

The Cherniavskis. How they learned to play so well.

In looking at the three Russian boys, Leo, Jan and Mischel Cherniavski, one with his beautiful classical features, the others with their lovely rich golden hair and delicate complexions, it is difficult to realise that only a year or so ago these three young Jews were living in great peril in Red Russia—a Russia made red

clouds of revolution had passed over Odessa, but they heard that their house had been attacked and demolished by Cossacks, and ten of their friends massacred in cold blood. So disgusted were they with life in the south of Russia, that the whole family, whose combined wealth amounted only to a few pounds, migrated to England, where they breathed the air of freedom. The Jewish quarter of mighty London is frightfully squalid and overcrowded, but still there they might live in safety and be free from fear that King Edward's soldiers would suddenly dash into the street and kill all in sight. Soon the pinch came, however; meals were reduced to one a day; there was little enough money to buy fuel and clothing for the approaching winter. Still, the boys had to go on with their music. A week or so went by, and with the exception of a few inquiries about their playing, no engagement offered, and the situation was growing desperate. True, they could get work of a kind, but the kind that kills in the artistic world. Then came the most trying time in all Pere Cherniavski's life: when nearly twelve months had gone and ruination confronted them on all sides, a big music-hall manager, hearing of these wonderful young Russians, made inquiries and certain that he had discovered in the slums three little artists that would set all London talking, promptly offered them six hundred pounds for eight weeks work on the music-halls. Starving and almost penniless, these promises of relief and the six hundred pounds seemed too good to be



MISCHEL,
Age 12.

to them with the blood of their relatives and friends. Never safe, never secure, these three beautiful boys were ever hiding and evading the quick sharp stab of the Cossack's glittering bayonet, and the swing of the merciless sabre. Outside in the streets they were exposed to stray bullets and the bang of the bursting bomb; even in the main thoroughfares a hurrying half-drunken mob of soldiers would slash into them with their whips and shout, "Out of the way, Jews!" So it may be easily understood that with all the doors and windows locked and barred, with scanty food and stifling air, hidden away on the top floor of their house, some relief was found in music. Many weary days—many weeks and months—were passed in this way, playing the work of old masters over and over again; living on the joy of the fresh beauties which ever unfolded themselves the more they played. In this way Leo, Jan and Mischel Cherniavski began their musical studies; in this way the latent genius first asserted itself. One day, long after the crack of rattling rifles had ceased, when the soldiers had finished their bloody work, and the stillness of the night no more was broken by the sermons of a smitten Jew, news came to hand that it was safe to walk abroad—by day at least—so the Cherniavskis were released from their self-made pri-son. But scarcely



LEO,
Age 17.

true. Old Cherniavski had carefully watched these artist buds of his, and though in recent years he had met many reverses and against most fearful odds had kept their music pure, he was not going to let them blossom on the music hall. The refusal of such an engagement surprised the theatrical manager, who pointed out the position and splendid opportunity he now had of changing their entire existence. "But what about my boys' art?" the old man said, half giving way to the tempting offer which, though affording temporary relief, would kill outright any artistic career which might be ahead of them. He hesitated and his wife and children urged him to accept; but the old man thought for a moment, and then exclaimed, "By God! No! I've waited six long, weary years, and now the end is so near do you think I would spoil their music and blast all my cherished hopes by sending them to the music halls? No, never!"



JAN,
Age 14.

had they a chance of forgetting it when trouble again came upon the town, and rather than face another long period shut out from the light, their father let the house to some friends and took his boys away—away across the frontier into Germany and Austria—where he could help them with their musical studies far from the strife and turmoil and blood-hed of their own land. He might have returned when the black

Iceberg Seven Miles Long.

The captain of the French barque Francoise d'Amboise, which arrived recently at Glasgow from New Caledonia, reported that between September 18 and September 29 141 icebergs were seen. One was from six to seven miles long, three miles broad, and more than 450 feet high. During the period mentioned it was necessary for the vessel to be hove-to each night.

"Laughter in Court."

Mr. T. E. Crispe, K.C., after 35 years' practice, has retired from the English Bar, and he marked the event by appearing as a lecturer at the Steinway Hall, London.

The Lord Chief Justice and a number of judges and magistrates attended this novel farewell, which was really more a string of anecdotes than a lecture.

Mr. Crispe called his lecture "The Wit and Oratory of Bench and Bar." He deplored the present lack of real oratory of the old-fashioned type such as distinguished a famous breach of promise case many years ago, when counsel, pointing to the defendant, exclaimed dramatically: "That serpent in human form stole the heart of my virgin client while she was returning from confinement!"

Mr. Crispe told many excellent stories of judges past and present.

"I've been wedded to the truth since my infancy," said a witness who was obviously lying.

"Yes, but the question is," snapped Mr Justice Maule, "how long have you been a widower?"

Sir Charles Jessel was notorious for dropping his h's. An objectionable person in court turned to a serjeant at the bar and exclaimed: "Why, Jessel drops his h's."

"I would rather drop my h's with Jessel in hell than aspire with you in heaven," retorted the serjeant.

Do We Wasn Too Much?

One of the most cherished traditions of the British race, the "cold tub every morning," is needlessly criticised by Dr. J. H. Clarke in "Vital Economy," or How to Conserve Your Strength, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

Dr. Clarke contends that in the matter of health, we are enslaved by words and phrases: "The 'pores of the skin' is a phrase at the shrine of which many feeble folk are sacrificing the last flicker of their energy in the daily morning tub. 'Plenty of fresh air' is another tyrant which has claimed numberless victims. 'I once lost a good patient, who was always ailing, by cutting off his daily morning tub," said Dr. Clarke. "He grew strong and put on weight... and it is one of his delights to shock his friends by telling them how many years it is since he had a bath!"

Too much soaping and scrubbing, according to Dr. Clarke, removes the lubricating material secreted in the glands of the skin to make it soft and supple, and the removal leaves the skin more sensitive to atmospheric changes.

The skin is a self-cleansing organ. By soaking the body, the self-cleansing cells absorb water, swell up, and die.

"One has only to rub oneself, after a bath, and they come off in little rolls. These do not consist of dirt, as is the popular idea, but of dead skin-cells. I often tell people that it is quite possible for them to wash themselves dirty. They remove so much of the protecting surface that they give the dirt a real chance of getting into their skins."

Dr. Clarke recommends as a substitute for a bath a folded towel, wetted in the centre and passed rapidly all over the body. This will "open the pores" sufficiently without entailing any shock.

Study in Scarlet.

The "Socialist Annual" for 1909 gives the following remarkable statistics of Socialist and Labour members in various Parliaments:—

Country.	S. & L. Members.	Total Members.	Per cent. S. & L.
Austria	90	510	17.6
Finland	83	290	41.5
France	52	584	8.9
Germany	43	397	10.9
England	32	670	4.7
Belgium	36	163	21.7
Italy	36	508	7.0
Denmark	24	114	21.0
Russia	16	532	3.7
Sweden	33	230	14.3
Norway	10	117	4.2
Holland	7	100	7.0
Chili	3	94	3.2
Switzerland	7	167	4.2
Servia	1	160	0.6
Argentina	1	120	0.8
U.S.A.	—	—	—

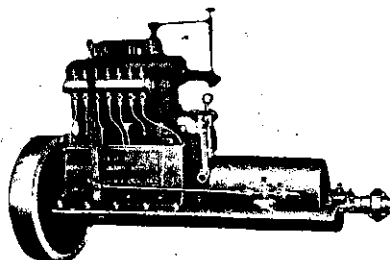


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