The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL

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PROMINENT AUCKLAND CITIZENS: MR. MATTHEW CLARK.

Mr. Matthew Clark is a member of the well-known firm of Arch. Clark and Sons. He was chairman of the Chamber of Commerce in 1895.

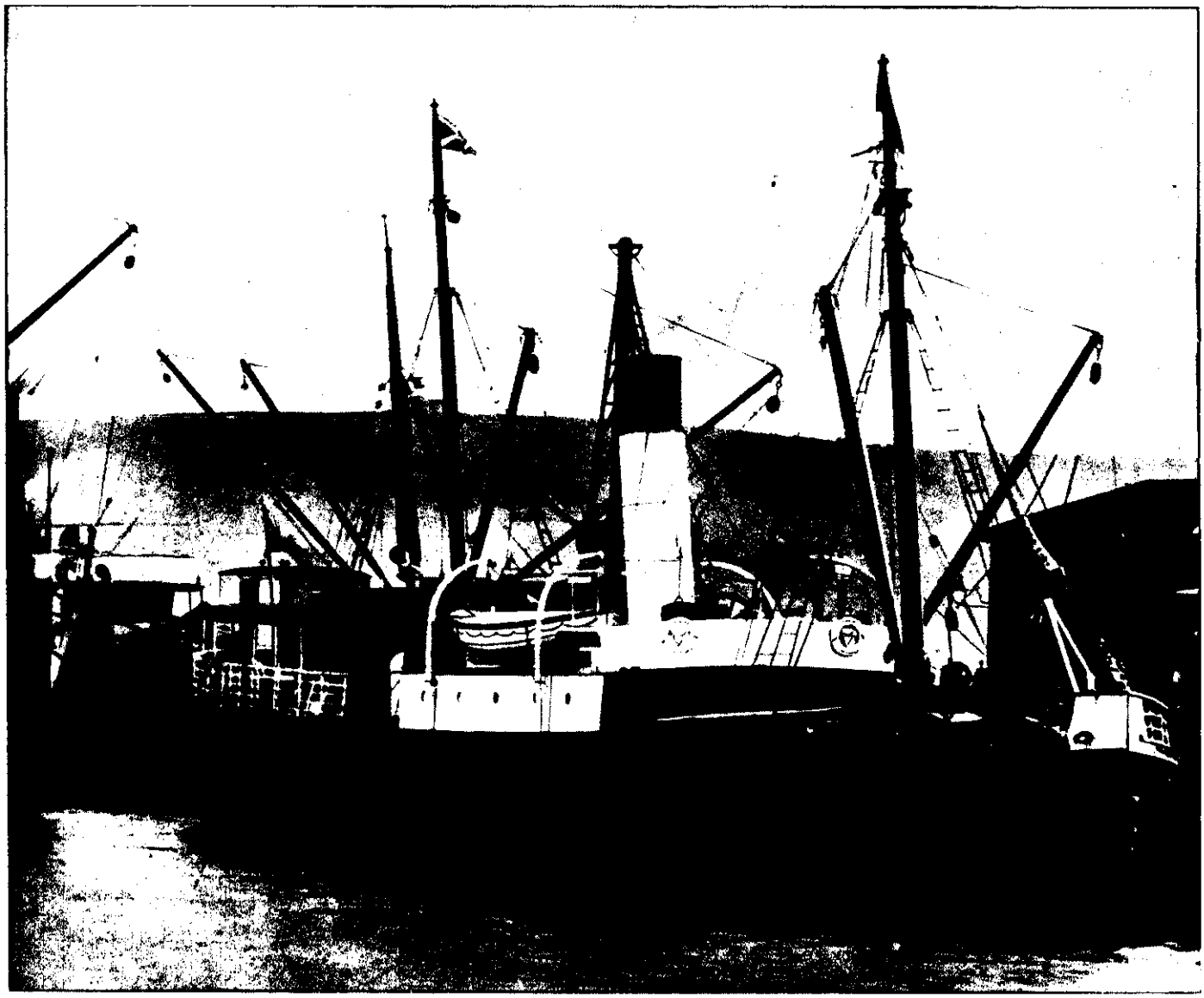
Bartlett, photo.
CHIEF ENGINEER E. L. BAGGSTROM,

Injured in assisting passengers.

THE LATE CAPTAIN J. C. BLACKLOCK, OF THE KIA ORA.

This is a very recent photograph, and derives additional interest as being taken with his wife, for whom universal sympathy is expressed in her terrible bereavement.

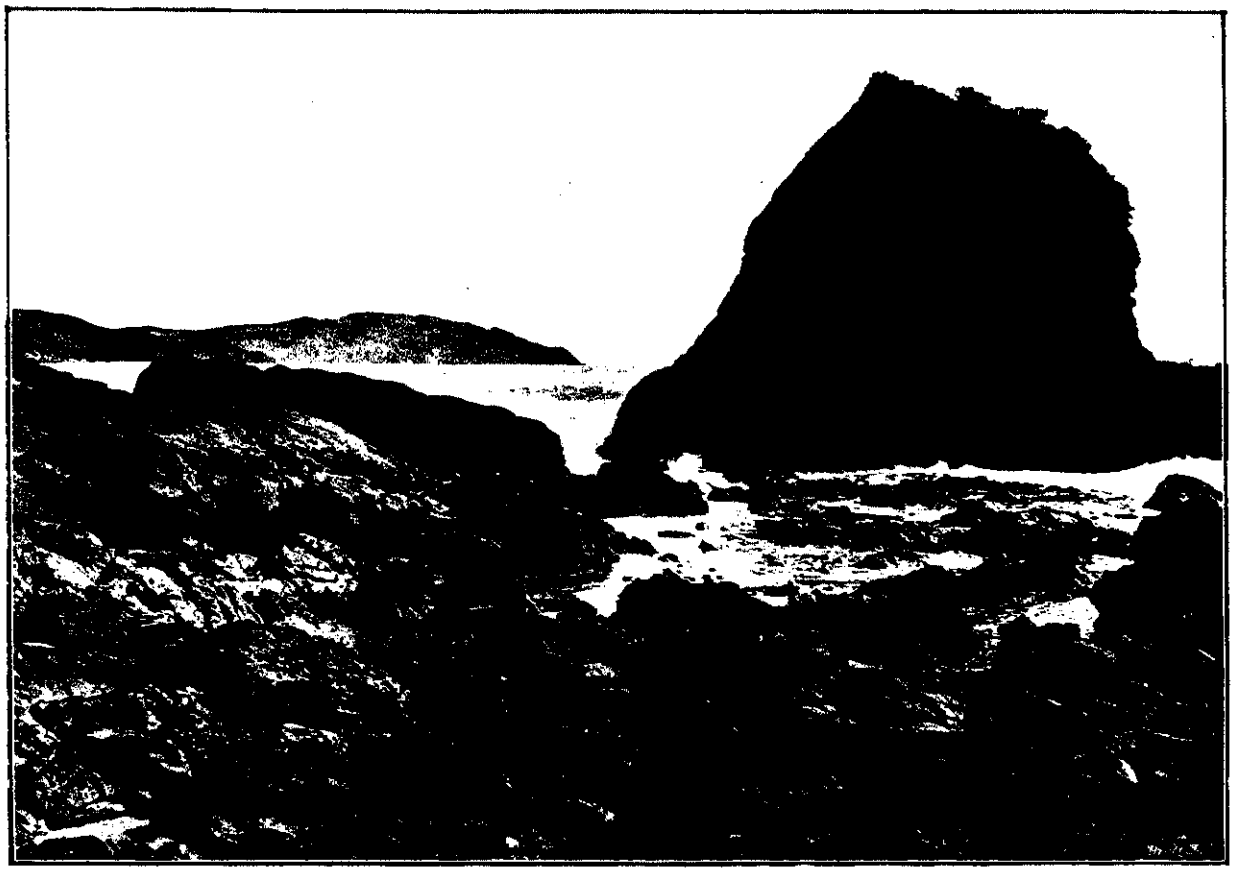
Bartlett, photo.
CHIEF OFFICER C. B. DeWOLFE,



Tulloch, photo., Onehunga.

THE STEAMER KIA ORA AT ONEHUNGA WHARF.

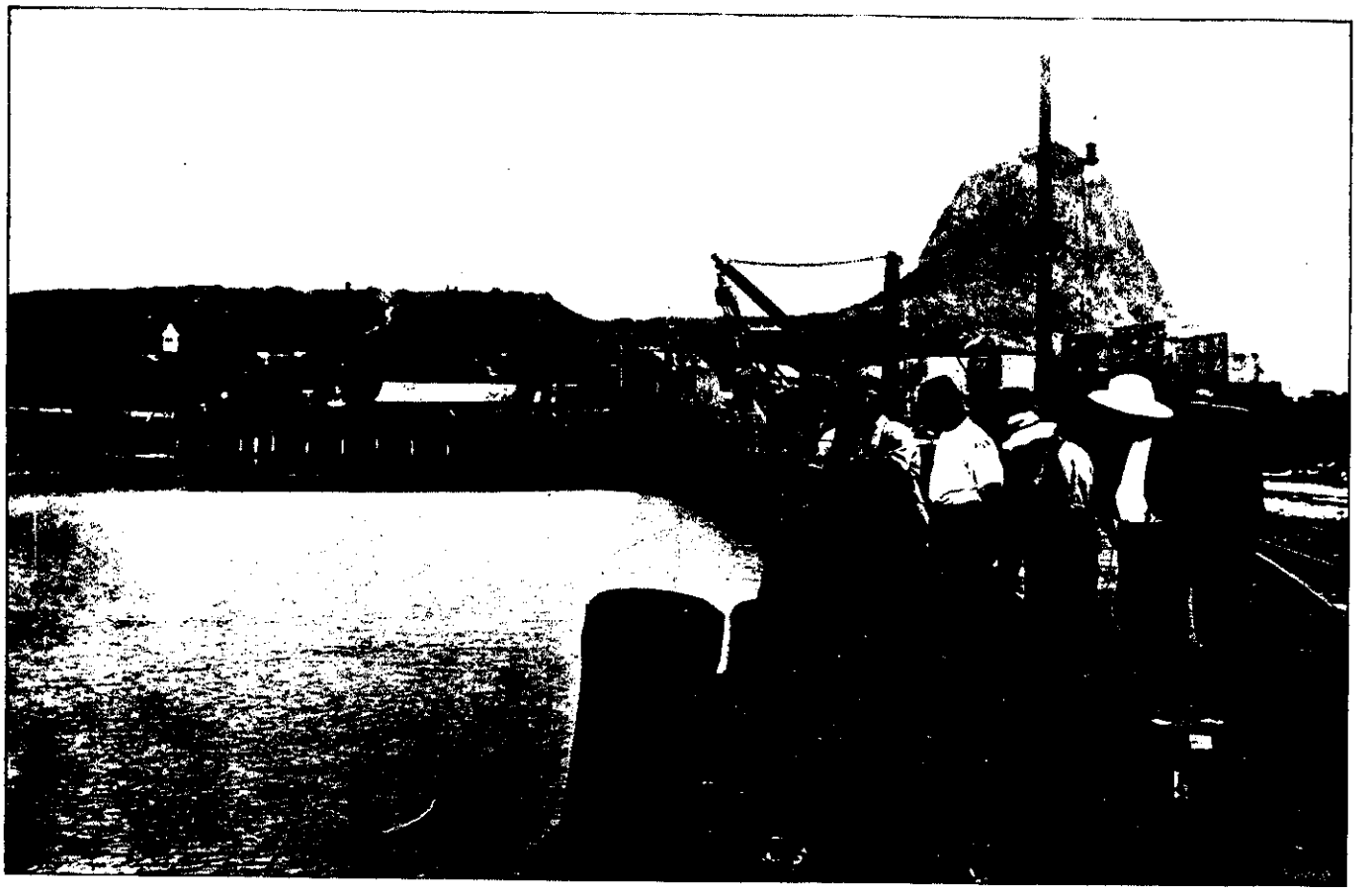
THE SAD WRECK OF THE NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S "KIA ORA" NEAR TIRUA POINT, WEST COAST, NORTH ISLAND, N.Z.



THE COAST, TIRUA POINT, ON A REEF NEAR WHICH THE ILL-FATED VESSEL WENT ASHORE.

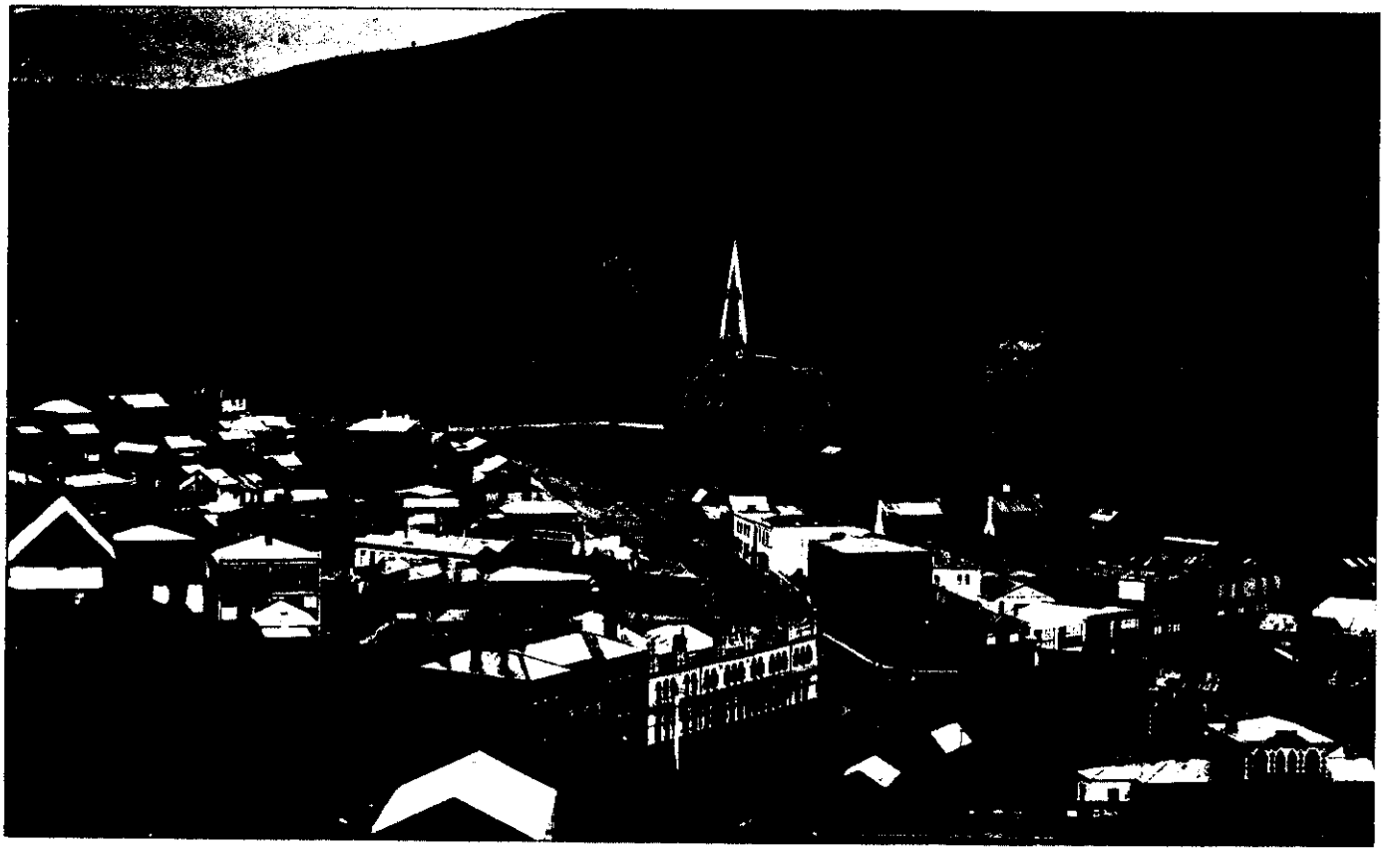
V. L. Jackson, photo.
HEAVY BUSH SCENERY IN THE VICINITY OF THE WRECK, THROUGH WHICH THE RESCUE PARTY OF SETTLERS HAD TO PENETRATE.

THE SAD WRECK OF THE NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S KIA ORA NEAR TIRUA POINT, WEST COAST, NORTH ISLAND, N.Z.



CATCHING A STINGAREE ON THE NEW PLYMOUTH BREAKWATER.

The Breakwater, New Plymouth, runs out 1900ft. in a north-easterly direction. Vessels up to 2000 tons can be berthed in almost any weather. The depth of water is 13ft. at low and 25ft at high tide. It is connected with New Plymouth by road and rail, and is a favourite fishing spot.

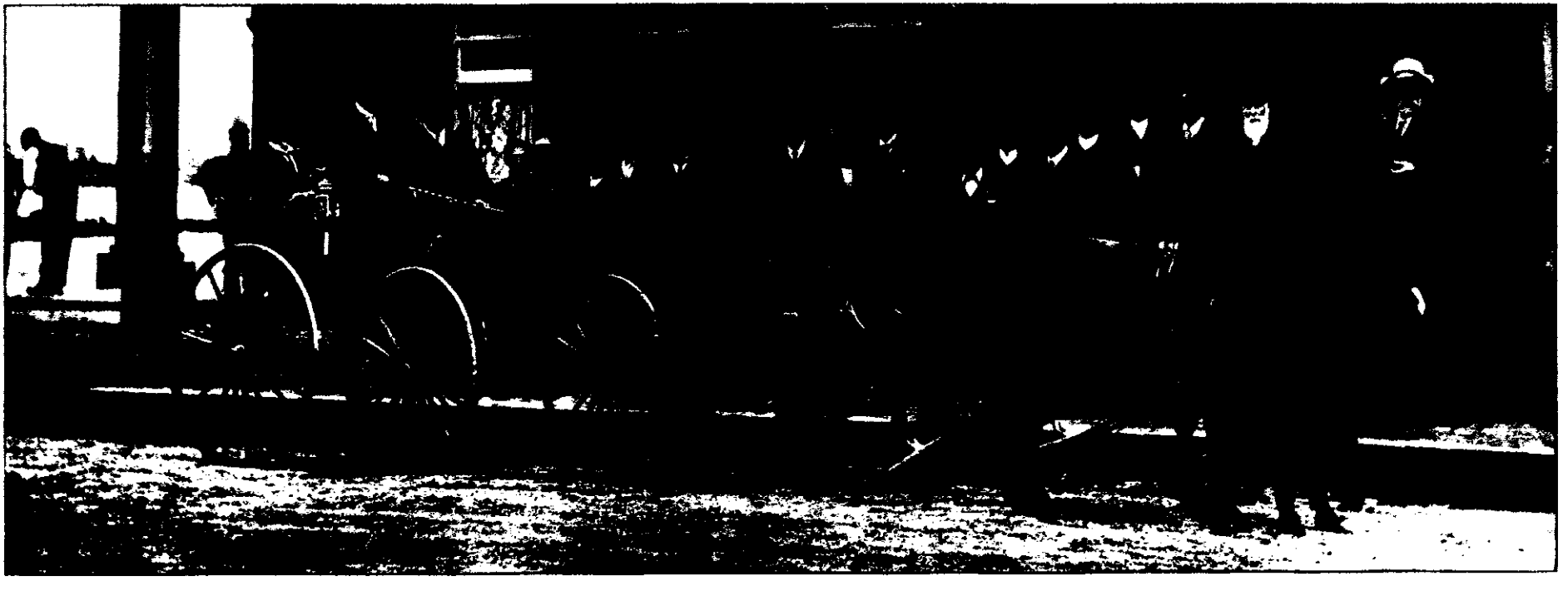


Radcliff, photo. PORT CHALMERS, OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND: THE DEEP WATER PORT FOR DUNEDIN.

Situated about nine miles from Dunedin, and named after Dr. Chalmers, the noted leader of the Free Church of Scotland, this port is about eight miles from the ocean, and is well and usefully equipped. It has a graving dock 328ft. long by 68ft. above and 41ft. below, which cost £50,000. Another and larger dock is now in course of construction, which is to cost £75,000. There are also workshop and forge, with a seven-ton steam hammer, and sheer legs capable of lifting 80 tons.

J. V. Haskell, photo. THEIR FIRST PHOTOGRAPH.

THE ORDER OF THE BATH.



T. E. Price, photo., Tauranga.

A TAURANAG TURNOUT. MR. WRIGLEY'S FOUR-IN-HAND SHETLAND PONY TEAM, WITH WHICH THE HON. J. McNAB WAS DRIVEN ROUND THE DISTRICT ON HIS VISIT RECENTLY.

V. L. Jackson, photo. RAROTAIKA FALLS: IN A TYPICAL GULCH.

ONE OF THE ROCK-GIRT GORGES OF WHICH COOK BETTS SAYS: HE NEVER SAW SUCH COUNTRY.

THE WRECK OF THE KIA ORA: VIEWS OF THE BROKEN BUSH COUNTRY NEAR MARAKOPA, THROUGH WHICH THE RESCUE PARTY OVERLAND HAD TO PENETRATE.

WRECK OF THE S.S. KIA ORA.

LOST AT TIRUA POINT.

RUNS ON A REEF IN A FOG.

CAPTAIN BLACKLOCK AND TWO PASSENGERS DROWNED.

Consternation was caused in Auckland on Friday, when news came through from Kawhia that the Northern S.S. Company's Kia Ora had run on the reef off Tirua Point, on Thursday morning at 3 a.m., and had sunk in less than twenty minutes, Captain Blacklock and two passengers, Messrs. Ross and Forbes, being drowned. Details were very meagre, and great anxiety was felt among the relatives of the crew and passengers.

Mr. C. Ranson, manager of the Northern S.S. Company, telegraphed to Captain Norbury of the s.s. Rarawa, instructing him to steam up to the scene of the wreck, 60 miles from New Plymouth, and 20 miles from Kawhia, and bring off the survivors. The Rarawa arrived at Onehunga on Saturday and brought fuller details of the catastrophe.

OFFICERS AND CREW.

John C. Blacklock (Master).
C. B. De Wolfe (Chief Officer).
James Robinson (Second Officer.)
Thomas Chambers (A.B.).
F. Martensen (A.B.).
J. Morris (A.B.).
D. Forbes (A.B.).
A. Anderson (A.B.).
E. L. Baggstrom (Chief Engineer).
H. Lister (Second Engineer).
W. Dunning (Fireman).
W. Hodgson (Fireman).
W. Symes (fireman).
J. Peterson (chief steward).
W. Betts (chief cook).
W. Haye (assistant steward).
Miss A. J. Keller (stewardess).
W. Johnson (cadet steward).
J. Decalmer (cook's boy).

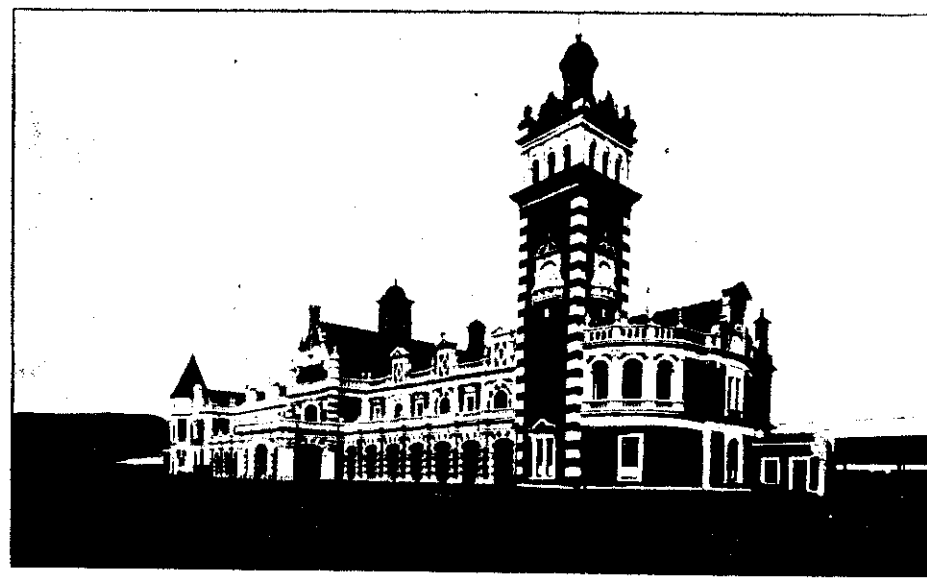
W. Basset, formerly cook's boy, signed off shortly before the vessel left Onehunga last week.

A POPULAR SKIPPER.

The late Captain J. C. Blacklock, although in the colony a comparatively short while, was one of the most popular sea captains trading on the North mand of the Chelmsford, then trading his first acquaintance with local shipping in 1896, when he brought the steamer Wakatere from the Old Country to Auckland. After arriving here he was drafted into the service of the Northern Co. as a permanent officer, and his first commission was as chief officer of the Clansman. Later on he was promoted a step, and took over the command of the Chelmsford, then trading from Auckland to Awanui, Waiharara, and Houhora on the East Coast. In the early part of 1903 he left for England to bring out the Rarawa, another new steamer for the Northern Co., arriving here about the end of that year. Captain Blacklock then took the steamer round to Onehunga, where she was handed over to Captain W. F. Norbury. Captain Blacklock assumed command of the Kia Ora, in which vessel he has remained ever since, except on rare occasions, when he relieved Captain Norbury on the Rarawa, when the latter skipper was on holiday. During the three or four years he has been in the Kia Ora Captain Blacklock has, by his genial manner and courteous disposition, earned the universal respect and friendship of the travelling public and the settlers along the coast at the ports at which his vessel touched. He was also the warm and kind hearted friend of the officers and crew of the Kia Ora, who loved him to a man. Last Christmas, when a number of transfers were being made in the skippers of the company, one of the officers expressed great concern to a "Star" reporter that Captain Blacklock would be transferred to another vessel without his officers and crew, and the hope was expressed that, if a transfer were to be made, they would all go with him. "The

Continued on page 22.

IN THE REFRESHMENT ROOM.



THE STRIKING EXTERIOR.

F. G. Radcliff, photo.
THIS VIEW OF THE TICKET OFFICE GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE LAVISH DECORATIONS.

DUNEDIN'S PALATIAL RAILWAY STATION, WHICH AUCKLANDERS WOULD LIKE TO SEE DUPLICATED 600 MILES FURTHER NORTH.

THE VIVID EAST

First Impressions of a Colonial Cleric

By the Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, sometime Congregationalist Minister, Auckland.

A NATIVE FUNERAL.

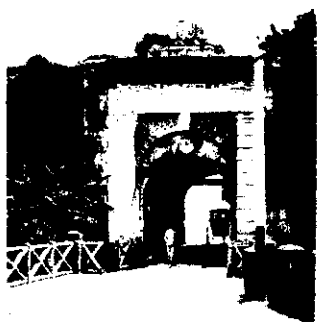
No. II.

THE VENICE OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

ONE of the dreams of my life has been to visit Venice; Venice, the city of the water highways, the gilded gondolas, and the splendour of the Doeges. But I am now content. I have seen Manila. Manila is the Venice of the southern seas; and before any Australian or New Zealander travels over 12,000 miles and incurs great expense to visit Venice of European fame, let him see the Venice of the Philippines, which lies almost at his doors. Manila has its waterways, made possible by the serpentine course of the river Pasig, and Manila Bay, and these waterways are spanned by numerous bridges. Instead of gondolas, Manila has an unbroken succession of strange looking craft, built high in the stern, and covered with matting and fibre, as a protection for the numerous families which sometimes live aboard one of them. As many as twelve families have been found on one of these barges, I am assured, but I had the evidence of mine own eyes for the existence of what appeared to be three families on many boats. The painting of the Doeges palaces are not to be found in Manila, but instead the most wondrously beautiful sunrises and sun-settings in the world are to be seen from the Luneta (a beautiful promenade where thousands of people listen to the strains of a band made famous by winning the second prize at the St. Louis Exhibition).

In Australia we have nothing old save the hills and the gum trees; upon all our buildings and institutions is the stamp of almost painful newness, but in Manila are to be found walls 30 feet thick crumbling to decay through length of service. In an unbroken succession of nearly 400 years the Spanish flag waved over the Philippines. When blackfellows, wallabies, and snakes roamed and crawled over the sites of Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, and the Maori reigned supreme in New Zealand, Spanish Dons lorded it over the Filippinos, and impressed upon them from love of the beautiful, along with their courtly manners. Within the walled city of Manila, on every hand, one sees evidences of great wealth, of skilful artisanship, and rich design. There are miles of houses built in solid rows of massive masonry, embellished with carvings and cornices utterly regardless of time and human labour. Every little while one is confronted with enormous doors, and off these again are to be seen elaborate provision for the care of carriages and horses. In those days life could not have been very safe, nor property secure, for every window has its iron bars and enormous shutters. There could have been no labour troubles nor union rates when the Spaniards ruled Manila, for Santiago (now the residence of the Governor), and the very streets, pavements, walls, all show that labour was expended with wondrous prodigality. The old churches have the same story to tell. The Cathedral of Manila must cover nearly three acres of land, and is a splendid relic of the old days when religion wrought itself into architecture. From the beginning of the entrance to the completion of the arch over the front doors I measured 25 feet of solid masonry; the larger cornices and mouldings are still in rich evidence, but many of the smaller ones are yielding to age and exposure to all weathers. The interior of the Cathedral is paved throughout its great length with polished marble slabs; six chapels adorn the wings, the organ and choir are placed in the centre; while the high altar and Archbishop's throne are so adorned and arranged as to make the whole scene impressive and interesting.

The Filippinos in Manila are distinctly of two classes; the thousands of people who live on the boats which adorn the waterways do not impress one by their cleanliness or beauty. It is said that they will work only when they are in need of a few dollars. With dollars in pocket they sit in the sterns of their barges and smoke, and talk, and chew tobacco, as many a ship eager to be unloaded has proved to its cost. But the Filippinos engaged in the offices and shops of the city are apparently cleanly in their persons, charming in their manners, and I think handsome in their persons. Of three native races, Samoans, Maoris, Filippinos, I would place Filippinos first for attractive appearance, while it is a real pleasure to listen to the sweet silvery tones of their speech. Spanish is the language most commonly spoken by them, and they have not forgotten the courtly manners of their former masters. "Senor, I do but speak little English, but I trust you will find your way, enjoy yourself, and may we meet again," was the reply one of them made to a friend of mine when asked for a direction in the street. It may seem a little fulsome to some, but it certainly is an improvement upon the grunting expectorating ejaculations with which one is often greeted when seeking for direction from a stranger in the streets of some cities.



PUERTA ISABELLA II.

PLAZA TOMAS, MANILA.

Romeo would have had no chance in the Philippines, as these windows are universal.

WOMEN OF THE COUNTRY AND THEIR BABIES.

A TYPICAL STREET, MANILA.

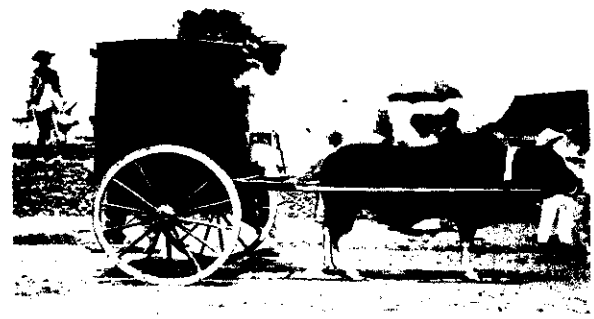
A funeral in Manila is a matter which is bound to attract the attention of the Australian, owing to the fact that it is so different to the practice prevailing amongst us. Instead of black the hearse is a rich cream or white, the plumes are white also, the horses are white, the driver is dressed in white; beside each horse—and there are generally four and often six—walks an attendant dressed in white; there is no other part in the procession; there is no sign of the mourners, there is no officiating priest or clergyman. These meet the hearse with the coffin and pall bearers at the graveside. When the simple but expressive service is almost concluded, at the words, "dust to dust and ashes to ashes," the widow or husband as the case may be, breaks a bottle of musk over the coffin. There are advantages in such a custom. Along with the old there is a large amount of the new in Manila. Cousin Jonathan is making things "hum" in his new territory; the breakwater which protects the shipping from the waters of Manila Bay is both valuable and artistic; the wharves which are being constructed, when complete will make Manila one of the most desirable ports in the East to call at; the protecting banks to the river and the paved canals are as interesting as they are valuable. Railway construction is being proceeded with at a rapid rate, and soon the Island of Luzon will be under the dominion of the iron horse. The electric street car service is all that one could desire. In the Escolta, the principal business street, some of the finest American shops which could be found anywhere are to be found replete with the world's comforts and necessaries. In the side streets will be found all the interesting sights and commodities which are to be found in an Oriental city. There is a jumbling up of things strangely incongruous; looking through a shop containing beautiful and costly silk-ware, just at the back door could be seen a blacksmith carrying on his trade. Every nationality is to be found in those narrow thoroughfares, where one man could block the way with outstretched hands, and things fearfully made and wonderful are offered for sale in the way of things to eat and wear.

There are 25,000 American soldiers maintained in Manila, which means more than can be stated in a sentence. It means a big bill for food supply on the part of Cousin Jonathan, and it is most interesting to know that a lot of the money so expended is coming to Australia. Wherever one goes in Manila for food, be it home, hotel, or cafe, he can be almost certain that he is eating Australian beef, mutton, pork, or butter. Through the courtesy of the manager of the cold storage works I was shown all over the company's extensive and up-to-date plant. It is on a scale about equal to the Q.M.E. works at Pinkenba, Brisbane, and most beautifully situated, facing as it does an open park, with walks, drives, and flower-beds. The output of ice from these works is simply enormous; 10,000 gallons of water, first boiled, and then frozen every 24 hours; but even 100,000 lbs. of ice per diem are not sufficient for the demand of this Philippino Venice, and the ice carts have sometimes to go away unsatisfied. But it was with an unmistakeable glow of pride that I looked into the enormous ice galleries and there saw the miles of frozen beef, mutton, and pork from Australia. What a splendid opportunity is this for our pastoralists. Given fair seasons, and in her stock alone, Australia should find her richest gold mine. Manila has a population of over 300,000, but

CARABO OR BULLOCK CARTS, WHICH ARE A FEATURE OF THE PICTURESQUE STREETS.

that is only a part of the hungry multitude that has need of our food stuffs.

Judging from the conversation of men in the streets and on the boats, the United States has no easy task in bringing the Philippine group under pacific rule, and conducting its national and civic life along the lines of modern progress. The recent Philippino chief, Aguinaldo, has received a sop in the way of a high position in the Army service; he is credited with possessing one of the finest properties in the Philippines, and many of his followers have received and are receiving, a considerable amount of spoon feeding. But the general opinion is that it is mistaken kindness, and a policy that will ultimately have to be forsaken. The Philippinos understood the policy of the Spaniard, but they regard the American policy as one of weakness.

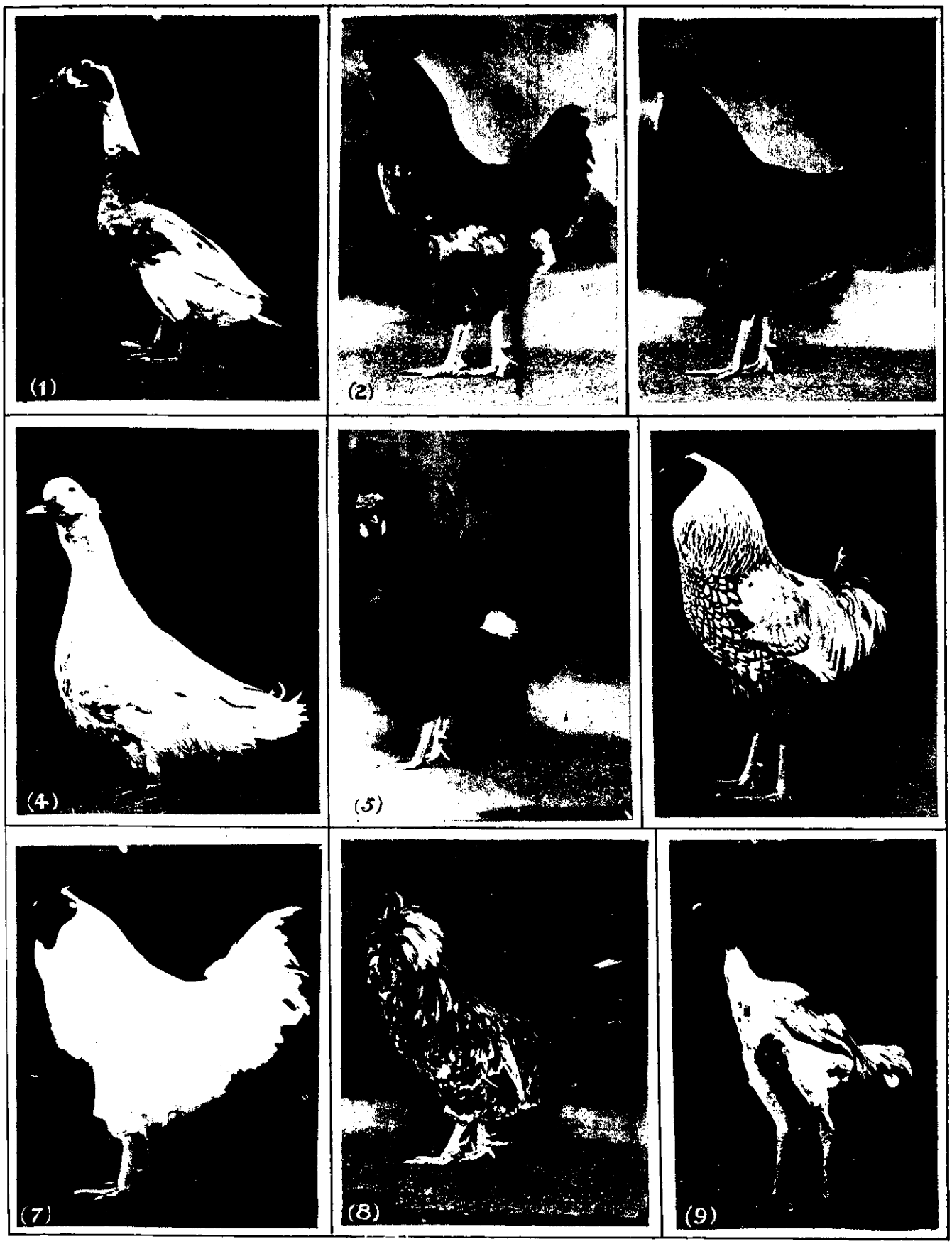


A PASSENGER CONVEYANCE BY THE PHILIPPINE OVERLAND ROUTE.

Possibly some of the most interesting car rides in the world are to be had in the suburbs of Manila. While many of the native houses are mere shacks, many others are most artistically built, and present a most pleasing appearance with their high verandas and many coloured mat walls and lattices. In some of these areas during the rainy season the whole place is turned into an enormous lagoon, and parents and children may be seen leaving their homes and walking knee or waist deep in water to the places they wish to go.

Before American occupancy Manila was described as a city of saloons and bars, with indescribably dirty streets. Many changes have come, but the bars remain, and in one night one of my fellow-passengers in company with a policeman and a guide, counted 700 women of high-class life in houses of ill-fame. So Uncle Sam has a lot of cleaning work to be done in his newly-acquired Venice.

FRUIT, VEGETABLE, AND CIGAR PEDDLARS.



ARISTOCRATS OF THE POULTRY YARD. FIRST AND SPECIAL WINNERS AT THE AUCKLAND SHOW.

1. Mr. Albert Benning's Indian Runner drake; 2. Mr. J. F. Lovelock's Buff Orpington cockerel; 3. Mr. A. C. Jones' Gold Laced Wyandotte cockerel; 4. Mr. H. A. Coates' Pekin drake (cup); 5. Mr. J. D. Pugh's Golden Pencilled Hamburgh cock; 6. Mr. Westcott's Silver Laced Wyandotte cockerel (Association trophy); 7. Mr. J. B. Kyd's White Wyandotte cock; 8. Mr. A. E. Bollard's Houdan cock; 9. Mr. E. J. Lynch's Pile Game cockerel

"THE TIFFIN."

AUCKLAND'S LATEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE RESTAURANT AND TEA ROOM.

On Saturday last there was opened in Auckland a restaurant and afternoon tea rooms, which, in the point of spaciousness, situation, artistic furnishing and completeness of culinary outfit, must equal anything our side of the line. They certainly completely distance anything heretofore seen in the northern capital, and do credit to the gentlemen to whose enterprise the city is indebted for its latest dining resort, and to the architects, fitters, and others to whom the interior arrangements were entrusted. The entrance is from Queen street, and the main diningroom occupies the entire first floor of the handsome and imposing City Chambers, just completed on the site of the old Theatre Royal, later known as the City Hall. As will be seen from our photograph the main diningroom is one of the largest in the southern hemisphere, seating, as it does, upwards of 300 guests at one time without any crowding of the tables. The furnishing scheme while simple is the acme of artistic utility and comely comfort, while the excellent good taste which characterises this is also distinctively observable in the decorative and lighting treatment, both of which are carried out in a manner which reflect the very highest credit on Mr. Gerald Jones, the capable young architect who personally planned and supervised every detail, even down to the stencils of the Liberty school window hangings. To have evolved and to have carried through so original a scheme in a manner so strikingly effective, and so completely successful, is no small distinction, and Mr. Jones is to be warmly congratulated, and the directors also, in having entrusted the work to him and in leaving his hands entirely unfettered.

The kitchens are most elaborately fitted with all the very latest scientific apparatus for the preparation and perfect cooking of food from the most elaborate banquet to the simple grill. The battery contains a vast oven and all appliances for the trade, from the half-penny roll to the four tier wedding cake.

Every class of catering is to be the metier of the Company. It will give you an every day dinner perfectly cooked from 12 to 2, afternoon tea will be served from 2 to 5, and during the "ladies hours" a Tiffin special orchestra will play as also from seven to ten in the evening. The tariff is very moderate, and while those satisfied with the plain fare of excellent roast and boiled, common to most colonial restaurants, will have their wants assiduously studied, those in search of gastronomic luxuries not hitherto obtainable at any local restaurant, will be able here to procure the same and at a very moderate cost. Banquets, dinner parties, ball suppers, etc., etc., will naturally be a feature. The new rooms will be used no doubt very largely for entertaining purposes by private hosts and hostesses, and how pleasantly this may be done was shown on Friday last when the directors gave an inaugural afternoon reception to their friends, Mr. Alfred Nathan acting as host.

World's Record in Typewriting.

The world's record in rapid typewriting was broken in London recently by a young man from Newcastle-on-Tyne, who accomplished the astonishing feat of typewriting 2,500 words from dictation in thirty minutes, and of copying from typewritten "manuscript" 4800 words in one hour.

The half hour's typewriting from dictation was done at the rate of nearly 84 words a minute, or 82 words a minute not counting words in which letters were incorrectly typed.

The hour test worked out at 80 words a minute, counting all words written, and 78 a minute deducting mistakes.

Previously the best authentic record was that recently made by a young American typist, Miss Rose L. Fritz, who, at the Chicago Coliseum, wrote for half an hour at the rate of seventy-seven words a minute.

Mr. James Wright, a typist in the employment of the engineering firm of Messrs. Scott and Mountain, of Newcastle, is the record-breaker. A year ago he wrote 30,096 words in seven hours from dictation.

Speed tests in America are frequent, and it is a common practice for the typist to write out a single sentence over and over again, and to reckon that a satisfactory trial. Mr. Wright undertook a much more difficult work. In both the half-hour dictation test and the hour's copying, he type-wrote matter in which there was no repetition, and which he had never written before.

Mr. de Bear chose for dictation Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham on May 15, 1903. The hour's copying test consisted of speeches made by the late Lord Russell of Killowen and Mr. Haldane at the Eighty Club meeting.

They included words which the ordinary typist does not meet in his everyday work, such as "Pyrrhic," and at least one quotation in Scotch dialect.

If the test had been taken from the ordinary language of business, Mr. Wright would have made an even better record, for in taking several minutes' dictation from Pitman's "Commercial Correspondence" he wrote at the rate of 100, 101, and 105 words a minute. He has written as many as 116 words a minute in ordinary business.

Mr. Wright was a picture of almost incredible human stolidity and agility as he fingered the keys of his Bar-Lock machine.

The only parts of his body that moved during the greater part of the dictation were his forearms, and almost all the movement was in his fingers. He seemed for the time a man with his mind concentrated in his finger-tips. He rarely used any but the forefinger of his right hand, but three fingers of the left hand were in regular ripple.

As a feat of endurance, the hour's copying was quite as wonderful as the half-hour from dictation was as a test of pure speed. At the end Mr. Wright smiled, rubbed his arms, and said: "I could have done better if there had not been so many long words."

GENERAL VIEW OF THE "TIFFIN" DINING AND TEA ROOMS, OPENED LAST WEEK BY THE AUCKLAND CATERING COMPANY, LIMITED.

A most excellent idea of the very large seating accommodation, artistic furniture and general arrangements of the new tea rooms is given in the above photo. A further section of the room is seen beyond, and there is also a ladies' room and a smoking den for gentlemen, besides a supper and oyster room on the ground floor.

JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS IN CONNECTION WITH THE FOUNDING OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH CONSTITUTION BY BISHOP SELWYN.

On June 13, 1857, the constitution of the Anglican Church of the Province of New Zealand was signed in St. Stephen's Chapel, Tamaraki, Parnell, at a conference comprising the two bishops of the Church, eight clergy, and seven representative laity. Previous to the signing of this constitution, the government of the Church in this colony had been for a long time in a somewhat chaotic state the Bishop of Christchurch being at one time subject, not to Bishop of Selwyn of New Zealand, but to the see of Sydney. Several attempts had been made to organise the infant Church throughout the colony. Bishop Selwyn, when he first arrived in 1842, having brought out "letters patent" with a wax impression of the Great Seal of England attached. These "letters patent" conveyed to the new bishop the authority of Her Majesty the Queen, empowering him to rule the Church in the young colony, and to appoint such officials archdeacons, vicars-general, apparitors, and others—as were considered necessary in the Homeland for the due exercise of episcopal power. But although this investment of authority was agreeable enough to the bishop, who was something of an autocrat by nature, it did not appeal to the unconventional notions of the young colonial community, not inclined to much arbitrariness of government. Most of the clergy, moreover, were missionaries to the Maoris, sent out by the Church Missionary Society, which was by no means willing to give up the control of the agents whom it paid and supported. So the bishop, who had never really pressed the Royal authority, decided to set his reliance more upon the authority of Christian principle than upon parchment.

In 1844 and 1847 Bishop Selwyn summoned synods of the northern clergy, in which he tried to weld together those who acted as missionaries to the Maoris and those who ministered to the white population. But high authorities censured these synods as illegal. What were things coming to if the clergy were to be allowed to have a voice in the management of the Church? Bishop Selwyn, however, went steadily on. His friend, Mr. Gladstone, was then Colonial Secretary, and gave him his sympathetic support. No more clerical synods were held, but the Bishop was revolving in his mind even greater things. He would invite not only the clergy, but the laity, to share his authority. He would trust the growing Church of New Zealand to govern itself. In 1852 a civil constitution was granted to the colony, and the idea of constitutional government in the Church received a big impetus. For ten years the Bishop worked hard at educating the public. He held meetings at all his chief centres. At Auckland and Wellington, at Nelson and New Plymouth, at Lyttelton and Christchurch and Dunedin, the settlers discussed the new scheme. Many things had to be accomplished, however, in preparing the way for such an innovation, while to add to the difficulties trouble broke out with the Maoris. But at last in 1856, Bishop Harper landed in New Zealand, and with his co-operation the way was at last made clear, the signatures being finally affixed in the following year.

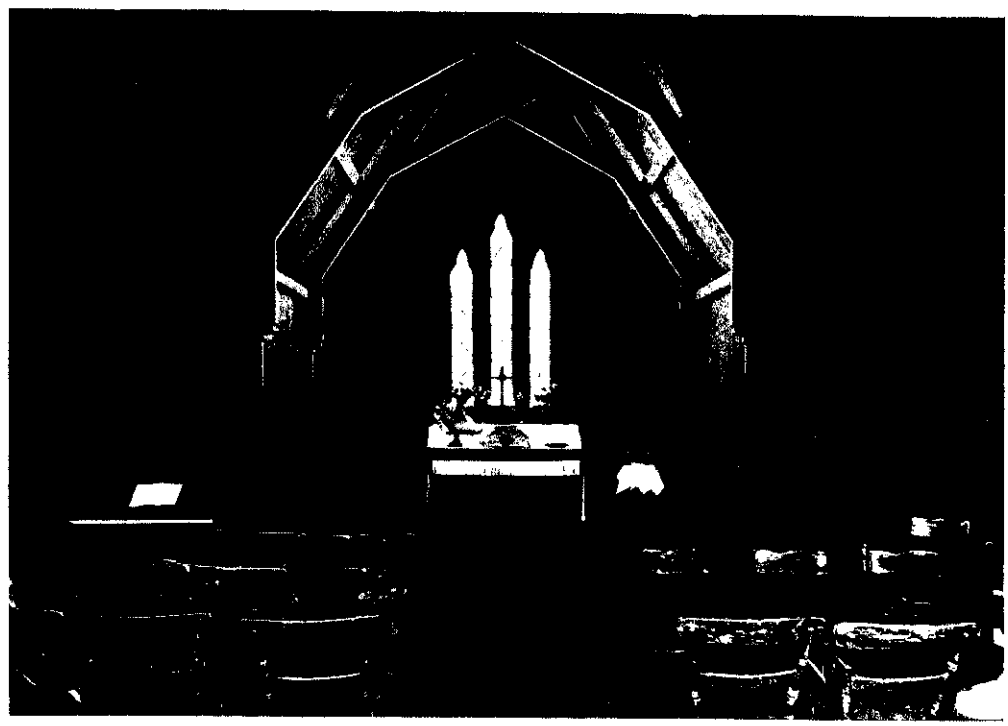
THE GREAT BISHOP SELWYN, WHO FOUNDED THE CONSTITUTION.

This constitution, by which the Church in the colony is governed by general and diocesan synods, consisting of bishops, clergy, and laity, is still in force practically as it was drawn up in 1857. There are several restrictions in it which at the present time are considered to be somewhat galling—such, for instance, are certain provisions placing the Prayer Book itself outside the power of the General Synod, and others binding the New Zealand Church to make no changes in the rubrics unless they should have been first authorised by Crown and convocation in England. But the fear of change was strong in 1857, and without such precautions the constitution would not have been agreed to.

In connection with Bishop Selwyn's efforts to reduce chaos to order in the affairs of the church in New Zealand, Mr. James Burtt, in his pamphlet, "Reminiscences of Bishop Selwyn," relates much that is extremely interesting.

The celebration of the jubilee was held on Thursday in various Anglican churches

This morning, at eleven o'clock, Holy Communion was celebrated by the Bishop at St. Stephen's Chapel, to which the living representatives of the Church's



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ANCIENT CHAPEL, ST. STEPHEN'S.

LIVING REPRESENTATIVES OF THE CHURCH'S EARLY PIONEER WORKERS INVITED TO THE SPECIAL SERVICE AT ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL, PARNELL, WHERE THE CONSTITUTION WAS FIRST SIGNED.

early pioneers were invited. A guard of honour was formed to the doors by the boys of St. Stephen's native school, in recognition of the fact that the boys of St. Stephen's had in the early days assisted in the work connected with the building of the chapel. During the service the Bishop delivered an address, taking the text of his remarks from the eighty-fourth Psalm, verse six. In the course of it he appealed to the memories of his hearers to supply the chain of historic events that had built the Church up to its present flourishing state from what it was when, on June 13, 1857, the constitution was signed in that same building.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM McLAUGHLIN, OF "PUHI NUI," PAPATOITOI.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. WM. McLAUGHLIN.

The death occurred on June 12th of Mr Wm. McLaughlin, of Puhi nui, Papatoitoi, a well-known sport-sman, both in hunting and racing circles. Some years ago he had a fall from a horse, and though the injury received was partially recovered from, complications developed, and Mr. McLaughlin became seriously ill. An operation was performed on Sunday week by Drs. Savage, Scott, Pabst and Bull, and was apparently successful, and he continued to improve until June 12th, when his condition became worse, and he died somewhat suddenly. Mr. McLaughlin was born in Peru, South America, in 1837, and in 1862 he came to New Zealand, settling on the Puhi-nui estate, which had been acquired by his father. He has resided on this property ever since with the exception of two years which he spent in England, from 1886 to 1888. Mr. McLaughlin took his part in the defence of Auckland at the time of the Waikato war.

Mr. Mclaughlin was a keen huntsman, and with Mr. Robert McLean, of Howick, founded the Pakuranga Hunt Club in 1872. He took a keen interest in racing matters, and was a member of the Auckland Racing Club's Committee since the foundation of the club in 1877, being the last survivor of the original committee. He was also one of the founders of the Auckland Club, of which he was a member of the committee from its initiation. Mr. McLaughlin's universal popularity need not be emphasised. A good companion and brimming over with generosity, he was happiest in showing hospitality to his many friends.

MR. CECIL RYAN,

who is to play Don Jose in the amateur performance of "Maritana," to be played in Auckland on July 9, 10, 11 and 12, at the Opera House.

Guy, photo. THE STAFF OF ST HELEN'S MATERNITY HOSPITAL, DUNEDIN, AND SOME OF THEIR CHARGES.

THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY

THE 130th ANNIVERSARY, JUNE 23, 1907

"The Battle of Plassey was fought on June 23rd, 1757, an anniversary afterwards remembered when the mutiny of 1857 was at its heights. History has agreed to adopt this date as the beginning of the British Empire in the East."

As I read the above in Sir William Hunter's "Brief History of the Indian Peoples," the thought came into my mind that the time was opportune to call attention to the fact that this year is the 150th anniversary of the famous battle, and in view of the great issues which resulted from the victory, it may be of interest to have the story told over again, illustrated with a few pictures, some of them taken on the site of the battle-field, to lend additional interest to the narration.

The memorable struggle has been told in many volumes, and in what I have to say, I have been principally indebted to Colonel Malleson's volume on Clive in the "Founders of the Indian Empire" series, Sir John Malcolm's Life, and, of course, Macaulay's Essay, which was written as a Review of Sir John Malcolm's Life of Clive.

This monument is erected on the N.E. corner of the famous mango grove, which played such an important part in the fight.

THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE BATTLE.

To understand aright the significance of the Battle of Plassey, it is necessary to go back to the month of June, 1756. In that month occurred the terrible tragedy associated with the "Black Hole" prison of the Old Fort William in Calcutta, when 146 prisoners captured at the taking of the Fort were thrown into the prison, and in the morning only 23 were left to tell the tale. This event is commemorated in Calcutta by a monument which we owe to the munificence of Lord Curzon, at whose expense the monument was erected. Opinions may differ as to the place which Lord Curzon will ultimately hold in the roll of Indian Viceroys; there can be but one opinion as to the good work done by him in rescuing from oblivion the deeds of those who have helped to make the British Empire in India. He has borne in mind the words of Macaulay that a people that does not keep in memory the great deeds of its ancestors is not likely to do anything worthy of being remembered by its descendants.

THE FALL OF CALCUTTA.

In these days of quick travel, it is hard to realise that the news that Calcutta had fallen did not reach Madras till August. The expedition to punish the Nuwab was not ready to start till October. Clive was selected to lead the expedition, so far as the land forces was concerned. The naval detachment was under the command of Admiral Watson, whose achievements in that year of hard fighting are fittingly referred to in that fascinating volume of Sir William Hunter's, "The Thackerays in India."

THE FORCE, NAVAL AND MILITARY.

The fleet consisted of four ships of war, five transports, and one fire ship.

The land forces were made up of 250 men of the 39th Foot, 570 men of the Madras European Battalion, 80 Artillerymen, and 1200 Sepoys. There were also a few field pieces and a large quantity of military stores.

CALCUTTA RELIEVED.

Clive, acting as was his wont with great vigour and energy, proceeded to Calcutta, which fell into his hands on 2nd January, 1757, the Governor Manickchand in the meantime having fled to the Nuwab at Murshidabad. In order to consolidate the position of the East India Company, and secure it against risk in the future, it was deemed advisable to seize the French Settlement at Chandernagore, some miles further up the river from Calcutta. The town of Hughli, 22 miles distant from Calcutta, and the principal store-house of the Nuwab was also seized.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST SURAJAH-DOWLAH.

While these events were going on, a conspiracy was being formed to depose Surajah-Dowlah, the Nuwab of Bengal. The principal parties in it were the Commander-in-Chief, Mir Jaffir Khan, a soldier of fortune, who had risen high in the service and favour of the grandfather of the Nuwab, Aliverdi Khan; Roydullah Khan, the Minister of Finance, who had great influence on account of his position and his association with the Seits, the richest banking firm in India.

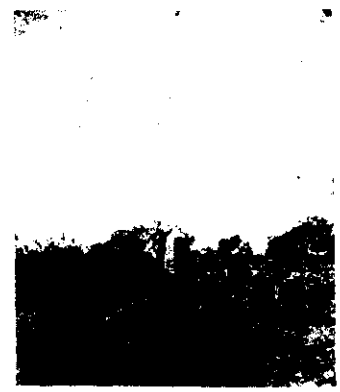
THE ENGLISH APPEALED TO AS ALLIES.

It is said to have been at the suggestion of Juggut Seit that the English were appealed to as allies in the revolution against Surajah-Dowlah. One reason assigned for confiding in the English was the good faith they had always shown in their commercial transactions, and it was expected that they would show the same straight dealing in their political negotiations. In contrast with the straight forwardness which had characterised their commercial dealings must be set the discreditable story of their conduct in dealing with Omichund. He was a wealthy Hindoo, who had been a great sufferer by the capture of Calcutta. He had, on that and other occasions, been very useful to the English, and though known to be one of the most grasping of men, his reputation for good sense and the advantages which would accrue from this faithfulness on this occasion led to his being employed in the combination formed to dethrone the Nuwab. At the last minute, when everything was practically ready, Omichund demanded as his price and share of the expected booty, for services rendered and as compensation for his losses, the large sum of £300,000. Clive at once met the demand by drawing up two copies of the treaty arranged between Mir Jaffir and the English. One of the copies contained a clause, promising to pay the amount demanded; the other, which was the real treaty, omitted the name of Omichund altogether. Admiral Watson, to his credit be it told, declined to sign the duplicate treaty, and Clive got over the difficulty by forging the Admiral's signature, a proceeding which has left a stain on his character.

CLIVE'S LETTER TO THE NUWAB.

Matters having thus been arranged, in the early days of June Clive wrote a letter to the Nuwab, in which he accused him of having asked the French to assist him; of maintaining at that time within a hundred miles of his capital a body of French troops under M. Law, and having in various ways insulted English honour. Clive also stated that in face of all this the English had displayed exemplary patience but, seeing no remedy, they were marching on Murshidabad to refer their grievances to the decision of the principal officers of his government, Mir Jaffir Khan, Roy Dullub Khan and others. Clive concluded by telling him that "the rains being so near and it requiring many days to receive an answer, he found it necessary to wait upon him immediately."

Monument erected on the position held by the right flank of the British troops.



This monument is erected at the centre of the British guns.

Colonel Malleson, in his life of Clive, referring to this letter, says that "a more specious letter was probably never penned. Certainly a more insulting defiance from a settler in a foreign country to one who was in everything but name the sovereign prince of that country was never despatched. It was intended to work upon the nerves of a weak-minded man and to paralyse his action."

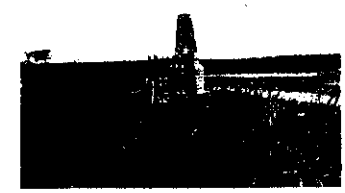
THE NUWAB ASSEMBLES HIS FORCES AT PLASSEY.

The answer to the letter was the gathering together of the Nuwab's forces at Plassey. They set out for that place on the 19th June, the English at the same time being at Kutwa, about 15 miles down the river. Clive was in a great dilemma, as he had not heard from Mir Jaffir Khan, and, while undecided, Clive wrote to him that if he failed him he (Clive) would march on Murshidabad and make terms with the Nuwab. So great was the strain on Clive's mind that he felt it necessary to call a council of his officers. After laying the situation before them, a majority, including Clive, decided against fighting. On further consideration, however, Clive reversed his decision, and gave orders for the river to be crossed. Plassey was reached on the morning of the 23rd June.

THE CONTENDING FORCES.

Clive, whose force had been increased since his arrival in the Hooghly some months before, had with him 950 European infantry, 100 European artillerymen, 50 English sailors, a small detail of Indian Lascars and 2100 Sepoys. He had also eight six-pounders and two small howitzers.

The Nuwab had with him 35,000 infantry, 15,000 cavalry and some 40 to 50 Frenchmen who, though small in numbers, were animated with a great desire to revenge the taking by the British of the French settlement at Chandernagore. The Nuwab had also 53 pieces of artillery, mostly 32, 24 and 18 pounders. From the above figures of the Nuwab's forces, there should, of course, be deducted the men under the command of the three traitor generals amounting to 38,000 men.



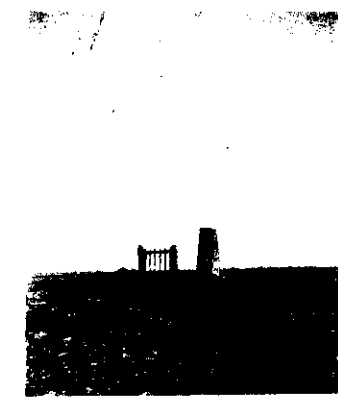
This monument is erected on the position held by the right flank of the French troops.

THE ENEMY'S POSITION.

The intrenched works of the enemy rested on the river Bhagirathi, extending inland for about 200 yards, then sweeping round to the right for about three miles at an obtuse angle. At this angle was a redoubt mounted with cannon. Three hundred yards east of this and in front of the line of intrenchments was a hillock covered with jungle and about 800 yards to the south was a tank, and 100 yards nearer still to the British a larger tank. Both of them were surrounded by large mounds of earth at some distance from their margins.

THE POSITION AT DAYBREAK ON 23rd JUNE, 1757.

The French took post, with four field pieces at the larger tank, nearest the English position, and about half a mile from it. Between them and the river, and in a line with them were placed two heavy guns under a native officer; behind this again and supporting them were the Nuwab's best troops, 5000 horse and 7000 foot, commanded by the one faithful general, Mir Muddin Khan. Behind him the rest of the army formed a curve in the direction of the Village of Plassey, the right resting on the hillock just referred to and the left on a point covering the S.E. corner of the grove of mango trees, which have long since



This monument is erected on the site of the large tank.

been destroyed. This body of troops was under the command of the traitor generals. The position was a very strong one for the English could not attack the French without exposing themselves to a flank attack, and had it not been that traitors were helping the British, they had inevitably been defeated and overwhelmed.

CLIVE ASSEMBLES HIS MEN IN FRONT OF THE FAMOUS MANGO GROVE.

As the brave masses of the enemy poured out into the plain, Clive drew up his men in front of the grove, their left flank resting on a hunting box belonging to the Nuwab. In the centre he placed his Europeans flanked on both sides by three six-pounders: on their left and right, he placed the native troops in two equal divisions. He detached at the same time a small party with two six-pounders, and two howitzers to occupy some brick kilns about 200 yards in front of the left division of his small army.

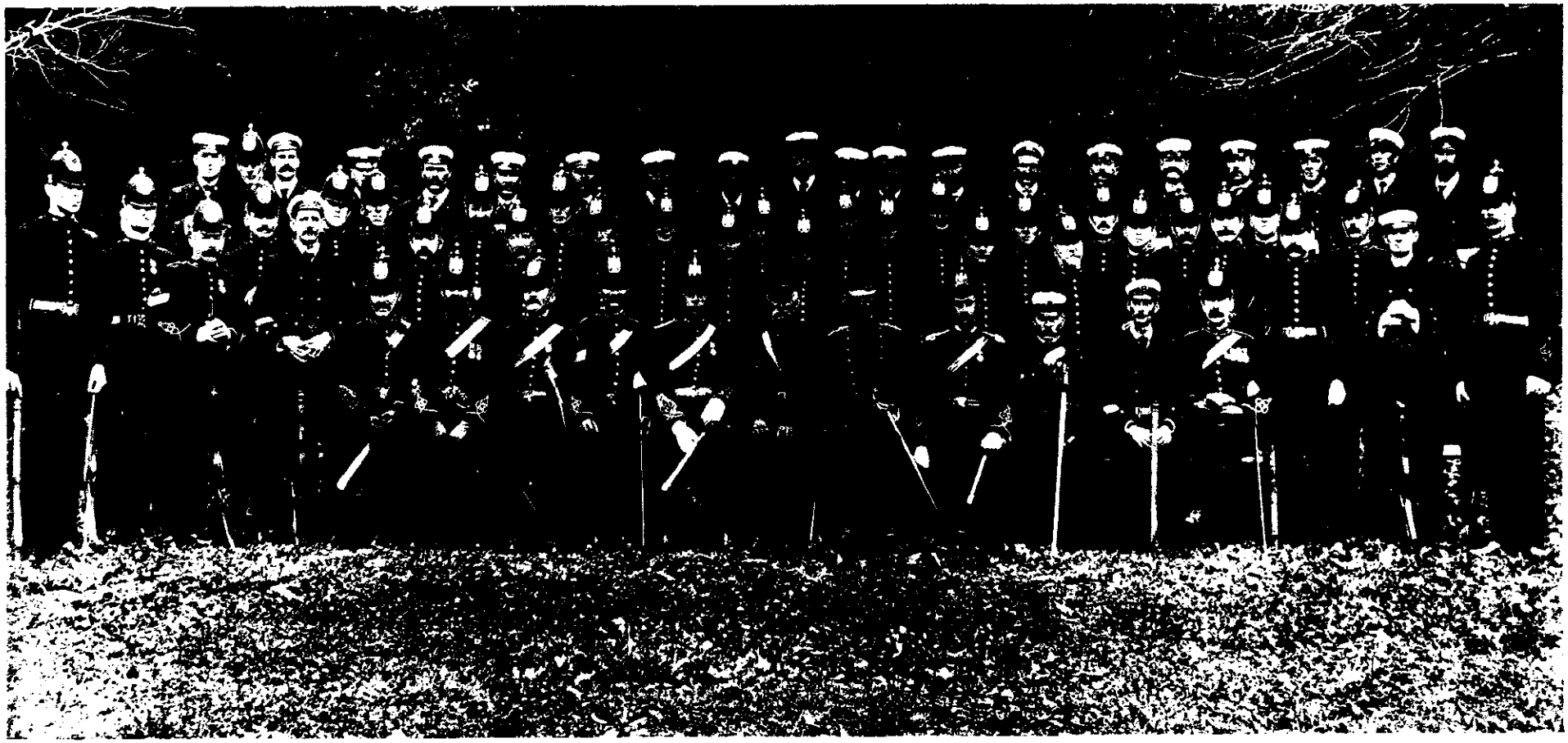
The French opened the battle by firing one of their guns which, well-directed, took effect on the British lines. The English returned the fire with considerable effect, but the difference in numbers was so great that Clive resolved to give his men the shelter of the mango grove. He accordingly withdrew his men and parties of them bored holes for embrasures for the field pieces. From this new position his guns soon opened fire and it was noticed that several of the enemy's gunners were killed or wounded, and explosions of ammunition were heard. No great effect had been made at the end of three hours, and Clive called his officers round him when it was resolved to hold the grove at all costs till nightfall, and then attack the enemy at midnight.

A SHOWER OF RAIN THAT HELPED TO TURN THE FORTUNES OF THE DAY.

While they were consulting, a heavy shower of rain fell. The English had their tarpaulins ready to cover their ammunition which in consequence suffered little damage. The enemy, having omitted to take this precaution, had their ammunition damaged, but thinking that the English would be in the same plight, they advanced on the English with Mir Muddin Khan at their head. They were met with a heavy grape fire, and in the attack their leader fell mortally wounded. This was the crisis of the day so far as the Nuwab was concerned. Realising the gravity of the situation he called Mir Jaffir to his side and asked the traitor to defend him to the last extremity. Mir Jaffir promised to do so, but as soon as he had left the Nuwab he wrote a letter to Clive telling him how matters stood, and advising him to press the attack home. Another of the traitor generals advised a retirement behind the intrenchments, and the Nuwab, after giving the retiring order, rode from the field and made his way to Murshidabad. The way being now clear, the traitor generals at once began the retiring movement. The French declined at first to leave the position they held, but being left without support of any kind they were obliged to retire along with the others. On seeing the retiring movement in progress, Major Kilpatrick, who was in command during the temporary absence of Clive, decided to seize the opportunity, take the tank and from there to cannonade the enemy. Clive, we are told, was very indignant that an important move of this kind had taken place without his sanction, but on arriving at the scene of action saw that the new move of the British troops was exactly the right thing to be done. He also noticed that the body of troops near his right flank were inactive, and he concluded they were under the command of Mir Jaffir. His way being clear to carry the attack home, he first seized the hillock, then the tank, and later the redoubt. The possession of the redoubt practically settled the fighting, and from this point all resistance on the part of the enemy ceased, and by five o'clock the English were in possession of the intrenchments, and the enemy's camp and the Battle of Plassey was won.

LORD CURZON'S APPEAL.

It is to be hoped that the appeal of Lord Curzon for a monument to the memory of Lord Clive will be responded to, and that ere long, both in Calcutta and in London, there will be some suitable remembrance of the deeds of the man who laid the foundations of the British Empire in India.



S. Vaile, photo., Devonport.

SOME OF NEW ZEALAND'S "REGULARS": INSPECTION PARADE OF THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND ARTILLERY AND ROYAL NEW ZEALAND ENGINEERS STATIONED AT AUCKLAND.

Col. Wolfe, C.C.D., who made the inspection, is the seventh from the left, front row. Sitting fifth is Captain Pilkington, in command of the artillery. Next him is Lieut. Carpenter. Lieut. Symthe, of the Engineers, is sitting eighth.

THE CHASE of the GOLDEN PLATE

By JACQUES FUTRELLE

THE BURGLAR AND THE GIRL.

I.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU and the Mikado stepped out on a narrow balcony overlooking the entrance to Seven Oaks, lighted their cigarettes, and stood idly watching the throng as it poured up the wide marble steps. Here was an over-corpulent Dowager Empress of China, there an Indian warrior a full paint and toggery; and mincing along behind him two giggling Geisha girls. Next, in splendid robes of rank, came the Czar of Russia. The Mikado smiled.

"An old enemy of mine," he remarked to the Cardinal.

A Watteau Shepherdess was assisted out of an automobile by Christopher Columbus, and they came up the walk arm-in-arm, while a Pierrette ran beside them laughing up into their faces. D'Artagnan, Athos, Aramis and Porthos swaggered along with insolent, clanking swords.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Cardinal. "There are four gentlemen whom I know well."

Mary Queen of Scots, Pocahontas, the Sultan of Turkey, and Mr. Micawber chatted amicably together in one language. Behind them came a figure which immediately arrested attention. It was a Burglar, with dark lantern in one hand and revolver in the other. A black mask was drawn down to his lips, a slouch hat shaded his eyes, and a kit of tools of his profession swung from one shoulder.

"Certainly, the casket. Did you get it all right?"

"By George!" commented the Cardinal. "Now, that's clever."

"Looks like the real thing," the Mikado added.

The Burglar stood aside a moment, allowing a diamond-bardened Queen Elizabeth to pass, then came on up the steps. The Cardinal and the Mikado passed through an open window into the reception-room to witness his arrival.

"Her Royal Highness, Queen Elizabeth!" the graven-faced servant announced.

The Burglar handed a card to the liveried Voice and noted, with obvious amusement, a fleeting expression of astonishment on the stolid face. Perhaps it was there because the card had been offered in that hand which held the revolver. The Voice glanced at the name on the card, and took a deep breath of relief.

"Jill, the Burglar!" he announced.

There was a murmur of astonishment and interest in the reception hall and the ball-room beyond. Thus it was that the Burglar found himself the centre of attention for a moment, while a ripple of laughter ran around. The entrance of a Clown, bounding in behind him, drew all eyes away, however, and the Burglar was absorbed in the crowd.

It was only a few minutes later that Cardinal Richelieu and the Mikado, seeking diversion, isolated the Burglar and dragged him off to the smoking-room. There the Czar of Russia, who was on such terms of intimacy with the Mikado that he called him Mike, joined them, and they smoked together.

"How did you ever come to hit on a costume like that?" asked the Cardinal of the Burglar.

The Burglar laughed, disclosing two rows of strong, white teeth, and a cleft in the square-cut, clean shaven chin, visible below the mask, became more pronounced. A woman would have called it a dimple.

"I wanted something different," he explained. "I couldn't imagine anything more extraordinary than a real burglar here ready to do business, so I came."

"It's lucky the police didn't see you," remarked the Czar.

Again the Burglar laughed. He was evidently a good-natured craftsman, despite his sinister garb.

"That was my one fear—that I would be pinched before I arrived," he replied. "Pinched, I may explain, is a technical term in my profession meaning jugged, nabbed, collared, run in. It seems that my fears had some foundation, too, for when I drove up in my auto and stepped out a couple of plain-clothes men stared at me pretty hard."

He laid aside the dark lantern and revolver to light a fresh cigarette. The Mikado picked up the lantern and flashed the light on and off several times, while the Czar sighted the revolver at the floor.

"Better not do that," suggested the Burglar casually. "It's loaded."

"Loaded?" repeated the Czar. He laid down the revolver gingerly.

"Surest thing, you know," and the Burglar laughed quizzically. "I'm the real thing, you see, so naturally my revolver is loaded. I think I ought to be able to make quite a good haul, as we say, before unmasking time."

"If you're as clever as your appearance would indicate," said the Cardinal, admiringly, "I see no reason why it shouldn't be worth while. You might, for instance, make a collection of Elizabethan jewels. I have noticed four Elizabeth's so far, and it's early yet."

"Oh, I'll make it pay," the Burglar assured him lightly. "I'm pretty clever; practiced a good deal, you know. Just to show you that I am an expert, here is a watch and pin I took from my friend, the Czar, five minutes ago."

He extended a well-gloved hand, in which lay the watch and diamond pin. The Czar stared at them a moment in frank astonishment; patted himself all over in sudden trepidation; then laughed sheepishly. The Mikado tilted his cigar up to a level with the slant eyes of his mask, and laughed.

"In the language of diplomacy, Nick," he told the Czar, "you are what is known as 'easy.' I thought I had convinced you of that."

"Gad, you are clever," remarked the Cardinal. "I might have used you along with D'Artagnan and the others."

The Burglar laughed again and stood up lazily.

"Come on, this is stupid," he suggested. "Let's go out and see what's doing."

"Say, just between ourselves, tell us who you are," urged the Czar. "Your voice seems familiar, but I can't place you."

"Wait till unmasking time," retorted the Burglar good-naturedly. "Then you'll know. Or if you think you could bribe that stone image who took my card at the door you might try. He'll remember me. I never saw a man so startled in all my life as he was when I appeared."

The quartet sauntered out into the ballroom just as the signal for the grand march was given. A few minutes later the kaleidoscopic picture began to move. Stuyvesant Randolph, the host, as Sir Walter Raleigh, and his superb wife, as Cleopatra, looked upon the mass of colour and found it good—extremely good.

Mr. Randolph smiled behind his mask at the striking incongruities on every hand: Queen Elizabeth and Mr. Micawber; Cardinal Richelieu and a Pierrette; a Clown dancing attendance on Marie Antoinette. The Czar of Russia paid deep and devoted attention to a light-footed Geisha girl, while the Mikado and Folly, a jingling thing in bells and abbreviated skirts, romped together. The grotesque figure of the march was the Burglar. His revolver was thrust carelessly into a pocket and the dark lantern hung at his belt. He was pouring a stream of pleasing nonsense into the august ear of Lady Macbeth, nimbly seeking at the same time to evade the pompous train of the Dowager Empress. The grand march came to an end, and the chattering throng broke up into little groups.

Cardinal Richelieu strolled along with a Pierrette on his arm.

"Business good?" he inquired of the Burglar.

"Expect it to be," was the reply.

The Pierrette came, and, standing on her tiptoes, made a *moue* at the Burglar.

"Oooh!" she exclaimed. "You are perfectly horrid."

"Thank you," retorted the Burglar.

He bowed gravely, and the Cardinal, with his companion, passed on. The Burglar stood gazing after them a moment, then glanced around the room, curiously, two or three times. He might have been looking for some one. Finally he wandered away.

II.

Half an hour later the Burglar stood alone, thoughtfully watching the dancers as they whirled by. A light hand fell on his arm—he started a little—and in his ear sounded a voice soft with the tone of a caress.

"Excellent, Dick, excellent!"

The Burglar turned quickly to face a girl—a Girl of the Golden West, with deliciously rounded chin, slightly parted rose-red lips, and sparkling, eager eyes as blue as—as blue as—well, they were blue eyes. An envious mask hid cheeks and brow, and above a sombrero was perched arrogantly on crisp, ruddy-gold hair, flaunting a tricoloured ribbon. A revolver swung at her side—the wrong

'I never saw a man so startled in all my life.'

hip—and a Bowie knife, singularly inoffensive in appearance, was thrust through her girdle. The Burglar looked curiously a moment, then smiled.

"How did you know me?" he asked.

"By your chin," she replied. "You can never hide yourself behind a mask that doesn't cover that."

The Burglar touched his chin with one gloved hand.

"I forgot that," he remarked ruefully.

"Hadn't you seen me?"

"No."

The Girl drew nearer and laid one hand lightly on his arm; her voice dropped mysteriously.

"Is everything ready?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he assured her quickly. His voice, too, was lowered cautiously.

"Did you come in the auto?"

"Yes."

"And the casket?"

For an instant the Burglar hesitated.

"The casket?" he repeated.

"Certainly, the casket. Did you get it all right?"

The Burglar looked at her with a new, businesslike expression on his lips. The Girl returned his steady gaze for an instant, then her eyes dropped. A faint colour glowed in her white chin. The Burglar suddenly laughed admiringly.

"Yes, I got it," he said.

She took a deep breath quickly, and her white hands fluttered a little.

"We will have to go in a few minutes, won't we?" she asked uneasily.

"I suppose so," he replied.

"Certainly before unmasking time," she said, "because—because I think there is some one here who knows or suspects, that——"

"Suspects what?" demanded the Burglar.

"S-h-h-h!" warned the Girl, and she laid a finger on her lips. "Not so loud. Some one might hear. Here are some people coming now that I'm afraid of. They know me. Meet me in the conservatory in five minutes. I don't want them to see me talking to you."

She moved away quickly, and the Burglar looked after her with admiration and some impalpable quality other than that in his eyes. He was turning away toward the conservatory when he ran into the arms of an oversized man lumpily clad in the dress of a courtier. The lumpy individual stood back and sized him up.

"Say, young fellow, that's a swell rig you got there," he remarked.

The Burglar glanced at him in polite astonishment—perhaps it was the tone of the remark.

"Glad you like it," he said coldly, and passed on.

As he waited in the conservatory the amusement died out of his eyes, and his lips were drawn into a straight, sharp line. He had seen the lumpy individual speak to another man, indicating generally the direction of the conservatory as he did so. After a moment the Girl returned in deep agitation.

"We must go now—at once," she whispered hurriedly. "They suspect us. I know it—I know it!"

"I'm afraid so," said the Burglar grimly. "That's why that detective spoke to me."

"Detective?" gasped the Girl.

"Yes, a detective disguised as a gentleman."

"Oh, if they are watching us, what shall we do?"

The Burglar glanced out, and seeing the man to whom the lumpy individual had spoken coming toward the conservatory, turned suddenly to the Girl.

"Do you really want to go with me?" he asked.

"Certainly," she replied eagerly.

"You are making no mistake?"

"No, Dick, no!" she said again. "But if we are caught — —"

"Do as I say and we won't be caught," declared the Burglar. His tone was sharp, commanding. "You go on alone toward the front door. Pass out as if to get a breath of fresh air. I'll follow in a minute. Watch for me. This detective is getting too curious for comfort. Outside we'll take the first auto and run for it."

He thoughtfully whirled the barrel of his revolver in his fingers as he stared out into the ballroom. The Girl clung to him helplessly a moment; her hand trembled on his arm.

"I'm frightened," she confessed. "Oh, Dick, if——"

"Don't lose your nerve," he commanded. "If you do, we'll both be caught. Go on, now, and do as I say. I'll come—but it is possible that I shall come in a hurry. Watch for me."

For just a moment more the Girl clung to his arm.

"Oh, Dick, you darling!" she whispered. Then, turning, she left him there.

From the door of the conservatory the Burglar watched the splendid, lithe figure as she threaded her way through the crowd. Finally she passed beyond his view, and he sauntered carelessly toward the door. Once he glanced back. The lumpy individual was following slowly. Then he saw a liveried servant approach the host and whisper to him excitedly.

"This is my cue to move," the Burglar told himself grimly.

Still watching, he saw the servant point directly at him. The host, with a sudden gesture, tore off his mask, and the Burglar accelerated his pace.

"Stop that man!" called the host.

For one brief instant there was the dead silence which follows general astonishment—and the Burglar ran for the door. Several pairs of hands reached out from the crowd toward him.

"There he goes—there!" exclaimed the Burglar excitedly. "That man ahead! I'll catch him!"

The ruse opened the way, and he went through. The Girl was waiting at the foot of the steps.

"They're coming!" he panted as he dragged her along. "Climb in that last car on the end there!"

Without a word the Girl ran to the auto and clambered into the front seat. Several men dashed out of the house. Wonderingly her eyes followed the vague figure of the Burglar as he sped along in the shadow of a wall. He paused beneath a window, picked up something and raced for the car.

"Stop him!" came a cry.

The Burglar flung his burden, which fell at the Girl's feet with a clatter, and leaped. The auto swayed as he landed beside her. With a quick twist of the wheel he headed out.

"Hurry, Dick, they're coming!" gasped the Girl.

The motor beneath them whirred and panted, and the car began to move.

"Halt, or I'll fire!" came another cry.

"Down!" commanded the Burglar.

His hand fell on the Girl's shoulder heavily, and he dragged her below the level of the seat. Then, bending low over the wheel, he gave the car half power. It leaped out into the road in the path of its own light, just as there came a pistol-shot from behind, followed instantly by another.

The car sped on.

III.

Stuyvesant Randolph, millionaire, owner of Seven Oaks, and host of the masked ball, was able to tell the police only what had happened, and not the manner in its happening. Briefly, this was that a thief, cunningly disguised as a Burglar, with dark lantern and revolver in hand, had surreptitiously attended the masked ball by entering at the front door and presenting an invitation card. And when Mr. Randolph got this far in his story even he couldn't keep his face straight.

The sum total of everyone's knowledge, therefore, was this:

Soon after the grand march a servant entered the smoking-room and found the Burglar there alone, standing beside an open window, looking out. This smoking room connected, by a corridor, with a small dining-room where the Randolph gold plate was kept in ostentatious seclusion. As the servant entered the smoking-room the Burglar turned away from the window and went out into the ballroom. He did not carry a bundle; he did not appear to be excited.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later the servant discovered that eleven plates of the gold service, valued roughly at $15,000, were missing. He informed Mr. Randolph. The information, naturally enough, did not elevate the host's enjoyment of the ball, and he did things hastily.

Meanwhile—that is, between the time when the Burglar left the smoking-room and the time when he passed out the front door—the Burglar had talked earnestly with a masked Girl of the West. It was established that, when she left him in the conservatory, she went out the front door. There she was joined by the Burglar, and then came their sensational flight in the automobile—a forty horse-power car that moved like the wind. The automobile in which the Burglar had gone to Seven Oaks was left behind; thus far it had not been claimed.

The identity of the Burglar and the Girl made the mystery. It was easy to conjecture—that's what the police said—how the Burglar got away with the gold plate. He went into the smoking-room, then into the dining-room, dropped the gold plate into a sack, and threw the sack out of a window. It was beautifully simple. Just what the Girl had to do with it wasn't very clear; perhaps a score or more articles of jewellery which had been reported missing by guests, engaged her attention.

It was also easy to see how the Burglar and the Girl had been able to shake off pursuit by the police in two other automobiles. The car they had chosen was admittedly the fastest of the scores there, the night was pitch dark, and, besides, a Burglar like that was liable to do anything. Two shots had been fired at him by the lumpy courtier, who was really Detective Cunningham, but they had only spurred him on.

These things were easy to understand. But the identity of the pair was a different and more difficult proposition, and there remained the task of yanking them out of obscurity. This fell to the lot of Detective Mallory, who represented the Supreme Police Intelligence of the Metropolitan District, happily combining a No. 11 shoe and a No. 6 hat. He was a cautious, suspicious, far-seeing man—as police detectives go. For instance, it was he who explained the method of the theft with a lucidity that was astounding.

Detective Mallory and two or three of his satellites heard Mr. Randolph's story, then the statements of his two men who had attended the ball in costume, and the statements of the servants. After all this Mr. Mallory chewed his cigar and thought violently for several minutes. Mr. Randolph looked on expectantly; he didn't want to miss anything.

"As I understand it, Mr. Randolph," said the Supreme Police Intelligence at last, "each invitation card presented at the door by your guests bore the name of the person to whom it was issued?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Randolph.

"Ah!" exclaimed the detective shrewdly. "Then we have a clue."

"Where are those cards, Curtis?" asked Mr. Randolph of the servant who had received them at the door.

"I didn't know they were of further value, sir, and they were thrown away—into the furnace."

Mr. Mallory was crestfallen.

"Did you notice if the card presented at the door by the Burglar on the evening of the masked ball at Seven Oaks bore a name?" he asked. He liked to be explicit like that.

"Yes, sir. I noticed it particularly, because the gentleman was dressed so queerly."

"Do you remember the name?"

"No, sir."

"Would you remember it if you saw it or heard it again?"

The servant looked at Mr. Randolph helplessly.

"I don't think I would, sir," he answered.

"And the Girl? Did you notice the card she gave you?"

"I don't remember her at all, sir. Many of the ladies wore wraps when they came in, and her costume would not have been noticeable if she had on a wrap."

The Supreme Intelligence was thoughtful for another few minutes. At last he turned to Mr. Randolph again.

"You are certain there was only one man at that ball dressed as a Burglar?" he asked.

"Yes, thank Heaven," replied Mr. Randolph fervently. "If there'd been another one they might have taken the piano."

The Supreme Intelligence frowned.

"And this girl was dressed like a Western Girl?" he asked.

"Yes. A sort of Spirit of the West costume."

"And no other woman there wore such a dress?"

"No," responded Mr. Randolph.

"No," echoed the two detectives.

"Now, Mr. Randolph, how any invitations were issued for the ball?"

"Three or four hundred. It's a big house," Mr. Randolph apologised, "and we tried to do the thing properly."

"How many persons do you suppose actually attended the ball?"

"Oh, I don't know. Three hundred, perhaps."

Detective Mallory thought again.

"It's unquestionably the work of two bold and clever professional crooks," he said at last judicially, and his satellites hung on his words eagerly. "It has every ear-mark of it. They perhaps planned the thing weeks before, and forged invitation cards, or perhaps stole them—perhaps stole them."

"'Was it a pistol shot?' Hatch went on calmly."

He turned suddenly and pointed an accusing finger at the servant, Curtis.

"Did you notice the handwriting on the card the Burglar gave you?" he demanded.

"No, sir. Not particularly."

"I mean, do you recall if it was different in any way from the handwriting on the other cards?" insisted the Supreme Intelligence.

"I don't think it was, sir."

"If it had been, would you have noticed it?"

"I—I might have, sir."

"Were the names written on all the invitation cards by the same hand, Mr. Randolph?"

"Yes; my wife's secretary."

Detective Mallory arose and paced back and forth across the room with wrinkles in his brow.

"Ah!" he said at last, "then we know the cards were not forged, but stolen from some one to whom they had been sent. We know this much, therefore—" he paused a moment.

"Therefore all that must be done," Mr. Randolph finished the sentence, "is to find from whom the card or cards were stolen, who presented them at my door, and who got away with the plate."

The Supreme Intelligence glared at him aggressively. Mr. Randolph's face was perfectly serious. It was his gold plate, you know.

"Yes, that's it," Detective Mallory assented. "Now we'll get after this thing right. Downey, you get that automobile the Burglar left at Seven Oaks and find its owner; also find the car the Burglar and the Girl escaped in. Cunningham, you go to Seven Oaks and look over the premises. See particularly if the Girl left a wrap—she didn't wear one away from there—and follow that up. Blanton, you take a list of invited guests that Mr. Randolph will give you, check off those persons who are known to have been at the ball, and find out all about those who were not, and—follow that up."

"That'll take weeks!" complained Blanton.

The Supreme Intelligence turned on him fiercely.

"Well?" he demanded. He continued to stare for a moment, and Blanton wrinkled up in the baleful glow of his superior's scorn. "And," Detective Mallory added magnanimously, "I will do the rest."

Thus the campaign was planned against the Burglar and the Girl.

IV.

Hutchinson Hatch was a newspaper reporter, a long, lean, hungry-looking young man with an insatiable appetite for fact. This last was, perhaps, an astonishing trait in a reporter; and Hatch was positively finicky on the point. That's why his City Editor believed in him. If Hatch had come in and told his City Editor that he had seen a blue elephant with pink side-whiskers, his City Editor would have known that that elephant was blue—mentally, morally, physically, spiritually and everlastingly—not any washed-out green or purple, but blue.

Hatch was remarkable in other ways, too. For instance, he believed in the use of a little human intelligence in his profession. As a matter of fact, on several occasions he had demonstrated that it was really an excellent thing—human intelligence. His mind was well poised, his methods thorough, his style direct.

Along with dozens of others, Hatch was at work on the Randolph robbery, and knew what the others knew—no more. He had studied the case so closely that he was beginning to believe, strangely enough, that perhaps the police were right in their theory as to the identity of the Burglar and the Girl—that is, that they were professional crooks. He could do a thing like that sometimes—bring his mind round to admit the possibility of somebody else being right.

It was on Saturday afternoon—two days after the Randolph affair—that Hatch was sitting in Detective Mallory's private office at Police Headquarters laboriously extracting from the Supreme Intelligence the precise things he had not found out about the robbery. The telephone bell rang. Hatch got one end of the conversation—he couldn't help it. It was something like this:

"Hello! . . . Yes, Detective Mallory. . . . Missing? . . . What's her name? . . . What? . . . Oh, Dorothy! . . . Yes? . . . Merritt? . . . Oh, Merryman! . . . Well, what the deuce is it, then? . . . Spell it! . . . M-e-r-e-d-i-t-h. Why didn't you say that at first? . . . How long has she been gone? . . . Huh? . . . Thursday evening? . . . What does she look like? . . . Auburn hair? Red, you mean? . . . Oh, ruddy! I'd like to know what's the difference."

The detective had drawn up a pad of paper, and was jotting down what Hatch imagined to be the description of a missing girl. Then:

"Who is this talking?" asked the detective.

There was a little pause as he got the answer, and, having the answer, he whistled his astonishment, after which he glanced around quickly at the reporter, who was staring dreamily out of a window.

"No," said the Supreme Intelligence over the 'phone. "It wouldn't be wise to make it public. It isn't necessary at all. I understand. I'll order a search immediately. No. The newspapers will get nothing of it. Good-bye."

"A story?" inquired Hatch carelessly as the detective hung up the receiver.

"Doesn't amount to anything," was the reply.

"Yes, that's obvious," remarked the reporter dryly.

"Well, whatever it is, it is not going to be made public," retorted the Supreme Intelligence sharply. He never did like Hatch, anyway. "It's one of those things that don't do any good in the newspapers, so I'll not let this one get there."

Hatch yawned to show that he had no further interest in the matter, and went out. But there was the germ of an idea in his head which would have startled Detective Mallory, and he paced up and down outside to develop it. A girl missing! A red-headed girl missing! A red-headed girl missing since Thursday! Thursday was the night of the Randolph masked ball. The missing Girl of the West was red-headed! Mallory had seemed astonished when he learned the name of the person who reported this last case! Therefore the person who reported it was high up—perhaps! Certainly high enough up to ask and receive the courtesy of police suppression—and the missing girl's name was Dorothy Meredith!

Hatch stood still for a long time on the curb and figured it out. Suddenly he rushed off to a telephone and called up Stuyvesant Randolph at Seven Oaks. He asked the first question with trepidation:

"Mr. Randolph, can you give me the address of Miss Dorothy Meredith?"

"Miss Meredith?" came the answer. "Let's see. I think she is stopping with the Morgan Greytons, at their suburban place."

The reporter gulped down a shout. "Worked, by thunder!" he exclaimed to himself. Then, in a deadly, forced calm:

"She attended the masked ball Thursday evening, didn't she?"

"Well, she was invited."

"You didn't see her there?"

"No. Who is this?"

Then Hatch hung up the receiver. He was nearly choking with excitement, for, in addition to all those virtues which have been enumerated, he possessed, too, the quality of enthusiasm. It was no part of his purpose to tell anybody anything. Mallory didn't know, he was confident, anything of the girl having been a possible guest at the ball. And what Mallory didn't know now wouldn't be found out, all of which was a sad reflection upon the detective.

In this frame of mind Hatch started for the suburban place of the Greytons. He found the house without difficulty. Morgan Greyton was an aged gentleman of wealth and exclusive ideas—and wasn't in. Hatch handed a card, bearing only his name, to a maid, and after a few minutes Mrs. Greyton appeared. She was a motherly, sweet-faced old lady of seventy, with that grave, exquisite courtesy which makes mere man feel ashamed of himself. Hatch had that feeling when he looked at her and thought of what he was going to ask.

"I came up direct from Police Headquarters," he explained diplomatically, "to learn any details you may be able to give us as to the disappearance of Miss Meredith."

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Greyton. "My husband said he was going to ask the police to look into the matter. It is most mysterious—most mysterious! We can't imagine where Dollie is, unless she has eloped. Do you know that idea keeps coming to me and won't go away?"

She spoke as if it were a naughty child.

"If you'll tell me something about Miss Meredith—who she is and all that?" Hatch suggested.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," exclaimed Mrs. Greyton. "Dollie is a distant cousin of my husband's sister's husband," she explained precisely. "She lives in Baltimore, but is visiting us. She has been here for several weeks. She's a dear, sweet girl, but I'm afraid—afraid she has eloped."

The aged voice quivered a little, and Hatch was more ashamed of himself than ever.

"Some time ago she met a man named Herbert—Richard Herbert, I think, and ——"

"Dick Herbert?" the reporter exclaimed suddenly.

"Do you know the young gentleman?" inquired the old lady eagerly.

"Yes, it just happens that we were classmates in Harvard," said the reporter.

"And is he a nice young man?"

"A good, clean-cut, straightforward, decent man," replied Hatch.

"Well, for some reason I don't know, Dollie's father objects to Mr. Herbert's attentions to her—as a matter of fact, Mr. Meredith has absolutely prohibited them—but she's a young, headstrong girl, and I fear that, although she had outwardly yielded to her father's wishes, she had clandestinely kept up a correspondence with Mr. Herbert. Last Thursday evening she went out unattended and since then we have not heard from her—not a word. We can only surmise—my husband and I—that they have eloped."

"Do you happen to know," Hatch asked, "if Miss Meredith attended the Randolph ball on Thursday evening?"

"No, I hardly believe she went there," Mrs. Greyton replied. "She has had no costume of any sort made. No; I am positive she has eloped with Mr. Herbert, but I should like to hear from her to satisfy myself and explain to her parents. We did not permit Mr. Herbert to come here, and it will be very hard to explain."

"I don't suppose it possible that Miss Meredith has returned to Baltimore?" Hatch asked.

"Oh, no!" was the positive reply. "Her father there telegraphed to her to-day—I opened it—saying he would be here probably to-night."

Then Hatch took his shame in his hand and excused himself. The maid attended him to the door.

"How much is it worth to you to know if Miss Meredith went to the masked ball?" asked the maid cautiously.

Hatch extended his hand. She took a ten-dollar bill which lay there and secreted it in some remote recess of her being.

"Miss Meredith did go to the ball," she said. "She went there to meet Mr. Herbert. They had arranged to elope."

"What did she wear?" asked Hatch.

"Her costume was that of a Western Girl," the maid responded.

V.

Pondering all these things deeply, Hatch's next move was to run up to see Dick Herbert. He was too self-absorbed to notice that the blinds of the house were drawn. He rang and after a long time a man-servant answered the bell.

"Mr. Herbert here?" Hatch asked.

"Yes, sir, he's here," replied the servant, "but I don't know if he can see you. He is not very well, sir."

"Who is it, Blair?" came Herbert's voice from the top of the stair.

"Mr. Hatch, sir."

"Come up, Hatch!" Dick called cordially. "Glad to see you. I'm so lonesome here I don't know what to do with myself."

The reporter ran up the steps and into Dick's room.

"Not that one," Dick smiled as Hatch reached for his right hand. "It's out of business. Try this one——" And he offered his left.

"What's the matter?" Hatch inquired.

"Little hurt, that's all," said Dick. "Sit down. I got it knocked out the other night, and I've been here in this big house alone with Blair ever since. The doctor told me not to venture out yet. It has been lonesome, too. All the folks are away up in Nova Scotia, and took the other servants along. How are you, anyhow?"

Hatch sat down and stared at Dick thoughtfully. Herbert was a good-looking, forceful person of twenty-eight or thirty, and a corking right-guard. Now he seemed a little washed out, and there was a sort of pallor beneath the natural tan. He was a young man of family, unburdened by superlative wealth, but possessing in his own person the elements of success.

"I came up here to say something to you in my professional capacity," the reporter began at last; "and, frankly, I don't know how to say it."

Dick straightened up in his chair with a startled expression on his face.

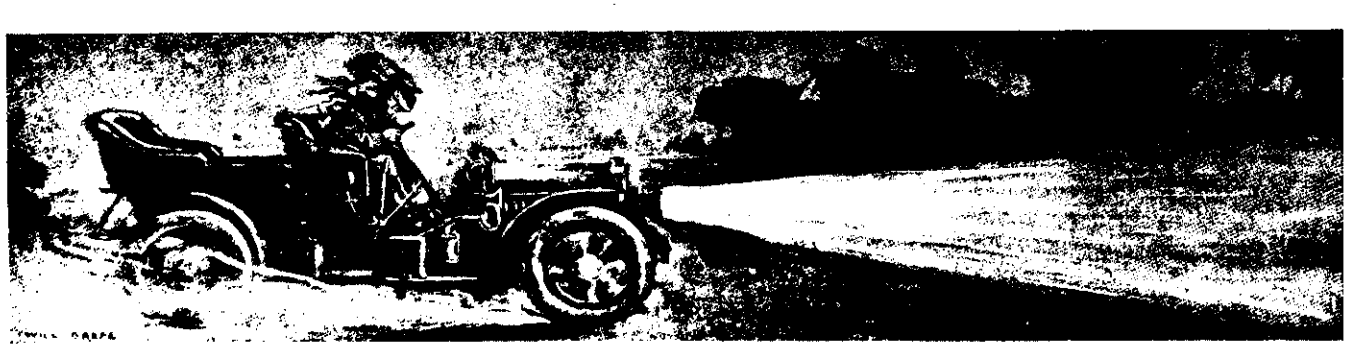
"Have you been reading the papers?" the reporter asked—"that is, during the last couple of days?"

Dick smiled a little.

"Yes."

"Of course, then, you've seen the stories about the Randolph robbery?"

"Yes," he said. "Clever, wasn't it?"



"It leaped out into the road in the path of its own light."

"It was," Hatch responded enthusiastically. "It was." He was silent for a moment as he accepted and lighted a cigarette. "It doesn't happen," he went on, "that, by any possible chance, you know anything about it, does it?"

"Not beyond what I saw in the papers. Why?"

"I'll be frank and ask you some questions, Dick," Hatch resumed in a tone which betrayed his discomfort. "Remember I am here in my official capacity—that is, not as a friend of yours, but as a reporter. You need not answer the questions if you don't want to."

Dick arose with a little agitation in his manner and went over beside the window.

"What is it all about?" he demanded. "What are the questions?"

"Do you know where Miss Dorothy Meredith is?"

Dick turned suddenly and glared at him with a certain lowering of his eyebrows which Hatch knew from the football days.

"What about her?" he asked.

"Where is she?" Hatch insisted.

"At home, so far as I know. Why?"

"She is not there," the reporter informed him, "and the Greytons believe that you eloped with her."

"Eloped with her?" Dick repeated. "She is not at home?"

"No. She's been missing since Thursday evening—the evening of the Randolph affair. Mr. Greyton has asked the police to look for her, and they are doing so now, but quietly. It is not known to the newspapers—that is, to the other newspapers. Your name has not been mentioned to the police. Now, isn't it a fact that you did intend to elope with her on Thursday evening?"

Dick strode feverishly across the room several times, and then stopped in front of Hatch's chair.

"This isn't any silly joke?" he asked fiercely.

"Isn't it a fact that you did intend to elope with her on Thursday evening?" the reporter went on steadily.

"I won't answer that question."

"Did you get an invitation to the Randolph ball?"

"Yes."

"Did you go?"

Dick was staring straight down into his eyes.

"I won't answer that, either," he said after a pause.

"Where were you on the evening of the masked ball?"

"Nor will I answer that."

When the newspaper instinct is fully aroused a reporter has no friends. Hatch had forgotten that he ever knew Dick Herbert. To him the young man was now merely a thing from which he might wring certain information for the benefit of the palpitating public.

"Did the injury to your arm," he went on after the approved manner of attorney for the prosecution, "prevent your going to the ball?"

"I won't answer that."

"What is the nature of the injury?"

"Now, see here, Hatch," Dick burst out, and there was a dangerous undertone in his manner, "I shall not answer any more questions—particularly that last one—unless I know what this is all about. Several things happened on the evening of the masked ball that I can't go over with you, or anyone else, but as for me having any personal knowledge of events at the masked ball—well, you and I are not talking of the same thing at all."

He paused, started to say something else, then changed his mind and was silent.

"Was it a pistol-shot?" Hatch went on calmly.

Dick's lips were compressed to a thin line as he looked at the reporter, and he controlled himself only by an effort.

"Where did you get that idea?"

Hatch would have hesitated a long time before he would have told him where he got that idea; but vaguely it had some connection with the fact that at least two shots were fired at the Burglar and the Girl when they raced away from Seven Oaks.

While the reporter was rummaging through his mind for an answer to the question there came a rap at the door and Blair appeared with a card. He handed it to Dick, who glanced at it, looked a little surprised, then nodded. Blair disappeared. After a moment there were footsteps on the stairs and Stuyvesant Randolph entered.

VI.

Dick arose and offered his left hand to Mr. Randolph, who calmly ignored it, turning his gaze instead upon the reporter.

"I hoped to find you alone," he said frostily. Hatch made as if to rise.

"Sit still, Hatch," Dick commanded. "Mr. Hatch is a friend of mine, Mr. Randolph. I don't know what you want to say, but, whatever it is, you may say it freely before him."

Hatch knew that humour in Dick. It always preceded the psychological moment when he wanted to climb down some one's throat and open an umbrella. The tone was calm, the words clearly enunciated, and the face was white—whiter than it had been before.

"I shouldn't like to——" Mr. Randolph began.

"You may say what you want to before Mr. Hatch, or not at all, as you please," Dick went on evenly.

Mr. Randolph cleared his throat twice and waved his hands with an expression of resignation.

"Very well," he replied. "I have come to request the return of my gold plate."

Hatch leaned forward in his chair, gripping its arms fiercely. This was a question bearing broadly on a subject that he wanted to mention, but he didn't know how. Mr. Randolph apparently found it easy enough.

"What gold plate?" asked Dick steadily.

"The eleven pieces that you, in the garb of a Burglar, took from my house last Thursday evening," said Mr. Randolph. He was quite calm.

Dick took a sudden step forward, then straightened up with flushed face. His left hand closed with a snap and the nails bit into the flesh; the fingers of the helpless right worked nervously. In a minute now Hatch could see him climbing all over Mr. Randolph.

But again Dick gained control of himself. It was a sort of recognition of the fact that Mr. Randolph was fifty years old; Hatch knew it, Mr. Randolph's knowledge on the subject didn't appear. Dick laughed.

"Sit down, Mr. Randolph, and tell me about it," he suggested.

"It isn't necessary to go into details," continued Mr. Randolph, still standing. "I had not wanted to go this far in the presence of a third person, but you forced me to do it. Now, will you or will you not return the plate?"

"Would you mind telling me just what makes you think I got it?" Dick insisted.

"It is as simple as it is conclusive," said Mr. Randolph. "You received an invitation to the masked ball. You went there in your Burglar garb and handed your invitation-card to my servant. He noticed you particularly and read your name on the card. He remembered that name perfectly. I was compelled to tell the story as I knew it to Detective Mallory. I did not mention your name; my servant remembered it—had given it to me, in fact; but I forbade him to repeat it to the police. He told them something about having burned the invitation-cards."

"Oh, wouldn't that please Mallory?" Hatch thought.

"I have not even intimated to the police that I have the least idea of your identity," Mr. Randolph went on, still standing. "I had believed that it was some prank of yours and that the plate would be returned in due time. Certainly I could not account for your taking it in any other circumstances My reticence, it is needless to say, was in consideration of your name and family. But now I want the plate. If it was a prank to carry out the role of the Burglar it is time for it to end. If the fact that the matter is now in the hands of the police has frightened you into the seeming necessity of keeping the plate for the present to protect yourself, you may dismiss that. When the plate is returned to me I shall see that the police drop the matter."

Dick had listened with interest.

"With a dollar bill on it."

Hatch looked at him from time to time and saw only attention—not anger.

"And the Girl?" asked Dick at last. "Does it happen that you have as cleverly traced her?"

"No," Mr. Randolph replied frankly. "I haven't the faintest idea who she is. I suppose no one knows that but you. I have no interest further than to recover the plate. I may say that I called here yesterday, Friday, and asked to see you, but was informed that you had been hurt; so I went away to give you opportunity to recover somewhat."

"Thanks," said Dick dryly. "Awfully considerate."

There was a long silence. Hatch was listening with all the multitudinous ears of a good reporter.

"Now, the plate," Mr. Randolph suggested again impatiently. "Do you deny that you got it?"

"I do," replied Dick firmly.

"I was afraid you would, and believe me, Mr. Herbert, such a course is a mistaken one," said Mr. Randolph. "I will give you twenty-four hours to change your mind. If, at the end of that time, you see fit to return the plate, I will drop the matter and use my influence to have the police do so. If the plate is not returned I shall be compelled to turn over all the facts to the police with your name."

"Is that all?" Dick demanded suddenly.

"Yes, I believe so."

"Then get out of here before I——"

Dick started forward, and then dropped back into a chair.

Mr. Randolph drew on his gloves and went out, closing the door behind him.

pathetic, for, strange as it may seem, ingly oblivious of Hatch's presence, supporting his head with his left hand, while the right hung down loosely beside him. Hatch was inclined to be sympathetic, for, strange as it may seem, some reporters have even the human quality of sympathy—although there are persons who will not believe it.

"Is there anything I can do?" Hatch asked at last. "Anything you want to say?"

"Nothing," Dick responded wearily. "Nothing. You may think what you like. There are, as I said, several things of which I cannot speak, even if it comes to a question—a question of having to face the charge of theft in open court. I simply can't say anything."

"But—but——" stammered the reporter.

"Absolutely not another word," said Dick firmly.

VII.

Those satellites of the Supreme Police Intelligence of the Metropolitan District who had been taking the Randolph mystery to pieces to see what made it tick lined up in front of Detective Mallory in his private office at police headquarters early Saturday evening. They did not seem happy. The Supreme Intelligence placed his feet on the desk and glowered: that was a part of the job.

"Well, Downey?" he asked.

"I went out to Seven Oaks and got the automobile the Burglar left, as you instructed," reported Downey. "Then I started out to find its owner, or some one who knew it. It didn't have a number on it, so the job wasn't easy, but I found the owner all right, all right."

Detective Mallory permitted himself to look interested.

"He lives at Merton, four miles from Seven Oaks," Downey resumed. "His name is Blake—William Blake. His auto was in the shed on Thursday evening at nine o'clock. It wasn't there Friday morning."

"Umph!" remarked Detective Mallory.

"There is no question but what Blake told me the truth," Downey went on. "To me it seems probable that the Burglar went out from the city to Merton by train, stole the auto and ran it on to Seven Oaks. That's all there seems to be to it. Blake proved ownership of the machine and I left it with him."

The Supreme Intelligence chewed his cigar frantically.

"And the other machine?" he asked.

"I have here a blood-stained cushion, the back of a seat from the car in which the Burglar and the Girl escaped," continued Downey in a walk-right-up-ladies-and-gentlemen sort of voice. "I found the car late this afternoon at a garage in Pleasantville. We knew, of course, that it belonged to Nelson Sharp, a guest at the masked ball. According to the manager of the garage, the car was standing in front of his place this morning when he arrived to open up. The number had been removed."

Detective Mallory examined the cushion which Downey handed to him. Several dark brown stains told the story—one of the occupants of the car had been wounded.

"Well, that's something," commented the Supreme Intelligence. "We know now that when Cunningham fired at least one of the persons in the car was hit, and we may make our search accordingly. The Burglar and the Girl probably left the car where it was found during the preceding night."

"It seems so," said Downey. "I shouldn't think they would have dared to keep it long. Autos of that size and power are too easily traced. I asked Mr. Sharp to run down and identify the car and he did so. The stains were new."

The Supreme Intelligence digested that in silence while his satellites studied his face, seeking some inkling of the convolutions of that marvellous mind.

"Very good, Downey," said Detective Mallory at last. "Now Cunningham?"

"Nothing," said Cunningham, in shame and sorrow. "Nothing."

"Didn't you find anything at all about the premises?"

"Nothing," repeated Cunningham. "The Girl left no wrap at Seven Oaks.

Continued on Page 21.

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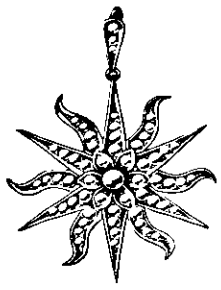

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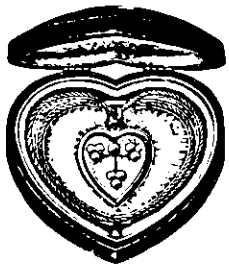

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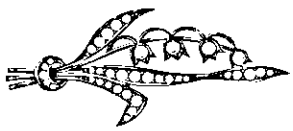

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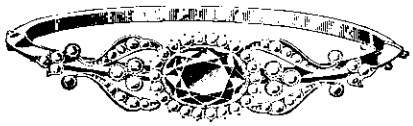

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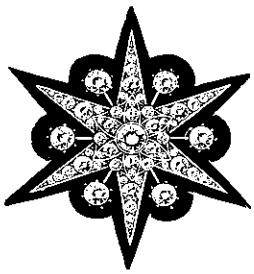

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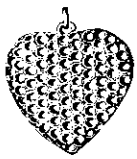

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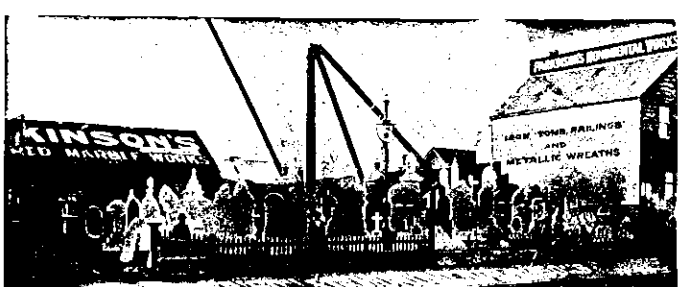

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THE CHASE OF THE GOLDEN PLATE.

Continued from Page 19.

None of the servants remembers having seen her in the room where the wraps were checked. I searched all around the place and found a dent in the ground under the smoking-room window, where the gold plate had been thrown, and there were what seemed to be footprints in the grass, but it was all nothing."

"We can't arrest a dent and footprints," said the Supreme Intelligence cuttingly.

The satellites laughed sadly. It was part of the deference they owed to the Supreme Intelligence.

"And you, Blanton?" asked Mr. Mallory. "What did you do with the list of invited guests?"

"I haven't got a good start yet," responded Blanton hopelessly. "There are three hundred and sixty names on the list. I have been able to see possibly thirty. It's worse than making a city directory. I won't be through for a month. Randolph and his wife checked off a large number of those whom they knew were there. The others I am looking up as rapidly as I can."

The detectives sat moodily thoughtful for uncounted minutes. Finally Detective Mallory broke the silence:

"There seems to be no question but that any clue that might have come from either of the automobiles is disposed of unless it is the fact that we now know one of the thieves was wounded. I readily see how the theft could have been committed by a man as bold as this fellow. Now we must concentrate all our efforts to running down the invited guests and learning just where they were that evening. All of you will have to hustle. We know that the Burglar did present an invitation-card with a name on it."

The detectives went their respective ways and then Detective Mallory deigned to receive representatives of the press, among them Hutchinson Hatch. Hatch was worried. He knew a whole lot of things, but they didn't do him any good. He felt that he could print nothing as it stood, yet he would not tell the police, for that would give to everyone else, and he had a picture of how the Supreme Intelligence would tangle it if he got hold of it.

"Well, boys," said Detective Mallory smilingly, when the press filed in, "there's nothing to say. Frankly, I will tell you that we have not been able to learn anything—at least anything that can be given out. You know, of course, about the finding of the two automobiles that figured in the case, and the blood-stained cushion?"

The press nodded collectively.

Well, that's all there is yet. My men are still at work, but I'm a little afraid the gold plate will never be found. It has probably been melted up. The cleverness of the thieves you can judge for yourselves by the manner in which they handled the automobiles."

And yet Hatch was not surprised, when, late that night, Police headquarters made known the latest sensation. This was a bulletin, based on a telephone message from Stuyvesant Randolph to the effect that the gold plate had been returned by express to Seven Oaks. This mystified the police beyond description; but official mystification was as nothing to Hatch's state of mind. He knew of the scene in Dick Herbert's room and remembered Mr. Randolph's threat.

"Then Dick did have the plate," he told himself.

VIII.

Whole flocks of detectives, reporters and newspaper-artists appeared at Seven Oaks early next morning. It had been too late to press an investigation the night before. The newspapers had time only telephonically to confirm the return of the plate. Now the investigators unanimously voiced one sentiment: "Show us!"

Hatch arrived in the party headed by Detective Mallory, with Downey and Cunningham trailing. Blanton was off somewhere with his little list, presumably still at it. Mr. Randolph had not come down to breakfast when the investigators arrived, but had given his servant permission to exhibit the plate, the wrapping in which it had come and the string wherewith it had been tied.

The plate arrived in a heavy paper-board box, covered twice over with a plain piece of stiff, brown paper which had no markings save the address and the "paid" stamp of the express company. Detective Mallory devoted himself first to the address. It was:

Mr. Stuyvesant Randolph,
"Seven Oaks,"
via Merton.

In the upper left-hand corner were scribbled the words:

From John Smith,
State-street,
Watertown.

Detectives Mallory, Downey and Cunningham studied the handwriting on the paper minutely.

"It's a man's," said Detective Downey.

"It's a woman's," said Detective Cunningham.

"It's a child's," said Detective Mallory.

"Whichever it is, it is disguised," said Hatch.

He was inclined to agree with Detective Cunningham that it was a woman's purposely altered, and in that event—Great Cæsar! There came that flock of seven-column heads again! And he couldn't open the bottle!

The simple story of the arrival of the plate at Seven Oaks was told thrillingly by the servant.

"It was eight o'clock last night," he said. "I was standing in the hall there. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph were still at the dining-table. They dined alone. Suddenly I heard the sound of wagon-wheels on the granolithic road in front of the house. I listened intently. Yes, it was wagon-wheels."

The detectives exchanged significant glances.

"I heard the wagon stop," the servant went on in an awed tone. "Still I listened. Then came the sound of footsteps on the walk and then on the steps. I walked slowly along the hall toward the front door. As I did so the bell rang."

"Yes, ting-a-ling-a-ling—we know. Go on," Hatch interrupted impatiently.

"I opened the door," the servant continued. "A man stood there with a package. He was a burly fellow. 'Mr. Randolph live here?' he asked gruffly. 'Yes,' I said. 'Here's a package for him,' said the man. 'Sign here.' I took the package and signed a book he gave me, and—and——"

"In other words," Hatch interrupted again, "an expressman brought the package here, you signed for it, and he went away?"

The servant stared at him haughtily.

"Yes, that's it," he said coldly.

A few minutes later Mr. Randolph in person appeared. He glanced at Hatch with a little surprise in his manner, nodded curtly, then turned to the detectives.

He could not add to the information the servant had given. His plate had been returned, pre-paid. The matter was at an end so far as he was concerned. There seemed to be no need of further investigation.

"How about the jewellery that was stolen from your other guests?" demanded Detective Mallory.

"Of course there's that," said Mr. Randolph. "It had passed out of my mind."

"Instead of being at an end, this case has just begun," the detective declared emphatically.

Mr. Randolph seemed to have no further interest in the matter. He started out, then turned back at the door and made a slight motion to Hatch which the reporter readily understood. As a result Hatch and Mr. Randolph were closeted together in a small room across the hall a few minutes later.

"May I ask your occupation, Mr. Hatch?" inquired Mr. Randolph.

"I'm a reporter," was the reply.

"A reporter?" Mr. Randolph seemed surprised. "Of course, when I saw you in Mr. Herbert's rooms," he went on after a little pause, "I met you only as his friend. You saw what happened there. Now, may I ask you what you intend to publish about this affair?"

Hatch considered the question a moment. There seemed to be no objection to telling.

"I can't publish anything until I know everything, or until the police act," he confessed frankly. "I had been talking to Dick Herbert in a general way about this case when you arrived yesterday. I knew several things, or thought I did, that the police do not even suspect. But, of course, I can print only just what the police know and say."

"I'm glad of that—very glad of it," said Mr. Randolph. "It seems to have been a freak of some sort on Mr. Herbert's part, and, casually, I can't understand it. Of course, he returned the plate, as I knew he would."

"Do you really believe he is the man who came here as the Burglar?" asked Hatch curiously.

"I should not have done what you saw me do if I had not been absolutely certain," Mr. Randolph explained. "One of the things, particularly, that was called to my attention—I don't know that you know of it—is the fact that the Burglar had a cleft in his chin. You know, of course, that Mr. Herbert has such a cleft. Then there is the invitation-card with his name. Everything together makes it conclusive."

Mr. Randolph and the reporter shook hands. Three hours later the press and police had uncovered the Watertown end of the mystery as to how the express package had been sent. It was explained by the driver of an express wagon there and absorbed by greedily listening ears:

"The boss told me to call at No. 410 State-street and get a bundle," the driver explained. "I think somebody telephoned to him to send the wagon. I went up there yesterday morning. It's a small house, back a couple of hundred feet from the street, and has a stone fence around it. I opened the gate, went in and rang the bell.

"No one answered the first ring, and I rang again. Still nobody answered, and I tried the door. It was locked. I walked around the house, thinking there might be somebody in the back, but it was all locked up. I figured as how the folks that had telephoned for me wasn't in, and started out to my wagon, intending to stop by later.

"Just as I got to the gate, going out, I saw a package set down inside, hidden from the street behind the stone fence, with a dollar bill on it. I just naturally looked at it. It was the package directed to Mr. Randolph. I reasoned as how the folks who 'phoned had to go out and left the package, so I took it along. I made out a receipt to John Smith, the name that was in the corner, and pinned it to a post, took the package and the money and went along. That's all."

"You don't know if the package was there when you went in?" he was asked.

"I dunno. I didn't look. I couldn't help but see it when I came out; so I took it."

Then the investigators sought out "the boss."

"Did the person who 'phoned give you a name?" inquired Detective Mallory.

"No. I didn't ask for one."

"Was it a man or a woman talking?"

"A man," was the unhesitating reply. "He had a deep, heavy voice."

The investigators trailed away, dismally despondent, toward No. 410 State-street. It was unoccupied; inquiry showed that it had been unoccupied for months. The Supreme Intelligence picked the lock and the investigators walked in, craning their necks. They expected, at the least, to find a thieves' rendezvous. There was nothing but dirt and dust and grime. Then the investigators returned to the city. They had found only that the gold plate had been returned, and they knew that when they started.

Hatch went home and sat down with his head in his hands to add up all he didn't know about the affair. It was surprising how much there was of it.

"Dick Herbert either did or didn't go to the ball," he soliloquised. "Something happened to him that evening. He either did or didn't steal the gold plate, and every circumstance indicates that he did—which, of course, he didn't. Dorothy Meredith either was or was not at the ball. The maid's statement shows that she was, yet no one there recognised her—which indicates that she wasn't. She either did or didn't run away with somebody in an automobile. Anyhow, something happened to her, because she's missing. The gold plate was stolen and the gold plate is back. I know that, thank heaven! And now, knowing more about this affair than any other single individual, I don't know anything."

(To be continued.)

WRECK OF THE S.S. KIA ORA

Continued from page 7.

skipper, you see, is a real white man, and we wouldn't lose him for worlds." It is needless to add that no greater testimony to the popularity of the deceased could be given than the friendship and regard of the men who worked under him, and Captain Blacklock had that. The flags on all the shipping in port at Auckland and Onehunga were lowered to half mast to-day as a mark of respect to those who lost their lives in the wreck. Captain Blacklock leaves a widow and three children, who reside in the Mount Eden district. The deceased's mother is still living, and his sister is married to Mr M. C. Harvey, chief engineer of the s.s. Ngapuhi. Captain Blacklock was only thirty-five years of age, and his untimely end is deeply regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

THE STORY OF THE WRECK.

Nine of the survivors of the ill-fated steamer Kia Ora, all members of the crew, arrived in Auckland, via Onehunga, by the s.s. Rarawa on Saturday. They were taken off the beach by the Rarawa's boat on Friday afternoon, and, after running down to New Plymouth, were brought back to Auckland, where most of them reside. From them the story of the disaster was gleaned.

None of the officers or engineers came on, preferring to remain with the survivors, who are still encamped on the beach. Those who arrived on Saturday are: W. Hayes (assistant steward), Thomas Chambers (A.B.), W. Hodgson (fireman), W. Dunning (fireman), W. Symes (fireman), D. Forbes (A.B.), J. Morris (A.B.), W. Betts (cook), F. Martensen (A.B.).

From the details secured from them it appears that the plight of the survivors was by no means as serious as was at first indicated, and their hardships were less severe than earlier news led the public to believe. Still, as one said, it was no drawing-room ping-pong party, and all are very glad that it is over.

A severe shock, which threw many of those on board out of their bunks, was the first indication of disaster. The vessel was steaming full speed ahead at the time, and she struck with great force on the jagged rocks which form the Piritoki Reef. This reef stands about half-a-mile from the shore, just awash, with deep water on either side. It is not very long, and had the Kia Ora been but a few yards on either side of her then course, she would have passed clear of all danger, and the tragedy would not have been written.

With a rending shock she crashed into the middle of the pile of jagged mushroom rocks, and her plates, torn like so much paper, admitted floods of water into the hull.

Passengers and crew realised their peril from the moment of the shock, and streamed up on to the deck. Women were there, and children, but there was no panic, no hysteria, all whose duties did not call them to the launching of the boats waited with the utmost calmness, and orders were given and carried out with almost military precision.

The night was calm, there was

NO WIND AND LITTLE SWELL.

But for this, not a soul would have lived to tell the tale, say the survivors, rough weather would have meant the doom of all.

Captain Blacklock was in his cabin when the shock came, and a second after he was on deck and was directing his crew as to the taking of measures for the preservation of the lives of those aboard.

The large lifeboat was quickly swung out, but when the crew came to lower her they found that just below her was the point of a huge jagged rock, upon which she would have been crushed to splinters. While she was still swung outward, the Kia Ora rolled, and the boat crashed against her side, and was so badly crushed by the blow as to be rendered useless.

This was

A SERIOUS MISHAP,

for the lifeboat would have comfortably held all on board. No time was wasted in vain regrets, however, and attention was immediately paid to the smaller boat. In this the women and children were placed; she was lowered away, under the charge of the second officer, and went clear of the ship.

Meantime, others were at work on the life-raft at the stern of the vessel, while the male passengers and crew put on lifebelts, released lifebuoys, and took whatever steps were possible to save their lives. By some means the life-raft became entangled, and before she could be freed, within twenty minutes of the first shock, the vessel parted and sank, disappearing from sight. She had gradually slipped backwards off the reef, and when she sank, all on board were left struggling in the water. Efforts were made to save these, but some were unable to keep afloat, and it was then that the fatalities occurred. Some were left floating on the sun deck, which parted from the vessel as she sank and floated clear of the wreck.

AT THE MOMENT OF SINKING

the rigging and the mast gave way; the rigging parted, and the raft, released from its entanglements, floated to the surface, a number of those in the water clambered aboard, and those on the floating sun deck also transferred to the safer craft.

When all who could be found had been picked up the life-raft was taken in tow by the boat. The latter was overloaded, having sixteen aboard, when she was supposed to take thirteen, but the smooth water enabled her to float with ease.

Through the night she drifted down the coast, carried that way by the set of the current and the wind, and when day dawned she was six miles below the scene of the wreck. Here a strip of sandy beach was observed, and for this the survivors made, a landing being effected without any great difficulty. The life-raft went ashore first, being safest in the surf. It was followed in by the boat, and the party were all soon on the cold, inhospitable beach.

Fires were quickly lighted, the matches in the hermetically sealed tins provided under the Government regulations rendering this possible. Mr. de Wolfe, chief officer, and another, went in search of assistance, and, after some time, they found a farmhouse, where assistance was obtained. A man was sent to Marakopa to notify the wreck, and to bring further assistance.

About three o'clock next morning the settlers reached the castaways with food and clothing, and at daylight it was decided, as it was impossible for any rescue to be effected from seaward where they were, to go further North to Nukuharaki Bay. One man, whose leg was broken, was carried to the top of the intervening range, and rode down on a pack horse, and an old lady of seventy, who had received a severe scalp wound, was tenderly assisted over the rough journey. Rough it was indeed, over a Maori bridle track knee deep in mud, through dense bush, and over mountainous country. Half a dozen miles, perhaps, from point to point, but involving seven hours of hard walking.

Just before the bay was reached, the welcome sound of the Rarawa's whistle was heard, and the beach was reached as she dropped anchor. A boat containing Dr. Wylie, of New Plymouth, was sent ashore from the Rarawa, a safe landing being made through the surf. The doctor worked like a Trojan, and, after getting ashore, set the injured man's leg, stitched up the scalp wound in the lady passenger's head, and attended to the remainder. The trip back to the Rarawa through the surf was a trying one, and only nine of the crew decided to face it.

The remainder of the survivors were taken to Kawhia by the s.s. Rothesay on Sunday, and those not booked to that port came on to Onehunga by the s.s. Muritai on Tuesday.

FIREMAN HODGSON'S GRAPHIC ACCOUNT.

Mr Walter Hodgson, a fireman of the ill-fated steamer, had a thrilling experience to relate of the terrible interval through which the Kia Ora and her human freight passed before the maw of the Pacific claimed her shattered hull as its own. Standing near the rail, hatless and haggard, with one hand clasping a singlet—the only relic of his sea kit—he presented, as the Rarawa worked into the wharf on Saturday, a true presentment of the shipwrecked sailorman, and to him accordingly a "Star" representative made his confident way.

"Can I tell you anything?" he answered, with a grim smile, to the pressman's first query. "Can I tell you anything?" and his hand went up to the back of his head ruminatively. "Well, I was there, you know, so perhaps—" but here he broke off to receive the congratulations of numerous friends.

Presently, however, he was persuaded to return to the burning subject of the moment. "Yes," he said, picking up the thread, "I was in bunk at the time, fast asleep, and suddenly woke up grabbing at my blankets, which seemed to be falling off. Shock! No, there was very little shock at first, or I should have felt it. She must have just got pretty well broadside on to it, and immediately heeled over. But then came a succession of terrible lurches, and all of us below rushed up on deck, nearly naked as we were, and still half asleep, and not knowing what to make of it.

LAUNCHING THE BOATS.

"It was pitch dark, with a heavy mist covering everything, so it was impossible to see where we were. So we all set about launching the boats. Everything on board was quiet. It seemed to me—looking back—that it was too quiet. No one quite yet realised how bad our case was. This very likely accounted for the fact that there was no such thing as panic, or even very great alarm to start with. We just worked at the boats, while the women and children waited.

"Orders! No, there didn't seem to be any ordering. The skipper was working at the boats with the rest of us."

STARBOARD BOAT SMASHED.

"She was all this while lurching terribly, and just as our boat was swinging out we could see rocks below in the ebb of the wash. It was too late, however, to pull her back, and crash she squelched on to 'em. That was the end of her, and it was no use watching her bits swill off.

A RESPITE.

"So, as she still appeared to be clinging together fairly well, some of us rushed back below to get our clothes on. It was deadly cold, and to remain naked out in it was pretty well as bad as being drowned below. The other boat had been got out, and was loaded with women and children, none of the men going in her that I know of.

KIA ORA BUCKLES UP.

"And then things happened fearfully sudden. The boat had got away, lifebelts were being served out, and some of us were trying to get clear the raft, which was lashed astern. It didn't come easy, though, having got caught somehow, and in the middle of it her back broke. The grinding and lurching had been terrible for what seemed quite a while, and suddenly up went the fore part almost at right angles it seemed at first, and then the after part sagged away and almost immediately began to slip off. The sea had swung her round so that the stern hung over deep water, just before she broke a lead thrown aft, showing seven fathoms with no bottom."

THE RAFT.

"A number of the crew and passengers were near the raft, and as the stern disappeared they went with it. Luckily for them, the mast gave away almost at the same moment, and this released the raft, which floated up, and was soon seized hold of by the struggling men in the water. Another very lucky thing was the fact that the vessel had filled with water before sinking, otherwise the suction would have taken them all to the bottom, and probably drowned most of them. The sea was also dead calm, although a big swell was up.

AT THE FUNNEL.

"I was, at this time, near the funnel, and the captain, Bill Symes, and I clung to the funnel stays and signal halyards, which had got twisted round it. Just a little way off was the little pantry boy, who was clinging to the mast span, which had sagged down, and the poor little beggar was screeching horribly, and crying to us to save him.

"The skipper turned to me, and said, 'I would give my life to save the boy,' but just then we could do nothing but cling to the halyards, every moment expecting to see the end of it. The water was surging up and down, and in between the washes we could see pretty well her whole length, buckled right up in a bow. But she was gradually slipping back into deep water. The skipper said, 'My God, this is awful!' You see, the whole show seemed to be up for us, and we were helpless. I had a lifebelt on, the skipper was grasping a buoy, but Symes had nothing. The skipper refused, however, to get into the buoy when Bill advised him to do so, saying that it would hold up the two of them.

LAST OF THE CAPTAIN.

"We had been clinging about ten minutes to the funnel, I suppose, when the end came. Just before she disappeared, the captain began to put his legs through the buoy, but at that moment we were all hurled into the water by the falling funnel, and he must have got caught and held head downwards by the floating buoy. No one saw him again, the last I heard, just before we went over, was his voice encouraging the boy.

IN THE WATER.

As the vessel went down the water inside her burst open the decks and hatches and floated off the big fore and after, on which several climbed, including the pantry-boy. I had seen the collapse coming, and had just said "Goodbye" to Symes, when I found myself in the water. It was too dark to see anything or to know what was happening to the others, but presently I heard Symes' voice calling to me, and I answered him. I couldn't swim, and he yelled out, "Can't you hold out any longer." I forget what I called back, but I was in no danger of sinking right away as I had a belt on. There was no wreckage about, and I saw nothing else for what seemed a fearful while, and then the boat suddenly came along. It was half-past five, so I must have been in the water for about two hours. The boat shortly after picked up the raft. We could see the land every now and again, and then it went out of sight again. The first to get ashore was the raft, in charge of the chief engineer, and we followed about half-an-hour later.

SAFE ASHORE.

When we landed it was under a steep hill covered with flax, too rough to climb over. All we knew of our locality was a general idea where Marakopa lay, so we immediately set about to light a fire and make the women and children as comfortable as possible, while the chief engineer and chief mate set off to seek assistance. We had no food save one tin of fish and a few hard biscuits, with a little water, while several of the party were more or less hurt, one man having a broken leg, while an old lady, Mrs. Cox, of Raglan, was in a pretty knocked about condition.

OVER THE HILLS.

At half-past seven next morning two others and myself started off over the hills. We were told that it was not much more than four miles to the nearest settlement, but it seemed like forty to me. "I wouldn't do it again for £30," he ejaculated emphatically. We got there in the afternoon, dead beat, just in time to see the Rarawa steaming round the headland on her way back after picking up those of the crew left on the beach.

None of us can speak too well of the rescuers, as they did everything possible for us, while one of them, who carried the man with the broken leg up the cliff from the beach, accomplished a feat little short of marvellous.

"Well," said Lady Bore to the distinguished author, "I hope you will one day come to dinner with us at the 'Doldrums,' and sleep there."

"I should certainly sleep there," answered the distinguished author with a bow.

The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

SOMETHING should really be done," the amateur musician remarked, "to put a stop to the nuisance of encores at concerts. It very often happens that an encore is not a compliment to the performer. It is sometimes well known to the audience that a particular singer always gives a certain song as an encore, and the audience want to hear this song, and therefore applaud to the echo something that they have not appreciated at all. A programme to suit all tastes does not want to be entirely made up of classical pieces and songs in foreign tongues. The encore is often nothing more than a demand on the part of the majority for something more intelligible. Then at many amateur performances if one singer secures a recall the listeners feel bound to pay a similar compliment to all succeeding performers, and so a concert, dreary enough in all conscience to begin with, is rendered doubly tedious by this stupid custom. I have often been urged to encore a bad piece, either because it is hoped thereby to secure something better or because everyone else has been thus honoured, and it would be invidious to make exceptions; also in the case of highly-paid professional artistes, it is hardly fair to ask them to do double work."

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"The thing is all right in moderation," said a young accountant, who enjoys some local fame as a tenor. "I don't fancy the singers look on it as a tax at all; they regard it as a compliment. Of course, the recalls can be overdone, the whole affair rendered meaningless, but if people would only encore what they really admire, then it would serve as an additional spur to singers to do their best."

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"Everything nowadays," suggested the Cynic, "suffers from adulteration. Our honours are made so cheap that the greatest honour is to have avoided them. A man with no title and no letters after his name is a person of consideration. Alphabetical distinction may easily become the mark of a fool. I remember an individual named Pain once started a gigantic competition which he styled a Bible skill competition. Everyone sent a shilling entrance fee and counted the number of times the letter "c" occurred in S. Luke's Gospel. The prize was a turkey and permission to use the letters P.T.B. after your name. One or two successful competitors used this distinction, and interpreted it to mean Prize for Theology and the Bible. Mr. Pain, when he retired from business, explained that the letters really meant Pain's Turkey Biter. I see, by the way, that a Sydney judge has been preaching a sermon on excessive legal charges. He says that 3/4 for looking at a telegram, and 6/8 for reading it is rather much. This judge is like a converted burglar giving an address on the sanctity of property. Perhaps the telegram was on the law of evidence, and required pondering, though this part of law is really beautifully simply, inasmuch as nothing is evidence in a court of law which is in the least degree likely to enlighten the jury."

"The law of evidence," responded the legal light, is really very clear and lucid. We have the four great exceptions—hearsay, opinion, and such-like—but the law is founded on the great principle that we must always produce the best evidence. Now if you come to think of it you find very little realisation of this in everyday life. People say: "I know so-and-so stole my things because he is a notorious thief." But this is no proof that he committed this particular theft. Of course many things not legally admissible would carry great weight with a jury, and counsel often try and work them in, even if the judge stops them; the impression desired has in many cases been made. In a case the other day when a defendant complained of legal jugglery, the matter was really quite clear. As he had not pleaded justification, he manifestly could not call evidence on this plea. I must, however, admit that some of the refinements of the law are not very clear at first sight. Thus in a case of insanity, a medical man may not be asked if he considers a patient insane, but he may be asked if certain symptoms are indicative of insanity. A good deal that is not legally evidence is given as such in our courts of law, especially when you get a J.P. on the bench."

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"I must say," interposed one of our committee, "that you chaps rightly say in your K.C. oath; "according to my cunning." Listening to a lawyer talk always gives me a headache. His hair-splitting is rather a head-splitting performance. That reminds me that we are all likely to suffer from bad heads if the French Government persist in discouraging the making of wine from grapes. All my sympathies are with the vineyard proprietors. They are really waging the battle of pure wines against chemical concoctions. Gracious me, everything we eat and drink will soon be turned out of some filthy German laboratory. Hardly one bottle of wine in a dozen has ever seen a grape nowadays. I fancy our New Zealand wines are better than most of the imported stuff, despite their immaturity. I wish these prohibition fellows would do something in the direction of protecting us from adulteration. It is bad liquor that makes me drunk."

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"It is only another instance," remarked the country member, "of a democratic Government pandering to the city worker. The French ministry daren't forbid the making of wine from chemicals, because this industry supports a large number of working men in the towns. The vignerons made the riches of France, just as the settler makes the riches of a colony. It was the country people who paid off the war debt of £200,000,000 after the Franco-Prussian war. Our trade unions would willingly ruin the farmer to benefit their own members. They combine to raise the price of labour, but they want to make it illegal for producers to combine to raise the price of produce. They cry out, "Down with the employer," just as Campbell Bannerman cries out: "Down with the House of Lords." We work hard enough in all conscience to grow our stu, and if the unions make us pay more for our clothes and boots, we intend to make them pay more for their bread and their meat. Where it will all end, goodness only knows."

"That is easily answered," replied the cynic. "We shall all end in the Union. It is not without a certain prophetic insight that the British poor have applied this name to their workhouses. When bread has risen to a sovereign a loaf, and it costs you a similar sum to engage a knight of labour to give you the benefit of his services for an hour, with overtime allowance if you have called him away from a football match, no one except a labour agitator or a member of the House of Rigmarole will be able to afford to live on his own. We will all be supported, under a paternal Government, in workmen's cottages, and we will occupy our leisure moments in trying to count the number of times the letter "D" occurs in the reports of meetings of Trade and Labour councils, so that we may qualify to add one of Mr. Pain's turkeys to our daily allowance of socialistic rations.

STAMP COLLECTING

Collectors will do well to avoid purchasing unused New Zealand stamps of the 1d, 2d, and 5/ value if unperforated, as the "Australian Philatelist" states that a quantity of stamps of these values were stolen ungummed and unperforated. The gums may be added, but, of course, the fact of being unperforated would rather add to the value of the stamps from a collector's point of view. The question naturally arises whether these stamps should be collectable at all, seeing that although genuine, they were never officially issued.

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Three stamps of St. Vincent sold at good prices recently by auction in London. The 1d rose, no watermark and compound perforation, sold for £6 5/, a strip of three 4d yellow for £3, and 4d on 1/, unused, for £10. Close on £20 for stamps of a face value of 1/5.

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Every now and again bi-sected stamps appear to be officially issued to supply the sudden want of a particular value. It will be remembered that when the post office was destroyed by fire at Samoa, that course was adopted until a fresh supply of stamps was obtained. Quite recently stamps have also been bi-sected at the Island kingdom of Tonga, to make half-pennies. In both these cases the stamps were bi-sected diagonally. A similar course was adopted by the postal authorities of Egypt in 1898, pending the issue of the 3-mill stamp on 2 piastres. A 2-mill postage due stamp was used in conjunction with a diagonally bi-sected copy of the same value, on the one envelope.

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A pair of 1d on half of 5/ stamp of Barbadoes realised £10 5/ at auction in London.

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The South Wales and Monmouthshire Philatelic Society has decided to hold a philatelic exhibition in Cardiff during the autumn. The value of the collections of members of this society is estimated at a quarter of a million, which should give the exhibition a good basis to start with.

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The American Journal of Philately ceased issue at the end of 1906. This is the second occasion the Journal shut down. It was first issued in 1868, but went out ten years afterwards. In 1888 it was again started, and ran, as already stated, to the end of last year. In the interests of Philately it is to be hoped that this old journal will once more rise, Phoenix-like, from its own ashes.

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Some old Fijian stamps sold well at recent auctions in London. The 6d carmine rose, with V.R. in Roman letters, was knocked down at £2 10/, and for the 1875 Gothic V.R., 2d on 6d rose, with inverted A for V, twice printed, £14 was paid.

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A 6½ cent stamp, blue and black in colour, has been added to the postage due set of Holland.

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Commenting on the Kingston Relief Fund Stamp of Barbadoes, Stanley Gibbon's Monthly Journal caustically states:—"It seems probable that the relief fund will really benefit to the extent of several pounds by the exertions of the Barbadoes postal authorities in collecting subscriptions from other people. What the profits of speculators will be is quite another question, but we may safely assume that the amount which reaches Kingston will be a mere fraction of the sum extracted from the pockets of stamp collectors."

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The sum of £5 was paid in London at auction for 3d carmine on 3d lilac and 6d carmine on 6d lilac of Great Britain, date 1883. Both stamps were unused and unperforated, hence the high price paid.

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Referring to the fact that the New Zealand Exhibition issue of stamps was limited to 300,000 of each value, one journal states:—"The limitations of the issue should be quite sufficient to condemn it from a philatelic point of view."

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It will soon be necessary to have a separate album to contain a complete set of the stamps of Panama. One of these overprinted 5 cents has the word "Panana" instead of "Panama." The overprint is reported to be light carmine.

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At British New Guinea a new ring postmark has been brought into use. It is inscribed "Port Moresby" at top and "Papua" at the bottom, with the date across the centre. The complete issue of the surcharged set is as follows:—½d. green and black, 1d lake-red and black, 2d violet and black, 2½d ultramarine and black, 4d brown and black, 6d green and black, 1/ orange and black, and 2/6 red-brown and black.

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It is estimated that from 16,000 to 17,000 varieties of postal cards were issued up to the beginning of 1907. The president of the Postal Card Society of America claims to have about 16,000, and the late Mr Skipton had about 14,000, mostly in mint condition, which he intended for the British Museum or other public institution. The usually catalogued list is under 6000, so that these big figures are the result of minor varieties.

A microbe born of a chill and cold
In a man's lung did reside,
And fast multiplying, grew so bold
It triumphantly defied
Each deadly drug and remedy sure
Till one day it was plied
With Woods' famous Peppermint Cure,
When it collapsed and died.

Jack.—I hear that Miss Passe is engaged.

Dick.—Is that so? Who is the happy man?

Jack.—Old man Passe, of course.

MUSINGS and MEDITATIONS

By Dog Toby

WOMEN AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

THE news that Miss Reeves has come out senior in the Moral Science Tripos at Cambridge recalls other famous instances in which women have beaten all the men in the class lists.

The Senior Wrangler is now no more, He has disappeared, together with many another time-honoured institution in deference to the utilitarian spirit of our age. It was prged that the best mathematician did not always gain first place, and that it was impossible to distinguish between the first six or seven men. Therefore it can never again fall to the lot of any woman to be placed above the senior wrangler. But this has happened in the past, and under rather romantic circumstances.

There was a very famous mathematical coach at Cambridge named Routh, who was known as the senior wrangler-maker. When Routh had gone up for his degree it was confidently expected that Clerk Maxwell, the famous physicist, would beat him easily, and great surprise was expressed when Maxwell was only placed second. Maxwell had written some of the books used by students for this very examination, and was already recognised as an original worker. One of the examiners told me a long time afterwards that no class list had ever given them so much anxiety. Routh had gained more actual marks, Maxwell seemed the greater genius. But they had to go by the actual result of the papers, and one of them had said that Routh would be a great teacher and Maxwell a great worker. So it turned out. To the coach it was everything to have gained first place; to one of the greatest of our natural philosophers the question of first or second place was a matter of comparative indifference. After a period of unparalleled success as a teacher Routh announced his impending retirement, but said that he intended, before he retired, doing something in the way of coaching that had never been done before. No one could guess what he meant to do, but people knew it would be something extraordinary. And extraordinary it was. When the lists came out, the following note appeared: "Above the Senior Wrangler, Miss Fawcett." He had succeeded in placing one of his pupils on the very summit of the pinnacle of mathematical fame, and that pupil a woman whom no one had ever considered seriously as a competitor. Every newspaper in England chronicled Miss Fawcett's success, even the London "Sportsman" had a paragraph inserted between its turf jottings and betting news, and it informed its readers that it was nearly as great an honour for a woman to beat the Senior Wrangler as it was for a mare to win the Derby. I suppose the writer thought she had won by a good head.

Another notable success was when Miss Ramsay was placed as senior classic. It was late in the evening when the lists were posted on the Senate House door. The great iron gates were shut, and men scrambled over the railings to read the results by the aid of many matches. It was seen that Class I., Division I. was blank. So there was to be no senior. But someone looking right down at the bottom amongst the women's names, said, "Give us another match, somebody. I believe they've put a Girton girl as senior." And there, right at the foot of the list, in Class I. Division I., appeared: Ramsay, A. F., Girton. This, appropriately enough, was in the year of the Queen's jubilee. Miss Ramsay was afterwards married to the Master of Trinity, who had himself been Senior Classic, and many an ode was composed in the ancient tongues when the papers duly announced the birth of a son and heir to so much learning and fame. And now it has been reserved for a daughter of our own land to add another name to the distinguished roll of women who have beaten all the men in the class lists of the ancient English University. There is no doubt that exceptionally gifted women will always be found to hold their own, but it is doubtful if the immense physical strain of reading for severe examinations will not tell unfavourably on the rank and file of lady students. They are apt to devote themselves too closely to study, and to neglect the many athletic recreations in which all men at college indulge in some form or other. The nervous exhaustion caused by prolonged and continuous study is naturally felt more by women than by men, and it imperatively demands long intervals for rest and recuperation. It will be a thing to be regretted if the higher education of women should ever lead us to value a high place in the class lists above the physical health and well being of the future mothers of our race. But our own girl graduates have probably learnt the wisdom of tempering the learning of Minerva with the outdoor, chase-loving spirit of Diana. A first place is dearly gained if it is won at the expense of defective eyesight and a bent back. It is well that woman should conquer, but not that she should stoop to conquer.

NEW ZEALAND'S ANGLICAN JUBILEE.

REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS.

The jubilee celebrations in connection with the signature of the Anglican Constitution of New Zealand were continued on June 13 at the Choral Hall.

Bishop Neligan, in his prefatory remarks, said that there were probably few gatherings, as one looked back for the cause producing gatherings, that were so pregnant of the foundation of things as that gathering. It was, perhaps, one of the greatest epochs in the national life, in a sense that a certain large section of the community determined that they had the right of spiritual self-government. He sometimes thought that it was the start of the best steps leading to the vindication in this land of the Church itself. It might be lost sight of, perhaps, in the desire to think that the steps that were necessary were less arduous than the careful student of history concluded they were. There were two men there that night who would be able to tell them something of the time that was past. Judge Monro, unfortunately, had been unable to attend, owing to indisposition. But in his place they would hear what one of the present generation of men (Mr. Tunks) had to say. It should be remembered, added the Bishop, that they were not commemorating the foundation of the Church in New Zealand, which took place in 1814, but the founding of her constitutional government. Before resuming his seat, his Lordship voiced the thanks of the Standing Committee to all those who had assisted in organising the proceedings connected with the day's celebrations, including the gentlemen responsible for decorating the hall, the ladies who had undertaken to look after the refreshments, Dr and Mrs. Thomas, and the Cathedral authorities, and others. (Applause.)

EACH MAN IN HIS GENERATION.

"When the constitution was signed, I was not there," confessed Mr. Tunks amidst laughter, "therefore it can be said with perfect truth that I am of the young generation, and may on that account spare you reminiscences." (Laughter.) Occasions of that kind, however, he went on to say, always give rise to comparisons between the men of the old time and those of the present day. Those old men were often spoken of as giants, the inference being that they of the present were all pigmies. Such a comparison was not altogether fair. (Applause.) The times now were altogether different. If we had no Selwyn now it was because no Selwyn was needed. If we believed that God was working his purpose out from year to year, we must also believe that men are doing the work that is necessary to work out that purpose from year to year. (Applause.) Such work was going on often in times of apparent inactivity. They did not always take into account the amount of work being accomplished by the silent workers in their midst. The times were changed and men changed with them. It was not because of precedent that we were free, although free after making a precedent for the rest of the world to follow, nor content to make it slowly either. (Laughter.) Overmuch freedom, in fact, was of itself a danger. The men of old time bought at a great price the freedom we enjoyed; and we were apt to think that so much attained there was little else to do but sit down quietly and enjoy the fruits of their labours. And, besides, modern environment—facilities of travel, keenness of rivalry in trade and business pursuits, and all the many distractions attending present-day facilities and advantages—makes the simple life of the old time a practical impossibility to most of us. It was the very simplicity of their lives that made them great; they were not in danger of attempting many things and achieving little. (Applause.) How different to-day! Even the life of the Church itself is an example, as those behind the scenes know so well. There is the Home Mission calling for assistance, the Maoris, the Melanesian Mission, our own children, the orphans, the various institutions, all crying for help, and not in vain. He contended that if the men of old time laid the foundations we, their successors, have to go on with the building, and there was still plenty of room for coming workmen, whether they became famous or not. (Applause.)

REMINISCENCES.

In introducing the next speaker, Canon Gould, the last remaining priest ordained by the late Bishop Selwyn, Bishop Neligan related a little tale concerning the great colonial prelate that was characterstic of the man and his humorous side. During 1861 the Bishop was on one of his missionary journeys through Maori country, and arriving one night at a kainga, he was put rather unceremoniously to sleep in a hut in company with a number of pigs. When George Augustus returned from his tour he took Master John Selwyn on his knee and recounted the incident to him. "And what do you think, Johnny," humorously concluded his sire, "when I woke up in the morning I found a little black pig asleep across my legs!" To which the hopeful solemnly replied, "Oh, father! didn't you feel like the prodigal son?"

"It is just about sixty years ago that I first met George Augustus Selwyn, the first and last Bishop of New Zealand," said Canon Gould, reminiscently. "But I got to know him, so to speak, about two years before that time, when in 1845-46 I was an assistant master in a commercial school at Richmond-on-Thames. This school had been established through the efforts of the Bishop's father, and was held in an institute, in an anteroom of which, over the mantelpiece, hung a full length portrait of the Bishop himself. The likeness was a striking and characteristic one, giving an excellent impression of the man's powerful personality. I also got to know a great deal about him from his sister, who used to read to me many extracts from letters she received from him. I remember that those letters were always particularly interesting, owing to the accounts in them of his travels and the vicissitudes of his life. Very often, too, there would be pen and ink sketches in them of places and people he came across in his journeyings. It was, in short, due to these reflected glimpses of the young land that I came out to New Zealand, where I began by taking charge of the boys' school attached to St. John's College. This was, at that time, the only school in the country of the grammar school kind, and in it were collected boys from almost every part of the colony." The Canon then went on to describe the enthusiasm which the Bishop used to infuse into the work of the boys, recounting several little anecdotes illustrating the grip his earnestness and personality took over those with whom he came in contact. George Augustus Selwyn was one of those men who work with a resolute, single-minded purpose until it is accomplished, a man who must indelibly leave the impress of his effort on the road of life, in whatever boundaries that road might lie. (The Canon, who had been closely followed, resumed his seat amid applause.)

MORE REMINISCENCES.

The Hon. E. Mitchelson also had old memories that drifted back to the time when that great and good man, George Augustus Selwyn, was Bishop of New Zealand. He remembered Bishop Selwyn as a man of great strength, both in spirit and frame. He never spared himself, often spending the day in crossing rough country, wading or swimming the creeks and rivers en route, and conducting services at night. Such was his nature that although at the end of a day, he would arrive at a place wet and cold, he would allow no one to do anything for him, saying, as he did his own washing and mending, that he would not permit his friends to do for him what he was well able to do himself. He was courageous, also, as a lion, going without fear among hostile natives, knowing each time that it was more than probable he would never see his wife and family again. And no matter what the burden of his work, he was never absent when there was a sick person to be called upon and comforted. He was also a man very careful of the susceptibilities and religious scruples of others. When wrecked in the steamer White Swan from Auckland to Wellington, he displayed extreme bravery in helping to rescue the passengers, and, when they were all safe, he desired to offer up prayer for their deliverance. But that he might not obtrude on the possible prejudices of some of the others, he remarked that he would go a little way off, and any who desired could join him. Everyone joined. This incident was told the speaker by one who was at one time a minister of the Unitarian Church. He did not then believe in any church, but the impression produced upon him by the Bishop was so profound that he never forgot it, and, to the day of Selwyn's death, he had nothing but good to speak of him. The speaker's own first knowledge of the Bishop had been, when a boy at old St. Matthew's Sunday School, he had been taught on several occasions by the Bishop on some of his visits. He also very well remembered how more than once he had rung the church bell before services at which Bishop Selwyn had preached. "I shall never forget his teaching," said Mr Mitchelson, "for he was a man among thousands. A great deal has been said about his love for the Maoris, and that he interfered too much at the time of the Taranaki war. Bishop Selwyn at that time thought that the war was not justified, and those who have read the history of it will agree with him. Had Sir George Grey been governor at the time the war would never have taken place. But it took place, and a great many people took a dislike to Bishop Selwyn for his attitude. But he was not bound by narrow conventions, he believed in the law of common humanity, and that we are all the children of one God." (Applause.)

In regard to the work of the church, they had heard Mr Tunks say how the younger generation were carrying on the building of which the foundations had been laid by the men of the old time. That was true, and he himself believed that they were carrying it on, and were doing good work. (Applause.)

During the evening an excellent musical programme was enjoyed, among the singers being Miss Blanche Garland, "Home, Sweet Home"; Madame Chambers, "Come Back to Erin," encore "Killarney" and "Auld Lang Syne"; and the Waiata Quartette, who rendered several of their favourite harmonies.

Music and Drama

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Lessee, C. R. Bailey.
Direction of
MR J. C. WILLIAMSON.

MONDAY, JUNE 24.
RE-APPEARANCE
Of New Zealand's
FAVOURITE DRAMATIC STAR.

MR. JULIUS KNIGHT

And First Appearance of
MR J. C. WILLIAMSON'S
NEW ENGLISH DRAMATIC CO.
In a
MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION
Of the Great London Success,

ROBIN HOOD

A Stirring Drama of
LOVE, CHIVALRY, AND ADVENTURE.

PRICES — 5/, 3/, and 1/.
Early Door, Stalls and Gallery, 6d extra.
Box Plan opens THURSDAY, at Wildman and Arey's.

As Miss Marie Hall stepped on to the platform of the Melbourne Town Hall for her first concert, the huge audience saw the "slight, frail, little figure," noted the confident but modest demeanour, and with the first few notes felt relief that there was the genuine artist. With Mendelssohn's Concerto the soloist has to wait but two quick bars of introduction to plunge into a rich, passionate theme calculated to display tone, temperament, and all the resources of technique. Then follows the second melody in E major, a tender mood, which Miss Hall gave with just the right amount of sentiment, and after that the finely wrought development—the brilliant cadenza and coda. The whole movement was a splendid piece of artistry, notably the second subject and the cadenza, and long continued applause proclaimed her success.

"The School for Scandal" was read by the Ponsonby Shakespeare Club last week, and was thoroughly enjoyed by a very large audience. Mr. W. H. Graham as Joseph, and Miss Eileen Lundon as Lady Teazle, particularly distinguished themselves, and Mr. A. Coutts was excellent also as Charles. Miss Russell as Lady Sneerwell, is deserving of special mention, and the other parts were well filled.

The Auckland Shakespeare Society, which for some unexplained reason, threatened to dissolve itself after the close of its very successful season last year, has thought better of it; or to be exact, the director of the society, Mr. Montague, sole manager, arbiter of fate, and distributor of parts, has decided to continue his dictatorship, and to keep the society (and Shakespeare) before the Auckland public. The attendance, judging by the first reading last Wednesday, will be larger than ever, and it is obvious the society is appreciated and fills its own particular niteh. "As You Like It," was chosen for the opening, and provided Miss Victoria Von Meyern, with a chance to distinguish herself in the part of Rosalind, which she certainly did to no small degree, being well backed up by Miss Pearl Gorrie, as Celia. Of the male parts, most were disappointing in some degree, except the Touchstone of Mr. Singer, and the Duke Senior of Mr. Jellie. The singing of Mr. Farrow of "Blow Blow Thou Winter Wind," made amends, however, for the shortcomings of the rest of his sex in the cast; it was an altogether admirable performance, and the lovely accompaniment was well played.

"Mother Goose," after a short return season in Melbourne, will be on tour for the next six months, visiting Adelaide (two and a-half weeks) and Perth (two weeks), and then returning to Brisbane, playing at the provincial centres en route. A New Zealand tour and a visit to Tasmania will bring them up to November, when the company begin on the 1907 pantomime rehearsals. A published rumour is to the effect that the Melbourne and Sydney seasons of the pantomime gave a profit of £20,000 to Mr Williamson and his partners. Of course, it is only a rumour, but Mr Williamson has admitted that "Mother Goose" is the best-paying enterprise he has ever handled.

Madame Teresa Carreno is one of the most charming women it has ever been my lot to meet, writes "Gennette" in the "Sydney Mail." Apart from her musical genius, she converses brilliantly, and possesses a most delicate ease of manner. She was born in Venezuela, in South America, and where her father was Minister of Finance, and, having travelled throughout practically the whole of Europe, this talented woman with the silvery-grey hair speaks several languages perfectly, and her English has just that little touch of accent which is so alluring. Madame Carreno regards Berlin as one of the homes of music. There the encore fiend stalks rampant. Indeed, at one time, says Madame, no less than five encores were demanded after one concert, and the lights had actually to be put out before the audience would disperse. Imagine being able to sway a vast concourse in such a fashion. The talented player has a daughter who, too, possesses this wonderful musical gift, and who is also the subject of a charming romance. About a year ago she became engaged to a Colonel Blois—an officer in the British army, and who was in Berlin studying for the operatic stage. As the parting between them was so severe, it was suggested that Colonel Blois should follow his bride-elect out to Australia, and marry her there. This he did, and the wedding took place in Melbourne last week, and Colonel and Mrs Blois are now spending their honeymoon in the country. He intends to resign from the army, and to give the whole of his time to his art. Madame Carreno has two small daughters, at present in Melbourne at school. She is intensely interested in her visit here, and thoroughly enjoys our blue skies. Her advent has given us one of the greatest musical treats we have ever experienced, and it will take us some time to entirely forget the charming woman whose brilliant conversation was so enjoyed by those who had the privilege of talking with her.

Under the direction of Mr. J. C. Williamson, a season of historical and romantic drama will be inaugurated at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday evening. Mr. Julius Knight, who makes his reappearance here in the leading roles, is supported by a notable company of artists, who were specially selected by him during his recent tour through England and America. The plays to be staged here were also selected by Mr. Knight, because they are at present the most successful productions on the London stage, and also on account of their suitability for Australian audiences. The initial production is "Robin Hood." A dramatic romance, with a flavour of the historic, and a breath or two of the poetry of the woods, vigorous action, deeds of knight-errantry, an atmosphere of merrie England in the good old days, such are the component parts of the new piece. "Robin Hood" has had an exceptionally successful career in the colonies, and recently in Wellington overflowing houses were the rule. The story of the play is specially adapted for the display of picturesque scenery and elaborate costumes. The principal scenes are Nottingham Castle, the Battlements, Much's Mill on the Trent, Friar Tuck's Hut, and a glade in Sherwood Forest. This latter one is said to be a triumph for the scenic artist and stage manager. The lighting effects, depicting the breaking of dawn, with Robin Hood's followers asleep on the ground, makes a fine picture. Among the artists who are supporting Mr. Knight will be found Messrs. Herbert Bentley, Leslie Victor, Hubert Willis, Gordon Macintosh, Reynolds Denniston, Harry Plimmer, A. J. Patrick, Rege Rede, A. Andrews, and Misses Elbert-Orton, Dorothy Sidney, Mary Godfrey, and Elsie Wilson. During the Auckland season the company will stage "Robin Hood," "Raffles," and "Brigadier Gerard," which are all new, and "Monsieur Beaucaire" will be revived.

Owing to pressure on our space, several paragraphs for this column are unavoidably held over.

A very great number of New Zealanders will well remember the Rev. J. R. Flynn-Anderson, out in New Zealand about a year ago, lecturing on behalf of the Government Railways Mission, Africa, the following letter to an Auckland friend is therefore of interest.

My Friend,—Close upon a year ago since I drank my modest cup of tea in the Auckland Club. I wonder if you have all forgotten me. It is no idle or empty sentiment on my part to confess that I honestly hope you still hold my memory green. I have seen much, and travelled far since I left the Club, and last turned the corner of Shortland-street, but never once when the toast of "Absent friends" has been drunk, have I failed to think of my friends in Auckland.

I got to Africa in time to see a bit of the fighting, and had some stiff work in Zululand, with one or two especially exciting skirmishes. It was all very one-sided, however; take Messeni Valley fight? Niggers killed, 600; our casulties, nil. Still, it might have been otherwise, but the poor wretches with their paltry spears had no chance against our guns. We squashed them like an egg under a hammer. That chapter of 1906 is closed, but mark me, the story isn't finished yet. A big native rebellion is as certain as the sun to come again. It may be a year, it may even be three years, it is bound, however, sooner or later to come. Government says, "Nonsense," wait and we'll see whose prophecy comes true. A man to watch is Dinizulu, and the South African native is only biding his time. He showed his hand too soon last March, and he lost his deal. He won't play "hearts" next time and try "bluffing"; he will trump with "clubs" and "spades," will finish the game for a good many whites before blacks are played out!

I got my "discharge" and came into town with the last batch of troops in September, after being nearly five months in saddle and blanket, and discarding my warlike khaki and the temporary importance its wearing gave me, I lapsed once more into civilized nothingness—a nonentity—a merged unit among the many.

After chasing rabbits with a Martini-Henry in Portuguse East Africa for a few weeks, I drifted out to Mauritius to visit some friends, and at Christmas time left Port Louis for Bombay in the Xema, a steamer that sought last May to distinguish itself by a treasure-hunting expedition on the West Coast of Africa, but got extinguished by the Cape Government instead.

India has proved well worth my visiting. I have had the honour of meeting His Majesty, the Amir of Afghanistan at Government House, have visited strange Hindu temples, and seen the wily Aryan at his best and worst. Have ridden with General Smith Dorrein to a field-day at Quetta, dined with General Kitchener, and got within fifty-four miles of the forbidden city of Khandhar. I have visited Persia, toured the deserts of Beluchistan on an ungainly camel, and at the moment of writing I am sunning myself in Arabia, and making friends with the Sultan of Muscat. I return to Karachi and India at the end of the month (May), and am off to Rawalpindi and Kashmir. There is also a prospect of visiting Burma. I hope next year to come once more to Auckland for three months in Maoriland, and sail from your port to 'Frisco, after that—who knows?

Forgive this long letter all about so uninteresting a person as myself, and if I have presumed in believing you to still have some little remembrance of the long-haired, lank-legged "padre" whom the Gods so favoured by allowing a temporary "entre" into the club, I can but crave your indulgence, and Banne-like regret the loss of my portfolio.—Yours, etc.,

J. R. FLYNN-ANDERSON.

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 10.

Miss Audrey Richardson, a 14-year old Dunedin violinist, who entered the Guildhall School of Music five years ago, and has since studied under Mr. Johannes Wolff, gave a recital at the Aeolian Hall this week. Amongst the audience were the Premier of New Zealand and Lady and Miss Ward, and the Lady Mayoress. Miss Richardson played the Max Bruch Concerto (her teacher, at the piano, the slow movement and the finale of the Mendelssohn Concerto, the Scherzo from Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," and the Wieniawski "Faust" fantasia. She showed very remarkable technique and confidence for so young a player, and earned high praise from the critics. The "Daily Telegraph" remarks, after mentioning her performances in detail: "Altogether she acquitted herself extremely well, and if she continues to study hard there is no reason why she should not make a name for herself." The "Morning Post" is still more eulogistic. "There was," it says, "such an extraordinary degree of finish about her playing yesterday, such wealth of tone, such beauty of phrasing and sincerity of expression, that it was difficult to believe that it was the effort of one so young. It is clearly the expression of a natural gift of an order which is indeed rare, and, when met with, not often so well nurtured. . . . There is little doubt that in Miss Richardson we have a native musician whose place in the future—if it has not been already won — is in the foretront." Such high praise from these critics augurs well for Miss Richardson's future career as a violinist.

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The Rev. Gray Dixon and Mrs. Dixon, of Auckland, travelled to England by the Gothic, and had a splendid passage. They spent a day at Rio, and after seeing a good deal of the world, Mr. Gray Dixon is convinced that Rio is the most gloriously beautiful spot on earth. He is now spending an eight months' furlough in the Old Country, after twenty-three years' service in Victoria and New Zealand. He has already seen quite a number of his professional colleagues of former days in Japan, who are in or around London. In Edinburgh he and his wife will be the guests of Mr. Dixon's brother-in-law, Professor Knott, of the University, for a few months, in the course of which they will revisit Glasgow, Paisley, Ayr and other scenes of their early days in the West of Scotland. With the exception of a short visit to Paris, they do not propose leaving Britain until August, when they sail for America. They will stay awhile in Canada with Mr. Dixon's Japan colleague, Professor Marshall, of Queen's University, Kingston, and with Mr. Dixon's brother, Professor J. M. Dixon, of the University of Southern California, Los Angeles. They hope to be back in Auckland about the beginning of November.

Mrs. Gray Dixon brought letters of introduction to the Victoria League and the Royal Horticultural Society, and has been heartily received by both organisations. She and her husband attended the reception given by the New Zealand High commissioner last Monday in honour of Sir Joseph and Lady Ward, and they have been invited to Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's "at home" next week, and to one given to-day by the President of the Liberal Social Council. While on recreation bent, they hope also to attend to certain matters of Church business in which they have been appointed to represent New Zealand. Mrs. Gray Dixon will take any opportunities presented to her in London or Edinburgh of being present at conferences in connection with Women's Missionary Unions. Her husband hopes to attend the General Assemblies of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church of Scotland. One matter in which he was commissioned to act on behalf of the Auckland Ministers' Association has been negotiated successfully The British and Foreign Sailors' Society have voted an annual grant of £25 towards the stipend of an interdenominational Sailors' Missionary for Auckland. The Board have also asked him to take part in the 80th annual meeting of the Society, to be held at

the Mansion House next week, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor.

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The Rev. Alex. Thomson is enjoying a holiday in the Old Country, after 25 years in New Zealand, 17 of which have been spent in Petone as minister of St. David's Church. Mr. Thomson has come hither for rest and change, and to see again the friends that still remain in the Homeland. He travelled by the Mooltan from Sydney to London, via Suez. As a keen educationalist—being chairman of the Petone School Committee for fourteen years, and chairman for three years of the Petone Technical School. Mr. Thomson intends to see and learn all he can while in this country in regard to school matters. He intends also to study the social conditions of the working classes here, and to compare his experience of 25 years ago with the present. He also takes commissions to the General Assemblies of the Church of Scotland, and the United Free Church meeting this month in Edinburgh. After seeing Scotland, Mr. Thomson will cross to Ireland, returning to London about the end of July. He leaves again for New Zealand on August 30 by the Mooltan.

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Mr. R. Woodman, of Wellington, who arrived by the Ophir at Tilbury, on Saturday, stated that the seven other members of the New Zealand bowling team, who had voyaged with him were now on the Continent, some having landed at Naples and the remainder at Marseilles. On touching at the latter port, the sad news was received of the dangerous illness of Miss Ballinger, which terminated fatally. Not until the different members of the party had gathered together in London, in about three weeks hence, can there be any definite statement as to the course of the itinerary. Those bowlers voyaging on the Ophir were not so many by four players as had been anticipated, but several New Zealanders have already arrived, and a sufficient strength will be at hand to select two rinks, the number of players with which the team intended to meet their engagements.

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The Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, formerly Governor of South Australia and of New Zealand and of Bombay, Postmaster-General in 1891, and afterwards Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who died in the earthquake in Jamaica on January 14 last, aged 74 years, left personal estate in the United Kingdom valued at £10,073 17/.

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Captain Wynyard has so far recovered from the effects of his mishap in New Zealand that he is able to indulge in practice at the nets at Lords this week, but it is still doubtful whether he will be able to play regularly in first-class cricket this season.

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Miss L. Burton, of Auckland, arrived by the Mooltan on the 25th April, after a delightful fair-weather passage. Her visit to England is one of business and pleasure combined, and she is already busy in London, and later will visit Paris in connection with the business of her firm, Messrs Smith and Caughey. Afterwards she intends visiting Scotland, Ireland, and the North of England, staying altogether six or eight months.

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Recent callers at the High Commissioner's office:—Mrs F. G. B. and Miss Loughnan (Wellington), Miss E. Washbourn and Mr C. Washbourn (Christchurch), Miss Clarke, Mrs A. E. Pudney, Mr J. Hodgson (Auckland), Mr and Mrs Geo. Pirie (Wellington), Mr J. Court (Auckland), Mr A. E. Court (Thames), and Mr E. H. Court (Auckland), Mr J. L. Kelly (Wellington), Mr and Mrs Caverhill, Mr John Manliss (Tomoana), Mr J. M. Hobson (Christchurch), Miss A. G. Hewson (Hawke's Bay), Miss Gleeson (Napier), Mr C. B. Grierson and daughters (Auckland), Mrs H. Pringle Rutherford and daughters (Hawke's Bay), Mr Ivan S. Wilson, M.B. (Dunedin), Mr D. A. Wallace (Auckland), Miss C. E. Warburton (Palmerston North), Mrs Francis Fraser, Mr and Mrs Chas. Fell and daughters (Nelson), Mr J. Finch (Timaru), Rev. W. Gray Dixon, M.A. (Auckland), Mr F. N. A. Calvert and Mrs Calvert (Dunedin), Miss L. Burton (Auckland), Miss M. E. Moore, Mr R. P. Abraham (Palmerston North), Miss A. and Miss M. Laing (Wellington), Mr W. E. L. Banks (Feilding), Mr A. G. Fordham (Wellington), Mrs A. S. Paterson and daughters and Mr S. Paterson (Dunedin), Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs Hayhurst and Miss Hayhurst, Messrs H. H. and C. D. Hayhurst (Temuka), Mr E. Brown and the Misses Brown (Temuka), Rev. Alex. Thomson (Petone), Mr Horace Scott, Mr E. C. Brown, Miss A. Barnett (Dunedin), Mr R. A. Campbell (Waihi), Mrs Dowdeswell and the Misses Dowdeswell (Greytown), Mr and Mrs C. H. S. Hill (Hawke's Bay), Mrs Walter J. Moore and the Misses Moore (Christchurch), Mr H. Wilson, Major N. V. Richards (Christchurch), Miss Lucy Atkinson (Wellington), Mr and Mrs Thomas Ballinger and Miss L. A. Ballinger (Wellington), Mr W. E. Carpenter (Thames).

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The Shaw-Savill steamer Gothic left Plymouth on Saturday for New Zealand, via Capetown and Hobart. She takes the following passengers for New Zealand ports:—Mr G. I. Allen (Auckland), Mr J. Anderson (Auckland), Mr G. D. Ballantyne (Port Chalmers), Mr C. R. Bellingham (Auckland), Mr J. P. Brown and family (New Plymouth), Miss E. A. Coles, Miss C. M. Coles (Lyttelton), Mr J. Edwards (Auckland), Mr M. Konig (Port Chalmers), Mrs E. Leicester (Wellington), Miss A. McGlasham, Miss M. MacGlasham (Port Chalmers), Mr. J. E. Moore (Auckland, Mr. A. Potts, Miss E. Potts, Miss R. Potts (Auckland), Mr J. W. Pratt (Wellington), Mr and Mrs C. J. Quirk (Auckland), Mr W. Rickford (Auckland), Mr W. V. Trinder (Bluff), Mrs J. M. Verran, Mrs S. Verran (Lyttelton), Mr S. Wade (Wellington), Mr H. C. Whiteman (New Plymouth), and 110 third-class.

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Mr. W. H. Cutten, of Dunedin, has done a good deal of travelling since he left New Zealand four years ago. He went from Dunedin to Brazil, via the Argentine and Paraguay, and made a 43 days' river journey, travelling 2300 miles. Returning to Argentina, he went to Bolivia —1200 miles by rail and seven days on mule-back. Then he came to England for four months, but returned to Bolivia and put in a year there. Revisiting England in December, 1905, he joined his brother in business as a gold-dredging and mining engineer, and since then he has been in France, Belgium, Holland, Egypt, India, Burma, Barbados, British, Dutch and French Guianas, and California all on business connected with gold dredging. Mr. Cutten has not been farther than Brussels for six months past, and he hopes to have a spell in England for at least six months more, although he anticipates that he will have to go over to Siberia before long.

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Mr. J. Finch, of Timaru, travelled to England from South Africa by the Durham Castle, arriving a few weeks back. He is on six months' leave of absence pending discharge from the South African Constabulary, which corps he joined after finishing his time with the Sixth New Zealand Contingent. He hopes to return to New Zealand about the end of the present month, and to be present at the next annual dinner of the Six Contingenters.

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Mr. Finch asks me to issue a word of warning to intending emigrants to South Africa. The present state of the country, he says, is very bad. In Johannesburg there are daily parades of the unemployed. He would advise New Zealanders to keep away from the Transvaal just now.

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Mr. W. E. A. Slack, of Palmerston North, who is combining business with a health trip to the Old Country, intends returning via Suez about the end of August, after having spent four or five months in England. Mr. Slack is interested in stock-raising, and hopes to see all the best agricultural shows held in Great Britain during his visit.

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Dr. J. A. J. Murray, of Christchurch, has his family still in Margate, owing to the continued illness of one of his boys. The latter is slowly improving, and Dr. Murray hopes to be able to leave for New Zealand in the autumn. Dr. Murray has been attending the London Hospital and a post Graduate College, and after a few weeks' spell at Margate he intends taking a further course of study before leaving for the colony. He hopes also to revisit Scotland, but has had to abandon other projected tours.

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Miss Mabel Anderson, of Christchurch, and her sister, Miss G. Anderson, arrived last week by the Tongariro, after a very enjoyable voyage. They have come to England for the purpose of placing their brother at the Royal Naval College at Osborne, where cadets are received at the age of twelve to be trained as officers in the King's Navy. The Misses Anderson purpose remaining in Ealing for the next three months, seeing as much as possible of London and its environs, and then, when their brother has his summer vacation, they will visit Scotland, going on to the Continent when he returns to Osborne.

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Mr. James Shiel, of Dunedin, and late of Coldstream, has sent a donation of one hundred guineas towards the fund at present being raised for the furnishing of the new parish church at Coldstream, on the Scottish border.

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Mr. H. B. Priestley Wicks, of Christchurch, who arrived last week by the Oswestry Grange, has come to London to exploit a new invention—an automatic electrical indicator for displaying the names of the stopping places in their proper order in electric tram-cars or railways. The apparatus will register upwards of two thousand names, and once the machine has been adjusted its action is quite automatic. On the return journey, for instance, it will reverse the order of the names of the stopping places without having to be readjusted. Mr. Wicks proposes to spend four or five weeks in England and then go on to America. He is combining pleasure with business, and will be absent from New Zealand for about 18 months.

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HIGH COMMISSIONER'S RECEPTION.

GATHERING AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 10.

For nearly three hours on Monday afternoon the Grand Hall of the Imperial Institue in South Kensington was a rendezvous for New Zealanders and many well-known Londoners. The High Commissioner of New Zealand and Mrs. Reeves had issued invitations for a reception at the Imperial Institute in honour of Sir Joseph and Lady Ward; 900 acceptances were received, and about 650 guests attended the function. They were received near the entrance by the host and hostess, and passed on into the Grand Hall and to the Colonial Courts below, where light refreshments were served. Most of the guests were from New Zealand, and the guests also included two ex-Governors of the colony and their wives—Lord and Lady Onslow and Lord and Lady Glasgow. Others who had accepted invitations included Lord and Lady Strathcona, Lord and Lady Jersey, Mrs. Deakin, Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Buxton, Sir Charles Dilke, the Colonial Agents-General, Sir Francis Hopwood and other Colonial Office officials, Sir John Gorst, Sir Edward and Lady Ward, Sir William and Miss Lyne, Sir F. W. Borden, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wells, and Lady and Miss Vogel.

Mrs. Reeves was dressed in cyclamen red voile, with lace and embroidery on the bodice, and she wore a hat of the same colour, with tulle and roses round the brim. Near her stood her daughters, Misses Beryl and Amber Reeves, one of whom had come up from Newnham College for the occasion. They wore white point d'esprit dresses with satin waistbands, and pretty white hats trimmed with pink roses. Sir Joseph Ward was an early arrival, accompanied by Lady Ward, who was dressed in black voile, with white embroidery, and was wearing a white feather boa, and white ostrich plumes in her black toque. Miss Ward's charmingly fresh, dainty dress was of pale pink and white pin-striped soft silk, with sleeves of cream-coloured net and lace and a yoke to correspond, while the waistband and sash ends were of black taffeta. Mrs. Deakin, wife of the Prime Minister of Australia, was dressed in black, with a white chip hat, trimmed with black tulle and white ostrich feathers, and wearing a long white feather boa. Amongst the New Zealand guests present were the following:—

Mr. and Mrs. Neville Abrahams, Col. and Mrs. Anstruther, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Abrahams, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Anson, Mr. and Mrs. George Abrahams, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Andrewes, Miss Lilian Aulsebrook, Major Dudley Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Anderson, the Misses Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Burness, Lady and the Misses Bright, Col. and Mrs. Babington, Mr. B. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Baxter, Mrs. Napier Bell, Mrs. and the Misses Blair, Mr. E. Balcombe Brown, Hon. D. H. and Mrs. Baillie, Mr. H. J. Barnicoat, Sir Hugh and Lady Bell, Mrs. and Miss Bartleman, Miss Barnicoat, Mr. H. R. Butterworth, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Boak, Mr. H. Benjamin, Mr. Victor G. Booth, Mr. Belcher, Miss Churton, Mr. M. A. Clark, and the Misses Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Calvert, Mr. Mark Cohen, Mr. W. Cowern, Dr. C. C. Choyce, Dr. E. H. Colbeck, Mr. and Mrs. Colgrove, Mr. and Mrs. Treacher Collins, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Chaytor, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Moss Davis, Mrs. and Miss Dent, Mr. John Duthie, Mr. and Mrs. Domett, Dr. D. B. Egan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elgar and the Misses Elgar, Mr. and Lady Helen Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Lyttelton Fitzgerald, Mr. A. J. Fowler, Dr. and Mrs. Fitchett, Rev. Arthur Fowler, Miss Fownes, Mrs. and Misses Fitzherbert, Miss Fame, the Misses Fergus, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Fell, the Ladies Ogilvie Grant, Mr. John Gell, Mr. and Mrs. Glyn, Miss Glendining, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Galbraith, Rev. Father Gerard, Mrs. and Miss Von der Heyde, Mr. Hyams, Miss Amy Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Hughes, Mrs. Croft-Hill, the Misses Hill, Mrs. Latham Hughes, Dr. Harper, Miss L. Halse, Mr. R. Hay, jun., Mr. and Mrs. W. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hayman, Mrs. T. H. Hamer, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Hislop, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Hawke, Mr. Percy Holt, Mr. K. Hoby, Mrs. C. Inglis, Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon Jeffs, Mrs. Iredale, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kennaway, the Misses Kennaway, Miss E. Kempthorne, Mrs. F. W. King, Mrs. Frank and Miss M. Loughnan, Rev. and Mrs. Loftie, Mr. E. J. Lemaire, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Leys and Miss Leys, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mackie, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Mauser, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McLean and the Misses McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Mathews, the Misses McLaren, Miss Mellish, Mrs. and Miss Scobie Mackenzie, Dr. A. and Mrs. McNab, Mr. H. C. Miller, Hon. E. Molesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Newman, Sir M. and Lady Nelson, Lieut. G. H. and Mrs. Noakes, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. W. Neale, Mrs. Cecil and Miss Northcote, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Oram, Mr. and Mrs. Otterson, Miss Orchard, Sir Westby and Lady Perceval, Mrs. and the Misses Pim, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Palliser, Dr. T. W. and Mrs. Parkinson, Miss Palliser, Mrs. Montague Pym, Mr. J. A. Peacock, Mrs. A. S. Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Reeves, Mr, Mrs. and Miss Radcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. George Rhodes, Mr. W. R. Russell, Mr. J. S. Ross, Mr. C. H. Reynolds, Mrs. Arthur Rawson, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Richardson, and the Misses Richardson, the Countess of Seafield, Mr. and Mrs. Statham, Miss Sutton, Mr. E. P. Spooner, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stead, Miss H. Saunderson, Mr. L. B. Stringer, Mrs. George Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Green Thompson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Taylor, Hon. Chas. Hill Trevor, Mrs. and the Misses West, Mr. J. H. Witheford, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Woodroffe, Mr. and Miss Wright, Capt. and Mrs. Weston, Mr. and Mrs. Fabian Ware, Dr. Wollaston, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. White, Mr. and Mrs. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Lightfoot, Rev. and Mrs. Lucas.

Finley Peter Dunne, author of "Mr. Dooley," is an occasional visitor at a certain academy not far from New York. On a recent visit there he was accompanied by a well-known banker, who, being impressed by the beautiful surrounding country, suggested that they should take a walk the next morning at six o'clock.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Dunne, "but I never walk in my sleep."—"Lippincott's."

Books and Bookmen

THE LONG ROAD: John Oxenham (Methuen's Colonial Library).

There is, or was on view a few weeks ago, at the Grafton Gallery, London, a collection of pictures painted by a Russian artist, Alexander Borissoff. These pictures are said to depict with marvellous skill and fidelity the life and colour of the desolate tundra, or great mossland of Northern Siberia, a land that, humanly speaking, is totally uninhabitable nine months of the year, and an undesirable place to inhabit the other three. And the artist, revelling in the wonderfully luminous colour to be seen there, is said to be impatient to return to the contemplation and depiction of nature, as seen by him in that most desolate of regions—Nature, inconceivable by the dwellers in torrid or temperate climes. But it is feared that one day, owing to the horrors, privations and dangers inevitable to his environment, his life will pay the forfeit. In "The Long Road," Mr. Oxenham has deported his hero ("Stepan Iline") from the Steppes of Siberia to this desolate tundra, there to regain the mental balance lost by reason of the great injustice, indignity, and the gross cruelties suffered by him at the hands of "Paschkin," Governor of the Province of Irkutsk. "The Long Road" is a story of heroism beyond compare, of sufferings unmerited and unendurable, of man's cruelty, so subtle as to be worthy of the Arch-fiend himself. And all rendered futile by love.

"Ivan Iline," Stepan's father, had been forced to march along "the long road" to Siberia for the enormous crime of snuff-taking. As was usual, the exiles were entirely dependant for food and shelter on the charity of the peasantry of the villages along the line of route, and Stepan's strongest impressions of the fearsome journey, being only a little lad, were of the seemingly endless presence of sticky, slimy mud, the pangs of hunger, and his mother's intense fear of wolves.

It was then, too, that he grew familiar with the long melancholy howl of starving wolves. And that, curiously enough, and yet quite comprehensibly, stirred him not to fear but to childish anger; for his mother, who was brave in the dark, and cared nothing for the icy mud—so far as he could see, at all events—shivered at sound of the wolves till her teeth chattered, and she went in dread of them all day and all night.

And at such times little Stepan would forget his frozen feet and fingers for the moment, and would say boldly, "Don't be afraid, little mother. If the wicked wolves come, I will kill them!"

And as the wolves never came near enough for Stepan to kill them, it was hatred and anger he felt for them, but no fear. And that which was in him as a boy was in him as a man.

Passing through Selemsinsk, a village about 400 miles from their final destination, a halt was made for the purpose of obtaining food and shelter for the night; and Stepan's parents, being last, were refused the former, not from lack of charity, but because the peasants' own scanty supplies were exhausted. Turning away, Stepan felt something slipped into his hand, and on looking down found it to be a freshly-baked cake. When halfway through it he heard the giver soundly rated for having given away her own supper, which could not be replaced. Stepan immediately offered the remainder of the cake to the little girl, its giver, but "Little Katenka" (the Russian diminutive of Katia), refused it, instinct telling her that Stepan's need was greater than her own, and went supperless to bed. Stepan never forgot the gift or the giver. And there and then was sown the tiny seed of love that afterwards flourished so mightily in the heart of Stepan. When the exiles reached their final destination (Irkutsk) they found things tolerably comfortable "Dolgourof" being the Governor of that province, who was, contrary to precedent, tolerant and easy going, and Iline, being a first-class workman, quickly found abundant employment and soon became noted far and wide for the excellence of the agricultural implements he forged, and by his fame as a shoer of horses. Profiting by his former experience he was careful to say and do nothing likely to arouse the cupidity or the suspicion of the official powers, living very modestly, in spite of the fact that he was now what is known as a very "warm man," and paid the heavy taxes levied on him without a murmur. Stepan by this time had grown up to young manhood, and so good a son was he that the only drop in his mother's cup that was not all sweet was Stepan's disinclination to marry and give her a grandchild to dandle in her arms. Then Dolgourof died, and Paschkin came to reign in his stead.

And so, when Dolgourof died, they sent Paschkin to Irkutsk, with orders to whip his province into the paths of virtue, and the full and prompt payment of its dues by any means he deemed fit. And the job was to his liking.

He had been holding down the Khirgish Tartars, and before he had done with them the Tartars, whatever their original beliefs on the subject, were convinced of the existence of a personal devil, and their devil was known by the name of Paschkin.

Worried mothers quieted their children by threats of Paschkin.

"Stop it, or I'll send thee to Paschkin!" never failed to reduce a howl to a whimper, and a whimper to terrified silence.

"Paschkin get thee!" became the direst imprecation a man could hurl at his enemy.

He was that Paschkin who kept his knouts steeped in brine in their short intervals of rest; that Paschkin who had not scrupled to knout women naked; that Paschkin who valued a man's life at one-tenth that of a horse; that Paschkin who had proved himself able to keep order in a province when other men had failed.

That he still lived, in spite of his brutalities, says something for his tenacity and courage, if little for the mettle of his subjects. No man ever qualified more fully for sudden extinction than did his Excellency: and yet he lived, and dealt out death all about him with liberal hand and in strange and terrifying fashions, and all men trembled before him.

He was said to be an acknowledged offshoot of the royal tree. He had pushed his head up through the mud that surrounded the throne, and his rapid promotion gave colour to the report. He made his way by sheer bull-force of will and absolute heedlessness of life—his own or any other's. He ran amok with life, and life gave way before him.

If not—as the Tartars believed—the arch-fiend himself, he was undoubtedly at times possessed of many devils. He had a mania—one among many, and all alike detestable for odd and terrifying forms of punishment. He buried recalcitrant Tartars up to their necks in the sand, and galloped his Cossacks over them. He put them in holes head downwards, with their feet sticking out, and sent his men to tent-pegging with their lances at the writhing feet. And when the wine worked off sooner than he had anticipated, and he lay awake of a night, he spent the time, pleasantly and profitably, devising new vexations for his people.

His own way, wine, horses, and women—those were his objects in life in their proper order. Any thing or body who came in between was clearly marked for destruction.

When the men of Irkutsk heard that Paschkin was coming, they shook in their boots. And some, whose thumbs pricked unduly, took warning thereby, gathered up their gear, and moved on into the wilderness while yet there was time. Nature at its savagest seemed to them preferable to Paschkin.

Under Paschkin's guiding rule Ivan Iline walked warily, kept a quiet face and silent tongue, and paid his share of the increased taxes. But it would have required a subtler man than Iline to have escaped the notice of Paschkin, and before he had been in the province a week he had named Iline a member of his council, a dignity dreaded by every citizen of Irkutsk, as leading, sooner or later, to violent death. Visiting Iline's forge one day, Paschkin sees Stepan, and gives him a commission to execute for him. The commission, not at first to the young man's liking, proved to be the turning point of his life. Reaching the village some 400 miles from Irkutsk, he found it to be the identical village where he had received the cake, and on reaching the home of the horse dealer to whom he had been sent, came face to face with little Katenka, now named "Katia." The author's account of the meeting, and the brief, ardent wooing, ending in the marriage being consummated before leaving Selemlinsk for the homeward journey, is delightful reading. The commission executed, even to the tyrant's satisfaction, things went along as smoothly as things could under Paschkin's rule, Iline being careful not to arouse the demon in Paschkin, though often put to it sorely. But one unlucky day, when the non-arrival of a convoy carrying revenue from some silver mines was being discussed at the Council, Iline ventured to respectfully hint that the delay was an unavoidable one, upon which Paschkin gives him the hideous task of proceeding to Versinsk, where the convoy had started from, and hanging as many of the principals of the mines as the convoy was days overdue. Paschkin further insisted on the heads being brought back to him." A hideous task, full of risks, those of the road the smallest. But there was no escape from it. Departure held chances. Refusal was tantamount to a death warrant." In a more civilised country, where natural feelings could be allowed fair play, death would have been infinitely preferable. Iline departed, to the grief of his family which now included a baby "Katenka," and was never again heard of. How or where he died was never known. Stepan, by order of Paschkin, traced him part of the way, and there all trace of him disappeared as completely as though he had never been. On Stepan reporting the failure of his search, Paschkin asked him if he had performed the task his father had been sent to perform, and, on Stepan answering that he had not thought of it, dismissed him contemptuously as a dull, stupid fellow. But shortly afterwards, finding reason to alter this opinion, he made Stepan also a member of his hated Council, and on the convoy again becoming overdue unavoidably, set Stepan the task his father failed in. But Stepan strongly objected, both to the task and the time given him to perform it in. Upon which, Paschkin persuades himself that Stepan is a dangerous fellow and a menace to his power and determines to punish him in such fashion as shall serve as a lesson to the remaining members of his Council. "To this end he drank much wine," and evolved a fiendish idea after idea, and at last, in the dead of night, an idea came to him. Ten days to go, five to do the hanging and decapitating, and ten to return, had been the limit set by him to perform the horrible task; well knowing that the road, owing to the flooded state of the country, was well nigh impassable. Ten days for the journey had been the point in dispute, and ten should figure in his punishment. When Stepan reached Versinsk he found that a messenger from Paschkin had reached there two days before, leaving documents for him. On opening them he found the following decree:—"It is decreed that the within named, Stepan Ivanovitch Iline, may travel where he will within the bounds of Siberia within the province of Irkutsk, but that he shall not be allowed to remain or reside in any one place for a longer period than ten days upon any condition whatsoever. It is enjoined upon the police to execute this decree with the utmost stringency." "It was not the flagrant injustice of it that hit him hardest. Life under the rod inures one to injustice. It was not the decree of exile, the breaking up of his home, the ruin of his prospects. These things were too common to excite surprise. Siberia was wide. All governors were surely not Paschkins. Very slowly a dull comprehension of it all oozed through the tangle of his thoughts. Homeless, henceforth, until he died! A perpetual wanderer! Summer and winter, well or ill, living or dying, he must always be on the road. Friendless, too! For how could any man, so driven, make friends? And what of Katia and the little Katenka? His heart died within him at thought of them. Before God, it was too much that any man should live to break his fellows like this." Before leaving his home he had resolved to get away from Irkutsk if possible, out of the reach of Paschkin, but this decree nullifying the passports he carried made this now impossible. To the former end he had arranged with Katia (his mother had died broken-hearted soon after his father's disappearance) how to dispose of his affairs, and where she would find an address to join him. And that she might be able to do this was now his only hope. During his wanderings he rendered a great personal service to an old Jew pedlar, "Peter Krop," who, in gratitude, provided him with the means to trade. A friendship sprang up between them, and the Jew, by dint of much bribery, at length contrived to get news of Katia, and finally, after eleven weary months, the married lovers were reunited. During these months Stepan, in his spare time, had built a house on wheels, so that his loved ones might travel with him.

During the midday halts, and in the long winter evenings, when the journeys were short, he wrought out his ideas bit by bit, sawing and planing, and shaping and fitting, with careful hand and cunning device, working all his heart a hunger into the little structure, and withal many a loving thought of these he hoped to see occupying it before long. It took much planning, and many months of steady, hard work, before he had all the parts complete and ready to be put together. And then he went on one of his journeys as far as Krasnoiarsk, and stopped there his whole ten days, while Ivan Narasoff, the famous builder of tarantasses, finished the work according to his carefully thought-out ideas.

It was the most wonderful contrivance that country had ever seen, and Ivan and his men scratched their heads nearly bald, and gaped to danger point at the strange things they were called upon to compass by Stepan's directions.

And when it was finished the people came from far and near to see it, and to gape and scratch their heads also. The general impression prevailed that it was a travelling church, or a carriage for the conveyance of holy images. And so, in sooth, it was, but not of the kind they thought, for what holier images may any man carry with him than his wife and child?

It was built on a broad, wooden platform, and the superstructure was light, but strong and roomy. It contained a table, and seats against the walls, and cupboards and shelves. And smoother bed than the floor no one need wish, when its asperities were softened by hay-filled mattresses.

A window of thin-shaved horn at the back gave a certain light, but the front door above the horses' backs would give both light and air, and a knee-high barrier there would furnish both a seat for the driver and a safe place of observation for a pair of merry blue eyes below a sun of yellow curls and a cotton skull cap.

The wheels were broad and strong to combat rock and mud, and when the snows came they could be unshipped and replaced by runners. Oh, it was all most marvellously contrived, and the wonder it excited astonishment in Narasof and his men! They built the best tarantasses in all Siberia, but they built with hand and brain, and very much more than those common things went to the making of Stepan's travelling church.

Stepan's astonishment and delight may be imagined when he found that a "baby Stepan" had been added to his entourage. "Of that meeting how shall any man properly tell? How they laughed and how they cried. How they clung to one another, as though defying any earthly power to part them again for ever."

The Altai mountains are very beautiful at that time of year; but had they been the starkest desolation they would still have been heaven to these newly wedded souls, for we make our own heavens and carry them with us where we will.

Governor Paschkin's decree hung lightly upon the travellers, and gave them as yet no cause for concern. Life, as though to make up for the breaks and shallows of the past, flowed smooth and deep, and their love reached heights it had never known before.

Day after day they wound slowly up among the hills, a little wandering microcosm of rude, distilled happiness.

But fate had not done her worst with them. Forced to leave the shelter of a town while a terrible snow-storm was impending, they are snowed up for thirty-one days, Nature defying Paschkin's decree, during which time they are attacked by wolves, whom Stepan fought with axe and gun, Berserk-like, and repulsed. Hunger, too, assailed them, and they were glad to gnaw the leather of the harness. When the snow went Stepan went back to the town they had left to get a fresh supply of food and the aid his wife so needed, so seriously ill was she from exposure, fright and starvation. But it was refused them. So great was the fear of Paschkin, the official mind choosing to interpret the decree as not permitting Stepan ever to return again to any place he had hitherto spent ten days in. Then Katia died, and shortly after little Katenka, from lack of proper care and attention, and finally baby Stepan, who, too late, had been placed under the care of a kindly peasant woman. "Since Katia went the children had stood between him and much; and now the children were gone, and he stood face to face with that dreadful thing that filled all the place they had left." But his purpose never failed. "His gun was always oiled and loaded, his spear and axe were always edged for slaughter." The one and only fear he had was lest his enemy should escape by some other death than the one he held for him. "One blow he meant to give for Katia, one for little Katenka, one for baby Stepan," and here sanity would leave him. His opportunity came at last; stopping one day at a way-side inn he heard that Paschkin had that morning passed through on his way to St. Petersburgh, where he had been sent for to reduce to order a refractory regiment of Cossacks. Stepan

immediately set out across the steppes in pursuit, in spite of blinding snow. After some hours hard driving he sighted his quarry, and, as he sighted it, the well remembered howling of wolves burst upon his ears. Dashing forward, he came upon Paschkin's sledge, surrounded by wolves, the coachman seriously wounded, one horse half devoured, and the others wild with fear, while Paschkin who, with all his faults, was no coward, was beating the wolves off with his rifle. Stepan's first instinct was to fight the wolves. Berserk-like, he set to work, and in a short time had slaughtered them all. Then he turned to Paschkin and revenge. Discovering himself to Paschkin, who had forgotten him, he is about to kill him, when out of a bundle of rugs tumbled a little child, whom Paschkin, in a voice undreamt of for tenderness, called Katenka. And, looking at the child, Stepan fancied he saw a likeness to his own little Katenka, and his arm fell powerless by his side and vengeance was left to the God to whom "vengeance belongeth." Harnessing his own horses to Paschkin's sledge, he conveyed both he and little Katenka to safety and shelter, and then, not trusting Paschkin, returned across the steppes, taking with him two wolf cubs, left by one of the wolves he had slaughtered. Here he lost his memory, and wandered into the great moss-land, still carrying his weapons and accompanied by the cubs, whom he had tamed. His brain benumbed, the isolation mattered nothing to him. Instinct led him to build a hut for shelter; flint and steel he had always carried, and the time being summer, food and fuel were fairly plentiful. But the time came when moss became his only means of sustenance. A terrible storm one day swept his hut away, he only escaping with his life by lying prone on the ground, his wolves escaping to the nearest thicket. Instinct again made him build, this time so strongly and cunningly that the new hut defied the elements. In it he built a tiny fire-place, and stored fuel. Finding the raw moss unpalatable, he, after many attempts, constructed an earthen pot, in which to cook the moss, only just in time, as the day before he and his wolves had eyed each other greedily. "But man and beast were spared that extremity. Lying one day in total darkness he was conscious of a wonderful change in the sky.

For, of a sudden, and in a strange and solemn silence, the rim of the northern darkness began to pulse with tremulous hints of that which was to come, as though some great quivering heart of light was travailing into life down there in the dark.

Then, gathering force, the throbbing glow took shape in a nebulous haze, which rose and brightened till the top of it was a luminous arch, and from the arch streamed wavering tongues of fire, of colours innumerable, and of radiance unsurpassed. Now they were all bloodred, and now they were vivid blue, and now lightning yellow. Then, in a moment, the wavering flames all mixed as though a mighty breath had swept across them, and green and violet and orange quivered into the upper darkness and dyed the snow fresh colours every second. Then, as quickly, the blending hues shone dazzling white; and again each darting tongue flashed all the various tints throughout its length from base to tip, red at the base, and yellow at the tip, and all the rest fluttering along it from end to end in strange fitful pulsations.

So, for hours, the mighty spectacle played above him, and he, enthralled and spellbound, lay on his face in fear, and only dared to look up now and again, wondering dimly what it all might mean.

But they dance to some strange music, these mysterious lights? It seemed to him there must be music, but his dulled senses could not catch it. He strained his ears and forced it breathe, and at times it seemed to him that he came very near to hearing it, and he thought it was like the singing of swinging bells - golden bells and silver bells.

And then, at last, the dancing lights waxed to their highest, and gathered in a luminous coronal above the arch, and slowly died away, and left the dark world the darker for their having been.

He crept back into his lair full of tears of what might follow. But nothing broke the silence of his dim world, and he was filled with wonder and amaze, and as he lay in the darkness he saw the tongues of fire still quivering through his closed eyes, and in his ears was the singing of the bells.

He had no knowledge to bring to the matter, nothing but a vague, awe-stricken wonder; but, in some dim way, it seemed to him that God was in it, and his soul was strangely stirred.

The long arctic winter went on, and Stepan's mental condition improving little by little, a chance accident—the saving of a reindeer from devouring wolves - set him thinking to such good purpose that his memory returned to him, and the thing he most remembered was his love for his parents, and Katia, and his children. And the curse passed. And one day, memorable to him always, he found that daylight had returned to the land, and he threw himself on his knees and thanked God for it, taking it as a sign that God had not forgotten him. With his return to sanity he longed for human companionship, and the winter having passed, he set out for the haunts of men. Coming across a party of Samoyedes, with whom he made friends, and gentle and manly as always, won their confidence, teaching them also out of the knowledge of his own superior civilisation, and becoming a willing slave to their women and children. He grew passing rich in reindeer, and furs, and skins, increasing the wealth, too, of the friendly Samoyedes by protecting them from the rapacity of the traders to whom they sold their skins. Then he began to long for news of Krop, and one day set out for his old haunts, regretted sorely by his Samoyede friends. Krop is delighted to see him, and, shortly afterwards dying, left the whole of his wealth to Stepan. The rest of Stepan's life was spent in travelling over the old ground. "He died as he had lived, on the road. And, literally, on the move.

For one day the sweet-toned bells rang out his coming, and the children ran to greet the white-haired old man with open arms and shouts of merry laughter, and for once he did not answer them. They trooped along beside the house on wheels in murmuring surprise, till their elders came and stopped the horses, and climbed inside, and found him lying dead, with a smile on his face; and, in the breast of his sheepskin coat, a little white owl, which blinked feebly and pecked remonstratively at those who, for his own good, drew him gently out. But the wolves which used to frolic in front of the horses were gone, and they were never seen again.

He had turned his horses towards Cherusk when he felt the end coming, and they buried him out on the hillside by the side of those he loved.

But the little white brother lived on in that village for many years, cared for by all, and died at last full of wisdom and honour. And the boy who would have dared to throw stick or stone at Stepan Ilme's little white owl would have repented the deed in sackcloth and ashes, and would not have sat down in comfort for very many days.

And the mothers of that country still tell to wide-eyed little Katenkas and Stepans the stories they heard from their mothers, which they again heard from their mothers, and they from theirs —as far back as you please—of the strange, good Stepan Ilme, who travelled the land in a house on wheels, with two gaunt brown wolves bounding before him, and a little white owl on its perch inside, and never stopped anywhere, yet brought a blessing wherever he went.

Mr. Oxenham is greatly to be congratulated on his treatment of a subject that in less competent hands might easily have degenerated into mere sensational narrative. The story is founded on absolute fact, the details worked in with such veracious knowledge of the condition of things in Russia as is known to be, and, as conceived by Kipling, in the lines—

"And each in his separate star,
Shall paint the truth as he sees it,
For the God of Things as they are."

A more heroic creation was never conceived by author than this creation of Stepan Ilme. And the leaven that leavens the whole book is love, triumphant alike over sin, suffering and death. The reader will scarcely be able to contain his indignation that such a state of things can be in any country not purely barbarian. And the system of autocracy which alone is responsible for this terrible state of things, is doomed. The spectacle of its autocrats and bureaucrats living in insensate luxury and power, ought not to be tolerated by a civilised world, while its thinkers and patriots are treading with torn and blistered feet "the long road" that leads to this modern "Gehenna." Stronger things might be said, written and done, except for the feeling that prevails amongst right minded people that evolution is better than revolution, though less speedy. Meantime, the people of Russia are stilling the anguish of centuries and crying, "How long, oh Lord, how long?"

DELTA.

HINTS ON TRAINING.

The latest number of Spalding's Athletic Library, issued by The British Sports Company, Limited, 2, Hind Court, Fleet-street, London, is volume 2, No. 16, entitled "Athletic Training for Schoolboys" by George W. Orton. The author is a Canadian, and despite the fact that he was paralysed in his right arm, was champion of America at every distance from one mile to 10, on one occasion beating the world's record-holder, Tommy Conneff. He is the only Canadian who ever won an English distance championship, and also the only Canadian who won a world's championship in a distance event, winning the Steeplechase Championship of England in 1897 and the Olympic Steeplechase Championship at Paris in 1900. In this book he gives general ideas on training, and then takes up separate branches of athletics, such as sprinting from the hundred to the quarter, the distance events from 880 yards, cross country, running the hurdles, high and long jumps, pole vault, shot, hammer, and discus. Over forty full-page photos illustrate the text and explain in detail the different correct styles for each branch of track and field athletics. A book worth perusing by the expert as well as the novice, and it can be had at the low price of sixpence.

To Follow "The Mikado."

Having interdicted "The Mikado" in order to please the Japanese, the Government, it is rumoured, intend to continue to censor our dramatic literature, remarks a facetious London paper.

No further preformance, it is understood of "Hamlet," either with or without scenery, will be allowed, since it is felt to be a serious affront to the Danish people to suggest that the throne of their country was once occupied by a fratricide with, at the same time, a madman as the heir-apparent.

The inclusion of the following dreadful song in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore" will probably cause serious representations to be made to Mrs. D'Oyly Carte not to revive that work at the Savoy Theatre:—

Then our captain, e' ups, an' 'e sez, sez 'e,
"That chap we need not fear;
We can take 'er if we like—
She's certain for to strike,
For she's only a darned mounseer, d'ye see?
She's only a darned mounseer.

"An' to fight a French fal-lal is like a-hittin' of a gal;
It's a lubberly thing for to do.
And we, with all our faults,
Are hardy British salts,
While she's only a parley-voo, d'ye see?
A miserable parley-voo."

The Foreign Office feel that the entente cordiate would be no longer possible if this shocking ditty were again sung in the West End.

Strong representations have been received from China against the performance of "San Toy," the main objection being to the character of Yen How, the mandarin, whose six wives would lead the British public to imagine that the customs of Salt Lake City were common in the Celestial Empire.

Should Mr. Lewis Waller or any other actor-manager desire to revive "Henry V." the Government will insist that the Kaiser's feelings shall not be outraged by the inclusion of the lines giving the origin of the Salic Law, which, according to Shakespeare—evidently an ignorant hater of Teuton—was owing to "the dishonest manners" of German women.

The Italian Government have suggested that "The Merchant of Venice" gives an altogether unreliable account of Italian jurisprudence, and that "Romeo and Juliet" is a libel on Italian manners. Both plays, it is understood, will shortly be forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain.

It is also considered likely that in compliment to King Alfonso, "Carmen," with its absurd picture of the Spanish people, will not in future be performed at Covent Garden.

A comittee of Scotch Radical members has been formed to prevent any further performance of "Macbeth." the idea that a Scot-man of eminence should take counsel with witches being most obnoxious to the people north of the Tweed, and strong representations are being made to the Colonial Office by a number of leading Australian aborigines to delete the libellous character of Jacky from "It's Never Too Late to Mend."

Nearly a hundred dramas on the subject of Nihilism will be forbidden in order to please the Russian Government and make an alliance with that country possible.

"I have a splendid ear for music," said the complacent young man.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne regretfully, "but you don't sing with your ear."

Some years ago M. Berthelot, the great French scientist whose death is announced this week, made a remarkable speech at the banquet of the Syndical Chamber of Chemical Product Manufacturers, taking for his subject, "The World in the year 2000." Here is an extract:—

When energy can be cheaply obtained food can be made from carbon taken from carbonic acid, hydrogen taken from water, and nitrogen taken from the air. What work the vegetables have so far done science will soon be able to do better, and with far greater profusion, and independently of seasons or evil microbes or insects. There will be then no passion to own land, beasts need not be bred for slaughter, man will be milder and more moral, and barren regions may be preferable to fertile as habitable places, because they will not be pestiferous from ages of manuring. The reign of chemistry will beautify the planet. There will under it be no need to disfingre it with the geometrical works of the agriculturist, or with the grime of factories and chimneys. It will recover its verdure and flora.

The earth, in fact, M. Berthelot added, "will be a vast pleasure garden, and the human race will live in peace and plenty."

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Here and There

"Never Seen the Fear of Death."

This is a remarkable testimony for a medical man to make, yet it is made by Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs, writing in "Fry's Magazine" on Health and Happiness, a propos of the death-roll due to earthquakes. He says:—"As for the fear of death, I must confess I have never seen it. I have heard men in health protest such fear, but once within the margin of the true shadow and all fear disappears. Someting happens, either spiritually or physically, which may make the approach of death almost a satisfaction. It would seem paradoxical, perhaps, to say that death appears to become an inevitable incident of life which has in its central issues a kind of wondering curiosity. But in those cases in which the intellect remained clear, I have seen this mental attitude so strong that it has overmastered fear and annihilated all apprehension. Men, of course, find peace by various ways and means till they reach the edge of the shadow—once within it and the peace is there without the asking."

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The Old Blue—What Becomes of Him?

The life-work of the men who row in the 'Varsity Boat Race is classified in a very interesting paper which Mr. Barnard C. Carter contributes to "C. B. Fry's." He remarks that the river has given no Prime Minister to Britain, but has given a Prime Minister to France in the person of W. H. Waddington, who was No. 6 for Cambridge in 1849. In fifty years of boat-races only some half-dozen members became exclusively politicians, most of whom came from Cambridge. Mr. R. McKenna, who has just succeeded Mr. Birrell as Minister of Education, is the only old Blue on record who has become a Cabinet Minister of Great Britain. He rowed for Cambridge in 1887. Lord Ampthill, recently Acting Viceroy of India, rowed in the Oxford boat thrice. Mr. Carter says the old Blue frequently turns out a fine lawyer, and observes that of all the learned professions the law includes the most athletic men. In fifty years of the Boat Race, Mr. Carter counts 81 lawyers—31 Oxford, 50 Cambridge. But perhaps the most surprising fact disclosed by Mr. Carter is the proportion of the old Blues who adopt the Church as their profession. In the fifty years ending 1881, of the 243 that had rowed for Oxford no fewer than 108 became clergymen, and of the 242 Cambridge Blues 80 were afterwards clergymen; so that of 485 old oarsmen 188, or 38 per cent, became clergymen. So the facts may be summarised in the absorption of Blues—Church is first, law a distant second, and the rest nowhere. In the first Boat Race, in 1829, every man in the Oxford boat, with one doubtful exception, became a clergyman.

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Housekeeping by Electricity.

H. W. Hillman describes in "Good Housekeeping" "the electric day" which habitually proceeds in his household. The maid is awakened by the milkman, and finding it time to get up she turns on the switch at the head of the bed which puts into operation the electric porridge-pot in the kitchen, which is also a combination water boiler. By the time she is dressed and ready to go to the kitchen the water for the coffee is boiling. In the electric coffee percolator it becomes delicious coffee. In seven or eight minutes the coffee is ready for the table. The cereal and coffee being arranged, the switch for the frying-pan is turned on, and in one minute bacon and eggs are frying. "Ironing day" has been abolished. It requires but a few hours to finish ironing with the electric flat-iron. The maid turns on the flat-iron switch, and in three or four minutes starts to iron. To cook the boiled dinner a large four-quart electric kettle is employed, which, together with the potato-steamer and other utensils, gives the electric outfit the appearance of a full-fledged cooking equipment commonly used with coal and gas ranges. For a roast dinner the oven is turned on, being regulated by a three-heat switch. In fifteen minutes the device is ready for work. A fourteen-pound turkey has been admirably cooked in this electric oven. For breakfast the aluminium gridiron and electric broiler may be used instead of the electric frying-pan. After lunch callers are received in the music-room, which is then heated by luminous radiators. The electric dining-room table is fitted with electric wiring receptacles and switches suitable for operating two or three devices, such as coffee percolators, chafing dishes or water boilers for serving tea. The sewing-room has an electric motor attached to the machine, and a small nickel-plated flat-iron ready at a moment's notice for use. All the wardrobes are supplied with electric light, with switches outside the door. There is also an electric shaving mug. The writer says that the cost will no doubt be greater than if coal or gas were used, but that is more than compensated for by cleanliness and ease of manipulation. There are also electric cigar-lighters, heating pads, percolators, curling-irons, shaving-mugs, baby milk-warmers, etc. Electric kettles vary in price from 24s. to £3 15s. The cost of an electric oven will vary from £10 upwards. The writer adds that there is not the slightest danger to be apprehended from the use of electricity.

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Harnessing the Sun.

The Phaethon of modern science, not content with harnessing Niagara, is bent on deriving "e'en from the chariots of the sun" the power needed for terrestrial industry. In the "Strand" Mr. A. R. Dolling discusses "Problems Science has almost Solved." He quotes the late Professor Langley, who said that from every square yard of earth exposed perpendicularly to the sun's rays there could be derived more than one-horse power. So in less than the area of London, the noontide heat of a moderately sunny day is enough to drive all the steam engines in the world. He quotes Mr. Tesla, who said:—"I hope some day, with an apparatus I have invented, so to harness the rays of the sun that that body will operate every machine in our factories, propel every train and carriage in our streets, and do all the cooking in our homes, as well as furnish all the light that man may need by night as well as by day. It will, in sort, replace all wood and coal as a producer of motive-power and heat and electric-lighting. His idea is simple enough, consisting, as it does, of concentrating the heat of the sun on a focal point by a series of mirrors, and magnifying glasses, and the great heat so produced is directed upon a glass cylinder filled with water. This latter is chemically prepared, so that it rapidly evaporates into steam. The steam is made to operate a steam engine, which, in turn, generates electricity. This electricity is received by storage batteries, and a vast and cheap supply is generated for all purposes. With thousands of these sun-stations dotted about here and there, the whole industrial problem would seem to be solved for mankind." The solar effective temperature is reckoned by Sir William Siemens at no less than 3000 degrees Centigrade.

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How to Study the Piano.

To the "Strand Magazine" Mr. Paderewski contributes his views on the best way to study the piano. Naturally, the first requisite to make an artistic performer is a natural musical gift, but to it must be added energy and an inclination for hard work. All important is the choice of a thorough teacher, whose directions the student should follow absolutely. In studying the piano, as in studying anything else, the thought must be applied directly to the work. A future professional is advised to devote four hours daily to practice, an amateur two. The chief thing is always to take up the study as a serious matter, and not as mere pastime. Technical equipment, it is stated, includes everything—not dexterity alone, but touch, tone, rhythm, precision, and correct pedalling. Some pianists fail because they lack one or more of these factors. At least one hour daily should be devoted to the acquirement of finger dexterity. The student is recommended to begin with five-finger exercises and scales, playing them very slowly, legato, with deep touch, and paying the greatest attention to the passing of the thumb under the hand or of the hand over the thumb. Directions are given for the position of the hand. Thick fingers are understood to acquire the best touch. Those with thin fingers have to work hard to obtain a good touch. The ability to produce a legato requires not only careful fingering, but a judicious use of the pedal. In playing quick scales Mr. Paderewski counsels the use of the pedal on the unimportant central portion to give brilliance and colour. Relaxation—that is to say, a thoroughly natural ease of attitude—should be fixed before even the study of technique is begun.

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Small Pegs for Small Talk.

If you expect to fail, you will.

A promise kept is a settled debt.

'Tis a wise man that knows himself.

Hope is invariably a man's last asset.

It is easier to tie a knot than to untie it.

It is harder to do nothing than to do something.

Silence is better than a speech to no purpose.

Good wine is not always kept in good barrels.

A guilty conscience never finds a comfortable bed.

Ability is a poor asset when coupled with indolence.

The greater part of a man's hero-worship is wasted on himself.

Nothing makes a woman look old so much as trying to keep young.

If you got everything you wanted, you wouldn't want anything.

Good luck loves a hard worker.

Flattery is the froth without the ale.

A man's chance lies in being himself.

A short post may cast a long shadow.

The devil always has a vacancy for the idler.

A clean carpet often covers dirty floor-boards.

Never kindle a fire that you can't extinguish.

Courage is ill-luck's most formidable opponent.

Good company makes a short cut to any destination.

The man who expects nothing will never be disappointed.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it has a deal of excitement.

Opportunity never knocks loud enough to awaken a sleeping man.

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London's Acid Enemy.

"It is estimated that the amount of sulphuric acid which falls on London buildings in a year is 500,000 tons," said Professor A. H. Church in the course of a lecture at the Royal Institution.

"This sulphuric acid is the chief enemy London's buildings have to fear. It is thrown out by coal and gas, and is very injurious to frescoes and stone.

"A few hundred weights of incrustations are hanging under the cornices of St. Paul's Cathedral which have been formed by sulphuric acid impregnated rain beating on the Portland stone above and then dripping on the cornice."

Verse Old and New

An Awakening.

I might have known
Her heart was metal, bone,
And stone!
Have I not told her oft enow
That she possessed a marble brow?
Have I not said time and again
Her tempting lips were rubies twain?
Have I not spoken more than once—
Love-blinded dunce!—
Of eyes that held the depth and fires
Of twin sapphires;
Of hair of gold spun into curls;
And teeth of pearls?
Have I not likened both her arms
To alabaster in their charms,
And her complexion sung right free
In terms suggesting ivory?
And did I not to questioning friends reveal
This maid I loved was true as steel?
I hate like sin
To think of what an ass I've been
To look for soft endearments from a lass
Who's in the marble, steel, and ruby class;
Whose locks are ore;
Whose eyes and teeth suggest a jewellery store—
I might have known
Her heart was metal, bone,
And stone.

II.

Next time I would dispose of this sore heart
I'll lay it down before some hall of art,
Or possibly, to keep myself from hurt,
I'll flirt
Outrageously
With some Carnegie library;
Or some vast office-building high,
With feet on earth and head up in the sky,
And hope to weather Hymen's tropic storm
With something far more warm
Than she who last night turned me down
With cold and ruby lips, and marble frown,
And shot forth ire
From each sapphire
Until I fled and wished with inward groan,
That I had known
Her heart was metal, bone,
And stone!

John Kendrick Bangs.

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Love's Coming.

She had looked for his coming as warriors come,
With the clash of arms and the bugle's call;
But he came instead with a quiet tread
Which she did not hear at all.

She had thought how his armour would blaze in the sun
As he rode like a prince to claim his bride;
In the sweet dim light of the falling night
She found him at her side.

She had dreamed how the gaze of his strange bold eye
Would wake her heart to a sudden glow;
She found in his face the familiar grace
Of a friend she used to know.

She had dreamed how his coming would stir her soul,
As the ocean is stirred by the wild storm's strife;
He brought her the balm of a heavenly calm,
And a peace which crowned her life.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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The Shepherdess.

The moon, a slim young shepherdess,
Lets down the cloudy hars,
And in the purple fields of night
Leads forth her flock of stars.

—Minnie Irving.

The Dream of Life.

The world is wide, and we are small,
And life is brief; when comes the call
To pass away and leave it all behind,
Our fruitful days full few may seem.
Or their swift course a hazy dream.
Yet through the mist some order we may find.

There is so little we can do,
Aye, though we strive a lifetime through,
Compared with that which must remain undone,
And yet so much that none need fear
Nor shrink, when harvest time draws near,
If he but do his best till set of sun.

So let us work and play
With right good will from day to day,
Nor seek to peer beyond the future's rim;
Some Architect of larger ken
Has shaped this world for simple men—
Mayhap 'tis well to leave results to Him!

—John Coleman.

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The Choice.

"Here are red roses and white, Beloved,
So choose, for now is the hour!
Wilt have the white or the red, Beloved,
Garlands of bud and flower?"

"The roses of Death are white, Sweetheart;
The roses of life are red;
Give me the roses of Life, Sweetheart,
And give the white to the Dead!"

"The roses of Life soon fade, Beloved;
The red leaves fall at a breath;
Wilt choose the roses of Life, Beloved—
Forfeit the roses of Death?"

"I choose the roses of Life, Sweetheart,
For now is my hour and day;
The roses of Death can wait, Sweetheart,
Till that time so far away."

"But the roses of Death are Life, Beloved,
When the roses of Life are Dead;
So choose white roses and Life, Beloved,
Not Death and the roses red."

—GWENDOLINE DAVIDSON.

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Get Into the Sunshine.

Get into the sunshine, get out of the dark,
Let into your being the sun's vital spark.
More brilliant than diamonds, more precious than gold,
Yet free to the beggar, the young and the old.

Get into the sunshine, get out of the mold,
Don't spend every moment in digging for gold.
Get out where sweet breezes refreshingly blow,
Get out mid the daisies, get out mid the snow.

Get into the sunshine of love and of truth,
And cast to the four winds the follies of youth.
Drink deeply and often nor fear the effect,
And wisdom and joy shall your footsteps direct.

Get into the sunshine, get out where there's hope,
No longer look inward and gloomily mope.
Gaze into the future with faith's gleaming eye,
And sorrow and darkness far from you will fly.

Get into the sunshine on this gladsome day,
Awake from your slumbers, up, up and away.
God's clear voice is calling to hilltop and plain,
And echoing over the blue-crested main.

By A. G. RIDDOCK.

Anecdotes and Sketches

"Q."

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch is a Cornishman who dearly loves his native soil. In spite of the adventurous character of most of his novels, he is a firm believer in the simple life, and in the picturesque village of Fowey he lives and works oblivious to the rush and turmoil of the cities. After leaving Oxford, where he earned a certain amount of fame as a versifier, Mr. Quiller-Couch came to London, determined to devote himself to a literary career in the metropolis. But after a few years the fogs and smoke began to get unbearable, and he returned to his beloved Cornwall, where he has remained ever since. The story of how he wrote his first novel—the novel that at once made his name—is extremely interesting. One day he went for a picnic on the beach with some friends, and the party came upon a curious rock marked with red streaks somewhat resembling bloodstains. "A story should be written about this rock," remarked one of the ladies, and that sentence was the stepping-stone to "Dead Man's Rock." When the work was completed its author was somewhat bashful of publishing it, but he was at last prevailed upon to do so under a *nom de plume*, and soon everyone was asking who could be the mysterious "Q." Mr. Quiller-Couch is a deep reader, and is much interested in politics. Apart from his literary work, however, his pet hobby is yachting, and in sailing around the beautiful coast of which he is so proud he enjoys some of his happiest hours.

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FROM PRIEMIER TO PRISON GOVERNOR.

Mr. Basil Home Thomson, who has just been appointed Governor of Wormwood Scrubs Prison in succession to Mr. Harry Gibson, has enjoyed a most diversified career. He is a son of the Archbishop Thomson of York, who used to lay such insistence upon the correct spelling of his name. Folk would so persist in spelling the name with a "p" that when the reverend gentleman was appointed to the archbishopric he appreciated the advantage of being able to drop his surname as much as the great honour accorded to him. "One is to a large extent mercifully delivered by being an archbishop," he used to say. His son, who is not so hypersensitive, was educated at Oxford, and after graduating held several appointments in the South Pacific Islands. He accompanied the High Commissioner, the late Sir John Thurston, from Fiji to Tonga, of which tropical fastness he became Prime Minister. "I heard the High Commissioner's announcement with rather mixed feelings," he wrote in his interesting book, "The Diversions of a Prime Minister." "To be at the age of twenty-nine elder brother to a monarch of over ninety does not fall to the lot of many, and new adventures are always worth undertaking." While in Tonga Mr. Thomson had many exciting experiences, and he still laughs when, in a retrospective mood, he thinks of the public accounts of the island. One item of £45 16s. 9d., which was particularly startling, was entered under the thrilling heading of "Assassination," which proved, on inquiry, to be the charge for repairing a state carriage after an ex-missionary who was riding in it had been shot at. After four years Mr. Thomson spent some time as Deputy-Governor of Dartmoor and Governor of Northamptonshire Prisons. Then he was sent once more to the South Pacific, so that he might make the Anglo-German Convention clear to the natives, a task he accomplished with great success. On his return he was the bearer of costly presents to Queen Victoria, including relics of Captain Cook, from the rulers of the South Pacific. Mr. Thomson, who has been Governor of Cardiff Gaol, is the author of "A Court Intrigue," "South Sea Yarns," "Savage Island," "Discovery of the Solomon Islands," and "Diversions of a Prime Minister."

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PROBABLY CATCHING.

A young matron upon entering her nursery, found her youngest in tears.

"Why, what's the matter with Harry?" she asked the nurse.

"He's mad, mum," explained Nurse, because I wouldn't let him go to the Simmonses' acrost the strate."

"And why wouldn't you let him go, Norah?"

"Because, mum, they're havin' charades so he said, an' I wasn't sure whether he'd had thim or not."—"Harper's Weekly."

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A MIXED VOCALIST.

A certain member of the village choir was the possessor of a powerful voice of great range, and to give it full scope he would often sing tenor, bass, and alto in the same hymn—sometimes in the same verse.

This annoyed the congregation to such an extent that the "meenister" felt a word of correction was necessary, and on meeting the culprit addressed him:

"Look ye here, Rory McSwan, aboot y're singing. If y're gaun ta sing tenor, sing tenor; or, if y're gaun ta sing bass, sing bass—but let's hae na mair o' y're shandygaff."

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HE FIXED THEM.

The mayor of a back-blocks town tells this story:

Among my constituents is a German butcher, an honest, square old fellow, but with all the stubbornness of his kind. One day he came to me very much excited and highly indignant.

"You should shtop id!" he sputtered. "Righdt avay! I don't like id, und I don'd shtand id no longer, yet!"

"What's wrong?" I asked.

He brought his fist down on the desk. "You know vere I liff? Yess? Righd along side dot United States (United Brethren) shurch; yess! und dot pell rings! Early in der morning dot tam pell rings righd ven I vants to schleep yet. I been up late der night perfore mit mine pusiness und in der morning early I vant to schleep und dot tam pell rings und vakes me up mit mine eyes open and I don'd schleep no more! You do someding! Yess?"

I explained to him that I could do nothing in the matter, and suggested he attend the offending church himself. He gave an angry snort.

"You don'd make 'em shtop? You don'd do nodding for me?" he demanded, seizing his hat.

"Den I do someding myselluf! I fix 'em!"

I warned him to be careful, but he went out, shaking his head and reiterating his threat to "fix 'em."

Some time later I happened to meet the old fellow, and was beckoned mysteriously to his side.

"Did you hear apoud id?" he inquired.

I had not heard about it, and said so.

"Dot shurch," he said, "undt dot tam pell. I fixed 'em! Ach! my! I fixed 'em! Dey don'd bodder me no more yet!"

"And what did you do?" I asked, fearful lest the foolish old fellow had made trouble for himself.

Making a trumpet of his hands, and standing on tiptoe to reach my ear, he answered, in a loud, exultant whisper, "I moofed!"

[COPYRIGHT STORY.]

The Luck of Gemsbok Laagte

By H. A. BRYDEN, Author of "Kloof and Karoo," Etc.

THEY were a merry party of cyclists, gathered together on a Sussex Common, under the shadow of the majestic South Downs. They had had tea at Wilmington village, strolled up to the little church, enjoyed the wonderful view from the peaceful churchyard, and had picked cowslips on the smooth, grassy slopes near the Long Man, that gigantic figure carved on the steep Wilmington downside, in ages long remote, by some rude people concerning whose origin even archaeologists are dumnb. And now the group, seven in number, had wandered down to the goose-haunted common again, to chat with an artist friend, who was painting a gipsy encampment not far from the four cross roads.

While they stood criticising the picture, and exchanging remarks with the artist, a young gipsy woman came up, and at once offered to tell the fortunes of any of the company. The necessary piece of silver being found, Hilda Mannering, one of the girls, was, after much persuasion and infinite laughter, induced to present her hand for inspection. The gipsy woman, in the approved patter of her tribe, and with much volubility, told the girl's fortune, describing the conflict of the fair man with the dark for her client's favour, and finally predicting, after a fortune, a death, and a long journey had intervened, the triumph of the fair-haired lover. Then, after vainly endeavouring to persuade any of the others of the group to try their luck with her, the gipsy retired to her caravan.

"I don't think much of that lady's accomplishments as a prophetess," remarked the artist, as he took up his palette again and turned to his picture. "But there is an old crone yonder, by the brown tent, who interests me amazingly. She is a genuine Romany of the old type, which one very seldom sees nowadays."

"All right," said one of three men, "we'll go and interview her."

They went across to the old woman, who sat by the red embers of a wood fire, close to the entrance of an ancient weather-tanned tent, in which, apparently, she made her sleeping place.

The old dame, who had the appearance of being at least seventy years of age, represented, as the artist had said, the true old gipsy type, which is now becoming very scarce in England. Her dark eyes, now sunken and faded, her withered skin, almost the colour of an African's or of a native of the East Indies, contrasted strongly with her grey hair and the yellow, green and red shawl drawn over her head. Something in her dark eyes and her features suggested irresistibly the type of Hindostan, from which country the true gipsies—miscalled Egyptians by our ancestors—originally wandered hundreds of years ago on that long trek which was eventually to land them in Eastern Europe.

"Mother," said one of the men, "we want you to tell a fortune for us."

The old dame shook her head and smiled a feeble, half-melancholy smile.

"Nay, my gentleman," she answered in a curiously dry, croaking voice. "I am too old and too worn out. My day is past for telling fortunes."

As she spoke her eyes ran attentively over the group before her, three good-looking girls, a comely young married woman, and three men, whose ages varied from three-and-twenty to four-and thirty. Her keen gaze was presently rivetted on one of the men, a dark, suntanned, broad-shouldered fellow of six-and-twenty, a young mining engineer, just home from the parched wildernesses and wild mountains of Mexico

"Stay," she said, "perhaps I am wrong. Do you, my gentleman, come and let the old gipsy look at your hand."

Ralph Bernard, for so he was named, stepped forward with a smile, and, sitting alongside the old crone, gave her his left hand.

The beldame scrutinised each feature of the young man's frank, keen, good-looking face with grave attention, and then gazed long and earnestly at his open palm.

"Yes," she said, half to herself. "There is something here. I'll try. It may be the last time Hester Cooper tells the future. Now be quiet all of you for a minute or two!"

The little company ceased their light chatter, and stood in silence before the ragged old woman, and the well-groomed, tweed-clad Englishman by her side. With her brown, wrinkled right hand she grasped his hand gently by the wrist. Then closing her eyes and covering them with her left hand she sat silent as a figure of bronze. For the space of a long minute she remained thus immovable. Then her lips opened.

"Your fortune, my gentleman," she said in odd, sententious tones, "has to do with a deer and a new land. I see before me a man—it is yourself—riding across a hot, dry country, on a great wide plain. You are riding hard, and there is a deer with long horns in front of you. It has a striped face, and is galloping fast—fast—fast. And now I see the deer lying dead, and you are off your horse with a gun in your hand. There is your fortune—I can see no more—no more—the picture is gone. But there—there is your luck—good luck it is—of that I am certain."

The old woman dropped Ralph Barnard's hand, removed her hand from her brow and opened her eyes.

"I can tell you no more," she said. "I am old and tired and worn out. But this I know," she went on earnestly, "you will have luck and plenty of it. And you will come home and be happy."

As she spoke these last words her eyes wandered, as if unconsciously, to the face of Hilda Mannering.

"Thank you, mother, for your trouble," said Ralph, kindly. He rose, put his hand into his pocket, took out two half-crowns from some loose silver, and put it into the ancient dame's hand.

"There's something for luck," he said with a pleasant, if somewhat doubting smile. "When I come back, if your tale is true, I'll do something more for you."

"Ah, my kind gentleman," she returned. "Bless you for your gift. 'Tis a good heart you've got and a pleasant face, and the good luck is to be yours, too. For me, you will never see old Hester Cooper again. But when the fortune is yours, if you ever come back to Wilmington Common, why, you can just do something for my folk here. You'll find them at Wilmington always in the spring of the year, when the cowslips are flowering at the feet of the Long Man yonder."

"That's all right," said Ralph Barnard with a cheery laugh. "If ever I do come into my fortune, as you prophesy, I shall not forget you. I'll come out here and look up your people and do something for them. It's an easy promise; I only hope I may have to fulfil it."

They all bade good-bye to the old crone, and then amid a good deal of laughter, and some chaff at Ralph Barnard's expense, got their cycles and journeyed on to the Michelham Priory, and thence back to Eastborne by Hailsham.

Two years had elapsed. Ralph Barnard was now in South Africa. Instead of returning to Mexico as he had anticipated, after his run home to England, he had been whisked off by a turn of the wheel of a mining engineer's somewhat kaleidoscopic fortune in another direction, to report on some mineral properties far afield in Rhodesia. Thence, he had come down country, after eighteen months' hard work and excellent pay in the unkempt but lovely wilderness of Mashonaland. He was now resting a while in Kimberley, taking a careful survey of the diamond fields, and making himself acquainted with that singular formation in which the rarest gems in the world have their resting place. He had seen De Beers and its marvels, looked at Kimberley, Du Toits Pan, Bultfontein, and Wesselton Mines, run across to the rich Jagersfontein deposits in the Orange Free State, and watched the motley assortment of miners at work on the alluvial diggings along the Vaal River.

One evening at the Central Hotel, just before dinner, Ralph had run up against an old schoolfellow, who had been with him at Haileybury nine years before, just in from the veldt, hard, sun-burnt, and vigorous. The meeting had been a delightful one, and over an excellent dinner the two friends—for they had been great chums at school—renewed old days and exchanged their recent experiences. Jimmy Fielding had just come in from his cattle farm near Mosita, in British Bechuanaland, where for the last four years he and a brother of his had been making themselves a comfortable home and running stock with a fair amount of success. He was now in Kimberley for a few days to make various purchases required on the farm, and especially to order a light American windmill pump required for a new and permanent water supply on the driest and most distant part of their 12,000 acre run.

"And now, old chap," said Fielding to his friend, over their after-dinner smoke, by which time they had brought their careers and their doings almost completely up to date, "what are you going to do with yourself?"

"Well, Jimmy," returned Ralph Barnard, "I've finished my survey of diamonds, and the diamond industry. Some day I hope my experience will be useful to me. It's a wonderfully fascinating business. I think I shall now treat myself to a couple of months' holiday. I've had eighteen months of real hard work, and I've done very well for myself—much better than I did in Mexico. Gold and diamonds are better than silver, and this country is thoroughly awake and alive after its long sleep, which Mexico is not. I believe there are immense deposits of minerals—gold, diamonds, copper, iron, coal, and so forth—hidden away in South Africa, and only waiting to be discovered and opened up. I thought of taking a couple of months off and going up into the Kalahari, which nobody seems to look at. I can get some fair shooting there, and have a general look round. Where can I fit out a waggon from best? Mafeking, I suppose?"

"My dear chap," answered Fielding, eagerly, "I'm the very man for you. Your proposition just exactly fits in with my own ideas. Come up to our farm and have a look round there for a fortnight. I can give you lots of bird shooting and show you a fair amount of small buck. Then, I'll go with you to the Kalahari. We'll trek up towards Lehutitu, and you shall shoot koodoo, gemsbok, hartebeest, springbok, blue wildebeest, and perhaps—if we get far enough—eland and giraffe. I've long wanted to have a look at the inner Kalahari country—there's splendid ranching ground there—and we'll fit out my waggon and do the thing comfortably. I've got an excellent Vaalpens herdsman, who knows the country, and we'll have a real good time. You mustn't dream of saying no. You'll come, won't you?"

"Yes, Jimmy—" returned his schoolmate, looking into his friend's keen and excited face with a smile of amusement, "I see you're just as much an enthusiast as you were in the old days. Of course I'll come. When can we start?"

"Splendid," ejaculated Fielding. "I'll be ready in three days. You'll have to buy a couple of decent ponies; we'll get them on the morning market to-morrow or next day, and then we'll be off. What guns have you got?"

"A sporting .303," rejoined his friend, "a Gibbs .450, and a 12 bore shot gun. I've used them all in Mashonaland and they're all right."

"Right-o!" added Fielding. "You can't want a better battery. We'll get fresh ammunition and then—Hey! for the great Kalahari oh, with your gun and your rifle handy oh! Never was so pleased in all my life! My word, we shall have a royal time!"

In three days, as he had promised, Fielding had completed his business in Kimberley. They had secured a couple of excellent ponies, at £18 and £19 apiece respectively. Both of these were well broken to the gun; one of them had been in the hunting veldt, and they were both typical, hard-bitten South African nags, just in from the country, and in good condition. They trained up at Setlagoli, where Fielding's Cape cart and a pair of horses was awaiting him. Inspanning Ralph's new purchase, they drove their capital team of four through the pleasant country of British Bechuanaland for a couple of days, passing Mosita and its fair valley, and Kudunque Laagte and its crystal pool, until at length they reached the Fieldings' homestead. Here they were greeted by Jimmy's younger brother, Jack, in the heartiest fashion.

The life of the South African pastoral farmer is a quiet one, and a fresh face, especially when that face belongs to an old friend and schoolfellow, is a rare pleasure in the vast unpeopled solitudes of the wild veldt. And yet it is good for men to conquer nature and live thus in the wilderness—that is if they have the right stuff in them. Ralph Barnard recognised what nature and the open-air life, and, it must be added, their own natural grit, had done for his two schoolmates. It had made men of them. They could shoot and ride and plough, spoor lost stock, and break and span in oxen almost as well as Boers; they thoroughly understood stock; they had built and thatched—much of it with their own hands—a comfortable four-roomed homestead; broken rich ground in a valley

near, where they grow oats and mealies, and the fruit trees planted near the house, vines, peaches, oranges, apricots, and quinces, were prospering, some of them even already bearing fruit. The two brothers had in effect triumphed over the bulk of the difficulties that had originally beset them. They had got through the dread scourge of rinderpest with little loss, that was a stroke of luck, as they were the first to admit—and were now on the high road to prosperity. Markets were growing, and their stock fetched magnificent prices amid the general scarcity of trek and slaughter oxen.

After a most pleasant fortnight, spent on Springhaan Vlakte, for so some wandering Boer pioneer had first christened the place, Ralph and the elder Fielding trekked away for the Kalahari. They passed the big native town of Morokweng, and then, striking north-westward, crossed the dry bed of the Molopo, and entered upon the almost unknown spaces of the Kalahari. Here they enjoyed excellent sport.

One day they came across a troop of twelve gemsbok, those magnificent, long-horned antelope, from which, some say, the legend of the unicorn first sprang. The oryxes had a good start, and for half-a-dozen miles the chase swept on over the sea of rolling grass plain. Presently Fielding, who was the better mounted, galloped up to a heavy bull, now tailing, and brought him down. Ralph Barnard rode steadily on in the rear of the rest of the herd. He had, looking back, witnessed his friend's success. But his time had not yet come. He gazed anxiously ahead at the troop of great, ash-coloured antelopes that still held their lead. Would they never give in His pony still strode gallantly under him; but he was an eleven-stone-man; he rode 13 stone, even with hi slight .303 rifle, and the good beast could not compass more than a few more miles of veldt.

In another two miles he had urged his pony to within less than 100 yards of a magnificent cow, carrying the longest horns in the troop, and fired his shot. His bullet went true, but it struck the gemsbok too far back, hitting her in the ribs, instead of behind the shoulder. Still she was hit; she staggered visibly to the shot, but with the marvellous vitality of her desert-race, pressed on. The white slaver, stringing from her lips and flying across her shoulders, was now stained with red. Her gallop became more laboured, her race was run. She stayed on with marvellous stoutness for another three miles, and then, her pursuer having crept up within thirty yards, she halted suddenly, swung round in her tracks, and fronted him. With another bullet he laid her low. She was a magnificent specimen; her horns measured 45 inches—almost a record—and, as Ralph gazed, he could scarcely admire sufficiently her wonderful colouring and markings—vinous-ash, snow-white and black—and her noble proportions. Nearly three hours later the waggon arrived on the scene; Jimmy Fielding turned up with his trophy and a quantity of meat, mutual congratulations were exchanged, and the camp was formed for the night.

As luck would have it, the chase had led them into a laagte, or shadow valley, in which, long ages before, a stream had once flowed. Here a pool of water, the last remnant of the summer rains, stood in a hollow hard by. It was a wonderful find and their anxieties were at once removed. They cleaned and filled their barrels, the oxen and horses, the hunters enjoyed a delightful wash. They spent a merry evening by a blazing fire of Vaal bush and thorn timber; their men had a great feast of gemsbok meat; all was contentment.

When Ralph Barnard woke at dawn next morning he was astonished to hear the sound of strange voices. Looking forth from the waggon he saw other two waggons standing outspanned near. Many oxen were also grazing in the veldt around. The figures of men, women and children—manifestly those of Boers—were scattered about. Just then Fielding came up.

"Hallo, Jimmy!" exclaimed Ralph. "What the dickens does all this mean, and who on earth are these people?"

"Why, it's a rum thing that we should have run up against anbody in this desert," returned his friend. "But they're Trek Boers, returning from the Portuguese country beyond Ovampoland—Mossamedes way. They came up by Lake Ngami and are taking a short cut over the Kalahari. Poor devils, they've all had fever at Okavango, and some of the children are still down with it. Come and have a look at them."

Ralph scrambled out of his blankets, had a wash in a bucket of water, and walked with his friend over to the Boer encampment. They were a travel-worn lot, in truth. There were three families of them, sixteen souls in all, and all showed manifest signs of the fevers, privations, and hardships that they had passed through. One of the women, a troubled-looking but still strong and buxom vrouw, clad in a tattered gown and much bedraggled "kapje" (sunbonnet), came up to the Englishmen and asked them if they had any medicines by them. Two of her children suffered much from fever and were still down with it in the waggon. Ralph, as it happened, had an excellent stock of drugs among his kit. He at once fetched it, and won the heart of the careworn vrouw by handing her a supply ample for immediate wants and accompanying her to the waggon to administer the first dose and have a look at the children. He spoke a fair amount of Dutch, picked up in Ma-honaland, and made clear to the mother how and when the remedies were to be administered.

All that day and all the next the Trek Boers stood outspanned. They had got out their little chairs and waggon tables; their cocks and hens were picking up their food about the camp; even a cat and her kittens had survived the trek and were sunning themselves comfortably in the pleasant heat. The Englishmen supplied this motley party with various things which the poor travel-stained and spiritless folk lacked, meal, sugar, tinned milk, coffee and tobacco; godsends, indeed, after such a journey. Late in the afternoon of the second day the Boers in spanned and set forth again. They were desperately in haste to reach once more their beloved Transvaal, from which they had trekked with such high hopes years before. Just before they quitted the laagte Vrouw Cellier came across from her waggon to say good-bye and renew her thanks to Ralph Barnard for his gift of medicine. She had a dead fowl with her and a pair of horns. She pressed these upon the Englishman.

"You have been a good friend to me," she said. "I never knew you English folk could be so kind. It is little I can do in return. But here is my best fowl, which I have killed for you. You may like it for your supper to-night. And there is a pair of Water Koodoo horns, which my 'man thought you might like—Situtunga, the Lake Kaffirs call them; they are found only beyond the lake and are scarce buck."

Ralph expressed his thanks warmly. They shook hands and parted with real regret and the trekkers moved away south-westward.

"Not half a bad sort, was she, Jimmy?" said he, when they had gone. "Actually she made the discovery that there are as many as two decent English folk in the world." He picked up the dead fowl and began to pluck it.

"Jimmy," he went on, "I think we'll have chicken for supper to-night. This seems quite a good one, and it will be a bit of a change from game meat."

The feathers were at length all plucked.

"What a deuce of a crop the beggar has got," he continued. "I'll open it."

Taking out his knife, he did so, and found besides grain, seeds, and other items of food, some small pebbles mingled among them. One of these struck his fancy. It was a curious whitish-looking pebble, about the size of a large pea, and octagonal in form.

"By all that's precious, Jimmy," burst out Ralph, after looking hard at the pebble again, and turning it over and over in his palm, "here's a find! It's a diamond, and of fine water."

"Rats! old chap!" grunted his friend, rising, nevertheless, from his waggon chair and coming up. He took the stone and inspected it carefully and curiously. "Well," he said, "it might be a diamond. But how in the name of fortune could such a thing get here? It's impossible. Do you suppose that stone was swallowed lately?"

"That stone, old man," returned Ralph, in a deep, impressive voice, looking serenely at his friend the while, "was swallowed here, within the last two days. It's a diamond, absolutely, and where that came form there are more."

Suddenly some reminiscence flashed across his mind. He looked round about the camp, at the dry, spreading plains beyond the laagte, at the skin and horns of the gemsbok head, drying upon the rail of the waggon.

"By George!" he exclaimed, a wonderful change coming over his countenance, "the old gipsy woman was right. Her prophecy was a true one. Here is my luck, in this Laagte here. There is the deer with the striped face she spoke of—only it happens to be an antelope. Here is the very country she saw. Jimmy, I solemnly believe we've run our noses up against a big fortune!"

"I think you've gone clean daft, old chap," said Fielding, sedately.

Ralph explained. He told his comrade of the meeting with the gipsy woman, and of her curious prophecy. Still Fielding remained unconvinced, ironical, a mere scoffer.

But, in sooth, the old gipsy woman had foretold truly. Here, in this shallow laagte, lay a fortune for both of them.

On various pretexts they kept their natives servants out in the veldt, hunting, herding the oxen, and exploring the route in front of them for the next three days, during which they themselves made a complete exploration of the shallow valley—already they called it "Gemsbok Laagte"—in which they stood. Not only did they find plenty of indications of a diamondiferous formation—red sand, "yellow ground," surface shales, surrounding basalt, and so forth—but they found yet more diamonds, to the number of nine stones, varying in size from a buck-shot to a hazel nut. A mine was there beneath them, beyond all shadow of a doubt.

These events happened in the spring of 1899. The Boer War, in which Ralph Barnard and his two friends fought in the ranks of the Imperial Light Horse, intervened and stayed all further work at Gemsbok Laagte [illegible] long years. But in 1903 the Gemsbok Laagte Mine was thoroughly explored and opened up. Its riches have been fully proved by a powerful syndicate; the output of diamonds is already a considerable one; and the three friends—for Jack Fielding participated in his brother's half share of the good fortune—are already rich men. From only a small portion of his syndicate shares Ralph Barnard realised £30,000 in cash. Not only has fortune smiled on his affairs financially, but he has been able to persuade a certain fair girl—none other than Hilda Mannering—to share his future with him.

The old gipsy woman, Hester Cooper, who so strangely foretold the luck of Gemsbok Laagte, did not live to see her prophecy fulfilled. She died in the winter of 1901. But Ralph Barnard's promise to her has not been forgotten. One spring, when the cowslips bloomed again on the pleasant slopes below the Long Man of Wilmington, the gipsy family appeared with a very handsome new van, decorated in the most magnificent and resplendent style that the gipsy mind could conceive or suggest. A pair of strong and good-looking horses drew this palace of delight on to the Common. In this and other ways the kith and kin of the old Romany woman have participated in the fortune so singularly predicted by her.

The following courtesies were actually exchanged in a German newspaper recently in the advertisement columns:—

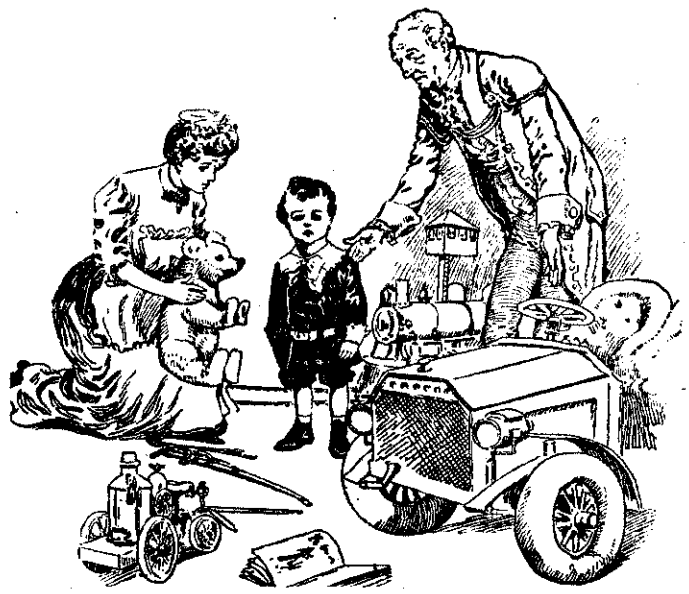
"The gentleman who found a purse with money in the Blumenstrasse is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized."

A day or two later appeared the response, which, although so courteous, had an elusive air, to say the least.

"The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in the Blumenstrasse requests the loser to call at his house at a convenient day."

AN UNHAPPY VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES: THE MISERY OF A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.

From the "New York Herald."



ROBBED OF HIS CHILDHOOD BY FOOLISH LUXURY.

ROBBED OF HIS YOUNG MANHOOD BY WASTING SATIETY.

ROBBED OF OLD AGE'S COMFORTS BY ABSENCE OF FRIENDS AND ABSENCE OF PURPOSE.

A POPULAR PASTIME

THE GAME OF BOWLS

"We'll play at bowls."—Shakespeare.

To-day (Saturday), weather permitting, play commences on the bowling greens, public and private, of Newcastle and the North country, and thus opens a season which bids fair to be a busy one for local bowlers, as many important contests have to be fought out by the members of the various clubs which are pitted one against another. The principal of these, perhaps, as far as the public greens are concerned, is the struggle for the Cowen Cup, which is again to be competed for by senior public green clubs. This year two new clubs, the Blyth and the Heaton Victoria, have entered for this prize. Then we have the Sinclair Cup, for junior teams, the Durham Cup for those of the County Palatine, and various other trophies.

In connection with local private clubs, the principal items are the contest for the International Championship, which is to take place in Newcastle in July this year, and the Alfred Bell Cup, to be competed for at Berwick in June by members of the Portland, West End, Gosforth, Alnwick, and Berwick clubs. Altogether, the coming season cannot fail to be an interesting one to all lovers of the old English game, whether actual players or onlookers, and for their benefit it is our purpose now to give a glance back at its past history, a glance which may impart some information perhaps not generally known even among the most ardent devotees of the sport.

The game of bowls is not only one of the oldest and most popular of English pastimes, but also the most picturesque of our outdoor games. Happily, its recent popular revival in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies has been unassociated with gambling, a stain from which its earlier career was not entirely clear, as we shall see. With the exception of archery, it is the oldest outdoor game in the British Isles, although there are enthusiastic writers on football who tell us that the soldiers of Julius Cæsar introduced that game into Britain at the time of the Roman invasion. But we have no further proof of this than their bare assertion, so, leaving football on one side, we turn back to the history of the game of bowls and strive to gain a peep at its earlier days.

At the latter end of the twelfth century, a certain William Fitz-stephens, author of "A Survey of London," states, in that work, that during the summer holidays youths took exercise, by means, amongst other pastimes, of a game called "jactu lapidum" (throwing of stones). It is supposed that by this he means the game of bowls, for, in early days, stone spheres are known to have been used instead of the wooden ones afterwards introduced and still in use.

It has been a matter of much speculation whether bowling was first practised in the open air or on the turf, or under cover in alleys. The writer mentioned above expressly states that the citizens of London went outside the city walls into the suburbs to witness this game. Had it been played in covered alleys they need not have troubled to do this, for the alleys were within the walls, in the midst of the population; therefore it is reasonable to suppose that the game alluded to was the open-air game, played on the turf. Indeed, there is a bowling green still in existence which seems, if tradition be true, to bear out this supposition, for it dates back very nearly to the time of Fitzstephens. This is the green of the Southampton Town Bowling Club, which is supposed to be the oldest extant. It was laid down in the time of Edward the First (1272 to 1307), and, according to tradition, has been rolled over and bowled over ever since, notwithstanding that several of Edward's successors tried to suppress the game.

In the reign of King Edward III. the game of "throwing of stones" (bowls) is mentioned in the "Close Roll" as one of the "games alike dishonourable, useless and unprofitable," but the reason for thus classing it was that the King and his advisers were concerned lest the practice of archery, so much more important to the military spirit of the nation, should suffer neglect through the interest taken in the less warlike sport. The same reason led to the passing of an Act of Parliament in the reign of Richard II, forbidding servants, artificers, and labourers to play at the game. This statute was confirmed by another Act passed in the reign of Henry IV., and in that of Edward IV. it appears that bowling still remained in disrepute, for the "half-bowl," as the game was then called, is included in the enumeration of "the many new imagined plays" which were followed by all classes of the population, to their own impoverishment," whereby it would appear at the time money was played for or staked by others on the players. It was charged against the players that they "by their own ungracious procurement and encouraging do induce others into such plays until they are utterly undone and impoverished in their goods." It was even stated in the preamble of the Act that murders, robberies and felonies were the consequences attending such sports.

Accordingly, it was enacted that anyone playing at half-bowl after the following Easter, or the occupier or governor of any "house, tenement, garden, or other place" where such games are permitted, should be punished by fine or imprisonment. Here it is probable that both the indoor and outdoor games are meant, seeing that "house" and "garden" are mentioned, and it may be concluded that by this time bowling alleys had sprung into existence in towns. This then may be considered as the first mention of the game as practised under cover, though it is equally clear that indoor alleys had not entirely superseded outdoor greens.

Hitherto the game had been mentioned under the term of "half-bowl"; in the reign of Henry VIII. the previous statutes against unlawful games were confirmed, and the word "bowls" for the first time occur, the game being still deemed an illegal pursuit for the lower orders, as tending to divert them from more manly exercises.

Of the popularity of the game, amongst the higher classes at least, in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth we have the authority of Shakespeare who was probably an expert player himself. Biassed bowls were known in his time, and it is interesting to note how often he refers to bowling in his plays. There is no doubt he carries the game back to times and into countries which never knew it, but then it was a habit of the greatest of English poets to make use of the customs of his own time and country to give life and seeming to quite other periods and climes. He was one who made full use of his poetical license: otherwise he would not in the "Winter's Tale" have given a coast line to Bohemia where coast line there is none, nor have pictured Cleopatra playing billiards long before such a game was thought of.

We must take it, therefore, that when in his plays he mentions bowls, he is describing the game or alluding to it merely as it existed in his own time. Full of interest to all bowlers and to many others besides are the pictures of old-time bowling greens the great magician's wand conjures up for us.

In the Duke of York's garden at Langley, the poet introduces the unhappy Queen of Richard II. and her ladies. Says one of the latter, "Madam, we'll play at bowls?" But the Queen objects, saying, "'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs, and that my fortune runs against the bias."

In the "Taming of the Shrew" Petruchio says: "Thus the bowl should run, and not unluckily against the bias." In "Coriolanus," Menenius says: "Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, I have tumbled past the throw." In "Cymbeline," there is reference to playing for money, for Cloten says: "I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him." Again, in "Love's Labour Lost," one of the characters is styled "a marvellous good neighbour and a very good bowler."

Bacon, who has been set up as a rival to Shakespeare in the authorship of the plays, in his famous essay on "Studies," recommends the game of bowls as a cure for stone in the bladder, while everybody is familiar with the story of Sir Francis Drake who was playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe when the news reached him that the Spanish Armada had been sighted on Lizard Point. "There is no hurry," remarked he, coolly. "We will play the game out, and then go and beat the Spaniards." Truly a noteworthy and historic game of bowls was that!

Under the Stuarts the game was very popular, but it used to be played for very heavy stakes. Charles I., who was a bowling enthusiast, once lost £1000 at it in a single day. He was playing on Lord Spencer's green at Althorp when Cornet Joyce arrived at Holmby to arrest him. During his detention at Cavasham Castle, Charles used to play on a green behind an old-fashioned inn near Goring Heath. The landlord, on the sign-board of his hostelry, thus commemorated his Majesty's visit.

Stop, traveller, stop! In yonder peaceful glade
His favourite game the royal martyr played:
Here stripped of honours, freedom, children, rank,
Drank from the bowl, and bowled for what he drank;
Sought in a cheerful glass his cares to drown;
And changed his guinea ere he lost his crown.

There are several allusions to the game of bowls in Sir Walter Scott's novels. In the "Fortunes of Nigel" a fight is described as taking place on a bowling green. The combat terminated, the company present "put the field to its proper use as a bowling ground, and it soon resounded with all the terms of the game, as 'Run, run—rub, rub—hold bias, you infernal trundling timber!'" thus making good the saying, that "three things are thrown away on a bowling green—namely, time, money, and oaths." In "Peveril of the Peak," Dr. Dummerar says: "Man is, while in this vale of tears, like an uninstructed bowler, so to speak, who thinks to attain the jack by delivering his bowl straight forward upon it, being ignorant that there is a concealed bias within the spheroid, which will make it, in all probability, swerve away and lose the cast."

At the beginning of the eighteenth century bowling greens began to increase rapidly in number, and no country gentleman's seat was considered complete without one. These, of course, were private greens. The first regular bowling club of which there exists any trace is the Willow-Bank club, founded in Glasgow at the commencement of the nineteenth century.

The following poem, by William Stroud, in one of the Harleian Manuscripts preserved in the British Museum, expresses happily enough, though quaintly, the turns and chances of the game of bowls:—

A PARALLEL BETWIXT BOWLING AND PREFERMENT.

Preferment, like a game of boules,
To feed our hope hath divers plays:
Heere quick it runs, there smooth it roules,
The betters make and show the way
On upper ground, so great allies
Doe many cast on their desire;
Some are upthrust and forced to rise
When those are stopt that would aspi

Some, whose heate and zeal exceed
Thrive well by rubbs that curb their haste,
And some that languish in their speed,
Are cherished by some favour's blast.
Some rest in other's cutting out
The fame by whom themselves are made.
Some fetch a compass far about,
And secretly the marke invade.

Some get by knocks and so advance
Their fortune by a boisterous aim.
And some who have the sweetest chance
Their enemies hit and win the game,
The fairest casts are those that owe
No thanks to fortune's giddy sway,
Such honest men good bowlers are
Whose own true bias cutts the way.

WITNESSES UNAWARE:

The Story of a Secret Crime

By JAMES R. PERRY

WHEN Walter Chester was shot and instantly killed one morning as he was entering his office the rumour ran over the town of Wentworth that "Bob Templeton had killed Walt Chester."

"I thought he'd get him some day," would be the hearer's instant comment.

"I guess 'twon't surprise anybody," would be the retort.

But another rumour followed fast on the heels of the first. "'Twasn't Bob Templeton that did it after all. Bob was down in his store when the shots were fired. They don't know who did it."

"'Twas Ed Cummings who shot him. Chester got him convicted for burglary three years ago, and he's just out of the pen. He came straight to Wentworth to get revenge." With such minute explicitness was the third rumour clothed.

But when the facts became known a vague bewilderment fell upon the excited citizens.

Told in straightforward fashion, it appeared that at about nine o'clock that Tuesday morning Walter Chester, the leading lawyer of the county, issued from the post-office, crossed the street diagonally to the office entrance of Templeton Block, ascended to the second floor, and passed down the hallway to Room 11, occupied by him as an office. It further appeared that while in the act of unlocking his office door, or just after unlocking it, as he was about to enter, an unknown person fired several shots at him in rapid succession—some who heard the reports said four, others thought there were only three, while Peter Barrett, a dentist having an office next to Chester's, asserted he heard five shots. Two bullets took effect, one entering the left arm near the shoulder, and another penetrating the heart. Both shots had been fired at Chester from behind.

Peter Barrett and his assistant, Miss Bromley, rushed into the hallway and were the first to reach the murdered man. Barrett asserted that it was barely two seconds after the final shot before he was at the dead man's side, yet the hallway was apparently deserted. The murderer must have fled with surprising swiftness. Smoke from the weapon still hung in a thin cloud near Chester when Barrett reached him.

Several ways of escape were open to the assassin. He might have fled down the front stairs, passing the door of Barrett's office as he went, and thus escaped to the street. Or he might have descended a stairway and passed out by a rear exit into the alley behind the building. That he would take the first path was improbable, as it would lead him directly into the street where persons were constantly passing. The rear exit seemed the one he would most probably use, though it soon transpired that Brunetti, an Italian fruit vendor, was in the alley at the time, not more than ten rods from the rear exit, and he saw no one coming from the building. There was a third way by which escape might have been made. On the side of the hallway opposite that used as offices was a large room originally designed as a dance and assembly hall. This part of the building had never been finished, and for some years had been used by Templeton, the owner of the building, as a storeroom. Nearly opposite the door of Barrett's office, and at least twelve feet from the door of Chester's office, was a door opening into this unfinished room. This door was usually kept closed, but not locked. The murderer might have passed through this doorway into the unfinished dance-hall, and thence through one of the windows to the low roof of an adjoining shed. A drop of only eight or nine feet would have brought him to the ground.

The townspeople were treated to another milder sensation within an hour after the knowledge of Chester's murder first reached them. Templeton, who had listened calmly to the news of Chester's death, a little later had ascended the stairs to view the scene of the assassination. On the top step he had suddenly toppled over in a swoon and fallen backward down the stairs. He was picked up unconscious and carried home, where, upon examination, it was found that his left leg was broken, and that he had suffered internal injuries.

The belief that Templeton had himself committed the act, at first almost unanimous, was soon dissipated, for no less than three witnesses asserted that the hardware merchant was in his store at the instant the shots above were heard. One of these witnesses, a carpenter named Adams, was in conversation with Templeton when the shooting occurred. Adams stated that he was looking at chisels, and Templeton had just stepped to the farther end of the show-case to get some larger ones to show him when the shots were heard. According to Adams, Templeton had turned a startled look on him and exclaimed, "What's that?"

Templeton's clerk, Asa Harris, was waiting on a customer at the next show-case. This customer, a woman named Wallace, and the clerk both testified that Templeton was behind the chisel show-case when the shots were fired. They all agreed that it was impossible for Templeton to have fired the shots that killed Chester. Whether or not he might have hired some one to do it was, of course, another question. That he had ample reason for wishing the attorney out of the way was common gossip. Two out of every three citizens who expressed an opinion said they didn't blame Bob Templeton if he had shot Chester. But it is unnecessary to go into the causes of the growth of this powerful motive of Templeton's for desiring Chester's death; it would open up a too unsavory subject. The two men had formerly been friends, and it was during that period that Chester had taken a five years' lease of the office, which accounted for his being a tenant of Templeton Block.

A horde of newspaper correspondents descended upon the town, each one a self-constituted sleuth bent on ferreting out the murderer. In addition to these amateur detectives, the local police under Chief Harrahan at once set to work on the case, and on Wednesday, the day after the shooting, a private detective from New York, named Higgins, appeared on the scene.

The first belief of Chief Harrahan, like that of his fellow townsmen, was that Templeton had killed Chester, but when there appeared indisputable evidence that the hardware merchant was in his store at the time, he changed to the opinion that Ed Cummings, the ex-convict, had committed the crime.

It was believed that Cummings had a strong motive for killing Chester. In fact, it was known that three years before he had threatened to "get even some day" with the lawyer. While Cummings was a hard character, it was not generally thought that he was guilty of the particular crime for which he had been sent to the penitentiary. The evidence upon which Chester, then assistant state's attorney, had secured his conviction had been purely circumstantial, and if it was true that Cummings was innocent it would naturally make him all the more bitter against the man who had caused his conviction. The fact that Cummings had completed his prison term and been discharged only a week before gave colour to the theory. The ex-convict had been seen around his old haunts in Wentworth since the previous Friday, but his exact whereabouts between eight and nine o'clock Tuesday morning was not clear. According to his own statement he left his boarding place a little past eight that morning and went up the west bank of Mill River to fish. The fish did not bite, and he returned empty-handed about eleven o'clock. A schoolboy named Fred Williams stated that when on his way to school at half-past eight he saw Cummings at the corner of Main and Elm streets. If the boy's statement was true the ex-convict was within three squares of Templeton Block only twenty minutes before the shooting. Cummings, however, denied emphatically that he was there at that time. The evidence against him, flimsy as it was, seemed strong enough to the police to warrant his arrest.

On Thursday one feature of the shooting that had puzzled the police was cleared up. That four shots had been heard—five, according to Barrett's version—was the testimony of several witnesses, yet evidence of only three bullets being fired had been found. Two of these had entered the body of Chester and a third had passed through the office door and imbedded itself in a heavy oak book-case. A rigid examination had failed to show where the fourth bullet had struck. This mystery was solved by Higgins, who dug the flattened bullet out of the book-case, and found a second bullet behind it, showing that two of the shots had followed identically the same path. But while this discovery explained why four shots had been heard it threw no light upon the deeper mystery of who did the shooting. At the end of a week that mystery seemed no nearer a solution than ever. The newspaper correspondents scattered to other fields, and the metropolitan dailies, that for two or three days had printed news of the affair under large scare-heads, ceased to mention the matter.

In the neighbouring town of Hamilton—a summer resort up in the lake country—two men were sitting on the piazza of Wildwood Inn the following Tuesday—just a week after the shooting. One wore spectacles and had the indefinable scholarly air of a college professor. It was Professor Hillman of the Urania University, an astronomer whose name was known to two continents. The other was Milton Ransom, an artist. Both were guests at Wildwood Inn.

"By the way," asked the artist, "what do you make of that shooting mystery over in Wentworth last week? When I read about it I told my wife that if anyone could probably think out a solution, Professor Hillman was the man. You see, professor, your friends have all heard of your successes as an amateur detective."

The older man made a grimace of distaste, and after a moment's silence said: "I haven't heard about it. I was very busy this last week at the university, and hardly glanced at a paper. What was it?"

Ransom told him the circumstances as far as they had been revealed in the news dispatches. "It's only a dozen miles, or so, over to Wentworth; we might take the trolley and ride over," he concluded.

And that was how Professor Hillman came to be engaged on the case. Accompanied by the artist, he visited the scene of the shooting, and carefully examined the building and its surroundings. The next day he came alone, and after interviews with Chief Harrahan, the private detective Higgins, Barrett the dentist, and others, he made another close examination of the premises where the shooting occurred. It was after this examination that Harrahan, Higgins and several others gathered at the office of the murdered man in response to an invitation from the professor. He had made an important discovery, he told them.

"It is, perhaps, nearly as much of a surprise to myself, gentlemen," said the professor, "as to you, that I should have devoted any time to the solution of the mystery in this shooting affair. I am staying in Hamilton for a few weeks to get rested after an arduous year in college, and when my friend Mr. Ransom mentioned this case nothing was further from my intention than trying to discover who did the shooting. Mr. Ransom's account of the case, however, awakened my interest, and interest was further stimulated by my visit here. So, almost before I was aware of it, I found myself intensely curious to know who could have done the shooting and so quickly vanished into thin air. This element of mystery piqued my fancy, and I found myself considering this and that theory in an attempt to explain the puzzle. This, then, was my reason for working on the case without being requested to do so by anyone directly interested in the matter. So much by way of preface.

"This question of motive in matters of crime is, as you all know, one of prime importance. This particular case

was unique, in that prior to his establishing a flawless alibi, the opinion was almost unanimous among his fellow townsmen that Templeton did the shooting. That means that Templeton had a motive for desiring the death of Chester so strong that practically everyone in town knew of it. Without entering into the causes of this desire of Templeton's, it is perfectly plain that he had a strong motive for desiring the death of his enemy. The mere fact that all his fellow citizens believed, until afterward disabused of the notion, that he had shot Chester, is proof of that. That the ex-convict Cummings had a motive for killing Chester is also clear; for it seems that the instant it appeared that Templeton could not have done the shooting, the suspicion of the citizens was direct toward Cummings. That Chester had other enemies is doubtless true; but the enmity of these two men was so strong as to at once single them out as the ones most likely to have done the shooting. Considering the matter, then, purely from the standpoint of motive, suspicion would rest first upon Templeton, second upon Cummings, and third upon this or that other man who was known to have had differences with the lawyer.

"Turning to an examination of the case as regards the first suspect, the question seems to be at once disposed of. Templeton was in his store at the precise instant that shots were fired. To suspect him would seem absolutely illogical. That he might have hired someone to do it was, of course, possible—even probable, you might surmise. As regards the second suspect, only one person, a schoolboy, seems to have seen Cummings in the vicinity the morning of the crime. I am told that Cummings is well known here, and is certainly remarkable that he could be in the vicinity and have been seen and recognised by only one person. You will say, perhaps, that he could have disguised himself, and thus escaped recognition. That is true. But if he wore a disguise it could hardly have been he whom the schoolboy saw, as the boy does not claim that Cummings was disguised. An ex-convict, bent on committing murder, would not be likely to come within three squares of the scene of the contemplated crime before assuming his disguise, provided he had one. So we must presume one of three things: That Cummings, undisguised, was seen by Williams, and no one else; or that he was disguised and Williams was mistaken in thinking he saw him; or that Cummings really was not in the vicinity and consequently was not conected with the crime.

"Regarding the question of suspecting some third enemy of Chester, the field widens, and suspicion might, perhaps, fall with equal weight—though lightly, withal—upon anyone of a dozen men entertaining dislikes for the attorney.

"Considered from the viewpoint of motive, then, Templeton was the man upon whom suspicion would rest most heavily, whereas, considered from the viewpoint of circumstances he would be absolved from all suspicion. That these absolving circumstances were precisely as had been reported was one of the first things to feel assured of, and, therefore, I hunted up the carpenter who was purware merchant at the moment the shots were fired. Together we visited Templeton's store, where Adams described the exact position of himself and the hardware mercant at the moment the shots were heard. The show-case in which chisels are displayed is located not far from the front of the store. Between it and the show windows forming the front of the store, is one other show case, in which small articles, like wire picture-cord, picture-hangers, etc., are kept. It was at this counter where Templeton's clerk, Asa Harris, was waiting on Mrs. Wallace. Adams was standing not more than a dozen feet from Harris and Mrs. Wallace. Just before the shots were heard Templeton, according to Adams' statement, went to the other end of the show-case for some larger chisels. He was then, perhaps, eight feet from Adams and twenty feet from Harris and Mrs. Wallace. He was bending over a little, reaching for the chisels, Adams says, at the instant the shots were fired. Adams heard the shots distinctly he says, noting particularly the rapidity with which the one report followed another. He heard at least four shots, he says. Templeton came back to the end of the show case where Adams stood, remarking 'Wonder what that was,' or 'What was that?' Adams is not certain about the exact words; but that was the substance of his remark. Mrs. Wallace says she happened to be glancing towards Templeton at the moment the shots were heard, and saw him behind the next counter precisely as described by Adams. Harris was not looking at the exact instant the shots were heard, but glancing back an instant later he saw Templeton standing behind the show-case and heard him speak. He thinks he said, 'What was that noise?' or words to that effect, but as he did not speak in a loud tone is not certain about the exact words. He says he noticed nothing unusual in his employer's appearance, though Adams states that Templeton seemed a trifle agitated and that his voice was husky.

"I asked Adams to go behind the show case and indicate the position of Templeton during the shooting, as well as just before and afterward. I followed him by going through the same position and found that as I stood behind the show-case, where Templeton had stood before the shooting, I could look through the large front windows and see the post-office entrance nearly opposite. Templeton, if he had happened to be looking, could have seen Chester come out of the Post Office and cross the street. Chester, as you know, was a large man, and his step would naturally be heavy. If Templeton had chanced to see Chester crossing the street, and then had listened for his step, he could have heard him ascending the stairs and walk back to the door of his office. I know, because I made a test by asking Adams to go up the stairs and back to Chester's office. Standing where Templeton stood I ould hear the carpenter's tread on the stairs and in the hallway overhead.

"You may wonder what significance could be attached to this fact. How could it point toward Templeton's guilt? you may ask, and my answer would be that it would not necessarily point to it at all. If he saw Chester in the street and heard him go up to his office, and the instant his steps ceased heard several shots fired, then heard a body falling heavily, he might surmise that someone had shot his enemy. This might account for any agitation shown by him, making it unnecessary to assume that he was in any way implicated in the shooting. On the other hand, it might have quite another significance. Assuming that he had hired an assassin to slay Chester those sounds would convey to him the knowledge that the plot had been executed. I confess that I had some such notion in the earlier stages of my investigations. The strength of Templeton's known motive for wishing Chester out of the way would not permit me to abandon the idea that he was in some way responsible for the shooting.

"One circumstance that seemed singular, if not significant, developed while I was in the hardware store. When I went to the end of the showcase where Templeton stood at the time the shots were heard, I looked for the large chisels that the merchant had ostensibly gone to get. I saw none, and asked Harris if they had been moved since the morning of the shooting. He looked surprised and said they had not; chisels had never been kept under the counter at that end of the show-case. If that were true, Templeton must, then, have gone there for some other purpose. Standing there, he was nearly under the spot where Chester was shot. Did this mean that he knew an attempt was to be made on the lawyer's life that morning, and that he went back there in order to hear the more clearly what was transpiring on the floor over his head?

"After examining the hardware store I went upstairs, and had an interview with Mr Barrett. Barrett told me he was positive that five shots were fired. His assistant, Miss Bromley, did not feel so confident about it, but she also thought she heard five shots. Evidence of only four shots had been found, how-

ever, leaving one of three theories open to the investigator; first, that Mr Barrett was mistaken, and only four shots had been fired; second, that one of the five cartridges had been a blank and left no trace; and third, that five shots had actually been fired, and the course of the fifth bullet, in spite of rigid scrutiny of the apartments, had not yet been traced. The first and second theories obviously would be difficult of proof. The third, if true, could be proved in only one way—by a yet more rigid examination. I had already carefully examined the walls, floor and ceiling adjacent to the spot where the shooting occurred, and discovered no fifth bullet. The discovery of Mr Higgins that two bullets had followed the same course was known to me. If five bullets had actually been discharged, and only two had entered the body of Chester, as the autopsy showed, there were three to be yet accounted for. Now, if the most rigid examination failed to disclose but one bullet hole on the premises, the deduction would be that two other bullets had entered the hole made by the first. I say that would be the deduction—a deduction simple enough, however improbable the fact itself might appear. Had the one bullet hole in the book-case been fully probed? I did not know; but obviously it should be further examined, if only to prove that the idea of three bullets entering one identical spot was as chimerical as it seemed. I certainly did not expect to find a third bullet in that hole; but that one chance in ten million that it might be there must not be overlooked. So, with my pocket knife, I dug into the book-case, and lo! deeply buried, I found a third bullet. Doubtless the utter improbability of three bullets striking the same spot was what caused Mr Higgins to overlook this third one. It was so deeply imbedded in the wood that it could not be seen when I began digging for it.

"This discovery, as you will realise, furnished food for serious reflection. The book-case which the bullets entered, we must remember, stood at the opposite side of the lawyer's office and, therefore, must have been from twelve to fifteen feet from the muzzle of the weapon they issued from. The deflection of a hair's breadth in the aim would have caused a bullet at that distance to enter another spot. Steady indeed must have been the hand that could shoot a second bullet into the hole made by the first. Obviously such a feat could not be due to steadiness of aim under circumstances such as must have surrounded the assassin when firing, and must, therefore, be set down to one of those singular chances—one of those strange coincidences—which investigators observe and marvel at every now and then. Upon that theory, of course, had the fact of the two bullets entering the one spot been accounted for by Mr Higgins and others.

"But when it comes to the problem of three bullets following one unswerving path then must you not only discard the idea of a steady hand, but you must also abandon that theory of chance, which I have just mentioned. There might be one chance in ten thousand perhaps, that a second bullet would follow the course of the first, but hardly one chance in ten millions that a third bullet would follow the same path as the other two. A chance so remote would safely be a negligible quantity. Leaving out, then, the theory of chance, the discovery pointed plainly to one certain fact: the weapon must have been held rigidly in one unchanging position while those three shots were fired; and, therefore, it could not have been in human hands at the time. If not in human hands, where was it? and how could its discharge have been effected? To learn the approximate position of the weapon when discharged ought not to be difficult; for it was evident that at least one of the bullets—and, therefore, all three, presumably had passed through the outer door of the office before entering the book-case. I measured the distance from the bullet hole in the door to the floor and found it to be about forty-nine inches; the distance from the floor to the bullet-hole in the bookcase proved to be a fraction of an inch greater. That indicated that somewhere out in the hallway, at a height of approximately forty-nine inches above the floor, the weapon had rested when discharged. The door to Chester's office was unlocked, but not open when Mr. Barrett found the body. The key was still in the keyhole, showing that Chester had just unlocked the door; presumably he had not had time to open it before the fatal shot struck him. If, then, the door was shut, a line drawn from the bullet-hole in the book-case to the bullet hole in the door, and extended into the hallway, should show the precise linear position of the weapon. Calculating its position thus, it appeared that the weapon at the time of the shooting was held in a fixed position a trifle over four feet from the floor, and directly opposite the left panel of the door—that is, the panel nearest the key-hole. If the weapon was held rigidly in one position while three of the five shots were being fired, presumably it was in the same fixed position while the other two were being fired. Would the facts bear out this supposition? Investigation showed that they would. The bullet that killed Chester entered his back at a height of about fifty-one inches from the floor, assuming that he was standing erect at the moment of impact. But the key in the lock shows that he was in the act of unlocking the door, and therefore he would be bent over a little as he reached down to turn the key. This would bring the bullet-hole in his back down to a height of about forty-nine inches above the floor. As a matter of fact, the course of the bullet in the body as traced at the autopsy showed that it followed a slightly upward path from the back toward the breast, which is the same as saying that it followed a level course if the body was bent a little forward. It is true that the wound in the shoulder does not support the theory, except negatively. It is some fifty-six inches from the floor when measured with the body in an erect position. If, however, we assume the first shot fired was the one that killed Chester it is reasonable to presume that he had swung partly round and was in the act of falling when the second bullet struck him. Under such circumstances a wound, such as was made, would actually be inflicted.

"We have thus made it clear that the weapon not only might have been, but most certainly must have been, in a rigid position, and that that position vertically and latitudinally, was easily ascertainable. It remained only to learn its distance from the door through which the bullets passed.

"Mr. Barrett was in the hallway almost as soon as the last shot was fired; powder smoke could still be seen and smelt. Yet of the weapon itself there was no trace. How could a revolver rigidly fixed, be removed so quickly from sight? Obviously it was impossible. The conclusion then was that it was not in sight; indeed, that must be presumed in any event; for had it been in view Chester himself would doubtless have seen it and avoided getting within its range. If not in sight before or after the shooting it could not have been in the hallway; it must have been in the room beyond. But if in the room beyond the bullets must first have passed through the opposit wall of the hallway. There was no bullet-hole to mark their transit, however. That side of the hallway, as you know, is still unfinished. It is an unpainted board wall. In one spot was a spatter of brown glue, as if it had been thrown against the wall when soft, and had run down a little distance before hardening. At first thought there seemed nothing particularly remarkable in its being there. It might have been there since the days when the building was under construction, thrown there, perhaps, by a careless or sportive workman. On the other hand, it might have been there less than a week. The remarkable thing about it was the fact that it was at the exact spot where my hypothetical weapon should have been. With my knife I pried off the caked glue, and under it found an auger hole about one-third of an inch in diameter. Going round into the store-room beyond I found a lot of seven-doors placed against the wall next the hallway. Removing them, I found nailed firmly to one of the upright beams a five-cylindered revolver with its muzzle pointing through the auger hole. Cunningly attached to the revolver was an electric wire running to and disappearing through the floor. Descending to the store below, I discovered where the wire came down, and tracing its cleverly covered course, I found it was connected with a concealed key under the counter where Templeton was searching for mythical chisels when the shots above were heard. Templeton, as we know, was an electrician before he entered the hardware business, and turning his knowledge to account, he thus plotted against the life of his enemy, working patiently for months, perhaps, before putting his plan into execution. On that Tuesday morning everything was ready. He had calculated to a nicety the position Chester would be in as he bent to unlock his office door, and had aimed the revolver accordingly. With his clerk and customers in the store with him he believed he could prove an unassailable alibi. Listening for Chester's well-known step after seeing him cross the street, he heard him ascend the stairs and walk back to his office. The footsteps ceased, and he knew Chester must be unlocking the door. Then he pressed the key under the counter five times, to make sure. Once would have sufficed, and his secret never been revealed, perhaps; but he pressed it five times, and so left a record that could be traced step by step towards unravelling the mystery. Of course, he had counted on being able to remove the revolver before it should be discovered, and so destroy forever all trace of the way the crime was committed. His physical weakness and its resulting accident, however, prevented that.

"In order that prying eyes might not at once detect the auger hole and what was behind it, he must early that morning have put the soft glue on the wall. He knew it would slowly harden, and that a hole made by the passing bullets would close again and so conceal the fact of their passage.

"He plotted cunningly, and then spoiled it by this timidity at last—his fear of only wounding and not killing his hated foe.

"Thus," concluded the professor, "does this case present the curious spectacle of persons witnessing unaware the committing of murder—murder committed so cunningly that the very witnesses of the crime were the persons relied upon by the murderer to establish an alibi that should prove him innocent."

Toddling Up the Hill.

Toddling up the hill, Willie,
Striving all you can.
Looking high above your head,
Quite the little man.
Peace for pussy now, Willie,
Rest for top and ball:
Toddling up the hill, Willie,
You forget them all.

Toddling up the hill, Willie,
Laughing as you go,
Leaving childhood's sunny ways
In the vale below.
Should you reach the top, Willie,
Should you scale the height,
Wonder if your heart, Willie
Then will beat as light.

Toddling up the hill, Willie,
Oh, my blessed boy!
Will the height to which you climb,
Yield you higher joy?
Will you wiser be, Willie,
Better, or as good?
Will you walk through all, Willie,
In the paths you should?

Toddling up the hill, Willie,
We can only smile
At your old and funny ways,
Though we weep the while—
Dream all sorts of dreams, Willie
With an inward prayer—
With the hope that He, Willie,
Holds you in His care.

Toddling up the hill, Willie,
While we totter down,
Passing from the sun to where
High the shadows frown.
Ah, the more you climb, Willie,
More you'll understand;
Higher far than life, Willie,
Lies the Promised Land.

MATTHIAS BARR.

A flight of colds set out one day,
Great ugly things, and flew away,
Across the hills and o'er the sea,
Determined vengeful thus to be.
But all at once these colds grew fewer,
Vanquished by Woods' Great Peppermint Cure:
And so they died, all one by one,
Their deadly work left all undone.

Cupid and the Entomologist

A SCIENTIFIC LOVE STORY

By T. W. WYNDHAM

PROFESSOR SMOOT'S eye was glued to a microscope, under which squirmed a tiny green beetle.

He had been absorbed in watching the insect for a good half-hour, and every now and again he made notes on a little slip of paper at his side. At last he raised his head, and, dipping a very small sponge attached to a stick in a bottle, he lifted the microscope and held the sponge over the insect. When the chloroform had done its work, he lifted the beetle by a pair of delicate forceps, and prepared to mount it in a case at his side.

At that moment there came a knock at the door. The professor went on with his work.

"Father!" called a musical voice.

"Humph!" grumbled the professor.

"Father, I want to speak to you."

"Go away; I'm busy," snapped the professor.

A very pretty head had been thrust round the door; now a girl of eighteen, dainty and blue-ribboned, stepped into the room. In that musty old den her presence was like a ray of sunshine across a dungeon.

"But it is important, father."

"Go away," said the professor, still eyeing his beetle.

She looked at him under her long lashes, and went on:

"It is about Mr Tilson. I met him at the dancing-class."

The professor took no notice.

"He collects beetles."

"Humph! Every fool collects beetles," said the professor.

"But he has a Blaps paniceium."

The professor's head jerked round like an automaton. He raised his heavy eyebrows and stared at her incredulously.

"Where did he get it?"

"I don't know."

The girl had seated herself in a leather chair, and her brown head was bent over a book. She pretended to be deeply interested in the pictures, for she was well aware that her father would be on pins and needles to see this rare insect.

"Who is this man—er—er what's his name?"

"Mr Tilson."

"Yes, Tilson; who is he—I never heard of him?"

"He has only been collecting for four years," said the girl.

"Four years! and he's got a Blaps paniceium? Why, I have been collecting for forty years, and haven't got one."

"He says he'd like to see your collection, father."

Miss Smoot was still looking at the pictures with a tremendous appearance of interest. The professor was regarding her carefully now. Someone had once told him that she was pretty; he knew nothing of such things himself, but the sudden appearance of a young man with a splendid collection of beetles looked suspicious.

"Says he'd like to see my collection? I'd like to see his."

This was the professor's trump card. One or two young men before had hung around his house under pretence of being vastly interested in entomology, and when it came to the point they knew nothing about it. Now, if this young man really loved beetles, and had this collection, here was his chance of communing with the greatest entomological enthusiast of the day. If he had not—well, he was to stay away, that was all.

"I'm sure, pa, he would be pleased to bring his collection to show you."

The next day a bright young man sat at home with two books before him: one was "The Elementary Text-Book of Entomology," by Jones; the other was Professor Smoot's own book of rare beetles. He was studying the subject for dear life. To use his own expression he did not know a cockroach from an ichthyosaurus, but he was determined to know all there was in these books before the week was out. He had studied for scholarships and for a degree, but he had never studied as he did now for love. For three days he pored over the books, morning, noon, and night. He lived in a maze of beetles, he talked beetles, he dreamed beetles. The walls, the ceiling, the carpets were alive with them. Even the pretty eyes of Miss Smoot, he said, reminded him of twin Scipies azulorum.

It is easy to guess that the bright young man who did this was Jay Tilson, and that he was in love with the professor's daughter. Now, it is one thing to cram up a subject for the sake of deluding a poor old scholar, but it is quite a different matter to produce on the spur of the moment a valuable collection of beetles, and to have in that collection a Blaps paniceium.

Here, again, however, this versatile young man was equal to the occasion. He possessed a father. There is nothing remarkable in that, but in this case the father was Mayor of Muddletown, and Muddletown was the place in which resided all the persons in this incident. Well, this large town boasted a public museum, and therein was a collection of beetles, and among them a Blaps paniceium. Young Tilson had seen it often reposing in a separate enamelled casket.

The janitor of the museum was an obsequious person with a small salary, and for £5 young Tilson made the man's slow brain grasp the fact that he wanted to borrow some of the public beetles for one night.

The janitor was very dubious at first, and it was when Tilson confessed that he wanted to show them to Professor Smoot as his own that he pretended to see the joke and yielded. Besides, the young man was the son of his worship the mayor.

Friday was the day Tilson had fixed on, for the museum was closed then for the purposes of cleaning.

The young man intended to select, with the aid of his books, those beetles which were the best in the collection. Afterward he would place these in three separate cases he had ordered, and his entree to Professor Smoot's house would be secured. Miss Smoot was only half in his confidence in the matter, and he did not wish to tell her more, or she might bother her pretty head unduly; though for his part he thought all was fair in love and war, and he would have dared a great deal more for the chance of a smile from those dimpled cheeks.

On Friday night, when Professor Smoot was bothering over the classification of a specimen sent from Rangoon, in Burmah, there came a vigorous ringing at the front bell.

"He is not a shy man, that is certain," said the professor to himself.

A minute later the door opened, and a handsome, self-possessed young man entered, carrying three large cases.

Professor Smoot looked at the cases and was effusive on the instant. He rose from his chair with outstretched hand.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr Tilson.

They shook hands cordially. The young man at the moment was considering whether the Cincindela campestris was light green with whitish spots, or whether it was Cincindela sylvativa that had these peculiarities.

"Good collections are very rare nowadays," said the professor, his eyes on the three cases.

Professor Smoot was hugely pleased with Tilson's splendid collection, especially with the Blaps paniceium.

The young man's entomological knowledge was fresh in his mind, and he talked beetles as if they had been the hobby of his life.

When the professor sighed, and said what a pity it was that no collector nowadays had a Carabus natator, Tilson sighed too, though a Carabus natator had not been mentioned in his books, and he wondered what on earth it was like.

When he went away with his cases under his arm, the professor urged him to come as often as he liked for a little entomological chat.

And the young man, as he lit his cigar in the cab, congratulated himself on having been able to squeeze Miss Smoot's hand three times that night under the very eyes of her father.

On Saturday morning the Muddletown collection of beetles was again in its usual place in the museum.

Young Tilson became a regular visitor at the professor's house. For a month they were great friends, and the young man talked entomology to the father and made love to the daughter with an enthusiasm that was deserving of so good a cause.

In a month, however, Tilson's small knowledge of entomology began to grow dangerous. He was shrewd enough to know that his ideas on the subject were becoming hazy, not to say chaotic; then, like the rash young man that he was, he called his imagination into use. At any cost he must keep the conversation from becoming too technical. He tried to interest the professor in the history of each beetle he possessed.

"You know, professor," he said one night, "it was very curious the way I came across that Apion buchus. Three years ago, when I was in Manila, walking down the Prado, a man passed me driving a spider-wheeled buggy. He wore a white hat, and stuck in front of it was a beetle. I ran along as fast as my legs could carry me till I overtook him. After much parleying I managed to get it for a couple of dollars. It seemed the beetle had been given him by the skipper of a sailing vessel who brought it from Madagascar."

The admiring way in which the professor received this anecdote delighted Tilson. He wondered why he had not resorted to this sort of thing before. Presently he repeated the experiment.

"That Scarabus auriectus," he said, "that you admired so much, I nearly lost once by running away. I had just captured it and was riding back over the desert."

"Desert?" said the professor.

"Yes, desert," answered the young man mildly.

"Where were you?" asked the professor.

"I was in Arabia."

The professor's eyes went large as he looked at the young man. "In Arabia," he said to himself. "Oh."

"Yes; you see, I was coming back when four thieving Arabs dashed up behind me in full pursuit. I just got to the caravan in time, but on the way I nearly dropped my beetle."

During the remainder of Tilson's anecdotes the professor watched him with a curious blank look on his face which the young man mistook for admiration.

When Tilson said good night he felt particularly pleased with himself. But the professor, when the door had closed behind him, walked to the radiator and turned on the steam a little more.

"Imposter!" he muttered. That was all he said for a very long time. He sat down and looked at the door. "And to think I thought that man knew something about beetles." The fact of the matter was Tilson had overstepped the mark. There is no Scarabus auriectus in Arabia; and as for finding an Apion buchus on a man's hat in Manila, the idea was idiotic.

Professor Smoot was an easy-going man in some things. But for a stranger to delude him for a whole month on the subject of entomology was a little too much. He sat in his chair for a couple

of hours, and the more he thought, the angrier he grew. When he went to bed his temper was at boiling-point; when he rose it wasn't a degree cooler.

Then to crown all, his daughter came in late that morning and said: "Pa, dear, Mr. Tilson proposed to me last night, and I accepted him—of course with your consent."

The professor looked at her with as much pure astonishment in his gaze as if one of his own beetles had started suddenly to sing a comic song.

The scoundrel was not satisfied with deluding the father; now he wanted to marry the daughter. For a moment he thought there might perhaps be a better way of getting even with the awful impostor. He remained quiet; but that night when Tilson came, the professor had matured a plan calculated to more than pay back the young man in his own coin.

Tilson was seated in his usual place. Suddenly the professor changed the conversation.

"I understand that you wish to marry my daughter?" he said.

"Yes, sir." As he said the words, Tilson actually blushed.

Professor Smoot looked astonished. Here was the most unblushing liar (when on the subject of beetles) blushing over a simple thing like a love affair.

"I admire your taste," said the professor at last; "Milly is a good girl."

"She is an angel, sir."

The professor nearly got angry at this absurd remark, but recovered himself; he must remember he was about to punish this charlatan, and it would spoil it to precipitate matters.

"And you, Mr. Tilson," he said, soothingly, "are a clever man. Your knowledge of beetles has raised you in my esteem about most other men."

The youth began a seraphic smile of deprecation. The professor was a very decent sort, after all.

"Yes, for so young a man, your entomological knowledge is profound and accurate—strictly accurate." There was a curious emphasis on the last two words.

"I am afraid I know very little, professor."

"Don't be modest. Those things you told me about the Brachinus nemoralis and the Carabus nitens inhabiting the wastes of Syria were a revelation."

It would have been a revelation to the young man if he had known that the professor was at that moment enjoying the finest piece of sarcasm of his life.

"But to return to the subject of my daughter," continued the old man. "She is a girl worth winning."

"She is indeed," murmured Tilson fervently.

"But I want to be classical," said the professor, speaking in a dreamy tone. "Men like you and me, Mr. Tilson, who are deep students of any one thing, always have our little peculiarities. It is only natural. Now, I want to set you a task. Hercules had his twelve labours, Telemachus sailed a terrible voyage in search of his father, and Perseus took the Medusa's head." The old man took off his spectacles now. As he wiped and replaced them, he went on: "A few night ago, Mr. Tilson, you told me that the Sulsirostris still existed in Algiers, and you thought you could get one. Scientists say that this particular species of Bostrychidae has been extinct for thirty years. Now, sir, that is your task; you must go to Algiers and get me a Sulsirostris; when you bring it to me you shall marry my daughter, not otherwise."

The professor looked at him. The task had had the desired effect. Tilson was very white, for technically he did not know a Sulsirostris from a cock-roach. The look in the professor's eye, however, told him that it would be no good to protest.

He sat meekly on the edge of his chair, while the old man took down a heavy book and turned over the leaves till he came to a coloured plate occupying a whole page.

"This," he said, "is a drawing from the only Sulsirotris in existence."

The young man took the book and looked at it for a long time; he was trying to think how he could get out of going on a wild goose chase to Algiers. The professor chuckled with glee at his apparent discomfort.

"May I borrow this book?" said young Tilson at last.

"Certainly," answered the professor sweetly.

Young Tilson went home with the book under his arm in a very disconsolate mood. But by morning, being a resourceful youth, he had already thought of a possible way out of the difficulty.

He rang the professor's door bell with as much assurance as on the day of his first call. He carried

a yellow. In a few minutes he had said good-bye to the professor and Miss Milly Smoot, and was off to the station on his journey to Algiers. He did not go straight to Algiers, however, for when he reached the station he got out of his cab and walked home.

For four months Professor Smoot heard nothing of him. "Nothing like giving a fake entomologist a dose of his own medicine," said the professor. "I don't think he will turn up again." More than this, the old gentleman was delighted to find that his daughter did not pine away as love-sick heroines in books generally do.

One evening there came a vigorous ring at the bell, which made the professor rub his chin thoughtfully with his pen.

Jay Tilson entered the room. Considering that he had been for three months in the broiling sun of Algiers he was not very brown. Under his arm he carried a box a foot square, wrapped in paper. Professor Smoot looked at it; it could not contain the Sulsirostris, for that insect was extinct. He felt very curious as the young man unfastened the wrapping and finally took out a small case of Indian workmanship. He opened this and placed it under the professor's eyes.

"There is the beetle, sir," was all he said.

Sure enough, on cotton wool in the middle of the box there reposed a genuine Sulsirostris—the insect that was extinct—of which only one specimen was in existence!

The professor stared at the beetle and turned it over with his forceps. All the time he murmured: "Quite right, quite right." For fully a quarter of an hour he looked at it, then rose and shook Tilson by the hand.

"You are the most remarkable young man I ever met." He could not take his eyes from the beetle, for it was a specimen perfect in every particular.

When Tilson left that night he was in high favour.

Later, Professor Smoot sat in his chair deep in thought. His eyes were on the beetle, resting in its case on the table. He knew that the young man had not secured the only specimen extant, for that was unsaleable, and he could not borrow it, the old man thought grimly, for he knew now that Tilson had previously palmed off as his own the public beetles of Muddletown.

For a long time the professor considered the case from all sides; then he rose, and, taking up a sharp penknife from the table, leaned over the beetle. Very carefully he scratched at the beautiful red lines on its back. Slowly they began to fade away. The professor tried again in another part, then deliberately inserting his knife into the middle of the insect, split it into halves. The beetle was made of wood!

The professor gave a deep sigh. "I thought something of the kind," he muttered.

When young Tilson called that evening he did not know that his beautiful enamelled beetle, with its dainty wire antennae, had been found out. Milly's father looked at him for a long time, then rose and spoke oracularly.

"Young man," he said, "I have had my opinions about you. Five months ago you brought here as your own a public collection of beetles. You might have got imprisoned for that. Later, you lied about your experiences in various parts of the world, when you knew you had never been farther than New York."

He paused. Tilson had already wilted.

"Last night you foisted on me a beetle, saying it was a specimen of the extinct Sulsirostris. You made that beetle yourself out of wood! Now, what do you think of yourself?" said the professor rising.

At that moment Tilson thought very little of himself; he was sitting with his head down. It was all over; he had been found out.

"Don't you think I am justified in showing you the door?" asked the professor.

"I did it because I loved your daughter, sir," murmured the young man.

"Of course, I know that, and since you foisted that fake beetle on me, I have changed my mind about you. I admire your audacity as much as I used to despise your untruthfulness. You will get on in the world, sir. I should like my daughter to marry a successful man."

The professor rose and rang the bell. A maid appeared.

"Tell Miss Milly to come here," he said.

TACT

One of the most indispensable points in all trades or professions is this one short word "tact," for the man of years and experience, as well as the youth of inexperience require it, and lucky are all who possess it. It is the twin sister to common sense. When Shakespeare said, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," he paid a compliment to "tact." Tact is the oil which greases the wheels of progress and business alike, and this, too, with an ease quite unknown to those who fail to possess it.

IT IS A SUCCESS IN ITSELF,

for it enables one to use the legitimate weapons of trade to secure a desirable end, whether that end be for the traveller seeking orders, the assistant watching the interests of his employer's business, or the granting of some special favour. It is an adage that "manners make the man," but a man may be ever so polite, yet fail in tact to use that politeness in the way calculated to make or leave a good impression. This point is of special use to assistants generally in all trades, where they come in contact with various grades of customer, tact to persuade an indecisive one, tact to manage a grumbling one, tact to press a sale, tact to get rid of a talkative one, who, perhaps, after all purchases have been made, seems to hang fire about going. In such a case tact comes to our aid, enabling us without apparent rudeness to get rid of such a customer, while leaving on his mind an impression favourable in conducing to further purchases on another occasion. With tact, in a great measure, we are enabled to keep our temper, and this alone is worth a great deal to ourselves, for

THE TROUBLES AND ANNOYANCES OF A BUSINESS MAN

are legion. By this gift of tact we are enabled to conciliate, thus reconciling and remedying many disputes; by tact we can give courteous treatment and a greater amount of attention. Tact enables one, whether master or servant, to read the character of a customer or client, and to judge how far one can go in pressing a purchase or in repressing sometimes a too garrulous tongue. We are all approachable one way or another, and all more or less open to a little left-handed flattery. The one, therefore, who has the faculty of tact, is the most likely to succeed with the greatest number. Our daily observances in manners with men or women either in business, or in the social world point out who are the successful ones, and in most instances it was by tact they succeeded. To have tact we require good perceptive qualities with some love of approbation, but those with too great self-esteem will not gain tact, but will be frequently in antagonism with his fellows in whatever position placed. To a good salesman this little word "tact" is indispensable, for those possessed of it intuitively please without seeming to strive to do so. It has also been said that a real salesman is

ONE PART TALK AND NINE PARTS JUDGMENT,

and tact enables him to use the nine parts judgment to know when to use the one part talk.

To be a good listener is again an evidence of tact, and is a great point in making strangers at home with us. Human nature, however, is such that there are times when we are almost unable to be agreeable; tact then comes to the fore with the question, "Is it politic to express ourselves disagreeably? May we not by so doing lose business and friendship?" Yet there must be nothing Peckseniffian in our manner, for he who fawns and worms himself into favour will never have as real a hold as will the man showing a truly independant spirit. Men of tact are generally successful men and are without prejudice. Prejudice is assuredly always a mistake, whether in politics, trade or friendship, for by it we frequently lose points of vantage in discussion. Affection may be alienated, or a favourable bargain or profit be lost. Tact is essential to an employer if he hopes to make his assistants, his workmen, and his family amenable to his will and desire.

TACT COMBINED WITH SOUND JUDGMENT

keeps a man alive to passing every-day events, and enables him to steer through the shoal of difficulties which surround most traders, and particularly the beginner, or one who is inexperienced in outside matters. By want of judgment a man may perhaps nearly bring his business to grief, say, by overbuying, but with the assistance of tact he may not only stave off the evil day, but be enabled to put a satisfactory gloss on his position. In buying, tact prevents one from losing sight of the rights of the seller, while obtaining for oneself the greatest value, and as a seller it induces the recognition of doing to others as we would have other do to us.

Tact and judgment are closely allied, indeed inseparable, the former word is from the Latin, and its meaning is given as "a peculiar skill or faculty, a nice perception or discernment," while the latter word "judgment" is of French origin, and means "the faculty of the mind, by which man is enabled to compare ideas, and ascertain the relations of terms and proportions." Thus we can easily see their affinity. Tact is a combination of perfect ease and careful courtesy, and as such is a rare gift. The world, as a rule, will take a man at his own price, but it will also quickly value at a low figure him who is so deficient in tact as to soar to too high an eminence, or is of too bashful a nature. Tact is an intuition which enables a man frequently to grasp a point at once, and to profit by it even more readily than can some who may have had long experience; and men and women with this gift have clear heads and are able to bring all their forces into life's daily battle. This faculty of tact is often required in a friend if he would show us our weaknesses without at the same time losing our friendship. It is

ESSENTIALLY NECESSARY TO EMPLOYERS,

in dealing with their workpeople, whose want of education or, perhaps, dullness in intellect often prevents them from seeing a point in the same light in which it would appear to the master. In such instances a tactful word will often help the assistant or workman to grasp the master's idea, and many mistakes may thus be averted. In censuring and in praising equal tact is required, for without it, praise may easily give rise to vanity and presumption. One may say that tact is a sort of genius, in fact, it may sometimes be better than genius, for it is safe, steady and certain in its results, and steers clear of many dangers. It knows what to do, what to leave undone, and when to make the supreme effort. Trade competition is most useful in stimulating men to exertion, still, if proper judgment, tact, and ability, and the ordinary rules of politeness be not observed towards our competitors, we shall probably lose more than we gain in the business race. Proper observance of these points would frequently prevent men from so lowering their prices, as to make their business one of nearly all work without a sufficient legitimate profit. A jealous man invariably fails in tact, but an ambitious man—using the word in its right sense — frequently reaches the point aimed at. We require tact as well as a firm will in saying No to one asking credit or too extended credit; for by saying "Yes," the business man is so often crippled, as to be unable to buy for cash himself, thus losing a legitimate trade discount. The experience of most business men who employ travellers, or who may have travellers calling on them, will go to prove that tact is an important element in a representative. Having so many varied people to deal with, without tact to discern the peculiarities of each, the one man frequently fails to secure trade, while the tactful runs in to win. That is the essence of true politeness, and the tactician is the man who does a disagreeable duty in the most pleasant manner, thus robbing it of its sting.

Scientific and Useful

LONDON'S TUBES.

London has now six underground electric railways (tubes) in operation, and five more are under construction or projected. The railways of London, underground and surface, carry more than six hundred million persons each year, of which underground lines accommodate 258,000,000. There are nearly six hundred railway stations in greater London, and into the trunk line stations alone there pour annually more than three hundred million passengers.

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INDUSTRIAL USE OF SEAWEED.

According to a report of C. J. Davidson, of the British Embassy at Tokio, Japan, seaweed products bring in two million dollars a year. The coarser varieties of the vegetable are stewed and served with fish. Some of the delicate sprigs of sea grass are boiled with fish soups, and remain a vivid green, floating against the red lacquer of the soup bowls. Many other kinds of seaweed are used in the manufacture of glue, of plaster, and of starch. Whole villages are given over to seaweed fishing and the drying and the packing of the product for shipment to the manufacturing plants in the large cities. In the country along the sea-shore the farmers use the coarse and ropy kelp for fertilising their vegetable fields. In the last few years the Japanese Government has taken up the subject of the seaweed industry. Experiments have been carried on in many places along the coast, with a view to increasing the yield of the deep water algae. The Government offers a reward for the best method of producing iodine from sea plants.

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ELECTRO-CULTURE.

Summarising the progress that has been made in electro-culture, B. Tolksdorf, a German, finds it fairly well proven that electricity is essential to the growth of vegetation, although the important part played is not yet understood. Professor Lemstrom has found that plants soon died under a wire cage which excluded atmospheric electricity, while freely admitting air, heat and light. In Spitzbergen and Finnish Lapland, large crops are always connected with the early appearance of the Northern Lights; and in the experiments that have been made—so far on a small scale—the yield of many plants has been increased by an artificial supply of electricity and water. It is supposed that electricity stimulates the sap exchange of plants, while Lemstrom has shown that it greatly magnifies capillary power, thus probably enabling the plants to take in more food from the ground.

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MACHINE MAY ABOLISH STENOGRAPHY.

Plans now under way will make it unnecessary for business men to depend upon private stenographers or typewriters (says an American paper). Central typewriting exchanges, to which letters can be dictated over the telephone circuit and returned for signature in a few minutes, are to be established in large office buildings and hotels in New York and other Eastern cities. Such a scheme has been made practical by means of the telegraphone, which not only makes a perfect reproduction of the human voice, but also records everything that passes over the ordinary telephone. These records are stored upon a thin steel wire or disc, and can be reproduced an indefinite number of times or removed when there is no further use for them. Each of the central exchanges will have a number of telegraphones and a staff of typewriter experts and trained linguists. When the business man or the guest in a large hotel wishes to dictate he will pick up the receiver of his telephone and ask to be connected with a telegraphone in the exchange. By means of a small switchboard he will have complete control of the machine to which he is dictating in the exchange. If it should be necessary to make any changes in the letter, a push button is pressed, which brings a pair of magnets, stronger than those which made the record, into contact with the wire, and any part or the whole of the letter is immediately wiped out. In the same way records of dictated letters are wiped out as soon as transcribed, so that the machine is always ready for use at any time. As soon as the dictation is finished the typewriter operator places the telegraphone sounders to his ears and transcribes the records which have been made, returning the letters to the office from which they were dictated. The matter transcribed might be in English, French, German, or any other language. It might be legal, scientific, or technical, full of difficult words and phrases which would tax even the most highly-educated and expert stenographer to take down in shorthand with rapidity and accuracy. When the central typewriting exchanges are established, telegraphones will enable business men to dictate letters at a great speed, in any language, and on any subject.

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INFLUENZA IN WINTER.

There is good reason to believe that the influenza bacillus is an air-pervading microbe, and that infection takes place through breathing bad air rather than directly from one person to another. In this case the impure air caused by large gatherings of people in badly ventilated public places would easily lead to a toxic concentration of the microbe in the air inhaled. The problem of providing fresh air for a large number of people in a confined space without producing an unpleasant draught has yet to be solved, but in the meantime, it is difficult to convice people that reinhaled, stagnant air is far more injurious in its effects than the dreaded draught. It cannot be gainsaid that draughts are not wholly innocuous, but susceptibility to a cold current of air is largely a matter of custom, and can be overcome. On the other hand, the spread of microbic infection probably takes place rather through the accumulation of the organisms in the stagnant air of a public conveyance, a public gathering, or the home itself, than by direct contagion from one individual to another. It has even been suggested that the prevalence of influenza in winter may be accounted for by the fact that people then congregate in greater numbers in buildings and exclude air more rigorously in their dwellings.

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FISHY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Particularly fearsome are the fish that live in the lowest depths of the ocean over three miles down. There the pressure of the water is more than two tons to the square inch, and it is thus not surprising that the fish are not at all similar to the kinds with which most of us are familiar. Their bones are cartilaginous, in order to yield to the immense pressure to which they are subjected; they are almost all as black as jet, and every species known to science is of an incredible ferocity. In many cases their jaws resemble those of serpents, to permit of their swallowing objects — generally fish — broader than themselves, and the eel of those depths combines a huge size with the ferocity and voracity of the tropical shark. But the most remarkable point about the fish is the illuminating apparatus with which they are endowed by nature. This is in many respects similar to the most modern arc-lights of human manufacture.

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 would like to join your band, so I thought I would write you a letter telling you so. We are starting our midwinter holidays in two weeks, and I hope to have a good time. I think I am going to town for a day or two. I am going to try to write you a letter every week. We have a pretty bird called a goldfinch, and also a canary. It is yellow and grey in colour. This is my first letter, so I have not very much to say. I will close up now.—I remain, yours sincerely, Cousin MADGE.

I would like one your badges very much.

[Dear Cousin Madge, — Of course I shall be very pleased to have you for a cousin, and I will post you a badge directly you send me your full name and address, which you have forgotten this time. I hope you will have a good time during your holidays, and have fine weather. Holidays are not much good if it rains all the time, are they? Have you got names for your canary and goldfinch? We have a canary and a parrot for our pets. The parrot talks and whistles beautifully when he is in a good temper, but when he is displeased he shrieks horribly, and must disturb our neighbours, I think.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I would like to join your band, and I am going to write about the little white kitten. It is a pretty little thing, and is playful, and has a black speck on its head, and has green eyes. I wonder if you have ever been to Henderson for a picnic. We have such crowds of people. I hope if you come out next summer that you will come and visit me. I am nearly seven years old.—I remain your sincerely, Cousin EDNA.

I would like one of your badges.

Dear Cousin Edna,—Of course you may become a "Graphic" cousin, and I shall be very pleased to have you for one. I cannot send you a badge, though, until you send me your full name and address. Will you remember to send them next time you write? You have written such a dear little letter that I can hardly believe you are not yet seven years old. I have often been out to Henderson for picnics. It is a lovely drive in the summer, and there are such pretty places for picnicking when one gets there, so I don't wonder that so many people drive out during the summer months.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am afraid I have been very neglectful again. When I am in Auckland time goes so quickly that I really forget I have letters to write. I remember you asked me who my singing master was. Well, I have learnt for over two years, and am still learning, from Mr. Arthur Boult. I am getting on very nicely, I think. I have been to several plays since I last wrote. Did you see Andrew Mack, and don't you think he had a sweet voice? I also heard Blanche Arral. I think her voice is too lovely to describe. I was told her name, too, the other day. I really couldn't spell the second one, but the first is Claire. Last Saturday my brother and I went with some friends to Lake Takapuna. It was just a glorious day, and we did enjoy ourselves. My brother and a friend took a lot of photos, too, which I believe all turned out very well. We have such a mischievous pug puppy here. It is always running off with everyone's slippers. I generally look in the yard for mine when I want them. They are nearly sure to be out there, with the tassels pulled off or sucked into a pulp. Well, really, there is nothing to write about in Auckland, so I will briefly close this uninteresting letter,—Cousin PHYLLIS.

[Dear Cousin Phyllis,—It is indeed a long time since you wrote last, and I was beginning to think that you must have left Auckland. Mr. Boult had a pupils' concert last week, didn't he? Did you sing? Yes, I thought Andrew Mack's voice particularly sweet, and think he must have had a fine voice when he was younger. I heard Blanche Arral several times, and liked her voice better each time. I did not care for her rendition of English songs much, though. Did you hear her sing a little Spanish street-song? It was really delightful, and she sang it as though she thoroughly enjoyed it, too. I have been told several times who Blanche Arral really is, but each person told me a different name, so I am not very much wiser now. I remember what a perfect day the Saturday you went to the Lake was. Did you notice how close the Barrier looked? I don't think I have seen a clearer day; I should like to have been on the top of Rangitoto. What a magnificent view one would have had, wouldn't one? I am afraid I should get seriously annoyed with that pug of yours. I do hate to have my slippers mislaid, especially in cold weather.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I would like to join your band. We have a little kitten whose name is Toodles. He sometimes crawls up the wall to get our canary bird. I am writing this letter in the dining-room. I am in standard III. at school, and my birthday is the 11th of this month. My youngest sister is in standard II. and Elsie is in standard V. I was reading your letters in the "Graphic," and a friend of ours told me I should write to you, and so I said I would. If we pull our kitten's tail he will either scratch us or bite us, but it is all in play. He is the most playful kitty I ever say, and will play with almost anything you give him. Please will you send me a badge. —Cousin FRANCES.

[Dear Cousin Frances,—I shall be very pleased to number you amongst my "Graphic" cousins, and I have already posted a badge to you. I put both yours and Hazel's in the same envelope, and hope you will get them safely. I must wish you many happy returns of your birthday, did you have a nice lot of presents? You must tell me next time you write what you did all day, and how you enjoyed yourself. I'm afraid Toodles must be rather a spoilt pet; you will have to be very careful or one of these days he will get the canary; we have lost one or two lately, and we are quite sure that some cat must have climbed up to the cage and managed to get them through the bars somehow.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I would very much like to join your band. We have got a little kitten named Toodles, which is very playful, and sometimes scratches us. I would very much like you to send me a badge. We had a dog named Sailor, and we sent him away to Newmarket. There was a cat came into our place, and it would have stolen the milk, only that mother came in just in time; when she saw it she chased it out. I had better not say too much, because you might get tired of reading it. I will write you another letter soon. I send you my love and some x x x.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin HAZEL.

[Dear Cousin Hazel,—I shall be delighted to have you for one of my cousins. I have posted you a badge, and in return you must write as often as you can. Was Sailor a collie or a Newfoundland, and why did you have to send him away? I am sure he would much rather be at Henderson, where there is plenty of room for him to run about and play, than at Newmarket, which is always so dusty and crowded. Is Toodles the only cat you have? It was a good thing your mother came in just in time to save the cream, wa-n't it?—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—Our holidays are over and we have gone back to school again, we had three weeks' holiday. My father took me to see "Tom Moore" played the other night, and I thought it was just lovely, there were such a lot of people there; did you go to see it when it was in Auckland? What kind of weather are you having? We are having rather nice weather. We missed getting the "Graphic" this week because we were too late when we went down to get one, they were all sold out, so I am afraid that I won't be able to answer any questions that you have asked me. I hope that you won't mind. Please, Cousin Kate, would you tell me when your birthday is? Mine is on November 18. I collect cigarette pictures, and I think that I have got about 300. Our garden is as bare as anything; it hasn't got any flowers out at all; they are so hard to get down here just now. We did not have a holiday on the Prince of Wales' Birthday; don't you think that it was a shame? I am afraid that you must think that I am a very bad letter-writer because I hardly ever have anything to say. Well, I must say good-bye, with much love to all the other cousins and yourself, from MARJORIE.

[Dear Cousin Marjorie.—You seem to have thoroughly enjoyed your mid-winter holidays, and even after three weeks you wanted more. Didn't you have Empire Day as a public holiday? Most people decided to keep that instead of the Prince of Wales' birthday. We have been having some really perfect days in Auckland, so that we cannot grumble if we have some bad weather now, and it looks as though we are to have some, as it is raining hard to-day. I am glad you liked "Tom Moore" so much; we all thought it very good, and liked Andrew Mack's singing so much. What a pity you were too late to get a "Graphic," you should persuade your father to order it for the year, then you would be always sure of getting it. My birthday is on the 6th of August, so you see I shall not have to wait nearly as long as you will for my birthday presents. I enjoy getting your letters very much indeed, and I think you write very nice ones, so I hope you will write often.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—Mother bought a "Graphic" to-day, and, as I was looking over the pages it contains I saw some of your letters, and I thought I would like to write to you too. I would very much like to become one of your "Graphic" cousins, and would like you to send me one of your red badges. About nine months ago I came with my two sisters and my three brothers and my mother in the steamer called the Rarawa from Wellington to Auckland. Wellington is a much cooler place than Auckland, although we have had some very cold mornings here lately. I like Auckland very much better than Wellington, although I was born there. I was thirteen years old last November, and I am in the fifth standard. This month we are having our examination to see who is going to pass into a higher standard. I have three brothers and two sisters, their names being Willie, Charlie, and Stuart, Ethel and Ruby. We have living with us a little niece, and she is just starting school, and she is a funny little thing. Every tea-time she tells us what she has been doing during the day. I think I must soon be bringing my letter to a close, as I cannot think of anything more to say.—I remain, your loving cousin, IVY.

[Dear Cousin Ivy,—I shall be very pleased indeed to add you to my list of cousins, and I will post a red badge to you at once. We have had some very cold mornings here lately, but I expect they have had even colder ones in Wellington. I was so astonished when I read that you preferred Auckland to Wellington. Of course, I do too, but then I have lived here for years. Didn't you miss all your Wellington friends very much at first? You must tell me next time you write why you like Auckland best. I hope you will pass your examination this month; do you think you will find the sixth standard work very difficult? I have so many letters to answer this morning, Ivy, that I am afraid I must write you a short one this week, but will try and write more next time.—Cousin Kate.]

The Frog Language.

Crake, crake! Brekekek-koax, koax! So cried the frogs with discordant voices.

"What's the use of repeating the same words over and over again?" said Maybelle to herself.

Every afternoon, just after sunset, the frog concert started, and Maybelle, though she did not enjoy the harsh sounds, seemed fascinated by them. Generally the noise began thus:—One frog would give a solitary call, and another frog would answer; then several frogs called and several answered; finally, there was a perfect babel! No wonder that Maybelle was puzzled, and said: "What does it mean, this perpetual chatter?"

"Ah! wouldn't you like to know?" a hollow voice replied. She looked around her in astonishment.

"Tap, tap, tap!" that was yonder woodpecker.

"Coo, coo, coo-o-o!" that was a wood-pigeon. An neither voice was hollow.

"It is very odd indeed!" said Maybelle.

"Crake, crake! Brekekek-koax, koax!"

"There!" cried Maybelle. "I'd give my very best doll, I would indeed, to know what that means!"

"Done!" replied the hollow voice which she had heard before, only this time it sounded louder and nearer: "Done! and I'm the man to teach you!"

Maybelle looked in the direction of the sound, and now she saw a Wood-goblin peeping at her from the hole of a hollow oak where he lived. This goblin had a wondeny face full of wrinkles and cringles, his complexion was brown, his hair was green his arms were long and

skinny. In fact he was uncommonly like the old tree in which he dwelt, which was the chief reason that Maybelle's sharp eyes had not detected him sooner. "I wonder how old he is?" she said to herself. "150 or even 250 years, perhaps." Then she said aloud, politely: "Good evening, Sir, how do you do?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the Wood-goblin. "I don't want to complain, though, to be quite frank, things are not what they were!"

"I am afraid I don't quite understand you," said Maybelle.

"Well, you see, Miss," replied the Goblin, "the trees used to grow thickly hereabouts, and it was much more private and select, but now the timber is continually cut down and thinned so that there is no knowing when a tenant may have to quit. It is hard, you know, to be obliged to turn out of your comfortable home where you have resided for a hundred years or more, at sort notice! But you mentioned just now a best doll; now, what would she be like—this doll?"

"Oh!" cried Maybelle, clasping her hands. "My Seraphina is perfectly lovely!"

"Ah!" remarked the interested Goblin, "and her skin, is it rag, wood or wax?"

"Wax, to be sure!" said Maybelle.

"And her complexion, is it healthy or sallow?"

"A beautiful pink," said Maybelle, and she has eyes of the loveliest blue that open and shut when you pull a wire. And she has long silky flaxen hair!"

"What's her stuffing?" asked the Goblin, eagerly; "bran, sawdust or wool?"

"I really don't know," replied Maybelle; "does it much matter?"

"No, no," said the Goblin, rubbing his gnarled hands together impatiently; "fetch your Seraphina along at once."

"But, you were going to teach me frog language," said Maybelle, rather dolefully; "and I don't think it would be quite fair to pay you beforehand."

"All right," answered the Goblin, "pray be seated, anywhere you like, and we'll begin at once:—Crake, Cra-ake! Brekekek-koax, koax! We'll take each syllable separately, if you please."

"But it's all alike; just the very same thing repeated over and over again!" objected Maybelle.

"Look here, Miss," said the Goblin, "are you scholar or teacher, I should like to know?"

"I am sure I beg your pardon, sir," said Maybelle.

"I am not sir," corrected the Goblin, "I am the Baron de Pumpkinson. But, to begin, you will have to forget all that you think you know with regard to the language of birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles. To you the bark of a dog, the mew of a cat, the twitter of a bird, the bleat of a lamb, the croak of a frog are all much of a muchness; indeed, you call these creatures dumb animals. I assure you that therein you show your ignorance. Just as you understand your own language, so they understand theirs."

The Goblin paused, and as he seemed to expect that Maybelle would make a remark, she said: "Then what is the difference between their language and ours?"

"It lies almost entirely in the tone or inflections of the voice. Now, take the apparently simple word 'crake,' pronounced thus"—and the Goblin gave a sample croak—"it signifies, 'Good evening, I hope you continue active on your legs'; or, pronounced thus, it signifies 'Hurrah! I've just swallowed a meatfly,' or, again thus, 'How admirably the moisture of this muddy puddle suits one's constitution.' In fact, the word 'crake' alone is capable of being pronounced in fifty three different ways, and carries fifty three entirely different meanings."

Thus the Goblin talked and Maybelle listened until, by and-bye, the Baron said, "There, I think that is quite as much as you will remember; besides, I am tired of talking, so good night, Miss."

"Good night, Baron de Pumpkinson, and thank you for your lesson."

"We will resume to-morrow afternoon," said the Goblin.

Maybelle went home. That night she dreamed that she was invited to a frog party, and danced a jig, in which she accomplished the most surprising hops. And, to her delight, she found that she quite understood what the frog guests said.

The next day she practised saying "crake" whenever she had the opportunity, and when the time came, repaired to the hollow tree, carrying her best doll in her arms. The Goblin was looking out for her, and was delighted to see Seraphina. "Her charms," said he, "quite exceed my expectations."

The lessons continued without interruption for a fortnight, and by the end of that time Maybelle was so well acquainted with the language of frogs that the Baron said, "I will now, if you please, introduce you to the Prince of Frogdom."

To whom Maybelle bowed and said, "Crake!" meaning "I hope that your Royal Highness is well!"

"Crake!" replied the Prince in a tone which signified, "I am deliciously damp, and cold, and springy, I trust that you are feeling the same!"

"Thanks," said Maybelle, "I certainly do feel cold, perhaps your Royal Highness has observed that I am wearing a tight-fitting jersey, and have on as many as four skirts, whilst round my neck is a good thick comforter. Then my boots are stout to keep out the damp."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the Prince, "now that is a coincidence! It happens that one of our community strangely objects to cold and damp; to add to his afflictions the poor fellow is almost dumb. But I fear that I must not talk longer as pressing affairs of State are waiting. May I hope to see you at the Ball next week?"

"Oh, I should love to come!" said Maybelle. "I suppose, though, that it will be held under water!"

"Ah!" replied the Prince thoughtfully, "and your gills are not adapted to that element, eh? I had not thought of that!"

He gave a peculiar whistle, whereupon the Goblin appeared with Seraphina.

"Allow me the privilege of a word with you, Baron. This lady wishes to attend the Ball to-morrow. Would you kindly oblige by furnishing her with gills?"

"With pleasure!" replied the Goblin. "What time is the Ball?"

"Six o'clock."

"All right," said the Goblin, "be here at 5.45, Miss, and I'll do what is necessary."

Maybelle scarcely slept a wink that night for thinking of the morrow. At length the longed-for hour arrived, and you may be sure that she was punctual at the old oak.

The necessary transformation was effected in a very simple manner. A cauldron was suspended on a tripod, and in it was a brew of dragons' eggs. When the brew boiled, the Goblin danced around it seven times, and then threw in a powerful charm on which was written:—

"Prestissimo! change lungs to gills:
'Tis I, de Pumpkinson, who wills!"

Whereupon Maybelle shrunk, instantly assumed the form of a frog, hopped to the ornamental pond, and dived below the water-lilies to the frog palace.

The ball-room completely surpassed her expectations: it was long, wide and lofty. The ceiling was formed of coloured weeds and grasses which met overhead so that the eye looked down a continuous vista. On either hand were soft couches of oozy mud, on which the tired dancers could rest and fan themselves. The fans were made from the gold-beetle, or a section of bright red lady-bird.

The room was lighted by tiny shell-fish hired for the occasion, stationed in clusters. At short intervals they shot out beautiful phosphorescent bluish-white rays that gave a very fine effect to the brilliant scene.

The programme consisted chiefly of polkas and hop-waltzes danced to the harsh music of the Blacksmith frog of Rio, and the Sugar-miller from of Peru.

Intervals were arranged during which the guests adjourned to the shore. Here they witnessed the acrobatic performances of Signor Gruntera from the West Indies. This gifted stranger could leap more than five feet at a single bound. Another distinguished performer, who hails from Madagascar, made the most astounding flights through the air. The artist had webbed feet that he could spread over a surface of air larger than his body.

By-and-by the Frog-prince asked Maybelle if he might introduce the lonely frog he had mentioned to her. He did so. And it turned out to be the most surprising thing of this eventful evening!

The Lonely-one spoke good English, although with a Froggish accent. Said he: "Doubtless you have heard of the Queen of Hearts who made tarts? Well, I am her unfortunate son. When she died I inherited her kingdom and her extraordinary skill in tart-making. A wicked Fairy was jealous of me because she could not make tarts equal to mine. Therefore she changed me by her magic into the form of a frog. Even in this wretched condition I cannot enjoy myself as I otherwise might. I can't speak Frog language, I shiver when my companions are revelling in cold and damp, their choicest dishes of fricasseed flies are loathsome to me. And alas, I see no prospect of release."

Over this melancholy recital Maybelle shed a compassionate tear. "Is there no way of breaking the spell?" she said.

"There is, but it is too repulsive to think of. I can only get released by marrying a frog maiden!"

"Suppose you marry me, you will marry a frog maiden," said Maybelle, "and afterwards the Goblin will change me back to human form!"

"Alas! I am a poor man, my property was seized by the bad fairy," said the Lonely-one, "and all I can promise you is a loving heart, and the most exquisite tarts! But then you might not like me, you know!"

"Nor you me!" said Maybelle. "It is a risk for both of us, but let us take it!"

When they told the Frog-prince he was much interested, and immediately got them a special licence, so that they were married on the very next day.

And after the ceremony, directly they stepped ashore, the Lonely-one suddenly changed. In place of the frog there stood a handsome young man, richly dressed in Royal robes and wearing a golden crown. And he said anxiously to Baron de Pumpkinson—

"Hasten your incantations, I implore,
And to my wife her proper shape restore!"

And the obliging Goblin did as desired, and great were the mutual rejoicings and congratulations.

And the Prince of Frogdom gave Maybelle as a wedding present a jewel from the head of a toad which was so magnificent as to be worth a prince's ransom.

Then hand in hand the King of Hearts and the bride departed for the Country of Choice Confections, and for luck the Baron threw after them his oldest slipper.

On reaching the frontier Land of Jam Sandwiches the Royal pair learned that the wicked fairy had shortly before choked herself whilst eating mixed pickles. So the King of Hearts got back his property after all, and in the happiness of the future forgot the sorrows of the past.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Christina Fredsburg, daughter of the late Mr. A. Fredsburg, of Taheke, Hokianga, to Dr. Charles F. Scott, of Gisborne.

APPROACHING MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Cotter, eldest daughter of Mr. T. Cotter, Remuera, Auckland, to Mr. Sidney Hain, of New South Wales, takes place this Wednesday afternoon June 19th), at St. Mark's Church, Remuera.

The marriage takes place on June 26th of Mr. Donald MacCormick, National Bank, Auckland, and Miss M. Richmond, daughter of Mrs. Richmond, of Epsom. The wedding will be solemnized at the residence of the bride elect's mother.

Another June wedding is that of Miss George, daughter of Mrs. Shayle George, Shelly Beach-road, to Mr. Acton, of Auckland.

Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Mrs. Pomare (Wellington), is spending some weeks in Gisborne.

Mrs. A. D. Crisp has returned to Gisborne after a short visit to Auckland.

Mrs. C. P. Davies (Gisborne), has gone on a visit to Hawke's Bay.

Mr A. Masy, of Aponga (Whangarei), leaves by the Gothic shortly for a holiday trip to the Old Country.

Mr. Macfarlane, engineer in charge of Calliope Dock, returned last week by the Zealandia from a visit to Australia.

Mr. E. Mahony, solicitor, left on Sunday by the Rarawa for New Plymouth on business.

His Worship the Mayor of Auckland (Mr. A. M. Myers) and Mrs. Myers have returned from Rotorua.

The Rev. E. G. Evans, of Maharangi, has received a call from Bulls, of the Wanganui Presbytery.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Young were passengers by the Hauroto for Tahiti last week.

Mr. Frank Quick, of Lake Takapuna, left by the Manapouri for Suva to catch the Moana for Vancouver, on an extended trip through America.

Lieutenant Dee, of the Whangarei Rifles, has been elected to the command of that corps, vice Captain Steadman, who resigned, and has been placed on the retired list.

Mr and the Misses Kitchen (2), of Onehunga, leave Auckland at the end of the month for Sydney, en route to London.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rees returned to Auckland after a lengthened and pleasant visit to Australia, including Perth, W.A., where they spent some time with their son, who is a resident of that place.

Mr. Geoffrey Fairfield, lecturer on electrical engineering at the Thames, Waihi and Karangahake Schools of Mines, has been elected an associate member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, London.

Mr. G. G. Campbell was on Saturday last made the recipient by his fellow-clerks of a neatly-bound copy of Dicksee's Advanced Accounting on the occasion of his leaving the "N.Z. Herald" office to take up another position.

The Rev. G. Bond, chairman of the Auckland district, who has been attending the general conference of the Methodist Church of Australasia, returned from Sydney on Sunday by the Zealandia.

The many friends of Dr. Bewes (says our Otahuhu correspondent) will be pleased to know that the operation which he underwent at Tiri Private Hospital has been very successful, and he is progressing favourably.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gribble and Miss Gribble, of the Thames, have taken up their residence in Auckland. Mr. Gribble has resided at the Thames for a great number of years. During his long residence he always took an active part in lodge matters, the bowling club, and St. George's Sunday School.

Miss Milington, cookery teacher at Thames Technical School, who has been appointed to a similar position under the Hawke's Bay Education Board, leaves for Napier to-morrow. Miss Mil was the recipient of presentations from various schools, and general regret was expressed at her departure.

Father Bowen, of Whangarei, has received definite news of his appointment to Northern Wairoa, and he will take charge at once. Father Smiers, whom Father Bowen succeeded, will return to Whangarei about the end of this month, after an absence in Holland of nearly two years.

Mr J. C. Entrican, for many years actively associated with the Devonport Presbyterian Church, was last week tendered a farewell social in the Sunday-school. The Rev. Ivo Bertram presided, and in the course of the evening presented to Mr Entrican, on behalf of the congregation, a handsome photographic shield of the elders and church managers. Mr Renshaw, on behalf of the Sunday-school teachers, presented Mr Entrican with a Bible. A very pleasant evening was spent in music and anecdote.

The following guests were staying at Okoroire, during the past week:—Mr. and Mrs. R. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Wilson, Mrs. Ching, Mr. and Mrs. Simcox, Mr. Sellars, Mrs. Avery, Miss Hardy, Miss Bolland, Auckland; Mrs. Sare, Master Sare, Mr. T. Burd, Mr. J. Kerr, Mr. Bathe, Mr. and Mrs. Debbie, Hamilton; Mr. J. Coutts, Te Aroha; Mr. Hutchinson, Walton; Mr. W. C. Jay, Greymouth; Mr. T. Roberts, Seargill; Dr. Endlotsbergr, Matamata; Mrs. W. Blacklock, Miss E. Blacklock, Sydney.

Miss Reeves, a daughter of New Zealand's High Commissioner, who has achieved such a scholastic success at Home, is only nineteen years of age. This is not the first occasion on which Miss Reeves has distinguished herself as a scholar. As a child she had a particularly retentive memory, and great things were predicted of her. These predictions are now being more than fulfilled. Some time ago Miss Reeves won a prize for an essay on "Imperial Federation," the competition being open to the pupils of some thirty schools in the United Kingdom. When asked what he thought of Miss Reeves' latest performance, Professor MacLaurin, of Victoria College, said it was a remarkably meritorious one. The tripos is equivalent to the honours examination in New Zealand.

Captain Henry William Holland Chatfield, who died at his home in Melbourne recently, aged sixty-eight, had a long and creditable career in intercolonial shipping circles. He was born in Adelaide in September, 1839, and sailed from a very early age, about 1855, in small sailing vessels trading to Hobart. In 1861 and 1862 he was engaged in the trade between Auckland and the Islands as second officer in the Clutha, and afterwards as master for some time. In 1878 he joined the Union Company's service, remaining in it for over twenty-five years, until his retirement a couple of years ago. In 1882 he brought the Wairarapa from Glasgow, and during his career he commanded the Mararoa, Tajune, Rotomahana, Waihora, and Warrimoo. In 1902 he brought the Moeraki out from Home. On the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York, Captain Chatfield was selected by the Admiral of the Australian Station to pilot the Royal yacht Ophir in New Zealand waters, and he was also chosen to go on with the vessel after she left New Zealand for Tasmania. On his retirement he received a very flattering testimonial from the directors of the Union Company, who stated that during his many years' service he had never occasioned them an hour's anxiety for the safety of the vessel he commanded.

HAWKE'S BAY PROVINCE.

Miss L. Hadley, Napier, is on a visit to Wellington.

Miss Williams, of Wellington, is on a visit to Hawke's Bay.

Mrs. H. Donnelly is in Napier for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Maxwell, of Nelson, are spending a holiday in Napier.

Mrs. Hayne, of Woodville, is on a visit to Napier.

Miss Chatfield, of Auckland, is on a visit to Napier.

Miss Darling, of Wellington, is in Napier for the winter months.

Miss Cameron has returned to Dunedin from a visit to Napier.

Miss McLean, of Napier, is on a holiday visit to Christchurch.

Miss Anderson, of Napier, has been on a visit to Woodville.

Mrs. Lloyd, of Dannevirke, has been in Napier for a week.

Miss Waterhouse, of Hawke's Bay, is on a visit to Gisborne.

Mrs Gaisford (Hawke's Bay) has gone to stay with friends near Picton.

Mr. Armstrong, Palmerston, spent a few days in Napier recently.

Mr. W. H. Davy, of Auckland, has been appointed a resident master on the staff of the Napier Boys' High School.

Mr. Douglas Wilson who for the past year has been on a trip to the Old Country, has returned to Napier.

WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Miss A. Edwin (Wellington) has gone to Blenheim for a visit.

Miss Lukin (Wellington) has gone to Sydney for some weeks.

Mrs Stopford (Auckland) is staying with Mr and Mrs Prouse, Wellington.

Miss Kensington is back in Wellington after a stay in the South Island.

Mrs. Ballance (England), is the guest of Mrs. Foreman, in Wanganui.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Good, of Wanganui, are staying with relations in Hawera.

Mrs. Colin Campbell, of Wanganui, has gone to Napier.

Mr and Mrs Lees (Wellington) have gone to New Plymouth for a visit.

Mr. H. Abbott, of Hawke's Bay, is at present on a visit to Wanganui.

Mrs. and Miss Bremner, of Wellington, are staying in Wanganui for a short visit.

Mr and Mrs W. Bidwill have returned to the Wairarapa after a stay in Wellington.

Mr. Smith, of Gore, recently appointed manager of the local Bank of New Zealand, has arrived in Palmerston North.

Miss Margaret Waldegrave, Palmerston, has gone to Wellington on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Fulton.

Mr. Vaughan (Martin borough), was a visitor to Palmerston for several days during last week.

Major Gallagher, U.S.A., who has been visiting New Zealand, left Wellington for Sydney on Saturday.

Mr and Mrs MacEwan are back in Wellington after a trip to Auckland and Rotorua.

Mr and Mrs Eagar (Wellington) have gone to the South Sea Islands for the winter months.

Mrs Pomare (Wellington) has gone to Gisborne for a visit to her relations there.

Mr and Mrs C. Pharazyn have gone back to the Wairarapa after a short stay in Wellington.

Miss Skerrett, who has been away in Auckland, is returning to Wellington via the Wanganui River.

Mr J. Parker succeeds Mr Charles W. Earle as associate editor of the Wellington "Evening Post." Mr Fred Earle succeeds Mr Parker as sub-editor.

Mr and Mrs Haslam (Wellington) have gone to Australia for a trip. They will visit Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide before returning.

Miss P. Jones, of Wanganui, who has been visiting relations and friends in England, and the Continent, has returned to New Zealand.

The Hon. H. Butler, who has been residing in France for some years has returned to New Zealand, with his two little daughters, and is the guest of Miss Bulay-Moun: Desert, Wanganui.

Mrs. Abbott, who has been residing in South Africa and England for some years has returned to New Zealand for a short visit, and is the guest of Miss Bulay-Moun: Desert, Wanganui.

Dr. and Mrs Fitchett, who left Wellington over six months ago for a trip to England, are on the way out again. They are travelling with Sir Joseph and Lady Ward, and will be back by the end of the month.

Mr Phillips Williams, who has been spending several months in Wellington, has gone to Sydney, en route to the South Sea Islands, where he will remain till September. Mr Williams is a brother-in-law of the Bishop of Wellington. He intends to return to the Old Country by way of Canada.

Miss A. M. Murcutt, a Distinguished traveller, who is visiting New Zealand, is at present in Wellington. Miss Murcutt is a member of the Royal Geographical Society, and is especially well acquainted with Japan and the East.

Captain and Mrs Sinclair, who arrived from India in February, are leaving New Zealand on the return journey shortly. The appointment Captain Sinclair held was in connection with the marine survey of the colony, which project the Government has now given up.

Miss Sybil and Miss Dorothy Tauredi, who have been singing with much success in Paris lately, are New Zealanders by birth, being the daughters of Mr and Mrs R. S. Hawkins. They were formerly residents of Wellington and of Otago, but left for Home some years ago in order to study music professionally. For the last year or so they have been pupils of Madame Marchesi, who has expressed high opinions of their talent. Mr R. S. Hawkins was S.M. for the West Coast for a considerable period, but, on his retirement, went to England to live.

SOUTH ISLAND.

Mrs. and Miss Pitman (Christchurch) intend visiting Australia this winter.

Miss Helmore has left Christchurch to pay visits in the Norfolk Island.

Miss Cowlishaw (Christchurch) is staying in Dunedin for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Reeves are leaving Christchurch. They intend re-iding in Timaru.

Mrs. and the Misses Kettle, who have been for some time visiting friends in Dunedin, have returned to Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. Heaton Rhodes and Mrs. Alister Clark have left Christchurch for Melbourne.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes, with their children, left Christchurch for Sydney and Queensland, where they intend to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Elworthy (Timaru) have been spending a few days in Christchurch, the guests of Bishop and Mrs. Julius.

Dr. J. Loughnan, who lately arrived in Christchurch from Victoria, intends practising in Timaru. Dr. and Mrs. Loughnan are at present staying with Mr. and Mrs. George Harper at Riccarton.

Why?

Why do so many people believe that the outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual grace are a dowdy appearance and a heavy manner?

Why do so many bad people believe that the cheerful and amusing good are merely sinners clothed with hypocrisy?

Why do your smart friends always call on Mary Ann's day out?

Why do the servers in shops look upon you with contempt, though you always pay cash; and rush to serve Mrs. Overthe-way, who is gorgeously attired in garments got on credit?

Why, when people send you presents, do they never think of what you want, but only of what it amuses them to buy?

Why is it beautifully fine the day before, and the day after, your garden-party—and pour in torrents on the day you give it?

Why is the average millionaire so incapable of enjoying life, and spending his money with magnificence and taste?

And why should you, who know how to get the uttermost value in enjoyment out of a shilling, be as poor as a church mouse, and likely to die in that state of penury?

Dangerous Hatpins.

The danger to the travelling public embodied in the hatpin of the slovenly woman is pointed out by a correspondent of the "Lancet."

While on the head of the tidy woman only the knot of the hatpin is visible, the untidy woman often shows two or three inches of the point end protruding.

When the wearers are nursemaids the danger to the eyes of children is apparent, and with the increase of motor-omnibuses, with their sharp jolts when starting and stopping, one may expect to hear of serious accidents arising from this source.

NO DOUBT.

"I wonder what that Chinaman is doing up so late." "Shirts, I suppose."

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

A CHANCE FOR MILLIONAIRES.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 3.

Oxford, the oldest university in England, is sadly in need of funds to bring it up to date. The Chancellor, Lord Curzon, has issued an appeal to the nation asking for £250,000, to be applied to the most urgent necessities of university training. Oxford's income has for many years been inadequate to meet the ever-growing demands of modern education. She has to work with revenues and machinery more suited to the eighteenth century than the twentieth. Her revenues have fallen off through the depression in agriculture that has accompanied the growth of England under Free Trade, and the wealthy classes of this country have shown little or no disposition to emulate the magnificent bequests made to American universities by the plutocrats of the United States. Nor does there seem to be any hope of adequate assistance from the State. This country has been governed on the principle that the State should relegate the nation's activities as much as possible to private enterprise. And thus Oxford, the claim of which is of so wide and almost national a character, is forced to appeal to private generosity to meet its urgent needs.

These needs fall under two main heads —the promotion of modern studies; literary and scientific; and the provision of funds necessary for the due maintenance of the world-renowned Bodleian Library. In inviting contributions towards these objects, Lord Curzon states that, while providing for the endowment of new subjects of a scientific or modern character, there is no intention to impair the old traditions of Oxford as a University, pre-eminently of the "humane" studies and literary culture. These, indeed, must run the risk of being lost if new funds are not forthcoming, and if the old endowments are diverted to support new and expensive equipments. Oxford does not ignore the claims of history, of theology, nor, in particular, of classical archæology. The funds available for these studies are inadequate, but they are inadequate because of the constant and increasing demands of science. If the teaching of modern languages and the equipment and endowment of science were placed on a sure footing, the resources of the University, thus relieved, would probably suffice for the prosecution of the older studies even in their newest development.

Among modern languages English should stand first at an English university, but the professors of English at Oxford are at present much overworked, and an increased staff of teachers is greatly desired. The claim of foreign languages and literature is hardly less imperative. At present there is a deplorable lack of means for the public teaching of the languages and literature of modern Europe, and the creation of first-rate professorships in French and German language and literature in particular is urgently needed. A similar provision for other foreign languages will be the natural sequel. In many departments of science, Oxford is unable, for want of the necessary funds and appliances, to supply the scientific basis for subsequent practical work. An electrical laboratory is needed, and there should be provision for giving men the scientific training which will fit them for the practical profession of the engineer. Oxford is almost the only University which does not provide adequate facilities in this respect, and at which it is impossible to qualify for admission to the Institution of Civil Engineers. Oxford needs also equipment for the pursuit of a study which is of ever-increasing importance, the study of hygiene in its social and industrial bearings. Further, in view of the large number of Oxford students directly interested in the subject, it is desirable to provide greater facilities for instruction in scientific agriculture.

As regards the Bodleian Library, Lord Curzon says: "It is lamentable that the usefulness of a library the fame of which is world-wide, should be marred because the curators cannot conveniently store the books which they possess, nor make readers comfortable, nor provide them with easy means of reference to the contents of the shelves, nor even keep their collection up to date by necessary purchases."

From this brief summary it is clear that Oxford cannot be re-endowed adequately from within. She appeals to the nation, and one can only hope that the response will be prompt and generous.

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MR. SANTLEY'S JUBILEE.

A good many years have passed since Mr. Charles Santley sang in oratorio at the Dunedin Exhibition, and afterwards on the concert platforms of the colony, but time has not dealt hardly with the famous baritone. That he still retains a foremost place in the affections of the public was shown by the enthusiasm which marked his jubilee concert at the Albert Hall this week. The vast building was thronged in every part, and Mr. Santley received a great ovation. The only song which appeared against his name in the programme of this jubilee concert was by Handel, a secular song, his performance of which has long been famous, "O ruddier than the cherry." He sang it with all the old qualities which have made him famous, with the single exception of the rich vocal tone, which was scarcely to be looked for. This was, of course, not the only song he sang; the enthusiastic audience could not let him off so easily, and in singing Hatton's "To Anthea" with as much ardent fervour as a young man of twenty-five might, and certainly with more than most young singers would, he gave an example of another branch of the singer's art, in which his sincerity is no less truly felt, the much-abused art of ballad singing. He had to sing yet another song, and gave "Simon the Cellarer."

During an interview in the programme Lord Kilmorey, as chairman of the executive committee, made a short speech, in which he offered to Mr. Santley the gratitude of his many admirers and the congratulations and good wishes of his friends. He announced to the audience that the testimonial fund by subscriptions, sale of tickets, etc., now amounts to about £2000, and that the list is to remain open until June. He presented to Mr. Santley an album containing the portraits of the executive committee and the artists who took part in the concert. Mr. Santley warmly thanked all concerned, reminding the audience that although he first appeared in London fifty years ago, yet he has been singing for well-nigh sixty years, and also emphatically declared that this was not a farewell concert. Perhaps the most striking testimony to the place which he holds was to be found in the large number of artists who appeared on the platform to do him honour and to give their help in the programme. The singers were Mmes. Albani, Suzanne Adams, Clara Butt, and Ada Crossley, Messrs. John Coates, Ben Davies, Edouard de Reszke, and Kennerley Rumford, while Miss Fanny Davies, Herr Fritz Kreisler, and Mr. W. H. Squire played solos on their respective instruments, and Dr. Cowen, Cav. Alberto Randegger, and Mr. Landon Ronald (the last-named as musical director) appeared to conduct the London Symphony Orchestra).

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ALL LIVING STATUES INDECENT.

A somewhat belated crusade is being started by the clergy against the living statues which now figure so prominently in music-hall programmes. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London have both condemned the practice of allowing women to enamel their bodies and pose as famous statues for the "edification" of music-hall audiences. Why they delayed their protest until the living statue boom was nearing its end is hard to say; at best the controversy will only serve to give the boom a fresh lease of life just when the public were beginning to grow a little tired of the whole business. Whether this public exhibition of the female form in the guise of a statue is artistic or the reverse is a question upon which opinions differ widely. Personally I fail to see anything artistic in the appeal it makes to the sort of audience that flocks to the music-hall for recreation. But the living statue has a notable protagonist in Mr. W. T. Stead, who championed "La Milo" so warmly when he wrote his celebrated article "Drivel for the Dregs." Mr. Stead thought La Milo's poses were the only redeeming feature in the programme of the Pavilion Music Hall. Of course, La Milo and her imitators, and the managers of the halls harp incessantly upon the artistic note, but a good deal of this talk about the ideals of the artiste and the æsthetic influence of the living statuary upon music-hall audiences is inspired with an eye to the box-office receipts.

This question has been put during the week to a number of well-known artists: "Do you consider the living statuary, as now appearing at certain places of entertainment, artistic and elevating or degrading to public taste?" The following replies have been published:—

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft: "So far from stimulating interest in art, these shows simply vulgarise it. What do people go to see them for? To admire art? Certainly not. They go to gratify their low and depraved taste."

Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.: "Living statuary is certainly not so artistic or elevating as the art it represents."

Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A.:—"I have grave doubts as to any good—moral, intellectual, or artistic—from living statuary exhibitions, and recognise in them many possible dangers to society."

Sir William Richmond, R.A.:—"I have never seen living pictures, and never mean to."

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.:—"Public interest in living statuary is certainly not artistic."

Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.:—"I have not seen the exhibitions referred to, but should say 'neither' to your questions."

Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A.:—"Degrading."

Mr. Conrad Dressler:—"Impossible to get at the beauty of statuary with living models."

Mr. Havard Thomas:—"Often quite entertaining; no harm to public taste."

Mr. Derwent Wood:—"If artistically presented, living statuary 'turns' at music-halls should be elevating to the tasteful public, but to vulgar minds degrading."

Mr. A. Hacker, A.R.A.:—"They are rarely artistic, and certainly not elevating to the general public."

The Modern Grandmother.

"The length of life is steadily increasing," says a writer in the New York "World Magazine." "Twenty-five used to be the full blossoming time of womanhood. Now it is conceded to be thirty and after.

"It was only the very exceptional woman of 50 who was ever heard of in the past. To-day the woman of fifty stands at the head of almost all the big educational and philanthropic movements of the time.

"Our greatest actresses have passed the boundaries of forty-five, and great women philanthropists are also nearing the age, but it is in the ordinary, every-day, average woman that the greatest change can be seen.

"Can you imagine your great-grandmother at the age of fifty wearing anything but black or lavender, with a little bit of white lace or muslin?

"Can you picture her in a French hat, with her grey or white or brown curls beautifully dressed, and her well-corseted figure moulded into the smartest of tailor-made suits?

"Our great-grandmothers at the age of forty donned their caps and shawls, took to the great armchair, and for the most part, resigned themselves to old age.

"There is no such thing as old age for the woman who feels and thinks herself young, no matter what the date in the family Bible may register.

"The grandmother of to-day has more leisure than her predecessor, and she puts it to better advantage. Her mental activity is greater than it ever was, and she does not hesitate to begin a new study and to compete in art or science with younger women.

"If she has money she studies the art of entertaining, making herself more interesting than ever before, and she even follows the prevailing 'fad'—whatever it may be.

"And the reason is that modern women have studied the laws of hygiene, and know how to take care of their bodies."

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[The charge for inserting announcements of birth, marriages, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

BROWN.—On June 10th, at Nurse Margett's, "Rawhiti," Park-rd., to Mr and Mrs Alfred Brown, Te Arai, a daughter.

ELLIOTT.—At 15 Upper Pitt-st., Auckland, June 10, the wife of Albert Elliott, a son; both doing well.

MACPHERSON.—On June 8th, at Grange-road, Mount Eden, the wife of James Macpherson of a daughter. Both doing well.

PENFALL.—On June 16th, at "Allerton," Albany-rd., Ponsonby, to Mr and Mrs C. W. Penfall, a daughter. Both doing well.

TONKIN.—On June 16, to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tonkin, Emmett-st., Ponsonby, a daughter.

WALKER.—On June 17th, at "Te Kiri," Mt. Eden-rd., Auckland, the wife of Bert Walker, Rotorua, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

HARROP—SNOW.—On May 30, at the Gospel Hall, Levin, Wellington, William Floyd, only surviving son of the late Isaac Worthington Harrop, Parnell, Auckland, to Nellie Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Ernest Hastings Snow, Langton Lodge, Levin.

HEWSON—FORBES.—On April 3, at All Saints' Church, Ponsonby, by the Rev. Archdeacon Calder, Arthur John, eldest son of the late Capt. J. C. Hewson, to Ethelinda Rose (Lin), only daughter of Mr. G. A. Forbes, both of Ponsonby.

DEATHS.

BARCLAY.—On June 13th, 1907, at the Auckland Hospital, James, dearly beloved eldest son of P. Barclay, late of Rama Rama.

BAKER.—On June 14, at "Murhill," Seaview-rd., Remuera, in his 85th year, Richard Kemm Baker.

BEALE.—On 12th June, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs J. B. Kyd, Ingledell, Hewick, Caroline Beale, relict of the late Samuel Beale, formerly of Royston, England; aged 82 years.

BETTS.—On June 16th, at her parents' residence, Hillsboro', Auckland, Eliza Jane (Janie), the fourth most dearly beloved daughter of Edward and Clara Betts; aged 19 years and 10 months. Late of Arch Hill.
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

BLACKLOCK.—On June 13th, drowned, Captain J. C. Blacklock, s.s. Kia Ora, beloved husband of Flora Blacklock, and son of the late Captain John Blacklock, of Macduff, Scotland; aged 35 years. Home papers please copy.

CHEESEMAN.—On June 14, 1907, at the residence of her sister (Mrs J. G. Hutchison, "Monyruy," Norman's Hill, Onehunga), Mary Watson, relict of the late G. H. Cheeseman, of Gladstone-road, Parnell, in her 75th year.

CORNEY.—At Pompallier-terrace, on June 16, Alfred George, dearly loved and youngest son of Walter and Mary Corney; aged 1 year and 11 months.
Safe in the arms of Jesus.

ELLISON.—On June 14th, at Fox-st., Parnell, Elsie Mary, beloved daughter of Harold Edward and Elizabeth Ellison; aged 3 years and 5 months.

GONSALVES.—On June 13th (accidentally drowned off the s.s. Waiotahi), Rufino, the dearly beloved husband of Matilda Gonsalves, in his 48th year. R.I.P.
Deeply regretted.

HILLMAN.—At her home, Pukekohe, Mrs. Sarah Hillman; aged 73 years.

NOTTINGHAM.—On June 13, 1907, Leila Emily Caroline, the second eldest child of Alfred Edward and Caroline Nottingham, of Cook-street West, aged 4 years. All papers please copy.

PARKER.—On Friday, June 7th, at Devonport, Alma Winifred, late of Christchurch, second dearly beloved daughter of the late Charles Hillary Parker, Christchurch; aged 26.

PORTER.—On June 10, 1907, Ethne Augusta, infant and only daughter of Willis John and Augusta Porter, Essex-rd., Mt. Eden.
"Thy will be done."

RUGE.—On June 10th, at her residence, Murdoch-rd., Grey Lynn, Margaret, the beloved wife of Christian Ruge; aged 55 years; after years of suffering.

ROWSELL.—On June 11th, Benjamin Rowsell, late secretary St. George's Rowing Club.

SUTTON.—On June 12th, at her late residence, Edinburgh-street, after a short but painful illness, Susan, beloved wife of George Sutton; aged 50 years. No mourning, by request of deceased.

WILKES.—On June 12th, at Mackelvie-street, Grey Lynn, Eliza, the beloved wife of J. W. Wilkes; aged 62 years.

WYATT.—On June 17th, at Auckland Hospital, Thomas, beloved husband of Laura Wyatt, of Leamington-road, Mt. Roskill; aged 58.
"At Rest."

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, June 18.

A most enjoyable

JUVENILE DANCE

was given on Friday evening by Mrs. Barnard, for her son and daughter in the ballroom, Eden Grove, kindly lent for the occasion by Mrs. R. Udly. The verandahs, canvased in, and prettily decorated with flags; evergreens and Chinese lanterns, made cozy rendezvous for the dancers. A dainty supper was served in the diningroom, the table decorations being carried out in yellow and white. Many pretty frocks were worn. Mrs. Barnard received her guests in a becoming black silk evening gown. Among the grown-ups were:—Mrs. R. Udy, who wore black crepe; Mrs. Horace Walker, black silk and cream lace; Mrs. J. Trevithick, grey crepe-de-chine; Miss Udy, black evening dress, pretty pale pink roses on corsage, and pale pink sash; Miss Daisy Udy wore a black gown, cream roses; Miss Nelly Wilson (Hawke's Bay), blue silk muslin, Oriental trimming; Miss Walker, black silk evening gown; Miss May Hesketh, blue silk muslin; Miss R. Walker, ivory white silk, and lace; Miss Bertha Oxley, pink silk evening gown; Miss Kathleen Wilson, pale green silk gown: Miss Trevithick, pale yellow satin; Miss G. Kidd, white silk and pink roses. These assisted in entertaining the little ones who included: Misses Vaile, Geddes, Ruth Stephenson, Gladys Beale, Merle Pollen, Phyllis Hillier, Dickenson (2), Frater, Stewart, K. Mair, W. Reed, I. Devore, G. Sloman, M. Stephenson, R. Horrocks, D. Knight, A. Gibbons, B. Taylor, C. Grey, C. Beaumont, C. Moginie.

The weather was most unpropitious for the

OPENING AFTERNOON TEA

of the new "Tiffin" Dining and Tea Rooms on Friday afternoon, and although the spacious and handsome rooms were well filled with a fashionable gathering, many guests were prevented by the heavy rain from responding to the directors of the Auckland Catering Company's invitation. The up-to-date rooms, with their pure white walls and ceilings, bright green carpet, cream curtains, headed with Cingalese tea-pickers, and the quaint oiled furniture were voted delightful. The waitresses in attendance wore China-blue cambric frocks and white lawn aprons. Mr Alfred Nathan, in a nice speech in declaring the rooms open, mentioned the name of the rooms chosen, and said there were many suggestions made, but the directors chose "Tiffin," because it was an Eastern one. Afterwards the guests made a visit to the other departments, and were quite immensely taken with the culinary and cooking rooms, with their very up-to-date utensils.

DEVONPORT SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

The first concert of a new season was held in the Masonic Hall, Devonport, on June 12th, when, in spite of the inclement weather, there was a large and appreciative audience. A fine programme of vocal and instrumental items was enthusiastically received by the members, and numerous encores were demanded. One of the features of the evening was the duo for two pianos "Ungarische Fantasie," by Liszt, brilliantly performed by the promoters, Miss Alice Law, L.R.A.M., and Mrs Emily Sutherland.

The songs, "Good-bye," by Tosti, and "Mine Enemy," by Olga Rudd, were artistically rendered by Miss Kate Best, whom music lovers will be glad to welcome once more in their midst.

Other singers were Mrs Sutherland, Miss Coleman, and Messrs A. J. Tapper and Reyburn. Mr V. Coney contributed a 'cello solo, and an effective obligato to the song "Alla Stella Confidente," sung by Mrs Sutherland, in her usual finished style. Mrs Sutherland was gowned in black sequined net, with pink roses; Miss Alice Law wore pearl grey silk, relieved with touches of pink, and white lace bertha; Miss K. Best was in white net over silk, and crimson roses; Miss Coleman wore white silk. Among the audience were: Mrs Law, in a black satin evening gown; Miss M. Law, white silk; Mrs (Dr.) Guinness, black evening dress; Mrs J. Alexander, pretty cream and coral blouse; Mrs Prime, heliotrope evening blouse and dark skirt; Mrs Lintott, grey silk; Mrs C. Macindoe, pretty heliotrope opera coat with lace yoke; Mrs Oakden, black, with white lace; Mrs Cardno, black silk; Miss P. Cardno, pretty pale blue French muslin; Miss Sale, black silk and lace; Mrs F. Mason, cream blouse and dark skirt; Mrs Swan, black; Miss Alison, cream evening dress; Miss L. Stevenson, cream; Mrs Best, black silk.

THE THIRD ANNUAL BALL IN AID OF THE THAMES HOSPITAL FUNDS

was, writes a correspondent, held recently, and proved a decided success. About sixty couples occupied the floor, while progressive euchre was provided for the non-dancers. Delightful music was gratuitously supplied by Williams' orchestra, the floor was in first-class condition, and an excellent supper was served, the arrangements for which were facilitated by the kindness of Mrs. Twohill, proprietress of the Brian Boru Hotel, who placed her commodious dining-room at the disposal of those present. An energetic committee worked hard to ensure an enjoyable function, and, supplemented by the indefatigable secretaries. Messrs. R. Kilgour and W. Walker, they met with gratifying success. Conspicuous amongst those present were: Dr. Walshe, the popular medical superintendent; the matron, Miss Stewart; and nurses Wilson, Glasson, Brien, Morton, Aitken and Lamb, the uniform of the staff contrasting noticeably with the evening dresses of the other ladies. Mrs. Bevan looked well in black silk with a deep berthe of accordion-pleated chiffon inlet with motifs; Mrs. Dodd, black velvet; Mrs. West (Auckland), black gown; Mrs. Bagnall (Turua), black; Mrs. Court, black with lace vest; Mrs. Winter, black with cream relief; Mrs. Chapman, blue silk blouse, black merveilleux skirt; Mrs. Clare, dainty black Paris net over black silk; Mrs. Collier, black silk with scarlet flowers; Mrs. Ravenhill, black; Mrs. Crease, pink silk with ruby velvet strappings; Mrs. Wright, black tucked chiffon over silk; Mrs. Burns, primrose silk with cluster of crimson poppies; Mrs. Thompson, black gown; Mrs. Teasdale, dainty white crystalline gown, with panels of silk lace; Mrs. R. Lloyd, black silk with crimson spray; Mrs. Paul, pretty cream dress trimmed with frills; Mrs Dunlop was effective in richly spangled white net over white glace; Mrs. Turner, cardinal; Mrs. H. Jordan, pale blue silk with touches of dark green velvet; Mrs. G. Jordan, smart gown of black spotted net over black taffetas silk; Mrs. F. Hansen, white silk; Miss Belcher, black; Miss Walshe, delicate oyster grey checked silk, with touches of pink silk and cream guipure; Miss Foy, dainty white embroidered net; Miss Gibbons, black; Miss L. Gibbons, black velvet with scarlet sprays; Miss Asham, white silk with corsage outlined in turquoise velvet; Miss Banks, white book muslin finished with kilted frills edged in bebe ribbon; Miss Baker, mauve figured voile; Miss Bagnall (Turua), becoming pale pink silk, finished with silk passementerie; Mrs. S. Bagnall, cream crepe de chine, with ruched ribbon rosettes; Miss Edith Bagnall, dainty white glace trimmed with insertion; Miss Ava Hunter (Napier), black pongee silk with cream guipure vest; Miss Gillespie, pale blue silk with pretty fichu; Miss E. Gillespie, dainty white silk finished with lace; Miss McQuade, effective ciel blue silk; Miss H. West (Auckland), becoming white silk; Miss Henderson, soft white befrilled silk; Miss Patterson, yellow silk; Miss Rae, white net trimmed with yellow bebe ribbon; Miss Lucas, pale buttercup silk; Miss Fagan, blue voile with bretelles of cream lace; Miss Guthrie, white Persian lawn relieved with pale blue; Miss J. Muir, white Indian muslin; Miss Watson, white crepe de chine; Miss N. Gibson, white muslin; Miss E. Hansen, dainty white silk; Miss Millington, black silk.

PHYLLIS BROUN.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, June 15.

Quite a social feature this week has been the

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIAL,

held in connection with the Jubilee of the Church of England in New Zealand. This function took place in His Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday night, and was in every way most successful. During the evening several musical items were rendered, interspersed with speeches by the Revs. Dawson-Thomas and Chatterton, and Mr C. A. DeLatour. Later in the evening supper was handed round, and altogether a most enjoyable time was spent.

Last Thursday afternoon Mrs and Miss Sherratt, "Swarthmore," gave a most enjoyable

"HANDKERCHIEF" AFTERNOON

for Miss May Woodbine-Johnston, who is shortly to be married. A very jolly afternoon was spent with tea and talk, and Miss Woodbine-Johnson was the recipient of many pretty handkerchiefs. Mrs R. Sherratt was wearing a fawn skirt and white blouse; Miss H. Sherratt, pale blue muslin; Miss K. Sherratt, white muslin; Miss Cook (Christchurch), pretty bright brown silk dress, with cream lace; Mrs Patullo, brown costume; Miss Wachsmann, navy cloth costume, black hat; Miss G. Pyke, reseda green cloth, long coat and skirt, hat to match; Miss H. Black, tweed coat and skirt, Tuscan hat, with tartan bows; Miss B. Black, tweed costume, cream and blue hat; Miss Ferguson, navy faced cloth costume, blue felt hat, with blue plumes; Miss May Woodbine-Johnson, pale grey and blue coat and skirt, soft pink felt hat, with pink wings; Miss H. Woodbine-Johnson, navy coat and skirt, pink felt hat with shaded tulle and berries; Miss Monckton, navy serge coat and skirt, white hat with black glace bows and white quills; Miss D. Monckton, mixed tweed costume, green and blue hat; Miss E. Burke, navy costume, red hat; Miss C. Boylan, red skirt, cream coat, cream and red hat; Miss E. Nolan, blue coat and skirt, green felt hat; Miss A. Sherratt, fawn covert coat, navy skirt,

sailor hat; Miss Williamson, check coat and skirt, faced with blue cloth, wine-coloured velvet hat, with shaded roses; Miss M. Williamson, navy tailor-made costume, pale green hat; Miss E. Grey, pale green and white check costume, white felt hat; Miss D. Rutledge, grey tweed tailor-made costume, green hat with shaded roses; Miss R. Bradley, navy costume, white hat; Miss M. Bradley, pale grey costume, white and blue hat; Miss W. Reynolds, navy Norfolk costume, cream and blue hat; Miss H. Agnew-Browne, navy costume, fawn hat, with brown velvet and brown wings; Miss S. Evans, black serge costume, black hat; Miss E. Clark, cream cloth Norfolk costume, wine-coloured felt hat with berries and dark green tulle.

HUNTING.

The members of the Poverty Bay Hunt Club assembled at Whatatutu last Saturday morning. The weather was beautiful for the run, and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent. The party were entertained at afternoon tea by Mrs Patullo.

ELSA.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, June 14.

Mr. Andrew Mack and company played a two nights' season last week, when they played

"TOM MOORE" AND "THE WAY TO KENMARE."

He was greeted with a good audience, and everyone seemed to have enjoyed the performances. Amongst the audience I noticed: Mrs. Levin, black taffeta gown, white lace berthe, white coat; Mrs. A. Kennedy, pink satin frock, long grey coat, trimmed with lace; Mrs. Hamlin, black satin, trimmed with lace; Miss Hamlin, white silk and lace blouse, black satin coat; Mrs. Williams, grey silk frock, trimmed with grey velvet; Miss Williams, pale blue stripped taffeta dress, bodice trimmed with lace and velvet; Mrs. Dr. Berneau, cream lace frock, cream cloth coat, brown furs; Mrs. Warren, pale blue silk and lace dress; Mrs. Tomlinson, pink frock, trimmed with lace; Miss Kennedy, green taffeta dress, berthe of lace; Miss Rutledge, white muslin and lace dress, touches of pale blue; Miss Hoadley, black taffeta frock, trimmed with lace, violet and lace coat; Miss Thompson, white silk and chiffon dress; Miss McLernon, black taffeta dress, touches of pale blue; Mrs. C. Cornford, white muslin dress, trimmed with lace, blue belt; Miss Hindmarsh, pale blue frock, pretty lace berthe; Mrs. White, blue taffeta dress, touches of black velvet, white cloth coat; Mrs. Moore, black velvet frock; Mrs. Tylee, white silk blouse, lace yoke, black satin skirt; Miss Chapman, pale pink dress, trimmed with black velvet, pink roses; Mrs. Smith, black silk dress, lace yoke, pale blue coat; Miss Snodgrass, pale blue silk and lace blouse, dark skirt; Miss McLean, pink frock, red roses on bodice; Miss Brown, scarlet silk frock; Miss Campbell, dainty blue frock, covered with lace, lace stole; Miss Macfarlane, pale blue blouse, black satin skirt, fur coat; Miss Grant, white net over glace silk; Miss Anderson, blue frock, pink roses on bodice.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, June 15.

Although the weather was wet and stormy, there was a large attendance at Miss Bedford's

CINDERELLA DANCE

last Wednesday, at the Freemasons' Hall, and amongst those present were:—Miss Bedford, cream brocade, with bands of yak insertion on skirt, decolletage finished with cream lace berthe; Mrs. D. Bedford, white embroidery muslin, satin folded Empire belt; Miss Mountford, cream satin, with lace berthe; Miss Brown looked pretty in a pink floral muslin, with silk folded belt, bodice finished with frills and lace; Miss King, pale pink muslin over a darker shade, black velvet belt, scarlet roses on corsage; Miss Hanna looked extremely well, in a turquoise blue embroidered nuns' veiling, with chemisette of frilled Valanciennes lace, finished with bands of silver sequined passementerie; Miss N. Hanna, dainty cream voile, with tiny tucks running parallel, then deeper ones horifiontal on skirt, decolletage trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Mrs. Penn, black satin, veiled in net, with scarlet poppies on corsage; Miss E. Penn, cream silk and lace blouse, navy skirt; Miss Brewster, white muslin, profusely tucked and insertioned, scarlet folded silk belt, and shoes; Miss Bayley, black silk, pretty relieved with pale blue tucks of white net; Miss V. Brett, white muslin, full skirt, satin Empire belt; Miss Standish, pale green satin, trimmed with cream lace; Miss Hall, turquoise blue voile trimmed with white; Miss D. Whiteombe, white book muslin,crossover bodice, claret coloured Empire belt, scarlet roses on corsage; Miss Buxton, pretty pale blue tucked voile, white chiffon fichu; Miss Roy, pale pink flowered muslin, cream lace berthe, satin folded belt; Miss R. Crawford, pale pink silk, full skirt with frills, Empire belt of a darker shade; Mrs. G. Kebbell, pretty cream silk full skirt with tucks, decolletage finished with frills of lace; Miss Wilson (Nasehy) blue floral muslin, Empire belt of a darker shade, berthe of white lace; Miss Kebbell, cream tucked silk tangerine sash; Miss Simpson, pale pink silk, trimmed with frills of cream lace; Mrs. H. Stocker, pink silk veiled in net; Miss M. Webster, cream tucked and insertioned silk, relieved with pale blue folded silk belt; Miss Saxton, cream silk, with berthe of cream lace, etc. Amongst the gentlemen were:—Messrs. Medley, Humphries, Easther, Higgin, Standish, Strang, Storey, Hansan, Len. Webster, Gilbert, Gordon, Baker, Johnston, D. Day, P. Dingle (Hawera), Kirkby (Normanby), McDonald (Hawera), Kebbell, etc.

A GOLF PRESENTATION.

A large number of the members of the Ngamotu Golf Club met at the clubhouse, last Thursday afternoon, to bid farewell to Mr. G. H. Morgan, the late secretary, and Mrs. Morgan, the former, manager of the Union Steamship Company, having received notice of transfer to Suva. Mr. A. Standish (president), on behalf of the Club, presented Mrs. Morgan with a silver fruit dish, and Mr. Morgan, a pipe and tobacco jar. After Mr. Morgan had returned thanks, musical honours and cheers were given for the guests, then many of the members bade their personal adieus.

Last Saturday, being Mrs. Tom King's 89th birthday, a small but most enjoyable

AFTERNOON TEA

was given by her to celebrate the occasion, but owing to the inclemency of the weather, many who were asked were unable to come. Those who were invited were:—Mrs. Hempton, Mrs. Halse, Mrs. Roy, Mrs. Bedford, Mrs. Barron, Mrs. Shaw, Miss Douglas, Mrs. T. White, Mrs. Chaney, Misses Humphries, Mrs. J. Wilson, Mrs. Newton King, Mrs. Phillips, Miss Cottier, rMs. C. Davies, Mrs. Mathews.

NANCY LEE.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, June 14.

A surprise party, arranged by the Misses Bell and Preece, visited Mrs. A. N. Gibbons at her residence, Cook-street, on Friday evening last. The party seemed to arrive at a most opportune time, for the carpets were up in the dining-room and drawing-room, and the verandahs closed in and furnished for sitting out resorts. A musician to sup-

ply the music also happened to be there. Altogether a delightful time was spent. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, the Misses Watson, Bell (2), Preece (2), Simpson (2), Levein, Porter, Hayward (2), Messrs. Watson (3), Hockley, Russell, Chesney, Robertson, Smith, Waldegrave, Bell, Vaughan, Dr. Pope and several others were present.

On Saturday evening Mrs. R. M. McKnight, Queen-street, gave

A SMALL BRIDGE PARTY.

Those playing included Mrs. McKnight, wearing a fine black canvas voile skirt, with black lace insertion, black glace, silk blouse with frills of black accordion-pleated chiffon, and yoke of narrow Valenciennes lace; Mrs. Fitzherbert, black striped silk with cream lace vest; Mrs. Bell, black satin, bands of sequin insertion trimming bodice; Mrs. Millton, a becoming violet velvet toilette with cream lace insertion on corsage; Mrs. Bendall, pink muslin with white lace yoke; Mrs. Renell, cream skirt, cream satin blouse with cream lace and kilting of turquoise blue silk; Miss Randolph, blue silk and lace; Miss F. Randolph, pink striped muslin and cream lace.

A SUBSCRIPTION DANCE

organised by several girls was given in the Foresters' Hall on Wednesday. Those responsible for the arrangements were the Misses Fitzherbert, Gemmel, D. Robinson, P. Keeling and A. Reed. Mrs. W. Keeling and Mrs. G. Bagnall acted as chaperones.

GOLF.

The ladies' stroke competition for the president's medal was played on the Hokowhitu links on last Tuesday. Of the seniors Miss Fitzherbert was first and Mrs. Freeth second. Miss Marjory Abraham was the winner of the junior competition. Altogether about 24 ladies competed. Mrs. H. Waldegrave has presented prizes for a mixed foursome bogey competition, which will probably be played on next Wednesday.

THE RECENTLY-FORMED BRIDGE CLUB

met at Mrs. Randolph's residence last night. Those playing were Mr. and Mrs. Millton, Mr. and Mrs. McKnight, Mr. and Mrs. Renell, Mr. and Mrs. Bendall, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mrs. and Miss Bell, the Misses Randolph, Mr. Spencer, Mr. F. Bell and Dr. Pope. Mrs. Randolph was wearing a black crepe de chine toilette, black accordion-pleated chiffon, and vest of white embroidered chiffon trimming bodice; Miss Randolph, cream silk and lace, touches of green velvet on bodice; Miss F. Randolph, pink muslin and lace; Mrs. Renell, white muslin, Maltese lace yoke and floral silk belt; Mrs. Watson, black silk, transparent yoke of black lace; Mrs. Bendall, pink evening dress, yoke of white lace; Mrs. Bell, black crepe de chine and lace; Miss Bell, black skirt, pale blue silk blouse; Mrs. McKnight, black skirt, cream silk and lace blouse; Mrs. Millton, violet velvet and cream lace.

VIOLET.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, June 14.

Theatre-going is still our principal amusement, and we are finding plenty of excitement in "Brigadier Gerard," who succeeded "Raffles" in public favour. His Excellency the Governor was there one night, and the audiences have included many

BIG THEATRE PARTIES.

Miss Elbert Orton is not taking part in this play, but she is frequently to be seen in the audience. One night she was much admired in black chiffon velvet with a deep collar of beautiful Irish crochet. Another night she was in ivory crepe de chine with a good deal of embroidery; also, in the audience, I have seen Mrs. Walter Johnston, in black taffeta and ivory lace; Mrs. Bell, black glace, and Louis coat of opal brocade, with lace ruffles; Miss Bell, white taffeta sprigged with pink; Mrs. Findlay, black taffetas and champagne cloth coat; Mrs. H. Johnston, ivory net and lace; Mrs. W. Johnston, white taffetas; Mrs. K. Duncan, pale blue glace and lace frills; Mrs. Tewsley, black taffetas; Mrs. D. Nathan, ivory crepe de chine and coat of pastel blue glace; Mrs. Wallis, chiffon taffetas and lace; Mrs. Joseph, ivory glace and grey coat; Miss Fell, white mousseline de soie; Mrs. Pearce, black satin and lace; Mrs. Stott, white lace and net and champagne coat; Mrs. Schatz, chine taffetas; Miss O'Connor, black crepe de chine, red coat with deep collars of ivory lace and black chiffon; Mrs. A. Duncan, black taffetas and smart little coatee of ecru guipure; Mrs. McEwan, chiffon taffetas and lace; Miss Nathan, pink and white chine; Mrs. Grace, black peau de soie; Mrs. I. Duncan, black crepe de chine and Valenciennes lace; Mrs. Abbott, pastel crepe de chine and lace berthe; Mrs. Young, white taffetas and blue coat; Miss Simpson, black taffetas and lace; Miss Miles, white crepe de chine; Miss Miles, white taffetas and lace; Miss Ewan, white silk and lace; Miss Brandon, pale blue glace, frills of lace; Miss Reid, chine silk with epaulettes of lace; Miss Mills, white crepe de chine; Mrs. Webb, black taffetas and lace; Miss Webb, white mousseline de soie; Miss — Webb, white taffetas; Miss Richardson, pale blue taffetas; Miss Macdonald, white crepe de chine.

The

AFTERNOON TEA

given by Mrs. Seaton at her house in Molesworth-street was on Thursday afternoon. The hostess wore black taffetas with a blouse of ivory paillette handsomely embroidered in shades of blue; Miss Mary Seaton wore white silk with dainty ruffles of lace; Mrs. Fulton, dark brown tailor-made and brown toque; Mrs. Webb, navy cloth, and blue crinoline toque; Mrs. Russell, olive green velvet and handsome furs, green hat; Mrs. Jones, dark blue tailor-made and black hat; Mrs. Beauchamp, navy cloth and blue hat; Miss Beauchamp, green Venetian cloth, hat with foliage; Mrs. Miles, black and white tailor-made; Miss Miles, puce cloth with touches of velvet, hat with roses of the same shade; Mrs. Young, tweed tailor-made and smart hat; Mrs. Riley, grey cloth and hat with wings.

There was a large gathering

IN THE LADIES' GALLERY AT THE SUPREME COURT

when the new K.C.'s were sworn in. It was not a very impressive ceremony, and Dr. Findlay was the only man who could be heard to take the oath, the others were almost inaudible. The speeches were pleasingly brief. The scene from the gallery was an odd one, the tightly packed rows of wigs and gowns had a weird appearance. The Court is dark and gloomy, which made it difficult to identify people.

Mrs. Findlay was there, wearing a navy blue tailor-made, navy toque and ermine furs; Mrs. Bell, smart coat and skirt and a black toque with tips; Mrs. H. Johnston, invisible blue cloth with revers, and toque with flowers; Mrs. Myers, navy tailor-made; Mrs. Cooper, black coat and skirt and black toque; Mrs. MacArthur, black and white tailor-made

The

DANCE GIVEN TO MISS BORLASE

by her pupils in St. Peter's Schoolroom was a most successful one. The hall looked very pretty, and was decorated with palms, and masses of lycopodium, interspersed with vari-coloured flags; the supper tables had tall vases of yellow and white chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. The committee of girls (of whom Miss Holmes was secretary) were indefatigable in their efforts, and were dressed alike in white muslin frocks and yellow sashes. The chaperones were Mesdames Buller, Bridge, Fell, D'oyley, and Holmes. Miss Eileen Holmes wore pale green chiffon taffetas, with bands of silver sequin trimming on the bodice; Miss Fulton, a pretty frock of petal pink silk muslin, with touches of rose velvet; Miss Doris Wilberfoss, white silk and pink sash; Miss Nora Haybittle, black velvet, with berthe of Valenciennes lace, threaded with blue bebe ribbon; Miss Barbara Putnam, white glace, with silver sequins; Miss Doughty, blue taffeta, lace berthe; Miss K. Doughty, cherry-coloured frock, with white lace frillings; Miss Vida Bristowe, white flounced muslin, chine sash; Miss Brandon, cream silk and Paris lace; Miss E. Blundell, red velvet frock, white lace berthe; Miss Tabuteau, white lace over glace, finished off with blue velvet. There was an overflowing audience at the Town Hall for the Musical Union's performance of

"HIAWATHA,"

which was a decided success. Madame Emily Briggs, the Soprano soloist, wore ivory brocade, with silver sequin embroidery and ruffles of lace. Among the audience were: Mrs. Sprott, Mrs. Coleridge, Mrs. and Misses Quick, Mrs. Humphries, Mrs. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Cachemaille, Mrs. and Miss Martin, Mrs. Walis, Mrs. Medley, Miss Medley, Miss Beauchamp, Mr. and Miss Harcourt, Mrs. Finch, Mrs. and Miss Parker, Mrs. and Miss Atkinson.

OPHELIA.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, June 14.

On Tuesday evening Mrs Peake gave a delightful bridge party in honour of Mrs Lacy Peake, of Cambridge, who is staying in Wanganui. The first prize, a silver photo frame, was won by Mrs Lacy Peake; Mr Fairburn won the men's—a book, and the booby fell to Miss Barnicoat—a liberty jug and basin.

GOLF.

A match was played on the Balgownie golf links on Wednesday, for prizes presented by Mrs Lomax and Mrs Brookfield. The senior prize was won by Miss Taylor, Miss Greeson second, and the junior by Miss Ida Stevenson, Mrs Imlay Saunders second. Amongst those on the links were Mesdames Sarjeant, Lomax, James Watt, Pharazyn, Lewis, Brenmer (Wellington), Nixon, Meldrum, Fairburn, G. Marshall, Misses Taylor (2), Cave, Barnicoat, Stanford (2), Moore, Reichart, Nixon, Browne, Cowper, Olliver, Bremner (Wellington), Wilford, Gresson, Stevenson, Mrs and Miss Anderson, and others. Afternoon tea was provided by Mesdames Lomax and James Watt. Last Thursday evening, Mrs H. Nixon gave a most enjoyable dance at her residence, Sedgebrook. Supper was laid in the dining room, the table being most artistically decorated with white bulbs and masses of violets. Mrs Nixon wore a handsome gown of shaded green brocade, the skirt had bands of silk of a darker shade, the same material outlining the corsage, with sleeves and bolero of deep cream lace; Miss Nixon wore a becoming gown of white silk, with berthe of lace and embroidery, the skirt was made with a deep panel of broderie Anglaise; Miss P. Nixon, white embroidered muslin frock with lace and long sash of soft blue ribbon; Miss Gilfillan (Auckland) wore a beautiful gown of cream chiffon taffeta over pink glace silk, high swathed belt, and berthe of lace festooned on the pink corsage; Miss Gould (Auckland), black chiffon taffeta gown with berthe of cream lace and tucker threaded with turquoise blue silk ribbon and chou of the same; Miss Roberts (Ashburton), white satin gown veiled in cream chiffon, fichu of chiffon, and deep swathed satin belt, in her coiffure she wore a spray of white flowers; Miss W. Anderson, becoming frock of deep crimson velvet, the corsage being trimmed with silver sequins; Miss Craig, turquoise blue Japanese silk gown with a deep berthe of cream lace; Miss Barton, pretty heliotrope shaded silk frock with Valenciennes lace and insertion on her corsage; Miss Gresson wore a becoming white silk gown, the skirt was made with a deep frill having narrow gaugings of silk on it, fichu of net threaded with white bebe ribbon, in her coiffure she wore a cluster of pale blue flowers; Miss O. Stanford, pretty pale green silk gown with the corsage outlined with band of fur and bolero of deep cream lace; Miss Christie, pale grey crepe de chine with fichu of grey chiffon and tucker threaded with black bebe ribbon; Miss B. Cutfield wore a very smart toilette of deep yellow silk, high swathed silk belt and berthe of lace; Miss Batts, pale green silk gown, the corsage was composed of sunray pleated silk with full sleeves of the same; Miss Jones, pale pink silk gown, the skirt was made with tiny frills of lace and tucker of the same on her corsage; Miss McNeill, becoming black velvet gown with vandyked berthe of Maltese lace and rosette of claret ribbon on her corsage; Miss Morecroft, white muslin frock, the skirt and corsage were made with narrow frills of the muslin, and in her corsage she wore pale blue ribbons; Miss Baker, maize silk gown with overskirt of cream embroidered muslin and panel of broiderie Anglaise, berthe of chiffon, with spray of shaded flowers; Miss Knapp, black chiffon taffeta gown with berthe of real lace, and spray of deep maize flowers on her corsage; Miss Ashcroft, white muslin frock, the skirt was made with a deep frill and lace on corsage, she wore a sash of black velvet ribbon; Miss Blackmore, white chiffon taffeta gown with berthe of cream lace on her corsage and spray of flowers. HUIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, June 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stringer celebrated their

SILVER WEDDING

on Saturday last by holding an "At Home" in the Provincial Council Chambers. The hostess was exquisitely gowned in white taffeta, covered with white

lace, and richly embroidered with silver sequins, picture hat of black velvet, with a large black feather. Her ornaments were diamonds, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet. The reception room (the Council Chamber) was carpeted in dark green for the occasion. Beautiful palms and quantities of chrysanthemums formed the decorations, and huge fires blazed in the quant old chimney corners, giving the room a comfortable home-like appearance. Amongst the guests I noticed: Mrs. Reeves, wearing a handsome dress of black silk, with white chiffon scarf, black and white bonnet; Miss Reeves, grey tweed costume, green hat with grey bird; Mrs. John Deans, black costume and toque; Miss Deans, brown tailor-made costume, brown hat to match; Mrs. Arthur Rhodes, a gown of black cloth, black picture hat, and set of sable furs; Mrs. John Anderson, a grey dress, and black hat; Mrs. Chas. Louisson, a costume of navy blue cloth, floral toque; Mrs. F. de C. Malet, black and white dress and bonnet; Mrs. Stevenson, coat and skirt of wine-coloured cloth, black hat, and sable furs; Mrs. Quane, tailor-made costume of navy blue cloth, toque to match; Mrs. Norton, black ninon de soie over taffeta, black toque; Mrs. Graham, a black costume, trimmed with lovely white lace, and vieux rose velvet, hat en suite; Mrs. Chilton, dark red cloth costume, toque to match; Mrs. V. Harris wore black, with floral toque; Mrs. George Harper, a black and white toilette; Mrs. Blunt, grey cloth coat and skirt, heliotrope toque, and grey squirrel furs; Mrs. W. Wood, a brown costume and hat; Mrs. Diamond, navy blue coat and skirt, navy blue toque; Mrs. Croxton, a gown of sky-blue taffeta, black hat; Mrs. G. Merton wore brown; Mrs. Ensor, a black costume and bonnet; Mrs. Symes, brown cloth coat and skirt, green and brown hat; Mrs. McBeth, a grey check taffeta, small black toque. During the afternoon some delightful music and songs were given by Mrs. Fairhurst. Mrs. McBeth, Miss Fairhurst, Miss Katie Young, and Dr. Irving. Afterwards Dr. Morton Anderson proposed the health of Mr. and Mrs. Stringer, and Mr. Stringer replied with a graceful and amusing little speech. Delicious refreshments were served in the library, where the decorations were white and gold chrysanthemums. On one of the tables stood a large wedding cake, richly ornamented and surrounded by all sorts of dainties.

AN AT HOME

was given by Mrs. Ranald Macdonald at "Hambleden" on Wednesday evening, when a large number of young people were present. Mrs. Macdonald wore a becoming gown of pale primrose silk, covered with lace; Miss Macdonald was in pale blue taffeta, trimmed with the palest pink chiffon roses; Dr. Alice Moorhouse, black satin and lace; Miss Burns, a pretty frock of rose pink silk and chiffon; Miss Pitman, frock of copper-coloured chiffon and lace; Mrs. Hugh Reeves, a princess dress of myrtle green velvet, and old lace; Miss Humphreys, white satin, veiled in chiffon; Miss Boyle, white satin, with touches of pale blue; Miss Deans, pink floral mousseline de soie, and cream lace; Miss Cook, white satin and red flowers; Miss Symes, pale heliotrope satin; Miss Williams, black chiffon over black taffeta, with cream lace; Miss Wilding brown velvet and cream lace; Miss Gosset, white silk and lace; Miss Jessie Wilkin, white satin, with pale blue trimming; Miss Todhunter, white satin. The amusements of the evening were progressive games of various kinds. Supper was served in the dining-room, the large table being beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums and maidenhair ferns.

A BRIDGE PARTY

was given by the Misses Nedwill on Tuesday afternoon. Among the players were: Mrs. H. H. Loughnan, Mrs. Michael Campbell, Mrs. Nancarrow, Mrs. Arthur Reeves, Miss Helmore, Mrs. J. C. Wilson, and Miss Deans.

There was

A SMALL DANCE

in Miss Cox's Assembly Rooms, a few of those present being Mrs. Collins, who wore black silk and black lace, long white opera coat; Mrs. Cunnington, black satin and jet; Miss Cuthbert, black silk with chiffon frills; Miss Collins, eau de nil merv., with bands of dark green velvet; Miss Spooner, white muslin frock with pale blue belt, and forget-me-nots; Miss Joseph, white silk and red berries; Miss Wright, eau de nil silk and white lace, with belt of dark green velvet; Miss Guthrie, pale pink brocade with chiffon and roses; Miss N. Guthrie, pale blue taffeta and lace; Miss Gosset, pink colienne and cream lace; Miss Croxton, white muslin with red sash; Miss Ellis, black silk and lace; Miss Russell, pale blue Japanese silk; Miss Grace, red silk; Miss Mathias, white muslin and lace; Miss Martin, pale blue embroidered silk; Miss Jones (Rangiora), white silk; Miss Duncan, white embroidered Indian silk and lace; Miss Hislop, white muslin; Miss Latter, pale pink crepe de chine; Miss Middleton, white lace over white glace; Miss Day, black crepe de chine and chiffon.

A DANCE

was given on Thursday evening by Mrs. Bealey at "Haldon," Horarata. Quite a number of guests went from Christchurch by the afternoon train. Altogether there were about one hundred guests present. Dancing took place in the large grain-shed, which had been draped with red and white muslin and decorated with palms, ferns and boughs of holly. Supper was served in a large marquee, and Fox's band supplied the dance music. Mrs. Bealey wore a handsome dress of yellow taffeta, with lace berthe; Mrs. Guy Ronalds, emerald green taffeta, veiled in Limerick lace; Miss Wilson, white organdie muslin; Miss Merton, black crepe de chine, with sequins; Miss G. Merton, pale pink silk; Mrs. Saville, a pretty dress of pale pink taffeta and chiffon; Miss Phillips ("The Point"), white tulle with touches of pink; Miss Cicely Gardner, pale blue taffeta; Miss Russell, white satin and lace; Miss Deans, pale pink taffeta with floral design; Miss Anderson, rose pink chiffon; Miss P. Anderson, white mousseline de soie, with touches of pale blue; Miss D. Anderson, frock of pale pink silk; Miss Murchison (Lake Coleridge), silver grey crepe de chine, with bands of opalescent sequins; Miss Kitson, pale pink silk; Miss Todhunter, blue taffeta and lace; Miss Harley, pale blue satin dress with cream lace, and touches of silver; Miss Cordy, pale blue silk with insertions of lace; her sister wore white with touches of red; Miss Wilding, white silk and lace. Dancing was kept up till daylight, when numbers of the guests returned by train to Christchurch, where they arrived about 8 a.m., feeling very worn and weary.

A MUSICAL CLUB

has been formed in Christchurch for the winter months by several ladies. The first afternoon was held at Mrs. Gower Burns' residence in Chester-street. Each member in turn takes an afternoon. Amongst the performers last Tuesday were Mrs. Gower Burns, Mrs. Crooke, Mrs. Wilding, the Misses Cook, Drs. Irving and Crooke.

A READING CLUB

on somewhat similar lines is being formed at Merivale by Mrs. Carey-Hill.

DOLLY VALE.

A HOUSEWIFE'S TRIALS.

SEVEN YEARS' SUFFERING FROM BILIOUSNESS AND HEARTBURN ENDED BY BILE BEANS.

Mrs. E. Miller, of Calder-street, North East Valley, Dunedin, N.Z., says:—"For seven years biliousness and heartburn afflicted me. At times I suffered so acutely that I was altogether unable to attend to my household duties. I tried several so-called remedies, and, having gained no relief whatever, came to the conclusion that my complaints had become chronic. I subsequently heard how Bile Beans had proved so successful in curing fellow-sufferers, which induced me to give them a trial. The first few doses afforded relief. Thus encouraged, I underwent a thorough course, extending over several months, with the result that I am now rid of both complaints. It is now six years since my cure was effected, and I have had no return of the trouble. I cannot speak too highly of Bile Beans as a remedy for biliousness and kindred ills. As a general family medicine they are unsurpassed."

Bile Beans are the best family medicine, and promptly cure Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, Constipation, Piles, Debility, Female Weaknesses, Nervousness, Bad Blood, Bad Breath, Anæmia, and all Liver, Stomach and Bowel Disorders.

OVER THE TEACUPS

BOUDOIR GOSSIP FOR LADY READERS . . .

Do Women Like to Be Swindled?

Do women like to be swindled?

Not consciously.

There is no slander that a woman will resent quicker than the imputation that her real name is Mrs. E. Z. Mark, but all the same there is a strain of the Rube that runs throughout the entire feminine sex that makes it not only the foreordained purchaser of gold bricks, but enables it to have the time of its life while buying them.

Women call this quality "faith," "confidence in human nature," "belief in the ultimate good," and other high-sounding phrases. In reality it is nothing but an element of crass credulity that nothing can put wise. Experience does not feaze it, for a woman who has been taken in ninety-nine times in a con game will cheerfully go up against it the hundredth. She doesn't want to learn, and she doesn't do it.

Not a woman can help this state of mind, poor thing! She was born that way. It is part of her sex inheritance.

For our first mother started it. It is significant that the wily serpent picked out Eve, and not Adam, when he wanted to beguile somebody into eating the forbidden apple.

The serpent knew that the man would want to be shown. He would want some proof of the benefits to be derived before he risked losing a good home, but the serpent knew that the woman's credulity would stand for anything, and that she was just hanging out anyway, looking for somebody to come along and flim-flam her into doing the things she shouldn't do, and that it would be ruinous for her to do. He knew that she would never ask for references or make any effort to investigate the truth of a statement.

And she didn't. It was such a pleasant spoken, gentlemanly snake in the grass, with such good manners and winning ways, that she took its advice on the spot.

And this precedent has been followed by her daughters ever since.

In spite of the way that women act in this regard, they are not fools, and this confiding attitude toward life is not the result of weakmindedness, but of preference. They are not deceived because of their ignorance and unsophistication, but simply and solely because they enjoy being deceived.

In her inner consciousness a woman knows that the glib talker who takes her in is a fraud, or that the glittering thing she is asked to believe in or invest her money in will not bear looking into or having the cold light of reason turned upon it. Wherefore she doesn't look. She shuts her eyes, and makes a leap in the dark for the fun of the thing.

Women almost invariably lack the courage to investigate things. Facts throw them into an unreasonable panic. They would a million times rather believe a beautiful falsehood than to know an unattractive truth.

A thousand proofs that women are not only easily swindled, but that they dote on being swindled are the be found on every side. It is notoriously women, for instance, who form the following and finance the religious fakirs and faddists who infest society at the present time, and who make possible the culturine spreaders who go about organising clubs to study things of which they know nothing.

No theory of theology or ethics can be so wild and visionary and preposterous, and no charlatan so blatant that women who are old enough and smart enough to know better will not espouse the one and support the other.

All of us number among our acquaintances women who are always running after some long-haired man or short-haired woman who is the apostle of a new creed, the principal tenet of which seems to be taking up collections, for the new religion differs from the old in that it is not without money and without price.

Sometimes you see these women grovelling at the feet of a yellow-robed heathen. Sometimes you find them sitting up with an idiotic stare in their eyes, trying to manipulate thought waves. Sometimes they are cooped up in a melodorous room while a greasy Sybil is affecting to establish telephone communications with their dead relatives. Sometimes they are lean and hungry and stringy looking, because they have just espoused vegetarianism, or else they are frowsy and fat and bilious from having gone back to nature by the route of Professor Stickems or Madam Cheatems.

Or else, poor souls, they are taking courses of high-priced lectures on European travel from a lady who has never been any farther away from home than Yonkers, or parliamentary drills from a sister who doesn't know a caucus from a quorum when it gets outside of a book and into action.

It would be very, very sad if these women were really following after false prophets, and spending their husbands' good money on little tin gods in which they really believed. But they are not really taken in. They are simply amusing themselves by pretending to believe, and when any time of stress comes, when they come to die or get sick, you will find that they send off for their own priest or preacher, and then in a hurry call for the kind of doctors and pills on which they have been raised.

In the meantime they have had the pleasure of being swindled by one who did the job scientifically and threw in with it a philosophic or religious or literary flavour, and they consider that it was worth the price.

◈ ◈ ◈

Falling in Love.

(By Hubert Bland.)

There is a deep significance—one might almost say a fatal significance—in the phrase. It would seem to imply a certain involuntariness, a certain suddenness, a certain unexpectedness. One does not, as a rule, fall, if one can help oneself; and the effects of a fall are not, for the most part, conducive to equanimity. Love, if you come to think of it is the only thing in his life into which a man does fall and not lose his dignity or suffer injury to his *amour propre*. He never speaks of falling into a fortune, for instance, or into Parliament.

Common phrases are the expressions of the common experience, of the common consciousness. That is why they are so pregnant of meaning, why they go so straight to the mark. When the average man pauses to reflect he usually blunders in his speech; but when he merely exclaims, as it were, bursts forth spontaneously, he is nearly always right. As Monsieur Jourdain talked prose, so the average man talks good commonsense, without knowing it. So when he feels the first overwhelming, irresistible impulse of passion, he expresses that feeling of his in the universal formula. He "falls" in love.

"Falls," mark you. Not walks, or strolls, or even runs, but falls. He is the victim of accident that is, for no man ever falls of set design. Cabinet Ministers are said to "ride for a fall," but the rest of us try always to keep in stable equilibrium. And so in our everyday speech, you see, we recognise that in what is not seldom the most important event of our lives we are the children of chance.

And so, indeed, it is. Thought, prudence, deliberation, have naught to do with it. Not even our existing ideals and predilections shall avail us when the catastrophic moment arrives. The woman of our dreams may be—

> A daughter of the gods divinely tall
> And most divinely fair,

and we go to a garden party, or to another fellow's wedding, or (though this is rare) to a progressive bridge drive, and come away our heart full to bursting with the recollection of four feet eleven and a-half inches of dark-skinned femininity, with raven black hair and eyes like sloes.

WHAT CAN HE SEE IN HER?

Our mothers and sisters wonder "what he can see in her," he who always liked woman long and willowy, and golden as ripe corn. Our brother has been told that she has the deuce and all of a temper, and a grandfather who always dines in his shirt-sleeves; but she is all the world to us, her smile our heaven, her frown our hell. For we have fallen in love, you see. Had but a moment been given us for reflection, we had remained true to our preference.

A scientific French gentleman professes to have discovered that love, the sort of love into which men fall, is a physiological condition, a morbid condition, a pathological condition induced by a microbe, and really when one comes to consider the symptoms one does feel that that scientific French gentleman has something to say for himself. That microbe, it is true, has not yet been caught, cultivated in a proper medium, made to wiggle-waggle under a microscope, and exhibited by a magic lantern for all to see. But then, neither has the microbe of influenza.

Microbes, we are told, are all about us at all times; we breathe them in with every breath we draw, and it is our condition alone which decides whether they shall lay hold on us or not. When the influenza microbe is about, we are further told upon authority we should avoid close and heated places, such as theatres, concert halls, and crowds of all sorts, and should refrain from doing things, such as getting wet feet, which predispose to the infection. Surely the same kind of instructions might with profit be given us for the avoidance of the microbe of love. Dances, for example, and above all, shadowed corners at dances, are the little beast's favourite habitat. And the act of dancing itself would seem to predispose the constitution in a quite remarkable way.

THE WORLD'S ONE WOMAN.

Given the condition favourable and the thing—the fall, I mean—is certain to happen. It is the subjective—not the objective—factor which matters. You fall in love with Ethel, and you go home hugging yourself with the reflection that of all earth's countless millions of maidens Ethel has been reserved by an omnipotent and kindly Providence for you. For you "the world's one woman" is Ethel, she and no other. In point of fact, it had been just the same had it been Gladys, or any other young woman, "differing," as Carlyle says, "from any two million other young women not perceptibly." You have fallen in love, not because you have happened to meet Miss This or Miss That, but because the microbe had got you in its grip before the meeting took place. The vertigo, the rapture, the yeasty state of the emotions are the essentials of the affair; the particular occasion, the particular person, were accidents merely.

Other disease give immunity. Love, like influenza, gives none. To have passed once or a thousand times (though a thousand would be excessive) is no security against its recurrence. Indeed, the more often one is scorched, the more liable to scorching does one become. Still, it has its consolations, it is glorious while it lasts, and he who is always falling in love may be contemptible in the eyes of the frigid, but he is the most enviable of men.

TWO BEST THINGS IN THE WORLD.

Theophile Gautier was very young, but he was also very wise, when he wrote is "Mademoiselle de Maupin" that the two nicest things one can whisper to oneself when one wakes up in the morning are "J'ai de l'argent" and "Je suis amour eux." It is not given to many of the sons of men to be able to say truly the first, but almost any fool, with a little care, can manage the second.

Like other and less romantic forms of intoxication, it affects different men in different ways. Some wax garrulous; others secretive, but all (I feel pretty certain of this) write, or try to write, poetry. If I were a young woman I would never marry a young man who had not done something resembling, however faintly, a sonnet in the first week of in-loveness.

Of course, the lady's name sometimes presents difficulties. I once went nearly mad for two whole days and nights in trying to find a rhyme for Susan. It was not until the cold dawn of the third day that it occurred to me that the adored name might be inserted in the middle of a line and not necessarily at the end of it. Then reason ceased to rock upon her throne. But Susan is an uncommonly awkward word to work in any way. Of all feminine names, give me Lily for choice. You can do almost anything with Lily. You see you can talk about gardens and altars, not to mention purity and grace.

I have said that falling in love takes different men in different ways; but it is lucky for the human race and its sense of dignity that it doesn't take many men, as it took, on his own admission, the late Mr. William Morris, the poet. Says he of his sensations immediately after the fall:—

> For me,
> I choke and grow quite faint to see
> My lady moving graciously.

It must be really horrible, almost tragic, to choke every time the girl crosses the room or uses her handkerchief!

THE OTHER SIDE: FALLING OUT.

This is an article on falling in love, and not on falling out of it, and so I do not feel called upon to say over much on the latter dismal and depressing subject. I may, perhaps, however, be permitted to mention just a few of the symptoms. By the way, though, one never does fall out of love—the decline is never quite so sudden as that—one slides out of it, so to speak.

You begin by finding it just the least little bit in the world of a nuisance to have to write that daily letter. You feel that all the nice things have been said that there is nothing for it but to repeat yourself, and against repetition your artistic soul rises in revolt. Or perhaps just at the very first you don't go quite so far as that. It is going out to post the letter that is a bore; for the pillar box is half a mile away, the night is cold, the road is sloshy, and you have on indoor shoes. Then, a little later on, you find it easier to say good-bye than you did three weeks ago, and then—but I will not write on falling out of love, I would rather, far rather, dissertate on graves and epitaphs, even on worms.

And yet, after all, it should be no such serious subject of lamentation; for it is idle, and worse than that, to bewail the inevitable. A fall, unless indeed it be fatal, implies a recovery. Men continue to love, no doubt, but no man continues in love. And as you drift out you have at least the inspiring consolation that you will in all probability fall in again before you know where you are. Poets, dramatists, novelists do rightly to make this falling in love the universal theme of their art; for it is the universal theme of life. That fall awaits you, perhaps, round the next corner, be you who you may; and neither age, nor inborn wisdom, nor hardly achieved experience shall save you when your time is come. Petition the gods, therefore, that your fall be soft.

Old English Pewter.

(By H. W. Lewer.)

So greatly was pewter in request during Charles II.'s time, that Pepys makes mention in his famous diary of purchasing a cistern of pewter in 1667. Immense quantities of pewter were made during the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, but the days of the craft were numbered, and the last record—the "touch," as the hall-mark is called—of the Pewterers' Company is dated 1824. Long prior to this the restrictions and regulations had fallen in abeyance, the quality of pewter had deteriorated, and the introduction and adoption of newer materials gave pewter its coup de grace.

According to some authorities, pewter should contain no lead. With this we disagree—it should contain a large percentage of tin, and a little lead. Pewter, roughly stated, is an alloy of tin and lead, the greater proportion being tin; brass, antimony, copper, and zinc at times being introduced. The Roman pewter contained a very high percentage of tin. In the fourteenth century the so-called "fine pewter" was composed of tin and as much brass as the tin would take up. Pewter which contains a large percentage of lead is of a dark tint, and is, of course, ductile.

There are several tests for ascertaining pewter, and to the average collector who is not of an analytical temperament, one of the most common and easiest of application is to draw a knife sharply across the plate, dish, or vessel, and it should give a sharp, metallic sound. Bad pewter is almost silent under the test.

As regards the making of pewter, it was shaped by hammering, casting, and finished by hand, or burnished on a lathe. Such pieces as flagons, measures, porringers, salt-cellars, etc., were cast, the handles being moulded separately and soldered on to the vessel. Large dishes were hammered into shape, the smaller plates being generally moulded. Spoons were cast in moulds of gun-metal or brass, made of two closely-fitting, but detachable, halves, the surface of the mould being powdered to prevent adhesion.

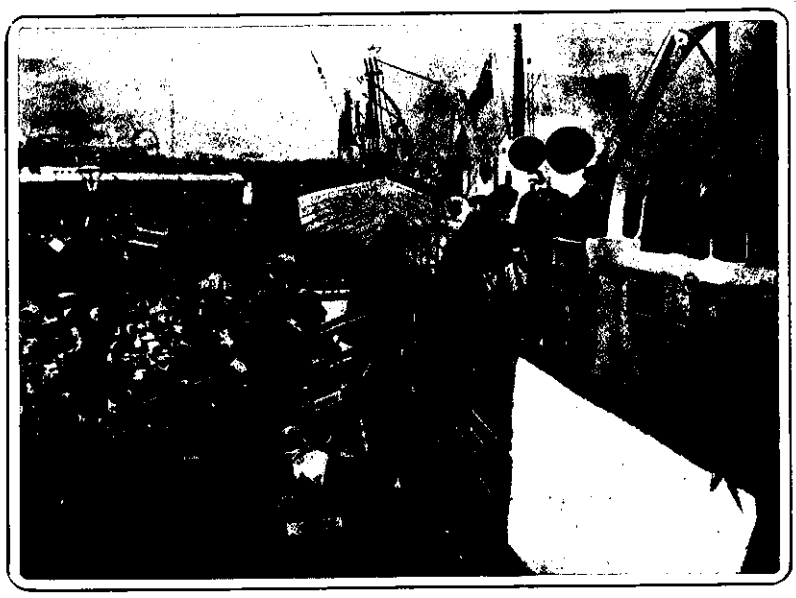
The ornamentation of pewter is a vexed question. To most collectors, an unadorned piece is preferred, and also, it may be added, is a small sign of its genuineness. As most of it was made for daily use, pewter was generally without ornament. However, pieces were ornamented in relief work, in line, by moulding, by pattern, or by a series of small dots called a bead ornament. Pewter was also used to inlay wood, and this art has again been revived during the last few years.

To identify and establish the age of a piece of pewter is a difficult subject, but every article bears upon its face an approximate date, which comes to the collector with a growing knowledge of his subject. It is by learning that we are taught, and a visit to a museum or an examination of a well-known amateur collection will assist in enabling him to distinguish and date the examples in his own collection. As regards the marks, or "touches," they are not always reliable, being often forged, and, in addition, many pieces have no marks, or, if marked, the "touches" are those of which no record has been traced. The Pewterers' Company have a list of "touch-plates" which go back to the early years of the seventeenth century, but many a collector knows the inadequacy of it, and has looked and looked in vain for the "touches" on the English pewter in his possession.

The age of pewter can often be ascertained by its shape and characteristics. Plates and dishes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries generally have a wide rim. It was during the early seventeenth century that dishes and platters were beginning to be made deep, like basins. Early eighteenth-century plates and dishes had a moulded or

OPENING A NEW BRIDGE AT NEWCASTLE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES PARTRIDGE SHOOTING AT BROCKET HALL, LORD MOUNT STEPHEN'S SEAT.



THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO PARIS.

The King and Queen, with Princess Victoria, going on board at Dover.

PRINCE JOHN OF WALES.

The youngest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, born on July 12th, 1905.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ROYALTY.

beaded rim, and flagons were straight, or lines slightly curved; later, these gave place to a curved, or rococo form.

The handle of a vessel attached directly to it is earlier than one with an intervening strut; tailed-pattern spoons from 7 to 8 inches long date from the seventeenth century. Apostle spoons can be ascribed not earlier than the 16th century. Most of the tankards, measures, and jugs that are seen in collections to-day in private houses may be classed eighteenth century. Large mustard and pepper pots are late seventeenth or early eighteenth century; later, they became smaller in size. Tea and coffee pots with curved lines, rococo characters, and in imitation of the silversmith's craft, date from Queen Anne down to the early years of the nineteenth century. No hard and fast line can be drawn, but the collector can be largely guided by the crafts and art of the time, which are reflected in the work of the pewterer.

There are many recipes for cleaning pewter, and one is to use silver sand free from grit, and a damp, rough cloth. Another is oil and rotten-stone, while some make use of the modern metal polish. The great thing is the old-fashioned elbow grease, and plenty of it. Scratches may be removed if not deep by the use of a fine emery cloth, and the minute marks of the emery cloth removed by rubbing afterwards with a finer cloth. Oxidised stains can be removed by a long soaking of paraffin, then a bath of very hot water, finishing with a dry cloth.

His Majesty. Sir Stanley Clarke. Major Ponsonby.

THE KING AT MARIENBAD.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' ELDER SONS (PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCE ALBERT) IN LONDON STREETS.

Games and Beauty.

The modern idea is a quest for health, I think, rather than beauty, though I am ready to confess that health is beauty, and that there is no beauty without health. Therefore, perhaps, I had better say grace in place of beauty, in regard to it taking the second place, with health in the chief place. Because, of course, you may be healthy, quite healthy, and yet not be graceful; and, indeed, the way of athletics and games by which many in these days seek health is hardly the path of grace. We have only to look at the champions of our sex who have made their mark in any game to prove this. Hard they are, and healthy, but there is too much muscle for grace, and the line of strict beauty has given place to something more serviceable. I think the truth of the matter is that a moderate amount of physical culture is good for a woman's appearance; but that any exercise or game

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO HENHAM HALL, THE SEAT OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE.

Front row:: The Hon. Walter Guinness, Lady Graham, Lady Evelyn Guinness, the Princess of Wales, Lady Stradbroke, Lady Rowley, Mrs. Cator, Miss Dudley Ward.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ROYALTY.

which exceeds this is not conducive to good looks in a woman. The ancient Greek women played games, but it was the gentle one of ball, in which the fleet-footed excelled. It was not a hard game such as we play, but one which, though we would disdain it as childish, yet held in it the foundation of their suppleness and grace. Agility rather than muscle, suppleness rather than hardness is what is needed for grace. Health, too, requires a certain moderation in games and physical culture, which some missing have regretted long and deeply; in fact, moderation should govern our sex in all things.

Shopping.

Women are the shoppers of the nation. A man's buying, at least in shops, is limited; he gladly leaves it to the woman, and then jeers at her because she, making pleasure of necessity, takes kindly to the labour. I wonder where he and the household generally would be if she gave up shopping and left it all to him? I wonder! She is his deputy in much of her buying; it is but business for the principal to wish his deputy to do the best for him, to get him his full money's worth; and yet hear him rail at bargains and disdain the woman's efforts after things greatly reduced! She may make mistakes; she often, I daresay, in the exigencies of "sale" time, goes in to buy a blouse and comes out with a coat and skirt. There may also be several white elephants at home, the result of great reductions. Still, it is an effort to make his sixpence go as far as an ordinary shilling, so I don't think he need make such a fuss about it, do you? Some women are, however, not good shoppers, even apart from the excitement of sales. When you go shopping, it is as well to know exactly what you want; it will save both you and the assistants much trouble. And, knowing this, keep to it. Don't be persuaded to have anything else. Provided always your desire is a reasonable and possible one. If you do, you will only repent it at leisure. Give as little trouble as is consistent with being well attended to. You owe this to the shop girl, also politeness and consideration of all kinds; and also, on this ground of consideration, don't put off your shopping till it is almost closing time.

The essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of science, or in perfection of expression, but in a constant preference for higher thoughts, and this preference may be the habit of a mind which has not any considerable amount of information . . . . It is not erudition that makes the intellectual man, but a sort of virtue which delights in vigorous and beautiful thinking, just as moral virtue delights in vigorous and beautiful conduct. Intellectual living is not so much an accomplishment as a state or condition of the mind in which it seeks earnestly for the highest and purest truth. It is the continual exercise of a firmly noble choice between the larger truth and the lesser, between that which is perfectly just and that which falls a little short of justice.—Philip G. Hamerton.

CHILD STUDY, BY ELLERBECK, NEWTON, AUCKLAND.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

BY MARGUERITE

ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR A VISITING TOILETTE

of silk and velvet, with openwork embroidery and fancy buttons.

Pearl Trimmings.

Pearl trimmings for debutantes' evening dresses are high in favour, and flounces of soft silk or satin are often supplemented with fringes of seed pearls.

Real hand-painting on silk is an important feature in the world of dress. Flower patterns are almost invariably chosen, and the most fairy-like results are obtained, the silk treated in this manner being generally applied in the form of panels or insertions for evening dresses. Medallion insertions of hand-painted mousseline de soie or chiffon are likewise introduced on lace dresses.

In Vienna, whence the new tailor-mades usually emanate, it has been decreed that our shoulders shall be squared and our sleeves made full. They are not exaggerated, and I think they are quite generally becoming, for in reality the best tailors do not exaggerate details of this kind. Indifferent models show wild eccentricities, but not so those from the best houses. There are, however, certain women who have a craze for anything new in the way of decoration.

The Correct Length for the Dance Skirt.

The popular dance dress of this winter is not to be one of ankle length, but is to sweep the ground all round, and at the back to elongate into a moderate (only moderate) train. Trains are, however, extending most palpably in the case of afternoon toilettes, and those for evening receptions other than dances, and I fully expect that in a little while the wisp-like trains of the seventies will try the patience of the daughters of fashion of the twentieth century.

Never again, however, are trains likely to find popularity among pedestrians. The tailors have at last discovered how to ally utilitarianism with elegance, and no promenade skirts now sweep the ground, though, by only just escaping it, they do not give their wearers the top-heavy look the ankle-length skirt is apt to do.

TWO ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

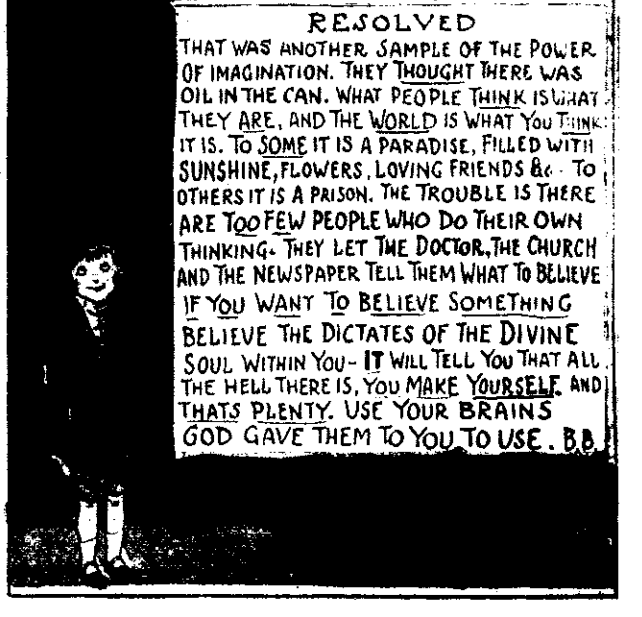
I'M GOING TO EMPTY THE KEROSENE CAN AND FILL IT WITH WATER
NOW SOME OTHER FOOL THING WILL BE PULLED OFF
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS ON APRIL FIRST
WELL ITS ALL READY FOR THE BLOW OFF
SIT DOWN DINNIE DEAR
LOOK OUT IN THE YARD AT THE DOG FIGHT


RUN


8


BUSTERS PUTTING KEROSENE IN THE RANGE
10


MA I COULD N'T HELP IT IT WAS TOO EASY. ITS EASY TO FRIGHTEN PEOPLE BECAUSE THEY'RE READY FOR IT - ALL THE TIME


RESOLVED
THAT WAS ANOTHER SAMPLE OF THE POWER OF IMAGINATION. THEY THOUGHT THERE WAS OIL IN THE CAN. WHAT PEOPLE THINK IS WHAT THEY ARE, AND THE WORLD IS WHAT YOU THINK IT IS. TO SOME IT IS A PARADISE, FILLED WITH SUNSHINE, FLOWERS, LOVING FRIENDS &c. TO OTHERS IT IS A PRISON. THE TROUBLE IS THERE ARE TOO FEW PEOPLE WHO DO THEIR OWN THINKING. THEY LET THE DOCTOR, THE CHURCH AND THE NEWSPAPER TELL THEM WHAT TO BELIEVE IF YOU WANT TO BELIEVE SOMETHING BELIEVE THE DICTATES OF THE DIVINE SOUL WITHIN YOU - IT WILL TELL YOU THAT ALL THE HELL THERE IS, YOU MAKE YOURSELF. AND THATS PLENTY. USE YOUR BRAINS GOD GAVE THEM TO YOU TO USE. B.B.

DEFINED.

"Fred's a perfect young water-god, isn't he?"
"H'm! A sort of Appollo-naris, you mean."

ABSENT-MINDED.

"Your wife has fallen down stairs and is seriously hurt," screamed an excited neighbour over the telephone.

"What's her address?" asked the absent-minded editor. "I'll send a reporter up to see if he can get her picture."

SPLASH!

Barkeep—"Wot'll yeh have?"

Stoodent B—"Got any champagne on ice?"

Barkeep—"Sure."

Student B—"Gimme a nickel's worth of ice."

It is recorded that the first man hasn't known the first woman long before he had to get out and dig.

A DIFFERENCE.

Few young men ever think of matrimony. The most they do is to think of getting married.

TIRED.

Borleigh (at 11:45)—Ah, Miss Critic, you have such a sweet, retiring disposition.

Miss Critic (yawning).—You flatter me, Mr. Borleigh; but I must confess to a slight disposition to retire.

SLOW OLD COUNTRY.

First Yankee: "Have you been through the British Museum?"

Second Yankee: "Oh, yes."

First Yankee: "What did you think of it,'

Second Yankee: "Pretty poor. Why, they've got the same things there they had last year."

PAYS TO BE QUICK-WITTED.

"It has come to my ears," remarked Miss De Playne, "that you said my face would make a man climb a fence."

"Yes—that's what I said,' replied the diplomatic one, "but, of course, I meant if he happened to be on the other side of the fence."

BEHIND A GIRL.

"Been to the theatre this week?"

"Yes."

"What did you see?"

"A black velvet bow, some tortoise-shell combs, a couple of plumes, a chiffon knot and a stuffed bird about the size of a hen."

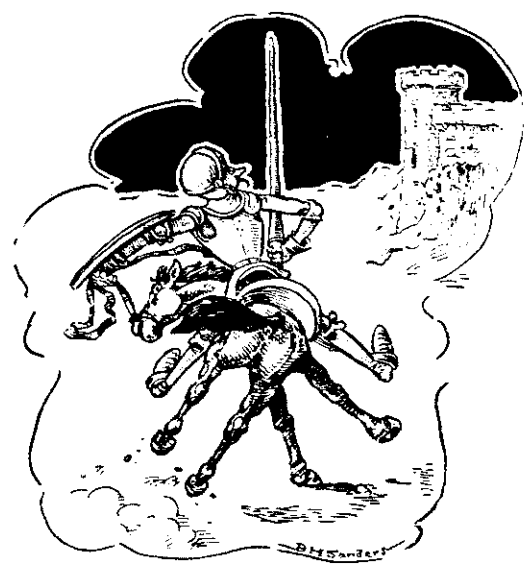
TWO REASONS WHY.

"Well, Professor, how are you getting along with your aerial machine?"

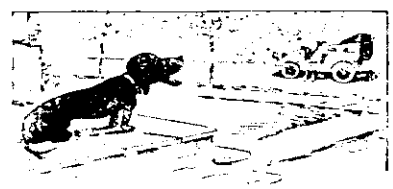
"It is not yet a complete success," the professor said, with a sad smile. "I have two things to accomplish before I can say that it is."

"What are they?"

"I must discover how to get my machine in the air and then how to keep it there."



A KNIGHT'S PROGRESS, ACCORDING TO THE RULES.



"If they're looking for a suitable automobile dog, what's the matter with me? Look how easily I could get under the old thing."