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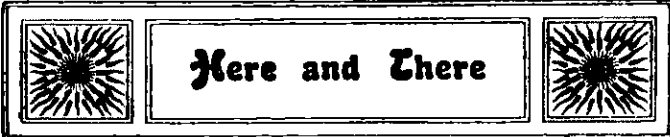
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OFFICE:
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For the Day.

Oliver Hereford, who is equally famous as a poet, illustrator, and brilliant wit, was entertaining four magazine editors at luncheon when the bell rang, and a maid entered with the mail.

"Ah," said an editor, "an epistle."
 "No," said Mr. Hereford, tearing open the envelope—"not an epistle, a collect."—Kansas Times.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

An old clergyman kept his stock of sermons in a pile in the vestry, and it was his custom to preach the uppermost one and then to place it at the bottom of the pile. Being absent one Sunday, a brother clergyman officiated, but he was horrified to find that he had left his sermon at home. On looking round, however, he saw this pile of sermons, and took one from the bottom, as he thought it would be the oldest. When the service was over, he placed the sermon on the top of the pile. Next Sunday the rector preached the sermon which was on the top of the heap, as was his custom. When he was leaving the church, he asked the sexton what he thought of the sermon, and was shocked with the following reply: "Well, it was good, sir; and after hearing it for three Sundays we have it off by heart!"

A Master of Languages.

Fifty-eight languages at the end of one's tongue! Yet this was the number of tongues of which the Cardinal Mezzofanti was master, and the most wonderful about it was that nearly all of these different languages had several separate dialects. Mezzofanti was probably the greatest linguist the world has ever known. To hear a language was with him to speak it. He was a man with three score words for every idea, and he laid his great attainments to his excellent memory and to the fact that once hearing a word he never forgot it.

Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of "Quo Vadis," is credited with speaking sixty languages and dialects.

How They Look.

- The Horticulturist—Seedy.
- The Dentist—Down in the mouth.
- The Nobleman—Rank.
- The Travelling Man—Fast.
- The Farmer—Rakish.
- The Jeweller—Bright.
- The Pirate—Cheaty.
- The Milkman—Pale.
- The Barber—Trim.
- The Plumber—"Just dear!"
- The Soldier—Forward.

A Wonderful Sight.

The narrow escape of a liner from destruction by a meteor is related by Capt. Anderson, of the African Prince, one of the vessels of the Prince Line. The London "Daily Chronicle" quotes his report. Writing to his principals, he says:—"On the evening of October 17, I was on the bridge with the second officer, when suddenly the dark night was as light as day, and an immense meteor shot, comparatively slowly at first, because the direction was so very perpendicular to our position, then more rapidly, towards the earth. Its train of light was an immense broad electric-coloured band, gradually turning to orange, and then to the colour of molten metal. When the meteor came into the denser atmosphere close to the earth it appeared, as nearly as it is possible to describe it, like a molten mass of metal being poured out. It entered the water with a hissing noise close to the ship, and the consequence, had it struck our ship, would have been total annihilation without doubt, and not a soul left to tell the story of another mysterious loss of a vessel in every way fitted to undertake the voyage. I am of opinion that some such cause must be attributed to losses so mysterious that neither seamanship, engineering, nor ordinary theory can explain them."

A Clockwork Egg Boiler.

According to a famous chef, there are over a hundred ways in which eggs may be prepared, but a great number of egg-eaters cling to the old-time process of boiling as the most satisfactory mode of preparation. The length of time an egg should be boiled is a matter of such personal preference that unless exact time is observed there is apt to be a grumble from some member of the family. To obviate and difficulty of this sort a rival to the tiny sand-glass and other recording devices has been introduced. It is set with the arrow pointing to the number of minutes that the boiling process is to consume, and when those minutes have expired an alarm like that of a clock gives notice to the cook. The new egg coddler is another apparatus favoured by the egg-lover, and this is the very newest thing in this line.

A Dog's Vitality.

Councillor H. M. Sutherland gave the members of the Corio (Vic.) Shire Council a remarkable account of a dog's vitality, says an Australian paper. A crop of oats, he said, was being stacked on his Elcho estate when a dog belonging to Mr. P. Ilucker got into the centre of the stack, and was accidentally covered with hay. When the stack was built the dog was missed, but it was not suspected that it was imprisoned in the interior of the stack. About three weeks later, when the hay was being thrashed, the hands were astonished to find the animal in the centre. It was alive, and did not appear to have suffered much from its three weeks' imprisonment.

New York.

In "Blackwood's Magazine" Mr. Chas. Whibley has an article on New York, "to a European the most foreign city on earth," from which I cannot forbear to quote a little. New York is a parvenu, but often a parvenu of taste, though the Riverside Drive palaces are mere "antics of wealth," "vast blocks of vulgarity." But for the sky-scraper the writer has a good word. It presents a new view of architecture. "It is original, characteristic, and beautiful." It suits its atmosphere and environment; but it would be intolerable in our grey and murky land. Patriotic Americans wishing to transplant it to England "merely prove that they do not appreciate the logic and beauty of their own architecture." Movement, noisy and incessant, is a characteristic of New York, and the one which seems most to have struck Mr. Whibley. Everyone hurries and scurries to save time, but when they have saved their time they do not know what to do with it. They merely squander it again "in riotous movement and reckless transportation." They spend that they may save, and save that they may spend. Nowhere will you find a single man content to be merely alive and squander the leisure that God gave him. "Young in years, New York possesses the rage and hardness of youth. In brief, it is a beggarly city of medieval contrivance and an ardent love of material progress. Thus you carry away from New York a memory of a lively air, gigantic buildings, incessant movement, sporadic elegance, and ingenious patronage. But when you have separated your impressions, the most vivid and constant impression that remains is of a city where the means of life conquer life itself, whose citizens die hourly of the rage to live."

Things Worth Noting.

You can't put old heads on young shoulders without breaking somebody's neck.
 It is a wise man that makes money, but a wiser man who can keep it.
 Be temperate in all things; but, above all, be temperate in your temperance.
 Every time you coddle a mournful

thought you are stealing happiness from yourself.

Be civil to a policeman. He may not know when you may want him or he may want you.

Disagree with a woman, and she knows she's right. Agree with her, and she has her doubts.

Remember that your lightest word is a stone cast into the pool of Time, whose ripples widen for ever.

Some men are born small, some men achieve smallness, and some have smallness thrust upon them.

Handle to-morrow by the lessons of yesterday and you will never have cause to wish that to-morrow was yesterday, and yesterday to-morrow.

Two things men fear whilst they have breath,

The one is sorrow, the other death. Yet death cures sorrow, and sorrow cures death.

So breathe ye freely while ye've breath.

A £5 note will buy you all the wisdom in the world, but it won't help you to use it.

True friendship is like a bank. You cannot draw out more than you pay in.

It is better to know that you think, than to think that you know.

Luck is a fair-weather friend. Pluck will pull you through a cyclone.

"Early to bed and early to rise Gets worms into trouble and birds into pies."

A woman's reflections are too often found in a looking-glass; a man's, too often, in a drinking-glass.

Life is a tight-rope. Common sense is your balance-pole. To keep your balance keep your eye on the end.

The man who talks is never going to hit. The man who hits has never need to talk.

London's Origin.

What is the derivation of the name "London?" This was one of the questions which Mr Henry Bradley set himself to answer in the course of a lecture on place names at the London Institution recently.

"A common explanation of the name London, or Londinium, or Londonia, as it was called, is that it is derived from the words 'lyn' and 'din,' in which case it would mean the fortress by the lake," said Mr Bradley. "But in the first century 'lyn' was 'lindon' and 'din' was 'dunon,' so that the name would have been 'lindon dunon.'"

The only explanation which I, as a philologist, can give of the name is that on this spot there was a plot of ground belonging to a Briton named Londonio, which means fierce or savage. This would seem an undesirable name in the present day, but we should remember that in those days people called their children by such names as 'wolf' or 'bear.' If this is not the true derivation of 'London' I cannot find out what it is. "The Anglo-Saxons gave names to their children, ships, and swords, but not to inhabited places. I will give an example of how the names of towns originated. A man named Bright Helmet lived on a 'toon' or farm, which came to be known as 'Bright Helmet's toon.' Many years elapse, a village and afterwards a town arise on the spot, but the name remains, by now contracted to Brighton.

"A tree was erected by or in memory of Oswald. The name Oswald's Tree was given to the town which arose centuries later on the spot, and now the name has been altered to Oswestry."

Mr Bradley showed how the fact that the Normans were unable to pronounce many of the names of places in England caused a material difference in the spelling of the names, and, in conclusion, protested against the carelessness of map-makers, who alter the names of places and thereby cause mischief.

THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 is has been sent to the writer of this verse, Mr B.N., Takapu, N.Z.

Send the parrot to the poodle,
 As he sped him from his cage;
 "We'll be washed with SAPON, sapon,
 For it's getting quite the rage!"

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best four-SIXPENCE each verse about "SAPON" wins each week. SAPON wrapper must be enclosed. Address, "SAPON" (Gosnell) Washing Powder, P.O. Box 635, Wellington.

Good Health

Is yours if you will exercise your bowels with Reuter's Little Pills. Remember they are very different from all so-called "laxatives." They do not blast out the bowel duct the same as jalap, salts, senna, seltz powders, and the old fashion pill, instead they are a bowel tonic that gently stimulates the intestines to normal action so that they supply the precious digestive juices which are so necessary to Good Health.

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Sold by all Stores.

The Lancet counsels the public to drink "MONTERRAT."

A SIMILE AND A MORAL.—"What the dustman is to the dwelling in which we live, that Huuyadi Jaxon is to the local habitation of the human spirit." Thus writes a well-known medical writer.