

Every Man's "Evil Genius."

Most people have observed that each human body, whether man or woman, is made in two halves. And the halves, which are put together lengthwise, never fit exactly.

If you have not noted this before, take a critical look at the next person you meet, and you will find that his (or her) eyes are not exactly alike. One of them is likely to be a little higher than the other. Sometimes the difference is so marked that one eye is blue and the other brown. Also, you will notice, in the individual you are observing, that the two sides of the mouth are not perfectly matched.

Proceeding further, you will discover that the two sides of the person's face, taken as a whole, are not alike. There is a lack of symmetry very marked when you pay attention to it. Indeed, this is so far the case that the average young woman considers one side of her face as the prettier side, and always has her picture taken from that point of view.

Now, just as the body is made in two halves, so it is with the brain. If the newest scientific theory on the subject is correct, each half is the seat of a personality; and thus, while possessing only a single identity, you yourself are two. You meet this other self often; one place is dreamland. It is the second self that is the actor of the sleep drama—a strange being, eccentric of conduct, seemingly devoid of morality, and with a minimum of common-sense, who every night, during your slumbers, walks abroad through an imaginary realm, visiting the queerest scenes, and often performing the oddest pranks.

Again, if a man has been drinking rather freely, that is another occasion when the second self begins to make an unsolicited appearance and to try to get away from control. If another glass or two of wine be taken, he escaped, and presently assumes the centre of the stage—just as he does in the realm of dreams. A glass or two more, and he begins to commit all sorts of follies, betraying lack of judgment and good breeding. A fool and a boor is this second self—not at all a proper person to be admitted to polite society.

In earlier days it was supposed that the devil was always at one's elbow, prompting one to commit evil acts. Nowadays nobody believes in that sort of thing; but there is no one who does not find himself, or herself, called upon to resist wicked suggestions. From what source do such suggestions come? Nobody can say with positiveness, but there is at least reason to suspect that they are the promptings of this very sub-self—the unescapable companion who dwells with each of us, and who (so far as we are able to judge from occasional observation) seems to have a steady leaning toward whatever is bad.

Some Western sightseers visited the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington. They stood for a time before Jean Leon Geome's huge painting depicting the death of Julius Caesar. Caesar lies stricken at the foot of Pompey's statue. "What's the matter with that fellow?" said one of them. "Why don't you read history?" was the retort. "That man is Julius Caesar; he has just been shot by Marc Antony."

THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHECK FOR £1 1/2 has been sent to the writer of this verse, Mr. H. A. P., Nairobi, Taranaki.

I was an archer, who shot at a frog,
I was a butcher, who had a big dog
I stands for SAPON—the wrong place I know—
But SAPON'S important, so it must go.

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best four-SHOOT-line advt. verse about "SAPON" wins each week. SAPON wrapper must be enclosed. Address: "SAPON," Danvers, Washington, P.O. Box 633, Washington.

Write for Free Art Booklet, containing valuable hints on Washng.

The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

It is an extraordinary thing," began the journalist," how the most eminent men in the profession differ on the value of alcohol. The "Lancet" has published a manifesto signed by 16 celebrated doctors claiming that alcohol is most valuable not only as a restorative, but also as a food. These men state that in many cases it is absolutely life-preserving, and that the universal belief of civilised mankind that as an article of diet it is beneficial is amply justified. Then the medical Press publishes a reply signed by twelve apostles of total abstinence, headed by Sir Frederick Treves, to the effect that as an article of food it is valueless and that even in disease its use is very doubtful. Dr. Yorks Davies maintains that alcohol is absolutely useless as a stimulant in disease except in cases of sudden cardiac failure. Another eminent physician points out that bread, carrots, parsnips, and potatoes all contain alcohol in some form or other, and that if we wish to be perfectly free from it, we should have to live upon pure sea water, which, he says, is nasty, but excellent for biliousness. When doctors differ the average man follows his own inclination."

man two marks, about two shillings, and he brought back one and twopence change. Our breakfast had only cost us fivepence each.

"Food is ridiculously cheap on some parts of the continent," said the lawyer, "but it doesn't always do to ask what you are eating. The French peasantry live quite comfortably on a few pence a day. I knew a young artist chap in Paris who lived for some years on ten shillings a week, and seemed to do pretty well on it. By the way, I see that there are some big strikes imminent at home just now. It is hard to say what the result will be of the police trouble in Belfast. It is a very serious situation for the authorities to face, as any sign of weakness on their part might lead to dangerous agitation. Still more grave is the dissatisfaction existing amongst the men employed on the large English railways. A big railway strike would mean an almost irretrievable blow to British commerce, and would probably bankrupt some large concerns."

"Our Arbitration Act," remarked the business man, "has come in for much adverse criticism, but it has undoubtedly done much to lessen the evils of strikes. The weak point seems to be that it is not easy to secure the loyal adherence of the workers if their demands are not conceded. You can easily make the employer abide by its awards, because he is always worth powder and shot if he fails to pay the legal wage, or if he evades the spirit of the Act in any way. But the Court cannot compel the worker to give loyal service, and employees can do much to harm a business without in any way transgressing the law. Personally, I attribute the recent action of the tramway conductors quite as much to their annoyance at having failed to gain the extra penny as to their desire to obey the city by-laws."

"My sympathies," said the banker, "are almost entirely with the men in this matter. The cars are licensed to carry a certain number, and the men are paid for attending to the carrying of this number. A crowd of people standing means a lot of extra work in collecting the fares, and adds enormously to the risk of accident. I have often seen cases where the conductor could scarcely make his way through the car for the crush. It is unreasonable to expect men to do extra work unless they are to receive extra pay. I suppose the present crisis will probably end in the city taking over the control of the trams."

"I don't believe in things conducted by Government or town councils," urged the lawyer. "The English railways being in private hands are far more up to date than our own. A private company must please the public, while a State-owned affair can go on its own sweet way, utterly regardless of public opinion. Witness our beautiful railway station, our holiday cattle trucks, the lamentable lack of coal wagons. Then note the delay in pushing on our northern lines, and the hopeless inadequacy of the service. The new tunnel on the Midland line is a shocking waste of public money and will never earn its salt. A private company goes where it is needed and opens up productive lands, it helps forward trade and settlement in its own interests. A Government line is built for the political votes rather than the business needs of a district. You can growl at a private concern with some chance of having a

grievance remedied, but to growl at a Ministry or a corporation is like trying to rouse an elephant with a feather."

"All the same," remarked the journalist, "the average man loves a State owned concern. He likes to imagine that he has a share in the business, and he will put up with almost any amount of discomfort if he only feels that the discomfort is provided for him by government instead of by the greedy, grasping capitalist. And after all, providing a tunnel five miles in length is only carrying out the well-known political axiom that the general public should be kept in the dark as much as possible."

DESPAIRING DYSEPPTICS.

Afraid to Eat—Languishing For Food
Wellington Man Cured by

DR WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

"Back in '95 I had had health through Chronic Indigestion," said Mr Henry Wilkins, Club Hotel, Wellington, N.Z. "What I suffered no one knows but myself. Every time I ate anything I had a tightening pain in the chest, as if the walls of the chest were meeting and grinding. The food laid on my chest in a hard lump, and then some time after I would vomit it all up. My breath was very disagreeable and this made me wary of speaking to people for fear it would be unpleasant for them. There was always a dragging pain in my stomach and a heaviness in the pit of it. I was always constipated and this caused me a lot of trouble. When I got up in the mornings my head started to swim round and I felt that I would fall. I had to sit down until I felt better. Then a fit of vomiting would attack me, and this used to nearly shake me to pieces."

"I used to feel depressed and miserable. I was drowsy all day and had to shake myself up to look after my business. Attacks of biliousness affected me cruelly. I used to get splitting headaches, and the pain that shot through my head made it feel as if it was opening and shutting all the time. For three years I suffered like this, going to some of the best doctors, who did not do me a bit of good. I tried pretty well every patent medicine advertised, but it was money thrown away. Then a friend of mine advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When she told me I laughed, because by this time I reckoned nothing would cure me. Sometimes I was laid up for a fortnight at a stretch, and when I got up I could only crawl around. However, I started Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after the first box I regained health every day. By the time I had taken nine boxes I was thoroughly cured. For the last three years I have not had the least return of the old complaint."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do only one thing, but they do it well—they actually make new blood. But the blood is the root of all health. They don't act on the bowels. They don't tinker with mere symptoms. If you are in doubt about your own case, write for hints as to diet, etc., to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington. From that address you can also order by mail the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—3/- a box, six boxes 16/6, post free.

A STRONG FAVOURITE

PETER F. HEERING, COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.

Special Appointment Purveyors to The King of England; The Royal Danish and Imperial Russian Courts.
SWIFT & COY., 82 O'Connell St., Sydney, General Agents.

"I don't go much upon doctors, if you will excuse my saying so," put in the traveller. "I believe a man should eat and drink what he finds suits him. You know the old proverb that at thirty a man is either a fool or a physician. ("Or both," murmured the cynic, but not loud enough to be overheard by the doctor). "I think we know best ourselves what is good for us. I must confess that I prefer the Continental custom of taking a light wine with meals to the British custom of drinking bad whisky in between meals. Talking of the Continent, I had a rather amusing experience once in Germany. I was travelling with another chap, and we went to a restaurant for breakfast. Neither of us knew a word of the language, and none of the waiters spoke English. A gigantic bill of fare placed in front of us failed to bring any enlightenment, and at last I was struck with a brilliant idea. I noticed that the man at the next table seemed to be having a remarkably good time of it, so I pointed to him and held up two fingers, meaning that we wanted two meals like his. The waiter quickly grasped the idea, and we were promptly provided with an excellent breakfast of three courses, knowing that things were awfully cheap in Germany I offered the