete sympathy with the projected scientific survey of the southern islands, and that it be an instruction to the Standing Committee to wait upon the Minister for Marine and impress on him the importance of such survey." This was carried.

"Out."

Owing to a certain undesirable element among the list of "paying guests" visiting the Exhibition, board and lodging has not been so very profitable in some cases as it might have been. And boardinghouse keepers have learned another rule of the game, viz.: "That down the fire escape and over the fence is 'out.'"—Christchurch "Star."

Quite Unusual.

A local poultry-keeper has a startling tale to unfold, says the Taranaki "Herald." He has, he says, a silver Wyandotte pullet aged four months, which has developed mouse-killing propensities. The other day he saw a pullet attack a mouse which was in the fowl-yard, and having caught it she did not leave it until she had shaken the life out of it.

Worth The Trouble.

There are many little incidents connected with the Huia's search which are very interesting (says the North Auckland "Age"). For instance, on one occasion a piece of iron about a foot square was sent up on a board. It was covered with seaweed and had a worthless appearance, but it was suspiciously heavy. When cleaned it was found to have a few hundreds pounds' worth of half-sovereigns corroded on each side of it. Then a cigar-box was about half filled with half-sovereigns—this little lot amounted to £459. Then there was the danger of the schooner getting on the rocks, only skilful seamanship averting disaster. Quite exciting work, but we should imagine the results so far are very gratifying to the officers and crew.

Sensible Idea.

Dr. Mason, Health Officer, has prepared a report with reference to the periodical medical inspection of school children, especially as regards the nose and throat. It may be repeated that in many parts of the world the importance to the ear, eye and teeth of examining children from a health point of view is rightly recognised. Dr. Mason's proposals are concerned with thoroughly safeguarding the children. It is desired to discover in good time ailments or defects of the eye, nose, throat, teeth and skin. Many children suffer from an adenoid growth, which not only interferes with proper breathing, but, by blocking up the canal leading to the ear, produces an amount of deafness which impairs the ability of the pupil to take full advantage of what the teachers say. The unhealthy habit of mouth breathing is usually the result of an obstruction at the back of the nose. The inhalation of unwarmed air—that is, air which has not passed through the nasal passages—has a deleterious effect on the sensitive lining of the lungs. The sense of smell is also diminished by the non-use of the membrane of the nose. Another most important point is the question of eyesight, and the headaches of which children between 13 and 14 years complain are in many instances due to some physical defect in the structure of the eye. Occasionally you find children accused of inattention and backwardness, when as a matter of fact they may be unable to see the blackboard. In addition to examinations by medical men, teachers will be asked to keep a careful watch on children, and note those who are afflicted with a cough. A little dry hacking cough is very often the forewarning of consumption. The importance of recognising this is very great indeed, adds Dr. Mason, not only for the sake of the cougher, but of other children.

Inquiries from America.

By the last San Francisco mail the Tourist Department received over 1200 letters from all parts of the world, 90 per cent of which were inquiries from people who are seeking detailed information as to the climate and characteristics of this country and the conditions of life, with a view to making New Zealand the scene of their life's endeavour. A great proportion of the letters are from the United States of America and Canada.

A sample of the laconic style of correspondence that prevails in America is the following letter—one of the foregoing—of a University man dated from Howell's, N.Y.:—"Saw the advertisements in 'Farmer,' re New Zealand, and write for information. Am a Canadian, a British subject, graduate of Toronto in arts and theology, but owing to ill-health will have to relinquish my profession, but lived and worked the first twenty years of my life on farm in the province of Ontario. Having decided to go into agriculture (as my health is first-class then), the question of where to go is important. Western Canada where I have travelled, is rather severe. What opportunities are there for the production and sale of milk, etc., markets, raising of fruit, probable cost of getting there, etc.? Have just completed reading 'Progress of New Zealand in the Nineteenth Century,' authors R. F. Irwine, M.A., and O. T. J. Alpers, M.A., which verify your splendid advertisements. When I found that 97 per cent of the people were British, the prospect is somewhat different to living where 85 per cent of the people are foreigners."

School Children's Teeth.

Nearly a year has elapsed since the matter of paying attention to the teeth of children attending school was brought before the Wellington Education Board. It was then decided to allow the Wellington Dental Association to make a systematic examination of the teeth of children in the higher standard sof the State schools. As, to a very great extent, the preservation of the digestive organs depends on the soundness of the teeth, it may be said that good teeth conduce to the pleasure of living, and even to longevity, the obvious reverse being physical troubles of a diverse and painful character. This established, the value of a comprehensive report on children's "second" teeth cannot be unedrrated, and must create a great deal of interest as it has a bearing on the physique of generations to come.

Summarised, the returns furnished by those appointed to do the work by the Wellington Dental Association and compiled by Mr. W. H. Didsbury, show that the teeth of 1148 children (488 girls and 600 boys) of Standard IV., V., VI., and VII., were examined. The lines of the examination were:—

1. Teeth that needed filling.
2. Teet hthat should be extracted.
3. Abscessed teeth.

It was found in the 1148 children examined that 5887 teeth (3706 upper and 2181 lower) needed treatment, an alarming avarage of ove rfive teeth per head in children whose ages ranged from eight to sixteen years. "This average," says the report, "may appear low, but, really it is very high indeed, for we must remember that it applies to many children who have not yet erupted all their teeth."

The following table gives particulars as to the teeth needing treatment in the different schools:—

School.	Pupils.	Ages.	Carious Teeth.
Newtown (2)	152	9.15	818
Willis-st	231	9.15	912
Thorndon	232	10.16	1345
Terrace	215	8.16	1112
Island Bay	35	9.14	180
Mt. Cook	40	9.15	260
Petone	204	9.15	1047
Father Lane's	39	9.15	223

Main Trunk Line and Settlement.

Is the railway doing any more than conquering distance? asking a Wellington paper, discussing the Main Trunk line. What development is resulting? Anyone who rides up the bush road from Taihape to Turangerere will see the outward and visible signs of development at all points of the horizon—black or blue-grey smoke-wreaths curling up from a dozen different sections where the holders are burning off. The season is good for burns, the work of forest-conquest is everywhere in evidence, and if the Government's remedy for native tenures grows as fast as the grass does, the valley of the Hautapu will flow with milk and honey. Many unkind things have been said of the pumiceous, tussocky Waiouru soil, yet it is not without its possibilities, as is evidenced by the turnip and clover paddocks at the Waiouru station homestead, where 23,000 sheep are shearing at this very moment. Farther north again the line penetrates the noted Karioi run, with its homestead of Waione. This beautiful Maori name, which fairly melts on the tongue, is not to be perpetuated in the railway guide, because some other place has annexed it. The railway station will be called Ninia. Of the Waimarino, its timber and its soil, enough has been written. Suffice it here to say that the brightest prospects seem to be before Ohakune, if the prices of land do not soar too high. The history of the sawmill and the settler during the next few years is bound to be one of strenuous activity.

Prominent noses seem to have been the property of many great men. Lycurgus and Solon had noses six inches in length, and Ovid was surnamed Naso on account of his large nose. Scipio Nasica derived his name from his prominent olfactory organ, and Alexander the Great and Cardinals Wolsey and Riebelieu all had large noses. On the medals of Cyrus and Artaxerxes their noses came clear out to the rim of the coin.

Washington's was the true aquiline type, indicative of firmness and patience, as was the nose of Julius Caesar. Mohammed had a singular nose. It was so curved that a writer has told us that the point of it seemed continually striving to insert itself between his lips. The noses of Franklin, Shakespeare, and Dr. Johnson all had wide nostrils, betokening strength and love of thought. The nose of Napoleon was exquisitely, though firmly chiselled. He often said, "Give me a man with plenty of nose!"

Frederick the Great had so large a nose that Lavater offered to wager that blindfolded he could tell it among ten thousand by merely taking it between his thumb and forefinger.

LAWN TENNIS

(By Wimbledon.)

Hickson (West End) played A. S. C. Brown (Mount Eden) on Saturday, and was beaten in a very profracted match by three sets to two. Brown played very well at first, but the tennis was of the steady rather than the brilliant order. Hickson plays a very faulty backhand stroke, and Brown did not keep to his opponent's weak spot so much as he should have done. Hickson's backhand is so bad that the Mount Eden player should have given him every chance to practise it under difficulties. Hickson cannot possibly turn his present backhand into a winning stroke. He should shed it while he is yet young, and get the proper stroke. With his present service and backhand he is hopelessly anchored so far as regards first-class play, and it would be a pity to see a player of great possibilities handicapped by retaining faulty strokes.

Brown is not quick at adopting tactics. If the match were played again, and Brown's tactics were laid down in cast-iron rules, he would win. The trouble with too many of our young players is that their knowledge of the game is so incomplete that their tactics are absolutely stereotyped. This should be avoided, as it means ruin to anyone's game.

Grossmann was unable to play any of his matches on Saturday, as he was suffering from a slight attack of sciatica. He hopes to be able to resume play early this week.

C. Heather beat Mair in the Auckland championship after an interesting match which ran to four sets. Heather has been showing good form this season, but had a few days "off colour" recently. He is, however, getting into his game again, and should make things interesting in his club championship, and possibly also in the Auckland event.

I have not heard anything about the boys' championship yet. This should be started as soon as possible, and I hope to hear that the event is restored to its original and broader scope of a straight out provincial championship instead of being continued in its present narrow form. It would not improve the standard of lawn tennis in Auckland if we narrowed the championship down to those who had attended the local university.

I have recently, in club matches, defeated two players. Feeling that I could afford to spare myself, I played them from the baseline. After the match was over I had the same experience with each of them. It was not good lawn tennis that we were playing, for when one is playing from the baseline one is only playing half the game, but both of these players overlooked the fact that it is justifiable to win from the baseline if one can, but that it is wholly unjustifiable to lose from the baseline if one can volley at all well—and both these players can do this. If you cannot beat your man from the baseline you must attack him vigorously. Even if you can beat him from the base line a little worrying at the net is always stimulating for him. Players, especially young ones, should always remember that it is almost always wholly unjustifiable to lose from the baseline.

A. S. C. Brown and Pickmere went down to P. A. Vaile and G. R. Buttle in the Mount Eden club handicap doubles. Buttle is a young player, and during the first set he played from the baseline, and his side lost a love set. He saw that this would not do, and started playing the proper game, running in on everything. He volleyed and served really well, and Vaile and he ran out winners by two sets to one. This was another case in which Brown was slow to respond to changed tactics. In the first set, with Vaile and Buttle on the baseline in defence, he and Pickmere frequently lobbed and stayed back. This, of course, was futile. A good length ball and follow in was the game here. Again, when Vaile and Buttle were attacking vigorously, and the lob should have been used, it was conspicuous by its absence, with the result that Buttle scored many points by really good work at the net. He is a much improved player, and will soon become prominent in the game, for his head-work is excellent.

J. H. Turner has advanced two stages in his club championship singles, having defeated Pickmere and H. Hesketh.

J. Stewart, the popular secretary of the Mount Eden Lawn Tennis Club, is showing greatly improved form this season. Many of his ground strokes are excellent, and his volleying and placing are at times very good.

The Onehunga players are showing great keenness for the game, and with such a good coach as Peel they should come on rapidly.

I was glad to see Thomson foot-faulting some of the players. Evidences of moral courage of this nature are quite refreshing, especially when, as in his case, some of the culprits were ladies. One of the latter asked him in tones of utter incredulity, if he had actually foot-faulted her, and upon receiving an affirmative answer, gravely informed him, having discreetly retired meanwhile, that she always served from a foot behind the baseline. Perhaps in this case the unfortunate umpire would be excused if he were to plead that the feet are so small that he cannot see the difference. This requires thinking out, but foot-faulting is a very real evil, and anyone who has the courage to strictly and fairly interpret the rules as they are will always have my support, but he must be prepared for a few black looks.

Mr. J. G. Ritchie, the well-known English player, frequently jumps in the air at the time of striking the ball. Ritchie is well-known for other things than his lawn tennis, and one of them is his choleric temper. I remember once at Queen's Club, West Kensington, making him nearly frantic by foot-faulting him three times for acrobatic performances not contemplated by our absurd rule. Ritchie firmly protested that his feet were both on the ground, but as the linesman's decision is final as to fact, especially when he is firm, the fiery one had to accept the decision.

The lob is a stroke that is too little used here. Its value is very great in the hands of a capable exponent. How well the Americans use it may be seen from the following extract from an English paper, dealing with the last international match for the Davis Cup:—"Something of a sensation was caused when the challenging pair took the first set with the loss of only three games. They had literally swept the great Dohertys off their feet. Lobbing persistently and always high, they gave the brothers no opportunity to low volley them at the net, and when in their turn they advanced after a particularly fine toss, nothing more was seen of the ball until a spectator fished for it in the crowd. "R. F.'s" work overhead was at this time conspicuously weak and even the imperturbable "H. L." seemed demoralised by the sequence of lobs. Meanwhile Little was playing the game of his life. He was a different player from what he was on Friday against Smith. His overhead work was by far the smartest and most deadly of the four, while his ground strokes had the sting and direction of a master. Only his low volleying was occasionally at fault. Quick to detect weak points in their opponents' armour, the Dohertys shot balls at Little's feet as he advanced on his service; he just failed to gauge the proper length, and the ball fell dead at his toes."

Gambling has always been a favourite occupation for the sons of royal houses; but none of them, probably, has ever exhibited so much wit and ingenuity in his betting as a foreign prince did at his stay in Paris.

He laid a heavy wager with a member of the Imperial Club of the French capital that within two hours he would be arrested by the police without committing any offence or provoking the officers of the law in any fashion. Accordingly, having clothed himself in rags of the most disreputable appearance, he walked into one of the most aristocratic restaurants of the city and ordered a cup of chocolate. The waiter refused to serve him unless he showed evidence that he could pay. The prince at once drew a roll of bank-notes from his pocket and offered one of large denomination to the astonished attendant. The latter took the bill, and carried it at once to the proprietor, who sent for the police, in the meantime allowing his strange guest to be served.

As soon as the authorities arrived, they arrested the incognito scion of royalty and took him to the nearest station, where, of course, he was released after he had disclosed the facts of the affair.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. J. C. WILLIAMSON'S
NEXT GREAT ATTRACTION,
Commencing
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18.

First Appearance in Auckland of the Two Brilliant Young Stars,

MR. CHARLES WALDRON,
MR. CHARLES WALDRON,

And

MISS OLA HUMPHREY.
MISS OLA HUMPHREY.

Supported by
MR. J. C. WILLIAMSON'S
GREAT NEW DRAMATIC COMPANY

Of English, American, and Australian Artists, when will be presented E. Milton Royle's Great Drama,

THE SQUAW MAN.

"The Most Brilliant Success of the theatrical year."

"Antony and Cleopatra" was gorgeously revived in London by Mr. Beerbohm Tree on December 27. The play had been in the Shakesperian repertoire of the Benson Company, who staged it in due course for a night or two, but the last big production was by Mrs. Langtry fifteen years ago. Mrs. Langtry not being in any way a noteworthy actress, that revival is remembered in London chiefly for the audible remark of one elderely lady in the stalls to another: "How very different from the home-life of our own dear Queen!" The piece is difficult to stage, and it is probably as long since Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Brown Potter appeared in it in New York, while in Australia, though Mme. Bernhardt presented Sardou's "Cleopatre" in 1891, Shakespeare's tragedy has not been performed for twenty-five years. Miss Louise Pomeroy played it at the Sydney Theatre Royal in February, 1882. As regards Miss Constance Collier, the new Cleopatra at Her Majesty's, it is admitted that she had the right type of brunette beauty and delivered her lines well. Beyond those points the critics disagree. One daily intimates that she lacked imagination, and then praises her; another remarks that "she failed to make it credible that she would have enslaved such a man as Marc Antony," yet is able to conclude, "One may say that Miss Collier is entitled to an ovation rather than triumph." Miss Collier being thus gingerly dealt with, it is not to be supposed that the Australian reader will learn what Tree's Marc Antony was really like. More than one critic reminds the public that this great actor "is never at his best on a first night." He seems not to have been heroic, but he was often pathetic, also "we should like to say that he swept us along with him by the music of Shakespeare's lines. It is possible that Mr. Tree was a desperate failure, for he received a vast amount of qualified praise. The play itself was cut down from 38 scenes to 13, in doing which the war-like atmosphere was wholly lost, but the love-story was emphasised. The scenery, with its tableau of the barge, was magnificent, and it is predicted "that all London will crowd to see this sumptuously spectacular and truly great production."

According to a cablegram just received by Mr. J. C. Williamson, Mr. Andrew Mack is leaving San Francisco on his Australasian tour on the 28th of this month (February), so that he will arrive in New Zealand in ample time for his opening at Wellington on Easter Saturday. He is bringing a full company, which he describes as even stronger than the previous one, and several new plays, including "Miles Aroon" and "Eileen Asthore," as well as all the established favourites in his repertoire.

The Court of Appeal has dismissed the appeal made by Mr. Harry Rickards against the judgment of the Court of King's Bench in the action brought against him by Ferdinand Glinseretti, manager of a troupe of acrobats, for breach of contract. In this case it will be remembered that Mr. Rickards was charged with breach of contract, because he refused to carry out an agreement on the ground that the troupe referred to was not in all respects the same as when he engaged it. A verdict was given against him, and damages were assessed at £500.

Miss Amy Castles (writes our London correspondent) has been selected as the leading soprano for the Harrison Concert Company, in succession to Madame Patti. Miss Castles has signed a contract on a rising scale of salary, for the next four years, for all provincial tours. She has just completed a very successful series of concerts under Mr. Harrison, appearing in most the English citis, and in Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Glasgow. Mr. George Castles, her brother, has been engaged by Mr. Seymour Hicks to appear with Miss Marie Studholme in a new musical comedy to be shortly produced at the new theatre he is building in London. The engagement is for three years, and will necessitate Mr. Castles surrendering his position on the staff of the Victorian Agency-General.

Pepito Arriola is something much more than an average "enfant prodigue." He is a little Spanish lad, only 10 years old, and with such small hands that a piano with specially narrow keys has had to be constructed for his recitals. Yet he plays like a mature artist, and has made the greatest sensation in Berlin and London. Miss Una Bourne heard him, and abundantly confirms the unanimous and enthusiastic judgment of the critics. Professor Nikisch has brought him forward, and he is still studying in Berlin.

Bill-posting in a large portion of Scotland and Northern England has been cornered by a syndicate with a capital of £300,000. Ten firms have been bought out, and all the existing stands secured. The object of the combine is ostensibly to make prices uniform, but theatrical people are apprehensive lest it may yet take into its head to make or, may certain classes of drama largely dependent on printing, unless extortionate payments are made.

London County Council appear to have been guilty of sharp practice in regard to their dealings with the Alhambra Music-hall. Certain alterations, necessitating the expenditure of £20,000, were ordered, and, as compensation for this, the council granted the Alhambra permission to encroach on the existing building-line, thus carrying the steps further into the street. This was accepted by the Alhambra, and the work was about to be commenced when the owner of the property next door applied for an injunction to restrain the work. When inquiries were made it was found that the owner of the adjoining property was the council itself, and the judge promptly refused the application.

Messrs. Tait's cinematograph drama, "The Kelly Gang," has been a wonderful success in Melbourne. Speaking of the pictures, the Sydney "Bulletin" says:—"The gang is presented in the pure spirit of the twopenny coloured melodrama and the moral of the story is that it is nobler and more righteous in the eyes of the gods to be a tall bushranger and thieve and kill than to be the despicable policeman who loses his life in endeavouring to trap outlaws. These splendid bushrangers never come within a hundred yards of a woman without taking off their hats, and on occasions they remove their hats as often as nine times to one woman."

This is held to be a glorious characteristic, and justifies all Ned Kelly's viciousness and villianies. They are very respectable to corpses, too, these double-dyed murderers, and when they have shot a wounded constable in cold blood they all take off their hats to his boy, and say he was a brave man, and the audience applauds feelingly, satisfied that Ned Kelly was a gentleman of exquisite sensibilities." What with Mdlle. Dolores, Clara Butt, the "Besses," and the Kelly Gang, the Tait Brothers may claim to be varied entrepreneurs.

Mr. Charles Waldron, Miss Ola Humphrey, and the other members of Mr. J. C. Williamson's new dramatic company will arrive in Auckland on Sunday next, and commence an 18 night's season at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday evening with the production, for the first time in Auckland, of "The Squaw Man." The story of the play, as briefly told as possible, is that of a young Englishman, who, to save the head of his noble family from punishment for embezzlement, and a woman he loves from disgrace, takes the crime on his own shoulders and makes off to America, where he becomes a cattle ranchman in the west. There he marries an Indian girl who has nursed him through a raging fever, and has also saved him from being shot by a desperado. Hence the title of the play, for in the Western States of America, when a white man marries an Indian woman he becomes termed "a squaw man." The Indian wife eventually commits suicide when her husband attempts to take the son away from her and have him sent to England to be educated properly to take the title to which he himself has inherited, but renounced in the child's favour. This leaves the way clear for a meeting with his former sweetheart, and when the curtain falls it is upon one of those happy endings—suggested rather than spoken—that the majority of theatregoers delight in. The hero is said to be conspicuously well pourtrayed by Mr. Williamson's new leading man, Mr. Charles Waldron. The new leading lady, Miss Ola Humphrey, appears as the Countess Diana, and though her part is not very heavy, yet it gives her an opportunity of displaying that ability which is so strongly in evidence in the succeeding plays, "The Virginian," "Under Two Flags," and "The Christian." The caste of "The Squaw Man" is an exceptionally long one, including more than thirty speaking parts.

The Royal Comics have been doing splendid business at His Majesty's Theatre with "A Country Girl" and "La Mascotte," which followed "Cingalee." That old favourite, "The Belle of New York," will conclude the season, and among the cast Aucklanders will welcome Miss Tillie Woodlock, who is absolutely the best Mamie Clancy we have seen here.

One of the features of the present entertainment at Olympia, London, is a snake dance, performed by six Moki Indians, who juggle fearlessly with full-fanged rattlesnakes. Willow Bird, the chief, stated that he and his companions do not fear the snakes, because they are stronger than them. "Yes, we are strong," asserted the other five in chorus. Man's faith in his strength is sometimes supreme. "Jack" Graham, the well-known Melbourne wrestler, was once performing in a circus, and, when the lion-tamer fell ill, cheerfully took his place for the night, supremely confident in the belief that if the animals turned nasty he would bring them to reason by a sudden application of the hammerlock and the half-Nelson.

At a meeting of the leaders of the dramatic profession at the Garrick Theatre, in London, Mr. John Hare, who presided, said that the suggestion to endow an Irving Theatre would necessitate a public subscription of £500,000, and prominent members of the profession were agreed that that was impossible. He proposed that a statue of Irving should be erected—there was almost an indefinite promise of a site in one of the chief thoroughfares of London—by subscriptions from the managers, actors, actresses, and dramatist of the United Kingdom and America. This was agreed to. Miss Ellen Terry, however, is not satisfied with this, and has received much influential support for her plan to establish a national memorial in the shape of a museum, library, and picture gallery on the lines of the Shakespeare memorial at Stratford-on-Avon.

"Peter Pan" seems to be a wonderful money-maker, for the latest advices from London indicate that its third revival there at the end of December was a huge success. Though the piece had scarcely begun its run at the time the theatre was already booked right up to February, and so great was the rush to see it that a course of daily matinees had to be initiated. At the same time the shops had taken note of the boom, and everywhere in London "Peter Pan" toys, crackers, and post cards were to be seen prominently displayed in the windows of the retail houses.

A GREAT ARTIST.

MADAME ARRAL'S N.Z. TOUR.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST SPLENDID SINGERS.

It is only now, more's the pity, when Madame Blanche Arral's tour is well nigh completed, that the New Zealand public have awakened to the fact that we have amongst us an artist of such splendid natural gifts, superbly cultivated, as is seldom heard, even in the great opera houses of the Old World. It would be useless to disguise the fact that the initial apathy of the musical public with regard to Madame resulted from the fact that her name is not familiar—as are those of Melba, and Patti, as one of the world's supreme sopranos. But what, after all, do we know of the prima donnas of the great musical world of Europe, outside these two undoubtedly great, but certainly not unequalled artistes. It does, at first, strike one as strange, more especially after hearing Madame, that the fame of so consummate an artist should not have reached us, but if one reflects for an instant, how many names, as one has observed, do we know of the great prima donnas who are this very week delighting the public in the vast opera houses of Rome, Milan, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Petersburg, not to mention South America, where the prices paid to singers are truly phenomenal, and where the writer heard the great Tamagno and the greater Massini long before they were known to London, simply because they wouldn't face the climate there. No, England idolises and sets upon a pedestal certain singers, but they are not by any means the only stars, and it is from amongst the Continental constellations—brilliant as they are numerous—that Madame Arral has shot forth to visit the colonies. So much, then, for what seemed mysterious concerning Madame Arral. Now as to a personal opinion of her status as an artist—after hearing her sing. To contend that she possesses the enormous power of a Melba would be absurd, but one may unhesitatingly place her on the same plane with that singularly successful singer and also with Antonia Dolores; and in doing this one confidently asserts that to nine persons out of ten the operatic singing of Madame Blanche Arral is infinitely more pleasing and a thousand times more sympathetic than that of Melba—as we heard her here in New Zealand, at all events. Comparisons are proverbially voted odious, but they are sometimes the only means by which a writer out here can hope to fairly place before his readers his opinions of such an artist as Madame Arral, whose name and fame are not familiar in our ears. A true artist at the very zenith of her vocal powers, an artist with a soprano voice of the highest quality, perfectly cultivated.

Madame Arral is also endowed with dramatic and histrionic instincts seldom indeed found in operatic singers even of the highest reputation. In her selections from grand opera, such as Faust, Carmen, and Mignon, Madame Arral not merely sings the music as did "the Marble Melba," but throws herself into the parts as if she were veritably on the operatic stage, and not upon the concert platform. The result is simply magnetic. The emotions of the audience are drawn irresistibly to Madame, and she does what she wills with them. Her versatility is nothing less than amazing, and her "staying power," if one may so put it, is beyond conception. Numbers of the most intricate difficulty succeed each other till it seems as if no mortal voice could stand so terrific a strain, but to this artiste there appears no such word as strain, and tiring is not in her vocabulary, and it is an absolute fact that after a programme including some dozen of world-famous operatic soprano solos (including the jewel song and prison scene from Faust) and concluding with the Polacca from Mignon, Madame seems if anything in finer voice than at the commencement of the concert. In Auckland, Madame opened to a house which, so far as finance goes, would have amply justified her in returning the money taken at the doors. She sang, however, and perhaps the better for this spur to her pride, and worked the comparatively-speaking, handful of an audience into a passion of enthusiasm such as in thirty years of theatre-going in all parts of the world the writer has seldom seen excelled.

To enthuse too strenuously is often to defeat ones own object, and moreover courts the accusation of hysteria, but the reputation of this paper for sane criticism is with confidence laid in the emphatic assertion that a more pleasing, more satisfying artist than Madame Arral has seldom if ever visited the colony.

The charm which endeared Dolores to us on her first visit—it had disappeared to some extent last time—is her charm, her voice is equally fresh and pure, and high in power and cultivation, and added to this she is an actress, so imbued with the acting instinct that she must needs act even to a beggarly array of empty benches. It is to be hoped that Aucklanders will realise what they have already missed, and pack the choral hall to suffocation on Thursday and Saturday.

It is a consummation most devoutly to be wished, for it is only when such artistes are able to report satisfactorily on our support of the arts, on their return to Europe, that we can hope for the visits of such truly splendid stars as Madame Blanche Arral—of whom the writer is convinced we shall hear considerably more as the years go by.

Our Illustrations

HAMILTON REGATTA.

The Hamilton regatta and aquatic carnival, which took place on Saturday last, was favoured with the very best of good weather. The entries for all events were large and some good racing was witnessed. But few spectators journeyed up to Hamilton from Auckland, but local people were present in large numbers. The pretty Waikato River, banked by steep grassy slopes, presented a very pretty picture indeed. The course for about one mile is practically straight, and thus spectators got a full view of the race from start to finish. The following are the results:—

Maiden Fours (10st and under).—West End (C. Carter, C. Kelly, T. Bloomfield, A. Carlaw) 1, Hamilton 2. In the race Waitemata actually came in second, but one member of their crew was overweight, and they were disqualified.

Swimming Race (handicap, 75yds.—Tyler 1, Edwards 2, Telstram 3. Won easily.

Junior Fours (open).—Waitemata (J. Magee, J. Maguire, J. Parkinson, G. Page) 1, Auckland 2, Ngaruawahia 3.

100yds Swimming Race.—A. G. Williamson 1, F. Bastable 2, R. G. Rainger 3.

Ladies' Challenge Cup (for country clubs only).—Ngaruawahia (W. Wilson, H. Henderson, A. Lockie, C. Reisterer) 1, Hamilton 2. These were the only starters. Won easily.

50yds Swimming Race.—Farrer 1, Rainger 2, Williamson 3.

Launch Race.—Mr G. S. Lapwood's Mascotte (scr) 1, Mr Walsh's launch (1min) 2, Mr G. A. Hurd-Wood's Tauhwha (2min) 3.

Junior Fours (10st and under).—Waitemata (E. Brewin, A. Fleming, W. Claridge, and T. Marshall) 1, Auckland 2. Won by two lengths, after a good race. Hamilton crew swamped.

Maiden Fours (open), for Dewar Challenge Shield.—North Shore (R. W. Warren, E. Buchanan, F. Goudie, A. Patterson) 1, Ngaruawahia 2, Auckland 3. This was the most exciting race of the day. The three placed crews kept well together, and at the finish North Shore, with a magnificent spurt, secured the judge's verdict by half a length.

Senior Fours (open).—Waitemata No. 1 (F. Herring, T. Bell, A. Andrews, T. Richards) 1, St. George's 2, Waitemata 3. Only three crews started. The winners won by thirty lengths with the greatest of ease. The race from start to finish appeared to be merely an exercise paddle for them.

VERSE OLD AND NEW

The Suburbanite.

Behold the gay suburbanite,
Who tramps the muddy road.
He whistles, and his heart is light,
Though heavy be his load.

The beacon window glow he spies
Through snow and rain and sleet.
He wipes the moisture from his eyes,
And then he wipes his feet.

Inside the house he finds it dryer,
But cold. He takes a look.
The cook has failed to make the fire,
And so he fires the cook.

The larder's empty. All the shops
Within the neighbourhood
Are closed. He thinks he'd like some chops.
And so he chops some wood.

His exercise is quite a strain,
With dumb-bells and with hatchet,
For he who runs to catch a train
Must train to run and catch it.

No breakfast his. With might and main
He runs. Time will not wait,
For if he's late to catch a train
The train is never late.

But when he's early on the spot,
To show its mighty power
The 7.10 train, as like as not,
Is late an even hour.

SAM. S. STINSON.

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Household News.

The reading-lamp was reading
And the savings-bank was saving,
While the kneading-board was kneading
And the shaving-mug was shaving;
But the looking-glass was looking
In all different directions
(While the cuckoo clock was cooking)
And was making some reflections.

Then the inking-pad ceased inking,
For the looking-glass was jibing
That the drinking-glass was drinking
More than it should be imbibing;
And the telephone was telling
What was mentioned by the mirror,
And the spelling-book was spelling
All the words, to make it clearer.
Yes, the writing-desk was writing
All the looking-glass' gossip—
All the innuendoes biting
On the drinking-glass it saw sip;
And the prayer-rug was praying
That they should avoid a quarrel,
And from all that they were saying
Struggled hard to fetch a moral.

Then the whisk-broom started whisking
Back and forth to tell the others
Of how much they all were risking
When they should agree as brothers—
Suddenly in came the mistress,
And she halted at the border
Of the room and said in distress,
"Why, the place is in disorder!"

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The Motor Boat.

In the good old days of yore—
Say, in Nineteen-hundred-four—
The seahorse was a dandy place to rest in!
There was not too much excitement,
And good sleep was what the night meant,
And a daily nap or two the day was blest in!

Oh, the change that's taken place!
Motor boats are in the race,
With their p-p-palpitating,p-p-perpetual
P-p - pa - pa - pa - peterpiperpicktapeckepickledpeppers-pa-pa-pa-pa-pop-pup!

Now before the dawn of day
Spreads its crimson on the bay,
When the lulling waves invite to sweetest slumber,
Then from out the river-mouth
P-p-puffing east or p-p-puffing south,
Dash the motor boats in ever-growing number.
Sleep they drive from lovely eyes;
Men breathe oaths of lurid dyes,
And the noisome nuisance of their potent p-p-puffing
Pa - pa - pa - pa - peterpiperpicktapeckepickledpeppers-pa-pa-pa-pa-pop-pup!

You are sitting on the shore
With the fair one you adore;
On your lips the all-momentous question hovers,
When, with sudden discord, round
Lobster Point, with horrid sound,
Comes the motor boat detestable to lovers.
Inimous to sentiment,
On the coast sweet bays indent,
Is the motor boat, with nauseous smelling gasoline of lowest grade
And its pa-pa-pa-pa-peterpiperpicktapeckopickledpeppers-pa-pa-pop-pup!

They have driven out the dories
Which were picturesque in stories,
And a vision for the enterprising painter,
Now the artless fisherman
Fills an engine from a can,
And p-p-puffs out to sea with noise that grows no fainter.
How I hate the motor boat!
Nephews sink the oues afloat,
Of invent a noiseless one without its p-p-provoking
Pa - pa - pa - pa - peterpiperpicktapeckepickledpeppers-pa-pa-pa-pa-pop-pup!

Girls I Have Known.

The liveliest girl I ever met
Was charming Annie Mation;
Exceeding sweet was Carry Met;
Helpful, Amelia Nation.

Nicer than Jenny Rashy
It would be hard to find;
Lovely was Rhoda Dendron, too,
One of the flower kind.

I did not fancy Polly Gon,
Too angular was she;
And I could never take at all
To Annie Mosity.

I rather liked Miss Sarah Nade,
Her voice was full of charm;
Hester (sa) too nervous was,
She filled me with alarm.

E. Lucy Date was clear of face,
Her skin was like a shell;
Miss Ella Gant was rather nice,
Though she was awful swell.

A clinging girl was Jessie Mine,
I asked her me to marry
In vain — now life is full of fights,
For I'm joined to Millie Tary.

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The Elocutionist's Curfew.

England's sun was slowly setting—(Raise your right hand to your brow),
Filling all the land with beauty—(Wear a gaze of rapture now);
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair.
(With a movement slow and graceful you may now push back your hair);
He with sad, bowed head—(A drooping of your head will be all right),
Tilt you hoarsely, sadly whisper) "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered—(Try here to resemble Bess,
Though of course you know she'd never worn quite such a charming dress),
"I've a lover in that prison—(Don't forget to roll your r's
And to shiver as though gazing through the iron prison bars),
"Cromwell will not come till sunset"—(Speak each word as though you'd bite
Every syllable to pieces)—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—(Here extend your velvet palm,
Let it tremble like the sexton's as though striving to be calm),
"Long, long y'ars I've rung the curfew"—(Don't forget to make it y'ars),
With a pitiful inflection that a world of sorrow bears),
"I have done my duty ever"—(Draw yourself up to your height,
For you're speaking as the sexton)—"Gyurl, the curfew rings to-night!"

Out she swung, far out—(now here is where you've got to do your best;
Let your head be twisted backward, let great sobs heave up your chest,
Swing your right foot through an arc of ninety lineal degrees,
Then come down and swing your left foot, and be sure don't bend your knees;
Keep this up for fifteen minutes till your face is worn and white,
Then gaze at your mangled fingers)—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell—(Right hand to the brow once more;
Let your eyes look down the distance, say above the entrance door)
At his foot she told her story—(Lift youh hands as though they hurt)
And her sweet young face so haggard—(Now your pathos you assert,
Then you straighten up as Cromwell, and be sure you get it right:
Don't say "Go, your liver loves!" — well; "Curfew shall not ring to-night!")
—W. D. NESBIT in "Harper's Magazine."

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Loveliness.

Cold, sharp lamentation
In the cold, bitter winds
Ever blowing across the sky;
Oh, there was loneliness with me!
The loud sounding of the waves
Beating against the shore,
Their vast, rough, heavy outcry,
Oh, there was loneliness with me!
The light sea-gulls in the air,
Crying sharply through the harbours,
The cries and screams of the birds
With my own heart. Oh! that was loneliness.
The voice of the winds and the tide,
And the long battle of the mighty war:
The sea, the earth, the skies, like blowing of the winds.
Oh, there was loneliness in all of them together.

By Douglas Hyde.

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Forgiveness.

Your love may forgive your offences,
You may think it is over and done,
But she'll never forget she forgave—
Your punishment's only begun!

Scientific and Useful

SLEEPING SICKNESS.

In his official report to the Minister of the Interior with regard to the progress made by the German expedition sent to East Africa to investigate the sleeping sickness, Professor Koch announces (according to Reuter's Berlin correspondent) that he has discovered a specific against sleeping sickness similar to that which the doctors already possess against malaria, in quinine. The remedy, which is a preparation of arsenic, is called atoxyl, and destroys the trypanosomes, the germs of the disease. Professor Koch's close inspection of the habits of the glossina palpalis insect, which British investigation had already proved to be a disseminator of the disease, led him to the conclusion that the sleeping sickness can be spread also by other insects, such as, for instance, the glossina fusca. The glossina lives principally on the banks of lakes, among stones, dried branches and plants, and feeds on the blood of the waterfowl and fish frequenting the surface of the water, and also of crocodiles. These animals, Professor Koch declares, form one of the chief conditions of the existence of the glossina in the Victoria Nyanza territory. German East Africa has hitherto been completely free from the sleeping sickness; the few scattered cases reported have come without exception from British territory. In order to study the glossina and the sleeping sickness together, Professor Koch availed himself of the offer of an empty mission house, placed at his disposal by the British authorities at Bugala, in the Sesse Islands, to the north-west of the Victoria Nyanza.

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND VICTIMS IN FOUR YEARS.

When, four years ago, the disease made its appearance in the islands, the population numbered 30,000; it has now sunk to 12,000 through the ravages of the sickness. The principal victims were men in the prime of life. Such terrible inroads have been made that there are villages inhabited only by women and children. The theory of the English investigators, Gray and Greig, that the swelling of the glands in the neck is a primary symptom of the disease, was confirmed by Professor Koch, who found that even the natives had made the same observation. On this presumption, the percentage of the sleeping sickness among the natives in the Sesse Islands amounts to from 60 to 70, and if those are reckoned who were already infected, but whose glands were not yet swollen, then, Professor Koch observes, there are not many inhabitants in the islands whom preventive measures would benefit. The professor therefore came to the conclusion that the only remedy which would be efficacious would be one that destroyed the trypanosomes in the infected persons as quinine annihilates malaria parasites.

THE CURE.

After various experiments, Professor Koch decided to employ atoxyl injections of half a gramme in solution, which proved most efficacious, and caused no harm. Six hours after the sub-cutaneous injections had been made the trypanosomes were unchanged, but eight hours after there was no sign of trypanosomes, while the general condition of the patient had improved. In three weeks patients who were seriously ill when the treatment began, and who, without atoxyl, would certainly have died, had improved to such an extent as to leave no doubt in the Professor's mind of the efficacy of the remedy. Nine hundred patients are now being treated, and in two or three months Professor Koch thinks that the cure will be ended, but he adds that the patients must be observed for a similar period, lest relapses occur. The Professor concludes: "Only when we have obtained a certainty that the cure is permanent after the atoxyl treatment has been stopped, can we regard our task as achieved."

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ELECTRICITY IN THE HOME.

The many of the various uses to which electricity is being put in American homes are surveyed in a recent issue of the "Scientific American." The servant question is a keener problem in the United States than it is even in Britain, and the new handmaiden electricity is more in evidence. But even there the labour saving devices are mostly in use in the various hotels, from which, one may suppose, they will gradually be transplanted in slightly modified forms into the private houses. In one of the hotels a complete electric cooking-plant is installed in the centre of one of the restaurants, which it keeps well supplied with well-cooked viands without any of the usual accompaniments of smoke, heat, and smell. Here is one hint for the kitchen-dining-room of the future. But to take things in a more appropriate order, we find that there is an efficient potato-paring machine, which, under the influence of a small electric motor, delivers potatoes cleanly pared and ready for cooking, except that the eyes must be cut out by hand; while another little motor is engaged in chopping cabbage. Over the cooking apparatus already mentioned is an electrically-driven suction fan, which draws off all the odours created by the stewing foods. After dinner the plates and dishes are washed by an electric machine, which drives three changes of heated water all over their surfaces, and afterwards dries them by a fan apparatus. The knives are cleaned by passing them between rapidly revolving buff wheels and the steel blades may be ground sharp at the same time if desired. To obviate the storing and hauling of ice, a small electric refrigerating plant is a perfectly practicable apparatus. In the smoke room above is an electric cigar-lighter, while in my lady's room may be found electrically heated curling-irons and an ingenious hair-drying machine, which blows a continuous blast of hot, dry air through my lady's tresses so as to dry the most luxuriant hair in a few minutes.

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INFLUENZA.

Devoted entirely to the study of influenza, the current issue of the "Practitioner," if not the most cheerful, is one of the most valuable of the month's publications. It is curious that a disease so widely fatal when in epidemic, and likely to be so serious in its after effects, should be so lightly regarded by the public. It is lightly regarded. It is probably the only one of the physical ills that flesh is heir to that has attained the popularity of a nickname—"the flu." Perhaps this is because it is associated—in the minds of those who have not had it—merely with a "cold in the head." The peculiar potency of the disease lies in its aptitude for fastening on the centres of least resistance in the constitution attacked. A "multifaced" scourge, as our contemporary, borrowing the term which Southey applied to Satan, describes it. Remedies, in consequence, are dictated by individual cases; but Sir William Broadbent recommends quinine as the best specific from the very first invasion of the disease. This, with rest and the fresh air upon which Dr. Mackenzie so strongly insists, would seem to be the most efficacious "home treatment."

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AN INSECT MECHANIC.

Brunel, the famous engineer, was indebted to an insect for a great and useful invention. He was in a shipyard one day watching the movements of an insect known in English as the naval wood-worm, when a brilliant thought suddenly occurred to him. He saw that this creature bored its way into a large piece of wood upon which it was operating by means of a very extraordinary mechanical apparatus. Looking at the animal attentively through a microscope he found that it was covered in front with a pair of valvular shells; that with its foot as a purchase it communicated rotary motion and a forward impulse to the valves, which, acting upon the wood like a gimlet, penetrated its substance, and that as the particles of wood loosened they passed through the body of the borer to its mouth, where they were soon expelled. "Here," said Brunel to himself, "is the sort of thing I want. Can I reproduce it in an artificial form." He forthwith set to work, and the final result of his labours, after many failures, was the famous boring-shield with which the Thames tunnel was excavated.

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Sergeant Blixton's Romance

By ORME AGNUS, Author of "Love in Our Village," Etc.

I SPENT my vacation this summer at a little watering-place on the Dorset coast called Lulton, a charming spot unvexed by railways and cheap trippers. It was a delightful holiday, and before the six weeks were over, the fishermen on the beach, the Vicar, and Sergeant Blixton, of the County Constabulary, were my good friends, and the landlord and landlady of the Lulton Hotel, where I put up at, had supplied me with the biographies and genealogies of the village notabilities.

Sergeant Blixton introduced himself to me one afternoon soon after my arrival. I had taken my writing-pad with me, and in the field near the church sat down in the shade and began to write, feeling in the mood. Blixton must have been watching me for some time, but at last his curiosity got the better of him, and he sauntered up to me.

"Good afternoon, sir," said he, "A fine, warmish day."

"Good afternoon, Sergeant," I said, glancing at the stripes on his arm.

"You do seem to be doen a powerful lot of writen, sir."

"Well, a little," I replied.

"It struck me, when I saw you come, you were a hartist. We get a goodish few of ladies and gents here in the course of the year drawen things — they're very fond of drawen the church from just here. I thought at first you was drawen, sir, till I seen you use one piece of paper after another. You write for the papers, I suppose, sir?"

"Well, sometimes, Sergeant, but generally I write books."

Blixton was very much interested. He was fond of reading novels himself, he told me, and his wife was even more addicted to it. "I get a goodish few lent me," he said, "but I don't remember readen any of yours, sir. Mr Rilldale, they tells me at the 'Crown,' your name be."

I smiled, quite content to let the Sergeant pump me. If I must receive confidence it was only fair that I should impart some.

"I don't write under my own name," I said, "I call myself Alex Blond."

"Oh, then, I've read one of yours, sir, and that not long ago. What was it called? Sir Sommat."

"Sir Jasmine, perhaps?"

"That's it, sir. I did enjoy readen about his adventures in China. I called it real good. Fancy meeten the man who wrote it."

Sergeant Blixton and I were friends from that moment. He always found time to stay for a chat with me, and I learnt much from him. From my host I learnt that Blixton indulged in woodcarving as a hobby, and was considered to be very clever at it. The next time I saw Blixton I mentioned that I would like to see his work, and his face flushed with pleasure.

"You can and welcome, sir," he said, "but it won't seem nothen to a gentleman as understands it. Do you see, sir, I took it up to pass the time away, when I was laid up with a broken leg two years ago, and I've kept at it since in me spare time. If you'll call at seven to-night when I'm off duty I shall be glad to show you all I've done."

Blixton had executed some really creditable work, and I made him proud and happy by purchasing a carved stool. His wife, who was evidently diffident at having a real live author in the house, and, I fancied, made great preparations for my visit; at any rate, the house was spotless. She was a good-looking young woman, with good temper written plainly on her smiling features. It was easy to see that in their case marriage had not begun to cool affection, and there was no doubt the Sergeant was prouder of exhibiting his wife than his carvings. When, presently, she left the room, he remarked with emphasis: "Perhaps I'm not the best judge, sir, and you haven' asked my opinion, but that's the best woman in England, bar none."

"Certainly no one can be a better judge of that than her husband," I said.

"Quite true, sir, quite true. It's sommat nowadays for husbands and wives to speak well of each other, more's the pity. The best day's work I ever did was when I took Lily to the Church. You might call it romantic, too, the way we came together, and I've often thought it wouldn' make a bad yarn if it was put together properly."

"May I hear it?" I asked a little diffidently. I was doubtful whether Blixton would think this a case for "copy."

"With pleasure, sir, if you are not in a hurry. Sit down, sir, and I'll get some cider—the wife comes from Devonshire, and her people send us some every year—the real genuine stuff it is, too."

It was indeed the genuine stuff, and when I had duly praised it, the Sergeant, nothing loth, began his story.

"We've been married nearly three years, sir, and what I'm goen to tell you about happened when I was stationed near Weymouth. I was as strong and lusty as any man in the Force, and for that matter am still, except the leg I broke troubles me a bit now and then. My beat at that time was where there's a goodish few gentlemen's houses in their own grounds, and just before Christmas particular orders were sent round that we must keep a sharp lookout as a lot of burglaries had taken place upalong. I kept such a sharp look-out meself that I arrested one gentleman I saw getten in a drawen-room window at two o'clock in the mornen. He explained that he lived there, and had lost his latchkey, but I didn' believe him, as he wasn' dressed like a gentleman, and I marched him to the station, but the Super recognised him and apologised. I felt a big fool over the business, but the gentleman was very pleasant about it, and, instead of complainen, gave me half-acrown. He was a writer of scientific books, and had been out with the fishermen, that was why he was dressed so poorly.

"That made me extra careful, but some weeks afterwards I had a genuine case. It was one night about the middle of January, a bitterly cold night with a bit of fog that made you shiver. I was passen 'The Planes,' a house that stood by itself with a goodish-sized lawn and shrubbery at the side and a garden in the front, when I saw a light move in one of the downstair rooms that made me a bit suspicious. Mr. Courcy, one of our magistrates, lived there, but I knew he had gone abroad for the winter because his wife was in a poor state, and he had asked us to keep an eye on the place, as only the cook and housemaid and gardener were left to look after it. I didn' think it was likely they would be roamen about at three o'clock in the mornen, and I felt sure I'd got a chance at last to distinguish meself.

"I opened the gate as quietly as I could, and crept round to the window—the drawen-room window as it turned out—which opened on the lawn. But there was more than me about, for as I was creepen along there was a noise like an owl hooten from the shrubbery the other side of the lawn. I knew what that meant. There was a burglar inside, and the noise came from the chum left on guard outside, and the hoot was a signal that there was danger. It was no use hopen to take him unawares, and I made a rush for the window which was open, as I expected. But just at the moment I reached it there came rushen to it to get out, not one burglar but two, and I saw I'd got a big job on hand. One of them was half through the window before he saw me, and I laid hold of him and pulled him out. He laid hold of my legs, and pinched 'em till he took the skin off, but I didn't mean to let go. 'Come and knock him on the head, Chummy,' he called to his mate.

"'All right, Art, I'm here,' ses the other, as he jumped out of the window and came for me. Luckily by that time I'd got uppermost, and kneelen on Art's chest, and holden his head down with my left hand I drew me truncheon with the other, and waited for Chummy. I'd have given anythen just then for another hand, so that I could have blown me whistle for help, but I dared not let go of Art nor put down me truncheon for an instant. However, I shouted for help at the top of me voice. I didn' know then but Jakens, the gardener, had gone away for a couple of days, and there was only the two women in the house. However it turned out my shouten did some good, for the fellow on the look out in the shrubbery, luckily for me, thought more of his own skin than of helpen his mates, and took to his heels.

"I kept shouten and whiren me truncheon round to keep off Chummy, who was goen round and round me, looken for a chance to dart in. If help didn' come soon it was certain I should be bested. How long it lasted like that I can't say, but suddenly Art, the chap I was kneelen on, stopped strugglen and lay quite still, moanen and groanen that he was choken. But it was all a "fake," for suddenly he made a big effort, caught my left hand in his teeth, and bit two fingers to the bone, and at the same instant caught hold of me beard, and pulled me on the top of him. That was Chummy's chance, and he made the most of it. He sprang at me and caught hold of me right arm, and tried to wrench the truncheon from me. "Knock his brains out, Chummy." Art cried, and when Chummy found he couldn' make me leave go he hit me sugarely in the face again and again. My nose was bleeden, two teeth were knocked loose, and my lip was cut, for he was a regular brute, and didn' care, but still kept bashen me savegely. I was fast loosen me senses, I suppose, for I had only a hazy notion I must hold on to the fellow on the ground at any cost, when help came from where I should never have expected.

"It turned out, sir, when we talked about it after, that the cook had been wakened by the noise of the burglars moven about, and she wakened the housemaid. 'There's burglars downstairs, and we shall be murdered,' cried the cook, and with that she covered her head with the bedclothes, and lay quaken. But the housemaid, Lily Dale was her name then, was of a different sort, sir. 'Wel,' she ses, 'they're not goen to do as they like,' and she jumped out of bed, and began dressen herself, though the cook begged and beseeched her not to go or she'd be murdered. It was just then that I saw them, and while she was putten on her clothes as fast as she could she heard the struggle, and heard me call for help. 'A policeman has got them, and they're tryen to murder him,' she ses to the cook. 'I'm goen to help.'

"Now, I think you'll agree, sir, that most women would have been like the cook, and lain themblen, and the most you would expect an uncommon woman to do would be to open the window and scream 'help,' or 'murder.' But Lily was a braver maid than that. She ran down stairs, and picked up the poker and unlocked the door, when an idea struck her. She rode a bike, and once she'd been thrown off by a dog comen for her. Somebody had told her to carry cayenne pepper in a squirt, which would keep off the fiercest dog that ever was, and just as she was comen out she thought of it, and went back to get the pepper-box. She came runnen to us just as I was getten too weak to struggle any longer. 'You villains!' she cries, 'what are you doen? Let go at once.'

"My strength was gone, and Chummy, tellen her to take herself off or he would do for her, pulled me off his mate, and gave me a blow behind the ear at the same time. I should have been completely at their mercy but for her. She said after that she was so frightened that she thought her heart was goen to burst, but she didn' show it. As Chummy knocked me over she aimed a blow at him with the poker; but he knocked it on one side, with the truncheon he'd wrenched from me, and then the cowardly brute gave her a knock with it that nearly broken her arm, and make her giddy with the pain. But she had her wits about her still, and before he was aware she took a step or two towards him, and gave him a good dousen of pepper in his eyes, nearly blinden him for the time. You never heard a man rave and curse and yell so much in all your born days, for, besides the pain, he was as helpless as a baby. But that was not

enough for her. She did the same to the other chap, who was throttlen me for all he was worth. That made him helpless, and then she ran to the next house, about three minutes' walk off, and called up the coachman, who came back with her. Meanwhile, I'd managed to slip the bracelets on Art, and then I fainted, I suppose, for when I came to the coachman had got hold of Chummy. It was quite laughable to see 'em, helpless as babies, rubben their eyes and cursen and gropen and staggeren.' We locked 'em in the stable, and then the coachman went for my mates.

"Brave as that girl was she was a woman for all that, for what do you think she did, sir, as soon as the two were under lock and key? Why, sat down and cried and sobbed as if her heart would break. It wasn't the pain of her blow; it was because she was overwrought, and acted like all women do when summat's got on their nerves.

"When my mates came they were surprised when I told them what that girl had done for me. They made her show her arm, although she kept sayen it was nearly all right, but when they looked at it they found it so bad that Chadwick went for the doctor, and the coachman got out Mr. Courcy's carriage and took me to the hospital and Chummy and Art to the station.

"Chummy and Art were brought up before the magistrates the next mornen, but they had to be remanded twice for it was nearly three weeks before I could leave the hospital, and Lily wasn' able to use her arm for nearly a month. The case got in the papers—A Brave Housemaid—The Burglars and the Pepperbox—it was called, and it made quite a big stir. When at last Lily and I were able to give evidence the Court was crowded, and there was a storm of cheeren, I can assure you, sir, when she left. I fancy some people expected to see a great bony female, more like a man than a woman, and they were rather surprised to see a slim, modest, good-looken girl, who blushed sometimes, and went pale by turns, when she found what a commotion she had made.

"When Mr. Courcy came to hear of it he ran over from the South of France and made a lot of her. He made her go at his expense to Torquay for a week or two to get better, though she declared there was nothen the matter with her. And when I was able to leave the hospital I was told to go to the seaside till I was better. Perhaps you will laugh, sir, when I tell you I thought Torquay would do me as much good as anywhere. I found out where Lily was lodgen, and as we had a lot to talk about it was quite a common thing for us to take a walk along the beach. At any rate, we found out that we had a liken for each other, which grew stronger and stronger every day, and long before we left Torquay I asked her a question and she said 'Yes' to it without any trouble.

"Well, sir, when the a-sizes came on Chummy and Art, who had been convicted times and again London way, were sent to the seaside too—at Portland—for seven years. When the trial was over Mr. Courcy shook hands with me and said he was very proud of what I had done, and could he do anythen for me?

"I thanked him an dsaid, smilen a bit, there was one thing I should be obliged if he would do.

"'What is it?' he asked. 'Don't mind tellen me, if it is in my power.'

"'Well, sir,' ses I, I understand it's a rule at your house, "No followers allowed," but seein' as Lily has promised to marry me I should take it as a favour if I could vi-sit her sometimes."

"He shook hands with me again, laughen heartily. 'Come as often as you like, Blixton,' ses he. 'In this case the rule is rescinded. And let me congratulate you on a very wise choice.'

"In six months we were married and sure a couple never had such good wishes. My mates gave us a present, this parlour furniture was a present from Mr. and Mrs. Courcy, and some of the folks round about subscribed and gave my wife a handsome gold watch inscribed 'For her brave conduct in assisting the police in the discharge of their duties.' Quite romantic altogether, wasn't it, sir? And the best of it is that it was the biggest success of a marriage ever made in Dorset."

The World's Model Prison.

The "Wide World Magazine" contains a description, by Mr. V. M. Hamilton, of the Michigan State Prison, U.S.A., which claims to be the world's model penitentiary.

Although it contains seven hundred of the worst characters in the States, the institution is governed, practically speaking, by kindness. The convicts are allowed all sorts of privileges; they can earn money for themselves, and by consistent good conduct they may rise to positions of trust and responsibility.

The first step was the abolition of flogging. Every Saturday afternoon they are allowed three-quarters of an hour freedom on the greensward. As this privilege would be revoked were it abused, the prisoners themselves are the best safeguards against abuse. There are not more than thirty warders, and they are only armed with canes. No firearms are allowed within the prison gates. The prisoners are graded according to conduct; the best have a blue uniform, those on probation a grey. Only the incorrigible, who are deprived of all privileges, are in the convict's striped dress. One prisoner is mentioned who, under the older system of prison severity, had been brutalised into a regular criminal, but was now in process of reformation. Under the sway of kindness he educated himself, and now does work that it would otherwise cost the State a thousand dollars a year to have done by a free man.

An extraordinary statement was made by the Deputy-Warden when asked whether it was safe to have so many men-killers strolling about. He said:—

"From the standpoint of honesty, trustworthiness, and reliability, the murderers are the best men in the prison, as a class. Men generally kill while under the influence of an overwhelming passion. They may have great provocation, and believe they are only protecting their property or families, or avenging an unpardonable wrong; and a very decent sort of a chap may have a bad temper, but still be an honourable man. Of course, thieves who kill to save themselves from arrest, or those who commit wilful murder, hardly come within this category. But in actual practice we find the men of best character to be those who are here for murder. I do not attempt to explain the fact, but it is a fact. The contractors (men who contract with the State for prison labour) find them so, and are always anxious to secure them. The thieving tramps and city loafers, who ordinarily are only sentenced to short terms, are the worst people whom we have to deal with."

All prisoners are treated alike until they qualify or disqualify themselves by conduct. All sentences for crimes less than murder are indeterminate. The prisoner is detained until his conduct justifies his being released on parole, after having served the minimum sentence. He must, however, before release provide himself with a first friend, who will find him employment or look after him on his discharge. The prisoners are allowed to talk at their work, but must be silent during meals and on the line of march. After doing the amount of work required by prison regulations, they are allowed to work for themselves, and what they earn is put to their credit. They are allowed to have musical instruments in their cells. Often theatrical companies visiting the town give a performance in the pretty little theatre built by the convicts. This management by kindness is long past the experimental stage. It has been found that discipline by force and fear, though easy, is most destructive of the self-respect and the manhood of its subjects.

If half the world were half as good as t'other half believes 'tis not,
This earth would be a paradise—a perfect human beauty-spot.

If half the world were half as bad as t'other half believes it is,
Old Nick would have to advertise for help to carry on his biz.

Some wise folks think that they can see
In each of us eccentric mortals,
Enough of ill to kill—enough of good to
break through heaven's portals.

ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES

INNOCENT.

There is an old story of a simple Highland lass who had walked to Glasgow to join her sister in service. On reaching a toll-bar on the skirt of the city, she began to rap smartly with her knuckles on the gate. The toll-keeper came out to see what she wanted.

"Please, sir, is this Glasgow?" she inquired.

"Yes, this is Glasgow."

"Please," said the girl, "is Peggy in?"

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NEAT.

Nothing can surpass in delicacy the reply made by an East Indian servant of the late Lord Dufferin when he was Viceroy of India.

"Well, what sort of sport has Lord Blank had?" said Lord Dufferin one day to his servant, who had attended a young English Lord on a shooting excursion.

"Oh," replied the scrupulously polite Hindoo, "the young sahib shot divinely. But Providence was very merciful to the birds!"

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AT HIS WORST.

Mrs. Langtry said of the unpleasant and impertinent questions that, under the new customs rules, had been put to her on her landing in America, "They reminded me of that lawyer's bill which is sometimes quoted to show what a lawyer, at his worst, can be. I don't remember all the bill's items, but two of them were:—

"'To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, £2 10s.'

"'To dining with you after the case was lost, £1.'"

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SO EASY WHEN IT IS EXPLAINED.

A woman riding in a Philadelphia trolley car said to the conductor:

"Can you tell me, please, on what trolley cars I can use these exchange slips? They mix me up somewhat."

"They really shouldn't, madam," said the polite conductor. "It is very simple: East of the junction by a westbound car an exchange from an eastbound car is good only if the westbound car is west of the junction formed by said eastbound car. South of the junction formed by a northbound car an exchange from a southbound car is good south of the junction if the northbound car was north of the junction at the time of issue, but only south of the junction going south if the southbound car was going north at the time it was south of the junction. That is all there is to it."

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WON'T THERE BE FUN!

A fond mother, hearing an unusual noise in the nursery overhead, hurried upstairs to find out what was the matter. She found Johnny sitting in the middle of the floor quietly smiling. "Oh," said he, "I've locked Grandpa and Uncle Henry in the cupboard, and when they get a little angrier I am going to play Daniel in the lion's den."

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OVER THE WINE.

A bright young man was engaged in a desultory conversation with a prominent financier of a most economical disposition, when the great man suddenly invited attention to the suit of clothes he was then wearing.

"I have never believed," said he, "in paying fancy prices for cut-to-measure garments. Now, here's a suit for which I paid fifteen dollars and fifteen cents. Appearances are very deceptive. If I told you I purchased it for fifty dollars, you'd probably believe that to be the truth."

"I would if you told me by telephone," replied the young man.

AS THEY SPEAK IT.

Once, in Nice, an Englishman and a Frenchman were about to separate on the Promenade des Anglais.

The Englishman, as he started toward the Cercle, called back:

"Au revoir!"

And the Frenchman waved his hand and answered:

"Tanks!"

✦ ✦ ✦

PROVED HIMSELF RIGHT.

The other day a bright little newsboy was running along yelling,

"Extry! Nine lives lost!"

A man called the boy.

"What's that your yelling?" he asked.

"Nine lives lost," replied the "newsy."

The man bought a paper.

"Show me the account of the loss of so many lives," he said, after the boy had pocketed the nickel.

The youngster opened the paper and pointed to an item about an inch and a-half long.

"There it is," he said. It was headed:

"Arrested for Killing a Cat."

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GOT OUT OF THAT ALL RIGHT.

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "do you realise that you have forgotten that this is my birthday?"

"Yes, dearie, I did forget it," replied the husband. "Isn't it natural that I should? There isn't really anything about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago."

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A RETORT BY MARK TWAIN.

Mark Twain had finished his speech at a dinner party, and on seating himself a lawyer rose, shoved his hands deep into his trousers pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly inquired of those present: "Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?"

When the laugh that greeted this sally had subsided, Mark Twain drawled out: "Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

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MORE TO THE POINT.

At a literary club in Boston one night, there was an encounter between a Bostonian, professing a love of art for art's sake, and F. Marion Crawford the novelist.

In a slightly patronising manner the Boston man asked:

"Have you ever aspired to write anything, Mr. Crawford, that will live after you are gone?"

"My dear sir," replied Crawford, with a broad smile, "my principal effort just now is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here."

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OBEYED ORDERS.

General Sherman once possessed an Irish servant whose forte was asking questions and trying to find out the why and wherefore of everything he was told to do. During a battle an orderly one day approached the general and told him that his favourite horse, Ross, had been struck by a cannon ball and killed.

Calling his Irish servant the General said, "Go skin Ross."

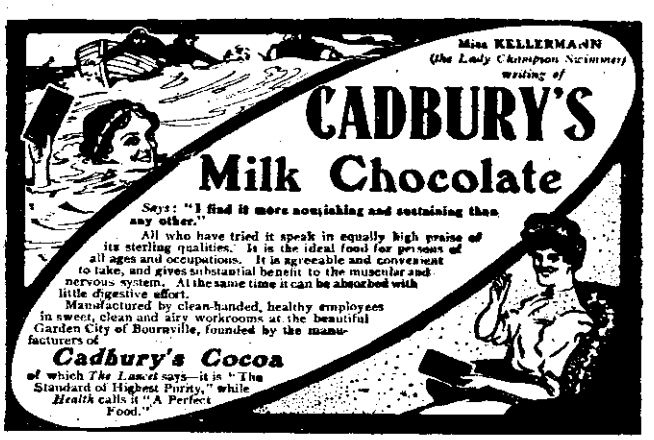
"Why, sir, is Ross dead?" began the man.

General Sherman rose up in his wrath saying: "Never mind whether he is dead or not—I told you to go out and skin him."

The man returned about three hours later and Sherman hailed him with the words:

"Where have you been? Does it take you three hours to skin a horse?"

"No," answered Mike; "but it took me about two hours to catch him."



THE HAUNTED BELL.

Continued from page 15.

"Pardon me for mentioning the matter under such circumstances," he said at last, in a tone which suggested that he feared giving offence, "but would you be willing to part with the gong?"

Mr. Phillips regarded him keenly. He was seeking in the other's manner some inkling of a solution of a mystery which each moment seemed more hopelessly beyond him.

"I shouldn't care to part with it," he replied casually. "It was given to me by my wife."

"Then no offer I might make would be considered?"

"No, certainly not," replied Mr. Phillips tartly. There was a pause. "This gong has interested me immensely. I should like to know its history. Perhaps you can enlighten me?"

With the imperturbability of his race, Mr. Matsumi declined to give any information. But, with a graceful return of his former exquisite courtesy, he sought more definite knowledge for himself.

"I will not ask you to part with the gong," he said, "but perhaps you can inform me where your wife bought it?"

He paused for a moment. "Perhaps it would be possible to get another like it?"

"I happen to know there isn't another," replied Mr. Phillips. "It came from a little curio shop in Cranston-street, kept by a German named Johann Wagner."

And that was all. This incident passed as the other had, the net result being only further to stimulate Mr. Phillips' curiosity. It seemed a futile curiosity, yet it was ever present, despite the fact that the gong still hung silent.

On the next evening, a balmy, ideal night of spring, Mr. Phillips had occasion to go into the small room. This was just before dinner was announced. It was rather close there, so he opened the east window to a grateful breeze, and placed the screen in position, after which he stooped to pull out a drawer of his desk. Then came again the quick, clangorous boom of the bell—One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven!

At the first stroke he straightened up; at the second he leaned forward toward the gong with his eyes riveted to the fifth disk. As it continued to ring he grimly held on to jangling nerves and looked for the cause. Beneath the bells on top, all around them he sought. There was nothing! nothing! The sounds simply burst out, one after another, as if from a heavy blow, yet the bell did not move. For the seventh time it struck, and then with white, ghastly face and chilled, stiff limbs Mr. Phillips rushed out of the room. A dew of perspiration grew in the palms of his quavering hands.

It was a night of little rest and strange dreams for him. At breakfast on the following morning Mrs. Phillips poured his coffee and then glanced through the mail which had been placed beside her.

"Do you particularly care for that gong in your room?" she inquired.

Mr. Phillips started a little. That particular object had enchained his attention for the last dozen hours, awake and asleep.

"Why?" he asked.

"You know I told you I bought it of a curio dealer," Mrs. Phillips explained. "His name is Johann Wagner, and he offers me five hundred dollars if I will sell it back to him. I presume he has found it is more valuable than he imagined, and the five hundred dollars would make a comfortable addition to my charity fund."

Mr. Phillips was deeply thoughtful. Johann Wagner! What was this new twist? Why had Wagner denied all knowledge of the gong to him? Having denied, why should he now make an attempt to buy it back? In seeking answers to these questions he was silent.

"Well, dear?" inquired his wife after a pause. "You didn't answer me."

"No, don't sell the gong," he exclaimed abruptly. "Don't sell it at any price. I—I want it. I'll give you a cheque for your charity."

There was something of uneasiness in her devoted eyes. Some strange, subtle, indefinable air which she could not fathom was in his manner. With a little sigh which breathed her unrest she finished her breakfast.

On the following morning still another letter came from Johann Wagner. It was an appeal—an impassioned appeal—hurriedly scrawled and almost incoherent in form. He must have the gong! He would give five thousand dollars for it. Mrs. Phillips was frankly bewildered at the letter, and turned it over to her husband. He read it through twice with grimly-set teeth.

"No," he exclaimed violently; "it shan't be sold for any price!" Then his voice dropped as he recollected himself. "No, my dear," he continued, "it shall not be sold. It was a present from you to me. I want it, but,"—and he smiled whimsically—"if he keeps raising the price it will add a great deal to your charity fund, won't it?"

Twice again within thirty-six hours Mr. Phillips heard the bell ring—once upon one occasion and four on the other. And now, visibly, tangibly, a great change was upon him. The healthy glow went from his face. There was a constant twitching from his hands; a continual, impatient snapping of his fingers. His eyes lost their steady gaze. They roved aimlessly, and one's impression always was that he was listening. The strength of a master spirit was being slowly destroyed, eaten up by a hideous gnawing thing of which he seemed hopelessly obsessed. But he took no one into his confidence; it was his own private affair to work out to the end.

This condition was upon him at a time when the activity of the speculative centres of the world was abnormal, and when every faculty was needed in the great financial schemes of which he was the centre. He, in person, held the strings which guided millions. The importance of his business affairs was so insistently and relentlessly thrust upon him that he was compelled to meet them. But the effort was a desperate one, and that night late, when a city slept around him, the bell sounded twice.

When he reached his downtown office next day an enormous amount of detail work lay before him, and he attacked it with a feverish exaltation which followed upon days and nights of restlessness. He had been at his desk only a few minutes when his private telephone clattered. With an exclamation he arose; comprehending, he sat down again.

Half-a-dozen times within the hour the bell rang, and each time he was startled. Finally he arose in a passion, tore the desk-telephone from its connecting wires and flung it into the waste-basket. Deliberately he walked around to the side of his desk and, with a well-directed kick, smashed the battery-box. His secretary regarded him in amazement.

"Mr. Camp," directed the financier, sharply, "please instruct the office operator not to ring another telephone-bell in this office—ever."

The secretary went out, and he sat down to work again. Late that afternoon he called on his family physician, Dr. Perdue, a robust individual of whom it was said that his laugh cured more patients than his medicine. Be that as it may, he was a successful man, high in his profession. Dr. Perdue looked up with frank interest as he entered.

"Hello, Phillips!" was his greeting. "What can I do for you?"

"Nerves," was the laconic answer.

"I thought it would come to that," remarked the physician; and he shook his head sagely. "Too much work, too much worry, and too many cigars; and besides, you're not so young as you once were."

"It isn't work or cigars," Phillips replied impatiently. "It's worry—worry because of some peculiar circumstances which—which——"

He paused with a certain childish feeling of shame, of cowardice. Dr. Perdue regarded him keenly and felt his pulse.

"What peculiar circumstances?" he demanded.

"Well, I—I can hardly explain it myself," replied Mr. Phillips between tightly clenched teeth. "It's intangible, unreal, ghostly—what you will. Perhaps I can best make you understand it by saying that I'm always—I always seem to be waiting for something."

Dr. Perdue laughed heartily; Mr. Phillips glared at him.

"Most of us are always waiting for something," said the physician. "If we got it there wouldn't be any particular object in life. Just what sort of thing is it you're always waiting for?"

Mr. Phillips arose suddenly and paced the length of the room twice. His under jaw was thrust out a little, his teeth crushed together, but in his eyes lay a haunting, furtive fear.

"I'm always waiting for a—for the bell," he blurted fiercely, and his face became scarlet. "I know it's absurd, but I awake in the night trembling, and lie for hours waiting, waiting, yet dreading the sound as no man ever dreaded anything in this world. At my desk I find myself straining every nerve, waiting, listening. When I talk to anyone I'm always waiting, waiting, waiting! Now, right this minute, I'm waiting, waiting for it. The thing is driving me mad, man, mad! Don't you understand?"

Dr. Perdue arose with grave face and led the financier back to his seat.

"You are behaving like a child, Phillips!" he said sharply. "Sit down and tell me about it."

"Now, look here, Perdue," and Mr. Phillips brought his fist down on the desk with a crash, "you must believe it—you've got to believe it! If you don't, I shall know I am mad."

"Tell me about it," urged the physician, quietly.

Then haltingly, hesitatingly, the financier related the incidents as they happened. Incipient madness, fear, terror, blazed in his eyes, and at times his pale lips quivered as a child's might. The physician listened attentively and nodded several times.

"The bell must be—must be haunted!" Mr. Phillips burst out in conclusion. "There's no reasonable way to account for it. My common-sense tells me that it doesn't sound at all, and yet I know it does."

Dr. Perdue was silent for several minutes.

"You know, of course, that your wife did buy the bell of the old German?" he asked after a while.

"Why, certainly, I know it. It's proven absolutely by the letters he writes trying to get it back."

"And your fear doesn't come from anything the Japanese said?"

"It isn't the denial of the German; it isn't the childish things Mr. Matsumi said and did! it's the actual sound of the bell that's driving me insane—it's the hopeless, everlasting, eternal groping for a reason. It's an inanimate thing, and it acts as if—it acts as if it were alive!"

The physician had been sitting with his fingers on Mr. Phillips' wrist. Now he arose and mixed a quieting potion which the other swallowed at a gulp. Soon after his patient went home somewhat more self-possessed, and with rigid instructions as to the regularity of his life and habits.

"You need about six months in Europe more than anything else," Dr. Perdue declared. "Take three weeks, shape up your business and go. Meanwhile, if you won't sell the gong or throw it away, keep out of its reach."

Next morning a man—a stranger—was found dead in the small room where the gong hung. A bullet through the heart showed the manner of death. The door leading from the room into the hall was locked on the outside; an open window facing east indicated how he had entered and suggested a possible avenue of escape for his slayer.

Attracted by the excitement which followed the discovery of the body, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips went to investigate, and thus saw the dead man. The wife entered the room first, and for an instant stood speechless, staring into the white, upturned face. Then came an exclamation:

"Why, it's the man from whom I bought the gong!" She turned to find her husband peering over her shoulder. His face was ashen to the lips, his eyes wide and staring.

"Johann Wagner!" he exclaimed.

Then, as if frenzied, he flung her aside and rushed to where the gong hung silent and motionless. He seemed bent on destruction as he reached for it with gripping fingers. Suddenly he staggered as if from a heavy blow in the face, and covered both eyes with his hands.

"Look!" he screamed.

There was a smudge of fresh, red blood on the fifth bell. Mrs. Phillips glanced from the bell to him inquiringly.

He stood for a moment with his hands pressed to his eyes, then laughed mirthlessly, demoniacally.

II.

Here a small brazier spouting a blue flame, there a retort partially filled with some purplish, foul-smelling liquid, yonder a sinuous copper coil winding off into the shadows, and moving about like an alchemist of old, the slender, childlike figure of Professor Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen, Ph. D., LL.D., F.R.S., M.D., etc., etc. A ray of light shot down blindingly from a reflector above and brilliantly illuminated the laboratory table. The worker leaned forward to

peer at some minute particle under the microscope, and for an instant his head and face were thrown out against the darkness of the room like some grotesque, disembodied thing.

It was a singular head and face — a head out of all proportion to body, dome-like, enormous, with a wilderness of straw-yellow hair. The face was small, wizened, petulant even; the watery blue eyes, narrow almost to the disappearing point, squinted everlastingly through thick spectacles; the mouth drooped at the corners. The small, white hands which twisted and turned the object-glass into focus were possessed of extraordinary long, slender fingers.

This man of the large head and small body was the undisputed leader in contemporaneous science. His was the sanest, coldest, clearest brain in scientific achievement. His word was the final one. Once upon a time a newspaper man, Hutchinson Hatch, had dubbed him The Thinking Machine, and so it came about that the world at large had heard of and knew him by that title. The reporter, a tall, slender young man, sat now watching him curiously and listening. The scientist spoke in a tone of perpetual annoyance; but a long acquaintance had taught the reporter that it was what he said and not the manner of its saying that was to be heeded.

"Imagination, Mr. Hatch, is the single connecting link between man and the infinite," The Thinking Machine was saying. "It is the one quality which distinguishes us from what we are pleased to call the brute creation, for we have the same passions, the same appetites, and the same desires. It is the most valuable adjunct to the scientific mind, because it is the basis of all scientific progress. It is the thing which temporarily bridges gaps and makes it possible to solve all material problems—not some, but all of them. We can achieve nothing until we imagine it. Just so far as the human brain can imagine it can comprehend. It fails only to comprehend the eternal purpose, the Omnipotent Will, because it cannot imagine it. For imagination has a limit, Mr. Hatch, and beyond that we are not to go—beyond that is Divinity."

This wasn't at all what Hatch had come to hear, but he listened with a sort of fascination.

"The first intelligent being," the irritated voice went on, "had to imagine that when two were added to two there would be a result. He found it was four, he proved it was four, and instantly it became immutable—a point in logic, a thing by which we may solve problems. Thus two and two make four, not sometimes, but all the time."

"I had always supposed that imagination was limitless," Hatch ventured after a moment, "that it knows no bounds."

The Thinking Machine squinted at him coldly.

"On the contrary," he declared, "it has a boundary beyond which the mind of man merely reels, staggers, collapses. I'll take you there." He spoke as if it were just around the corner. "By aid of a microscope of far less power than the one there, the tonic or molecular theory was formulated. You know that—it is that all matter is composed of atoms. Now, imagination suggested and logic immutably demonstrates that the atoms themselves are composed of other atoms, and that those atoms in turn are composed of still others, ad infinitum. They are merely invisible, and imagination—I am not now stating a belief, but citing an example of what imagination can do—imagination can make us see the possibility of each of these atoms, down to infinity, being inhabited, being in itself a world relatively as distant from its fellows as we are from the moon. We can even imagine what those inhabitants would look like."

He paused a minute; Hatch blinked several times.

"But the boundary lies the other way—through the telescope," continued the scientist. "The most powerful glass ever devised has brought no suggestion of the end of things. It only brings more millions of worlds invisible to the naked eye into sight. The stronger the glass, the more hopeless the task of even conjecturing the end, and here, too, the imagination can apply the atomic theory, and logic will support it. In other words, atoms make matter; matter makes the world, which is an inconceivably tiny speck in our solar system, an atom; therefore, all the millions and billions of worlds are mere atoms, infinitesimal parts of some far greater scheme. What greater scheme? There is the end of imagination! There the mind stops!"

The immensity of the conception made Hatch gasp a little. He sat silent for a long time, awed, oppressed. Never before in his life had he felt of so little consequence.

"Now, Mr. Hatch, as to this little problem that is annoying you," continued The Thinking Machine, and the matter-of-fact tone was a great relief. "What I have said has had, of course, no bearing on it, except in so far as it demonstrates that imagination is necessary to solve a problem, that all material problems may be solved, and that, in meeting them, logic is the lever. It is a fixed quantity; its simplest rules have enabled me to solve petty affairs for you in the past, so——"

The reporter came to himself with a start. Then he laid before this master brain the circumstances which cast so strange a mystery about the death by violence of Johann Wagner, junk-dealer, in the home of Franklin Phillips, millionaire. But his information was only from the time the police came into the affair. Mr. Phillips, Doctor Perdue and Mr. Matsumi alone knew of the ringing of the bell.

"The blood-spot on one of the bells," Hatch told the scientist in conclusion, "may be the mark of a hand, but its significance doesn't appear. Just now the police are working on two queer points which they developed. First, Detective Mallory recognised the dead man as 'Old Dutch' Wagner, long suspected of conducting a 'fence'—that is, receiving and disposing of stolen goods; and, second, one of the servants in the Phillips' household, Giles Francis, has disappeared. He hasn't been seen since eleven o'clock on the night before the body was found, and then he was in bed sound asleep. Every article of his clothing, except a pair of shoes, trousers and pajamas was left behind."

The Thinking Machine turned away from the laboratory table and sank into a chair. For a long time he sat with his enormous yellow head thrown back and his slender, white fingers pressed tip to tip.

"If Wagner was shot through the heart," he said at last, "we know that death was instantaneous; therefore he could not have made the blood-mark on the bell." It seemed to be a statement of fact. "But why should there be such a mark on the bell?"

"Detective Mallory thinks that ——" began the reporter.

"Oh, never mind what he thinks!" interrupted the other testily. "What time was the body found?"

"About half-past nine yesterday morning."

"Anything stolen?"

"Nothing. The body was simply there, the window open and the door locked, and there was the blood-mark on the bell."

There was a pause. Cobwebby lines appeared on the broad forehead of the scientist and the squint eyes narrowed down to mere slits. Hatch was watching him curiously.

"What does Mr. Phillips say about it?" asked The Thinking Machine. He was still staring upward and his thin lips were drawn into a straight line.

"He is ill, just how ill we don't know," responded the newspaper man. "Doctor Perdue has, so far, not permitted the police to question him."

The scientist lowered his eyes quickly.

"What's the matter with him?" he demanded.

"I don't know. Doctor Perdue has declined to make any statement."

Half an hour later The Thinking Machine and Hatch called at the Phillips' house. They met Doctor Perdue coming out. His face was grave and preoccupied; his professional air of jocundity was wholly absent. He shook hands with The Thinking Machine, whom he had met years before beside an operating-table, and reentered the house with him. Together the three went to the little room—the scene of the tragedy.

The Japanese gong still swung over the desk. The crabbed little scientist went straight to it, and for five minutes devoted his undivided attention to a study of the splotch on the fifth bell. From the expression of his face Hatch could gather nothing. What the scientist saw might or might not have been illuminating. Was the splotch the mark of a hand? If it were, Hatch argued, it offered no clew, as the intricate lines of the flesh were smeared together, obliterated.

Next The Thinking Machine critically glanced about him, and finally threw open the window facing east. For a

long time he stood silently squinting out; and, save for the minute lines in his forehead, there was no indication whatever of his mental workings. The little room was on the second floor and jutted out at right angles across a narrow alley which ran beneath them to the kitchen in the back. The deadwall of the next building was only four feet from the Phillips' wall, and was without windows, so it was easily seen how a man, unobserved, might climb up from below despite an arc-light above the wide front door of an apartment-house across the street, visible in the vista of the alley.

"Do you happen to know, Perdue," asked The Thinking Machine at last, "if this west window was ever opened?"

"Never," replied the physician. "Detective Mallory questioned the servants about it. It seems that the kitchen is beneath, somewhat to the back, and the odours of cooking came up."

"How many outside doors has this house?"

"Only two," was the reply: "the one you entered, and one opening into the alley below us."

"Both were found locked yesterday morning?"

"Yes. Both doors have spring-locks, therefore each locks itself when closed."

"Oh!" exclaimed the scientist suddenly.

He turned away from the window, and for a second time, examined the still and silent gong. Somewhere in his mind seemed to be an inkling that the gong might be more closely associated than appeared with the mystery of death, and yet, watching him curiously, Doctor Perdue knew he could have no knowledge of the sinister part it had played in the affair. With a penknife The Thinking Machine made a slight mark on the under side of each bell in turn; then squinted at them, one after another. On the inside of the top bell—the largest—he found something—a mark, a symbol perhaps—but it seemed meaningless to Hatch and Doctor Perdue, who were peering over his shoulder.

It was merely a circle with three upward rays and three dots inside it.

"The manufacturer's mark, perhaps," Hatch suggested.

"Of course it's impossible that the bell could have had anything to do——" Doctor Perdue began.

"Nothing is impossible, Perdue," snapped the scientist crabbedly. "Do not say that. It annoys me exceedingly." He continued to stare at the symbol. "Just where was the body found?" he asked after a little.

"Here," replied Doctor Perdue, and he indicated a spot near the window.

The Thinking Machine measured the distance with his eye.

"The only real problem here," he remarked musingly, after a moment, as if supplementing a previous statement, "is, What made him lock the door and run?"

"What made—who?" Hatch asked eagerly.

The Thinking Machine merely squinted at him, through him, beyond him with glassy eyes. His thoughts seemed far away, and the cobwebby lines in his forehead grew deeper. Doctor Perdue was apparently at the moment too self-absorbed to heed.

"Now, Perdue," demanded The Thinking Machine suddenly, "what is really the matter with Mr. Phillips?"

"Well, it's rather——" he started haltingly, then went on as if his mind were made up: "You know, Van Dusen, there's something back of all this that hasn't been told, for reasons which I consider good ones. It might interest you, because you are keen on these things, but I doubt if it would help you. And besides, I should have to insist that you alone should hear it."

He glanced meaningly at Hatch, whom he knew to be present only in his capacity as reporter.

"There's something else—about the bell," said The Thinking Machine quickly. It was not a question, but a statement.

"Yes, about the bell," acquiesced the physician, as if a little surprised that the other should know. "But as I said it——"

"I undertook to get at the facts here to aid Mr. Hatch," explained The Thinking Machine; "but I can assure you he will print nothing without my permission."

Doctor Perdue looked at the newspaper man inquiringly; Hatch nodded.

"I guess perhaps it would be better for you to hear it from Phillips himself," went on the physician. "Come along. I think he would be willing to tell you."

Thus the scientist and the reporter met Franklin Phillips. He was in bed. The once masterful financier seemed but a shadow of what he had been. His strong face was now white and haggard, and lined almost beyond recognition. The lips were pale, the hands nervously clutched at the sheet, and in his eyes was horror—hideous horror. They glittered at times, and only at intervals reflected the strength, the power which once lay there. His present condition was as pitiable as it was inexplicable to Hatch, who remembered him as the rugged storm-centre of half a dozen spectacular financial battles.

Mr. Phillips talked willingly—seemed, indeed, relieved to be able to relate in detail those circumstances which, in a way, accounted for his utter collapse. As he went on volubly, yet coherently enough, his roving eyes settled on the petulant, inscrutable face of The Thinking Machine as if seeking, above all things, belief. He found it, for the scientist nodded time after time, and gradually the lines in the dome-like forehead were dissipated.

"Now I know why he ran," declared the scientist positively, enigmatically. The remark was hopelessly without meaning to the others. "As I understand it, Mr. Phillips," he asked, "the east window was always open when the bell sounded?"

"Yes, I believe it was, always," replied Mr. Phillips after a moment's thought.

"And you always heard it when the window was open?"

"Oh, no," replied the financier. "There were many times when the window was open that I didn't hear anything."

A fleeting bewilderment crossed the scientist's face, then was gone.

"Of course, of course," he said after a moment. "Stupid of me. I should have known that. Now, the first time you ever noticed it the bell rang twice—that is, twice with an interval of, say, a few seconds between?"

"Yes."

"And you had had the gong, then, two or three months?"

"About three months—yes."

"The weather remained cool during that time? Late winter and early spring?"

"I presume so. I don't recall. I know the first time I heard the bell was an early, warm day of spring, because my window had not previously been opened."

The Thinking Machine was dreamily squinting upward. As he stared into the quiet, narrow eyes a certain measure of confidence seemed to return to Mr. Phillips. He raised himself on an elbow.

"You say that once you heard the bell ring late at night—twice. What were the circumstances?"

"That was the night preceding a day of some important operations I had planned," explained Mr. Phillips, "and I was in the little room for a long time after midnight going over some figures."

"Do you remember the date?"

"Perfectly. It was Tuesday, the 11th of this month"—and, for an instant, memory called to Mr. Phillips' face an expression which financial foes knew well. "I remember, because next day I forced the market up to a record price on some railway stocks I control."

The Thinking Machine nodded.

"This servant of yours who is missing, Francis, was rather a timid sort of man, I imagine?"

"Well, I could hardly say," replied Mr. Phillips doubtfully.

"Well, he was," declared The Thinking Machine flatly. "He was a good servant, I dare say?"

"Yes, excellent."

"Would it have been within his duties to close a window which might have been left open at night?"

"Certainly."

"Rather a big man?"

"Yes, six feet or so—two hundred and ten pounds, perhaps."

"And Mr Matsumi was, of course, small?"

"Yes, small even for a Japanese."

The Thinking Machine arose and placed his fingers on Mr Phillips' wrist. He stood thus for half a minute.

"Did you ever notice any odour after the bell rang?" he inquired at last.

"Odour?" Mr Phillips seemed puzzled. "Why, I don't see what an odour would have to do——"

"I didn't expect you to," interrupted The Thinking Machine crustily. "I merely want to know if you noticed one?"

"No," retorted Mr Phillips shortly.

"And could you explain your precise feelings?" continued the scientist. "Did the effect of the bell's ringing seem to be entirely mental, or was it physical? In other words, was there any physical exultation or depression when you heard it?"

"It would be rather difficult to say—even to myself," responded Mr Phillips. "It always seemed to be a shock, but I suppose it was really a mental condition which reacted on my nerves."

The Thinking Machine walked over to the window and stood with his back to the others. For a minute or more he remained there, and three eager pairs of eyes were fixed inquiringly on the back of his yellow head. Beneath the irritated voice, behind the inscrutable face, in the disjointed questioning, they all knew intuitively there was some definite purpose, but to none came a glimmer of light as to its nature.

"I think, perhaps, the matter is all clear now," he remarked musingly at last. "There are two vital questions yet to be answered. If the first of these is answered in the affirmative, I know that a mind—I may say a Japanese mind—of singular ingenious quality conceived the condition which brought about this affair; if in the negative, the entire matter becomes ridiculously simple."

Mr Phillips was leaning forward, listening greedily. There was hope and fear, doubt and confidence, eagerness and a certain tense restraint in his manner. Doctor Perdue was incredulously silent; Hatch merely waited.

"What made the bell ring?" demanded Mr Phillips.

"I must find the answer to the two remaining questions first," returned The Thinking Machine.

"You mentioned a Japanese," said Mr Phillips. "Do you suspect Mr Matsumi of any connection with this—the mystery?"

"I never suspect persons of things, Mr Phillips," said The Thinking Machine curtly. "I never suspect—I always know. When I know in this case I shall inform you. Mr Hatch and I are going out for a few minutes. When we return the matter can be disposed of in ten minutes."

He led the way out and along the hall to the little room where the gong hung. Hatch closed the door as he entered. Then for the third time the scientist examined the bells. He struck the fifth violently time after time, and after each stroke he thrust an inquisitive nose almost against it, and sniffed. Hatch stared at him in wonderment. When the scientist had finished he shook his head as if answering a question in the negative. With Hatch following he passed out into the street.

"What's the matter with Phillips?" the reporter ventured, as they reached the sidewalk.

"Scared, frightened," was the tart rejoinder. "He's merely morbidly anxious to account for the bell's ringing. If I had been absolutely certain before I came out I should have told him. I am certain now. You know, Mr Hatch, when a thing is beyond immediate understanding it instantly suggests the supernatural to some minds. Mr Phillips wouldn't confess it, but he sees back of the ringing of that bell some uncanny power—a threat, perhaps—and the thing has preyed upon him until he's nearly insane. When I can arrange to make him understand perfectly why the bell rings he will be all right again."

"I can readily see how the ringing of the bell strikes one as uncanny," Hatch declared grimly. "Have you an idea what causes it?"

"I know what causes it," returned the other irritably. "And if you don't know you're stupid."

The reporter shook his head hopelessly.

They crossed the street to the big apartment-house opposite, and entered. The Thinking Machine inquired for and was shown into the office of the manager. He had only one question.

"Was there a ball, or reception, or anything of that sort held in this building on Tuesday night, the eleventh of this month?" he inquired.

"No," was the response. "There has never been anything of that sort here."

"Thanks," said The Thinking Machine. "Good-day."

Turning abruptly he left the manager to figure that out as best he could, and, with Hatch following, ascended the stairs to the next floor. Here was a wide, airy hallway extending the full length of the building. The Thinking Machine glanced neither to right nor left; he went straight to the rear, where a plate glass window enframed a panorama of the city. From where they stood the city's rofs slanted down toward the heart of the business district, half a mile away.

As Hatch looked on The Thinking Machine took out his watch and set it two and a-half minutes forward, after which he turned and walked to the other end of the hall. Here, too, was a plate-glass window. For just a fraction of an instant he stood staring straight out at Phillips' home across the way; then, without a word, retraced his steps down the stairs and into the street.

Hatch's head was overflowing with questions, but he choked them back and merely trailed along. They re-entered the Phillips' house in silence. Doctor Perdue and Harvey Phillips met them in the hallway. An expression of infinite relief came into the physician's face at the sight of The Thinking Machine.

"I'm glad you're back so soon," he said quickly. "Here's a new development and a singular one." He referred evidently to a long envelope he held. "Step into the library here."

They entered, and Doctor Perdue carefully closed the door behind them.

"Just a few minutes ago Harvey received a sealed envelope by mail," he explained. "It enclosed this one, also sealed. He was going to show it to his father, but I didn't think it wise, because of—because——"

The Thinking Machine took the envelope in one slender hand and examined it. It was a perfectly plain white one, and bore only a single line written in a small, copper-plate hand with occasional unexpected angles:

"To be opened when the fifth bell rings eleven times."

Something as nearly approaching complacent satisfaction as Hatch had ever seen overspread the petulant countenance of The Thinking Machine, and a long, aspirated "Ah!" escaped the thin lips. There was a hushed silence. Harvey Phillips, to whom nothing of the mystery was known beyond the actual death of Wagner, sought to read what it all meant in Doctor Perdue's face. In turn Doctor Perdue's eyes were fastened on The Thinking Machine.

"Of course, you don't know whom this is from, Mr Phillips?" inquired the scientist of the young man.

"I have no idea," was the reply. "It seemed to amaze Doctor Perdue here, but, frankly, I can't imagine why."

"You don't know the handwriting?"

"No."

"Well, I do," declared The Thinking Machine emphatically. "It's Mr Matsumi's." He glared at the physician. "And in it lies the key to this affair of the bell. The mere fact that it came at all proves everything as I saw it."

"But it can't be from Matsumi," protested the young man. "The postmark on the outside was Cleveland."

"That means merely that he is running away to escape arrest on a charge of murder."

"Then Matsumi killed Wagner?" Hatch asked quickly.

"I didn't say it was a confession," responded the scientist curtly. "It is merely a history of the bell. I dare say——"

Suddenly the door was thrown open and Mrs Phillips entered. Her face was ashen.

"Doctor, he is worse—sinking rapidly!" she gasped. "Please come!"

Doctor Perdue glanced from her pallid face to the impassive Thinking Machine.

"Van Dusen," he said solemnly, "if you can do anything to explain this thing, do it now. I know it will save a man's reason—it might save his life."

"Is he conscious?" inquired the scientist of Mrs Phillips.

"No, he seems to have utterly collapsed," she explained. "I was talking to him when suddenly he sat up in bed as if listening, then shrieked something I didn't understand and fell back unconscious."

Doctor Perdue was dragged out of the room by the wife and son. The Thinking Machine glanced at his watch. It was three and a-half minutes past four o'clock. He nodded, then turned to Hatch.

"Please go into the little room and close the window," he instructed. "Mr Phillips has heard the bell again, and I imagine Doctor Perdue needs me. Meanwhile, put this envelope in your pocket." And he handed to Hatch the mysterious sealed packet.

It was twenty minutes past nine o'clock that evening. In the little room where the gong hung were Franklin Phillips, pale and weak, but eager; Doctor Perdue, The Thinking Machine, Harvey Phillips and Hatch. For four hours Doctor Perdue and the scientist had laboured over the unconscious financier, and finally a tinge of colour returned to the pale lips; then came consciousness.

"It was my suggestion, Mr Phillips, that we are here," explained The Thinking Machine quietly. "I want to show you just why and how the bell rings, and incidentally clear up the other points of the mystery. Now, if I should tell you that the bell will sound a given number of times at a given instant, and it should sound, you would know that I was aware of the cause?"

"Certainly," assented Mr Phillips eagerly.

"And then if I demonstrated tangibly how it sounded you would be satisfied?"

"Yes, of course—yes!"

"Very good." And the scientist turned to the reporter: "Mr Hatch, 'phone the Weather Bureau and ask if there was a storm about midnight preceding the finding of Wagner's body; also if there was thunder. And get the direction and velocity of the wind. I know, of course, that there was thunder, and that the wind was either from the east, or there was no wind. I know it, not from personal observation, but by the pure logic of events."

The reporter nodded.

"Also I will have to ask you to borrow for me somewhere a violin and a champagne-glass."

There happened to be a violin in the house. Harvey Phillips went for it, and Hatch went to the 'phone. Five minutes later he reappeared; Harvey Phillips had preceded him.

"Light wind from the east, four miles an hour," Hatch reported tersely. "The storm threatened just before midnight. There was vivid lightning and heavy thunder."

To prosaic Doctor Perdue these preliminaries smacked a little of charlatanry. Mr Phillips was interested, but impatient. The Thinking Machine, watch in hand, lay back in his chair, squinting steadily upward.

"Now, Mr Phillips," he announced, "in just thirty-three and three-quarter minutes the bell will ring. It will sound ten times. I am taking pains to reproduce the exact conditions under which the bell has always sounded since you have known it, because if I show you there can be no doubt."

Mr Phillips was leaning forward, gripping the arms of his chair.

"Meanwhile, I will reconstruct the events, not as they might have happened, but as they must have happened," continued The Thinking Machine. "They will not be in sequence, but as they were revealed to me by each added fact, for logic, Mr Phillips, is only a sum in arithmetic, and the answer based on every known fact must be correct as inevitably as that two and two make four—not sometimes, but all the time.

"Well, a man was found dead here—shot. His mere presence indicated burglary. The open window showed how he probably entered. Considering only these superficial facts, we see instantly that more than one person might have entered that window. Yet it is hardly likely that two thieves entered, and one killed the other before they got their booty, for nothing was stolen, and it is still less likely that one man came here to commit suicide. What then?

"The blood mark on the bell. It was made by a human hand. Yet a man shot instantly dead could not have made it. Therefore we know there was another person. The door locked on the outside absolutely positively this. Ordinarily, I dare say, the door is never locked? No? Then who locked it? Certainly not a second thief, for he would not have risked escaping through the house after a shot which, for all he knew, had aroused every one. Ergo, some one in the house locked the door. Who?

"One of your servants, Giles Francis, is missing. Did he hear some one in the room? No, for he would have alarmed the household. What happened to him? Where is he? There is, of course, a chance that he ran out to find an officer and was disposed of in some way by an outside confederate of the man inside. But remember, please, the last we know of him he was asleep in bed. The vital point, therefore, is, what aroused him? From that we can easily develop his subsequent actions."

The Thinking Machine paused and glanced at his watch, then toward the east window, which was open with the screen in.

"We know," he resumed, "that if Francis had been aroused by burglars, or by a sound which he attributed to burglars, he would have awakened other servants. We must suppose he was awakened by some noise. What is most probable. Thunder! That would account for his every act. So let's say, for the moment, that it was thunder, that he remembered this window was open, partially dressed himself and came here to close it. This was, we will also presume, just before midnight. He met Wagner here, and in some way got Wagner's revolver. Then the fatal shot was fired.

"From this point, as the facts developed, Francis' acts became more difficult of comprehension. I could readily see how, when Wagner fell, Francis might have placed his hand over the heart to see if he were dead, and thus stained his hands; but why did Francis then smear blood on the fifth bell of the gong, leave this room, locking the door behind him, and run into the street. In other words, why did he lock the door and run?

"I had already attached considerable importance to the gong, primarily because of the blood, and had examined the bells closely. I even scratched them to assure myself that they were bronze, and not a precious metal which would attract thieves. Then, Mr Phillips, I heard your story, and instantly I knew why Francis locked the door and ran. It was because he was frightened—horribly, unspeakably frightened. Naturally there was a nerve-racking shock when he found he had killed a man. Then as he stood, horror-stricken perhaps, the bell rang. It affected him as it did you, Mr Phillips, but under circumstances which were inconceivably more terrifying to a timid man. The bell rang six, seven, eight—perhaps a dozen times. To Francis, looking down upon a man he had killed, it was maddening, inexplicable. He placed his hand on it to stop the sound, then, crazed with terror, ran out of the room, locking the door behind him, and out of the house. The outer door closed with a spring-lock. He will return in time, because, of course, he was justified in killing Wagner."

Again The Thinking Machine glanced at his watch. Eighteen minutes of the specified thirty-three had elapsed.

"Now, as to the bell itself," he went on, "its history is of no consequence. It's Japanese and we know it's extremely old. We must assume from Mr Matsumi's conduct that it is an object of—of, say, veneration. We can imagine it hanging in a temple; perhaps it rang there, and awed multitudes listened. Perhaps they regarded it as prophetic. After its disappearance from Japan—we don't know how—Mr Matsumi was naturally amazed to see it here, and was anxious to buy it. You refused to listen to him, Mr Phillips. Then he went to Wagner and offered, we'll say, several thousand dollars for it. That accounts for Wagner's letters and his presence here. He came to steal the thing which he couldn't buy. His denial of all knowledge of the bell is explained readily by Detective Mallory's statement that he had long been suspected of handling stolen goods. He denied because he feared a trap.

"I may add that I attributed an ingenuity of construction to the bell which it did not possess. When I asked if you ever noted any odour when it sounded, Mr Phillips, I had an idea that perhaps your present condition had been brought about by a subtle poison in which the gong had once been immersed, particles of which, when the bell sounded, might have been cast off and drawn into the

kings. I can assure you, however, that there was no poison. That is all, I think."

"But the sealed letter——" began Doctor Perdue.

"Oh, I opened that," was the casual rejoinder; but Doctor Perdue, as he looked, read a warning in the scientist's face. "It related to another matter entirely."

Dr. Perdue gazed at him a moment and understood. Unconsciously Hatch felt of the pocket where he had placed the letter. It was still there. He, too, understood. The Thinking Machine arose, glanced out of the window, then turned to the reporter.

"Now, Mr. Hatch," he requested, "please go across the street to the apartment house, and open the rear window in the hall where we were. See that it remains open for twenty minutes; then return here. Keep out of the hall while the window is open, and, if possible, keep others out."

Without word or question, Hatch went out. The Thinking Machine dropped back into his chair, glanced at his watch, then scribbled something on a card which he handed to Doctor Perdue.

"By the way," he remarked irrelevantly, "there's an excellent compound for nervous indigestion I ran across the other day."

Doctor Perdue read the card. On it was:

"Letter dangerous. Probably predicts death. Has religious significance. Would advise Phillips not be informed."

"I'll try it some time," remarked Doctor Perdue.

There was a silence of two or three minutes. The Thinking Machine was idly twirling his watch in his slender fingers; Mr. Phillips sat staring at the bell, but there was no longer fright in his manner; it seemed rather curiosity.

"In just three minutes," said The Thinking Machine at last. A pause. "Now, two!" Again a pause. "Now, one!—Be perfectly calm and listen!" Another pause, then suddenly: "Now!"

"Boom!" rang the bell, as if echoing the word. Despite himself, Mr. Phillips started a little, and the scientist's fingers closed on his pulse. "Boom!" again came the note. The bell hung motionless; the musical clangour seemed to roll out methodically, rhythmically. Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!

When the last note expanded, The Thinking Machine was staring into Mr. Phillip's face, seeking understanding. He found only bewilderment, and with quick impatience picked up the violin and bow.

"Here!" he exclaimed curtly. "Watch the champagne-glass."

He tapped the fragile glass and it sang shrilly. Then, on the violin, he sought the accompanying chord. Four times he drew the bow across the strings, and the glass was silent. Then the violin caught the pitch and the glass, three or four feet away, sang with it. Louder and louder the violin note grew, then suddenly, with a crash, the thin receptacle collapsed, shattered, tumbled to pieces before their eyes. Mr. Phillips stared in the utmost astonishment.

"A little demonstration in natural philo-sophy," explained The Thinking Machine. "In other words, vibration. Vibration sounded the glass, just as vibration sounded the bell on the gong there. You saw me sound the glass; the note which sounds the bell is a clock on a direct line half a mile away due east."

Mr. Phillips stared first at the shattered glass, then at the scientist. After a moment he understood, and an inexpressible feeling of relief swept over him.

"But the bell didn't always sound when the window was open," objected Doctor Perdue, after a moment.

"The bell can only sound when this window and both hall windows on the second floor across the way are open—on warm nights, for instance," replied The Thinking Machine. "Then, too, the wind must be from the east, or else there must be none. A gust of air, a person passing through the hall, any one of a dozen things would interrupt the sensitive sound-waves and prevent all strokes of the clock reaching the bell here, while some of them might. Of course, any bell on the gong may be sounded with a violin, or, if they are true notes, with a piano, and I knew this at first. But Mr. Phillips had once heard the bell long after midnight—say two o'clock in the morning. Pianos and violins are not going so late, except perhaps at a ball. There was no ball across the street that night; therefore we came to the obvious remainder—a clock. It is visible from the rear window of the second-floor hall over there. It's all logic, logic!"

There was a pause. Doctor Perdue, looking into the face of his patient, was reassured by what he saw there, and something of his own professional jocundity asserted itself.

"Instead of being a thing to make you nervous, Phillips," he said at last with a smile, "it seems to me that the bell is an excellent and reliable timepiece."

Mr. Phillips glanced at him quickly and the drawn, white face was relieved by a slight smile. After a while Hatch returned and for some time the little party sat in the room talking over the affair. Their conversation was interrupted at last by the clangour of the bell, and every person present arose and stared at it anew with the exception of The Thinking Machine. His squint eyes were still turned upward—he didn't even alter his position. There were eleven strokes of the bell, then silence.

"Eleven o'clock," remarked The Thinking Machine placidly. "You left the windows open over there, Mr. Hatch."

Hatch nodded.

Mr. Phillips was in bed sleeping when Doctor Perdue and The Thinking Machine, accompanied by Hatch, went away.

"Suppose we drop in at my place and look at that letter?' suggested the doctor.

The Thinking Machine, in Doctor Perdue's office, took the sealed packet from the reporter and opened it. Doctor Perdue was peering over his shoulder. The scientist squinted down the page with inscrutable face, then crumpled up the letter, struck a match and ignited it.

"But—but——" protested Doctor Perdue quickly, and Hatch saw that some strange pallor suddenly overspread his face, "it said that—that eleven strokes meant—meant——"

"You're a fool, Perdue!" snapped The Thinking Machine, and he glared straight into the physician's eyes. "Didn't I show why and how the bell rang? Do you expect me to account for every barbaric superstition of a half-civilized race regarding the bell."

The paper burned, and The Thinking Machine crumpled up the ashes and dropped them in a waste-basket.

* * * * * * * *

Two days later Franklin Phillips was himself again; on the fourth day he appeared at his office. On the sixth the market began to feel the master's clutch; on the eighth Francis was taken into custody and related a story identical with that told by The Thinking Machine to account for his disappearance; on the eleventh Franklin Phillips was found dead in bed. On his forehead was a pallid, white spot, faintly visible. It was a circle with three dots inside and three rays extending out from it.

Why London is Not at Dover.

HOW SALT, COAL, AND PIRATES PLACED OUR CITIES AND TOWNS.

Most of our towns were started as places of refuge. Here and there about the country there are rocks or big mounds easy to defend against an enemy. These were turned into rude forts. Later these forts became stone castles, and their permanent garrisons needed tradesmen, such as butchers, farriers, and armourers, who built their cots under the shelter of the walls. Some of the castles grew into immense fortress-palaces, like Windsor, Winchester, Edinburgh, and Stirling, seats of the early kings; Durham, seat of the prince bishop; and Ludlow, seat of the Lord Warden of the Welsh border.

When the tribes settled down and built villages there was always in each a strong house on rising ground, as a place of refuge in time of trouble. This was later the parish church. The diocese had a bishop, whose cathedra, or chair, was in the biggest church of the district, and the cathedral always gave employment to a lot of people. So sprang up towns like Salisbury and Ripon, on flat ground, useless for defence, intended from the first as cathedral cities. A great many of the cities were Roman camps, such as Chester, Lancaster, Worcester, Gloucester, Rochester. Castra is the Latin word for a camp, fort, or castle. So nearly all our country towns began as forts of refuge or seats of bishops.

THE ORIGIN OF OUR TRADE TOWNS.

That does not account for our monster cities of trade, such as London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Belfast.

Cheshire is full of salt, so very early in history merchants came for salt from France and Germany, making a trail through the woods from Kentish coast to Cheshire. Their trail for pack-horses was paved by the Romans with blocks of stone; and a great road was built, called Watling-street. Parts of that street are the Edgware-road and the Old Kent-road, the crossing being by ford during low tide at Westminster. There were five seaports—Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich. But these ports, being out on the exposed coast, were frequently raided and burned by pirates.

So London came into existence—a row of dry gravel banks, reaching from the Tower to Charing Cross, surrounded by deadly swamps; a splendid stronghold, only to be reached by land from the direction of Edgware-road.

Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Rome, Moscow, have all been captured since 1800. London only has never been taken, and only once challenged in the last 100 years. So London is the capital of the world. Our seaports face their trade. Thus Belfast, Dublin, and Cork are the shipping points of Ireland which are nearest to Great Britain, and they came into existence because of the trade between the two islands. Bristol faces America, and with the American trade it became the second seaport in the kingdom.

But Bristol has a bad river, and was obliged to charge heavy port dues. Hence the shipping went to Liverpool, because the port charges were more moderate.

With the building of steam shipping the Thames got the trade of building steamers, then lost it entirely because of the labour strikes. What London has lost one may see by looking at the gigantic shipbuilding trade which has made our northern ports—Middlesborough, Sunderland, Newcastle, Jarrow, Shields, Blyth, Leith, Glasgow, Belfast, and Barrow—surrounding the district which produces coal and iron. But the North of England, with its iron and smelting fuel, does not provide steam-coal, so a vast trade in coal for ships has created Merthyr, Swansea, and Cardiff.

There is yet another kind of coal—that for domestic use; and the demands for household coal for London created Newcastle, at the point where the Great North-road crosses the Tyne; also Shields and Sunderland, a group of cities with over half a million people.

CHOICE OF SEAPORTS.

Another class of seaports—Plymouth, Falmouth, and Dartmouth—arose as the nearest ports of call and harbours of refuge for deep-sea shipping. Hull, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Aberdeen, and Dundee have been created by the deep-sea fisheries. Scarborough, Blackpool, Ramsgate, Margate, Eastbourne, Hastings, Brighton, Bournemouth, all big towns have arisen because they are the nearest seaside points to our great centres of population.

We have one more class of great cities, such as Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds. Before the days of steam there were industries scattered all over the country. One village made needles, another stockings, a third swords, a fourth lace. The work was done in the cottages of poor folk, to be sold in the local market. But with the invention of steam machinery the work could be done cheaper in a big factory, and the factory made most profit which had to pay less for engines and coal. So all over and all round the coalfields great factory cities have sprung into existence.

WHY MANCHESTER IS COTTONOPOLIS.

Manchester got the cotton trade because it was the factory centre nearest to Liverpool, whence the cotton arrived from America. Leeds was central for the sheep-wolds of Yorkshire, so, with her neighbour cities, got the big woollen trade. Birmingham and Sheffield were central for the coal, and iron of the Midlands, and so got the making of the lighter wares in steel.

In the days of wooden ships the South of England did the building, because the southern oak forests produced the best timber. When that ran short, the nearest ports of entry for Indian teak were still on our southern coast. So now, even in the days of steel, our arsenal cities—Chatham and Sheerness, Woolwich, Portsmouth, and Plymouth—supply the needs of the Imperial Navy and Army.

So all our towns are accounted for from natural causes, and not one of them sprang up by accident.—"Home Chat."

The Agitated Emerald

By GEORGE FOLSOM

(The story of a mobile gem that cut up all sorts of capers and created no little excitement.)

MR. JOHN TRUESDELL, a retired merchant, had forsworn fast horses, and had not yet acquired the automobile habit. Being free from these "manias," as he termed them, he devoted his leisure to collecting unset precious stones.

So zealous was he in his new occupation that he soon attracted the attention of those independent dealers who make a business of "private house" trade with customers who never haggle at a jeweller's counter, and insist on examining gems on their own library tables.

Mr. Truesdell was excited as well as pleased when he had read for the second time the following letter from one of these dealers:

New York, November 1, 1905.

John Truesdell Esq.,

Dear Sir,—

I have just succeeded in securing one of the largest and finest rough emeralds that has ever come to this country. It was found in India and is said to have some strange characteristics. One of these is its changing to a lighter colour under conditions I cannot very well explain in a letter. It is also said that it has been known to move without being touched.

I would like you to see it before I show it to others. The price is four thousand, which no more than covers its actual value in karats. The other things may be all humbug, and I wouldn't care to have you buy it expecting to find it something queer. Trusting you will make an early appointment, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS TRIPP.

"I've had good things from Tripp," said Mr. Truesdell to his secretary, "and I think I will look this emerald over. Please write him, Mr. Wilder, that I will see him here to-morrow night. If that stone really does change in tint—for I suppose that is what he means—I will have it cut and set. But are there such stones?"

Tracy Wilder a tall, slender young Englishman with a closely trimmed, pointed beard, hesitated a moment.

"There was the Nadhir diamond," he said slowly, "which flashed defiant rays when an enemy of the king, its owner, came near it. Then there was an East Indian ruby which turned white every new moon. There were others, but I cannot recall just what they did."

"Authentic?" said Mr. Truesdell.

Wilder put out his hands with a distinctly French gesture as he answered, "Not exactly vouched for, but mentioned in chronicles of the early occupation of India by the English. All such stories are more or less exaggerated."

"Well," said Mr. Truesdell, settling down to an examination of the more prosaic stones of his own collection, "make the appointment, any way. I will consider the emerald on its merits."

At eight o'clock the next evening Mr. Thomas Tripp bustled into the library, a thick-set, smooth-faced, well-dressed man, with just enough bluntness to prevent his displaying any trace of servility. For servility, Tripp considered, was a very useless thing in his particular business.

"I've brought it, Mr. Truesdell," he cried briskly, "and really, sir, the more I look at it the finer it shows up. It's a grand stone, but——" and here his voice sank, "I'm afraid of it. There does seem to be something about it——" and then he looked at his customer and from him inquiringly to the secretary, now busy at his desk in a far corner.

"You can say anything you wish before Mr. Wilder," said Truesdell, "he is something of an expert, too, and will examine the stone with me. Mr. Wilder, this is Mr. Tripp to whom you wrote, and he has brought the emerald. Come over to the table and join us."

Wilder quietly seated himself at the end of the long, leather-covered table at which Truesdell and Tripp were already seated, and the dealer went on:

"Now," he said, taking from an inner pocket a small box, "I want to say something before I open this. It's hard to believe, but you can judge for yourselves."

He held up the box and shook it. There was no sound that the others could hear, and Mr. Truesdell smiled.

"This morning," said Tripp, impressively, "I looked at the stone and wrapped it in tissue paper afterward. Then I put it in the box and placed the box before me on the table. I heard a slight rattle and looked at the box and, would you believe me, gentlemen, that box actually moved!"

Mr. Truesdell stared, but Wilder laughed. "Put it on the table now," he said.

Mr. Tripp placed the box in the centre of the long table, and the three men looked at it intently for more than a minute. It did not move, and again Wilder laughed.

"The move was an illusion," he said. Mr. Truesdell thought differently. As the prospective owner of a stone with a history he was prepared for any exhibition. In fact, the price being settled, he was very willing to have the box move or even to have the emerald unwrap itself and come out of the box of its own volition.

"Open it, open the box!" he cried eagerly, "and let me see this wonderful stone. I cannot wait."

Mr. Tripp opened the box with provoking slowness. Taking off the tissue-paper he finally revealed to Mr. Truesdell a magnificent uncut stone, half an inch wide on its flatter side and somewhat longer from its flat to its pointed end.

"Odd shape, too," said Tripp, fingering it gingerly, "almost the oddest I ever saw, and I have seen a good many in my time."

He passed it over to Mr. Truesdell, who examined it with glistening eyes and moving lips.

"Magnificent!" he gasped. "wonderful! Whether it moved or not, it moves me. Magnificent!" he repeated, for no other adjective seemed to fit the case.

Wilder, being at least four feet from the others, actually sprawled along his end of the table to get a nearer view.

Then, his curiosity apparently satisfied, he settled back into his chair and waited for his turn to examine the stone. When it came he looked the gem over with the patient, careful manner of an expert.

"It is magnificent," he said, handing it back to his employer, "no other word describes it."

"Mr. Truesdell," said Tripp, rubbing his hands together, "you know a stone when you see one. Mr. Wilder seems to know one, too. Do you fancy this one at the price?"

"The best answer I can give you to that," said Truesdell, "is my check. Now," he added, after passing the check over to Tripp, "there can be no question in the matter. The stone is mine, and if it moves it moves for me."

"That is understood," said Tripp laughing, "and I don't mind saying that I had a sort of a fit when the box tipped this morning. It might have rolled over when I wasn't there, you know, and gone clean away. You'd better keep it locked up when your eye isn't on it."

"Nonsense!" cried Wilder nervously, "there's nothing in that moving business. See here," he went on, rising, "suppose we work that out now. If it can move it can do so just as readily unwrapped as wrapped and boxed. May I test that, Mr. Truesdell?"

"Certainly, if you wish," said his employer.

"We will place it between us," said Wilder, rubbing the flattest end of the stone and laying that side on the table at a point about two feet from where he had been seated. Each of the other men were sitting at the same distance from the sparkling green object, now directly under an electric light.

Wilder sat down again and the three men gazed intently at the emerald. For perhaps a half minute they neither moved nor spoke. Then Tripp began to move his fingers nervously, and Truesdell for a moment allowed his eyes to wander from the stone to the moving fingers.

Suddenly Tripp gasped and straightened himself in his chair. Truesdelt turned his eyes to the emerald and sprang to his feet. The stone was moving down the table toward Wilder, slowly indeed, but unmistakably.

Wilder did not rise. Instead, he shrank slowly away from the table back into his chair. His right hand hung over the arm of the chair, the other drawn from the table when he fell back into his chair, was nervously closing and unclosing. In his face there was more fear than surprise, and Truesdell, leaning forward, allowed his gaze to leave the moving green for a moment. He saw the secretary's face and wondered. Wilder had been the skeptic, and now he was perturbed.

Tripp was now on his feet, apparently striving to speak. The stone was barely six inches from the end of the table and Truesdell had made one step toward it.

"It will go over!" he cried in a choking voice. "It is going over!"

"Wait!" cried Tripp, reaching over a detaining arm, "I—I will——"

At that instant the stone slid over the edge and disappeared. A sharp but slight explosion followed, and Wilder, springing from his chair, bent over the carpet, his hands moving convulsively.

"Look! Look!" he cried, pointing to the floor under the projecting end of the table. On the red carpet were scattered a number of small, glittering green fragments.

"The emerald has exploded!" cried Truesdell. Then he ran to the door and opened it.

"Ames," he called, "come up here, will you? Something has happened."

II.

Sidney Ames had arrived at the Truesdell house fifteen minutes after Mr. Tripp had been ushered into the library. In a few moments Miss Alice Truesdell had put him in possession of the contents of Tripp's letter.

"Funny idea that," he said, "especially the moving. Stones that change in colour, or tint, are not unknown. Who is Tripp? I seem to know the name. A thick-set man, with a smooth face and an oily manner. Does that describe him?"

"I don't really know, Sidney," she laughed, "but father often buys from him. And Sidney, I don't half like our new secretary. He is furtive, don't you think?"

"Not really," said Ames, "he's just nervous, diffident. I noticed that when I met him coming over from England. But he is all right and of good family. Of course he is poor and I guess he was glad to get this berth. I am his sponsor, you know, so you must not abuse him before me."

"I am not abusing him, Sidney, but I think he is rather queer."

"Maybe he is," answered Sidney carelessly, "and this emerald your father says he will have mounted for you, if it turns out to be all that it should. Do you really want it?"

At this moment Mr. Truesdell's loud call was heard, and Sidney jumped up.

"Wait here, Alice," he cried, as he ran up the stairs, "if it is anything serious I will come back at once. Perhaps the stone has changed colour."

In the library the first face he saw was that of Tripp. He cast one searching look at the dealer and turned to Mr. Truesdell, who stood at the end of the table looking down on the green fragments.

"The emerald has exploded, Sidney!" cried Truesdell, in a quavering voice.

"No!" said Ames blankly. "Has it? How?"

"How?" cried Truesdell, throwing up his hands. "Why, how would it explode? See here," motioning toward the floor, "there are the remains."

Sidney stooped and began picking up the pieces of the emerald. "Not much good now, are they?" he said.

"There sympathy for you," groaned Truesdell, turning to the others.

In a few moments Ames had all the larger fragments in a little heap on the table. Then he separated them.

"So this is the emerald that changes colour?" he said. "It has changed colour since it exploded—in pieces. What was it doing when it went off?"

Truesdell, with another groan at Ames's impassiveness, told the story of the emerald's trip across the table and over the edge.

"That reminds me of something," said Ames. "Do you remember that London clipping I gave you to put in your scrap-book of queer tales about diamonds and other stones? Wilder," turning toward the secretary, "would you mind getting the book from the big desk beyond yours?"

Then he sat down in Wilder's chair. "You sat here, did you?" he said, taking the book from the other's hand. Wilder nodded, and went back to Tripp's side of the table.

"Here it is," cried Ames. "Excuse me, please, while I go over it." He read the item to himself with frowning face.

"I thought it was a similar case," he said, as he closed the book, "and I will now demonstrate." He reached both arms along the table and then drew them back again.

"This dress coat," he said, "doesn't give me much liberty of action. The sleeves are tight."

He rose from his chair and walked toward Wilder.

"You might let me wear your coat for a few minutes, if you don't mind," he said; "this is a very pretty illustration of something that happened in London, and I want to do it properly."

Wilder hesitated for an instant, then took off his coat and handed it to Ames.

"I don't see——" began Truesdell, querulously.

"You will," interrupted Ames, as he seated himself, in the new coat, at the end of the table.

"Now," he went on, "imagine that this 10 cent piece is a diamond, for it was a diamond that performed in England. I lay it here," placing it where the emerald had been placed.

"Now, you all watch it carefully—and nothing happens at first. You are too anxious, you know, as they were in London. I will tell you about that after I get through my demonstration."

"This is foolishness," began Mr. Truesdell, looking from Ames to Tripp, now frowning in his chair. Wilder, still in shirt-sleeves, stood beside him.

"Foolishness?" queried Ames, "I don't —— Ah! it moves."

The coin had started down the table toward him, and he drew back into his chair with an affectation of alarm. Truesdell was the only man of the other three who stirred, and he moved toward the coin as he had started before to catch the emerald.

Again he was too late. The coin increased its speed, and fell over the edge of the table. This time there was a sharp, metallic click, and Ames reached down to the carpet with his right hand.

"Ah!" he said, "the coin is broken, and here is the result," and he held up two nickels before the indignant Mr. Truesdell.

The latter would have spoken, but Ames checked him.

"Now," he said, "I will read the clipping," and he pulled the book toward him and read aloud:

"A happening at the Carlton Club has created some excitement among members. A dealer in diamonds was showing a supposed 'live' diamond to three club members, when the stone, without any warning, began to jump up and down. In the slight disturbance which ensued the diamond disappeared and the clubman who had already paid for it was disconsolate, but suspicious."

"The stone was afterwards found, an unpleasant feature of the case being the fact that one club member seemed to be involved. The matter was hushed up, but the buyer recovered his cheque."

"Now, Mr. Tripler," cried Ames, "give me Mr. Truesdell's cheque. I wish to explode that."

"My name is Tripp——" began the dealer.

"Not in London," returned Ames, coolly.

"You are going too far, Sidney!" cried Mr. Truesdell. "The risk was mine after I paid for the stone. You are certainly going too far."

"Don't you see it yet?" cried Ames.

"No. Then I will have to tell you what was not printed in that clipping. The diamond was brought to the club by a gentleman named Tripler. When it jumped, it jumped toward a club member who was known to be in financial difficulties. It failed to explode, though the exploding business was not then unheard of.

"The third, or disinterested, club member had good eyes and saw things. So the stone was recovered, and given back to Tripler. He returned the cheque, and, as the clipping says, the matter was hushed up."

"But this stone is gone—the fragments are there!" cried Mr. Truesdell, helplessly.

"This stone," said Ames, "is not gone. See here," he went on, holding up a long horse hair. "I found this under the table. On the end is a bit of wax. The stone is pressed down upon it. The gentleman in the chair holds the other end of the hair, and as he moves back in evident alarm the stone comes toward him. When it falls over the edge he catches it in his left hand; with his right hand he explodes against the chair a toy pistol cap attached to a small iron weight. Then the fragments of the stone are found on the floor.

"That, sirs, is a combination of the London happening and an 'explosion' story told me by the third clubman. Now, Mr. Tripp in New York, and Mr. Tripler in London, give me the cheque."

"When you show me the emerald," said Tripp, sulkily, while the secretary stood pale, but quiet, looking from Truesdell to Ames and back again.

"The third clubman," went on Ames, "said that when the 'live' stone went over the edge of the table it was conveyed to a small pocket on the inside of the confederate's coat-sleeve. Here"—putting his thumb and forefinger inside the right sleeve of Wilder's coat—"is the emerald!"

And Ames held it up where Mr. Truesdell could see it.

"That is it," cried the collector.

"The game is up," whispered Wilder to the discomfited dealer. "Give him the cheque and say nothing. The old man is proud, and we will get away all right. Ames knows that."

Tripp threw the cheque across the table to the collector, and Ames went on talking, for he had seen the shamed look in Truesdell's face.

"You can take the stone with you when you go, Mr. Tripp," Ames said, looking again at Truesdell, who nodded, "and take Mr. Wilder with you at the same time. Confederates seem to be as easily procured here as in London. Mr. Truesdell could hold you on this, but I guess we will hush it up right here. But it will be just as well if you both leave town. Mr. Wilder can send for his things."

Thinking that Mr. Truesdell would prefer to be left alone, Ames followed the swindlers downstairs.

"Girlie," he said to Alice Truesdell, "you won't get your rough emerald. It proved altogether too rough, and your father sent it away."

"I have a great-uncle who is a monogenarian," said Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Is that so?" replied her hostess. "Well, I'm glad to say that, as far as I know, sleep-walkin' don't run in my family."

At The Symphony.

The great orchestra was playing its most compelling number. She sat as one enwrapped in an ecstatic dream.

He sat beside her. It was he who had bought the tickets.

"Perfectly grand!" he whispered in her ear.

She remained silent, drinking in the divine melody.

"Don't you think so?" he added, a moment later.

A faint sign of distress passed over her beautiful features. "Yes," she breathed so faintly that she hoped it would not disturb her blissful enchantment.

A moment of heavenly hush, and then "What marvellous phrasing!"

She said nothing. She was far away in a realm of delight so delicious, so delicate, the faintest breath of discord would alarm and destroy it. She sought to deaden her organ of hearing to his rasping words and to make herself believe he had not spoken. But he had, and he followed his previous remark with "Did you ever hear it done better?"

She very nearly succeeded in giving him a mere mechanical, lip-formed "No," without vexing her transported consciousness.

For full a moment he remained speechless, forgetting to bruise the tender blossoms of melody with his harsh bludgeon of words. His eyes were closed. How heavenly it all seemed. She was drifting in an ethereal sea of harmonic bliss, when there came crushing into the charmed audience chamber of her dreams the question: "Have you ever tried listening to music with your eyes closed?"

The crisis had come. She uttered a faint gasp of starless despair, like one bidding farewell to a dear, divine hope. Looking her devilish tormentor full in the eyes she said sweetly, as only a thrice embittered woman can: "Oh, yes; and I think it heightens the pleasurable effect; but did you ever try listening to music with the mouth shut?"

And the flutes and the oboes and the violins played on.

Likewise the tuba, the triangle and the kettle-drums.

STAMP COLLECTING

During the year 1905 the new stamps issued totalled 607, divided as follows: America 198, Africa, 187, Europe 151, Asia 93, and Australasia 68.

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So great was the stock of stamps held by the late M. Roy de Etioles, that several sales have been made to clear lines. One sale alone lasted over six days and returned £3600.

• • •

An "Officially Seated" stamp has been issued in New Foundland. The colour is black on blue, and the design includes a well-executed portrait of King Edward.

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An instance of the rapid increase in value of a modern stamp was given at a recent auction sale in London. An unused 10/ Lagos stamp, King Edward *type*, with single watermark, realised £10.

• • •

A British 1d. lilac stamp overprinted "Government Parcels" inverted, realised £9 at auction in London, and for the 1/ green and scarlet of 1901 with similar overprint inverted, as high as £ £26 was paid. At the same sale the 20/ brown and purple, water marked Orb, and unused sold for £12.

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It is somewhat significant that while Macedonia is still a portion of the Turkish Empire, three stamps have been issued bearing the names in Russian letters, arms of Bulgaria in the centre, and the value in Russian at the bottom. The stamps are 1 grosh in black and yellow, 10g. black and blue, and 20g. black. Perhaps these stamps are a "Cry from Macedonia, come and help us."

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Until comparatively recent years the great Chinese Empire did very little in the way of issuing stamps; and in fact, the foreign post system was arranged for the Chinese by an Englishman. Ancient records, however, show that there existed within the Empire a vast well organised postal system a century before the Christian era.

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A story is told in one of the Philatelic magazines of a gentleman, who, learning that a particular stamp of one of the small European States had become very valuable, remembered that he had years ago used a number of them to cover the top of a small table. He at once went to the lumber room to rescue that table, but when found it was discovered that an energetic servant had carefully cleaned it, and in the process scrubbed off the whole of the stamps. An equally disappointing occurrence is reported in this city. A lady was in a shop where stamps were on sale, and casually remarked that she had a lot of the early New Zealand stamps at home. Eagerly he asked if he might see them, visions of a great find filling his imagination. Consent was given, and when he called at the house the lady showed him a large drain pipe, which had been decorated all over with early New Zealand stamps, and what was still worse, varnished. From his hasty examination the dealer calculated that about £50 worth of stamps had been wasted on that pipe. Of course, the varnish quite finished any chance of saving the stamps, and the dealer went away a sad man.

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"What has become of the stamp collectors in Auckland?" was a question asked by a gentleman upon revisiting this city after some years' absence. "When last I was here," he added, "stamps could be seen offered for sale all over the place, but now comparatively few shops seem to pay much attention to catering for collectors." This remark made by a visitor, forces unpleasantly on the mind that stamp collecting has certainly declined in Auckland of late years. The trouble is that while there are a number of collectors, there does not appear to be a rallying point in the shape of a club, where members could meet, exchange stamps, and generally get to know each other. This is all the more to be wondered at, because in Australia and elsewhere, the stamp collecting hobby is finding hosts of adherents. What is wanted in Auckland is some self-sacrificing enthusiast, who would make a move in the direction of starting a real live collectors club. The enthusiast would, however, require to be either president or secretary, for on these officers would depend the success or failure of the undertaking.

The Spirit of Young Japan.

The following interesting sketch from "The World and His Wife" is an individual and national lesson in the art of "How to Get On":

The article tells of the perseverance and pluck of Mr. Ken Hoshino, late of Tokyo, Japan, later of New York, and later still of Columbia University, U.S.A., of which he is a B.A. The writer of the article met Mr. Hoshino in London, with a dress suit case full of hundreds of specimens of Japanese colour printing, which he was selling to raise money to pay for his education. It seems that Mr. Hoshino goes around with that bag full of prints because, like the most of us, he must have wherewith to live; but there is more than that in it. He first started his rapidly growing business to enable him to study at Columbia. When he had been two years at the University, he took the bull by the horns, and boldly crossed the Atlantic to sell his prints in London, so that he might have funds to finish his course and take his degree. He met with so much success that, having done that which he set out to do when he registered at Columbia, he has come to London again. British pluck has been a byword for the world for ages; nowadays we are beginning to talk of 'Japanese pluck.' It is a plucky man who takes himself through college by selling little prints, nine inches square, at a few pence each. Consider the magnitude of the undertaking!

"And why did you leave Japan?" I asked.

"Because I was called 'Cold Rice'" the answer came pat, "and, had I stayed, would have lost my surname and coat of arms. So there you are! I quit home in the winter of 1899, and went to America, where even a Cold Rice can lead a most honourable, independent life, being a boss of himself."

The explanation, though seemingly cryptic, was sufficient. Mr. Hoshino is the youngest of five sons; and to be the youngest boy in Japan is no enviable position. "Cold Rice" is his name and cold rice is his portion, for he may not eat until all his elder brothers are served.

But that is not the worst. The youngest son is not wanted. He must be adopted by another family who have no sons of their own, and lose utterly all connection with his own people. Decades of ancestor worship have given the Japanese a greater love of family than have any other nation of the world; and it is this custom of adoption that is driving Young Japan out into the world to seek position, just as the lack of money has driven the younger sons of Britain out into all the corners of the seven seas.

"I left home at my own suggestion," said Mr. Hoshino. "I had a little money, and borrowed my fifty dollars from a cousin. To him I sent it back when I arrived in New York."

The United States will not admit an alien unless he can show fifty dollars. Having returned the borrowed money, the plucky schoolboy—he was little more—found himself hard up in a strange land.

"After a few days I got work in a store to carry cucumbers—a dollar a week. Soon I found out, to my amazement, that one could be taught for nothing in America. Then I gave up my evenings to a free school. When I had made a little progress, I went to a day-school, and learned with the smallest, little boys in the lowest class. In the early morning and the evenings I earned money by doing odd jobs and making clear for a doctor, at a salary of half a dollar a week."

"That made the days long for you, didn't it?"

"Ah, yes! But I was working for my own self, and still had my coat of arms. I began to dream of making money and position, and returning to Japan honoured by my family."

The light in his eyes as he spoke showed how deep and strong was the desire that led the youngster through those strenuous days in New York. Learning all day and working hard at night, he soon made sufficient money to start an agency for the beautiful silks of his native land.

Among a nation of "pushers" he pushed harder than his rivals, and presently found himself with sufficient cash in hand to enter a college.

"That was a most joyful day," said the hard-working Jap. "I could hardly believe my good fortune. You see, I had come to America for the sake of my freedom, and I found myself getting education as well. Three years I was at Allegheny College, working hard at my business in vacation times and on holidays. And then came the idea that I might get even more education in this land where even younger sons are as good as anyone else."

It is hard to imagine that anyone could earn money and attend school at one and the same time; but Mr. Hoshino did it, and, what is more, four years after he had landed a penniless alien in New York, he had, by his own endeavours, saved enough money to enter Columbia University! It is an amazing record of hard work, pluck, and self-denial.

It has been said, again and again, that the Japanese are no good at business; but when young Japan has lived for some years abroad, he loses the characteristics of his laughing, pleasure-loving countrymen. There can be no doubt that as more and more Nipponese are driven abroad by the necessity of being "boss of themselves," Japan will become a dangerous commercial rival to the foremost nations of the world. When young Japan becomes middle-aged Japan, with a store of experience and a fund of money, he returns to his country—for his country's good.

"Young Japan" is determined to get there, and will deny itself anything for the sake of honour. Good luck to Young Japan!

Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I will write you a little letter to ask you if you will let me be one of your cousins. We have had eight weeks' holiday, but we have to go back to school on February the 5th. I went to Hastings for a few days. We are having very hot weather down here; is it hot up there? I have got a pretty little pussy cat. I haven't got a name for it yet. We have a very pretty garden and a very big oak tree. I am collecting postcards, and have got about 60 now. I have no more news to tell you. But before I end up I want to ask you if you will send me one of your badges.—Madge.

[Dear Cousin Madge,—Of course you may become a "Graphic" cousin, and I shall be delighted to add you to our band. I will post a badge to you immediately, and hope you will receive it safely. Are you sorry to be going back to school? I should think you would be, if it is as hot in Napier as it is in Auckland. I don't think I have ever felt the heat so much before, one doesn't feel inclined to move until after the sun goes down. What are you thinking of calling your kitten? If you tell me what colour it is and all about it next time you write, I might be able to think of a nice name for it.—Cousin Kate.]

* * *

Dear Cousin Kate,—I now have some time to write you a letter. I suppose you will excuse me for not writing before, but we had so little time to spare. I hope you enjoyed yourself on Christmas Day. We went cherry picking on Wednesday, or, as people call it, "Boxing Day." I suppose cherries are seen in Auckland at this time of the year as well. When are we to hear about the painting competitions? A lot of children want to write to you, but they are afraid they might not see the answers to their letters. A picnic was held in Taupo for the closing up of the school. My sisters all went, but I did not go. My brothers' prizes or books were "Under Burnand's Banner" or "The Days of Chivalry," and "Happy Holidays." My sisters' were "The Gold of Chickaree" and Arum Field." They are very nice books to read, and I suppose you have read them. Sometimes I see riddles in the letters, and I will put one down, too. I suppose you will find it out. The riddle is, "Something that shows its pleasure by its tail." Good-bye. I must conclude this letter with a bright and happy new year to all the cousins.—Your affectionate cousin, ELLEN.

[Dear Cousin Ellen,—Your letter has been such a long time on the way that I do not know quite what to make of it. I fancy you must have forgotten to post it. Thank you very much indeed for your good wishes, also for the dear little card you enclosed. I enjoy Christmas week very much indeed, and since then I have been away for my holidays. I saw plenty of cherries, wild ones, while I was away. Where your wild or cultivated? The wild ones are very small and rather acid. I have tried to think of the answer to the riddle you sent me, but cannot, so you must tell me the answer next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Sally of the Rocking Horse.

BY L. T. MEADE,

(Author of "A World for Girls," "A Madcap, etc., etc.)

She was called by this name at home for the simple reason that she was abominably selfish with regard to the rocking-horse. She took, in short, possession of it, and kept the other children more or less at bay.

She was not a nice child. This must be explained at once.

Ralph, aged six, was afraid of Sally, although he feared nothing and no one else in all the wide world. Baby Joan invariably sat on Nurse's knee when Sally was on the rocking-horse, Sally performed the most wonderful feats as she rode the big wooden horse. She looked excited and quite splendid on those occasions. She had very black hair which used to fly out all round her head, and great black eyes and a determined little mouth, and she was intensely full of self, and, in short, Ralph and Joan were much happier when Sally was not in the nursery.

It was the same downstairs. When Sally appeared at dessert she had a way of walking boldly into the room as though she did not fear anyone or anybody. She would take the seat she liked best near the person she happened to fancy for the minutes, and request in a calm steady voice for a constant supply of chocolates or candied fruits or any other good things that happened to be on the table.

She was not exactly rude downstairs, but she was defiant. She said boldly that she hated being kissed. Even her mother's kisses she merely received with toleration, and she and her father had a compact that they were only to embrace each other once a year—that was on Sally's birthday. The servants were a little afraid of her. The guests were happiest when she was not in the room. The nursery party enjoyed themselves immensely during her absence, and even her very gentle and kind mother felt uncomfortable in Sally's presence. So it was determined when "Naughty Sally"—which was her invariable name in the household—passed her tenth birthday that she was to go to school.

"School may do something for her," said Uncle Joe, who was her godfather, and who disliked her very much. "It may teach her to care for someone. What Sally wants is to care for someone. I suppose she is a fine character, but we have never yet discovered it."

Sally went to school when she was ten, and it must be owned that the family in Queen's Gate were rather glad than otherwise. Ralph could now ride the rocking-horse, and little Joan even could be lifted on the back of that gallant steed by kind Nurse and have a good time while Ralph gently moved the horse up and down.

The school that Sally went to was situated a little outside London. It was a very small school: there were only six girls in it altogether. Sally was the second youngest: the youngest of all was only seven years of age. She was called by her companions by the queer name of Peterkins. She was a little dark girl who had been born in India, and was never gay and strong like the rest of her schoolfellows. In consequence Peterkins was treated very kindly by Miss Colville, the headmistress, and was given every sort of luxury.

She had a dear little sitting-room to herself, with a sofa and a deep easy chair, and when she was not well enough to be with her companions she used to lie on the sofa and look at her story-books. Peterkins could only read very simple words, so the story-books had to be in large print, and were, in short, mostly composed of pictures. But Peterkins had a mind full of pretty fancies, and, as she lay on her sofa, she made up stories for herself out of the pictures, and was always happy and smiling, and ready to be pleased with anything that came in her way.

Naughty Sally had not been two hours in the school before Peterkins was told all about her. It was Desire who crept in softly and sitting down at the foot of Peterkins' sofa began to tell her.

"Oh," said Desire, 'well shall have a time in future! You can't even guess what has happened, Peterkins."

"I am not going to try," said Peterkins. "I have had a lovely, lovely morning looking at my story-pictures. There is one of an old woman: and what do you think she does? She cuts the old moon up into little bits and pastes the bits on the sky to make stars. Isn't it lovely? I 'spect that's what does happen."

"Oh, I don't care nothing about the stupid old moon," replied Desire. "Listen and I will tell you. You know the new girl has come."

"Yes, I heard there was a new girl coming," said Peterkins.

"She has come!" said Desire. "She is —perfectly—awful!"

"Awful—is she?" said Peterkins.

"Yes. I wonder what Miss Colville will do with her. She said 'no' to every single thing that was asked her this morning. She was asked if she liked reading, and she said 'no.' Then she was asked if she knew any French, and she said 'no.' She was asked if she could play the piano, and she said 'no.'"

"Well, perhaps she couldn't," interrupted Peterkins. "She couldn't say 'Yes' if she couldn't—now could she, Desire?"

"Of course not," said Desire; "but it was the sort of way she said the words —just though she were proud of herself. Miss Colville got quite red at last, and said, 'Is there anything you can say yes about!' And she said at once, 'Oh, certainly; if you ask me if I hate school, I can say yes.' Now, Peterkins, what do you think of that sort of a girl?"

Peterkins' gentle little face was all aglow with excitement.

"She must be wonderful," she said.

"I 'spect she's not very happy," she continued.

"Oh, but that's just what she is. She's as happy as possible. She looks it, I mean. We have been talking to her in the playground, and she has been saying 'no, no, no' all the time. I wish she hadn't come. She says she won't join in our games, and she won't learn her lessons, and she won't be nice to any of us. She says they call her 'Naughty Sally' at home, or 'Sally of the Rocking-horse.'"

"What did she mean by that?"

"Oh, she says that she is so selfish, she keeps the rocking-horse to herself. She says she means to be just as selfish at school as at home, and that she doesn't want any of us to love her."

"What is she like?" asked Peterkins, after a pause.

"Oh, ugly—quite ugly," said Desire. "She has black eyes, and they are so fierce—and quantities of thick black hair, and a stout figure, nearly as broad as it is long. She is ten years old, and she is almost a dunce. There, I must go now, although I'd like to tell you about her. She is a—a caution; that's all I can say."

Peterkins lay very still when Desire had left her. Her head was aching—it often did ache. That was why she was required to lie down so much. It ached rather more than ever now. Her thoughts were busy. They were so completely occupied with the new little schoolgirl that they forgot to think anything more about the wonderful old woman who cut up the moon and made it into stars. It was Peterkins' way to be unselfish. She was just as unselfish as Naughty Sally was the reverse. She was wondering now in what sort of way she could make matters a little pleasant for Naughty Sally; for she had a queer sort of idea in her little brain that naughty people, notwithstanding all their brave words, were fearfully unhappy.

"Naughty Sally must feel just dreadful," thought Peterkins. "I do wish I could see her. Perhaps I'd find out something. Perhaps I could help her."

The youngest Miss Colville came presently into Peterkins' room carrying a tray in her hand which contained some tea very carefully prepared.

"Now, Peterkins," she said, "you must eat your new-laid egg and all this fresh bread and butter. I shall be quite vexed if you don't."

"Please—Miss Colville," said Peterkins.

"What is it, my dear child?"

"Do you think that I could see Naughty Sally?"

"Naughty Sally?" said Miss Colville. "What do you mean?"

"Oh," said Peterkins, "she is the new little naughty girl. I am sure she must be frightfully unhappy. Please—Miss Colville, I should so like to see her."

"You mean little Sara Marsden?" said Miss Colville, after a pause.

"Yes."

"I regret to say I greatly fear that 'Naughty Sally' is a good name for her. She is going to be a most troublesome child. In fact, Peterkins, I don't mind telling you that she has already disobeyed my dear sister and refused to learn any of her lessons, and in consequence although it is her first day at school, we have been obliged to lock her up. She is in her own room on the next landing, and she must stay there until she begs my sister's pardon."

"Oh," said Peterkins. She looked exceedingly wistful. "Do you think," she said, after a pause, "that—I—I might go and see her?"

"I am not at all sure. I think it would be exceedingly bad for you."

"It wouldn't be a bit bad for me," said Peterkins. "I'd like it just awfully. I haven't seen her at all."

"But she is such a remarkably rough child," said Miss Colville. "Really, my dear Peterkins——"

Peterkins beautiful soft grey eyes filled with tears.

"I should so like it, and I never was afraid of anybody," she said.

"You are a dear little thing," said Miss Colville, stooping to kiss her. "I wish with all my heart that other child was like you. If she were, matters would be very different from what they are now. Well, Peterkins, have your own way; only, don't stay long. I have locked the door of Naughty Sally's room, but you can easily unlock it for yourself. Take your tea first though, dear."

Miss Colville left the room, and Peterkins lay for a short time longer on the sofa. Presently she ate a little of her bread and butter, and took a few sips of her tea. Then, very carefully lifting the small tray and carrying her wonderful picture-book in her hand, she slowly and steadily ascended the stairs to the next floor.

She knew quite well the room where Naughty Sally was shut up, and, putting her tray on the floor, she knocked with her little thin fingers. There came no answer. Just for a minute Peterkins' brave spirit quailed. Then she turned the key in the lock, opened the door a few inches, and popped her little face in.

A stout girl was seated on her own bed at the far end of the room. The girl was swaying backwards and forwards, her hair hanging wildly about her, her eyes looking very big and fierce.

"I am on my rocking-horse," she said when she saw Peterkins' pale, pretty little face, "and those who don't want to be ridden over had best not come into the room."

She swayed more violently than ever.

"Gee up! Gee up! Go on, Firefly," she shouted. "Faster, faster, Firefly!"

Peterkins lifted the tray from the floor, hugged her book tightly, and entered the room.

"I am one of the girls at the school," she said. "I am the youngest girl. I have brought you up my tea, 'cause I thought you might be thirsty. That's not a pretty play of yours at all. I know a much prettier one. I can 'splain to you 'bout it out of this book. S'pose you were the old woman who lives on the Catskill Mountains, and s'pose you hung up the new moon in the sky, and cut up the old one into stars. That would be a jolly sort of play—at least, so it seems to me."

Peterkins' words and the look in her eyes and the intense earnestness of her manner suddenly aroused the attention of Naughty Sally. She had never seen anyone the least like this quaint little girl before.

"You don't want to kiss me, that's a comfort," she said, and she jumped off the bed. "I'm mad hungry," was her next remark. "I'll eat up all you have brought if you don't mind?"

"No, 'course, I want you to," said Peterkins.

So Naughty Sally drank the tea and demolished the bread and butter, and attacked the new-laid egg. When all the contents of Peterkins' tray had been consumed, Sally turned and looked at her companion.

"You live here?"

"'Course," said Peterkins.

"You look rather—well, better than most of 'em," remarked Sally. "You ain't afraid of me, are you?"

Peterkins laughed. "Not a bit," she said.

"Then jump on the bed," said Sally.

"You must help me," said Peterkins. "I'm not good at jumping."

Sally sprang on the bed herself, and with much unnecessary violence lugged Peterkins up to sit by her side.

"Now—that's right," said Sally. "Tell me all about the old woman who cut up the old moon into stars."

"I have a picture of her here in my book," said Peterkins.

"Open it and let's look," said Sally.

Peterkins opened the book. The two children bent over it. Sally burst into a loud laugh.

"Why, she's something like me!" she said. "What else can she do?"

"Oh, all kinds of things," said Peterkins. "She can spin clouds out of cobwebs and make them fall in showers, causing the grass to spring and the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour; or, if she is angry, she can brew up clouds as black as ink and sit in the middle of them like a big spider, and when those clouds break there's such a terrible rain that people are nearly drowned. See, I have a picture of this, too; I will show it to you."

Naughty Sally laughed again with glee.

"She's wonderful, like me!" was her next remark.

Peterkins went on talking. She was always great at telling stories, and while she told some straight from the beautiful book she told a good many out of her own little head.

They were pretty stories, some of them, and some again, were enough to frighten the bravest children; for Peterkins was clever and had a very strong imagination.

Sally listened, glued to the bed in wonder.

"You are nice," she said at last, drawing a deep breath. "I am glad you are at the school. Why weren't you in the schoolroom when the rest of them were so—so—horrid?"

"They are all nice, every one of 'em," said Peterkins, stoutly.

"I don't think so," replied Naughty Sally. "I hate 'em all like anything—'cept you."

Peterkins gave a gentle sigh.

"I love 'em," she said.

"You don't," said Naughty Sally.

"I do," said Peterkins.

Naughty Sally sat very still. After a time she said:

"If you was now, this very minute, to make me a promise that you'd hate 'em all—every single one of 'em—I—I'd let you kiss me."

Peterkins looked back at her with great gentleness.

"But I don't want to kiss you at all, Naughty Sally," she said.

Naughty Sally, perhaps for the first time in all her life, felt really snubbed. Peterkins slipped down with great dignity from the bed.

"I am going," she said. "I have told you 'bout the old woman and the stars, and a lot of other stories, and I can tell you plenty of 'em again whenever you like. I am real sorry you are naughty, for it must make you feel so dreadful sad. It's much nicer to be good. I am not good really—but I try to be. You don't try to be, and that's why you are—so terrible sad! Good-bye, naughty Sally. I—if you like to come to my room I'll tell you more stories another day."

Peterkins crept downstairs. She took her empty tray with her, and also the book which contained the story of the old squaw who lived on the Catskill Mountains.

When Miss Colville came later in the evening into Peterkins' room she was pleased to see that the tray was empty, but she made no remark. She then went up to interview Naughty Sally.

She opened the door and went in. That young person was standing by the window. She had combed out her hair and washed her face. In consequence she did not look nearly so wild. Miss Colville felt suddenly quite hopeful.

"Are you going to be a good girl?" she said. "Are you going to tell my sister that you are sorry?"

"If I do," said Naughty Sally, "may I——"

"I can make no conditions," interrupted Miss Colville. "If you say your are sorry, my sister will forgive you, and you can stay at the school. If you don't, it will be my sister's painful duty to send you back to Queen's Gate to-morrow morning."

"Oh," said Sally.

She thought for a minute. She was never very long in making up her mind. When she had made it up, she crossed the room quickly and put her firm, fat little hand into Miss Colville's.

"I will go straight down and get it done now," she said.

"All right," said Miss Colville.

They entered the elder Miss Colville's private sitting-room.

"Sara Marsden has come to say she is sorry, sister," remarked the lady.

"Yes, I am sorry," said Naughty Sally at once in a very firm tone, "and if you will let me go up and sit with Peterkins, I will try to—please you a little bit in future."

"Oh, then it is Peterkins' doing!" thought Miss Colville. "Wonderful, extraordinary child."

She was a wise woman, and in her lifetime had had a great deal to do with little girls of all sorts and descriptions. She knew that Naughty Sally would not be broken in all at once. So she kissed her and accepted her apology and also said:

"This is your first day at school. You may go up to Peterkins and sit with her for a little, but you must promise that you will not tire her."

"Oh, no; I won't do that," said Sally, and her black eyes sparkled as she shook out her thick mane of black hair.

A few minutes later she was seated on the footstool by Peterkins' side.

"Now," she said, "go on about the old woman."

Peterkins smiled. She made an effort to speak, but, instead of speaking, she only smiled again.

"Why, whatever is it?" said Sally.

"I believe I'm 'bout tired," said Peterkins.

"Oh!" said Naughty Sally. "Then it's 'bout my turn to make things jolly for you. Shall I tell you about the rocking-horse, and how frightened Ralph gets, and how Joan cries?"

"First," said Peterkins——

"Yes—first?" enquired Sally.

"Has you done what I wanted, 'bout—'bout—Miss Colville?"

"Oh yes; I did it 'cause of you. I thought of what you said about naughty girls being so tremendous miserable—I expect it's true. I never liked nobody—that is, awful much—till I met you. May I be your—sort of—sort of chum?"

"Oh yes!" said Peterkins.

"Then," said Naughty Sally, "I'll have to take care of you: see if I don't. You are not to speak one single word, 'cause you are so precious tired; but I'll tell you all about Ralph and little Joan. You'll have to obey me if I have to obey you."

This was the very simple way in which Peterkins got an influence over Naughty Sally. So that by slow degrees some of Peterkins' sweet nature seemed to enter into the heart of the other child, and some of Sally's funny bold ways also did Peterkins good.

When Sally went home for her first holidays she announced to Ralph and Joan that they were welcome to ride the rocking-horse, for that she herself had found much better employment.

"There's an old woman that cuts the old moon up into stars, and hangs the new ones up in the sky," she said. "I heard about her at school, and there's a girl there that I love; and—and I'm not going to be Rocking-horse Sally or Naughty Sally any more."

The Stage Dog.

CANINE ACTORS IN MODERN PLAYS.

"There is no doubt," says the Paris "Figaro," "that in the early future a class for the theatre dog must be added to the Conservatoire, as by a strange coincidence most of the new plays count a dog among the actors."

At the Comedie Francaise M. de Feraudy commences the second act of "Poliche" with a very pretty piece of emotion, addressed to a beribboned King Charles; at the Gymnase a little white dog called Prince of Wales serves as a confidant for Mme. Marthe Regnier; and at the Varieties in "Miquette et sa Mere," it is to a black poodle, which appreciates the applause, that Mlle. Lavaliere confesses the name of the man she loves.

The dog, a dramatic author informed the "Figaro," is going to replace the conventional confidant of modern comedy. One can tell him naturally the state of mind one needs to convey to the public. He replaces the girl friend in the convent, the old family servant, and the college friend. He is a discreet confessor. In a word, he is a blessing as a means of communication with the audience.

In the London theatres at the present moment the only dogs appearing in a play are at the Lyric Theatre in "Robin Hood," and they have nothing more serious to do than walk on and off. Last March, however, at the same theatre, in a one-act play, Mr. Sam Sothern had to address the whole of the dialogue to a dog. The piece was called "What Shall I Say to Her?" and the question was addressed to a terrier. In "The Light that failed"—curious enough this, too, was produced at the Lyric Theatre—a dog played a little part, and in "The Cingalee," at Daly's Miss Isabel Jay carried on a brown, fluffy little dog.

In "Richard II." Mr. Tree had no words for the wolfhound that followed him, but about eight years ago, when he staged "Rip Van Winkle," he had a talk with his dog Nick. Everyone also will remember his Bully Boy in "The Dancing Girl." At the Haymarket when "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" was making the success of the season, Mr. Fred Terry carried a tiny King Charles in his arms. It was his confidant and his friend in the play.

Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Professor Jarman arrived from the South by the Rotoiti last week.

Major and Mrs. Pitt, (Auckland), are visiting Gisborne for a few days.

Mr. E. D. Benjamin was a passenger for Gisborne by the Waikare last week.

Professor Thomas was a passenger for the South by the Takapuna last week.

Mr. E. W. Poiritt has been appointed a member of the Paeroa Domain Board.

Dr. Eleanor Baker returned from a visit to the South by the Rarawa last week.

Mr. A. M. Allfrey, of London, who has been staying at the Northern Club, went up to Rotorua last week.

Mr Charles Rhodes, attorney for the Waihi Gold Mining Company, is at present on a visit to Waihi.

Mr. A. Keyes, Mayor of Birkenhead, leaves this week on a holiday visit to Christchurch.

Captain W. Sinker, of the Southern Cross, was a passenger for New Plymouth by the Takapuna last week.

Mr. D. R. Caldwell, of Messrs. Macky, Logan, Caldwell and Co., returned from an extended visit South last week.

Mrs. Brooks, of Cambridge, is still in Tauranga, where her mother, Mrs. Evans, is lying very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. U. Thornton deturned to Cambridge on Saturday after a pleasant stay at Wiawera.

Mrs. Dunne is now the guest of her brother, Mr. W. Wright Loloma, after a most enjoyable visit home.

Miss Grey, who has been for a trip to Auckland, and Rotorua, has returned to her home in Gisborne.

Mr. A. Wheeler, formerly of Gisborne, and now living in Suva, is spending a few days in Gisborne.

Mrs. Percival Barker and the Misses Barker, (Gisborne), left last week for a trip to the Exhibition and Cold Lakes.

Miss Horn (Auckland), who has been staying with Mrs. F. Lysnar (Gisborne), has returned home.

Archdeacon Calder was a passenger from the South by the Takapuna last week.

Mr. John Rowe (Mayor of Onehunga) returned from the South by the Rarawa last week.

The Rev. Arthur Fowler, of St. Aidan's Church, Remuera, left for England on Monday, on a holiday visit.

Miss Myra Reed, Remuera, Auckland, left for the South last Sunday en route to the Exhibition.

Miss Ethna Pierce, Khyber Pass, Auckland, left by the Waikare last Saturday on a visit to Gisborne.

Mr. J. B. McKinney left for Invercargill last week to take up his duties as secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at that town.

Mr. P. E. Cheal was elected a vice-president of the New Zealand Institute of Surveyors at the annual meeting held recently in Dunedin.

Mrs. Hall, of Otahuhu, returned home on Thursday, after a stay of a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Young, of Linton, Cambridge.

Miss Rees, who has been for some time living in South Africa and England, has returned to Gisborne, to reside with her parents.

Mr. Thos. S. Jones, the general manager in Australasia for the Oceanic Co., was among the Sonoma's passengers for Auckland from Sydney.

Mrs. Macfarlane and Miss Eileen Macfarlane (Remuera), who have been on a trip to the Old Country, returned to Auckland last week.

Mr. L. J. Bagnall, chairman of the Education Board, left on Sunday to attend a conference of Advisory Boards of Training Colleges which meets at Wellington this week.

Miss Amy Holland, of "Moana-Kitea, City-road, is leaving Auckland on the 25th inst. to join the Gothic at Wellington, en route for England, where she intends spending a year's holiday.

Mrs. and the Misses Millie and Winnie Cotter, of Remuera, Auckland, leave by the Mokoia next Tuesday for the South. Mr. Harold Cotter, who is one of the party, proceeds on to Melbourne.

Miss Maimie Williamson, Auckland, was a passenger to Gisborne by the Waikare last Saturday. While in Gisborne she will be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Cyril White.

Mrs. D. Chapman and her two children, who have been visiting friends in Cambridge for the last fortnight, returned home by way of the Thames on Monday.

Mrs. and Miss Richardson, of Cambridge, returned home on Saturday from St. Helier's Bay, where they have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Muir Douglas.

Mr. W. R. C. Walker, headmaster of the Cambridge High School, returned on Saturday from a pleasant trip to Wanganui, and was accompanied by his brother.

Archdeacon Willis and Miss C. Willis returned to Cambridge from their stay at St. Helier's Bay, on Thursday last, the remainder of the family paying visits in the Auckland district before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bloomfield, St. Stephen's avenue, Parnell, who, for the past few months, have been visiting Japan and Australia, returned to Auckland by the Wimmera last Sunday.

Mrs. Dagma Gilfillan, Parnell, was a passenger by the Rarawa for the South last Sunday. Her ultimate destination is Christchurch, but it is her intention to visit most of the larger centres on the way down.

Mr. R. M. Watt has been appointed by the Auckland Harbour Board as architect for the new buildings to be erected at the entrance to the Queen-street Wharf. The limit of cost is placed at £10,000.

A Masterton Press Association message states that the local postmaster, Mr W. H. S. Nicholls, who has been transferred to the Thames, was last week presented by the staff with a gold watch.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Buckland are expected to arrive in Cambridge on the 24th inst, from their trip to the Strait's Settlement, where they have been staying with their married daughter, Mrs. J. Philips.

The following visitors have been staying at the Waiwera Hot Springs Hotel: Mr. and Mrs. Herman Brown, Master T. Barter, Mrs. Boscawen, Master Boscawen, Mrs. Gorrie, Master Gorrie, Mrs. Clayton, Misses Clayton, Master Clayton, Master J. Gamble, Master A. Webster, Mrs. Scruby, Mrs. Abbott, Master Abbott, Mr. Mark Davis, Master Davis, Mrs. Herz, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Davis, Master Davis and nurse, Mr. and Mrs. Tupper, Dr. Moses, Mr. Haitmann, Mr. Geddes, Mr. Kronfeld, Mr. J. Livesey, Mr. J. R. Lyle, Mr. and Mrs. McLean and family, Mrs. Thomas Wright, Miss Wright, Mr. Hill, Messrs. McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. Eccles, Mr. McNab, Mr. Hardy, Dr. Blackley, Mr. Blackley, Mr. Hudson, Mr. E. Sutton, Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Gray, Mrs. Tole and family, Mr. and Mrs. Murgatroyd and family, Mr. Hawkins, Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Oldham, Mr. G. Snooks, Miss Clark, Mr. W. C. Johns, Miss Shannon, Mr. A. Ulrich, Mr. McKaig, Mr. Greenwell, Mr. Dixon, Miss Dixon, Mr. Grossman, Mrs. Emirati.

TARANAKI PROVINCE.

Miss Falders, Auckland, is visiting her sister, Mrs A. D. Gray, New Plymouth.

Mrs W. Newman and Mrs Honeyfield, who have been visiting the Exhibition, have returned to New Plymouth.

Mrs W. Bayly and Miss C. Bayly, who have been on a visit to Nelson, have returned to New Plymouth.

Miss Tansey, who has been visiting Mrs W. Webster, New Plymouth, has returned to her home at Taihape.

Mr C. H. Burgess, who has been on a visit to New Plymouth, has returned to Auckland.

Miss E. Bayley, who has been on a trip to the Sounds and Christchurch, is back in New Plymouth.

Mr G. W. Coberoft, of Invercargill, commences his duties in the Central School, New Plymouth, this week.

Mrs Warburton, Palmerston North, is visiting Mrs Fitzherbert, New Plymouth.

Mrs C. H. Fenton, who has been visiting her relatives in Auckland, passed through New Plymouth last week on her way home to Wellington.

Miss McClatchie, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs Alex. McIntosh, New Plymouth, for some months past, has now gone on a visit to Christchurch.

Mr B. Adams of the Bank of Australasia, New Plymouth, who has been visiting her relatives in Hobart, has now returned.

Mrs and Miss E. Penn and Miss A. Tayler, who have been visiting Christchurch and Wellington, have returned to New Plymouth.

Miss Ethel Baker, New Plymouth, has left for Melbourne, where she is to undergo preparation for missionary work in the Melanesian Islands. Prior to leaving she was presented with a travelling bag by the teachers and scholars of St. Mary's Sunday school, Rev. Mr Evans making the presentation.

HAWKE'S BAY PROVINCE.

Mrs. Fulton is in Napier for a week.

Mrs. Williams, of Napier, is on a visit to Auckland.

Miss Moor, of Christchurch, is on a visit to Oringi.

Miss Kettle, of Napier, is spending a holiday in the South.

Miss Hindmarsh is spending a holiday in Christchurch.

Miss Fry left Napier last week, and will be in Wellington for some months.

Miss Williams, of Napier, is on a holiday visit to Wellington.

Mrs. Pickney has returned to Napier from Christchurch.

Mrs. Lusk has returned to Napier, after being in Wellington for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hetley are in the country for some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Laing, of London, are in Napier for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leghaun have returned from Christchurch to Napier.

Judge Brabant has returned to Napier after spending a holiday in the South.

Miss Rutherford, of Napier, is on a visit to Kaikoura.

Miss Kennedy, of Napier, is spending a holiday in Christchurch.

Miss Gillies has returned to Napier after spending some weeks in Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick, who have been on a visit to Rotorua, returned to Napier last week.

Miss M. Dean has returned to Napier after spending some months in Wellington.

The Mayor of Hastings and Mrs. Thompson have returned, after spending a holiday in Christchurch.

Mrs. Dewes has returned to Napier after spending some weeks in Christchurch.

Mrs. Bowen has returned to Napier after being in Christchurch for a holiday.

Mrs. Tiers, of Christchurch, is on a visit to Napier, and is the guest of Mrs. Brabant.

The Misses McHardy, of Blackhead, have returned to Hawke's Bay after spending some months in Japan and London.

WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Mr. Silk, of Wanganui, has returned from his visit to Christchurch.

Dr. Anson, of Wellington, has just been in Wanganui.

Mrs. S. Gordon, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Christchurch.

Mrs. and Miss Blundell, of Wanganui, are visiting relations in New Plymouth.

Mrs. E. Lilliton, Waitotara, is staying in Wanganui with relations.

Miss McNeill, of Wanganui, has returned from her trip to the South Island.

Mrs Kennedy is back in Wellington after a stay in Christchurch.

Mrs Arthur Hume is back in Wellington after a visit to Nelson.

Miss Brabant, of Wanganui, has returned from her holiday in Napier.

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Stevenson, of Wanganui, are staying in Christchurch.

Mrs. Fairfax Cholmeley, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Rangitikei.

Mr. John Fairburn, of Wanganui, has gone to Christchurch.

Miss Graham, of Dunedin, is the guest of Mrs. Colin Campbell.

Mrs and Miss Crosby Martin (Napier) are spending a few days in Wellington.

Mrs Tanner is back in Wellington after a month or two in Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs Humphries (Napier) have been paying a brief visit to Wellington.

Miss Morrah (Wellington) is staying at Waikanae for a week or two.

Mr. Geo. Humphreys, of Wanganui, is back from his fishing expedition in the Wairarapa.

Mrs. P. Miles, of Christchurch, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Lillico in Wanganui.

Mrs. and Miss Humphreys, of Wanganui, have returned from their holiday in Napier.

Miss Knapp, of Wanganui, who has been on a holiday to Nelson, is home again.

Mrs. Dagshun, of Wanganui, is back again after her holiday in Auckland and the Waikato district.

Mr. and Mrs. Inday Saunders, of Wanganui, have returned from their trip to Wellington and Christchurch.

Miss B. Russell, of Christchurch, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Gilford Marshall, in Wanganui.

Mrs Cooper, who has been paying visits in and about Palmerston, has returned to Wellington.

The Hon. Dr. Findlay is back in Wellington after a tour of the South Islands.

Miss Queenie Nixon, of Wanganui, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bethune in Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Sargeant, of Wanganui, have gone to Christchurch for the Exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. Empson, of Wanganui, have returned from their trip to Christchurch.

Dr. and Mrs Foster (Blenheim) have been staying in Wellington for a week or two.

Mrs A. de B. Brandon and Miss Brandon (Wellington) are making a short stay in Christchurch.

Mrs and Miss Didsbury are back in Wellington after a week or so in Christchurch.

Professor and Mrs Maclaurin, who have been away in Canterbury for some time, have returned to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Atkinson, of Wanganui, have returned from their holiday in the South Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Jones, of Wanganui, have gone to Wellington and Christchurch.

Mrs. and the Misses Brettargh, of Wanganui, have returned from their holiday in Christchurch.

The Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Harper and family have returned to Palmerston from their South Island trip.

Mrs. H. S. Fitzherbert, Palmerston North, has returned from visiting friends in Hastings.

Mrs. Lionel Abraham and family, Palmerston North, have gone to the seaside for a fortnight.

The Mayor, Mr. M. Cohen, Palmerston North, is away at present, visiting the Christchurch Exhibition.

Miss Cameron, Wellington, is staying with her sister, Mrs. Bendall, Palmerston North.

Mr. and Mrs. Lang, Palmerston North, have gone to the Christchurch Exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Watson have returned to Palmerston North after spending six weeks in Tasmania.

Mrs. W. Harden and children, Palmerston North, have returned from a fortnight's visit to Wanganui.

Miss Ethel Collins has returned to Palmerston North after spending six weeks in Christchurch.

Miss Hayward, Palmerston North, has returned from a visit to the Christchurch Exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hitchings left Palmerston this week for Feilding, where they will reside in future.

Miss McCready (Gisborne) is the guest of Mrs. E. Armstrong, Palmerston North.

Mrs. Peake, of Wanganui, who has just returned from the Christchurch Exhibition, leaves again this week for Auckland and the Waikato.

Miss Maude Biss, of Auckland, who has been staying in Wanganui with Mr. and Mrs. Holm Biss, has gone on to Christchurch.

Dr. Martindale Kendall, who has been away for some months in England and Europe came back to Wellington last week.

Mrs. G. Menzies (Southland) is in Wellington for a few weeks staying with her mother, Mrs W. Menzies, Thorndon Quay.

The Hon. T. K. Macdonald (Wellington) is contemplating taking a trip Home before long. Mrs and Miss Macdonald will accompany him.

Miss Caw, who has been making a long stay with Mrs Rose, at the Lower Hutt (Wellington) has left for England again.

Sir Robert and Lady Stout are back in Wellington after a fortnight or so in Christchurch, where Sir Robert has been presiding over the annual session of the University Senate.

Mrs. Newell, Miss Newell, and Miss Lord, of Melbourne, who are at present visiting Mrs. Fuller, Palmerston North, left on Wednesday for the trip up the Wanganui River to Pipiriki.

Mrs. F. Arbon and sons, Pohangina, have been visiting Mrs. Arbon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Haynes, Palmerston North. She has now gone to the seaside at Foxton.

Mrs. H. Waldegrave and the Misses Trixie, Sybil, Doris, and Marjory Waldegrave, Palmerston North, have gone to Muratai Bay, near Wellington, for a month or so. Miss Frances Waldegrave has gone to the Christchurch Exhibition.

Dr. Ernest Giesen, who has been studying his profession in London for the past few years, has returned to Wellington, and is now practising in that city.

Miss Coates is back in Wellington, after a stay of some weeks in Auckland. She leaves again shortly for England, and will visit Japan before returning to the colony.

Mr and Mrs A. R. Hislop (Wellington) have gone to England for a trip extending over several months. Mr Hislop has to attend the Maritime Conference in London. They travelled by way of Sydney and Suez.

Mrs Faulke and Mrs A. E. Kernot have been elected vice-presidents of the Wellington Kennel Club. Mrs Kernot is one of the leading officials of the Wellington Bulldog Club.

Miss Baber returned to Wellington lately after about a year's absence in England and abroad. She has taken over the Fitzherbert Terrace School, which was known for more than one generation as Mrs Swainson's, and amalgamated it with her own "Pipitea" school. Miss Swainson, who, with Miss Taylor, has superintended the establishment for some years, has now retired, and, after a sojourn in the country, intends going to England for a lengthy period. Miss Taylor will accompany her.

SOUTH ISLAND.

Dr. and Mrs. Ritchie, of Dunedin, have been spending a few days in Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. Dymock (Wellington) are visiting Christchurch.

Mrs. and the Misses Brandon (Wellington) are visiting Christchurch.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Batchelor (Dunedin) are in Christchurch.

Mrs. Cohn (Dunedin) is the guest of Mrs. Chas. Louisson (Christchurch).

Mr. F. Naucarrow (Sydney) is the guest of Mrs. Naucarrow (Christchurch).

Miss Fitzroy (Hawke's Bay) is the guest of Mrs. Boyle (Christchurch).

Lady Agnes de Trafford (England) has been the guest of Lady Clifford at (Stoneyhurst).

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Williamson (Gisborne) are in Christchurch staying with Mrs. Elworthy.

Judge and Mrs. Chapman and their family have arrived in Christchurch from Dunedin.

Mrs. and Miss Stead have returned to Christchurch from Wellington. The Misses Abraham (Palmerston North) are their guests at Strowan.

Miss Shilton (Melbourne), who is the guest of Mrs. Guthrie (Christchurch) is leaving this week for the Southern Lakes.

Mrs. James Mills (Dunedin), who has been staying with Mrs. Beswick (Christchurch) has left for England with Mr. Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood have left Christchurch for Rotorua. The deepest sympathy is felt for them in the loss of their little daughter who died rather suddenly, writes our correspondent.

Are There Men on Mars?

A NEW STUDY OF ITS CANALS.

When Schiaparelli first drew the canals he saw on Mars, the world said: "These are the works of sentiment beings." But gradually doubts were thrown on the reality of the markings. Walter Maunder placed circles, with a few dots to represent the chief seas of Mars, before schoolboys, and told them to draw what they saw. They drew double canals joining the seas! Ergo—the canals are optical illusions, said Maunder. The tendency is to run one's eyes from black spot to black spot, and imagine lines between.

But this year Professor Lowell settled the question by actually photographing the canals. The sensitive plate tells what is there, and has no imagination.

The question being raised once again, a book, just out, by Mr. Edward S. Morse, is of more than ordinary interest. For he takes up the question from a new aspect. Briefly, he discusses the character of cracks. He has diagrams to illustrate the difference between lines drawn by Nature and those made artificially. He says:

"In order to pronounce the lines on Mars as simply cracks, one should study the various kinds of cracks in similar surfaces on the earth. In such a study he would be amazed at the similarity of cracks. When there is a grain in the substance, as in wood, the cracks follow the grain, though even in this material they are discontinuous. In amorphous material they have essentially the same character. Whether in the almost microscopic crack of old Satsuma pottery or huge cracks in sun-dried mud, the areas enclosed are generally polygonal.

"Cracks arising from contraction never converge to a common centre, and when not connected with another crack they taper to a point. They begin at indefinite places and end in an equally indefinite manner. That there should be a common resemblance in cracks due to contraction is evident, as they arise from a shrinking of the surface.

"The most ancient deposits, millions of ages ago, reveal mud cracks differing in no respect from those found to-day. The cracks in the moon are identical in character to those found on the mesa in Arizona. They start from some indefinite point, are irregular in outline, and end as indefinitely. A poor asphalt pavement offers one of the best opportunities for the study of the formation of various kinds of cracks and fissures. On the edge of a sloping sidewalk one may see the cracks due to a sliding or lateral displacement of the surface. The effects of subsidence show a number of cracks around the area of depression. The growth of a tree crowding the asphalt shows the effect of lateral thrust and an enlargement of a root below, or the effects of frost show cracks due to elevation.

"All these various cracks, reveal the same features: they are discontinuous, they begin and end without definition. Schiaparelli says in regard to the canali of Mars: 'None of them have yet been seen cut off in the middle of the continent, remaining without beginning or without end.' These lines on the surface of Mars, as a writer in 'Nature' says, are almost without exception geodetically straight, supernaturally so, and this in spite of their leading in every possible direction.

"But if we admit them to be natural cracks in the crust, we are compelled to admit that the forces implicated in such cracks must have been active many millions of years ago, as Mars, being a much older planet than the earth, must have long since ceased to show those activities which the earth, even to-day, exhibits in such phenomena as earthquakes, subsidences, elevations, and the like. Now, cracks made at that early time in the history of the planet must have long since become filled with detritus and obliterated in other ways, and no evidence would show, even on close inspection, of their former existence, much less at a distance of 50,000,000 of miles, more or less."

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ruth Brassey, only daughter of the late Mr G. N. Brassey, barrister and solicitor, Auckland, to Mr W. Errol Macgregor Hay, second son of the late Mr W. Macgregor Hay, solicitor, Hamilton.

The engagement is announced of Mr. W. R. C. Walker, headmaster of the High School, Cambridge, to Miss Roddy, of Wanganui.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lois Menteath, eldest daughter of Mr A. Stuart Menteath (Wellington) to Mr Charles Allan, of the Lower Hutt, Wellington.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Burns, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Burns, Christchurch, to Mr. Harold, W. Hesse, B.A., B.Sc, Cambridge, third son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hesse, Richmond-on-Thames, and "Cairn Begg," Isle of Wight.

Orange Blossoms.

NIXON—VEALE.

A large and fashionable gathering took place at St. Paul's Methodist Church, Cambridge, to witness the marriage of Miss Elsie K. Veale and Mr. Herbert L. Nixon, eldest son of Mr. T. Nixon, both of Cambridge. The Rev. W. H. Beck was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a simple but becoming white embroidered robe; she also wore the orthodox wreath and veil, and carried an exquisite shower bouquet. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a handsome gold watch and chain. She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Linda Veale, sister of the bride, who wore a lovely white muslin frock and white tulle hat, and Miss Ruby Nixon, sister of the bridegroom, who was attired in a dainty cream voile, trimmed with lace and insertion, and hat to match. Both carried lovely bouquets. The bridegroom's presents to the bridesmaids were a gold watch and a gold dagger set with pearls and garnets. Messrs. H. Martyn and Roy Dellow acted as best man and groomsman respectively. Mrs. Beck presided at the organ, and played the wedding march as the bridal party left the church. A large party were entertained at the residence of the bride's parents, where a recherche wedding breakfast was partaken of, and the usual toasts were honoured. The wedding presents were numerous and costly. The happy couple left on their honeymoon trip, amidst showers of rice and good wishes, on a tour through the South Island, which will include a visit to the Christchurch Exhibition. The bride's travelling gown was a brown tweed coat and skirt, and hat to match.

JONES—STEPHENSON.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at Christ Church, Russell, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, on January 31st, when Miss Ellen Hanley Stephenson, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stephenson, Pompallier, was married to Mr. Harry Clifford Jones, of Wellington, eldest son of Mr. H. C. Jones, Wellington. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Walsh, assisted by Rev. B. G. Bowen. The service was choral, Miss Nellie Stephenson (cousin of the bride) presiding at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked lovely in a beautiful white silk dress, handsomely trimmed with silk embroidered chiffon, and an embroidered tulle veil fell in graceful folds over a dainty wreath of orange blossoms. Her toilette was completed by an exquisite shower bouquet. The bridesmaids were Misses Mildred and Gladys Stephenson, sisters of the bride, and Misses Bernice and Beryl Carter, little nieces of the bride. The two first-mentioned wore the palest shades of blue and pink Sicilian muslin, daintily trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion; blue and pink crinoline straw hats, trimmed with silk ribbon and flowers. They carried lovely floral horse shoes. The two little tots were daintily frocked in cream silk, with quaint beehive bonnets, and carried baskets of daisies and maidenhair fern. Mr. McIndoe, of Auckland, was best man, and Mr. Lionel Stephenson was groomsman. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stephenson held a reception at their pretty home. A delicious afternoon tea was arranged in the dining-room, the table decorations being particularly pretty. Later Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Jones left on their wedding tour amid showers of rice, and bearing with them the good wishes of all present for their future happiness and prosperity. The bride wore a tailor-made travelling gown of dark blue cloth and becoming hat of cream crinoline, with clusters of cream roses. During the afternoon telegrams were received from all parts of the colony, showing the popularity of both bride and bridegroom. Mrs. Stephenson, mother of the bride, was in a charming gown of black merveilleux silk, trimmed with black silk embroidered chiffon, and vest of beautiful white lace, black crinoline hat, and carried a bouquet of cream roses. Mrs. W. A. Carter, sister of the bride, looked very dainty in cream embroidered silk, trimmed with silk insertion and lace, and becoming pale pink plumed hat, with small pink roses. Her bouquet was composed of pink roses. The present, which numbered over 200, were handsome and useful.

BLUNDELL—PARTRIDGE.

The marriage of Mr. Harold Blundell, of the "Evening Post," Wellington, and Miss Gertrude Partridge (Christchurch), took place at St. John's Church, Latimer Square, Christchurch, on January 23rd. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. Purchase, Vicar of the Parish. A large number of guests were present, and the church had been beautifully decorated by the girl friends of the bride.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

[The charge for inserting announcements of births, marriages, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

BONELLA. — On January 30th, at 10, Haydn-st., the wife of Alfred J. Bonella, a daughter.

GRATTAN.—On January 31, at their residence, Stanley-street, Devonport, to Mr. and Mrs. Des. Grattan, of a daughter.

GWILLIAM.—On January 30, 1907, at Fenton-st., Eden Terrace, the wife of W. J. Gwilliam, a son. Thames papers please copy.

JAMESON.—On February 2nd, 1907, at her residence, Cheltenham Beach, Devonport, to the wife of William Jameson, a son. Both well.

KARLSON.—On 24th January, at No. 7 Elgin-street, Archhill, the wife of Capt. C. Karlson, of a daughter.

MOLLOY.—On January 30th, at the Albion Hotel, Hobson-st., to Mr and Mrs M. Molloy, a daughter.

NICHOLLS. — On January 27th, at Church-rd., Epsom, to Mr and Mrs John H. Nicholls, a son.

TREVITHICK.—On February 6th, at their residence, Wilson-st., Hawera, to Mr and Mrs Geoffrey Trevithick, a son.

MARRIAGES.

ANDERSON—OWSLEY.—On January 10, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. G. B. Munro, Charles Anderson, of Ponsonby, master mariner, to Nella, youngest daughter of Mrs Owsley, of Chesshire-street, Parnell.

HAZELWOOD—EDMONDS.—On November 9, 1906, at the residence of R. Hazelwood, Esq., by the Rev. J. Cocker, Harry, fourth son of W. F. Hazelwood, of Lower Hutt, to Fredericka, youngest daughter of J. and A. Edmonds, Auckland.

HULSE—MANSELL.—On December 12th, at the Trinity Methodist Church, Kingsland, by the Rev. T. W. Newbold, Robert Mark, youngest son of Henry Hulse, of Canterbury, Kent, England, to Anna Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Henry Mansell, Kingsland.

INMAN—GIBBISON.—On January 30, at the residence of the bride's parents, Kaora, Raglan, by the Rev. N. Radcliffe, Cuthbert M. Inman, of Oparau, to Winifred, eldest daughter of W. Gibbison.

LENNAN—STEVENS.—On Jan. 9, 1907, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, by the Rev. Father Holbrook, William Fitzpatrick Lennan, eldest son of M. and C. Lennan, of Arch Hill, to Elizabeth May Stevens, second daughter of G. and C. Stevens, of Ponsonby.

ROGERS—MANSELL.—On December 12th, at the Trinity Methodist Church, Kingsland, by the Rev. T. W. Newbold, Samuel Vicenor, youngest son of T. H. Rogers, Bellview-rd., Mt. Roskill, to Clara, youngest daughter of the late Henry Mansell, Kingsland.

SAXON—MARTIN.—On 31st December (New Year's Eve), by the Rev. A. Macaulay Caldwell, at 49 Jervois-rd., Joel James Allum, eldest son of J. J. Saxon, Ponsonby, to Florence St. Clair (Flo.), youngest daughter of the late J. W. Martin, late of Whangarei.

SMITH—JENKIN.—On January 9th, 1907, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Mr George Aldridge, Philip Percy, fifth son of the late Frederick Smith, to Annie Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Jenkin, builder, Arch Hill, Auckland.

DEATHS.

BAKER.—On Tuesday, February 5th, at Grange-rd., Mt. Eden, Matilda, the beloved and affectionate wife of William Parr Baker; aged 35 years.
"Fallen asleep in Jesus."

BLACKBURN.—On February 9, at Mr G. H. Walton's residence, Macaulay-street, Newton, Clarence Alfred, second son of Richard and Mary Ann Blackburn, of Maugarei; aged 1 year and 10 months.

BRICE.—On February 8th, at Harapepe, William Brice, late of Auckland; aged 65 years.

CALVERT.—On February 1st, 1907, at New Plymouth, William John, second son of John and Hannah Calvert, of Auckland. Interred at New Plymouth. Wellington papers please copy.

DALTON.—On Sunday, February 3rd, at Timaru, Charles, dearly beloved eldest son of D. and H. Dalton, of Pukekohe; aged 36 years.

DICK. — On February 4th, at the residence of her parents, Kingsland-rd., Elizabeth (Bessie), eldest daughter of James and Agnes Dick; age 22.
Interment private.
No floral emblems.

FOLEY.—On February 7th, at the Auckland Hospital, John, the youngest son of the late Bartholomew Foley, of Dairy Flat, Wade; aged 37 years.

HEAYS.—On February 10, 1907, at her late residence, Vermont-street, Grace, the dearly beloved wife of William Henry Heays; aged 47 years.

HUNT—On the 1st February, at Hartley, Rhodesia, S.A., Henry George, youngest son of the late Thomas Hunt, of Devonport, Auckland, in his 31st year; late sergeant of 6th N.Z. Contingent.—Deeply regretted. (By cable.)

INGHAM. On February 10th, at her parents' residence, Haslett-st., Lucy Homer, the eldest beloved daughter of Henry and Lucy Ingham; aged 17 years.
Deeply regretted.

KNEEBONE.—On February 8th, at Eltham, Taranaki, Caleb Kneebone, the beloved husband of Hannah Kneebone, late of Thames, and affectionate father of Mrs J. Woods, Mt. Roskill, Auckland; aged 67; Thames papers please copy.

LAUDER.—On Feb. 11th, at the Auckland Hospital, Douglas Victor, the beloved child of E. and N. Lauder; aged 17½ months.

MARFLITT.—On February 5th, 1907, at his grandmother's residence, Great North-rd., Raymond Ernest, infant son of E. R. and G. P. Marflitt, of Manaku; aged three weeks.

McLENNAN.—At Eureka, on February 6, Sarah, the beloved wife of James McLennan; aged 45 years.

NOALL.—On 11th inst., at Auckland District Hospital, of pneumonia, Alexis Ashcroft Noall, son of Wm. Noall, Melbourne; aged 39 years.

QUINN.—On February 6th, 1907, Jeffery, the twin son of Frederick and Violet Quinn, of Pollen-st., Grey Lynn, aged 5 months. Private interment.

RUSSELL.—On February 8th, 1907, at Auckland, Albert Hannington, dearly beloved husband of Elizabeth Russell; aged 64 years.

SIMPSON.—On February 8th, 1907, at her late residence, Nels-on-st., Jeanie, beloved wife of William Simpson; aged 34 years.

STILWELL.—On Saturday, February 9, 1907, at his parents' residence, Princes-st., Grey Lynn, Richard William, beloved (only) son of Richard and M. F. Stilwell; aged 24 years.

SUTCLIFFE. On February 6th, at her parents' residence, Cullingwoods-st., Marjorie Edna, beloved twin daughter of Alfred and Harriet Sutcliffe.

WHITE. — Gertrude, youngest daughter of Edith and the late Charles White, fell asleep in Jesus on the 5th of February, at Mrs Finlay's, Remuera.

WHITE. — On February 6th, at the residence of Mrs Finlay, Remuera, Gertrude, youngest daughter of Edith and the late Charles White, of Arawa-st.

WILSON.—On February 8th, 1907, at her late residence No. 8 Lorne-st., Mary Jane, the dearly beloved wife of John Wilson, aged 62 years. Private interment. By special request of the deceased no mourning.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, February 13.

First of all I must tell you that Mrs. C. M. Nelson and Mrs. Alfred Nathan have issued invitations for an "At Home" this afternoon (February 13) in the Choral Hall, from 4 o'clock to half-past 5, to enable their friends

TO MEET THE CHARMING FRENCH SINGER, MADAME BLANCHE ARRAL,

who is at present in Auckland.

"Wattea," Grafton-road, was en fete last Saturday, when Judge and Mrs. Smith gave

A LARGE GARDEN PARTY

for Mr. and Mrs. Colegrove, of Parnell, who are leaving Auckland on trip to the Old Country at the end of this month. It was a perfect afternoon, and the dainty tea, ices, and other delicacies seemed twice as refreshing eaten out of doors in the shade of the trees surrounding the house. The croquet lawn was greatly in request during the afternoon, and the groups of prettily dressed people moving about watching the games added materially to the picturesqueness of the scene. Mrs. Smith received her guests in a handsome black mousseline gown, inset with bands of black insertion mounted on white glace; Miss Bessie Smith wore a dainty white lawn gown, finished with lace and insertion, pale green picture hat; Miss Olive Smith, pretty primrose linen, banded with insertion, Tuscan and blue hat; Mrs. Whitson wore black, with white Valenciennes lace vest, black plumed hat; Miss Whitson wore a pretty white muslin gown, pale blue sash, white shady hat, with touches of brown; her sister also wore white inserted muslin, with pale blue ceinture; Mrs. Colegrove was charmingly gowned in a white voile, showered with dainty sweet pea design, vest and lapels of white Broderie Anglaise, finished with green ribbon velvet, white hat, trimmed with same shade of green and clusters of pink roses; Mrs. Colegrove's two little daughters were frocked in soft tussore silks, with white hats; Miss Elliott was picturesquely gowned in white inserted muslin, with cherry-coloured sash, white hat, swathed with cherry ribbon, tied under the chin with black chiffon scarf; her sister was dainty in a black and white hail shower muslin, black and white hat; Mrs. Cooke, black challie gown, with touches of white, black hat; Miss Cooke, pretty white muslin, with pale blue hat; Miss Elsie Cooke, cream skirt and pretty white blouse, Tuscan hat; Mrs. Kinder, black toilette, with black bonnet; Miss Kinder wore brown, small hat to correspond; Miss M. Kinder, pretty floral muslin with silk ceinture, small white hat; Mrs. Snell wore a beautifully fitting pale grey checked challie, with white vest, faced with pale grey knife-pleated silk and pale grey embroidery, mounted on chiffon, black picture hat; Miss Brown, black voile gown, with touches of white, black bonnet with cluster of roses at one side; Mrs. Sloman, black skirt and dainty floral muslin blouse, white hat; Miss Flora Sloman was daintily gowned in a blue and white sprigged muslin, black picture hat; Mrs. Cousins, navy and white foulard gown, with cream yoke, green hat garlanded with blue; Mrs. Carver, white muslin, with pale grey ceinture, and black picture hat; Miss Towle was dainty in white, Tuscan hat, crowned with autumn leaves and wreath of pink roses; Miss Gill, soft black silk mousseline gown, inset with bands of black insertion, becoming pink hat; Mrs. Bertram White, handsome black merveilleux, with cream lace scarf, black and white bonnet, brightened with pink roses; Miss White was gowned in a pink and black figured muslin with black velvet ribbon ceinture, black hat; Mrs Thompson, rich black silk toilette relieved with touches of white, black and cream bonnet, with cluster of pink roses; Miss Thompson, champagne tinted lawn gown, smart hat garlanded with pink roses; Mrs Pollen, cream canvas Eton coat and skirt prettily finished with chine ribbon and cream applique hydrangea, blue hat; Miss Lusk, white inserted muslin with black ceinture and black hat; Mrs Cheeseman, smart cream cloth costume, cream torpedo toque swathed with black tulle and black plumes, black ostrich feather boa; Mrs Percy Butler, dainty white embroidered muslin, white and blue hat; Miss Queenie Butler wore white with white hat; Mrs Fraser was smartly gowned in a creme cloth Eton costume bound with black, black hat; Mrs Dawson, handsome black toilette with touches of white, black and white bonnet relieved with pink; Miss Binks, black voile with cream lace yoke mounted in white satin, small black hat with cluster of deep tinted yellow roses at one side; Miss Ferguson, brown figured muslin frock with hat en suite; Miss —. Ferguson, biscuit-coloured gown, black and cream hat; Mrs Kayll was gowned in biscuit-coloured voile toned with brown velvet, brown and cream bonnet to match; Miss Kayll wore a white muslin frock and pretty hydrangea hat; Miss Connelly was tastefully gowned in brown radium silk, becoming brown hat with bunch of wheat ears at one side; Mrs Stelle wore a dainty figured muslin with lace vest, hat en suite; Miss Camilla Steele was in white, hat trimmed with chine ribbon; Mrs Ashton, pretty brown silk toilette with cream lace vest, blue hat; Mrs Peacocke, navy blue colienne with facing of blue and white plaid silk, black hat; Mrs Hudson Williamson was charmingly gowned in black and cream, black torpedo toque crowned with crimson roses; Miss Violet Williamson looked pretty in white with shady pink hat; Mrs Kenderdine, rich black toilette and black bonnet; Mrs Kenderdine Webbe (England), beautiful pale grey colienne mounted on primrose glace finished with cream applique, black hat; Mrs John Kenderdine, becoming black and white costume, black hat; Mrs Arthur Purchas wore a tasteful black and white gown, Tuscan and black hat with touches of violet; Mrs Seth Smith, black cloth costume and black hat; Mrs Louis Myers was strikingly gowned in a black and white silk striped mousseline with becoming black and white bonnet to match; Mrs Kempthorne wore a black and white costume, with pretty bonnet to correspond; Miss Kempthorne's gown was dainty figured muslin, with black hat; Mrs Goodwin, black with touches of white, very pretty black and white bonnet; Miss Alice Goodwin was daintily frocked in white and smart white hat; Mrs Abbott was strikingly gowned in brown radium silk with cream lace vest, brown and cream hat; Miss Girdler, white silk blouse and cream skirt, small black hat; Mrs Mueller, grey and black striped grenadine gown finished with applique, black and white bonnet; Miss Mueller, pink cambric with small hat swathed with ribbon; Mrs Noble wore a beautiful oyster grey challie richly embroidered, becoming hat en suite; Mrs Judd, black costume with black hat to match; Mrs Graves Aicken, pretty black toilette with cream V-shaped vest, black and violet hat; Mrs Dacre, black and white gown and dainty bonnet to match;

The annual

CROQUET PICNIC,

given by the members of the Parnell Lawn to their friends and members of the other Auckland clubs eventuated last Friday, and was a most successful affair. Progressive croquet was, as usual, the order of the day, and the prizes were unusually handsome. A delightful afternoon tea was provided, and the tea tables were very prettily arranged with dark blue and light blue ribbons, the club colours, and flowers to match, mingled with pretty feathery grasses. The prize-winners in the first class were Mrs. Kidd, who was presented with a case of solid silver teaspoons, and Mrs. Lindsay, whose prize was a silver serviette ring in a case. In the second class Mrs. Mogenie carried off first honours, securing a very pretty little pair of silver vases; Mrs. Grant was second and received a silver-mounted hairpin box. Some pretty costumes were worn, and amongst others I noticed: Mrs. Frater, wearing a pretty black gown with smart black and red hat; Mrs. Nicol, dainty white embroidered muslin, green hat; Mrs. Marquand, white embroidered muslin; Mrs. Duncan Clerk, pale blue muslin, Tuscan hat; Mrs. Alexander, smart biscuit-coloured embroidered linen, brown hat; Mrs. Mahoney, white linen costume with long linen coat; hat with flowing chiffon veil; Mrs. Grant, white embroidered linen toilette, and becoming green hat; Mrs. Sharman, fawn check coat and skirt, and pretty hat finished with green chiffon; Mrs. Thorne George, pretty black and white toilette, black toque with touches of pink; Mrs. Lawrence wore white with green hat swathed with floral ribbon; Mrs. Archie Clark, black glace with white vest, white and black hat; Miss Isabel Clark, white linen, dainty white hat; Mrs. Sydney Nathan, beautiful white embroidered linen, black hat with black and white tulle; Mrs. Gould (Dargaville), white linen, becoming white and black hat; Mrs. Lindsay, white muslin inset with Valenciennes lace, black hat with black ostrich plumes; Mrs. Bamford, black gown brightened with touches of green, black toque; Mrs. Stubbs, smart pale grey coat and skirt, Tuscan hat garlanded with pink roses; Miss Stubbs wore white, white gem hat; Mrs. Wilson, very pretty white muslin trimmed with broderie Anglais, white hat swathed with brown tulle brightened with pink roses; Mrs. Clifton, white embroidered muslin, black hat; Miss Binney wore white with touches of black; Miss Moss, black and white striped pina, and black hat; Mrs. Mackay, pale grey, floral muslin, black hat; Mrs. Fenton, pretty floral muslin gown, pink hat trimmed with black ostrich feathers; Mrs. Arnold, grey coat and skirt with green facings, white and green hat; Mrs. Colegrove, dark blue gown with cream yoke, hat en suite; Mrs. Horace Walker, dainty black and white cambric, black and white hat; Mrs. Marsack, pretty white and pink muslin, pink hat; Mrs. Duthie, dainty sea blue muslin finished with Valenciennes lace, corn coloured straw hat with blue ostrich plume; Mrs. Foster, dark blue costume, blue and white hat; Mrs. John Dawson, biscuit-coloured challie hat of same shade with cluster of pink roses; Miss Lennox, white linen, hat swathed with chiffon; Miss Hesketh, black and white spotted cambric, black and white hat; Mrs. Foster wore white, with a floral hat; Miss Moir, cream skirt, and pretty white silk blouse, and white hat swathed with tulle; Mrs. Best, black voile with white vest, black hat; Mrs. Upfil, heliotrope and white sprigged cambric, white hat with blue and black ribbon; Mrs. Black, white inserted muslin, black plumed hat; Mrs. Houghton, white linen with becoming black hat; Mrs. Smith, white muslin trimmed with lace and insertion, pale green hat; Mrs. Brown, cream skirt and pretty silk blouse, green hat; Mrs. Thornes wore a black toilette, and black hat; Mrs. Hill wore white hat trimmed with shaded flowers; Mrs. Colbeck, white linen, Tuscan hat; Mrs. Bloomfield, cream cloth skirt and pink floral muslin blouse, hat with blue ostrich feather; Mrs Bob Walker, chocolate-coloured linen coat and skirt, with pretty little lace vest, hat en suite; Miss Caro, very pretty pale blue muslin, Tuscan hat with pink roses; Miss K. White, dainty pink floral muslin, black hat; Miss L. White wore all white; Mrs. Greig, dark blue linen, trimmed with dark blue embroidery, blue and white hat; Mrs. Rathbone, hydrangea blue cambric, with white broderie Anglais vest, Tuscan and blue hat; Mrs. Reed, pale grey coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs. Thomas, white with black plumed hat; Mrs. Keesing, dainty cream costume with green hat swathed with pink roses; Mrs. Kidd, black and white flecked voile, black hat.

PHYLLIS BROUN.

HAMILTON.

Dear Bee, February 11.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hume gave a most delightful euchre party on Thursday evening. The pretty dining-room was decorated with yellow and white flowers. The verandah was canvassed in, and several tables were out there (about twelve tables), and play was kept up till 11 o'clock. The first ladies' prize, won by Miss Stevens, was a very handsome silver vase; the second, won by Miss Carrie Wallnutt, was a silver trinket box. Mr. C. Holloway won first gentlemen's prize, and Mr. Kenny second. Mrs. Hume was attired in her wedding gown of white silk handsomely trimmed with lace; Mrs. Graham was in black silk; Miss Graham, buttercup silk; Miss Burd, very pretty white silk gown; Misses Roy, white and pink respectively; Miss Cussen looked well in white silk; Miss L. Cussen, cream silk; Miss Keogh was graceful in pink liberty silk; Miss K. Clutty, pretty white silk; Miss Barton, pale pink silk; Miss Sandes, stylish white muslin bodice, prettily finished with passementerie; Miss Holloway, black evening gown; Miss C. Holloway, white; Miss O'Neill, stylish gown of white silk, prettily trimmed with violets; Miss M. O'Neill was graceful in white evening frock with touches of black; Misses Edgecumbe, cream silk evening gowns; Miss McCallum, white over green; Miss G. Roache looked well in white silk; Miss Knight was prettily gowned in pink silk; Miss Gillespie, pale apricot silk; Miss Stevens, pink gown; Miss Lovell, pale pink silk. Among the gentlemen were Messrs. Hume, McDiarmid, Bell, Cussen, Chitty (2), Kenny, Holloway, Barton (2), Futeley, Empson, Richardson, Lovell, Sellars, Edgecumbe, Ferguson, Coote, etc.

ZILLAH.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, Feb. 8.

Such horrid weather prevailed for the races this week. On the first day there was a very small attendance, but on the second day, which was much finer, the attendance was more satisfactory; the races were very good, but of course people dressed in keeping with the weather, mostly dark dresses and coats being worn. Next week the Poverty Bay Turf Club hold their summer meeting, so we will hope for real summer weather.

Last week Miss S. Coleman had

A SMALL "AFTERNOON."

Numerous games were played, interspersed with songs and delicious afternoon tea was partaken of. Those present were Mrs. T. Coleman, Miss Coleman, Miss Murray, Miss Pyke, Miss Agnew-Browne, Miss S. Hamilton, Miss H. Agnew-Browne, Miss W. Wachsmann and Miss M. Wachsmann.

Such a theatrical treat we are expecting in a little while. Next week Mr. J. C. Williamson's Comedy Company play here for three nights, and later on we are looking forward to seeing "The Cingalee," "The Orchid" and others.

The Turanga Church Fete, which is to be held at the end of this month, promises to be a great success. This function is a yearly one, and is always held in the country, in the Waerenga-a-hika College grounds. Sports of all kinds are indulged in, and tea is served on long tables under the trees, and the various stalls arranged under the shady trees, make a pretty picture.

ELSA.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, February 10.

Last week Mrs Pickney gave a very jolly little dance in her Napier residence,

It was a very warm evening, but we managed to keep ourselves cool by ice-creams and all sorts of cooling drinks. A most tempting supper—the table being very prettily decorated with yellow flowers—given a good floor, and a garden to wander about, it was not difficult to enjoy oneself. Mrs Pickney received her guests in a black taffeta frock, bodice draped with white lace, berthe of pink roses, wreath of roses in hair; Miss Barcroft, becoming rose pink taffeta frock, trimmed with silk lace, deep folded belt; Mrs Hassell, black satin frock, Valenciennes lace vest, crimson roses on the bodice; Miss Wood, white chiffon frock trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Barcroft, black lace over white glace silk, bands of black velvet, black bow in

hair; Miss Kennedy, pale blue taffeta frock, skirt trimmed with Irish embroidery, lace bolero; Miss McLean, black taffeta frock, bodice trimmed with lace; Miss Rutherford, fawn spotted muslin and lace dress, pale blue belt; Miss —. Rutherford, pale pink silk dress, touches of black velvet; Miss Hetley, white muslin frock, touches of blue on bodice; Miss Nation, lemon chiffon frock trimmed with scarlet velvet; Miss Williams, pale blue chiffon frock, pink roses on bodice; Miss O. Seal, blue silk dress, frills edged with lace; Miss Seal, most becoming soft blue chiffon dress, bands of gold braid, pink on bodice; Miss Dalzell, white silk dress trimmed with lace, black velvet belt.

MARJORIE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, Feb. 12.

Last week Mrs. H. Sarjeant gave a

VERY ENJOYABLE CROQUET PARTY

Her lawns were in excellent order, and several very good games were played. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Izard, Mrs. and Miss Stanford, Mrs. Biss, Miss Biss (Auckland), Mrs. D'Arcy, Miss Hardcastle, Mrs. and Miss Christie, Miss Krull, Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, Miss Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard-Browne, Mrs. James Watt and others.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Izard had

A SMALL PICNIC

in the oil launch last Monday evening. Amongst those present were Mrs. Sheriff, Misses Krull, Christie, Wilford, Darley, Messrs. Watson and Hutton.

THE BROUGH-FLEMMING COMEDY COMPANY

played a two-nights' season at the Opera House last week. "Dr. Wake's Patient" and "Mrs. Goringe's Necklace" were the pieces staged. Amongst the audiences I noticed Mrs. Barnicoat, in a becoming black silk and lace gown, deep champagne lace in Vandyked points on her corsage; Mrs. Wall, rose pink satin bridge coat, gauged at the waist, and revers of lace, cream net and silk skirt; Mrs. A. E. Kitchen, black chiffon taffeta with deep berthe of real lace; Miss Willis, smart black silk frock with a wide berthe of real lace; her sister wore a cream silk evening gown with chiffon on her corsage; Mrs. James Watt, pale blue brocaded gown with fichu of chiffon; Mrs. H. Nixon, white brocade with deep green velvet puffed sleeves, and the same in her corsage; Mrs. Good, black chiffon taffeta with berthe of lace; Mrs. Mackay, cream silk gown with yoke of fine transparent lace and gauging of chiffon; Mrs. Young (Stratford), becoming white gown with lace and net on her corsage; Mrs. Barnard-Brown wore a black velvet gown with berthe of cream lace; Mrs. Hewitt, handsome black silk with chiffon and jet; Miss Baker, cream silk evening gown with fichu of net and lace; Mrs. R. Hewitt, black silk gown with transparent lace sleeves and berthe of lace as her corsage; Miss B. Russell (Christchurch) wore a most becoming black chiffon taffeta frock with lace and chiffon on her corsage. There were also present, Messrs. G. Marshall, J. Jones, Good, Watt, Mackay, Fairburn, Pratt (Waitotara), Drs. Wall and Lyons.

There was a large number of spectators

AT THE BOWLING GREEN

to witness the match between New South Wales and the local club. The game was a very interesting one, and resulted in a win for the Wanganui team. The visitors came down the Wanganui River and had a most enjoyable trip. From here they proceeded to Christchurch.

HUIA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, Feb. 9.

I am sorry I have not written for the last two or three weeks, but there have been no social functions until lately, as most of the people have been away holiday making, either to the mountain or to the Exhibition, but now they are returning, I am delighted to say, as the place has been positively dead.

At St. Mary's schoolroom

A MOST ENJOYABLE SOCIAL

was held last Tuesday evening to bid farewell to the Rev. F. G. and Mrs. Evans, who are leaving shortly for a twelve months' trip to the Holy Land and England. The hall was very prettily decorated by members of the congregation. The Mayor (Mr. E. Dockrill) presided, and was supported on the platform by Archdeacon Cole, Revs. F. Larkins, A. M. Bradbury, G. W. Dent, and Messrs. Bedford and Kyngdon (churchwardens). Speeches were made by the Mayor, Rev. Larkins, Messrs. Bedford and Morshead, Rev. F. G. Evans suitably responding. During the evening the following contributed to the musical programme:—Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes, Mr. T. Woodard, and Misses and Mr. R. Baker, after which supper was served, and this most successful gathering terminated with the hearty singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and cheers for Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Evans. Amongst those present I noticed:—Mrs. Evans, in lovely grey Brussels net, embroidered with black lace lover's knots, over a foundation of grey lace; Miss F. Evans, soft silk, blouse prettily inserted with lace terra-cotta empire silk belt; Miss M. Evans, white frilled silk, relieved with pale blue; Mrs. Dockrill, black voile, trimmed with satin ribbon; Mrs. Woodard, white frilled muslin, sage green Empire belt; Mrs. C. Baker, black voile, trimmed with black silk; Miss Baker, dainty pale blue silk blouse, profusely tucked, yoke of white lace, black silk skirt; Mrs. Wilkes, dainty cream silk, trimmed with frills of lace; Miss E. Baker, pale blue silk and cream lace blouse, black voile skirt; Miss W. Baker looked well in black frilled net; Miss O. Baker, dark skirt, white silk blouse; Miss Marshall, black silk, transparent yoke, finished with jet; Mrs. N. King, white silk blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs. Bedford, handsome black and grey brocaded silk blouse, black merveilleux skirt; Miss Bedford, pale blue voile and cream lace blouse, black voile skirt; Miss D. Bedford, white and pale pink voile, rose pink Empire silk belt; Mrs. Thomson; Miss S. Thomson, heliotrope muslin, relieved with white; Mrs. Addenbrooke, black and gold evening dress; Miss M. Addenbrooke: Mrs. Cole, pretty pale grey silk, trimmed with cream silk and lace; Miss Hamilton, rich black satin; Mrs. Jackson, stylish grey and black costume, softly finished with white lace on bodice; Mrs. Foote; Mrs. S. Rennell, Mrs. Hall, Miss Hall, Miss Cunningham, Mrs. T. White, Mrs. Dempsey, Mrs. Catley, Mrs. Dent, Miss J. Curtis, salmon pink surah silk blouse, rucked, and with cream lace trimmings, dark skirt; Miss L. Berry, pale pink muslin, finished with transparent yoke and tiny frills; Miss M. Berry, white tucked muslin; Miss M. Govett, pale pink and white floral voile, yoke of tiny frills of Valenciennes lace; Miss D. Govett, cream silk, with lace trimming; Mrs. C. Govett, black voile, with lace yoke; Miss Webster, pale blue silk blouse, yoke of white lace, dark skirt; Miss L. Webster, white silk blouse, pale blue belt, dark skirt; Mrs. W. Webster, black and white costume; Miss Cottier, black and white costume; Miss Bell-Smith, navy blue glace silk, trimmed with cream lace; Miss K. Hamerton, black voile skirt, white silk blouse; Miss L. Brown, pink and white floral silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. Kyngdon, black satin, with rich lace trimming; Miss Brewster, dainty silk and lace blouse, white muslin skirt; Mrs. Freeth, black silk, with cream lace bolero; Miss Mace looked extremely well in a black lace blouse, trimmed with jet and silver passementerie trimming, black merveilleux skirt; Miss Prichard, white silk and cream lace; Miss Crawford, pale grey and white blouse, white muslin skirt; Miss R. Crawford, pale pink muslin; Miss A. Crawford, white muslin, frills edged with Valenciennes lace; Miss Read, white Indian embroidered frock, prettily trimmed with lace; Miss Testar, black satin and rich cream lace; Miss Berry, white muslin, transparent yoke of lace; Miss D. Whitcombe, white tucked muslin, yellow flower on corsage; Mrs. Fleetwood; Miss M. Fleetwood, white McKellar; Miss McKellar, pretty pale silk, Empire belt of vieux rose silk; Mrs. green, ruched silk blouse, yoke of white lace, black voile skirt; Mrs. Roy, white satin blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs. A. Fookes, grey and black figured blouse, black voile skirt; Miss Barnes, dark skirt, white silk and lace blouse; Mrs. Rogers, pale blue silk, and cream lace blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs. W. Skinner, black voile costume, relieved with rose pink; Miss L. Skinner, white tucked muslin, fichu of white lace; Miss Kent (Auckland), white silk and lace blouse, dark skirt; Miss Mathews, white insertioned muslin, relieved with scarlet; Miss N. McAllum, dainty pale blue silk blouse, chemisette of white lace, dark skirt; Mrs. Simpson, black and white costume; Miss Simpson, white, relieved with scarlet; Mrs. Butler, pale blue silk and cream lace blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Tidy, white; Mrs. H. Stocker, white tucked silk, finished with frills of lace; Mrs. Fred. Webster, black; Miss M. Webster, dark skirt, white silk blouse; Mrs. C. Fookes; Miss Perry, rose pink muslin, trimmed with white Valenciennes lace; Mrs. I. Bayley, smart black and white muslin, trimmed with black Valenciennes lace insertion; Mrs. R. C. Hughes, dark skirt, cream silk blouse; Miss Pelham, black and white costume; Mrs. Kyngdon, brown costume, relieved with cream; Miss Godfrey, black silk, rich cream lace berthe; Mrs. Devenish; Miss Devenish, red and white silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. O'Driscoll, white glace silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Turner, white silk Empire belt of terra-cotta silk; Miss Gray, cream tucked silk décolletage, finished with frills of lace; Miss G. Gray, red silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss M. Clarke, pale pink and white floral muslin, trimmed with white Valenciennes lace; Miss A. Hutchison, white silk, with lace frills; Miss M. Deacon, dark skirt, white silk blouse; Mrs. Armitage, Mrs. Cliff, Mrs. T. Weston; Mrs Blundell, pale blue voile with bolero, Empire belt of swathed silk; Mrs. Bewley, white silk blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Chong, white silk with transparent lace yoke; Miss Messenger, white frilled muslin, gold buckled belt,

On the local lawns

A LAWN TENNIS MATCH

between Stratford and New Plymouth was played last Thursday, the weather proving fine for the occasion. Afternoon tea was served by the ladies' committee. Stratford was represented as follows:—Mrs. C. W. Nicholls and Mrs. F. C. Robinson, Messrs. Crawshaw, Fussell, Stanford, Anderson, Mackay, Young and Wake. Amongst those there, I noticed Misses Webster (2), white muslin, heliotrope and green Empire belts respectively; Mrs. MacDiarmid, dark green costume, pretty pale blue hat; Miss MacDiarmid, pale and white spotted print, navy ribboned belt; Miss Simpson, white embroidered muslin, cream coat, hat relieved with scarlet; Mrs. Alec Hill, white embroidered linen, hat trimmed with pale pink roses; Mrs. Penn, blue and heliotrope flowered voile, wide band of insertion embroidered with pale blue and heliotrope flowers, hat to correspond; Miss Hanna, white muslin, black hat; Miss N. Hanna, red and white spotted print, crush rose hat; Miss Govett, white tucked linen, hat trimmed with heliotrope; Miss D. Govett, pink linen inserted with white lace; Miss M. Govett, red and white spotted print; Miss Taylor, vieux rose linen, tan belt, Panama hat; Miss I. Taylor, white silk blouse, grey pleated skirt; Mrs. Addenbrooke, lettuce green linen skirt, green flowered muslin blouse; Miss Cottrell, red and white spotted print, burnt straw hat trimmed with black velvet and roses; Miss Kemp, white blouse, cream cloth skirt, claret-coloured hat; Mrs. Harry Stocker, white tucked muslin, cream and green hat; Miss McKellar, flowered heliotrope delaine trimmed with cream lace, hat en suite; Miss J. McKellar, pink striped print, pink ribboned hat; Miss C. Bayly, rich white silk finished with lace frills, white Valenciennes lace hat, pale pink roses on bandeau; Miss E. Fookes, white embroidered muslin, cream and pink roses in hat; Miss T. Berry, pale pink muslin; Mrs. Frank Wilson, white tucked and insertioned muslin, olive green hat; Mrs. Fitzherbert, white embroidered linen, tussore silk coat, pale green hat trimmed with pink roses; Miss Fraser, white embroidered muslin, shaded crush rose hat; Mrs. Simpson, bisenit-coloured voile, banded with black; Mrs. Jack Wilson, white linen, black hat; Miss G. Avery, pale pink linen; Miss Brewster; Mrs. Corrigan, pretty blue and pink floral voile trimmed with white lace, white feather marabout, pale green and pink hat; Mrs. Warburton (Palmerston), heliotrope voile trimmed with cream lace, olive green hat with pink roses on bandeau; Mrs. Blundell, cornflower blue linen, navy Empire belt, shaded red hat; Mrs. Watkins; Miss Mackay.

Last Friday Mrs. Alex. Williams gave

MOST ENJOYABLE AFTERNOON TEA,

at her parents' residence, Overdale, which took the form of a New Zealand geographical afternoon. Each guest, before entering the drawing-room, had a tiny scene drawn on paper which represented a town, pinned on to them. Miss McAllum guessed the most, therefore received first prize, her sister, Miss Elsie McAllum, coming second, both being the recipients of very handsome purses. A most recherche afternoon tea was served in the dining-room, the table being prettily decorated with pale pink lilies. Mrs. A. Williams received her guests in a rose pink tucked silk, cream lace yoke, Empire belt; Mrs. R. Cock, black voiel over glace, trimmed with bands of stitched silk; Misses Rennell (2), mourning; Mrs. Percy Webster, white embroidered muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, heliotrope chiffon toque; Miss Avery, white insertioned muslin, tangerine empire belt, dark green hat trimmed with white tulle; Mrs. S. Rennell, Mrs. costume hat relieved with white; Mrs W. Cuthro, mourning; Mis G. Avery, white silk blouse, grey skirt, shaded blue hat; Miss McAllum, white muslin with lace trimmings, black and white hat, with violets on bandeau; Miss N. McAllum, white embroidered muslin, pale blue hat trimmed with blush roses; Miss E. McAllum, cream ruched voile over lettuce green, cream hat trimmed with pale green and mauve flowers; Miss Goldwater, green check muslin finished with white Valenciennes lace yoke and deep cuffs; Miss Bedford, violet flowered chiffon over pale blue glace, shaded heliotrope hat; Miss L. Skinner, pale primrose tucked muslin, cream and black hat trimmed with autumn leaves; Miss Quilliam, white embroidered muslin, white Valenciennes lace, with blu-h roses on bandeau; Miss Hanna, white muslin, salmon pink sash, black hat with red roses; Miss N. Hanna, cream figured voile, lace vest, crush rose hat; Miss Fraser, grey check voile, frilled pale green Leghorn hat, trimmed with blush roses; Mrs. Kebble, grey Eton costume, cream silk blouse, pale blue tulle hat; Miss B. Webster, pretty cream silk taffetas, profusely trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace, pale blue tulle hat finished with forget-me-nots; Miss Falders, handsome white embroidered muslin, grey tulle hat trimmed with pale blue; Miss Snowball, cream silk frock, with pale blue hat and Empire belt; Miss Brett, pretty white silk blouse, black voile skirt; Miss Beale, cream tucked voile, trimmed with silk, pale blue hat; Miss Baker, white embroidered muslin blouse, linen skirt, pale green hat with Valenciennes lace and shaded pink and green ribbon trimming.

NANCY LEE.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, Feb. 8, 1907.

There was

A LARGE GARDEN PARTY

held in the beautiful grounds of the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. Cohen) on last Wednesday evening from 7 p.m. till 10.30 p.m., in aid of the Palmerston Brass Band. Fickle fortune, usually so treacherous to any entertainment in connection with the band, was in her most smiling humour, and everything combined to make the party the huge success it was. The night was perfectly calm and cool, with a full moon shining in a cloudless sky, and the 1000 people present spent several hours in the keenest enjoyment of the novel outing. Festoons of Chinese lanterns hung from boughs of trees, making a very pretty effect. A fortune teller did a great business, and dancing was indulged in by many. Refreshments were obtainable on the grounds. Mr. and Mrs. Cohen have received the warmest thanks from the townspeople, and the bandsmen in particular for their kindness in lending their grounds for the occasion. Mrs. Cohen was wearing a becoming grey toilette with cream lace yoke, small floral hat. Others present included Dr. and Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, Mr. Mrs. and Miss F. Park, Mrs. and Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Macintyre, Mrs. Bock, the Misses Reed, Armstrong, Porter, Bell, Robinson, Jensen, Nannestad, Mrs. Tillton, the Misses Fitzherbert, Miss Cormack (Carterton), Mrs. Thompson, Miss Edith Wilson, Mrs. Gibbons, the Misses Santiman (Napier).

TENNIS.

Saturday was a glorious day, and there was a good attendance of members at the Palmerston Tennis Club. The Misses Porter and Frances Waldegrave presided at the afternoon tea. Miss Porter was wearing a white muslin frock, cream hat with cream and navy blue bows; Miss F. Waldegrave, navy blue skirt, cream silk blouse, Panama hat with pink silk scarf; Miss Trixie Waldegrave, navy blue skirt, white muslin blouse, sailor hat with navy ribbon. Others present were:—Miss Fitzherbert in pale blue cambric, white muslin yoke and sleeves, white hat; Miss Reed, white linen, pale blue silk tie and belt, Panama hat; Mrs. McKnight, navy Eton costume braided in black, white lace vest, black hat with black tulle and tips; Miss Newell (Melbourne), white linen, pale blue tie and belt, cream hat; Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Thompson, the Misses Bell, Hayward, Lord, Armstrong, Cormack (Carterton), Randolph (2), Robinson (2), Von Dadelzon (Wellington), Wilson, H. Porter and several others.

The American tournament is concluded, Mr. Adams, the scratch player, being the winner. Mr. Swainson came second, only four points behind Mr. Adams. The ladies' American tournament fell through owing to them neglecting to enter before the entrance time had expired. The entries for the combined tournament are large, and the matches will commence immediately. Otaki visits Palmerston to-morrow to play a return match.

THE WILLIAMSON DRAMATIC CO.

attracted large audiences to the Opera House to witness "The Squaw Man" and "The Virginian" on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Those present included Mr. and Mrs. Broad, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Strang, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Strang, Mr. and Mrs. Loughnan, Mr. and Mrs. Porritt, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Dolly Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Park, the Misses Park, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Louisson, Mr and Mrs. Lionel Abraham, Miss Sybil Abraham, the Misses Handyside, Mr. and Mrs. Bendall, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Ward, the Misses McLennon, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Barraud, Mr. A. Barraud, Mrs. and the Misses W. H. Smith, the Misses Fraser, the Misses Abraham, Mr. H. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, Miss Batchelor, Mr. H. Batchelor, Miss Armstrong Miss Bond, Dr. and Miss M. O'Brien, Messrs. Millton, Gibbons, Bagnall, Bond and others.

VIOLET.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, February 8.

Summer is still with us and shows no sign, as yet, of departing. Bargain sales are rampant everywhere, and energetic women are making the best of good things at moderate prices. It has been a great year for muslins and other cool fabrics, and any girl with clever fingers can achieve a smart "tub" frock with little expense. Another thing worthy of note is the growing tendency for girls to do their own millinery, not only the trimming, but the actual making of the hat itself. In this they are aided by some of the numerous "schools" which have been established lately, and with assistance from one of these, an apt pupil can make a charming little chapeau at a cost of one quarter of the shop price.

THE RETURN OF THE BROUGH COMPANY

to Wellington is one that gladdens the heart of playgoer. The members have had a splendid reception, and every night the house is well-filled. Mr. Brough's presence is sadly missed by his friends, of whom there are so very many in Wellington, but everyone is charmed to see Mrs. Brough on the stage again. She and her sister are such favourites here, and they have been quietly made a great deal of during their stay.

At "Dr. Wake's Patient" I noticed Mrs Macarthy wearing ivory mousseline de soie with lace flounces, handsome brocade coat; Mrs. Blundell, blue crepe de chine; Mrs. Chatfield, black satin and ecru lace; Miss Chatfield, cream taffetas; Mrs. Young, white eolienne; Miss Simpson, black taffetas; Miss — Simpson, white mousseline de soie; Miss Fell, pink and white flowered silk; Miss — Fell, black crepe de chine; Miss Cooper, black taffetas; Miss Miles, white crepe de chine; Miss B. Miles, black chiffon glace and lace tucker; Mrs. Crawford, pastel taffetas and frills of lace; Miss O'Connor, white mousseline de soie with touches of pale blue; Miss E. O'Connor, chiffon glace with lace tucker; Miss Johnston, white mousseline de soie; Mrs. Duncan, flowered glace and a smart belt; Miss Richardson, white mousseline de soie; Miss Richardson, pale pink crystalline; Mrs. Pearce, black taffetas and lace bertha; Mrs. Johnston, black crepe de chine and lace scarf; Miss Mills, white mousseline de soie; Miss Brandon, white crepe de chine; Mrs. Rawson, white mousseline; Mrs. Rawson, black crepe de chine and lace; Mrs. Abbot, pale blue glace and lace; Miss Ewen, white crepe de chine; Miss Quick, ivory lace and net; Miss Wilson, black taffetas; Miss Williams, white crepe de chine; Mrs. A. Smith, black taffetas; Miss Hislop, white mousseline de soie; Miss Stuart, white glace; Mrs. Biss, chiffon taffetas and lace; Miss Tweed, white crepe de chine.

A VERY GOOD LITTLE FLOWER SHOW

was opened on Wednesday at St. Thomas' Schoolroom, Newtown. It is the eighth year in succession that St. Thomas' people have organised this show, and each year the popularity has increased. Late as it is in the season, there was a fine show of carnations, roses, and pelargoniums, and the more homely vegetables. Mrs. Thompson won the prize for the best collection of cut flowers. Other prominent exhibitors were Misses Smith, Allan, Jenkins, and Messrs Chapman and Hazelwood.

I am glad to be able to give a slightly more favourable account of Mrs. Newman, who has been so dangerously ill lately. Long months of bad health culminated in a fortnight's acute anxiety for her life, and it was only owing to wonderful care and skill and perseverance that she rallied. It is hoped that steady improvement will now be maintained. Mrs. Newman has always taken a leading place in Wellington, not only in society, but elsewhere, and her energy and skill in organization are largely devoted to charitable matters. Chief among these are the Convalescent Home and the Home for Incurables. Dr. and Mrs. Newman had intended to go Home this year to see their son, who is at Oxford, but they have been obliged to postpone the trip, and Mr. Frank Newman is coming out here instead.

MADAME BLANCHE ARRAL'S SPLENDID CONCERTS.

Madame Blanche Arral, who has, unfortunately, not had the best of houses at her concerts here, is a most delightful and fascinating singer, gifted with a naturally flexible soprano voice. She uses it to the greatest advantage, literally revelling in the higher notes. Her operatic scenas were sung with dramatic power and effect. Few indeed have been the singers with her powers and gifts who have visited New Zealand. Added to this, she has a fine stage presence, and dresses extremely well, the Parisian touch being very evident in the cut and fit of her gowns, in fact, quite an object lesson to the uninitiated. Madame has three or four changes each night, and perhaps her most attractive appearance is as "Mignon," in the palest pink satin, opening over a petticoat of white satin, shimmering with crystal. With this she wears a hat to match, with lovely plumes, and carried a crook, tied with pink and white ribbons. Among the audience were: Mrs. Donne, wearing a black satin skirt, white silk blouse; Mrs. Tweed, black velvet, white coat; her daughter a simple white frock; Miss Miles, pale pink delaine; Mrs. Buchanan, black crepe de chine, pale blue coat; Mrs. Leckie, white frock, champagne-coloured coat, with deep lace collar; Miss Stafford, white silk; Miss E. Stafford, pale blue. Mrs. Hislop, black satin, white opera coat; Miss Coates, black peau de soie, lace fichu and ruffles; Mrs. Barron, black satin, lace berthe; Mrs. Biss, black mion; Mrs. T. K. Macdonald, black dress, handsome coat, brocaded in a design of pink roses; Mrs. McEwan, white frock, pale blue scarf; Mrs. McCarthy, white frock of silk and chiffon, pretty coat; Miss V. Macdonald, white muslin; Mrs. Foster (Blenheim), soft white silk; Mrs. W. Hislop, white gown, pale blue opera coat; Miss Barnett, white silk; Miss Mee, pretty frock of pale pink silk; Mrs. Mee, black brocade; Miss Somerville, white, blue coat; Miss Hoggard, rose pink frock; Miss E. Mawson, cream silk, chiffon scarf.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, Feb. 6.

THE GARDEN PARTY,

which was given by Mrs. Charles Bowen at Middleton to the members of the University Senate and their friends, was most enjoyable. The weather was perfect, and the lovely garden was looking its best. A string band was in attendance, and games of croquet and tennis were played by some of the guests. Mrs. Bowen wore a beautiful black lace dress over white chiffon, bonnet of black relieved with white; Miss L. Bowen a pale blue mousseline de soie, white hat with pink roses; Mrs. Crosdale Bowen, a black and white toilette; the Misses Bowen wore blue muslin frocks with primrose hats; Lady Stout (Wellington) was handsomely gowned in black and white, with toque to match; Mrs. James Mills (Dunedin) wore a lovely dress of chine silk with hem of black chiffon on the skirt, and white lace on the bodice, toque to match; Mrs. Herbert Williams, cream silk gown, and Tuscan hat with pink roses; Mrs. P. Campbell, costume of navy blue voile, toque of the same shade; Mrs. John Deans, a black and white toilette; Miss Reeves, pale heliotrope lustre, black hat with sprays of lilac; Mrs. John Williams wore black relieved with white, black bonnet and green chiffon roses; Mrs. Brandon (Wellington), black taffetas with bodice of white lace, pink and black hat; Mrs. A. C. Murray-Aynsley, pale grey crepe de chine, large black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Beswick, pink floral mousseline de soie; floral toque to match; Mrs. Boyle, heliotrope crepe de chine trimmed with white lace; hat en suite; Mrs. Sale (Dunedin) a silver grey dress and black hat; Miss Murray-Aynsley, heliotrope and white voile, white hat with heliotrope flowers and green leaves; Mrs. Neave, gown of black brocade, black and white bonnet; Miss Neave, pale pink muslin, and pink hat; Miss M. Williams, white serge costume, with black velvet bands, white toque with pink roses. Others present were Mrs. and Miss Moore, Professor and Mrs. Wall, Mrs. and Miss Wilson, Mrs. and Miss Elworthy, Mrs. Julius, Mrs. Izard, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Macpherson (England), Miss Gerard, Miss Cotton, Sir Robert Stout, Professor Sale and Professor Salmond (Dunedin), and Dr. Collins (Wellington).

A SMALL BRIDGE PARTY

was given on Monday by Mrs. Beswick (Fendalton) in honour of her guest, Mrs. Mills (Dunedin). Amongst those present were Mrs. and Miss Kettle, Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, Miss Joan Lee (Sydney), Miss Kiddle (Melbourne), and Miss Purvis (Melbourne).

A CHILDREN'S TENNIS AFTERNOON

—given by Mrs. George Gould, "Avonbank" (Fendalton) on Wednesday—was enjoyed immensely. The players were ladies and children, the winners being Mrs. Wigram and Master Bowden, who beat Miss Reeves and Master Alan Gould. Others players were Mrs. J. D. Hall, Miss Hester Gould, Mrs. Boyle, and Miss and Master Sinclair-Thomson.

There was

A TENNIS PARTY

the following day at Mr. Wigram's (Park Terrace). The players were Mrs. Arthur Rhodes, Miss Laing-Meason (Timaru), Mrs. James Mills (Dunedin), Mrs. Beswick, Miss FitzRoy (Hastings), Miss Hill, the Misses Dangar (Sydney), Mrs. Vernon, the Misses Boyle, Symes and Wilding, Messrs. H. Cotterill, G. Helmore and W. Cotterill.

Other tennis parties were given during the week by Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes, Miss Deans, and Mrs. G. Harper.

AN AFTERNOON TEA

was given on Thursday by Mrs. Denniston, at Warwick House. The guests were Lady Stout, Mrs. E. Riddiford (The Hutt, Wellington), Mrs. Brandon (Wellington), Mrs. Baume (Wellington), Miss Merton, Mrs. Cooper, Miss Hislop (Wellington), and Mrs. Leslie Brown (Fiji).

DOLLY VALE.

OVER THE TEACUPS

BOUDOIR GOSSIP FOR LADY READERS . . .

Is It Best for People to Marry Young?

It is difficult to find two people whose ideas on the subject of love and marriage coincide. What one person recommends from one point of view, another person may disapprove of from another point of view. The long engagement recommended by some is apt to be condemned by others, and perhaps both sides are right, according to their different ways of thinking.

The enthusiastic advocates of early marriages exclaim, with considerable truth, "Two young hearts united, a marriage made in heaven." The very fact of a young man and maiden being near of an age inclines them to a similarity of tastes and sentiments. Both love for the first time, both are full of the courage and ardour of youth, and both are sure, so sure, that there is no happiness in the world for either of them apart from the other. Under the influence of such feelings there have been young couples who have started life with little more than a chair and a table, and very successful some of these marriages have turned out.

The husband has brought forward his best endeavours, the wife has worked no less hard and cheerfully, and, step by step, animated by love they have won their way upward.

Where husband and wife are well mated, the tie that is knit by these early years of struggle and mutual self-denial is of necessity far closer and more intimate than formed later in life by a couple who have waited to begin where their parents left off.

It is frequently remarked that the first year of married life is seldom the happiest, and that, if the first twelve months can be safely tided over without breach or storm, the peace and comfort of the future becomes assured. One reason why the first year is the most difficult to negotiate is not far to seek.

Few people really know each other until they come to live under the same roof, and engaged couples are no exception to the rule. It is after they are married that they for the first time become aware of each other's true character, habits, and opinions, and in the process undoubtedly receive many agreeable surprises and unpleasant shocks.

But the more youthful the pair, the easier they find it to conform one to the other. The neat and trim girl of twenty does not worry herself into a fever and scold her husband into bad tempers over his incorrigible carelessness and lack of order and age, whose tidiness had grown upon her to the extent of primness and preciseness.

No; she gradually instils a little of her own punctuality into him, while the effort of keeping him up to the mark in that respect effectually counterbalances any tendency of method, as might be a bride of more mature years.

In the same way a prudent young husband acts as a check upon an extravagant girl wife. She has been married almost out of the schoolroom, and is naturally inclined to look up to and follow her husband's lead in everything. Unconsciously she is influenced by his serious turn of mind; equally unconsciously he is brightened by her frivolity, until, as the years go by, their two nature harmonise more and more.

But put pair the hit-or-miss of two such temperaments ten years or more, when each has become set in their way of life, and then far from one disposition happily rounding off the corners of the other there will, in all probability, be very decided and unhappy friction. Certainly one of the great advantages of marrying early is the plasticity of nature which belongs to youth, and youth only.

In the majority of marriages contracted in youth both persons, the man and the woman, leave their parents' homes to make a home of their own. They are accustomed to the give and take of family life, the household is run on lines to give the greatest pleasure and comfort to the greatest number, and not for any one member's individual comfort and pleasure. Consequently, both the young husband and the young wife regard with proportionate pride and satisfaction a home in which they find themselves of chief and first importance—a domain, however small, in which they are practically king and queen, and their word law.

It seems an easy thing to the young wife to please her husband, to devote her services to one person and defer to his wishes, where formerly she was at the beck and call of half a dozen members of her family, and must invariably consult the convenience of several before she could carry out the least plan on her own account.

The young husband, too, so proud he is of being master in his own house, is willing to content himself with far less luxury than he may have been accustomed to in his parents' house, and, if the cooking leaves something to be desired, he considers such shortcomings compensated by the act that he pays for everything, and that he is monarch of all he surveys. It is so true that there is no place like home, and that the meanest goods and chattels of one's very own acquire a value quite independent of their real worth.

Compare, however, the experiences of a middle-aged bachelor and the woman who similarly postpones matrimony. Both are probably accustomed to the many forms of luxurious selfishness which those who live in single blessedness are prone to indulge in. The man has his way in life, his set of acquaintances, his flat or lodgings. The woman has equally her way of life, her social circle, her club, and her own menage. One likes a late dinner, the other fancies an early one, and the digestion of each refuses to accommodate itself to the digestion of the other. Then the husband, from long habits of bachelorhood, has acquired a facility of smoking silently for hours together, to the umbrage of his wife. On her side, accustomed to independent coming and going, she finds it irksome to be unable to leave the house without at the same time giving reasons, explanations, and orders.

This is the gloomy side of late marriage. A more cheerful view suggests that a man is more capable of fixing his affections after thirty years of age, and that any choice made before that age runs the risk of being immature; while after thirty, in the case of both men and women, the character is formed, and the affections, once bestowed, seldom swerve.

The French have also a saying which implies that if no woman is worth looking at after thirty no girl is worth talking to before, which would seem to say that with every year a woman gains something in tact, experience, and sympathy, the chief qualifications calculated to make home and husband happy.

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Things a Woman Should Not Tell.

Confidence between lovers is an excellent and most desirable attitude of mind; between man and wife it is essential to married happiness; there can be little joy or peace in the household which harbours doubt and distrust as daily companions.

But confidence is one thing; confidences quite another; the two are to the full as different as are nerve and nerves. It is not necessary to thorough confidence between two people that the two should share every thought, should express every feeling; still less that they should tell one another all that they know. Indeed, a wise and delicate reserve, even concealment, is more conducive to sympathy and affection than the blunt frankness which blurts out its opinions and tells all its knows, without stopping to think how the telling may affect the hearer. Moreover, it is a true saying that:

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

And there is a possibility that one may be misinformed or misfaken as to the point of view. The fruit which lost our first parents Eden was that of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

The question of what and what not to tell, both before and after marriage, is one which must be influenced in its answer by circumstances and governed by tact and discretion. There are some things which may be forgotten and done with, as one closes a finished chapter in a book which one has read for the last time; there are others which it is impossible to forget, the consequences of which must endure for a lifetime, perchance longer.

These last no man or woman has the right to conceal from any who is to share that life. It neither is wise nor well; it is dishonourable to enter into matrimony with a ghastly skeleton hidden in a closet, of which, with its gruesome contents, the party of the second part is kept in ignorance until flight is no longer possible. When the bones have been buried beyond chance of resurrection, and the closet, swept, scoured, and garnished, lies open to view, apparently just like any other household cupboard, and to the full as innocuous, it may be, as the French say, quite another pair of shoes. In a popular novel a clever woman of the world advises a newly-married friend: "Always tell your husband what you feel sure he will find out anyway. It is a good plan to have the first telling of whatever may be told about you or your affairs." Which, since there is much, sometimes everything, in the art of putting things, is sage counsel.

When there is an innocent secret which cannot be kept after marriage, and which, were it known beforehand, possible might make a difference in the feeling of the one who discovers it instead of being honestly informed concerning it, it is wiser from even a selfish standpoint to own up to it before marriage. "Open confession," then, is most assuredly "good for the soul." Nobody likes to be cheated, and few there be who forgive it.

There is an element of jealousy in the love of some men and women which prevents them from enjoying the bliss of the present and drives the mto search out the past.

As for the man he always wants to feel sure that the woman of his choice never has loved, and never will, nor can, love anyone but himself. Which is why the newly-engaged love is given to asking again and again: "Did you ever love any other man?" To which query the woman who is wise will answer discreetly, without incriminating admissions.

But above all it is unwise for any woman to become confidential and show her husband old love letters. In the first place, it is dishonourable, since, when a man asks a woman to marry him, he pays her the biggest compliment in his power, and if she refuses him she at least is bound not to boast of her victory. Then, also, a more self-interested motive should control her and keep her silent. A husband rarely is well inclined toward the man who has made love to his wife, even before he came on the scene. He always has a sense of injury when his wife speaks of the other man kindly, and, while he may say but little, the fact remains that he does not like it. So the less a woman tells her husband of her old love affairs the better for her and for him.—Helen Oldfield in the "New York American."

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How Women Prey Upon Their Own Sex.

When allusion is made to woman's fascinations the general idea is that the victim of them is always man. This is not so, for some women there are who are endowed with a special gift of exercising strange influence over their sisters. And sometimes this power is turned to evil account.

"With the face of a saint, she is perhaps the worst woman in Chicago," was the startling "character" given, not long since, to one beautiful young woman who at present is in prison. This girl—she was little more—had made discovery of a fact that is little suspected—namely: that there was a considerable number of women who are extremely sensitive to the attractions of feminine beauty. Her plan was to keep migrating from one lodging or boarding house to another, until she came across a landlady who was obviously lost in admiration of the natural charms of her guest. On that admiration the swindler traded. She paid no rent; she sent in bills to be paid by her hostess, from whom she also freely borrowed money. Two or three women she completely ruined; yet when she stood in the dock the victims said: "No; being so lovely as that, she cannot really have meant to rob us."

PRETENDED TO BE LONELY.

"I have heard that you will travel to Europe with your little girl. I am lonely. Will you let me act as your companion?" The demure looking woman who made this appeal to a certain well known society woman ultimately received "Yes" as her answer. And the night before the vessel sailed, from a New York hotel, the lonely one disappeared with all the traveller's luggage. So complete a sweep did she make that she even took the apparel which the little daughter had that day been wearing. Practice making perfect, this woman repeated this trick time after time, working between America and England and other countries, sometimes taking long sea voyages and stealing her employer's possessions at the end of the trip. In each case the victims confessed that it was the woman's plaintive plea of being "so lonely" that had put them off their guard.

COLLECTING FOR ALLEGED HOMES

Women swindlers who find they can create an impression on the sympathies of other women frequently make house-to-house donation collecting their specialty. One of them, who got large amounts for a "home" that did not exist, systematically exploited eight different cities. She kept a notebook, and from that it appeared that on an average she received sixty subscriptions from every hundred women householders she succeeded in seeing. And so pleasing were her manners that from some 400 women called upon during many after-

noons she received 166 invitations to take tea.

Study of women who are admired and liked by other women reveals the fact that they are often of the sweet and gentle type, "womanly" women, pretty rather than handsome, frequently perhaps lacking apparent dash and brilliance, but generally winning, "sisterly," and domesticated. And that is the pattern upon which she who designs to dupe other women carefully molds herself, assuming in time an artificial air of innocence that readily deceives.

"And," has said a famous detective, "women probably often prove readier victims than men would, for, less instructed by reason of contact with the world, they are slower to admit that fair looks and smooth words may be used to mask evil intentions."

* * *

What Men Eat in Restaurants.

BY MRS. S. T. ROHER.

Nothing shows men's early training and environment more quickly than the way they eat. Sociologists continue to debate as to which has the greater influence in the after-life of the individual, environment or heredity. The truth is that both are so closely interwoven that it is difficult to separate them. Both play an important part in the health and destiny of man.

The man eats as the boy was taught. He likes and dislikes what his mother did before him. When he was a little tot she cut and seasoned his plate of food before she took her own, and as she fixed it in his childhood so he likes it in manhood. He grew up to this way and knows no other. If all conditions are hygienic the child grows up to eat hygienic food; but, on the other hand, if the mother is governed entirely by her own palate, and perhaps her own whims, her child will suffer when a man.

As a boy his digestion was good, his outdoor exercise gave him an appetite, and he paid little attention to digestive disorders. In later years, however, he is confined to a close, ill-ventilated office, and he lives up to the hurry of the average business man—and his health fails.

THE TOWN-DWELLER SOON LEARNS TO BE A MEAT-EATER.

Every day he rushes to the nearest restaurant for his luncheon, orders from the list of new dishes, largely entrees and invariably meats. The chef, a trained cook, can show his skill to far greater advantage on fancy meat dishes than on vegetables, and so he makes the list of meats unusually long and attractive. The vegetable cookery is relegated to the under-cooks or to the maid-of-all-work, whereas in reality it requires more knowledge and care to boil or bake potatoes than to make chicken croquettes. There is far less danger of failure in meat dishes than in pastry and vegetables.

Thus the town-dweller learns to be a meat-eater—not because he really wants or needs it, but because there is little else offered—and wonders, in after years, why he has rheumatism and kindred diseases. Another reason why he is a meat-eater is that meat is digested in the stomach; he can swallow it without mastication and suffer less than he would from starchy foods eaten in the same way.

I notice also that most men, as well as women, order things not usually found on the home table. Home cooks are not always trained and there is a great monotony on the average family table. Odd names are attractive, and you frequently find a man ordering a dish of which he knows nothing, simply because the name is attractive.

Highly-seasoned fish dishes, such as lobsters, crabs, oyster crabs, oysters, and all forms of clam dishes, are exceedingly popular; not because they are good or wholesome, but somewhere ingrained in the man's mind is the idea that these are lighter than meat. The truth is that they are more difficult of digestion. Raw oysters, no doubt, are easily digested, but they are without question dangerous, as they frequently carry the germs of disease. This is not true of clams, but clams are tough and leathery compared to oysters.

WHAT NEW YORK MEN EAT FOR THEIR LUNCHEON.

The New York man invariably eats a light salad with French dressing; this, of course, is exceedingly wholesome.

Pies are not eaten to any great extent; the lighter desserts, such as whipped cream and ice cream, are preferred. During the winter months, mince pies and plum puddings are frequently indulged in. Both contain quite sufficient nourishment to form an entire meal, and should never be eaten after a heavy meal, except at Christmas and holiday times, when one has hours of leisure for digestion.

Among the vegetable dishes, spaghetti is perhaps the most popular; for some reason, home cooks do not know how to prepare this excellent dish properly. Au gratin dishes are also much liked, as well as such things as broiled chicken livers, goose livers, and stewed kidneys.

If one could come into personal contact with each customer the bills-of-fare might be shortened and improved, but under existing conditions it is out of the question. The restaurateur, good or bad, has little to do with his kitchen; he is not a cook. But the restaurant is his fashion of making money; and I find, knowing what I do, that to reform man's eating is an operation too gigantic to be accomplished in a single lifetime. My successors may accomplish it.

The American commercial man is nervous and irritable, and he wants what he wants, and that very quickly, so that he may rush back to the "ticker" or the desk. Indeed, he often eats with a telephone on his table and a "ticker" near by. Frequently he leaves his ordering to the waiter, who knows the time to be given to the luncheon and the amount of money the man cares to spend. Money plays, however, a secondary part in the New Yorker's luncheon. He pays what you ask, providing his food is brought quickly and suits his palate and his eye. It must be properly served and be of first-class quality. However, he too often orders "out-of-season" foods. He lives in the city and has little time to study the natural conditions of the country, and he is likely to think it time for green corn in the very early spring. He saw it perhaps at a fruiterer's—it came from the far South; he orders it next day, with a keen anticipation of the taste of corn fresh from the garden; and he is, of course, disappointed at what he gets, and condemns the cook or the restaurant for buying second-class food. So back he goes to the ever-present, well-served entrees. Even in the hot months the common orders are cold meats and salads.

HIGHLY-SEASONED DISHES ARE USUALLY CHOSEN.

My observations are, of course, limited to the few with whom I come in contact each noonday; men who neither have well-regulated homes nor live at the best New York hotels—and they certainly know what is good to eat. They may not select what the world calls hygienic food, but they will not eat in a haphazard fashion, nor will they eat simply to satisfy their hunger. A gratified taste brings special satisfaction, and the New York man must have it gratified. Highly-seasoned dishes are usually chosen; indeed, a curry is frequently more salable in winter than in summer, when the reverse should be the case. This man is willing to pay for fresh food and refuses to be served with cold-storage stuff; in this respect he is very hygienic.

I observe that ninety-nine men out of a hundred choose mashed potatoes with their meats; they are easily swallowed and—so the men think—do not require mastication. Here comes the first step to serious intestinal troubles. Soups are in great demand for the same reason; all kinds of entrees and dishes made from chopped meats play a most important part in the noonday luncheon.

Many prefer a good stew, with a plain boiled or baked potato, or perhaps potatoes mashed in cream, with a side dish of green vegetables or a salad, and stop before they reach the dessert. Pies and shortcakes are meals, not deserts. I am quite sure that a good-sized piece of shortcake with a small pitcher of cream, eaten slowly and thoroughly masticated, makes an exceedingly good luncheon.

Eggs are often preferred to meats. They provide an easily-digested luncheon, and as there are nearly a hundred ways of serving poached eggs, one can always find a variety.

Methods of eating and bills-of-fare vary greatly in different cities. In New York the financial man takes more time to his luncheon than he does in many other cities. He prefers to sit comfortably at a table; in fact, he refuses to stand and dislikes to sit at a "lunch counter." He may eat with a rush, but sits long enough after his luncheon to smoke. This gives his stomach time to start digestion.

COFFEE STIMULATES WITHOUT ROBBING A MAN OF HIS WITS.

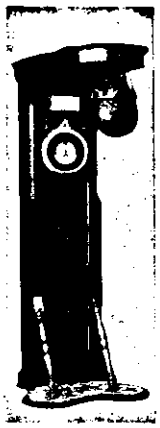
Men are certainly coffee-drinkers. It is an unusual thing for a man to finish his luncheon without coffee, and nine times out of ten he takes a large cup. He has long since learned that, to compete with his neighbour, he must have a clear and active brain; coffee stimulates without robbing him of his wits. Hot tea is not a favourite. In the summer iced tea is exceedingly popular, and is far worse than iced water, which I consider deadly. Iced coffee is frequently called for instead of iced tea, and with sugar and cream it is very unwholesome.

Steaks, chops and ordinary roasts are seldom called for. Goose and duck are more popular than chicken and turkey, for the simple reason that these two birds are not, as a rule, well prepared at home.

The New York man consumes more food in a day than almost any other commercial man. This may be due in part to the ever-present salt air. He seems to be larger in stature than the inland man, with a more vigorous consti-

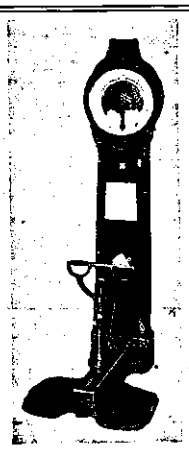
Continued on page 50.

Do you want to make Money?

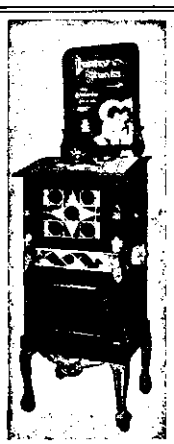


Bag Puncher.

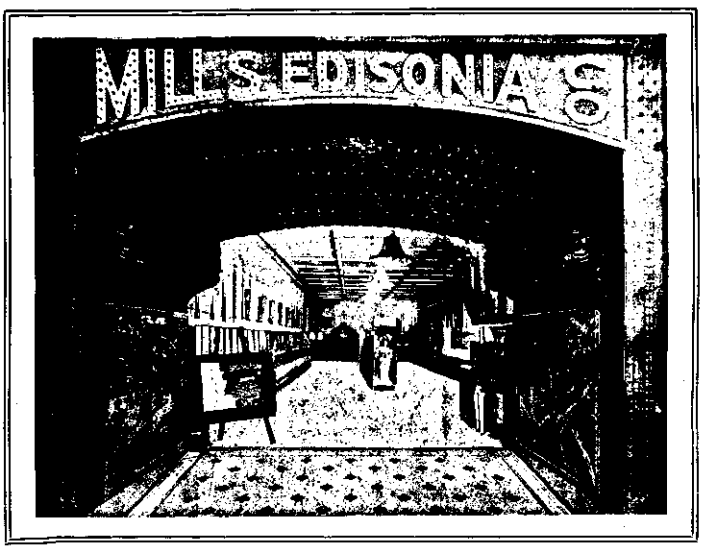
Illustrated Songs.



Lifting Machine.



Cathedral Auto Stereoscope.



Do you know about the fortunes that have been and are now being made with these machines and others which we manufacture? Wouldn't you like to establish a business of your own that would yield big profits right from the start?

We have started over 10,000 people in business in the United States of America and every one of them is now independently wealthy.

This is one of Our Plans.

Start an Arcade.

To do this, rent a shop in the busiest part of your city with a front on the most prominent thoroughfare? Then purchase a number of different kinds of our automatic amusement machines, place them in this shop, and start one of the musical machines playing at the entrance with the sidewalk. They will then see the lines of strange and beautiful machines inside, and come in to examine them. When they find that a small coin placed in any one of these machines will give them a delightful entertainment, they will drop in a coin, enjoy the particular attraction presented, and pass on enthusiastically to another machine. It is astonishing how rapidly your Arcade becomes popular throughout the city and how the habit grows with the populace of frequenting your place and securing the new features, which you can constantly change at almost no expense. The number of coins each machine absorbs in the course of a day, and the consequent profit to you, is really remarkable. Everyone who has adopted this plan has made a lot of money. Write us for full details and figures of profits.

Other Plans.

We have a variety of plans, some of which will exactly suit you, no matter how slender may be your present means, and by which you can make money fast with our coin operated machines. We make 250 different varieties to suit coins of any country. The following are some of our exclusive productions:—

Phonographs
Illustrated Songs
Automatic Bag Punchers
Lifting Machines
Picture Machines
Electrical Medical Machines
Weighing Machines
Vending Machines
Fortune Tellers
Card Machines
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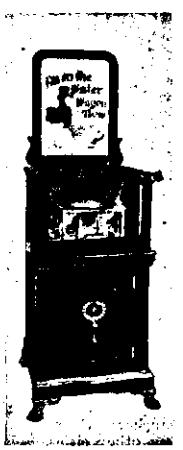
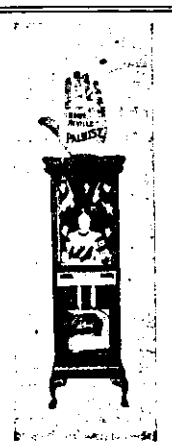
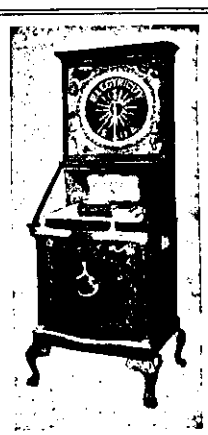
Pneumatic Puncher.



Automatic Phonograph.



Palmist.



Electric Machine.

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

Continued from page 48.

tution. The New York man refuses to eat trash of any kind. He hates the "dairy lunch," and while the dishes he eats may not be wisely selected he knows whether they are properly prepared, and he believes most thoroughly that French cooking is the only way. In other words, he pays more attention to his noonday luncheon than do commercial men in many other cities.

He insists upon being well served with nicely-garnished foods; he refuses absolutely to have a warm plate for his salad, or a cold plate for his roasted beef, both of which I have seen in first-class hotels. He insists upon having hot milk with his coffee, even if he takes cream; he knows that a little hot milk gives it a better flavour. He does this not from a hygienic standpoint but because he has learned that it tastes better. He insists upon French bread with its crisp, hard crust, because he knows that the mastication of this is a saving grace in his dinner.

IT IS BETTER TO ORDER FOOD THAT IS IN SEASON.

I would like to give a word of advice to the great mass of men who take their luncheon in a noonday restaurant: Acquaint yourselves with the foods in season. Do not ask for shad in midwinter, for if you demand it you will get it, and as shad are not in season at that time it naturally must come from the cold storage. Fish and poultry, as well as eggs, held in cold storage any length of time are unfit for food.

Vegetables deteriorate quickly. Corn, cantaloups and watermelons shipped to New York from the South are not good. The serving prices must be regulated by the waste. For instance, when cantaloups are two dollars a dozen, a single cantaloup cannot be served for less than thirty cents, and even then there is little profit. In a whole dozen there will only be a few that the average man will accept. Corn costs four cents an ear, and with the loss the serving-cost for two ears is twenty-five cents. Even at these prices men are dissatisfied. They don't know the reason why, because they do not know that foods of this sort are not in season. Foods out of season cause more trouble than any other dishes, hence to save time and trouble, and to please his customers, the restaurant-keeper settles down to meat-serving, with such vegetables as potatoes, tomatoes, lettuce and spaghetti.

It is singular that in this country men who have time and money for a course luncheon rarely order a handsome vegetable dish served alone, as do people in other countries. Asparagus, cauliflower or artichoke any of these makes an admirable dish to be used as entree in place of meat. For fear that my readers may forget an important point, I shall repeat that all foods of this kind require thorough mastication.

As to the practice of chewing gum after a meal "to aid digestion," how perfectly ridiculous it is for a man to bolt his food and then sit and chew on some foreign material for an hour or two with the idea that he is correcting his bad eating habits!

Mastication of food is necessary; and later mastication of gum and such things can play no part whatever in the digesting of foods; indeed, such a theory is nonsensical. The working of the jaws causes an increased flow of saliva; the alkaline saliva should be mixed with the starches and sugars when they are taken into the mouth. The stomach is acid, and if we constantly swallow alkaline materials, drawn out by this artificial mastication, we neutralise the effect of the gastric juice and create two disorders: stomach and intestinal indigestion.

THOROUGH MASTICATION IS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE.

I fully believe that mastication is of greater benefit to health than is the selection of any special line of diet, providing the usual diet be not absolutely indigestible.

Take cheese, for instance, a highly concentrated form of nitrogenous food, necessarily difficult of digestion; this is easily converted into tissue when masticated and mixed with the proper proportion of carbonaceous foods.

To go back to the point of the restaurant: shocking combinations are frequently ordered; for instance, plum shortcake and cream. Plums are not easily digested, and as they are rarely peeled in preparing, they are doubly bad when served with starches and cream. Cream reduces the secretion of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. In some individuals gastric juices are secreted in greater quantities than is necessary for a healthy digestion. To such people cream or olive oil is a good thing, but where the gastric digestion is slow or impaired fats of all kinds should be avoided. Fruits are to be recommended only when they are peeled and thoroughly masticated. Sub-acid fruits make good combinations with starches. Ice-cream on hot apple-pie is not to be recommended. To many this seems to be a gastronomic entertainment, but it certainly brings sad results.

Reform in diet must be done at home, under the influence of the wife and mother; the child must be taught in early years the road to health and life. It is more difficult to correct a false habit in after-life than it is to implant a good one during the plastic years. After a man's habits become fixed and he has been successful in every other line except health, he believes sincerely that this will come his way later. Of course, he wakes up to find that his success has been entirely financial, and, strange as it may seem, this ever-present picture is not a warning to others. Each man feels sure that he will be the exception, but he drops down to the rule as sure as can be.

I have often wondered why some of our rich men who are spending their money on various public institutions do not see the necessity for a school of hygiene. Prevention is certainly better than cure, and if children were taught what to eat, how to eat it and how to cook it, the following generations would not be "wiser and weaker, but wiser and stronger. They would develop equally along all natural lines.

THE SAILOR PRINCE OF PORTUGAL.

Don Manuel, Duke of Beja, who will celebrate his eighteenth birthday in a few weeks.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

BY MARGUERITE

GOWNS FOR AFTERNOON WEAR.

No. 1 is of that rusty heliotrope shade, which is known as Automobile, and the hems and cuffs are of glace silk to match. No. 2 is of almond colour with buttons of dull gold, and a lace blouse showing itself in soft folds above the Princess front. No. 3 is in Wedgwood blue; the lace of string colour, embroidered with blue thread, and tasselled to match.

A Pretty Fete Frock.

The gown is of ivory white gauze made with a full gathered skirt having an embroidered panel up the front, and three tucks above the hem, outlined with rows of narrow silk braid. The bodice has a heart-shaped chemisette of net, outlined with braid and lace. The coatee bodice and the sleeves are of embroidery The coatee, which is adorned with buttons, opens over a chiffon vest, and at the back is fastened down. A white satin folded belt completes a charming costume.

◈ ◈ ◈

It is unwise to be too economical as regards hats. Some people who think it best to have a hat for every occasion, and trim their own hats, spend much more money than if they bought two good hats outright. It is often better to spend less on the gown and more on the hat to ensure its being becoming and effective. Two really smart hats will make a woman seem better dressed than a host of inferior ones.

A chance for economy comes in if a girl really knows how to make bows and rosettes. Then she can buy a becoming shape and trim her ordinary hats very prettily.

More and more importance is given to details of dress, such little things as belts, undersleeves, vests, collars, ties, and scarves, being most influential factors in bringing to a successful conclusion the toilettes of fashion.

◈ ◈ ◈

The black gown, illustrated, is built of black Oriental satin trimmed upon the skirt with folds of the satin softened by muslin de soie. The bodice is a very smart high one, decorated with black guipure lace, bows, and a V-shaped chemisette of white lace drawn into a broad belt of black satin.

TWO NEW BLOUSES.

Blouse of pale green taffetas, showing the new gold embroidered stole trimming.

Pretty blouse of Rose du Barri cashmere, trimmed with lace, self-coloured satin, and point d'esprit net.

A PRETTY FETE FROCK.

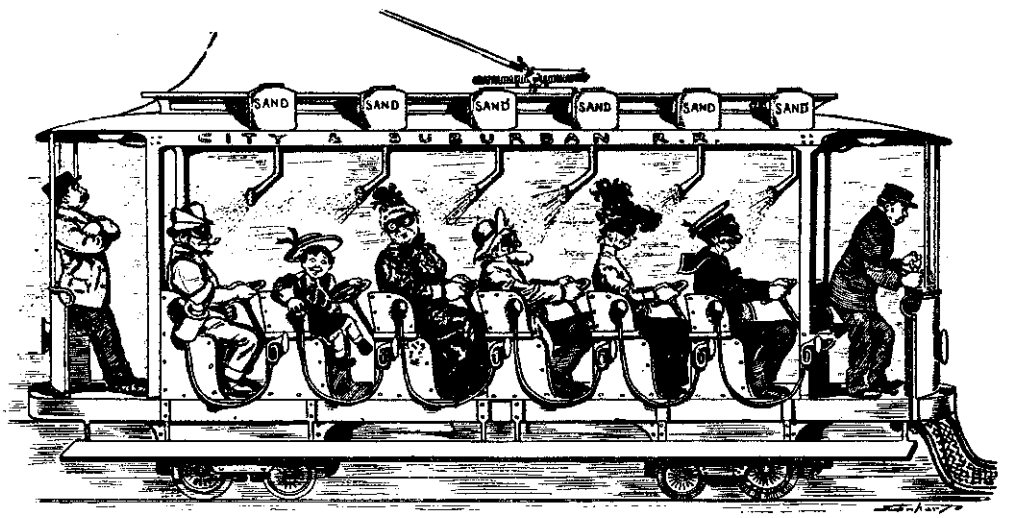
BLACK GUIPURE SUPPLE SATIN AND WHITE LACE DRESS WITH PUFFED ELBOW SLEEVES.


WIGS, BEARDS, BANGS AND HAIR LIPS
HAIR MATTRASSES AND HAIR BREADTH ESCAPES
I WANT TWELVE BUSTER BROWN WIGS
WHAT IS HE GOING TO DO ?
FOOL HIS TEACHER
BUY YOURSELF SOME FAULTS HAIR EVERYONE WEARS IT
A Poor Teacher.
DO YOU CHAPS WANT TO HAVE SOME FUN ?
SURE
COME ON BOYS WE'LL FOOL THAT POOR GOVERNESS
GIMME A WIG
HEY JIMMY LOOK AT ME WIG
JUST PUT ON MY CLOTHES
I'LL BET THIS WILL GET RID OF THE TUTORESS
I'M GOIN TER KEEP DESE TOGS
SAME HERE
FIX UP YER DAWG
5


NOW TIGE I'LL PUT ON THE WIG
COME SEVEN
POOR TIGE
7
FOLLOW MARY JANE NOW FELLOWS
8
9
I RESIGN
10
I'M GOING TO SEND YOU CHILDREN TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOL
NOT MARY JANE MAMA DEAR
11
I SUPPOSE I AM A VERY BAD BOY, DEAR ME!
RESOLVED! THAT NOW I AM HAPPY-I AM GOING TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOL-PRIVATE SCHOOLS MAY BE ALL RIGHT FOR DUDES & IDIOTS BUT I WANT TO KNOW MY FELLOW MEN. EMERSON SAID "SEND YOUR BOY TO SCHOOL THE OTHER BOYS WILL EDUCATE HIM." IT BROADENS A BOY HE LEARNS A LOT BY HEARING THE OTHERS TAUGHT. EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER AND HE IS FOUND AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOL. BAD INFLUENCE? PSHAW, IT CANT HURT A NICE BOY. ITS THE BOY WHO GOES IN THE WATER WHO LEARNS TO SWIM
BUSTER

COURTSHIP.

"You are so different from the others dear; that's why I love you."



FOR THOSE WHO HAVEN'T THE PRICE

Of the Real Thing, this Auto-Trolley Car is thoughtfully designed.

MARRIAGE.

"You women are all alike—can't reason—can't think—can't see a man's point of view. I always knew it—that's why I don't argue."

BACK TO NATURE.