

The New Zealand Graphic...

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

TERMS:
Per Annum - - - £1 2s.
(In advance, £1.)
Single Copy - - - Sixpence

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

All desirable MSS., Sketches or Pictures will be returned to the sender, provided they are accompanied by the author's address and the requisite postage stamp, but contributors must understand that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the preservation of the articles sent us.

Queries, Drafts, etc., and all Business Communications to be addressed to the Manager, Library Communications, Photographs, and Black and White Work to be addressed to the Editor.

Society Notes and Correspondence relating to matters of special interest to ladies to be addressed to "The Lady Editor."
The Editor will carefully read all manuscripts submitted to him, and all communications will be regarded as strictly confidential by him.

OFFICE:
SHORTLAND STREET, AUCKLAND.

Here and There

Dogs as Policemen.

Mr William G. Fitzgerald, writing in the "Century," is enthusiastic as to the value of dogs in the police service. He says a policeman on night duty, in a great city, if accompanied by a powerful and sagacious dog, is more likely to be respected by criminals than the policeman who goes out alone, and he is surprised that it should have been left to so small a State as Belgium to make the initial experiment at Ghent and elsewhere in 1899. In course of time the number of dogs was increased, and it soon became apparent that night crimes almost disappeared. A cunning ruffian might outwit a policeman, but a big trained dog rarely failed to inspire terror in the most desperate evil-doer.

In Ghent the night service is now made by some 120 guards and 50 or 60 trained dogs. M. E. van Wesemael was the first to suggest dogs as auxiliary police.

M. van Wesemael is proud of the achievements of his dogs, especially one named Beer. Mr. Fitzgerald writes:—"One night Beer came upon five drunken fellows wrecking a saloon on the outskirts of the city. The men were making a great uproar, and a resolute resistance to the law was feared. Beer's muzzle was removed, and the fine animal sprang forward without a sound. When the patrol reached the spot, four of the men had fled, and Beer was clutching the fifth by the leg.

"The moment the officer appeared, Beer gave up his prisoner, and was off like the wind on the trail of the fugitives. The patrol followed with his prisoner, guided by a series of short, sharp barks. Presently he came upon the other four, who had turned at bay and were trying to keep the dauntless Beer from tearing them to pieces. Thoroughly frightened—sobered even—the men offered to give themselves up if Beer were controlled and muzzled. This was promptly done, though not without a little protest from Beer himself, and the procession started for the central police bureau with the victorious Beer, now at liberty to give vent to his joy, barking and racing round his prisoners, exactly as if they had been a flock of sheep."

A Green-blind Admiral.

A remarkable article on "Colour Blindness," with illustrations showing scenery as it appears to colour-blind people, appears in the "Century." The writer says he knows of a green-blind "admiral" of the British Navy who "achieved great popularity at a function in Dublin by appearing in green trousers, which he supposed were brown. He attributed his social success to his personal charm."

A red-blind boy failed as a strawberry-picker because he could distinguish the berries only by their form, and picked green ones with insouciant regularity. "A member of Parliament nearly caused a separation by appearing in red to the obsequies of his wife's mother."

Cult of the Chop.

Sir James Crichton-Browne expounded the gospel of food at a meeting of the Bread and Food Reform League at the Mansion House, London, recently.

He repudiated emphatically any vegetarian tendencies, and declared that he was a firm believer in the value of the mutton chop.

"I should be glad," he said, "to see a sirloin of beef on the Sunday dinner table of every family in the land."

"Animal food has contributed largely to the vigour, energy, and success of our race, and a moderate meat diet is most suitable in our climate and under existing industrial conditions."

"Meat probably figures too largely in the bill of fare of the affluent classes and the pampered menials of our big houses, who, we are told, partake of meat three or four times a day, and are laying up for themselves 'wrath against the day of wrath.'"

"As much as 7d a day per head is spent on food," said Sir James, "when an equally good and nutritious diet can be had for 4d."

"It seems to me that the duty of the league primarily is to direct attention to infant diet, to secure, if possible, a pure milk diet for every child, and bring home to mothers a sense of their obligation in that respect. I would like to see the electrocution of all proved wilful adulterators of food and milk, who are wholesale baby murderers."

He would unhesitatingly affirm that if we in this country were to hold our own, to lighten the great load of vice, misery, poverty, and disease under which we groaned and staggered, we must literally obey the divine command, "Feed My Lambs."

American Trash.

The increase in the production in the United States of cheap, trashy literature and fake advertising publications, the latter being nearly all advertising, with just enough reading matter sandwiched in to conform to the postal regulations, operated adversely to the interests of Canada. In the first place this country was deluged with a lot of trash, and, in the second place, our mail service was working overtime carrying a mass of such publications, for which the United States drew the money. For instance, for every 100 pounds of newspapers and periodicals which went from Canada to the United States, 2000 pounds came from the United States into Canada. Hon. Mr. Lemieux has arranged that in future a newspaper and periodical rate of one cent for every four ounces will prevail between the two countries, and that Canada will have the right to manage her own affairs as regards this class of mail without reference to the practice prevailing in the United States.—"Ottawa Citizen."

Facts About the Derby.

In "Fry's Magazine" Mr. Bernard C. Carter summarises some curious results of 127 races on Epsom Downs. The race was founded in 1780 by Edward, twelfth Earl of Derby. During the whole period 2124 horses have run. The largest number in any one race was 34, in 1862; the smallest four, in 1794. The stakes in 1780 were £1125; they are now £6450. As to the owners of the winning horses, the Derby was won thirty-two times by "plain misters," twenty-seven times by lords, twenty times by baronets, seventeen times by dukes, four times by princes, three times by colonels, and once each by admirals, majors, barons and counts. The biggest horse to win the Derby was Jeddah, in 1898. He stood 16 hands 3 1/4 in high. The fastest horse was Lord Rosebery's Cicero, who completed the course in 2 min. 39 2/5 sec. The chief mission in life of the Derby winners is, after retiring from the course, to become the fathers of other Derby winners. The writer abandons the endeavour to estimate how much money has been lost and won in betting on the Derby. He says Mr. Rockefeller would be in rags if he had to pay out all the money that punters had won in even ten Derbies. Mr. R. C. Naylor, in 1863, is believed to have won the most money of any man in one Derby. Mr. Chaplin won £140,000 in 1867; Lord Hastings lost £103,000 on the same race. Mr. Carter opens by reflecting on the turnover of millions, the blighting of hopes, the blank ruination caused to thousands of men in a few minutes at one Derby.

Saving a Cab Fare.

Here's a pretty tale of domestic economy from an English paper. He had been brought up in the lap of luxury and extravagance, and, when bad times came, and he had to go down to the city and look carefully after his shillings

it was his pretty and tender little wife who helped him and encouraged him by, example in small savings. One fence, however, he never would face. He balked at taking a 'bus.
"It might pass the club, you know, dear, and the fellows at the windows"—
One evening, however, he returned radiant to dinner. Tenderly embracing his life's partner, he murmured:
"I've ont it, darling! All the way, for three-pence!"
Love and gratitude were in her eyes, as she said:
"My own brave boy! Did you mind it very much?"
"No, dear! Got box-seat; real good old sort the driver. Told me lots of stories and was quite chatty. Capital chap. Gave him a big cigar and half-a-crown for himself when I got down."

The Suffragette Animal.

(Amazonian Politics.)

The following amusing "Human Nature" note by a correspondent of "The Reader" appears in the current issue:—
Roving, obstinate, and aggressive in temperament, it prowls about the political fields of England in search of its prey—the Mighty Man (Nulli Secundus); it also invades and establishes itself in the burrows (boroughs) of the Sitting Members (Anti-Suffragists) variety. Sometimes swarms of these harmless, but noisy, pests will make a raid on the haunts of the Lawmakers (Homo Parliamentus) species, and during these raids many are captured and carried off by the genus Blue-bottle (Hurle Policemanis).

It is easily captured, and when tamed and thoroughly trained, makes a charming companion, or a household pet. It is easily distinguished from the more civilised species by its plaintive cry of "Votes."

Females are the predominant and ruling element of this species, the males being of the timid and submissive variety known as Benedicts (Henpecked Hubbi); and these, when once captured, are kept in utter subjection, and become the drones and grub-providers.

Cutting it Short.

There is a gentleman on the music halls who makes a speciality of abbreviating his words. He is in the enviable posish (as he would call it) of having disc a new form of hum. Probably his bank bal had been consid in cons. Until yesterday we had thought that he was alone in this field of humour. We were wrong. The police force are imitating him.

On Thursday a policeman, giving evidence, asserted that a prisoner had been ejected from a p.h. "We are very busy to-day," said the Magistrate, "but have sufficient time to hear proper English."

Now, why should not abbreviations become the language of the future? Every day we find we have less time to waste. In the eighteenth century, when one would a friend to pass the salt, one would say, "Stop my vitals, and odds bodds, friend Devereux, but 'pon honour you would oblige me vastly by handing me the salt. Believe me, my very soul is a flame with anguish at the thought of troubling you." To day we say, "Salt, please." Why should we not to-morrow simply snap out, "S.P."

In some parts of America this is done already. The family is gathered round the festive board. Pop's massive jaws unclose for a moment, and from them comes, "G.A.M.O.A.S.U.T.B.C.A.M.S." Does Theodore get a move on and bring up the buckwheat cakes and maple syrup? You are right. He does.—"The Globe."

LUNCH TIME FORGOTTEN

when you
BREAKFAST
on
Plasmon Oats
and
Plasmon Cocoa

All Chemists and Grocers.

Pure blood makes the skin clear, smooth, healthy.

Impure blood blotches the skin with pimples, sores, boils, eczema, eruptions. Mr. G. W. Burtner, Keselotown, Va., tells of the bad condition he was in, and how he was cured by

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"Shortly after leaving college, I was troubled with a skin disease which showed itself first at the ankles. Physicians pronounced it eczema, and treated me for that



complaint. The eruption crept slowly up my limbs, and on the body, until it enveloped the whole frame. It gave me infinite trouble, with constant itching, casting off of dry scales, and a watery liquid, which would exude from under the scales. I treated it for over three years unsuccessfully, and was unable to check it until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I used three bottles of this medicine, and was completely cured—my skin becoming as smooth and clear as before."

There are many imitation Sarsaparillas. Be sure you get "AYER'S."

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

ENGLAND'S LEADING SWEET
CALLARD & BOWERS
BUTTER-SCOTCH
The Celebrated Sweet for Children
Really delicious Confectionery
Wholesome, delicious, and absolutely pure.
Sold by all Confectioners, Grocers, and Druggists.