

# THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

AND

## NEW ZEALAND MAIL

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## The Week in Review

### Chinese Literature.

**M**R. HWANG, the Chinese Consul in Wellington, is well known throughout the colony as an able speaker and lecturer, and he is also a man of considerable literary attainments. The Wesleyan Literary and Debating Society recently persuaded him to give a lecture on "The Religion and Literature of China," and the result was a scholarly and thoughtful address on this interesting topic. As showing the antiquity of written books in China, he mentioned that tradition taught that the inventor of Chinese letters lived about 5000 B.C. There were now nine classics which were read by all Chinese scholars, of which the first was written about 1150 B.C. The form and spelling of Chinese words had scarcely changed from the most ancient times until to-day, and this first book—the *Book of Changes*—could be read now without difficulty. The *Book of Ceremonies*, written over a thousand years before the Christian era, set forth the rites and ceremonies to be used on almost all occasions, and with few exceptions these were not departed from at the present day. The movement and spirit of English verse were lacking in the Chinese poetry; this was very noticeable to the speaker in translations of English lyrics. The Chinese should have their own hymns if they were going to become a great Christian nation. Mr. Hwang referred to others of the Chinese classics, and stated that these ancient works were very beautiful, and though the Chinese examinations had been modified lately to allow of an increased Western element in education, it would be a great loss if Chinese scholars should ever neglect their old literature. The Emperor, who built the great wall, had destroyed a vast number of the books extant in his time, but after his death there was a great re-creation of literary activity. Many of the old books were re-written from memory, an encyclopaedia in 10,000 volumes was compiled, and other remarkable works were produced. It would be seen that the Chinese mind was not like that of the African or North American Indian. The Chinese almost treasured learning, and despite their former hostility to foreign ideas, they were eager now to assimilate the knowledge and the wisdom of Western civili-

sation. The modern influence in China was greater than the influence of Napoleon or of Bismarck, because it would affect 400 million souls, a fourth part of the human race.

### Royal Commissions.

The subject of Royal Commissions formed one of the most prominent and important matters discussed at the Farmers' Union dinner, recently held at Palmerston North. Mr. Bruce spoke very strongly on the modern tendency to set up Royal Commissions on all sorts of questions that could be quite as well dealt with by the Government itself. He thought that an administration which went too far in this respect was cradling its duties and responsibilities. There were times when the people expected a lead from the Government, but Ministers, when reluctant to give that lead, found a way out of the difficulty by the appointment of a Royal Commission which, in most instances, was not productive of any good. As a case in point he mentioned the Commission set up a few years ago in connection with the Federation of the Australasian colonies, and he defied anyone to find anything instructive in their report. As a matter of fact, said Mr. Bruce, these commissions were objectionable inasmuch as they had a tendency to disarm criticism, and that was not a desirable condition of things. There is no doubt that these commissions are very costly, and often they are anything but satisfactory, and Mr. Bruce has done good service by directing public attention to the matter.

### The Meat Trade and American Trusts.

Anything that concerns our staple industry of frozen meat cannot fail to be of interest to New Zealanders, and it is disquieting to learn that this trade is already being threatened by the system of trusts, combines, and corners with which America has made us only too familiar. According to advices by mail, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the Dominion and Australia will shortly come within the sphere of influence of one of the most powerful of the American combines—the Meat

Trust. The British producer and consumer will be the worst sufferers by the operations of the trust, and some alarm is already being expressed in England as to the ultimate aims of the combine. The Central Markets Committee issued a report in March showing that of 409,732 tons of meat and provisions dealt with in the markets last year 88,262 were bred and slaughtered in the United Kingdom, 54,691 tons fattened in Canada or the United States and slaughtered in the United Kingdom, and 266,779 tons, or 65 per cent, were colonial, American, or foreign productions. At present nearly 40 per cent of the beef arriving at the market in London is derived from the United States, and these figures show how completely Britain depends on other countries for her food supplies, and also to what extent the United States dominates the markets. More important still is the fact that the meat-producing companies of that country have acquired productive works in South America, and that already supplies are being "regulated," the continued stoppage of live cattle importations from South America causing the gravest concern. It is pointed out that should the various overseas sources of supply become controlled by a group of powerful firms, then the price of meat on the market can be dominated, and easily, because the proportion of British productions—one ton in five—could not be increased under existing conditions. In this connection Australasia will probably be affected, since its competition is not likely to be acceptable to the trust. Developments will be awaited with interest, and they may be expected by an attempt to secure some measure of control over colonial resources.

### A Settlers' Information League.

The need of reliable information for intending immigrants has been frequently brought before our notice. Men come to the colonies who are utterly unsuited for colonial life, and loss and disappointment not infrequently result. It is gratifying, therefore, to learn that a Settlers' Information League has been established in England, and members, both at home and in the colonies, are to do everything in their power to disseminate reliable information and to assist emigrants on arrival. A letter has been sent to the colonies, in which the writers say:—"The responsibilities of Empire are very real and very weighty, and not the least real and the least weighty of them is that of settling before the Motherland the advantages of the colonies and of seeing that the colonies themselves are developed by a population British born. Some years have passed since his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, addressing one of the most representative of audiences ever gathered together in the Guildhall, and with all the freshness of the scenes he had just witnessed before him, referred to the importance of developing the outlying portions of our great estate, and reminded us that the one all-prevailing and all-persuading demand in the colonies was, as it is to-day, 'want of population.' His Royal Highness went on to refer to the boundless tracts of country yet unexplored, hidden mineral wealth calling for development, vast expanses of virgin soil ready to yield profitable crops to the settlers; adding, 'These can be enjoyed under conditions of healthy living, liberal laws, and free

institutions in exchange for the overcrowded cities and almost hopeless struggle for existence which, alas! too often is the lot of many in the Old Country.' One condition, and one only, his Royal Highness very truly observed, was made by the colonies—namely, that we should send them suitable emigrants—a condition which he thoroughly endorsed. Summing up his remarks on the need of a continuous flow of suitable emigrants from the Motherland to the colonies, the Prince said: 'By this means we may still further strengthen, or, at all events, pass on unimpaired, that pride of race, that unity of sentiment and purpose, that feeling of common loyalty and obligation, which knit together, and alone can maintain, the integrity of our Empire.' It will thus be seen that the object of the League is not in any sense to create a propaganda, but rather to make a reality of Lord Rosebery's fine definition of Empire, a passion of affliction and family feeling, of pride and hopefulness.

### The Missing Maids.

Great losses have been felt in some quarters that girls suitable for domestic service would be able to be secured from Dr. Barnardo's Homes, but the Rev. W. J. Mayers, who is at present in New Zealand as visiting emissary, does not hold out much encouragement in that direction. He stated that the demand for servants in England was so heavy that he feared they could not begin to supply the Dominion yet. Mr. Mayers said that the servant problem seemed to be a grave one everywhere. Cases had come under his notice in different parts of England where families had had to move into hotels or flats on account of not being able to get domestics. There was an insatiable demand from Canada, and over 200 boys and girls are sent there every year. In this connection, the Canadian agent had travelled across the Atlantic over a hundred times in charge of such parties, and each time he has disappointed from 150 to 200 people in search of servants. He attributed the dearth of domestic workers to the factories, tea-rooms, and other avenues of employment that had been opened up for girls during recent years, that were not recognised as such a decade ago.

### Protecting a Witness.

The announcement made recently that a young girl had committed suicide rather than undergo further cross-examination in the witness-box, has once more drawn attention to the fact that some method should be devised whereby an honest witness can be protected from undue annoyance by counsel when giving evidence. The counsel cannot be altogether blamed, he is merely doing his best for his client, and his daily bread depends on his success in court. But surely the magistrate should interfere to protect a witness from undue severity of handling, and a word from him would in most cases be sufficient. The late Mr. Justice Butt offered a good example of what might be done in this direction. A woman was being rather roughly treated by the opposing counsel, though she was obviously telling the truth. The judge turned to the barrister and said: "Mr. White, has this good lady offended you in any way? Is she a personal enemy of yours, or does she owe you money?" "No

my lord," answered the lawyer in surprised tones. "Then don't you think, Mr. White," said the judge, "that you might as well leave her alone?" And the lawyer did.

### Psychology and Education.

Professor Hunter, of Victoria College, gave a most interesting address to the Teachers' Institute on the subject of "Some Aspects of Experimental Psychology and Education." He said that a knowledge of psychology was essential if education was to be carried on on scientific lines. England was only just awaking to the importance of the subject through coming into contact with American and Continental methods. What psychologists wanted to know was not what mind was, but how it acted. He wanted to see the overthrow of the old view that man was a rational machine, and greater importance given to the feeling and aspects of the developing character. He went on to say that every mental state, whether one knew it or not, took some active form. If a teacher had a school in dismal surroundings, he might expect a great deal of inattention. If the surroundings were such as to increase the pleasantness of the conditions, he might expect much better work on the part of his pupils. Experimental psychology helped a teacher to determine the best order in which the various subjects should be taken, and the manner of imparting knowledge which would produce the best results. There was, he continued, a sad lack of co-ordination in connection with the primary, secondary, and university departments. Students should be encouraged to aim at training, rather than degrees. He did not see why education should not be utilitarian—not in the sense of L. A. D., though he did not see why it should not lead to a greater portion of this world's goods than was at present the case, but in the wider sense of training for one's profession, and a nobler citizenship. The universities, he held, should provide as far as possible conditions which would allow individuals to develop. It should be the endeavour of every teacher to learn the type of mental imagery of his pupils, specially the backward ones.

### Socialists and Military Service.

The Wellington Socialists held a meeting lately, in which the subject of military training came up for discussion. Those who are conversant with the opinions held by these people will not be surprised to learn that a resolution was passed condemning universal compulsory military training. The reasons given for this objection to service were somewhat surprising. At this meeting of Socialists the chief speaker was Mr. P. J. O'Regan, whose line of argument was that the people who own the land should defend the country. Here are his sentiments: "We are called upon to do—what? Why, to defend our country, and, if necessary, to be shot for it. We all, of course, honour our country, but, unfortunately, we do not all own it." It is news to most of us to learn that men only fight for the actual bit of soil they may happen to own, or that the word country signifies merely the ground itself; some men would fight to protect their wives and children, some would fight for the honour of the flag, and those who would only fight for their own little patch of ground would certainly not make the best soldiers. A Socialist orator in England said that he cared nothing for England, all he cared about was his wages. But what would become of his wages if we were conquered by a foreign foe? In all probability they would disappear altogether.

### The Child is the Father of the Man.

In a book recently published, entitled "A New Self-help," by Mr. Ernest A. Bryant, a good story is told of Mr. John Burns. On one occasion he helped his mother long after midnight in bitter

weather to carry home a load of washing from Park-lane. At the bottom of the basket was broken food for his brothers and himself. As they passed over Westminster Bridge and gazed at the Houses of Parliament, they sat down with their burden and rested. "Mother," said the boy, "if I have health and strength, no mother shall have to work as you have, and no child shall do in life what I have to do." He has tried to live up to that ideal. Later he lived with his brother within sound of the chiming of Big Ben. "One of these days I shall work under that clock," John said one morning, as Big Ben chimed the hour. "What do you mean?" asked the brother. "I mean when I am in Parliament," was the answer of the future President of the Local Government Board, who at this time was working in a subordinate position in a candle-making factory.

### Bishop Selwyn and Ascension Day.

There is a peculiar fitness in the selection of Ascension Day for the laying of the foundation stone of the new Patteson Memorial wing at St. John's College, in honour of Bishop Selwyn and Bishop Patteson. It will be remembered that Ascension Day was always Bishop Selwyn's favourite time for starting on a missionary cruise, so that the words of the Gospel for the day might be ringing freshly in his ears and those of his companions, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." It was on Ascension Day, 1856, that Selwyn and Patteson set sail for their first Melanesian cruise, a voyage destined to be fraught with such far-reaching consequences. The foundation stone of the new wing will be laid at 3 o'clock in the afternoon by his Excellency the Governor. An interesting feature will be the presentation of a Latin address by the senior student, Mr. Chitty. Mr. Chitty has been blind from childhood, but in spite of this tremendous drawback he has succeeded in taking a brilliant degree at the University. A special number of this paper will be issued next week giving a unique series of photographs and articles illustrating not merely the ceremony itself, but also incidents in the lives of the two great bishops commemorated in the event. As there is likely to be a great demand for this number, orders should be placed early to prevent disappointment.

### Headache, Indigestion, Constipation and Biliousness.

The immense number of orders for Frootoids, sent by post direct to the Proprietor, is a convincing proof that the Public appreciate their splendid curing power over the above-named complaints.

Frootoids are elegant in appearance and pleasant to take; they are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient; they remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs, waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them.

The beneficial effects of Frootoids are evident by the disappearance of headache, a bright, cheery sense of perfect health taking the place of sluggish, depressed feeling, by the liver acting properly, and by the food being properly digested.

Frootoids are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested, and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all.

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A constipated habit of body will be completely cured if the patient will on each occasion, when suffering, take a dose of Frootoids instead of an ordinary aperient. The patient thus gradually becomes independent of Aperient Medicines.

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# The Immigrant Maid

## What is Really Wanted—The Servant's Point of View

By Dog Toby.

### Raise the Social Status.

LAST week I dealt with the need that existed for domestic helps, and the necessity for some scheme of immigration. But there is another aspect of the question that calls for some notice, and which has a good deal to do with the scarcity that undeniably exists. The social status of workers needs raising if we are to have anything like a steady supply, and their hours of work must be more strictly defined. It is not so much a question of wages as some people imagine. I know a lady who pays 25/ a week, and yet she can never keep a girl for more than a month or two, and I know another lady who only pays 8/ a week, and not only does she keep her girls, but she could get ten applications to-morrow if she wanted anyone. Kindness and consideration go much further than mere money, and it is because so many mistresses are neither kind nor considerate that girls prefer a factory or an office to work about a house.

### Woman's True Vocation.

There can be no question that looking after a home is woman's natural sphere, and household work is the most honourable occupation a woman can have. When a home is neglected, the husband's temper suffers, and his work is often badly done. To those who minister to our comfort in the house we men owe more than we know, and every consideration should be shown to those who perform the often thankless task of preparing the meals and keeping the place clean and tidy. Yet by some curious perversion of our nature many people consider the servants as belonging to a class that is in some mysterious way beneath them, and they affect to look down upon the very people to whom they owe most of their comfort and ease. It is funny, and to the discerning eye it has a touch of quaint humour, but the fact remains all the same. It reminds one of the Roman dame who—well, the story is slightly improper, so perhaps I had better not tell it, but students of the classics will recognise the allusion. I never hear women talking in disparaging tones of their servants without thinking of this famous Roman and wondering if they would act as she did. If we really want girls to take up domestic duties, we must do all in our power to make them feel that the occupation is the most honourable and the most highly esteemed that they could undertake.

### The True Gentlewoman.

In nothing is gentle birth and breeding more clearly shown than in our treatment of those dependent on us. It is a surer test of a person's upbringing and antecedents than even the correct use of the word "fellow" or the correct pronunciation of the word "girl," those pitfalls that so often trap the unwary. It is a social sin to talk of the Marquis of Salisbury instead of Lord Salisbury, or to put salt in your soup before tasting it; but it is a far greater social sin to be overbearing in manner towards those who move in a humbler sphere of life. In connection, with which fact, I can recall a good story of an exceedingly aristocratic dame and a somewhat underbred English vicar. The cleric had risen from the ranks of the small shopkeeper class, and gave himself a multitude of patronising airs and graces towards the very class to which he himself by rights belonged. He was puffed up with notions of his own importance, a delusion that was not shared by any of his flock. One day the afore-

said dame wrote to the vicar, asking him to call on her housekeeper, who was dying, and the vicar replied that he never called upon servants; he left that to the curate. The lady replied very sweetly to the effect that she had forgotten, when she wrote, that he would not be in a position to understand the way in which families like her own regarded their old servants, and she had therefore got Lord X, a neighbouring rector, to call and look after her housekeeper.

### Long Hours.

A grievance felt by many girls is the fact that there are no definite, fixed hours of work. They are often expected to rise with the lark and continue their work till long after nightfall. I have heard of mistresses keeping a girl going from 6 in the morning till 9 or 10 at night, and then they wonder that it is so hard to get anyone. Conditions in New Zealand, where often only one girl is kept, are materially different from conditions at home, where most people keep two or more. A girl by herself naturally feels more lonely, and it is only right that she should be the more considered in consequence. Much could be done to render housework more attractive if mistresses would not only limit the working day to eight hours, but would also help in the work themselves. Washing pots and dishes is not exactly an inspiring, though it is a very necessary, occupation, and much of the drudgery of it would be relieved if the lady of the house would give a hand whenever she was able. If girls were treated more as helps and less as household slaves, more as friends and less as potential enemies, we should have less to deplore in the matter of the difficulty of getting efficient maids.

### The Dignity of Service.

For, after all, the lot of a young girl going into a strange house fresh from the comfort and liberty of her own home is rather trying at first. She is relegated to the kitchen, and has her meals in lonely state, and spends her evenings in solitude. Unless a person's social position is so insecure that it is necessary, for her own protection to create an artificial barrier betwixt herself and her maid, a mistress would do much both for herself and her domestic if she sometimes sat with her and showed an interest in her work and her recreation. No people in the world are quicker to recognise the falcon on the shield than servants, and a real lady need never fear that her kindness would be presumed upon, or that service would be the less willingly rendered. We have the highest authority in the world for looking with the greatest honour and respect on those who serve. Was it not St. Paul who said that Christ Himself came in the form of a servant, and was it not our Lord who said that the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister?

Kissing—teasing—  
Lovers' twain.  
Coughing—sneezing—  
Cold again!  
Lovers' quarrel,  
All is sure.  
What's the morrow?  
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

WELLINGTON AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL ASSOCIATION  
16 and 17 Hall of Commerce, High Street, AUCKLAND, N.Z.  
Metropolitan Winter Exhibition  
EMPIRE DAY, 24th to 26th MAY, 1909.  
Prize Lists Free on application.  
EDWIN HALL, Secretary.

# Sayings of the Week

## Work for All

**U**NDoubtedly in the large centres there are a number of unemployed constantly to be found, but this very often arises from the fact that men come in from the country, and after spending their money, find themselves in difficulties. As far as the Labour Department is concerned, there is no great trouble. Wherever anything in the shape of congestion made its appearance officers of the department have been able to disperse the workers to suitable localities, and suffering as far as possible has been avoided.—*Hon. A. W. Hogg.*

## Caesar's Ghost

Hundreds of boys left the Sixth Standard or the secondary schools who knew more about Julius Caesar than they did about John Ballance, and knew nothing of such men as Sir George Grey and John McKenzie. The name of Seddon was nothing more to them than the name of a strong personality, now departed, and they know far more about sport than about the legislature, though they turned readily enough to that legislature in every difficulty. The young people could not remain blind to the requirements of the age, and give blind adherence to any political movement that came along, without landing the country in confusion. The young people of to-day were the coming electors, and they should pay less attention to sport and more to gaining some knowledge of the legislative problems of their own country.—*Mr W. W. Tunner, ex-M.P. for Aron.*

## The Religion of China

Confucianism was not a religion at all, but a school of moral philosophy, political philosophy, and the highest and best literature in China. Yet the influence of Confucianism had been the principal influence in China from its first propagation till the present time; indeed, its influence had been more felt by the Chinese than the influence of Christianity had been felt in the Western world. In the Western world not everybody was a Christian or believed in Christ; it appeared as if many Occidentals had no belief in anything beyond the material, but every Chinese, be he scholar or labourer, was influenced by Confucianism, and knew some of the great points of its teaching. The reason was that its teaching appealed equally to the educated and uneducated, there was nothing mysterious or very deep about it, and nothing beyond one's power to practise.—*Mr Hoong, Chinese Consul.*

## The Yellow Peril

Japan is the supreme power in the Far East; and, although she is our ally at present, and I hope will long remain so, we cannot say how long it will last. If Australia and New Zealand hope to be white nations, as I hope they will be, they must wake up and keep awake to the position they are in—their nearness to Japan, compared with the distance from us. We have no battleships in the Far East. We have four armoured cruisers; but only one is a very serious vessel, so that in the event of attack by armed fleets New Zealand and Australia would have nothing to show against them. What I think is, that both Australia and New Zealand should have a system of compulsory training for defensive purposes.—*Admiral Bowden-Smith.*

## A Jog Trot

The magnificent series of reforms which had distinguished the legislation of the past 20 years was accomplished by unity of the Labour section with the small settlers, and this combination had been attended by the palmiest days of success in the first ten years of the period he referred to. He had no sympathy with those whose idea of political progress consisted of nothing but a hard and strenuous course of galloping. A steady trot was an easier and safer pace to set. Labour had made up a lot of leeway in the past 20 years, and with unity and steady purpose it could make up a good deal more.—*Mr W. W. Tunner, Aron.*

## A Timely Hint

In Australia many large benefactions had been left to the universities, art galleries, museums and libraries. In New Zealand, unfortunately, such benefactions were almost unknown. Yet no better or more enduring objects could be suggested than those which were of an educational character. During recent years several very large fortunes had been left by residents of Canterbury, who had built up their wealth in the province, but none of that wealth had been turned to educational purposes. Yet the education of the people was the ultimate test of everything that was noble, worthy and free.—*Mr G. W. Russell, M.P.*

## Wake up, Auckland.

I have had the opportunity of studying the municipal life of the Dominion, and I unhesitatingly say that all utility and public conveniences should be under the control of the municipality. After making a comparison of the tramway services of the Dominion, I am convinced that

In the year in which it was accomplished every country outside New Zealand was passing through a very difficult financial period. Nevertheless the Government's financial operations had been successfully carried out without a single exception.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

## The Two Dominions

I could not help observing the facilities given to settlers in Canada, and contrasting them with this Dominion, where we have such a vast area of unoccupied land in the hands of the Government, and particularly in the hands of the natives. Whilst, like other old colonists, I do not want to see any injustice done to the natives, I certainly think the time has arrived for some method to be adopted of opening these lands for settlement. I have two sons who have taken up land in Canada, and when I spoke to them of returning to New Zealand—which it was their original intention to do—they said that from what they could learn of the state of affairs here, they had better prospects for the immediate future in Canada. Since that time both my sons have taken up further holdings under purchase.—*Mr. Archibald Clark, Auckland.*

## German Resolve

After long and patient study I have come to believe that our means of na-

on politics who doubts that it is the settled resolve of the German nation to challenge our naval supremacy—not at once, but in the course of years to come.—*Mr. Frederic Harrison.*

## Business and Golf

Business is an occupation requiring, very often, a great deal of skill and precision. It bristles with so many vicissitudes that it requires at times considerable mental attention, and unless success attend a good many strokes, the feeling of irritation becomes very real. There are, in fact, in business so many points of analogy with the tiresome eventualities of golf that there can be little doubt that persons of an irritable, gloomy, and worrying disposition, would be better if they did not seek in the city recreation from the golf links.—*Mr. Victor Carter.*

## National Defence

I can only hope that before this Parliament comes to a conclusion something will be done to put our defence in a more satisfactory position. The volunteer system stands condemned as a system. Those who have entered it have done their duty to their country, but there are others who have not done their duty, and the law must bring them into line. The matter is now much too serious for us to delay with it any longer. To my mind, our country and the Pacific Sea is absolutely at the mercy of an Eastern nation, and though we may be friendly for the time being it touches my pride as a Briton to think that I have to rely upon the Japanese for my safety.—*Mr. James Allen, M.P.*

## Fastidious People

The life of a public man was one of great activity, and one of interest to those who wanted him to get on, as well as to his opponents, because in the political world a man was judged very often by one mistake, and all his triumphs were forgotten. That was the fastidiousness of the people. When politicians went before the public for the purpose of stating that they had tried to do their duty, they had to take the result of the people's decision calmly and like philosophers.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*



Uncle Edward: "What a charming fellow he would be if only he wouldn't bother about politics!"

Wellington does not hold second place to any. The tramways in Wellington pay their way, and not only pay interest and sinking fund, but usually between £4000 and £5000 to the good, and this sum is spent in increasing the plant and affording additional public facilities. From what I have seen in Auckland, and comparing it with what we have in Wellington, I should say that the people of Auckland would be acting in their own interests if they acquire the tram service at the earliest possible moment.—*Mr J. P. Luke, M.P.*

## A Wizard of Finance

The financial operations of the Government had involved the raising of about £8,000,000 sterling in the year—£3,000,000 for renewals of loans, £1,250,000 authorised by Parliament for public works, £1,000,000 for the purchase of the Manawatu railway, nearly £1,800,000 for advances to settlers and advances to workers, and about £400,000 for the purchase of estates for closer settlement. This was a tremendous operation for one year.

tional defence will soon be proved to be utterly inadequate—indeed, that the very existence of England as a great Power, much more of our amorphous Empire, may be at stake within less than a decade of years. . . . No man fit to argue

## NOTICE TO MAKE RETURNS OF INCOME, UNDER THE LAND AND INCOME ASSESSMENT ACT, 1908.

Land and Income Tax Department, Wellington, 11th May, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the above Act, and the Regulations made thereunder, every person and company within the meaning of the said Act, having derived income during the year ending 31st March, 1909, from any source or by any means which is made the subject of taxation under the said Act, is hereby required to duly make and furnish to me, in the prescribed form, RETURNS OF SUCH INCOME, on or before the 1st June, 1909.  
And, further, notice is hereby given that such returns shall in all cases be delivered at or forwarded to the Office of the Commissioner of Taxes, in the Government Buildings, at Wellington.  
P. HRYES,  
Commissioner of Taxes.  
NOTE.—Persons who have not received forms of returns from this office may obtain them at any Postal Money Order Office.  
SPECIAL NOTE.—ANY PERSON FAILING TO FURNISH A RETURN AT THE PRESCRIBED TIME IN TABLE TWO A PENALTY OF NOT LESS THAN £2 NOT MORE THAN £100.

## VELVET SKIN TONE

INSTANTLY changes the skin however sunburned, freckled, or brown, into a beautiful and blooming flesh-like tint. Indispensable to ladies who value their complexions. Price, 3/6, leading chemists, or direct from  
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## YOU CAN'T BE HAPPY WITH A HEADACHE

Probably more pleasure is spoiled because of headaches than from any other reason. When your head aches it not only makes you unhappy, but it is very apt to interfere with the pleasures of everyone else around you. One can't be expected to be very cheerful and pleasant when one's head is simply splitting. And there is no need of suffering. Keep a box of

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in the house when you are at home—carry it in your bag when you travel. That insures you against the annoyance of headaches—your own and other people's. Stearns' Headache Cure is as pure as it looks, and the snow-white waters certainly indicate purity in the highest degree. One dose cures, and leaves your head "clear as a bell." It is so much better than any other kind that your own interest demands that you insist on STEARNS'—the genuine.

# The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA.

## Parsons and Politics.

I WAS much amused," began the cynic, "to notice Mr Fisher's diatribes against the Presbyterian Church. The main indictment seems to be that the churches in General have not left the Word of God to serve tables. He has apparently never read the Acts of the Apostles, or he would have known that the Apostles themselves considered that the serving of tables formed no part of their work. He is blaming the churches for following the teaching laid down in the Bible. In olden time people objected to the clergy interfering in politics; nowadays they object because the clergy are not pious. In olden time people objected to the clergy have taken no part in various political movements, and have not actively supported Mr Fisher's own party. Mr Reid would probably object to them because they had not declared themselves in favour of his fiscal policy, and Mr Massey might say that they held heretical opinions on land tenure. If we follow Mr Fisher's lead we might each upbraid the Churches for not following our own pet political fad. The old idea was that men went to church to worship God, the modern idea seems to be that we should go to church to worship the Federal Labour Ministry."

## A Materialistic Age.

"It is curious," commented the M.P., "how much we bend to worship the material and how little importance we attach to the spiritual. The fault of many churches is that they attach too much importance to political movements. They are subscribing to the modern heresy that you can make men saints by Act of Parliament. As a matter of fact, legislation can do very little, and what little it can do is based on the fact that public opinion is behind our laws. And why is public opinion behind them? I maintain it is because the churches have roused the Christian conscience of the nation. We are what we are by reason of our nineteenth centuries of religious teaching, and our laws would be useless without that. We live in an age when it is the fashion to worship the working-men, we make him our idol and expect the prophets of God to bow the knee to our modern Baal. It will be an evil day when the churches neglect their high spiritual mission to become medicine men to this latter day fetish."

## The Socialist's Reply.

"Not at all," answered the Socialist. "The first duty of the churches should be to protect the poor against the rich. They should devote themselves to seeing that proper homes are provided for our workers, to denouncing all systems of trusts, corners and combines that tend so disastrously to raise the price of food for our toiling millions. We want every pulpit to ring with anathemas against our present system of land tenure, which permits a few to own thousands of acres whilst others have not a patch of ground to call their own. The working man would go to church if he could hear whole-hearted denunciations of the rich, but of what use to him are tiresome expostulations of what preachers call the plan of salvation. The plan of salvation he wants to hear about is some plan that will give him shorter hours, better food, better clothes, a better home to live in, something, in short, that will take money from the greedy and selfish rich and give it to the deserving poor. The modern

clergy don't follow the apostles. The apostles didn't wear top-hats and frock coats like some of those who claim to be their successors."

## Belts and Braces.

"Neither," suavely remarked the cynic, "did the apostles wear belts or braces, and if we followed their example in this respect we would not have more time to support labour legislation; we would have less. The bulk of our energies would be devoted to supporting other things of more immediate consequence to ourselves. If we are to have churches where the working man can listen to denunciations of the rich, why not also have churches where the rich can listen to denunciations of the working man? The middle classes could attend each church in turn, and feel a grateful glow in reflecting that they belonged to neither class, and therefore had a monopoly of all the virtues. We could have a new nomenclature for all the various sects. Instead of Methodists and Baptists we could have the single tax church and the freetrade church. The Bible could be rewritten to suit different political parties, and doubtless the prayer book could be suitably revised. Personally, I consider that Mr Fisher has paid the highest pos-

sible tribute to the churches. It shows that in the opinion of one of our foremost political leaders the churches have been true to their mission of preaching the gospel, and have refused to be turned aside by the siren songs of modern Labour leaders.

against this unjust state of things; we want them to aid a movement that seeks to abolish sin and suffering from the earth. Surely that is part of their mission. But they stand aloof, they are afraid to identify themselves with us, and so we also stand aloof from them. We are seeking to upset the established order of things, to sweep away in one set all the old, wicked system of private gain and consequent oppression, and to establish in its stead a system of equal rights and equal wealth for all. When the golden age we are working for arrives, we shall look back with wondering and pitiful eyes on the dark ages of capital and private property. The churches stand for the established order of things, and as such we condemn them and seek to overthrow them."

## What is Christianity?

"The duty of the Church," said the padre, "is to preach Christianity, not the political fad of the moment. We are concerned with the only real reform—the reform of the heart. If men are kind and considerate and humane in themselves, that is something gained for all time. If we try and make men kind and considerate and humane by legislative enactments, we shall fail, and fail miserably. It is said that you can drive a coach and four through any Act of Parliament, but you can't drive any coach through the dictates of the Christian heart. Men go to church to worship God, and to give Him thanks, and to pray to Him. If they go to church

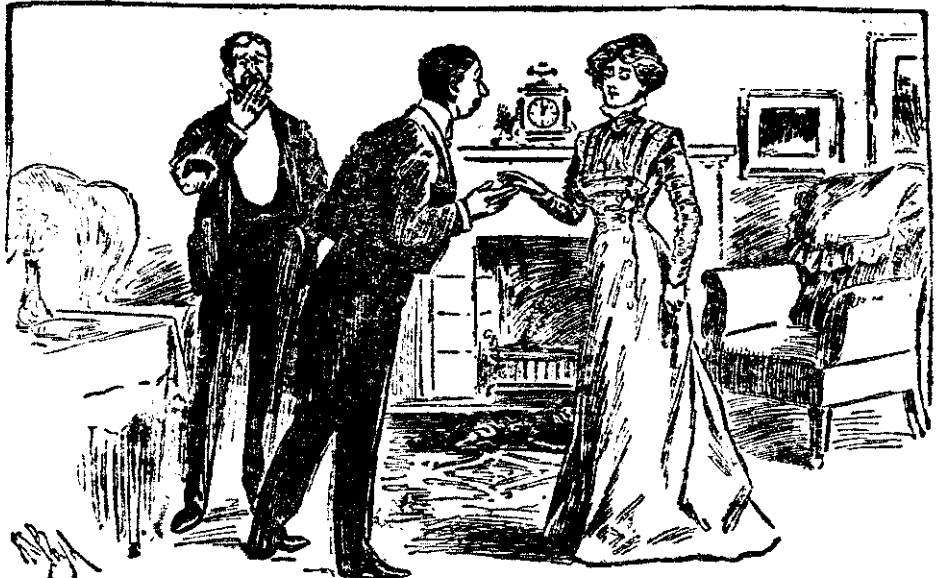
## A SONG OF EMPIRE.

The strange disappearance of the well-known poet, Mr. John Davidson, gives a peculiar interest to the last poem received by his publisher, Mr. Grant Richards, from him. It is entirely different to anything Mr. Davidson has done before, and will, no doubt, appeal to a far greater circle than the works on which rest John Davidson's claim to literary honours.

It is published at a particularly appropriate moment — just when New Zealand's generous gift of Dreadnought to the Motherland, and Australia's offer of similar aid is the chief theme of conversation in the Old Country, when a really Imperial spirit pervades the land, and the world without is receiving the most convincing proofs of the solidarity of the British Empire.

By permission of the publisher I am able to give Mr. Davidson's "Song of the Empire" in full. It was written, Mr. Richards tells me about a month ago, and in a covering letter the author said of it, "I considered that it is to be sung, and should therefore be simple and bold."

I.  
The character and strength of us,  
Who conquer everywhere;  
We sing the English of it thus,  
And bid the world beware;  
We bid the world beware.  
The perfect heart and will,  
That dare the utmost men may dare,  
And follow freedom still.  
Sea-room, land-room, ours, my masters, ours,  
Held in hand with destiny, and first among  
the Powers!  
Our boasted Ocean Empire, sir, we boast  
of it again,  
Our Monarch, and our Ruler, and our  
Women and our Men!



CLINCHING IT.

Wearily Hostess (thankful to get rid at last of complacent bore): "Well, good-night, if you must go. Come and see us again, won't you?"  
Complacent Bore: "Delighted! What evening shall we say?"

—"London Opinion."

only in the expectation of hearing fiery denunciations of this or that existing institution, they had better stop away. What spiritual gain is there in a political tirade? Mr. Fisher has, indeed, though quite unwittingly, paid us the highest compliment that any man could pay. I rejoice to think that in the opinion of so eminent a judge we have not bowed ourselves down in the temple of Rimmon. But we have been to blame. We have obscured the idea of worship and laid too much stress on preaching and parish organisation. We have coquetted with political movements, and made men think that we wanted people to go to church for our own sakes. If man neglects public worship, the loss is solely his own. I would sooner see every pew empty than feel I had filled a church to overflowing by substituting the worship of man and the law of man for the worship of God and the law of God."

## The Duty of the Churches.

"All the same," replied the previous speaker, "it is clearly the duty of the churches to speak with no uncertain voice on such subjects as social oppression and injustice. We believe that all evil comes from private property. Theft, murder, cruelty all arise from the lust of gain. Thousands starve that the few may revel in luxury. Women and children toil in factories for a mere pittance that the capitalist may increase his already immense hoard. We want the churches to help us in our crusade

II.  
The pillars of our Empire stand  
In forgotten graves,  
We build denunciations on the land,  
And greatness on the waves;  
Our Empire on the waves,  
Established firm and sure,  
And founded deep in ocean's caves,  
While honour shall endure.  
Sea-room, land-room, honourably ours,  
Held in hand with destiny, and first among  
the Powers!  
Our boasted Ocean Empire, sir, we boast  
of it again,  
Our ancient Isles, our Lands afar, and all  
our loyal Men!

III.  
Our flag, on every wind unfurled,  
Proclaims from sea to sea  
A future and a nobler world,  
Where men and thoughts are free;  
Our men, our thoughts are free,  
Our wars are waged for peace;  
We stand in arms for liberty,  
Till bonds and bondage cease.  
Sea-room, land-room, ours, appointed ours,  
Cousins of our calling and the first among  
the Powers!  
Our boasted Ocean Sovereignty, again and  
yet again,  
Our Council, and our Conduct, and our  
Armaments and Men!

# The News of the Week

## IN THE DOMINION.

### Civil Service Changes.

IN the last batch of public service re-arrangements announced by the Prime Minister, two of the proposed changes have given rise to astonishment, not to say hostile criticism. I refer to the appointments of J. E. Smith as resident commissioner in the Cook Group, and Mr. G. F. C. Campbell as general manager of the State Fire Insurance Department. Reviewing the changes, the "Dominion" says: "If there is one department of the State which at the present time calls specially for expert business management it is the State Fire Insurance Department. Fire insurance is a tricky business at any time, and the State Department discovered this to its cost last year. Yet Ministers take the grave risk of appointing to the responsible position of manager of the Department a member of the service (Mr. Campbell) who, however excellent his record in another department, has had no experience, so far as can be learned, of fire insurance business. Now it is announced that Mr. Smith has been appointed Commissioner at the Cook Islands. A few years ago Mr. Smith was a clerk in the Treasury Department, and what particular qualification he possesses for his new post it is difficult to discover."

Writing on the same subject, the "Post" says: "Probably Mr. Smith, whose public service has been confined to the Treasury and Old Age Pensions Departments, may have qualifications for the complicated duties of supervising the welfare of the Cook Islands, but New Zealand has to take them on trust. It is a fact that the Resident Commissioner is likely to have arduous tasks at any time, and in following the footsteps of Colonel Gudgeon, Mr. Smith is set a difficult task. The appointment has certainly created much surprise. In placing Mr. G. F. C. Campbell at the head of the State Insurance Department the Government has presumably considered the full risks. He is well endowed with mental force, but fire insurance is a new sphere for him so far as we know. At the best of times the position of manager is one that should require an extensive course of preliminary training, and this is a critical period, requiring a specially qualified head."

### A Wellington Solicitor's Bankruptcy.

At a meeting of the creditors of W. G. Sommerville, solicitor, bankrupt presented a statement setting forth that his unsecured debts totalled £3078 and his secured debts £21,388. Debtor estimated the securities against these debts to be worth £12,506 more than the debts secured, and the surplus on the whole estate at £11,834. The state of the money market prevented him selling properties and realizing his securities, and also caused creditors to press for payment. The meeting appointed a committee to investigate the property transactions.

### Saving the Daylight.

Among other remits to the New Zealand Agricultural Conference, the Canterbury A. and P. Association will send the following:—"That it be a recommendation to the Government that between the third Sunday in October and the third Sunday in March local time be one hour in advance of New Zealand mean time, the object being to secure earlier attendance at work in the summer months and the enlargement of the period of leisure in the afternoons and evenings."

### Immoral Literature.

A large deputation, which composed a large number of ministers of religion, school teachers, and others, held before the Prime Minister (Sir Joseph Ward) last week at Christchurch the necessity for further legislation to prevent the dissemination of immoral literature.

Bishop Grimes said the object of the deputation had his deepest sympathy. He felt sure that as soon as Sir Joseph was made aware of the growing evil in regard to the spread of this class of literature he would do all in his power to stop it. To suggest a remedy was difficult, but as stringent steps were taken to prevent the spread of dreaded diseases, he thought that the Government might, in its wisdom, take similar steps in respect to the prevention of the spread of indecent literature. A Department which had control of such matters had been established in the United States. The word "censorship" was an ugly one, and one that naturally provoked feelings of revolt, and while he had on several occasions referred to the clean Press of New Zealand, and while he was a supporter of the liberty of the Press, he thought that most people knew the difference between freedom of the Press and shameless license. His Lordship also suggested that there should be authorities in each municipality who would have power to suppress books of the character indicated.

Bishop Julius said that some time ago he had been personally asked to prosecute in respect to certain books which he had examined. He had never read anything more filthy, or more calculated to demoralise young readers. After considering the matter, he decided that it would be impossible for him to take action, because it would make the matter very public, and would, especially if the prosecution failed, advertise the books. The prosecution had been taken up by the police, and had failed, and the result had been a great demand for the books. Personally he objected to the censorship of the Press. There were certain newspapers published in the Dominion that were utterly disgraceful. Great good would be done if facilities were given for the suppression of the class of literature and newspapers referred to. They did not advocate any Puritanical suppression of literature.

Mr. S. O. Owen, headmaster of the East Christchurch school, said that schoolmasters found that elder children had no difficulty in obtaining the class of books referred to, and they had to institute a censorship, and had to do a great deal of confiscation. This sometimes brought them in conflict with parents, who resented their action. He suggested that there should be a list of proscribed literature, and even though it meant the employment of a reader by the Government, he would be very glad if there was some censorship.

In reply, the Prime Minister said the matter would receive the fullest consideration of the Government, which recognised the importance of preventing the dissemination of the classes of literature referred to. The difficulty was to establish a system the machinery of which would not be regarded as an interference with the liberty of the Press. The difficulty of censorship was so great that he would not go into it at all. The Government had had representations on the subject from other parts, and the representations of the deputation would be added to them, and would receive careful and full consideration.

### Rotorua and the Main Trunk.

While the opening of the Main Trunk line has been of the greatest benefit to the intermediate stations between Auckland and Wellington, it is strongly contended that one of the most important places—Rotorua—has been left out in the cold. No benefit is derived by Rotorua from the through service, because the time-table does not fit in with the Rotorua service. Visitors from Wellington are lauded at Frankton Junction at 3.38 in the morning, and there compelled to wait until the express from Auckland comes along nine and a-half hours later. The need for a train leaving Frankton immediately after the arrival of the express from Wellington is urgently advocated, and passengers leaving Auckland by the through express at 9.15 p.m. would also have the opportunity of landing in Rotorua at 8 o'clock next morning.

### Drilling Reservists.

The drilling of local Royal Naval reservists on board H.M.S. Pioneer at the Auckland wharf attracts the curiosity

of a large number of people. The Pioneer has been in port nearly a week, and every day the reservists, to the number of 22, are put through gun and rifle drill and navy seamanship. The reservists, who must follow the seafaring life, are called upon for drill every year—seamen for a month and firemen for a fortnight. They receive a remuneration of £8 per annum and a slightly increased pay when they have qualified for "trained men." The complement of the Pioneer is largely composed of New Zealanders, so less than one hundred and twenty out of the 200 on board belonging to this Dominion. The Pioneer completes the drilling of reservists in about three weeks' time. She leaves Auckland on the 7th June and will spend the next three or four weeks cruising about the gulf, during which time gun practice will be indulged in and the vessel will make occasional visits to Auckland. The Pioneer is expected to reach Wellington on June 30th, and will remain at the southern port throughout July, drilling reservists there. She then proceeds to Colombo, where her Imperials will pay off and a new Imperial crew join the vessel, which then returns to the Australian station to carry on the useful work of forming the groundwork of a colonial navy.

### Public Health.

The Minister in charge of the Public Health Department (Hon. D. Buddo) makes the following statement in reference to the retirement of the chief health officer (Dr. Mason) and his appointment to a position in London. The retirement of the head of the Department is purely a question of administration. So far as the work of the Public Health Department is concerned, it will be carried on under the same or similar conditions as at present, with due regard to the special services to be rendered to local authorities on the question of sanitation, the building of hospitals, or the accommodation for the sick. The work that has been done in the past has evidently been done so well that public attention has rarely been drawn to its work. Every day fresh work has to be taken in hand. Local bodies throughout the Dominion are continually making provision either for improvements involving sanitary alterations, or the building and accommodation in connection with hospitals and other works, and it must be considered that the work of the Department has met with the approval of those with whom it has come in contact. There is no intention to in any way reduce the services rendered by the Department. So far no general scheme of reorganisation has been drawn up, but it is fully intended that the public service shall not in any way suffer by the proposed reorganisation.

### Money Flowing In.

In the course of an interview, the Prime Minister stated that the theory that money is being sent out of New Zealand was not borne out by facts. More money had been coming into the Dominion by amounts running into a few millions during the past year or two than was going out of it in every shape and form. In addition, money was being offered to the Government for governmental purposes from Australia, and as he had

already stated, in one instance a sum of £250,000 had been offered. All the theorising in the world could not discount what was absolute fact and was on record.

### The Police Force.

Careful consideration is being given by the Government to the police force, with a view to maintaining the required efficiency upon the most economical basis. The expansion of the Dominion has necessarily required increased police protection, and the increase has amounted to an average of £11,000 each year since 1904. If the Government are able, while maintaining the necessary efficiency, to make reductions in the present expenditures, it is their intention to reduce the average increase by at least four-fifths, or a reduction of about £2000 on the amount of the previous year.

### State Publishers.

It may not be generally realised how extensively the Government goes in for publishing. The books issued from the Government Printing Office are not eagerly sought for by a novel-reading public, nor do they run into second editions; but they are of the solid, useful order, and in every case meet a demand. Dr. Hocken's life-work, the bibliography of the literature of New Zealand, is being published by the Government, and will come out next month. The volume runs into between 400 and 500 pages. Another important publication to be shortly issued is the illustrated account of the scientific expedition last year to the sub-Antarctic, edited by Dr. Chilton. The trawling experiments of the Nora Niven, the subject of a report to Parliament by the fisheries expert, were dealt with from the scientific standpoint by Mr. Waite, curator of the Canterbury Museum, and the result of his work will be placed before the public through the medium of the busy Government Printer.

### Poisonous Toadstools.

Carrie, the youngest daughter of Mr. Dan McLean, Bridge Farm, Waipu, died last week, having been poisoned by eating toadstools.

Dr. Lamont did all that was possible to try and save life.

### The Battleship Gift.

At a preliminary meeting of citizens in Wellington it was decided to present Sir Joseph Ward with an illuminated address in a silver casket, as a mark of appreciation of his action in offering a battleship to Great Britain.

### Meeting of Parliament.

It is persistently stated in well-informed quarters that Parliament will meet on June 10 for a short session, and then adjourn for the purpose of enabling Sir Joseph Ward to attend the Imperial Defence Conference, reassembling early in September for the transaction of other business. The suggestion that the Prime Minister should attend the conference will, it is declared, afford a true test of the bona fides of Opposition party patriotism.

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The "Post" says: "The difficulties in the way of Sir Joseph Ward's attendance are considerable. Parliament must meet before the end of June, and every indication is that the session will be long and full of trouble. There are two ways by which the Prime Minister may attend the Conference with safety. He may arrange with the Opposition not to bring forward in his absence any motion which will seriously embarrass the Government, he on his part guaranteeing that no legislation of an extraordinary character shall be brought forward. That way out of the difficulty is not too easy. Sir Joseph Ward has already sketched a legislative programme which is not only of considerable length, but which includes many measures of a controversial nature. Judging also from reported utterances the members of the Opposition intend making the present session remarkable for the strength of their criticism, especially in regard to finance. Another way in which the presence of Sir Joseph Ward at the Conference could be arranged is to call Parliament together early in June, extend the appropriations so as to enable the Government to expend money after June 30 without going through the trouble of passing an Empire Supply Bill, prorogue, and have another session beginning about the end of September. In well-informed circles it is understood that Sir Joseph Ward is very desirous of attending the conference, but at present, in the face of the facts set out above, he does not see how he can possibly manage it."

#### Reckless Motorists.

No doubt under the exhilaration of the 25 mile an-hour rush, and with the knowledge that there are no police on the corners, the happy-go-lucky motorist and motor-cyclist have been causing some apprehension on the roads controlled by the Makara County Council by the free and reckless way they break records and the peace of vehicular and pedestrian travellers. Theirs is no 10-mile gait, so several councillors attested, in the council chambers. Mostly the petrol-driven people are getting themselves very seriously disliked by their tactics, and the evil, it is said, is increasing at a rapid rate. Councillors came to the conclusion that something should be done to cope with these "road hogs," and motor police, revolvers, and road wires were mentioned as likely to achieve the object in view. A resolution was passed to the effect "that the co-operation of the Wellington City Council and neighbouring local bodies be sought in approaching the Government to establish a force of motor police in order to protect the public against excessive travelling on the public highway, the cost of such system to be met by a direct tax on all motor cars and motor cycles."

### COMMONWEALTH.

#### Bad As Savages.

Mr. Justice Pving, dealing with a case in the District Court, said that the marriage law was treated abominably. No respect was shown to the marriage tie, home, or children. It was just like a condition of savagery.

#### A Pessimist.

A New Zealander called at the Trades Hall to give a doleful account of trade depression in the Dominion. He declared that business was falling off in nearly every trade and that hundreds of men were idle in almost every branch of industry.

#### N.Z. Licensing Laws.

Mr. Rankin's special report for the Queensland Parliament on the licensing system of New Zealand states that the statistics of the Dominion and the Eastern States of the Commonwealth demonstrate that individuals year by year are becoming more temperate.

Much, no doubt, remains to be done, and may be done by legislative action, he says, but he has very grave doubts as to the effectiveness of a but partially preventive system, which, as its first effect upon the consumer of liquor, arouses in his breast a feeling of defiance, a hungering after forbidden fruit, and a determination to secure the gratification of his appetite by foul or fair means.

As to whether the New Zealand system is in the direction of the permanent reform of the intemperate or the encouragement of habits of abstinence among

others, he adds, there is not sufficient evidence at present obtainable.

Mr Lesina, a member of the Assembly, who returned to Queensland from New Zealand, interviewed, declared that the New Zealand liquor laws encouraged sly-grog selling. Drunkenness was increasing, and perjury and corruption had also increased in a remarkable way. Lunacy had developed to an alarming extent.

General disrespect of the law itself by the introduction of liquor into "dry" districts was steadily increasing, while blackmail, terrorism, and boycott were flourishing.

#### Church and Labour.

Mr Andrew Fisher (Premier of the Commonwealth), at the invitation of the Presbyterian General Assembly, addressed a large gathering on the subject of "Church and Labour."

The Rev. Mr Waugh, in opening the discussion, said organised labour was looking at the Church with curious, sceptical eyes, wondering what the Church was going to do. That there was need for something to be done was undeniable, for a large number of Australians were not getting a living wage.

Mr Fisher declared that the question was not political, but social, touching the very roots of civilisation. Instead of being in the lead in dealing with the matter, the Church had dragged behind, and had proved unequal to its first social duty. What estranged the people from the Church was the fact that they could make more progress by association with a movement which was not of the Church, but which contained for women and men something making for the welfare of their fellows.

Mr Fisher continued that, during the last 10 years, Australia had doubled its wealth, but the increase had not gone to the struggling people who were its backbone. If the Church allowed these things, it would not progress, but would be left behind in the social movement, and would be ignored.

"We are," he continued, "in a way civilised, but are not really Christians or civilised when we allow honest men to starve."

It would be impertinent for him to say there what the remedy was, but he claimed the Church's sympathy for those in danger, not only of the pangs of hunger, but in moral danger also.

The Church failed miserably regarding the housing of the poor and working conditions. Vested interests were standing against the lives of our women and children. There were rings and combines on every hand. Some people high in the Church told people that these things operated for the good of the public. They thought nothing of cornering foodstuffs. It was a degradation to the country, a disgrace to Parliament, and a reflection upon every church that failed to condemn them.

These were the honest convictions of his heart, and he hoped the Church would deal with the question speedily, even if it had to call a special session of the Assembly.

Replying to criticisms of his speech, Mr Fisher said he did not deny that the Church preached the gospel "Love your neighbour as yourself," but preaching did not effect the result desired.

The Assembly expressed its thanks to Mr Fisher.

Regarding the social evil, Mr. Fisher declared, "If the united body of the Christian Church were to say, 'This must not continue,' it could not continue, because we who stand a body outside the Churches will stand behind you like one man."

#### The Long Arm.

When the R.M.S. Oratava arrived at Perth a detective arrested an Austrian gunnigger named Ravelick on a provisional warrant charging him with obtaining, at Dargaville, New Zealand, by false pretence, a gold chain and locket, value £11 from Elias Maodick.

#### Scared OR.

Mr Collins, representative of the London County Council, who is visiting Sydney, states that owing to the policy of the Labour party, English capitalists are afraid of investing money in Australia.

#### Sugar Up.

The Colonial Sugar Co. has advanced the price of sugar in each grade manufactured by 5/ a ton.

The general manager of the C.S.R. recently informed a Press representative in

Sydney that the production in Australia this year was not equal to requirements, and that importations would have to be made.

#### Premier or Nothing.

Mr. Deakin declares that he would not take office in a coalition Ministry.

#### Second Thoughts.

At a stormy special meeting the Labour Council, Sydney, resolved, by 63 votes to 53, to rescind the motion previously carried advising unions to ignore the Industrial Disputes Act.

#### Western Politics.

Mr Keenan has resigned the Attorney-Generalship. Reconstruction of the Cabinet is pending. It is reported that the Premier (Mr N. F. Moore) succeeds Mr Rason as Agent-General.

#### Profitable Mine.

The net profit of the Mount Lyell Mining Company for the half-year just ended was £120,158. The dividend and bonus paid during the March period amounted to £105,000. A similar distribution will be declared payable in June.

#### An Revoir.

Lieut. Shackleton has sailed for London. He hopes to return to Australia shortly for further exploratory work, remarking that other parts of the world besides Antarctica will stand a little filling-in.

#### The Ruling Passion.

The Postal Department is displaying much activity in checking lotteries and consultations, and it is expected that a large number of prohibitions will shortly be issued in respect of persons resident in Tasmania.

#### Deadly Cigarette.

The Premier (Mr. Murray) proposes to introduce legislation to restrict cigarette smoking. He declares that the habit is becoming a menace to the community, and is doing more harm than opium smoking. In 1907 Victoria produced nearly 147 million cigarettes, and in the previous year 131 millions.

#### The A.M.P.

The A.M.P. held its sixtieth annual meeting on 14th. The president said they were still making records. The interest earned during the year was £4 9/4 per cent., a drop of 7d on the rate of 1907, but the rate had hardened within the last few months.

Mr Johnston (New Zealand), in supporting the motion for the adoption of the report, said the new business in the Dominion constituted a record. Comment on the financial condition of New Zealand was not infrequent just now, and it must be admitted that the Dominion had not escaped the general trade depression, which in some parts of the country had been accentuated by dealings in land, agricultural, pastoral and suburban, which could not possibly be justified unless by the belief that whatever one paid some still more confident person would shortly offer more. But, on the other hand, they had experienced a marvellously favourable season, yielding a rich and prolific haul, a heavy wool clip, good fruit crops, and an abundant supply of milk. In addition there had been a very important recovery in the price of wool. On the whole, he thought the conditions pointed to a general improvement, and a reasonable view was that the worst trouble was already over, and that with proper care there would be no cause for alarm.

#### Vancouver Service.

The Federal Postmaster-General has agreed with the Canadian suggestion to renew the Vancouver service for another year. He states that the shortness of the renewal does not permit of any improvements in the service.

### THE OLD COUNTRY.

#### Less Hours Less Pay.

Consequent on the coming into operation of the Eight Hours in Mines Bill, the question of wages is now being dis-

cussed by various conferences of mine owners and employees.

The Scottish Miners' Federation has refused to accept the proposed reduction of 12 1/2 per cent. The coalmasters' and men's delegates afterwards discussed the matter, but failed to agree, and adjourned the conference till the 22nd. Eight thousand men are affected.

The South Wales coalmasters propose a reduction of 7 1/2 per cent. The men have declined to accept this, and the matter has been referred to the chairman of the Conciliation Board (Viscount St. Aldwyn).

A joint conference of the employers and employees in the steel trade, at Swansea, decided upon a general eight hours' day in the trade.

#### A Safeguard.

The strangers' and ladies' galleries of the House of Commons, which were closed in consequence of the suffragette disturbances, have been reopened.

No ladies other than relatives of members are for the present to be admitted to the ladies' gallery.

#### Dreadnoughts Discounted.

Liberal newspapers declare that Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, Vice-Admiral Sir Reginald Custance, his second-in-command of the Channel Fleet, and some other officers are sceptical about the value of Dreadnoughts in naval warfare.

They are anxious that the pre-Dreadnoughts should be distributed in the best possible manner and equipped in instant readiness for war.

Some of the Dreadnought defects referred to by Mr Herbert Russell in the "Daily Express." He says:—A lieutenant who has lately completed a commission in the Dreadnought to me in all seriousness that he gave the officer of the present era an average of ten years in which either to clear out of the service or seek refuge in a lunatic asylum.

The result of every gun practice in the ship, he assured me, was to unnerve officers and men for 24 hours. Let not this term be misunderstood. The back-blast of the guns is so violent and the concussion so prodigious that eyes swim, ears ring, the brain seems softly to seethe, and limbs twitch for a long spell afterwards. If this is the stage reached in the Dreadnought, with her guns of 45 calibres, what is it going to be like in the St. Vincents, with their guns of 50-calibres! For every additional hundred feet of muzzle velocity is attained at the cost of greatly accentuated violence of back-blast. Nor are we going to stop here. A new pattern of gun, of unparalleled potentiality, with a bore of 13.5in., has long been talked about, and notwithstanding official reticence upon the subject, there is no doubt that it will come into service before very long. The charge of such a weapon will probably be something like 40 per cent. heavier than that of the existent Dreadnought gun. The ratio of increase of concussion on discharge will naturally be correspondingly severe. It comes to this, then, that we are fast approaching the point when the devastating power of warships will have become developed to such a degree as to render it virtually impossible to fight them. For a gun may kill in more ways than one, and the effects of concussion, even if not necessarily severe enough to prove fatal, may leave men unconscious or dazed and in every sense quite unfit to serve a gun. The logical result would seem to be a realisation of the dream of those who hope for the millennium, the abolition of war by the simple expedient of rendering it impossible. But human nature does not progress at the same rate as mechanical science, and the world will continue to find a way to fight when the big gun has become too deadly to the aggressor. The question with which the naval designers of to-day are, therefore, faced is whether it is worth while to evolve a ship which men cannot fight, and, since it is manifestly not so, whether the time has not just about arrived to call "Halt!"

#### Flag Patriotism.

In the House of Commons, the Secretary of State for War, Mr R. B. Haldane, in reply to a question by Major W. W. Ashley (Conservative member for Blackpool), relative to the flying of the Union Jack from Government offices on Empire Day, May 24, said that he did not think the Empire was held together by flag-flying.

The answer was greeted by Ministerial and Labour cheers.

**Deaf Gift.**

The Duke of Norfolk has presented Norfolk Park, valued at £60,000, to the city of Sheffield.

**Effective.**

The "Times" states that tests of Admiral Sir Percy Scott's invention for electrically directing gun-fire, showed 50 per cent. of hits in excess of ordinary battle practice.

**Imperial Defence.**

Routier's Agency has been informed that the conference on Empire defence, which it was proposed to hold early in July, has been postponed till the end of the month, in the hope that Sir Joseph Ward will be enabled to attend.

Lieutenant-Colonel Seely (Under-Secretary for the Colonies), replying in the House of Commons to Mr. Cecil Harmsworth (Liberal member for the Droitwich division of Worcestershire), declined to include Asiatic immigration to self-governing colonies as a subject for discussion at the conference.

**Colonial Meat.**

The Foreign and Colonial Meat Bill, introduced by Mr Rowland Hunt (Liberal Unionist member for the Ludlow division of Shropshire), has been read a first time in the House of Commons.

It provides that all selling foreign and colonial meat must affix a notice in shops and vehicles used for the supply of the goods stating plainly the country of origin.

**"British" Beef.**

The shortage last year in the supply of beef, and the consequent enhanced prices, together with the assertions that the British supply was controlled by foreign capitalists, resulted in the appointment in August last of a Departmental Committee, which was commissioned "to inquire how far and in what manner the general supply, distribution, and price of meat in the United Kingdom are controlled or affected by a combination of firms or companies."

The chairman (Lord Robert Cecil) has now presented the report of the committee, which states that the combination of the Armour, Swift, and Morris Companies, of Chicago, is not a serious danger at present, but that they appear to be endeavouring to acquire controlling interests in Argentina, and there are also inquiries on the part of the United States firms in Australia and New Zealand.

Estancieros (graziers) in Argentina were, the report continues, opposing the United States invasion, fearing that the price of their cattle would be affected by the absence of competitive buying.

Though it was unlikely to arise in the near future, the extension of the Beef Trust's operations to England, if it did succeed, might exercise a determining influence on prices at the Smithfield market, and largely affect the prices in the whole of Great Britain.

The evidence that United States firms controlled the Canadian live cattle trade was too vague to allow of a definite opinion being formed.

**The Budget.**

Mr. Herbert Samuel (Under-Secretary for the Home Office) estimates that as a result of the new taxation the liquor trade is fastening on the public an increased price of £20,000,000, to meet taxation which amounts to no more than £4,000,000.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Davison) states that if the Budget becomes law, £50,000 annually will be lost to the ecclesiastical commissioners' funds for the benefit of the poorer clergy.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George, is daily receiving deputations against the Budget proposals.

Cigarmakers complain that the reduction in the size of English cigars, rendered necessary by the increased duties, will necessitate new moulds being used. These are obtainable only in Germany, and it will take three months to obtain them.

Mr. Lloyd-George estimates that the total annual produce of the additional spirit tax will be £9,824,245, of which £4,539,083 will come from Scotland.

**A Collector Duped.**

The executors of the estate of the late Mr Charles Dickens, of Dickens, Jones, and Drawers, have been awarded £10,248

damages against Arthur Ellis, of Bowditch, dealer, owing to fraudulent misrepresentations in connection with the sales of chinaware.

Dickens, who was an octogenarian, spent £130,000 upon Sevres and Dresden ware, and after his death it was discovered that the articles were largely forgeries. In one case he paid Ellis £1200 for a piece worth only £10.

Mr Justice Grantham hinted that a criminal prosecution against Ellis would follow.

A civil action against another dealer is pending.

**Watching the Navy.**

The Navy League is being reorganised. Lieutenant C. W. Bellairs, M.P., recommended as its simplest formula that the League demand that Britain lay down two keels to every one laid down by Germany.

**Wrong Colour.**

The Nationalist party in the House of Commons has refused to enrol Mr Maurice Healy, the recently elected member for Cork City.

Mr. Healy stood as an Independent Nationalist at the by-election, and roundly defeated the party's selected candidate. He is more a Devolutionist than a Nationalist, hence, perhaps, his exclusion from the fold.

**Another Injustice to Ireland.**

Mr. C. E. Hobbouse (Financial Secretary to the Treasury), speaking in the House of Commons, stated that since January 1300 old age pensions had been withdrawn in Great Britain, and 1200 in Ireland. The inquiry was unfinished, but so far any suggestion of fraud on the part of the people of Ireland was without foundation.

Mr. Birrell (Chief Secretary for Ireland) stated that out of 12,776 appeals 10,891 had been rejected, and 1885 pensions granted.

The Nationalists hotly attacked the Government for ordering the investigation.

**Mind Unhinged.**

George Brown, a collier of Conisburgh, Yorkshire, who had been out of work for 11 months, attempted to murder his eight sleeping children by turning on the gas in their rooms, after closing the windows and doors.

He then committed suicide. The children, when discovered, were almost asphyxiated, and are still in a serious condition, but will probably recover.

**Strong Argument for Peace.**

The battleship Temeraire, one of the improved Dreadnoughts, has been placed in commission with the Home Fleet.

She has searchlights of four million candle-power, while her wireless telegraph plant has an effective radius of 1100 miles.

**Unionism.**

There are now 1173 trades unions in Britain, with an aggregate membership of 2,406,748, including 201,000 women.

**Daring Name.**

"D. S. Windell" and Francis King, a clerk employed by the London and South-Western Bank, have been charged at Bow-street with committing frauds upon the bank.

The prosecution alleges that King forged the advice notes relating to the paying in of a sum, on which his fellow swindler drew.

Windell, whose real name is Bernard Isaac, in a confession, admitted obtaining £190 from each of eight branches of the bank.

**EUROPE.**

**Automobilisation.**

Germany is following Britain's example and is experimenting with the mobilisation of troops by means of motor-cars at Frankfurt, Strasburg and other places.

**Cross Purposes.**

The Czar has vetoed a bill creating a naval general staff, after it had passed the Douma and the Council of the Empire. The Government introduced the mea-

sure with the Czar's consent, but the reactionaries, led by Count Witte and M. Durnovo, persuaded the Czar that the bill was an attempt to undermine the autocracy.

Count Witte's real object is said to have been to secure M. Skolypin's resignation, but the Czar refused to accept this.

**German Docks.**

There are now built or building 12 docks in Germany capable of floating in Dreadnoughts on their heaviest draught. Nine of these are on the North Sea.

**Written Through the Air.**

Hevland, a Norwegian, and Chalin and Chantelot, French inventors, have announced simultaneous inventions respectively recording ethergrams in print and transmitting the handwriting of the sender.

**Coming into Line.**

Austria is preparing an aerial fleet of the Paravel type.

Major von Paraveal, a German officer, constructed a dirigible airship on the non-rigid principle some time ago, and two of the type have been built for the Germany army balloon corps. He met with many accidents and small success with his airship until last year, when the machine made several successful trips with and against the wind, manoeuvring successfully over Berlin.

**French Postal Employees' Strike.**

The strike of French postal employees has turned out a fiasco, there being only 405 absentees on Thursday from the post and telegraph offices.

The strike leaders bluffed the previous day's meeting by an imaginary conversation on a dummy telephone, whereby it was suggested that the postal officials in the provinces supported the strike.

A majority of the employees object to the revolutionary character imparted to the strike.

**"Shelling Out."**

The "Daily Mail's" Salonika correspondent reports that Talaat Bey, vice-president of the Chamber of Deputies, has secured Abdul Hamid's signature to the withdrawal of the funds deposited by Abdul Hamid in foreign banks.

Some reports state that the amount transferred amounts to two millions.

Talaat Bey failed to obtain the keys of two of the strong rooms at Yildiz Kiosk, but the officers guarding the ex-Sultan's residence at Salonika compelled the fallen ruler to surrender the keys.

**Teetotal Tommies.**

Tea will henceforth be the staple drink of the German Army, supplanting beer and coffee.

**To Build Aeroplanes.**

A private company has been formed in Germany for the manufacture of Wright aeroplanes.

**Portuguese Politics.**

Wenceslau de Lima (Minister for Foreign Affairs in the late Government) has formed a non-party Cabinet in Portugal. He is the most independent and safest statesman available, and this is considered to be the last chance of obtaining a stable Government with the present Chamber.

**Dreadnoughts Popular.**

It is stated that four Italian Dreadnoughts, instead of two, will be completed in three years' time.

The Naval Estimates have been increased by £6,000,000, at the rate of a million annually.

**Medical Deputies.**

Extraordinary scenes occurred during the postal debate in the Chamber of Deputies.

The Socialists started singing the revolutionary air "Internationale commenes, debout les damnés de la terre" (Literally: The international age commences, stand up, ye condemned of this earth).

A great uproar ensued, and the Republicans raised the "Marseillaise," and the Royalists "La Vendée" (a song of

the Royalist stronghold at the time of the Revolution), drowning the song of the Socialists.

The President adjourned the House at four o'clock.

M. Barthou (Minister for Public Works) stated that 2357 out of 24,115 postal employees were now striking.

The Premier (M. Clemenceau) called on the Chamber to support the Government, and a vote of confidence was carried by 385 votes to 139.

**Germany Has Caught It Now.**

Admiral Galster, a distinguished German naval officer, has published an alarming treatise to show to what danger German ports are subject from British raids.

The treatise has caused great interest all over Germany, and has stimulated the policy of increasing the fleet.

**ASIA.**

**Carelessly Sold.**

The newspaper "Englishman" states that the arms smuggled across the Patach frontier bear the Australian and New Zealand Government marks.

It is believed that they were old rifles sold when the new pattern was adopted.

The cables last week announced that 28 rifles bearing the New Zealand stamp had been recovered from the rebel hill tribesmen on the north-west frontier of India. Arms disposed of by the Defence Department in July, 1907, consisted of the following:—Snider rifles, 7000; Snider carbines, 3000; Martini-Henri rifles, 4500; Martini-Henri carbines, 500; Lee-Remington rifles, 340. In addition to these a very large quantity of ammunition was sold at the same time. This was disposed of by tender as follows:—Martini-Henri (ball), 200,000 rounds; Martini-Henri (blank), 200,000; Gardner gaiting, 100,000.

**AFRICA.**

**Ambushed.**

Lieutenant Van Renen and 11 police were ambushed and killed in Northern Nigeria, while installing a chief.

Major Williams, with a large force, has started to avenge the rising, which is of a local character.

**United South Africa.**

The South African Convention has come to a unanimous agreement, and the Constitution has been signed.

Proportional representation has been dropped except for the election of the Senate and the executive committees of provincial councils. The change means a heavy loss of seats in Parliament to the Cape Progressives and Orange Constitutionals.

The salaries of members of Parliament have been raised to £100.

The Natal delegates secured the reservation for Royal assent of bills affecting provincial councils.

**AMERICA.**

**Waking Up.**

The "Times'" New York correspondent, discussing forthcoming legislation and the suggested increase in the head tax, remarks that Congress plainly favours controlling immigration from South Europe, owing to the admixture of criminals and other inferior types.

If possible, the legislature would prefer to restrict immigration to British and other peoples of Northern Europe.

**Fortiter in Re.**

President Taft has sent a message to Congress respecting the grave situation in Porto Rico, owing to the failure of the Porto Rican Assembly to pass the Appropriation Bill.

The Porto Ricans are, he says, evidently incapable of self-government, and political power was extended to them too soon. He recommends the compulsory appropriation of the necessary funds.

**A Sordid Crime.**

Captain Peter Hains, who, on August 17, shot and killed William Annis, a publisher, at Long Island, in the presence of

His wife and children, has been found guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. His brother, Thornton Hains, who held the crowd back at the muzzle of his revolver while Peter Hains fired six shots into the body of Annie, has been acquitted on a charge of being an accessory. Sentence on Captain Peter Hains has been deferred.

The trial of Peter Hains on a charge of murder excited the keenest interest in the United States—keener, in some respects, than the Thaw trial. Hains' plea was the "suicidal law," justifying a man in defending his honour, together with the familiar pleas of "suicidal insanity" and "brainstorm." Captain Hains had filed a suit for divorce, alleging infidelity, and surprise was expressed that, having invoked the civil law to right his wrong, he should have suddenly taken the law into his own hands. Later it was stated that the alleged motive for the murder of Annie was to be found in the filing of a suit a week ago by Mrs Peter Hains against her husband. In this suit Mrs Hains made allegations involving him and other officers in the gravest misconduct. Mr Annie, it is stated, urged the wife to bring that suit.

Breaking the Trusts.

The Central Railway Company has paid fines totalling £27,200, for granting rebates to four companies, which, amalgamated as the Maryland Consolidated Coal Company, form a combine, representing 37 million dollars, and control 300,000 acres of coalfields.

Colonial Preference.

The Mostreal Board of Trade at a meeting on May 7 unanimously agreed to submit a resolution at the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire to be held in Sydney, in September, in favour of the Empire protecting itself against foreign producers; hence, that Britain and the colonies should grant each other substantial preference, and, as far as the respective revenues permit, the principle of freetrade within the Empire remain.

Mr. George, ex-President of the Board, who had been chosen as the delegate to the Sydney Congress, has since resigned on the ground that the resolution was ill-considered, and at variance with the national trade policy of Canada.

A special meeting of the Board has been called to reconsider the resolution.

On a Big Scale.

August Heineze, formerly president of the Mercantile National Bank of the United States, is charged with applying £250,000 dollars of the bank's funds to his own use.

PERSONAL NOTES.

EIAM School of Art.

The certificates won at the annual examination by pupils of the Eiam School of Art, which was established by bequest of Dr. J. E. Eiam in 1890, and is registered with the Minister of Education as a technical school, were presented by the Mayor of Auckland (Mr. C. D. Gray), in the Auckland City Council Chamber last week. Certificates were awarded as follows:—

Enchland Drawing: Edith Allen, William B. Byrne, Hilda P. Grouwell, Beatrice K. Hayward, Edwin O. Nicholas, Margaret A. Rankin, James S. Sloney, Dorothy M. Tarbutt, Emily E. Ward, Julia Weeks.

Geometrical Drawing: Ivy M. Copeland, Margaret E. Cowley, Ralph B. Owen, Vera L. Turley, Gerard K. Webber.

Drawing in Light and Shade: Edith A. Allen, Dorothy Ayrill, Hilda P. Grouwell, W. Robinson, Samuel Merzhan, Pleug de Phlania, Margaret A. Rankin, James S. Sloney, Vera E. Turley and Emily E. Ward.

Model Drawing: Dorothy Ayrill, Hilda P. Grouwell, Pleug de Phlania, John Weeks.

Perspective: Ivy M. Copeland, Gerard K. Webber.

Memory Drawing of plant form: Ivy M. Copeland, Vera L. Turley, Gerard K. Webber.

Drawing common objects from memory: Julia Weeks.

Design: Ivy M. Copeland, Vera L. Turley, Gerard K. Webber.

Pharmacy Examination Results.

At a meeting of the New Zealand Pharmacy Board last week, it was reported that the following candidates in last month's examinations had gained passes:—

Section A.—Auckland: H. M. Irvine; Wellington: W. J. Duff, W. J. Ingle, A. F. Stubbs, J. W. W. McKenzie; Dunedin: H. F. P. Grant.

Section B.—Auckland: J. G. Gallagher, C. G. Sandin, J. F. Brooks, A. A. P. Clouston, E. J. Cronin; Wellington: G. C. Armstrong, B. Hill; Christchurch: W. A. B. Morton, A. F. Brooke; Dunedin: H. E. H. Gill, H. F. Menzies, F. W. Pratt, H. Brown, C. G. G. Sinclair.

The Board decided to oppose the proposal made by Dr. McKellar (of Auckland) that hospital nurses should be allowed to serve their apprenticeship in hospital dispensaries.

Lord Roberts, ex-Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, celebrated his golden wedding yesterday.

In connection with the vacancy created by the promotion of Mr. Harrington, officer-in-charge at Wellington, to be telegraph engineer to the Westland district, Mr. C. H. Hawk, officer-in-charge of the Telegraph Office at Auckland, will fill the vacancy in Wellington. Mr. F. G. Gannaway, assistant officer-in-charge of telegraphs at Christchurch, will be promoted to the position of officer-in-charge of telegraphs at Auckland, vice Hawk.

A most important departure has been made by the management of the St. Paul's Recreation Club in the engagement of Miss S. H. Rutherford as instructor for the ladies' section, says the Napier paper. Miss Rutherford has recently completed a course of physical culture at the Alexandra College, Kensington, perhaps the leading school of its kind in London.

Shortly before the w.s. Whakarna left Napier roadstead a presentation was made, in the form of a smoker's companion, to Mr A. Menon, who is going on a holiday visit to the Old Country. Mr Menon was foreman for Mr J. Penwick, stevedore, for the last nineteen years.

The Very Rev. Father Keogh, who has resigned the rectorship of St. Patrick's College, Wellington, to take charge of the Hastings parish, will relinquish his college duties at the end of next month.

Mrs T. M. Wilford will leave for the Old Country about the end of July. She will be accompanied by her son, Master G. M. Wilford, who is going home to study engineering.

Captain William Morrison, of Hawera, formerly a member of Lord Roberts' bodyguard, is at present in Wellington. A gun accident recently injured one of Captain Morrison's eyes, and treatment by a Wellington specialist is necessary.

Mr G. R. H. Ibbekson, of the District Roads Department, has been admitted to the Wellington hospital for treatment of his left eye.

The Hon. W. W. McCardle, M.L.C., has returned to Wellington from Auckland.

Mr J. R. N. Stewart has arrived in Napier to take over the management for Hawke's Bay of the National Mutual Life Association in succession to Mr H. Johnson. Mr Stewart was with the A.M.P. Society in Auckland for 16 years and retired to take an appointment as manager in Auckland for the Equitable Life, which he held until the withdrawal of that company from Australasia.

At the weekly parade of the Petone Garrison Artillery, held at the fort at Ngauranga last week, Lieutenant Ellis was unanimously elected captain of the corps. About 60 men were present. Lieut.-Colonel Campbell briefly congratulated the new captain on his promotion, and Capt. Ellis returned thanks to the company for the honour conferred on him, expressing his intention of doing all in his power to further the efficiency and interests of his new command.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogg, of Dunedin, and formerly of Auckland, were passengers for Sydney on Monday by the Mokoia.

Major-General Hogg was a passenger by the Rotoiti to New Plymouth on Monday, bound for Wellington, where he will join the New Zealand Shipping Company's steamer for London.

Mr Jno. Fisher, chairman of the Waipa County Council, was thrown from his buggy through the horse shying while crossing Walker's Gully bridge on Friday. His injuries, fortunately, were confined to several nasty cuts and bruises.

Mr George Wilson, well known in

Auckland for his connection with the Provident Life Assurance Company, and who has been acting in charge of South Canterbury District for that Company during the past twelve months, has accepted an important appointment with the Temperance and General Mutual Life, and will be arriving in Auckland in time to take up his new appointment on the 25th of this month.

The Hon. J. T. Paul, M.L.C., is on a brief visit to Auckland on labour matters.

Mr. J. Trevethick returned to Auckland on Saturday night from a holiday in the Whangarei district with the gun.

Lord Richard Neville is to tour New Zealand. He is Lord Chamberlain to Earl Dudley, Governor-General of Australia.

The Rev. J. M. Simpson and Mrs. Simpson, of Auckland, who have been on a visit to Christchurch, have returned.

Mr. H. Carr, conductor of the Royal Comic Opera Company, and Mrs. Carr, are staying at the Star Hotel while in Auckland.

Mr. A. S. Baird, of Sydney, was a passenger by the Victoria on Sunday on a visit to the Dominion. He is making a brief stay in Auckland, stopping at the Star Hotel.

Mr. C. Holdsworth, general manager at Dunedin to the Union Steam Ship Company, left for London last week, via Suva and Vancouver, accompanied by Mrs. Holdsworth, the Misses Holdsworth (2), and Mr. G. Holdsworth. Mr. Holdsworth will be away six or seven months.

Mr. John Cook (of Port Chalmers), who was for many years superintending engineer for the Union Steamship Company, left with Mrs. Cook by the Maitai last week to join with the Makura, en route for Home.

Sir James Mills has been elected president of the Otago branch of the Navy League.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Buddle and Miss Buddle left Auckland last week by the Maitai to join the American boat at Suva.

Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Rayner were passengers from Auckland by the Maitai for Suva, en route for Vancouver.

Dr. and Mrs. T. Douglas (of Suva) returned by the Fiji boat last week from New Zealand on a holiday trip.

Mr. N. E. Holroyde, of Sydney, is visiting New Zealand on a holiday trip.

Mr. E. C. E. Mills (managing director of E. W. Mills, Ltd., of Wellington) left by the Maitai last week on a visit to Great Britain and America.

Bishop Nelson last week returned to town from a pastoral visit to the North. On the 22nd of the month he leaves on a visit to the Waikato district.

Mr. W. R. Bloomfield has been re-elected for the eighth time in succession as chairman of the Epsom Road Board.

R.W. Bro. Oliver Nicholson (of Auckland), the newly-appointed Deputy Grand Master under the New Zealand Constitution, is paying an official visit to the south before returning home.

Mr. Alfred Hill, the well-known musician, is reported to be mending considerably. A meeting was held in Wellington last week, at which the Mayor presided, to make arrangements for tendering him a complimentary concert.

Mr. Cyril G. Collins, son of Mr. R. J. Collins, Secretary to the Treasury, who was recently transferred to Auckland from the Audit Department in Wellington, has been appointed Audit Inspector for the Auckland district.

Mr. and Mrs. Studholme, of Canterbury, who have been spending a holiday visit in the Auckland district, left for the South last week.

Mr. A. B. Wright, district roads engineer to the Auckland province, has been appointed inspecting engineer of roads, with headquarters at Wellington.

At the last meeting of shareholders of the New Zealand Laundry Co., Ltd., Auckland, Mr. Horace Batings, chairman of directors, presented Mr. Charles Clarke, on behalf of the company, with a handsome dressing case as a souvenir of his long connection with the firm. Mr. Clarke is leaving New Zealand this week.

Mr. Garnet Holmes, of Jesus College, Canterbury, who is classical professor at California University, was a passenger to Wellington by the Taluna from San Francisco, via Paapea, on Wednesday. Before leaving the University, Mr. Holmes produced Henry Naudycke's "House of Rimmon" in the famous Greek theatre attached to the university.

Mr. Douglas McLean was last week presented by the Scotsmen of Hawke's Bay with a portrait in oils of himself, painted

by Mr. W. A. Bowring. Reference was made to Mr. McLean's high qualities as a public man and private citizen, and his sympathetic and practical interest in the welfare of Napier and Hawke's Bay. Mr. McLean is chairman of the Hawke's Bay Highland Society.

Mr. J. Schaeffer, of California University, was a passenger by the Palace to Wellington on Wednesday. He has come over to learn all he can about New Zealand Rugby football. When he returns he will coach the California or Berkeley team for their match against Stanford University, their old enemies (in a football sense), in November. This is an event for California, which is regarded in the light of almost national importance.

Mr. Chas. Kaiman, Auckland, is spending a few weeks' holiday in Christchurch.

Mr. Thomas Cook, the talented violinist and secretary of the Wellington Orchestral Society, intends leaving for England in five weeks' time, says the "Dominion."

Mr. J. P. Lank, M.P., of Wellington, who has been visiting Auckland, returned home last week.

Mr. George Anderson, an old and well known resident of Wellington, and an ex-city councillor, after whom Anderson Park is named, died at the age of 78 years last week.

Miss Madoline Knight, Auckland's well-known mezzo-soprano, has gone to Wellington, where she will join Polardi's Opera Co.

Mr. G. Uren, of the head office of the Customs Department, is being transferred to Auckland as landing waiter. Mr. J. Patrick, landing waiter at Wellington, is also being transferred to Auckland.

Mr. B. Christian was the recipient of a presentation from the members of St. John's Anglican Church, Waikato, last week in appreciation of the musical services he had rendered to the church. The presentation was made by Mrs. Clarke.

Mr. Samuel McCulloch (one of the oldest settlers at Rangitira Valley, near Teanuka) died on Sunday week at the age of eighty-five years. Mr. McCulloch came to New Zealand in 1863, and since 1868 has resided at Rangitira Valley.

Dr. and Mrs. Craig (of Roturua) left Auckland on Monday by the Mimzara, en route to Adelaide, where the doctor intends to settle.

Mr. James Perry, who has severed his connection as inspector for the borough of Palmerston North, was presented last week by the municipal staff in that town, with a gold medal, the Mayor (Mr. Nash) making the presentation. An afternoon tea service of silver, and a tray were presented to Mrs. Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Frater, who have been on a trip South, via the Wanganui River, returned to Auckland last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Macfarlane, Sydney visitors to the Dominion, were arrivals by the Victoria on Sunday, and during their stay in Auckland are stopping at the Central Hotel.

Mr. N. Palla, auditor for the Union Steamship Company, arrived by the West Coast boat from the South on Sunday, putting up at the Star Hotel. He will return about the end of the week.

Mr. P. Waldegrave, Under-Secretary of the Justice Department, is coming to Auckland to confer with the Attorney-General on business affecting the local Justice Department.

Mr. John Wallace, of London, who pays periodic visits to the Dominion, where he has many friends, was an arrival by the Sydney boat on Sunday, and during his stay in Auckland is a guest at the Central Hotel.

The Government has received a dispatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies notifying that the King has approved of the Hon. James M. Gowen, late Minister of Justice, retaining the title of "honourable" for life.

Dean Regnault was entertained by a large gathering at Waiwatu on Friday evening, and presented with an address, album, and cheque. The Mayor presided, and speeches were made acknowledging his useful work there for over 20 years.

The Colonial Auxiliary Forces long service medal has been awarded to Captain W. H. Meddings (active list, unattached), Colour-Sergeant D. Fraser (Dunedin Highland Rifle), and Colour-Sergeant O. B. Aitken (Manchester Rifle), who have all completed twenty years' service.

An interesting ceremony was performed last Friday evening by the men employed at the Walkaker water works. Mr. George Hallbert, late manager there, having resigned, the men presented him with in making the presentation, expressed the of their esteem. Mr. W. Hoyle, engineer a handsome and valuable pipe as a memento



men's appreciation of the fair and impartial manner in which Mr. Beibert had carried out his duties.

Misses Madeline Gibbs and Gertrude Spencer, who are to give two pleasant week ends in the Wellington Town Hall Concert Chamber, leave Auckland by tonight's express. They are accompanied by Misses Peggy Bain and Blanche Garland.

LONDON, April 8.

Messrs. A. H. Court and G. F. Court, of Auckland, are here on a business trip for their firm, John Court (Ld.), Auckland, of which Mr. A. H. Court is one of the directors. They will be here about three months altogether, buying for the firm, and will be visiting all the manufacturing centres in Great Britain and on the Continent during that time. They came via Suez, by the Oroya, handed at Marseille, and spent two days there and three days in Paris. They will return via America, taking in Quebec, New York, the Falls, and the Great Lakes, and hope to be back in Auckland by the end of August.

Mr. J. A. Pottinger, of Gisborne, has passed the examination for the degree of F.R.C.S., Edinburgh. He will proceed shortly to the Continent and spend some time in study in Berlin and Vienna.

The delegates to the Imperial Press Conference have been made members of the Royal Colonial Institute, and a special entertainment in their honour was proffered some time ago by the Council, but it was found that the whole of the available time of the delegates during their stay in London would be absorbed by their existing arrangements.

Mrs. Penber Reeves, wife of the ex-High Commissioner for New Zealand, will be a candidate for the London County Council at the next elections. Mrs. Reeves is a prominent Fabian Socialist, and has been a member of the Council of the Fabian Society for some years. She is a practised speaker, and on many platforms in this country has advocated the enfranchisement of women and the endowment of motherhood.

Last Friday was "capping" day at Edinburgh University. The presence of candidates for medical degrees at a spring graduation was a novelty, and their numbers were not very large. So far as I could ascertain only one New Zealander was capped—Mr. Alexander Kenneth MacLachlan, who obtained the degrees of Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery.

On February 15, at Dresden, Flora Isabella Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Baron von Waldenburg and his wife Felina Macaulay (nee Greig, New Zealand), was married to Baron von Krakewitz.

Callers at the High Commissioner's office this week: Mr. Arthur R. Andrew (Dunedin), Mr. Basil Herapath (Auckland), Mr. A. H. R. Hunt (Wanganui), Mr. P. P. Bigwood (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Dillon (Marborough), Miss Nellie Nannestad, Miss Nora Nannestad (Wellington), Mr. Ralph T. Rayner (Bromerton), Miss J. E. Beckenham (Timaru), Mr. W. McRae Peacock (Napier), Major Nelson George and Mrs. George (formerly of Auckland), Miss Antton (Auckland), Archdeacon Scott (Christchurch), Mr. J. E. Russell (Auckland), Mr. A. W. Court (Auckland), Miss Tomie and Miss Haggis (Nelson), Mrs. Chrystall and family (Christchurch), Miss Inglis (Roode, S. India), Miss Belcher, Messrs. R. and T. W. Belcher (Christchurch).

The death recently took place at Cowdenbeath, Fifeshire, of Mr. Andrew Selkirk, a descendant of Alexander Selkirk, who was the original of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." Andrew Selkirk was an engineer by trade, and had himself led a roving and adventurous life. He travelled extensively in Australia and New Zealand, taking part in the early rushes to the gold diggings. He could turn his hand to practically anything, and was the owner of much house property, which was all planned and largely built by himself.

The brewers were complaining of the 23d per barrel of 70 gallons which had been imposed, and he could show, from reliable figures, that their profits amounted to from 10/- to 14/- per barrel.—Mr. Lloyd-George.

"What would you say," said the prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you that in a short space of time all the rivers in the country would dry up?" "I would say," replied the patient man, "go and see how Eirewan."

SHARE LIST.

Table with columns: Paid-up, Liability, Company, and Last quotation. Lists various shares including Banks, Insurance, Financial, Coal, Gas, Shipping, Woollen, Timber, Meat, and Miscellaneous.

MINING.

Table with columns: Ltd, Name, and Last quotation. Lists mining companies like Waikato, Waikato Grand Junction, etc.

Gallows Romance.

"THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG" MARRIES A DEVONSHIRE NURSE.

To be able to assume the role of bridegroom after having on one occasion stood for an hour on the scaffold with the hangman's rope round his neck, expecting every moment to be his last, is the unique experience of John Lee, who is known to the world as "the man they could not hang." Lee, who was convicted in 1884 of the murder of Miss Emma Keyse, at Babulcombe, in Devonshire, was married quietly at Newton Abbot to Miss Jessie Augusta Bullied, a good-looking woman about thirty-five years of age, who has been a nurse at the local workhouse infirmary. The two had been seen in each other's company for some little time past, and Newton Abbot was not unprepared for the wedding, though the date had been kept a close secret. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. N. Oliver, the pastor of the church. The bride looked charming in a travelling dress of blue serge, with white picture hat and brown fur. The bridegroom was married in

a bowler hat and overcoat. After the ceremony the happy pair took tea in the Durham, where tea-homemakers will be spent. The bride's fellow nurses at the workhouse infirmary are naturally greatly interested in the event. But the first intimation they had that Friday was the wedding day, was the non-appearance of Miss Bullied to take up her duties.

To avoid publicity, the marriage was by license, and only the Rev. N. Oliver, who officiated, the Registrar, and caretaker, were present. Report of the ceremony, however, soon spread, and a big crowd gathered outside as the couple emerged from the building. They were besieged with showers of confetti. Congratulations, too, from many in the crowd were very hearty. The story of Lee's marvellous escape from the gallows is a familiar one. He was butler to Miss Keyse, a former maid of honour to Queen Victoria, who was found battered to death in her home. An attempt had been made to set fire to the house, and her body was considerably charred. Suspicion pointed to Lee. He had been seen outside his mistress's door, bloodstains were found on him, a blood-stained knife was found in a drawer in his room, and it was ascertained that the oil in which Miss Keyse's body had been soaked, had been taken from a can which was in such a position that no one could have touched it without awaking Lee. One of the points against Lee was that he bears a grudge against his mistress. Lee was found "guilty," and sentenced to death, but three times the gallows seemed to work. This remarkable occurrence gave rise to the belief among the superstitious that he was innocent, and that Fate had so intervened to correct the error of the jury. It also had the effect of procuring a commutation of the death sentence to one of penal servitude for life. Lee was released from Portland, after serving twenty-two years of the sentence, on December 19, 1907. Sir William Harcourt, in commencing the sentence, gave as his reason, "It would shock the feelings of everyone if a man had four times to bear the pangs of imminent death." Lee was only twenty-one when convicted.

NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED.

Weather and other circumstances permitting, the Company's steamers will leave as under:—

- For Russell. CLANMANN. Every Monday, at 7 p.m. For Russell, Whangarei, and Mangonui. CLANMANN. Every Wednesday, at 5 p.m. No Cargo for Russell. For Awanui, Waikarara, Houhora, Whangarei, and Mangonui. AFANUI. Every Monday, at 2 p.m. No Cargo Whangarei and Mangonui. For Whangarei, Helama Bay, Takahaka, and Whangarei. TAERONGA. Tuesday, 4th May, 1 p.m. For Great Barrier. WAITAITAI. Every Wednesday, midnight.

For Waiheke and Coromandel. LEAVES AUCKLAND. ROTOMAHIANA. Tues. 4th May, 1 p.m. ROTOMAHIANA. Fri. 7th May, 2 p.m. LEAVE COROMANDEL VIA WAIHEKE. ROTOMAHIANA. Wed. 5th May, 8 a.m. ROTOMAHIANA. Sat. 8th May, 8 a.m.

FROM ONEHUNGA.

For Hokiang. CLAYMORE. Every Thursday. For Raglan, Hawhia, and Waitara. WAIKANGI. Every Monday or Thursday. WHANGAREI SERVICE. Steamers leave Whangarei as under:— R.S. WAIKANGI. Trains Whangarei P.S. Coromandel to Whang. Leave Whang. Good service. For Mangapai. Parus. Leave all Trains. Bay.

Table with columns: Date, Time, and Destination. Lists shipping schedules for various routes.

NORTHERN S.S. CO., LTD.

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Passenger Agents for Cape Lines, Mess. Maritimes, N.Z. Shipping Co., White Star, Etc. Etc. Before Booking your Tickets to London or elsewhere write for "COOK'S SAILING LIST" (posted free) giving FARES by all lines, and Ballings in advance. No Booking Fees. Special Advantages. Apply COOK'S SHIPPING OFFICE, Queen-st., Auckland.



NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.

AUCKLAND A. and P. ASSOCIATION'S WINTER SHOW. 25th to 29th MAY, 1909 (Inclusive).

HOLIDAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued as follows:— From all Stations in Auckland District South of Mercer and North of Kaitiaki to Auckland, on SATURDAY, 2nd MAY. From all Stations in the Auckland District to Auckland from MONDAY, 24th, till FRIDAY, 28th MAY. From Mercer, Kaitiaki and Intermediate Stations to Auckland by morning train on SATURDAY, 29th MAY. Tickets issued as above will be available for return up to and including SATURDAY, 5th JUNE, 1909. BY ORDER.

Advertisement for Vapo-Cresoline featuring a cartoon character and text: 'It is more effective to breathe in a remedy, to cure disease of the breathing organs, than to take the remedy into the stomach. Vapo-Cresoline. Established 1890. Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza. CRESOLENE is a sure remedy for Croup and Whooping Cough. Thousands of mothers have testified to this. If you suffer from Asthma, or a severe Cough and it is impossible to sleep, one night's use of Cresoline will prove its value. Try it. You simply light the little lamp which vaporizes the Cresoline while you sleep. Vapo-Cresoline is a standard remedy, used for 30 years. Sold by Chemists. Descriptive booklet supplied by Australian Drug Co., Sydney; N.Z. Drug Co., Ltd.; Sharland & Co., Ltd., Auckland. THE VAPO-CRESOLENE Co., New York City, U.S.A.'

# Sports and Pastimes.

## FOOTBALL.

### RUGBY.

THE championship matches under the auspices of the Auckland Rugby Union were continued on Saturday afternoon. Among the seniors, City beat Newton by 23 points to nil, University beat Parnell by 6 to nil, and Ponsonby defeated North Shore by 23 to nil. Second grade results were: Parnell beat University by 25 to nil; only one spell was played. Newton beat City by 8 points to 3. Ponsonby beat Grafton by 16 to 12, after an exciting game. Mariat Brothers defeated North Shore by 11 points to nil.

### ASSOCIATION.

The Auckland Association games, which were continued on Saturday, resulted: Seniors—Corinthians 3, v. Ponsonby nil; Y.M.C.A. 2, v. W.Y.M.I. 1; North Shore 3, v. Caledonians 2. Second grade—Gordon 3, v. Corinthians 0; North Shore 4, v. W.Y.M.I. 1.

### AUSTRALIAN GAME.

Playing at Auckland on Saturday under the Australian rules, Newton 23 points, beat Mt. Roskill 21 points; and Imperial made a draw of it with Eden (36 points each), after a very interesting game.

## LACROSSE.

The first round of the championship matches under the auspices of the Auckland Lacrosse Association began on Saturday last. Auckland beat Ponsonby by 11 goals to 4, and West End defeated Grafton 6 to 3.

## HOCKEY.

The Auckland Hockey Association's Cup matches were continued on Saturday. The results were: Auckland 8, v. Grafton 3; College Rifles drew with Y.M.C.A., one goal each; University 7, v. Ponsonby 1; United 7, v. North Shore nil.

## CRICKET.

### THE AUSTRALIAN XI IN ENGLAND.

#### Programme of Matches.

#### MAY.

- 13—v. Essex, at Lenton.
- 17—v. Surrey, at the Oval.
- 20—v. M.C.C., at Lord's.
- 24—v. Oxford University, at Oxford.
- 27—FIRST TEST MATCH, at Birmingham.
- 31—v. Leicestershire, at Leicester.

#### JUNE.

- 2—v. Cambridge University, at Cambridge.
- 7—v. Hampshire, at Southampton.
- 10—v. Somerset, at Bath.
- 14—SECOND TEST MATCH, at Lord's.
- 17—Vacant (probably Scotland).
- 21—v. Yorkshire, at Bradford.
- 24—v. Lancashire and Yorkshire, at Manchester.
- 28—v. Scotland (two days), at Edinburgh.

#### JULY.

- 1—THIRD TEST MATCH, at Leeds.
- 5—v. Warwickshire, at Birmingham.
- 8—v. Worcestershire, at Worcester.
- 12—v. Gloucestershire, at Bristol.
- 15—v. Surrey, at the Oval.
- 19—v. Yorkshire, at Sheffield.
- 22—v. Derbyshire, at Derby.
- 26—FOURTH TEST MATCH, at Manchester.
- 29—v. Yorkshire and Lancashire, at Hall.

#### AUGUST.

- 2—v. South Wales, at Cardiff.
- 5—v. Lancashire, at Liverpool.
- 9—FIFTH TEST MATCH, at the Oval.
- 13—v. West of England (Dorset, Cornwall, etc.), at Exeter.
- 16—v. Gloucestershire, at Cheltenham.
- 19—v. Kent, at Canterbury.
- 23—v. Middlesex, at Lord's.
- 26—v. Sussex, at Brighton.
- 30—v. M.C.C., at Lord's.

#### SEPTEMBER.

- 3—v. Essex, at Leyton.
- 6—v. An England Eleven (Mr. Bamford's), at Uptoneter.
- 9—Scarborough Festival, at Scarborough.
- 13—v. South of England, at Hastings.

### The Australian Tour.

The Australians again registered an easy win in their second match, defeating Northhamptonshire by the big margin of nine wickets.

Following are the scores:—

#### NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—First Innings, 203.

J. A. T. Vials, lbw, b O'Connor	18
W. H. Kingsford, c Carter, b Macartney	30
Heywood, b Noble	39
Smith, c Carter, b O'Connor	29
G. J. Thompson, c Bardsley, b Armstrong	26
C. J. T. Pool, st. Carter, b Armstrong	14
W. Wells, c Ranford, b O'Connor	29
Snell, at Carter, b Armstrong	31
W. East, lbw, b Armstrong	0
T. E. Manning, lbw, b Armstrong	7
A. Buswell, not out	3
Sundries	11
Total	235

Bowling Analysis: O'Connor, took three wickets for 30; Armstrong five for 57; Macartney, one for 47; Noble, one for 32; Cotter, none for 53; Ranford none for 2; Hartigan, none for 4.

#### AUSTRALIA.—First Innings.

R. Hartigan, b Smith	14
W. Bardsley, lbw, b Thompson	76
M. A. Noble, lbw, b Thompson	32
J. A. O'Connor, b Smith	6
H. Carter, b Smith	0
A. Cotter, c Manning, b Thompson	27
V. Trumper, c Smith, b Thompson	56
W. W. Armstrong, c Buswell, b Smith	79
R. Ranford, lbw, b Thompson	6
S. E. Gregory, b Smith	15
C. G. Macartney, not out	0
Sundries	9
Total	310

Bowling Analysis—Smith took five wickets for 410; Wells, none for 35; Thompson, five for 108; East, none for 60.

#### Second Innings.

R. Hartigan, at Buswell, b Smith	26
Bardsley, not out	63
Noble, not out	27
Sundries	4
Total for one wicket	120

Bowling Analysis: Smith, one wicket for 51; Thompson, none for 35; Wells, none for 20; East, none for 7.

The third match—against Essex—ended in a draw, the second innings of the Home team being incomplete when stumps were drawn.

Following are the scores:—

#### AUSTRALIA.—First Innings.

R. Hartigan, c Freeman, b Buckenham	4
W. Bardsley, run out	0
M. A. Noble, b Buckenham	210
V. Ranford, c Young, b Buckenham	174
V. Trumper, c Fane, b Reeves	74
A. J. Hopkins, b Mead	15
W. W. Armstrong, not out	59
C. G. Macartney, not out	48
Sundries	19
Total for six wickets	609

Bowling analysis: Buckenham took three wickets for 164; Young, none for 60; Douglas, none for 125; Mead, one for 59; Read, none for 47; Reeves, one for 58; and McGahey, none for 78.

#### ESSEX.—First Innings.

J. W. H. T. Douglas, b Cotter	1
F. S. Fane, b Cotter	7
P. Perrin, run out	22
C. McGahey, b Whitty	42
Rev. F. H. Gillingham, b Cotter	4
C. J. Freeman, played on	2
W. Reeves, b Whitty	6
U. P. Buckenham, not out	15
A. Read, c Bardsley, b Armstrong	24
H. Young, c Hartigan, b Macartney	4
W. Mead, c Bardsley, b Macartney	3
Sundries	16
Total	148

Bowling analysis: Cotter took three wickets for 82; Whitty, three for 28; Macartney, two for 15; Armstrong, one for 22; Noble, none for 4.

#### ESSEX.—Second Innings.

C. P. Buckenham, b Cotter	13
H. Young, b Cotter	23
J. M. H. Douglas, c Carter, b Cotter	18
F. S. Fane, c Ranford, b Hopkins	115
P. Perrin, c Cotter, b Armstrong	53
C. McGahey, c Ranford, b Hopkins	55
Rev. F. H. Gillingham, b Hopkins	33
C. J. Freeman, not out	4
W. Reeves, c Hartigan, b Cotter	13
A. Read, c Trumper, b Whitty	6
W. Mead, not out	2
Sundries	10
Total	344

Nine wickets for ..... 344  
Bowling analysis: Cotter took four wickets for 80 runs; Hopkins, three for 70; Whitty, one for 46; Armstrong, one for 49; Macartney, none for 34; Noble, none for 49.

#### English County Cricket.

Last year's county champions, Yorkshire, suffered their first defeat of the season on Saturday, when Worcestershire beat them by the narrow margin of twelve runs.

Worcester, batting first, scored 205, to which Yorkshire replied with 280, establishing a lead of 86 on the first innings. In their second venture Worcester scored 231, leaving Yorkshire 145 runs to score to tie. The last wicket fell at 133, Worcester thus winning with twelve runs in hand.

### The Difference Between Australian and English Wickets.

(By W. W. ARMSTRONG, Australia's Successful Bowler; an All-round Player.)

My experience on English wickets has been rather unique, for my first visit to England was in 1902, one of the wettest and coldest summers the cricketers of England had to contend with for some years, and I can confidently assert that at the end of that particular season no one could have shown me any kind of wicket I had not batted upon. During the whole of the 1902 season the Australians only batted on two grounds where the pitch had any pace in it, which was quite a new experience for me, who was playing out of Australia for the first time, and who was accustomed to true and very fast wickets. My first match was played at the Crystal Palace against an eleven of W. G. Grace's, and it had not been in progress long before snow began to fall, the first time I had seen snow fall, so my first impressions of English cricket were not very encouraging.

In 1905 I again visited England, and this time it was my good fortune to have a fine summer with faster and truer wickets, which was more to my liking, and it was quite a contrast to my experience in 1902.

#### Sticky Wickets.

From my experience, the conclusion I have come to, is that the wickets in England never become really bad, owing to the grounds being of natural turf. The ball may break a good deal, but very seldom kicks and flies, as is the case on bad wickets in Australia; the ball comes along much slower and is easier to watch. Of all the "sticky" wickets I have seen I do not think any of them as bad as those on the Melbourne Cricket Ground, where the ground is not of natural turf, and is sown with English grasses. The wickets on this ground remain "sticky" for days after a good rain, and a Test match would be very nearly finished, if not finished, at the end of one day's play if the wicket were sticky at the beginning. It is practically impossible to make many runs on these wickets against first class bowlers, unless one has a great amount of luck. The ball kicks and flies one minute and probably shoos the next, and will break very quickly almost at right angles; the conditions of play in fact are quite different from those on the majority of wet wickets in England.

#### A Peculiar Soil.

In South Australia the wicket is very similar to that of Melbourne in wet weather, but in Sydney the ground is made of soil obtained from Bulli, the locality of the coal mines, and it is peculiar on account of its resistance to water. I have seen the Sydney ground absolutely under water at midday, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon have been playing on it, and on a really good wicket. The wickets only remain very bad on this ground for about an hour on account of the soil

only becoming wet on the surface; the water seems to run off rather than soak through it. On one occasion after rain I batted on this ground on an easy wicket; the ball cutting through for some time; then it became sticky, and when I finished my innings it was a perfect wicket. This all happened in the course of a few hours, and it will give one an idea how wonderful the Sydney ground is after rain. I do not suppose there is any other to be compared with it in this respect.

#### A Contrast in Colour.

In England the wickets do not undergo the same amount of preparation as those in Australia, and the consequence is they do not last so well, and the bowler is, in nearly all cases, able to make the ball turn from the commencement. I have batted on some wickets in England which have played just as fast as our own wickets the first day, but after that they show signs of wear and begin to crumble. Another thing which I noticed about the wickets in England was their colour. They are always green, and on some grounds it would be hard to find the pitch were it not for the white lines. They never become brown, cracked, and polished like the wickets in Australia. At the present time I consider the best wickets are made on the Sydney ground. They are the fastest and truest, and last longer than any other I have played on. Just recently we finished a six days' inter-State match on this ground, and at the conclusion the wicket hardly had a mark on it, and it was quite good enough to commence another match. The Sydney wickets do not crack with the sun as they do in Melbourne, and, consequently, do not begin to crumble at the end of four or five days' play. The Melbourne ground becomes like a piece of honeycomb after a spell of dry weather, and a stranger would consider it would be dangerous to stand up to a fast bowler on one of these cracked wickets; but until the edges of these cracks become worn, which does not take place for some days, the wicket will play as true as a billiard table. I have seen these cracks open so wide that it was possible to put your finger down.

#### Back Play in England.

Another important fact I noticed in England, and which may be useful to players going there, was the way the ball had to be watched right on to the bat, and how much the batsman has to rely on his back play. My opinion is that anyone to become a good player on English wickets must be a good back player, able to use his legs well, and be a strong on-side player, for the majority of the wickets are too slow to make many strokes behind the wicket on the off-side. This accounts for some of the failures in England of fine batsmen, who have gone there from Australia. They have been accustomed to the ball coming along fast, and perfectly true, and have been hitting at the pitch of the ball and not watching it afterwards.

#### The Bowler's Paradise.

As to bowling I think England is the paradise of a bowler, because, as before stated, the wickets are not prepared in the same manner as in Australia, and the bowler never always receives assistance from the wicket from the commencement. Another thing which is in favour of the bowler is the atmosphere. It is far easier to make the ball swerve in England. I do not know what the reason is, but give nearly any bowler a new ball, and he will make it swerve even if there is no wind. In Australia, where the wickets are like billiard tables, being prepared for months before a match, every ball comes along practically straight and much faster than in England, and all the batsman has to do is to have plenty of patience, and to play with a straight bat. How different it is to bowl, too. No matter how much one spins the ball, it still continues straight, and as I heard a great bowler remark, when asked, after he had secured several wickets, how he managed it, he replied, "They got themselves out"; and nine times out of ten that is the way most of the good batsmen get out on true Australian wickets.

## GOLF.

### LADIES GOLF.

The "Graphic" has been appointed the official organ of the Ladies' Golf Union, New Zealand Branch.

Secretaries are requested to forward

official notices, alterations in handicaps, results of competitions, and other matters of interest, to reach the publishing office not later than the Saturday prior to date of publication.

**L.G.U. Medals.**

Last week we gave the conditions of the competitions for the Coronation Medals. For the benefit of those clubs which have not yet affiliated with the Union, and to refresh the memories of members of affiliated clubs, we give a resume of the conditions governing the L.G.U. silver and bronze medal competitions.—Silver medals: Each club is entitled to play for a silver medal each season. The contest is open to all members of the Club who have earned a handicap of 25 or less, under the rules governing the L.G.U. handicapping. The medal is to be awarded to the player who returns the best aggregate of four scores on medal days during the season after deducting the handicaps she is entitled to. Bronze medals: The bronze medal competitions are open to members of affiliated clubs whose L.G.U. handicaps are over 25 but do not exceed 40, the conditions being the same as for the silver medals, except that handicaps are reduced for one improved score instead of two, which is the rule for players with handicaps of 25 or under. Experience has shown that players above the 25 limit very often improve more rapidly than those with the shorter handicaps, hence the reason for reducing handicaps when a player shows by one improved score that she is on the up grade as a golfer. The bronze medal competitions have only been instituted this season, and should have the desired effect of instilling more interest in the game among players who have not yet got down to the silver medal class. One point in regard to both the silver and bronze medal competitions should be noted, and it is that they must be played for over 18 holes, it being open to clubs with a 9-hole course to play twice round. Silver medals for this season's competitions have been forwarded to the following clubs:—Auckland, Gisborne, Nga Motu, Napier, Manawatu, Wellington, Wanganui, Christchurch, Dunedin, St. Clair, and Timaru. Bronze medals have been ordered from Home, and will be forwarded to the clubs requiring them on arrival.

**Manawatu Club.**

The season's competitions open with the following handicaps:—  
Silver Medal Class: Mrs. Innes, 12; Mrs. Abraham, 19; Mrs. Mellsop, 19; Miss Slack, 20; Mrs. A. Seifert, 23; Mrs. Warburton, 24; Mrs. McRae, 24; Miss McLellan, 24; Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. A. Strang, no handicaps yet earned.  
Bronze medal class: Miss Monro, 27; Miss Wylda, 28; Mrs. Russell 29; Mrs. Moore, 30; Mrs. Monro, 31; Mrs. Porritt, 32; Mrs. L. Seifert, 32; Mrs. Louisson, 32; Miss O'Brien, 32; Miss E. McLennan, 32; Mrs. Cohen, 34; Mrs. Wilson, 35; Mrs. Moore, 30; Mrs. Loughnan, Mrs. McPherson, Miss Abraham, Mrs. P. Sim, 40; Mrs. Waldegrave, Mrs. Fitzherbert, 40.  
Juniors (14 holes): Miss Porter, 20; Miss Gillett, 20; Miss Waldegrave, 20; Mrs. Martin, 20; Miss Hewitt, 20; Miss Humphreys, 20; Miss Robinson, 20; Miss Russell, Miss T. Russell, no handicap earned as yet.

**Manawatu Club Monthly Medal Competition.**

The May Competition of the Manawatu Ladies' Golf Club was played last week, and resulted as follows:—

**SENIORS.**

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mrs. Mellsop	103	19	84
Miss McLennan	111	24	87
Mrs. Cohen	121	34	87
Mrs. P. Sim	128	40	88
Mrs. A. Seifert	113	23	90
Mrs. L. Seifert	124	32	92
Mrs. Abraham	114	19	95
Mrs. Porritt	127	32	95
Mrs. Wilson	133	35	98
Mrs. Louisson	132	32	100
Mrs. Warburton	124	24	100

**JUNIORS (over 14 holes).**

Miss Gillett	132	20	112
Miss Waldegrave	114	scr.	114

**Presentation to the Irish Lady Golf Champion.**

On March 10th, at a meeting of the Irish branch of the Union, Miss May Hazlett, holder of the Irish championship for the fifth time, who was also open champion on three occasions, was pre-

sented with a very beautiful antique necklace, accompanied by an illuminated address in book form, signed by all the officials of the Union. The presentation was made on the occasion of Miss Hazlett's approaching marriage.

**Auckland.**

The monthly medal match of the Auckland Ladies' Golf Club was won by Miss Butler with a gross score of 118, less handicaps of 40, net score 78. The other scores were: Miss E. Maritz 100, 18, 82; Miss Owen, Gorrle, 92, 10, 80; and Miss Nora Gorrle, 114, 24, 90.

The result of the third round for Mrs Lewis' cup is as follows:—Miss Owen, Gorrle beat Mrs G. R. Bloomfield, 8 up and 8 to play; Miss M. Upton beat Mrs O'Rourke, 7 up and 6 to play; Miss S. Greig beat Miss Butler, 4 up and 4 to play. Mrs MacCormick and Miss M. Towle were all square at the 18th hole.

The certain prize tournament progressed a further stage on Saturday. The following are the results of the third, and part of the fourth round:—  
Banford beat Lusk, 6 up and 5 to play; Burns beat Upton, 3 up and 1 to play; Heather beat MacCormick; Hanna beat Kelly, 1 up; Ball beat Bidcock, 3 up and 2 to play; Sykes claimed a bye from O'Rourke; Kissling beat Jackson, 3 up and 2 to play; Burns beat Heather, 2 up and 1 to play; Ball beat Hanna, 2 up and 1 to play; Kissling beat H. G. Gorrle, 2 up and 1 to play; Webster beat Lewison, 1 up; Pollen beat Dudley, 2 up; Alexander beat Pakes, 3 up and 2 to play; Kirker beat Ferguson, 3 up and 1 to play; Kingswell beat H. Horton, 2 up and 1 to play; E. Bloomfield beat Anderson, 4 up and 3 to play; Pollen beat Webster, 4 up and 3 to play; Kirker beat Kingswell, 4 up and 3 to play.

**LAWN TENNIS.**

**Ladies' Lawn Tennis Team Returns**

The New Zealand ladies' tennis team returned from Sydney by the Moana last week, bringing home five trophies, Miss Powdrell two, and Miss Travers, Mrs Goldie and Miss Gray one each. An official reception was accorded them in the Town Hall, Wellington, the Mayor heartily congratulating the team on its success.

**SWIMMING.**

**Beaurepaire Suspended.**

The Scottish Amateur Swimming Association has suspended F. E. Beaurepaire, the Victorian swimming champion, for failing to fulfil his fixture with Taylor at Edinburgh, when the Victorian was in Scotland last year.

F. Beaurepaire, the young Victorian champion, went to Edinburgh to race Taylor, the English champion, but though he attended at the baths, he refused at the last moment to compete in the match, greatly to the disgust of the large crowd of spectators who had assembled. His disqualification by the Scottish Union will, under the reciprocity agreement, apply in Australia, and until it is lifted he will be unable to race in next season's championships.

**HUNTING.**

**THE PAKURANGA HOUNDS.**

The Pakuranga hounds met at Sylvia Park on Saturday last, when there was a large muster of members and visitors, who were entertained with an excellent day's sport. A hare was soon found, on Mr Turnbull's property, and, after a good run over Messrs Discombe's and Wallace's property, a kill was registered in one of Mr Turnbull's paddocks. Another hare was found on Mr Discombe's near the beach, and, after giving a great run, made its escape in the swamp. Several short runs were indulged in, and the hounds were called off about 4 o'clock, after a most successful day.

**ROWING.**

**INTER-STATE CARNIVAL.**

The annual inter-State rowing carnival was held yesterday in the presence of a large crowd of spectators.

The eight-oared contest resulted as follows:—Tasmania, 1; Victoria, 2; New South Wales, 3.

It was a great race between the first two boats, notwithstanding that heavy rain fell during the progress of the contest. The Queensland crew were first away, but the representatives of the island State assumed the lead after a quarter of a mile, and rowing grandly led to the finish, winning by a bare length from Victoria. The course was the same as in 1904, starting at the meat works at Queensport, and finishing at Toombul Wharf. The time was 19m. The champion sculling contest proved

an easy win for the New South Wales representative, the result being as follows:—J. Towns (New South Wales), 1; Coverdale (Tasmania), 2; Dennis (Queensland), 3; Richards (Victoria), 4. The time for the race was 16½m.

Following are the names and weights of the Tasmanian crew:—A. Forsythe, 11.8; M. Easton, 12.0; W. Needham, 12.6; J. Woodhouse, 13.4; V. Lithgow, 12.7; D. Munro, 11.12; K. Heritage, 12.9; J. Artie, 10.9 (stroke); C. Coogan (cox); J. Coogan (coach); R. W. Dean (emergency).

**RIFLE SHOOTING.**

**Victoria Rifles.**

The Victoria Rifles fired the final match for Lieut. Derronn's, Mr. Jack's, and Mr. Bullen's trophies on Saturday. The conditions were ten shots at 600 and 700 yards. There was a stiff wind, blowing very briskly at times, which made it very hard to keep on the target at 700 yds. W. Cox, who is shooting splendidly just now, made 8 bulls and 2 magpies at 600 yards. 28 members competed. The following are a few of the leading scores:—

J. B. Preston, first match 90, 600yds 42.	700yds 42, handicap 3, aggregate 183
J. J. Preston, 96, 41, 39 (3)	179
W. Cox, 91, 46, 41, scratch	178
Jones, 91, 40, 40 (0)	177
Carson, 91, 38, 42 (scratch)	176
Rowe, 91, 34, 37 (0)	171
Jack, 91, 40, 35 (scratch)	166
Anderson, 91, 41, 32 (scratch)	164
*Derronn trophy.	
†Bullen trophy.	

**"A" Squadron, A.M.R.**

The first match for the Dalton Cup was fired for by the members of "A" Squadron A.M.R. on Saturday, the conditions being 7 shots and one sighter (optional) at 600 and 700 yds. Captain Potter is leading for the trophy with 32 points. The following are the principal scores:—

Captain Potter, 27 at 600yds, 23 at 700 yds, total	50
Sergt. Morgan, 27, 23	50
Sergt. Neville, 23, 27	50
Sergt. Major Ellingham, 30, 18	48
Corp. Ferguson, 28, 19	47
Lieut. Atkinson, 24, 22	46
Lieut. Holden, 22, 21	43
Bugler Morgan, 19, 23	42
Sergt. Hillis, 8, 13	21

**No. 1 Natives.**

The No. 1 Native Rifles fired the fifth competition for Capt. Coutr's gold medal on Saturday. The ranges were 600 and 700 yards, seven shots. Corp. Fricker secured his second "leg in" for the trophy. The following were the principal scores:—

Corp. Fricker, 25 at 600yds, 28 at 700 yds (handicap 15) total	60
Sergt. Lucas, 24, 33 (40)	61
Corp. Coutr, 18, 33 (10)	51
L. Corp. Rankin, 30, 23 (4)	57
L. Sergt. Neely, 26, 15 (10)	50
Pte. Cumming, 22, 15 (20)	37
Pte. Carter, 11, 11 (40)	22
L. Corp. Farchas, 27, 10 (7)	37
Sergt. C. Smith, 30, 10 (12)	53

The "B" Class Trophy resulted in a win for L. Corp. Rankin, and having won the trophy twice in succession, he wins it outright. The following were the principal scores:—

L. Corp. Rankin, 30 at 600yds, 23 at 700yds (handicap scratch)—total	53
Corp. Coutr, 18, 25 (3)	46
L. Sergt. Neely, 26, 15 (1)	44
Pte. Lennon, 38, 12 (7)	35

**Miniature Shooting.**

After parade on Friday last the Gordons fired a very interesting match on the above range. Two teams, consisting of five men a-side and representing the married and single portion of the corps, were classed against each other in a ten-shot match, the married team eventually winning by the very narrow margin of two points. Col. Sergt. Martin and Sergt. Graham tied for top score, each member obtaining 47 out of a possible 50 points. Appended are the scores:—

Married Team.—Col. Sergt. Martin, 47; Capt. Kay, 45; Corp. Johns, 45; Sergt. Seel, 44; Lieut. Cairns, 43 (total), 224.
Single Team.—Sergt. Graham, 47; Sergt. Ashton, 46; Sergt. Wright, 45; Lance-Corp. Martin, 43; Corp. McBrath, 41—total, 222.

In the usual weekly competition the shooting showed a marked improvement, especially among the younger shots. Sergt. Graham was successful in securing the A Class trophy, with 34 out of a possible 35 points. Private Adam Clark won the novice, with 29 points. Appended are the principal scores:—Sergt. Graham, 34; Col. Sergt. Martin, 33; Sergt. Ashton, 33; Sergt. Wright, 33; Pvt. Jones, 32; Pvt. Clark, 29.

**Coromandel Rifles.**

A competition for four prizes, presented by the Range Committee of the Coromandel Rifles, was fired to-day. The winners were: Sergeant Lindsay, Colour-Sergeant Galland, Private Breese, and Private E. Louder, in the order named. Class-birge targets were used, the ranges being 600yds and 700yds, 10 shots at each range. The following were the scores:—

Sergeant Lindsay, 35 at 500yds, 30 at 700yds, handicap 12	77
Colour-Sergeant Galland, 35, 32, scratch	67
Private Breese, 33, 18, 12	63
Private Louder, 22, 23, 17	62
Sergeant Morrison, 30, 23, 5	58
Sergeant Strongman, 32, 18, 5	55
Private Simmons, 14, 14, 17	45
Private Howell, 21, 3, 17	41
Captain Horn, 32, 8, scratch	40
Private Egan, 10, 6, 12	27

His wisdom welcomed east and west,  
And yet, with all his mental glory,  
The people out our way like best  
To hear him tell a funny story.

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By WHALEBONE

RACING FIXTURES.

- May 22, 21—North Otago Jockey Club.
- May 22, 24—Takapuna Jockey Club.
- May 22, 24—Wanganui Jockey Club.
- June 8, 4—Dunedin Jockey Club.
- June 8, 4—Otago Jockey Club.
- June 8, 5, 9—Auckland Racing Club.
- June 10, 17—Hawke's Bay Jockey Club.
- June 18—Hawke's Bay Steeplechase.

The New Zealand horse Cockatoo accompanied Neith to India.

It is said that Walpu was hardly ready at the Hawke's Bay meeting.

In the opinion of a southern writer, Downfall was above himself in the Hawke's Bay Cup.

It is stated that Mr. T. H. Lowry's colours will not be seen out again until next season rolls around.

The Hon. J. D. Ormond appears to hold a strong hand for this year's Great Northern Hurdles.

In his schooling displays at Ellerslie, Tul Cockatoo looks as if he was taking kindly to the game.

Twenty-one yearlings are being handled at the different Riccarton (Chick) stables this season.

Both Lyrist and Maharaui are reported to be standing up well to a solid preparation at Hawera.

The South colt Malara put up a time record for the Marlborough Cup, which he won the other day.

At a sale of thoroughbreds in Sydney last month, a full-blooded to Sae Fran was sold for 150 guineas.

Tina Tom, a big lump of a Conqueror gelding, is spoken of as a horse that will repay watching this winter.

Moscow, who cost 7000 as a yearling, is among the entries for the hark hurdles event at the Wanganui meeting.

The opposition to Master Douglas in the hurdle races at Hawke's Bay does not seem to have been particularly strenuous.

Racing seems to be booming in Sydney. The attendance at the recent Saturday meetings, being records for the respective clubs.

Last season Aborigine's winnings as a two-year-old amounted to £1700. They must exceed that sum during the present season.

Mr. E. J. Watt, who won the Burke Memorial stakes with Aborigine, had previously won it with Palaver, Flost, and King Bill.

South has now sired two winners of the Marlborough Cup, as Sandy was that event in 1904, and Malara was successful in this year's race.

Wenters are said to have got some of their own back at the recent Hawke's Bay meeting, a good percentage of well backed ones getting home.

The starting at the Hawke's Bay meeting is said to have been perfect, Mr. Piper's new method of walking the horses up to the barrier proving highly successful.

In the opinion of some of the visitors to the Hawke's Bay meeting, Aborigine would beat Master South at even weights, up to a mile and a quarter, just now.

A Sydney writer says that Golden Ripper may return her purchase money when she goes to the stud. At present she does not look like doing so on the turf.

Bolla is said to be a horse that will repay watching for forthcoming events. He is a good deal bigger than his full sister, Woodley, and a good beginner and free galloper.

Mr. Nettieford, part owner of Pink Tea, has left for a holiday trip to England. During his visit Mr. Nettieford proposes purchasing a few racehorses to bring back with him.

Master Douglas won both his races at the Hawke's Bay meeting very comfortably, and ought to see further distinction over the barriers during the coming winter jumping season.

An English sportsman has bought in America two fine colts by Adm. He in-

tends to call one Cain and the other Abel, and perhaps if Cain isn't able to win Abel may be able to do so.

That it is not always a reliable guide when there is no money on the course for a certain candidate is said to have been amply illustrated in at least two instances at the Manabourne meeting.

A peculiar accident occurred in France late in February. While working at Chantilly the three-year-old colt White Boy hit the three-year-old Kala in full gallop, and the terrific shock killed both.

Their recent gathering was the most successful autumn meeting the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club have ever held, one that is easily a record in their history, says a local paper.

The price paid by Twinkle at Blenheim proved a bit of a staggerer in certain quarters. But for obtaining an undue advantage at the barrier, it is doubtful if the coup would have been effected.

After the first race of the second day of the Egmont meeting, the horses Montepeller and Sedgewood were put up for sale by auction, but both failed to reach the reserve, and were passed.

Bookmakers operating at the Egmont meeting had all the best of matters on the opening day, but on the second day backers had revenge, and it is doubtful if any of the pencilers added much to their banking account.

California was taken to the course on the second day of the Hawke's Bay meeting, and it was his owner's intention to have started him in the Burke Memorial, but owing to one of his legs hitting his withdrawal because necessary.

The South horse Manapoto is reported to be getting through a satisfactory preparation, and his owner is confident of getting a race out of the champion, and he will probably be seen out at the forthcoming Wanganui meeting.

Neither Hatch nor Deely, the two leading winning horsemen, were riding at Egmont Racing Club's Winter Meeting. Hatch has now a lead of about 15 wins over Deely, and can safely be said to be the premier horseman of the season.

Writing of Bobruff's performance in the Burke Memorial at Hawke's Bay, for which he was one of the favourite selections, a Southern writer says:—Bobruff was not forward enough to see out a severe ten furlongs, and Buchanan wisely did not back him about.

Referring to the recent Hawke's Bay meeting, a Wellington writer says:—Speaking roughly, I would say that two of the leading Wellington layers must have disbursed a thousand each, and a son of Anak from the North also caught their fancy. Altogether the bookmakers seem to have had a particularly bad time.

The Hon. J. D. Ormond was the most successful owner at the Hawke's Bay meeting. Horses bearing his colours won five events, and were thrice runners up. The public are entitled to freely anticipate the good things of the Karanga stable, and in each instance they had to be content with short prices.

A notice appears in the official card of the Egmont Racing Club to the effect that owners are cautioned that their jockeys must be clean and decently dressed, and that any jockey presenting himself at the scales in dirty or discoloured apparel will not be allowed to ride. This might be well corded to advantage by several of the Auckland clubs.

The St. Cyr riding Claremont, which has been off the scene for some time, made his reappearance at Hawera, being a starter in the Tongahoe Hurdles. On the first day of the Egmont meeting Claremont looked very big, and did not make any sort of a showing in the race, eventually finishing a long way last.

I learn on good authority that Adax has been heartily supported to win the A.R.C. Great Northern Double. If Adax is the selected of the Hon. J. D. Ormond's stable, he should run prominently in both, although the trying Ellerslie steeplechase course is a severe test to a horse that has never before negotiated it.

Goodwin Park, which accounted for a double at the Egmont meeting, is a three-year-old son of Sylvia Park and Virat, and is likely to see a better day. In the Manala Handicap he was probably lucky.

for he was galloping over everything at the finish, and the least bit of assistance from his rider, G. Price, would have earned him the stake.

C. Jenkins has long been considered one of the best riders of the Dominion, but it is doubtful if he has ever been seen to better advantage than on Hokopota in the Opeke Handicap, on the concluding day of the Egmont meeting, and his final effort was one of the most brilliant I have ever seen.

After the race for the Manala Handicap on the second day of the Egmont meeting, the stewards asked the owner of Nicotine to explain the running of the daughter of St. Clement. The explanation was satisfactory. Nicotine was ridden by Bobbe, the Auckland horseman, who was for some time in the employ of the Waitako trainer, R. Hanson.

Up to the Egmont meeting Rangiheta had never been out of a place in any of the hurdle races he has competed in this season. On the first day the sea of Knangipud finished close up, fourth, but on the second day he came a cropper, falling clean over the rails on to the training track inside the course.

H. Eves, the New Plymouth trainer, intends, all going well in the meantime, to take a team to Auckland for the A.R.C. Winter Meeting, which will consist of Glenilla, Wee Trinket, and Highden. Glenilla is standing up to the mark in good style, and, with the sling out of the going, the son of Lochiel should run prominently in the writers during the season.

The Minkety gelding Overtime was so badly hooked for the Telegraph Handicap on the opening day of the Egmont meeting, but getting away badly, was never prominent. On the second day he made amends by winning a double, accounting for the Ngamutu Handicap and the Sturt's. In the latter race he was comparatively neglected, and paid a nice price.

A good sort of a hack seen out at the Egmont meeting was North-east, by Eucrolydon—Mairana, which, after running third in the latter, was in the coup. North-east improved on that performance by making a one-horse race of the Borough Handicap on the second day. North-east has plenty of size to recommend him, and may show to advantage at the illegitimate game.

Three novices over fences, in Nova, Maharaui, and Auratus made their debut in the hurdle races at the Egmont meeting, the two former performing creditably, but the latter, who cut a wide groove, was never prominent. On the second day Nova, which has the reputation of being a Sunday horse, won fairly comfortably, and should be useful at the illegitimate game. Maharaui ran two good races, a beginner, and, when properly seasoned, may win a decent race.

Lady Lucy, which won the Hawera Cup, is an Auckland-bred filly, by Meaton Delavai from Hilda. Lady Lucy, which is three years old, need in the continuation of her trainer, F. Tilley, and her showing was rather an attractive one, for she was badly placed in the early stages, and had to make up the ground in the straight, finishing with a great burst of pace. Over a distance the daughter of Neaton Delavai will probably win her best races.

A feature of the Egmont meeting was the prompt closing of the totalisators to times stated, and on one occasion during the first round of the morning potting, the ward of the clock. The club had a most successful meeting financially, the machine returns being £501 in advance of last year, and this amount would have been considerably larger had the arrangements for selling tickets been better. The arrangements in this respect are a lot below the system prevailing in Auckland.

Writing of the race Mr Ormond's colt Bolla won on the second day of the Hawke's Bay meeting, the Wellington "Post's" sporting scribe says:—"On Bolla's form on the previous day, the odds offered were really generous. Raised only four pounds, it was very strange to take the money. Bolla was first out of the tapes, and, finishing as strongly as a motor, he won just as decisively as on the first day.

The big disappointment of the Hawera Cup was the behaviour of the locally-trained gelding Corsettled, which was sent out a warm favourite. Corsettled is by the Castor horse Coronet, from Rau Hau, dam of Crown Eagle and others, and is a fine stamp of a gelding, but with certain hocks. In the race he was never prominent, and finished absolutely last, and his knowing was altogether too bad to be true. Probably he was against him, and he may do better on firmer ground.

R. Brough, who was located in Auckland some time, is now at Hawera, where he has a good string in work. One of his charges is the two-year-old Tu Pua, a fine, well-grown, lighter of Sae Fran, from a Quite mare, which should be seen to advantage next season. Tu Pua was given a run in the Shorts on the second day of the Egmont meeting, but got a lot of knocking about, eventually finishing just behind the placed horses. With anything like a decent passage, Tu Pua would have troubled the winner.

In the opinion of the Wellington "Post," the concluding day of the Hawke's Bay meeting was in all respects a splendid one, but eight races per day in those late autumn months to win, for had Research been ridden a decent race he might have reversed places.

days is too much. Hence it is probable that well would provide better sport. The Farwell was a ghastly affair, and no one had the faintest idea of what horse was leading until the race was over. The straight was like a squadron of phantoms. It is plainly the duty of the Racing Conference to lay down a distance that there shall not be more than seven races per day, say, after 1st May.

The Mooson Valley (Vic.) K.C. and Richmond R.C. recently threatened to come into collision by both racing on Night Hours Day. We were contented that we was not consulted in the situation of dates, and claimed that he could race at Richmond when it suited his business instincts. A deputation of Melbourne bookmakers walked on Mr Wren with a view to avoiding a clash, and their proposal that Richmond should hold a forenoon gathering was finally agreed to. The racing public therefore were in a position to attend two meetings in one day—a unique departure.

N. Nicholl, the ex-Auckland trainer, has a useful sort of gelding in Starboard, by Daystar—Gipsy Queen, which, with any sort of luck, would have won a double at the Egmont meeting. On the opening day he was just beaten by the straight, a gentlemanly rider event, his defeat being due to inferior horsemanship, while on the second day he occupied the same unenviable position to Hokopota, a slight stumble at the critical moment, and a terrific effort by Jenkins, the rider, bringing about his downfall. Starboard is susceptible of considerable improvement, and an one would begrudge his trainer-owner a turn of fortune's wheel.

An incident illustrative of the Maori's love for a good horse course from Wellington, and says "Glenore" in the "Herald," should stand out as one of the picturesque passages in the history of racing. During the week Mr. W. S. Bidwell, owner of the celebrated Papanui, was at the famous Maori chief of Papanui, named Houa Rangitakiwaha: "Dear Sir,—I am sending you a present of a Maori curlo (tik) on behalf of your great and successful champion, the two-year-old Papanui. Papanui is one of the oldest curlos in the history of the native race, and is the Maori equivalent of the order of knighthood. It is made out of a whitebone. The chief has never yet seen Papanui. Mr. Bidwell has therefore invited him to come down to Rotowai and personally confer the honour.

North Head stood out from the poor lot that offered him in the Hack Hurdles at the Hawke's Bay meeting (says a Southern paper). Backers freely laid odds on, and never at any stage was it in doubt. After a furious had been traversed, North Head was yards in front, and in the run down the back he was four seconds to the good. At the five furlong post Delaney got a hold of the big fellow, but he was not in a very fast time. I understand North Head has only been schooled three times, and in the race he cleared the jumps. When he settles down, North Head will be a hummer, and will be a good horse to have. Kairora was evidently based on solid foundation. Twelve stone would not have stopped the Birkenhead gelding.

There has been a bit of schooling work at Ellerslie during the week, the exhibition given by some of the beginners sagged at the coming Great Northern meeting, but by a very reassuring character. Gladsmuir and Lady Ellen essayed a round of the schooling hurdles, but Lady Ellen fell and finished did not seem to like the job. Lady Ellen's rider was injured. R. Brough and Midgley were tried at the steeplechase fences on Saturday, the former giving a very sorry exhibition, repeatedly refusing, and the attempt to get him round was abandoned. Midgley, though fairly well, did not give a very good account of himself for a round of the steeplechase course, but fell at the first fence of the double, his rider suffering a slight injury to his hand. The morning was afterwards meeting with another horseman, and after safely negotiating the double jump was not further persevered with.

THE TAURIKI CASE.

After a long and exhaustive inquiry the committee of the Takapuna Jockey Club has arrived at a decision in connection with the now celebrated Tauriki case. The committee have held numerous sittings, and voluminous evidence has been taken, and it will be some time before the committee are able to give a full and careful consideration. The finding, which was unanimous, is as follows:—

"The committee of the Takapuna Jockey Club, having taken voluminous evidence, and carefully and fully investigated the question raised by the late owner of Cyreniac, with respect to the mare Tauriki, which was declared to be the winner of the Maiden Plate, Pupuke and White Handicaps at the club's winter meeting of 1908, unanimously find as follows:—That J. Grant, in whose name Tauriki was raced, is guilty of a corrupt practice by supplying false information at this inquiry, and the committee accordingly find the pleasure of the club. That B. Darragh is guilty of a corrupt practice by supplying false information at this inquiry, and the committee accordingly find the pleasure of the club. The committee award the stake won by Tauriki, viz., the Maiden Plate and Pupuke Handicap, to the owner of the second horse, Cyreniac, and the stakes won by the White Handicaps, to the owner of the second horse, Tul Cockatoo. The committee has been delayed in arriving at a decision, owing chiefly to the persistent refusal of Mr. S. Darragh to give evidence, and to the refusal to appear and give evidence when notified to do so.





# Music and Drama

## BOOKINGS.

(Dates Subject to Alteration.)

### AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S.

May 17 to June 5—J. C. Williamson.  
 June 7 to June 25—West's Pictures.  
 June 28 to July 5—Hamilton Dramatic Company.  
 July 6 to July 24—Hamilton Dramatic Company.  
 July 25 to August 7—J. C. Williamson.  
 August 24 to September 7—Hamilton Dramatic Company.

### WELLINGTON.—OPERA HOUSE.

May 19 to 27—H. Richards.  
 May 29 to June 16—Florinda Company.  
 June 19 to July 24—Allan Hamilton.  
 July 25 to August 13—Florinda Opera Co.  
 August 16 to 23—G. Almsrove.  
 August 30 to September 12—J. C. Williamson.  
 September 14 to October 1—J. C. Williamson.  
 October 2 to 10—Allan Hamilton.  
 October 25 to November 13—J. C. Williamson.  
 November 15 to December 9—J. C. Williamson.  
 December 27 to January 10—J. C. Williamson.

### TOWN HALL.

July 1 to 28—West's Pictures.

### PALMERSTON NORTH—MUNICIPAL OPERA HOUSE.

May 21 to 28—Meynell and Gunn's "Hook of Holland" Co.  
 August 1, 5—Allan Hamilton's Dramatic Co.  
 August 12, 13—J. C. Williamson's "Jack and Jill" Co.  
 August 27—Mitscha Elman's Concert.  
 Sept. 29, 30—J. C. Williamson's Jettos Knight Co.  
 October 8 and 7—J. C. Williamson.  
 Nov. 1 to 9—Hugh Ward's Musical Comedy Co.  
 Nov. 20 to 23—J. C. Williamson.  
 Jan. 17, 19—Carter, the Magicists.  
 Jan. 20 to 24—J. C. Williamson.  
 Feb. 14, 15—The Scarlet Troubadours.  
 March 23 to 31—Allan Hamilton.  
 May 19, 20—J. C. Williamson.  
 June 8, 9—J. C. Williamson.  
 June 20 to 25—Fred H. Graham's Musical Comedy Co.  
 June 29, 30—J. C. Williamson.  
 July 1, 2—Meynell and Gunn.  
 August 18, 19—J. C. Williamson.  
 Sept. 29—J. C. Williamson.  
 October 1—J. C. Williamson.  
 Nov. 1 to 5—Allan Hamilton.  
 Nov. 10, 11—J. C. Williamson.

### Some Plain Truths About Singers.

MISS AGNES MURPHY, an Australian journalist, who, at the instigation of the late Mr. Seddon, went to America to lecture on and write about New Zealand, has lately given an Adelaide paper an interesting interview about Melba and singers in general. She has some hard things to say that are well worth reading.

Miss Murphy is well-known as Melba's biographer, and also as a keen, enthusiastic admirer of the famous prima donna. "There has never been a voice like Melba's, I feel sure. There certainly has been no such technique in the past fifty years, and in the whole history of music there has never been such a career as that of this great woman, who for twenty successive years has been queen of the greatest opera house in the world," says Miss Murphy.

"Only the few widely-travelled Australians can really understand the unequalled position of Melba, who, no matter where she goes—Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, New York, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Milan, or Nice—is equally well-known and equally welcome as the superlative artist and greatest box-office draw of our generation. No Australian singer comes next or near her. No singer of any country, and I often think what an injustice it is to Melba to advertise every Australian melody by tacking their names on to hers. With the exception of Melba no great singing star has ever come to Australia, such as her splendid colleague, Patti, Terina, Schuman-Heink, Destinn, Calys and Nordica, therefore local audiences, having no knowledge of worthy competitors, make the grave mistake of linking Melba's name with concert singers whose statue stands whole worlds beneath her. All Spanish born singers are not likened to Patti, nor all Polish pianists to Paderewski.

"In London, Paris, and New York

the connoisseurs say—"There is only one Melba." It is only in her native land that every local warbler is rushed up on to a Melba pedestal. I said this in a 'Register' interview and elsewhere when I was here last. I say it again with emphasis."

### Maori Folk Songs.

Dr. Pomare, the Maori doctor, who, with his wife, made so many friends here with his wife, made so many friends here Medical Conference last year, has, with Maggie the guide and Dr. Buck, been most kind in giving Mr. Percy Grainger assistance in pursuance of his valuable hobby in collecting the Maori and South Sea Island melodies for his folk-song library, says an Australian. Our Australian pianist, in writing from Invercargill of the Polynesian South Sea Island native Karatonga part songs, says:—"This Karatonga music is genuinely polyphonic, shows much sense of harmony, and bespeaks a musical civilisation of its own, of which I know no scientific record; and I may say does not seem to lag behind their legends, carvings, decorative patterns, fighting powers, and poetry, all of which show the influence of energetic and original individuality." Percy Grainger has worked day and night to secure phonograph records of this music, taking notes of their songs, which he intends to recopy and send to the Polynesian Society.

### Australian Singers in England.

"A few of the Australian singers are doing well in concert and oratorio work, notably Madame Mary Conly, but the great majority are doing no more than getting their daily food by a system of glorified touring among their friends. The Australian papers adopt an extraordinary attitude with regard to these singers, and persistently exaggerate their doings to an inconceivable degree. If an Australian singer gets a £5 fee, it is published as £50 or £75, whereas it should be known that, except for the few great stars, concert fees in England are small. A singer on the Harrison concert tours or the London Halland Concerts rarely gets more than £10 or £15 a concert, and they are looked on as among the attractive engagements. In the Australian Press I have seen £100 mentioned as fees for Australian artists on these tours. Then, again, when an Australian singer has been lucky enough to secure a few of these English engagements, the Antipodean newspapers at once describe such a vocalist as world-famed, distinguished, even illustrious. Well, England is not the world, and these hallooed concerts do not stand for much in the way of art even in England.

### Royal Commands.

"The chronicling of 'Royal commands' is equally loose. No Australian singer, with the exception of Melba, has ever received a Royal command from Queen Victoria or King Edward, yet by reading the local papers one would imagine that the feel of some Australian vocalist were always planted on the Royal mat. Four or five years ago, during the week of the Cowes Regatta, a party of Australians, in a small boat, sailed round the King's yacht singing as they went. Soon afterwards I read in the Australian papers of their having 'sung before His Majesty.'

### Reckless Description.

"'Diva' is the term of honour used to describe in Europe and America the supreme operatic soprano of the day, and as such is the prerogative of Melba, as it was of Patti in her day. In Australia this term, and also the descriptive words, 'prima donna,' are recklessly attached to every songster who has warbled a ditty in London suburbs.

### Her Continental Success.

"I have known an Australian who sang for nothing at a friend's party in Dresden to have a cable sent out here about her Continental success. No description is used to differentiate between the petty little concerts given in London halls, such as the Steinway, the Salle Erard, and the Bechstein, which accommodate at the most 600 people, and the magnificent orchestral concerts given in Royal Albert Hall by Melba,

when the vast auditorium with its 10,000 capacity is all too small to accommodate her admirers."

"I don't know why this misrepresentation with regard to Australian singers is given such rope out here. I cannot understand the matter at all. Now, take on the other hand a really remarkable dramatic artist like Nellie Stewart. She never allows this trumpeting of her foreign doings to be blazoned forth. And we have another actress like Alice Crawford playing lead in the finest companies of London, yet in the case of her great and genuine success the Press of her native land has very little to say."

### At Covent Garden.

"Melba is received with greatest enthusiasm, I think, at Covent Garden, where she is always wildly cheered and where hundreds wait at the stage door and run after her carriage. Yet her farewell at the Manhattan Opera in January and her reappearance at the Paris Opera in June last were scenes of riotous ardour—quite indescribable indeed. Her appearances at the Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg, and at La Scala, Milan, will be known in musical history for the unprecedented demonstrations made by the enraptured audiences."

### The Reckless Boomer.

Miss Murphy is obviously a whole hogger. In the main her assertions about the reckless booming of so-called artists are correct. The reason why is very simple. With most singers and other public performers who go Home to get trained, it is a question of £ s. d. Economic necessity compels them to commercialise their art. It is part of the process involved in going Home and making a bid for fame that they should be boomed. There are men at Home who, for a fee, make it their business to boom any persons with pretensions to particular talents and a fat purse. The Australasian papers are sedulously fed with boona pars from concert agents. Some discriminate what shall appear of these highly-specialised and attractive items—some do not. It is the misfortune of the majority of the Australasian public not to have heard great artists, such as Miss Murphy enumerates. The people are therefore fair game for the arts of the "boomer," and will be so long as commercial ends is the final goal of the artist, who has to make his or her living, and the concert agent who is anxious to wax fat on the profits of big houses.

### The Latest London Music Hall Sensation.

The music hall sensation of the moment in London is Mr. A. M. Moore's miniature melodrama, "The Price of a Girl," at the Oxford, which is received with rapturous applause every evening. Mr. Moore is well qualified to give the public something they can appreciate, for he has had many years of wide and varied experience in catering for the popular taste. He has written plays, edited newspapers of all kinds, and is one of the most accomplished journalists of the day. Apparently, melodrama is played out, except for the suburbs, and while the homeopathic dose supplied by the Oxford thrills many, it has, of course, its amusing side for older people who recognise all the fine, old stereotyped situations. Mr. Moore's ingenuity has been shown, not in writing a melodrama, but in compressing it within the absurd limits required by a still more absurd law. A stage play cannot be produced on the music hall if it occupies more than half-an-hour in its performance; but a theatre may introduce as many music hall turns as it pleases, so long as it strings them together and calls them a play. Very soon, let us hope, this farcical situation will be ended, and any place of amusement will be at liberty to produce the kind of entertainment its patrons call for.

### A Time Will Come.

Mr. Moore's plot is of the most primitive kind—a mere expansion of the old idea of "The villain still pursued her!" The villain in this instance is of the most conventional sort. He smokes cigarettes and wears a fur-lined coat—which everyone knows is the hall-mark of villainy. His aim in this melodrama is to betray the daughter of the village parson, but it is perhaps unnecessary to observe that in this he is foiled again, ha, ha, as usual. For there is the hero to reckon with. The hero has already saved the girl from drowning, and he has paid her father's debts. These things have happened before the play begins, so that there will be no doubt that the hero has had a good start in the heroic business.

### Good Old Villains.

The villain's idea is to lure the heroine to London. Here she enters the service of a wicked milliner who is in league with the villain, and for the moment the prospect looks very black for the poor heroine. Has any human being ever really suffered so much as the heroine of the average melodrama? Fortunately for the heroine, the conspiracy to ruin her is detected by one of the workgirls, who promptly puts the hero on the track of events. This leads to a meeting between the two men, and a terrific midnight struggle in Bond-street, from which the hero emerges splendidly triumphant, as, indeed, a hero should. It is unfortunate that in the moment of his triumph he should find himself in custody for an offence that he has not committed, but, as we know, stone walls do not a prison make for the hero of a melodrama, and there are no iron bars than can cage him for long.

### The Halo of Snow.

Incident follows incident in this very moving drama at a breathless rate of speed. Indeed, its chief interest lies in the miracle of compression which Mr. Moore has accomplished. All the essentials of traditional melodrama are there, and, as usual, the good people are very good indeed, while the bad ones are shocking examples of moral obliquity. The four acts are brimful of excitement and sensation, and the last act, which represents Christmas Day at the vicarage, with peace and goodwill and forgiveness, and carol-singers and snow, must surely satisfy the most exacting. The sentimental English populace do not ask for much in a melodrama, but they do insist on snow at the finish. And when you consider that in addition to all this sensation there is a story of a missing will, and the author finds time to prove that the hero is the long-lost heir to fabulous wealth, it will be admitted that the Oxford melodrama establishes a record that will be hard to beat.

### Municipal Theatre in Napier.

While Mr. Bert Royle (Mr. J. C. Williamson's manager) was in Napier, he discussed with the Borough Council a proposal for the erection of a municipal

## PIANOFORTE RECITALS

By Misses  
**Madoleine Webbe**  
 and  
**Gertrude Spooner**

in the  
**TOWN HALL**  
 (CONCERT CHAMBER)

**WELLINGTON.**

ON  
**FRIDAY, MAY 21st,**  
 AND  
**TUESDAY, MAY 25th.**

Programme and full particulars  
 in Wellington Dailies.

**L. G. FORTEK,**  
 Business Manager,  
 3 Panama Street.

theatre. He stated that to enable Mr. Williamson to stage all his big pieces in the town on the same scale as in the four large centres the Napier theatre should provide seating accommodation for 1200. The depth of the stage should be 60ft., and the width between the walls of the theatre 60ft. The proscenium should be 20ft wide and 23ft high, with a width between the fly galleries of 35ft. The fly doors should be 22ft, and the gridirons, for pulleys, etc., 5ft from the stage. He advised that there should be three tiers of dressing rooms, and scene docks to admit lorries at the back of the stage. If nothing had to be paid for the site, £25,000 would be ample to cover the cost of a theatre, municipal offices, etc.

**"The Dairymaids."**

"The Dairymaids" is a musical comedy, characterised by catchy songs which will become popular, and a very bright evening's entertainment throughout. The large audience (which included Madame Melba and suite, who occupied two private boxes) was kept in a simmer of merriment from the time the curtain rose to its fall. The piece is exceptionally well staged, the scenery being very light and artistic and the ballets novel and refined. The gymnasium scene is particularly good, and the Sandow ballet and Kimona ballet deserve special praise. The best songs are "Wild Rose" and "Dear Little Girl in Dreamland," which are sure to be heard more of. Miss Fanny Dango made an excellently natural Peggy, and is a very pretty and dainty dancer. Mr. Andrew Higginson acted Sam Brudenell very well indeed, and Miss Musgrove made a handsome and dignified Lady Brudenell. Mr. W. S. Percy was all that could be desired as Joe Milvens, and Mr. Bantock made a capital Dr. O'Byrne. The music is excellent, and said to be better from a musical point of view than even the much-talked-about "Merry Widow," which starts on Saturday next.

This delightful play has just concluded a record season in Wellington, where the public response and appreciation were equal to the Widow's experience throughout her Australian tour. The story is said to have more coherence in its dramatic development than most light works of this kind, with a thrilling love interest throughout. It is possible to follow the fortunes of Sonia (the Merry Widow) with sympathetic and sustained interest, and to wish success to the fascinating wiles by which she overcomes the obstinacy and pride of her lover.

**Forthcoming Events—A Promising Production.**

Events for New Zealand will be made at the Auckland Opera House on Monday, May 24, by Meynell and Gunn's pantomime "Cinderella," which has not only gained the world's record run for pantomime, but also holds the distinction of beating all records for any play by nearly 30 performances. The transportation of this company, which numbers 27 people, is a big theatrical undertaking. More than ordinary interest naturally attaches to the first appearance of "The Hook of Holland" Comic Opera co., by which the pantomime will be interpreted. The principals come from England, and during the past 12 months have won great popularity in both Sydney and Melbourne in such plays as "The Belle of Mayfair," "Miss Hook of Holland," "The Girl Behind the Counter," and a finishing touch has been given by their success in "Cinderella." The principals include Miss Meredith Meredro, principal boy from Drury Lane Theatre, London; Miss Ruth Lincoln, a leading soprano, who will appear as "Cinderella"; Miss Emmaline Orford, comedienne; Misses Essie Ferrin, Helene Rose, Daisy Edmore, Tina Lincoln, Dora Denton, Margaret Nicholson; whilst the company possesses three notable comedians in Messrs William Cromwell, Edwin Brett, and Tom Payne, whilst the popular English itenor who was such a favourite in Australia some years back will make his first appearance in N.Z. in the person of Mr Harold Thorley. Alterations are being made both to the stage and auditorium of the Opera House. The plans for the first six nights were opened at Messrs. Wildman and Arey's on Tuesday. The first matinee will be given on the 29th inst. The company will arrive on Sunday by the Mokoia.

For years past efforts have been made to induce Madame Melba to visit South America, where she has an offer of fifty appearances at £1,000 each with half the gross receipts above £1,500. Owing to her anxiety to complete the record of twenty successive seasons at

Covent Garden, London, she has allowed this offer to stand over, as the South American and English opera seasons run concurrently; but it is almost certain that Melba will accept the offer for 1911.

**A Wellington Concert.**

An announced in our columns Misses Madolena Welbe and Gertrude Spooner are to give two pianoforte recitals in Wellington on Friday, the 21st inst, and Tuesday, the 25th inst. Amongst the more important items in their programme are Tchaikovsky's Concerto in B flat minor, with orchestral accompaniment, to be played on second piano. Miss Spooner is to play Schumann's "Carnival." There will be several items by Liszt and MacDowell. These talented young pianists will be assisted by Miss Peggy Bain, (violinist), Miss Blanche Garland (contralto), and Mr. F. J. Carr (tenor, Wellington).

**Stray Notes.**

At the initial production of "The Merry Widow" in Constantinople, just a little while before the overthrow of the reigning monarch, a scene occurred which caused quite a stir among the audience, and for the time being seriously retarded the progression of the famous opera. There were present a number of Montenegrins, who took exception to the flighty Danilo, and burlesqued Baron Popoff being represented as fellow countrymen, for in the Marsovian costumes which are worn in the second act these irate members of the audience saw a marked similarity to their own national dress, and accordingly they stamped and whistled and proved altogether a bar to the continuation of the evening's entertainment until they were removed by a squad of local police. According to the London "Tattler," the effect which "An Englishman's Home"

has had upon Britishers in general is little short of marvellous. Not so very long ago, before the advent of Du Maurier's remarkable drama, it was next to impossible to get men willing to enter the ranks of the Territorial, and all the tactics which were used by the authorities proved practically successful. Then this stirring theatrical representation of "An Englishman's Home," lying desolate and in ruins, flashed through the length and breadth of Great Britain, and now the clamour for enrolment as members of the citizen army is so great that at the present time it is impossible to cope with all the applicants.

Before "An Englishman's Home" had been on a fortnight at Wyndham's Theatre, London, "pirates" were active

in trying to share in the boom that it created by trading on the name, and even on the story of Major du Maurier's play, and attempting to give unauthorised representations of it. The same thing has happened in Australia, and though the play is barely four weeks old in that country, J. C. Williamson has already been compelled to set the law in motion to prevent infringement of copyright in more than one direction. In fact, so keen apparently is the desire on the part of unauthorised persons to profit by the sensation, "An Englishman's Home" has scored, that special instructions to keep a strict look out have had to be issued to the J. C. Williamson representatives throughout Australia.

**Our Illustrations**

**Auckland Society of Arts.**

**Record Exhibition of Paintings—The Supremacy of the Landscape.**

(By Our Art Critic.)

**A Very Chaste Collection.**

A VERY chaste collection is one of the first impressions that the twenty-eighth annual exhibition of the Auckland Society of Arts presents to one fresh from the galleries of Britain and Europe. With two exceptions, the study of the nude has been eschewed in favour of a highly varied taste in landscape and portraiture. New Zealand fortunately does not possess any centres of life so crowded or teeming with restless life as are common to the Old World. It offers in contrast purple hills, bush and sunlit shores. With its illimitable wealth of natural beauty and absence of higher civilisation, or excessive culture in its centres of population, it is easy to understand how its artists come to neglect sex in their art. That it should be so is perhaps as well. There are a number of people who believe that nude art is necessarily indecent. There are a great number of young people who fail to understand or realise that in a poetic conception of the female figure there is nothing but the expression of chaste beauty. Mr. C. S. Jamieson (Wellington) contributes a very charming study of a young girl. It is a delicate piece of painting characterised by soft flesh tints and easy pose. It is the only frankly nude study in an otherwise "chaste" exhibition. In his "Spoils for the Victors" Mr. L. S. Steele shows very exact treatment in the central figure of the picture. It is not altogether a "nice" subject, but in its Meissonier-like compactness it concentrates dramatic force and pathos. There is something that reaches to the heart in that gashed, mute, limp body of the dead warrior lying at the feet of his captive bride. Another vigorous Maori study, entitled "Defiance," representing a half nude woman revelling the head of an enemy on a stake, by the same painter, is sure to attract attention. The execution in both cases is true to the artist's precision and draughtsmanship.

**The Landscapes.**

The landscapes are a very full and interesting class. Some of the best work that has been done by Dominion artists for sometime past is to be seen this year. There is, of course, a sprinkling of the amateurish element. Art in New Zealand has left a good deal of that behind. It is not inaccurate to say that every year now sees its one time prevalence being steadily diminished. Many of our leading artists have travelled and studied in the cities of the masters. Not a few have first applied their training and then adapted it to give a higher interpretation of the multi-coloured and elusive subjects of the Dominion. The clarity of its atmosphere and the brilliance of its sunshine give it many characteristics that are new to artists. In no general way are there to be found the soft dream-like effects of the

Dutch canal, the blinding light of Spain, with its romantic folk and picturesque thoroughfare, or the colour feasts that invest the life of Italian villages by the Mediterranean with such remarkable clarity. Not even with Britain itself in its drowsy sunshine and storied village does New Zealand possess any resemblance. It has its own peculiarly local characteristics of colour just as much as Australia has. The environment of the great sunny continent has already produced a distinct national art. In New Zealand we have so far only the impress of our local surroundings, but there are one or two landscapes in the Society of Arts Exhibition this year that lead one to suppose that the time is not very distant when local characteristics under Maori land's majestic hills will be resolved by our artists with a more or less original and definite style of painting.

**Impressions of Prominent Portraits.**

Probably local atmosphere was never more happily caught or rendered than in the large canvas Mr. F. Wright (Auckland) exhibits this year, entitled "The Close of Day." The scene is at Mercer on the Manungatwhiri stream, a tributary to the Waikato River. The artist had made a very effective composition in which no feature predominates unduly over another. Every element combines into a scene of majestic harmony, even to the few faint Maori figures that are wandering peacefully along the banks of the stream in the magic of the sunset hour. It is a painting, looking into which one can spend a lot of time. Probably Mr. Wright has never done more truly artistic work. The treatment is careful almost to the point of being subdued, and it shows fine, even quality throughout. In a smaller canvas, No. 34, "The Pool," he shows the same aptitude for rendering the exquisite melancholy of a secluded forest haunt, such as the early Maori knew.

Amongst other landscapes that call for notice, Mr. T. L. Drummond (Auckland), who has been a regular exhibitor for many years, shows a pretty and conventional subject, entitled, "Near Hotoe." It possesses two excellent points—picturequeness of composition and smoothness in perspective. It is similar in treatment to a straightforward canvas by Mrs. Walrond (Auckland), "On the Haurapua River" over which a pretty light falls, nicely contrasted with the depths of the forest. In contradistinction to these two subjects, which belong chiefly to the accepted ideas of landscape work in the Dominion, comes a fine and daring treatment of "Rural Auckland," by Mr. A. E. Nicholls, a young artist of the Queen City, known chiefly through his connection with the Elms School of Arts. The colour scheme is low in tone, and the execution elastic almost to the point of

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT. THE SECOND GREAT PRODUCTION, BY MR. J. C. WILLIAMSON'S ROYAL COMIC OPERA COMPANY

SATURDAY, MAY 22. THE CENTURY'S GREATEST SUCCESS, THE WORLD'S RECORD.

- THE MERRY WIDOW.
- THE MERRY WIDOW.
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Music by Franz Lehar. Libretto by Victor Leon and Leo Stein. (By arrangement with Mr. George Edwardes.)

MATINEE, EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON. CHILDREN HALF PRICE. PRICES — 6/; 4/; and 2/. No Early Doors. Box Plans Messrs Wildman and Arey's.

**OPERA HOUSE.**

Rupert Clarke, Meynell and Gunn Season. Managing Directors: CLYDE MEYNELL and JOHN GUNN. MONDAY NEXT, MAY 24th. First Production in the Dominion of the Spectacular, Operatic Pantomime Extravaganza, CINDERELLA.

First Appearance in New Zealand of MEYNELL AND GUNN'S COMIC OPERA CO.

THE GREATEST PANTOMIME EVER PRODUCED IN AUSTRALIA, Accomplishing the LONGEST RUN OF ANY PANTOMIME IN THE WORLD, AND THE LONGEST RUN OF ANY PLAY — MISCELLANEOUS OR OTHERWISE — IN AUSTRALIA.

MANAGERIAL. In presenting this huge production to New Zealand audiences, Messrs. Meynell and Gunn desire to impress upon their patrons that they are transporting to the Dominion ALL THE ORIGINAL PRINCIPALS, ALL THE ORIGINAL CHORUS, ALL THE ORIGINAL SCENERY, ALL THE ORIGINAL EFFECTS,

In fact, the PANTOMIME, LOCK, STOCK, and BARRELL.

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being loose. Mr. Nicholls has vigorous ideas of treatment, both in landscape and portraiture. His methods are new to New Zealand, but not wholly original. He appears to be a little inclined to the Parisian passion for soft greens and mellow grays, flung boldly on a canvas of impressionistic aspirations. Mr. Kenneth Watkins (Auckland) hangs several Alpine works, including an ambitious canvas entitled "Valley of the Tasman, Evening." Beyond a low-toned and subdued foreground, the snow-white peaks of the mountains rise tipped with the pink and orange glows of the sunset. A pale green sky, overhung with clouds tinged by the fire of west, catches the eye immediately. It is an illusion not at all uncommon to alpine regions, however much some people might think it "not true to nature." The artist has obviously put the canvas forward as a big work, and, whilst it achieves much that is meritorious, it does not seem to convey to the watcher the purity of atmosphere, the limpidity of sky, and the sublime majesty that hold the alpine splendours of the South spellbound with beauty. In his water colours the artist is more convincing, but that must be left till later. Mr. Walter Wright (Auckland) shows quite a number of picturesque canvases of Maori life. He is one of the little band of artists in the Dominion who are seeking to preserve in accurate form much of the life and scenes that are vanishing with the primitive splendour of the Maori. "At Ngauruhia" is a deep-toned conception of an inspiring bit of the Waikato river, with a characteristic group treated in poetic vein and rendered in easy and picturesque style. Several other canvases, notably "A Summer Afternoon," No. 1, and "Native Church at Ohinemutu," No. 112, show truly refined qualities and a familiarity with the details of Maori architecture and dressing that gives his work a distinct historic value. His colour scheme is invariably peaceful, and flows over the canvas with a delicacy which cannot but impart atmosphere to his subject. He strikes a new vein in No. 92, an evening scene in Auckland harbour, remarkable for its soft purple haze and simplicity of composition. A somewhat pretty landscape by Mr. C. H. Howarth, a Southern artist, whose work appears for the first time in the Auckland exhibition, is hung in indifferent company. The glass to some extent conceals one or two obvious defects in treatment, but as a piece of picturesque, realistic work it is worthy of notice. A work that bears the stamp of the Royal Academy in No. 43, "Near the Braes of Balquhider," by Miss E. Baldwin Warr, at present of Wellington. It was hung in 1905, and is unquestionably a very fine work. It is full of light and shade hovering over the stones of an old water mill beneath, wood and splendours that the artist has caught with rare grace and charm. The whole painting is subdued into a deep poetic colour scheme, and can but convey a lasting note of beauty.

#### Life and Portraiture.

Life and portraiture abound in numbers, although the subjects of a good number of the exhibits belong to other climes than our own. Mr. C. S. Goldie (Auckland) is prominent with a number of Maori heads in characteristic poses, each a study of minute detail and a marvel of accurate draughtsmanship. His "Weary with Years" (No. 24) and "A Centenarian" (No. 11) are works of almost photographic faithfulness, poetic in conception, and flawless in the particular treatment by which the artist is well known. The first-named painting shows him in a slightly different vein hitherto. The rendering all through is potter—a style that does much to enhance its poetic value. Mr. G. I. Thompson, who was a prominent exhibitor last year, exhibits a charming study of a girl with a Japanese parasol (No. 16). It stands out in the whole exhibition for its purity of colour and freshness of treatment. The sense of subdued sunlight and heat is very realistic. It ranks as one of the pictures of the year. The canvases of Mrs. Elizabeth Kelly, who also hangs from the south, are no less

prominent. "The Blue Kimona" (No. 44) is a delightful piece of pure painting, impressionistic and full of striking values in light and shade. Her "Girl with a Guitar" is an equally bold conception, combining accuracy of draughtsmanship with a freedom of execution that is as captivating as it is original. She uses browns and ochres to considerable effect in building up a poetic and attractive colour subject. "In My Garden" is a striking canvas rendered much in the same way, but it does not balance with the nicety of composition that belongs to her two other works already named. A trifle more subdued in tone and treatment is a fine canvas by her husband (Mr. C. Fletcher Kelly), entitled "Girl Blowing Bubbles." Miss Maud Williams (Auckland), who is at present abroad, sends in a striking work called "On the Ramparts, Montreuil" (No. 27). It is a painting of great promise. Some people may wonder at the vigour with which broad splashes of colour have been applied and the apparent subjection of detail to masses. Miss Williams is obviously under modern French influence, and as such her work is to be welcomed for the directness and brilliance with which its effects are secured. Her art is impressionistic to a marked degree, and shows great quality. One has only to stand off a short distance and take in the whole painting collectively to realise the excellence of her methods. A portrait of Mr. E. W. Barton, by Mr. A. F. Nicholl, is characterised by vigorous treatment throughout. Amongst numerous other personal canvases is "A Portrait," by Mr. Lindley Richardson, R.B.A. (Wellington), which was exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists, London. It is one of the finest works in the exhibition, showing matured talent and methods that ought to recommend themselves to the younger artists of the Dominion who are anxious to see good painting.

#### Miscellaneous Oils.

Amongst the miscellaneous oils, Mr. R. Proctor (Christchurch) has a number of Venetian views on the lme, and without exception they all reach the high-water mark of good work. "A Doorway on the Giudecca" (No. 37) and "An Adriatic Trader" (No. 84) are subjects that will recall many vivid memories for those who know Venice and its artistic charms.

The water colours form a considerable section of the exhibition, and must wait for notice till next week.

#### THOMAS BALLINGER AND CO.

(See pages 18 and 19.)

Messrs. Thomas Ballinger and Co., Ltd., of Victoria Street, Wellington, are among the most progressive plumbing supply merchants in the Dominion. They have during the last year added to their already large premises by purchasing over half-an-acre of land fronting Dixon Street, upon which there is a large building which they are fitting up for their manufacturing department.

This business was started originally by Mr. Thomas Ballinger in 1876. In 1894 it was formed into a limited liability company, and the progress since then has been very substantial. In 1904 they erected the fine fireproof building in Victoria Street of five stories and basement, and now only five years later they require more room for the growing business.

The articles manufactured include every description of plumbers', gasfitters', and electricians' brasswork, and at the time of our visit some very fine brass castings in connection with a counter screen for one of the new banks in Wellington were being made.

Last year they held the contract for the supply of all the brasswork for the Wellington City Council, which included the tramway supplies, and previous to that they secured the contract for the brasswork for the overhead equipment of the Karori extension of the tramway system. In each case satisfaction was expressed at the prompt way the work

was turned out; and it is chiefly through this feature of their business that the success lies, for "prompt delivery" is one of the mottoes of the firm.

Messrs. Thomas Ballinger and Co., Ltd., hold several patents which have been very successful, prominent among which is the "Empire" Patent Ventilating Skylight. This invention has caught on and in spite of all opposition is gaining in favour with architects and builders. Another invention is the "Empire" Patent Clip Spouting Bracket, the sales of which totalled up to April 30th last no fewer than 1,110,360.

The latest invention they have placed on the market is a Cinder Sifter, which should be in every home, as it is a wonderful fuel saver, and gives no trouble to work.

Another patent owned by the firm is the "Excelsior" Acetylene Gas Generator, and these generators are finding their way into all parts of the country.

The firm hold the agency for the "Douglas" Patent Bath Heater, which is used largely all over the Dominion, owing to its economy of gas consumption, and the latest agency in this line they have is for Fischer's Hot Water Heaters both for fuel and gas, and a good trade is expected when this article gets going.

A local agency is held for the Rider Ericsson Hot Air Pumping Engine, a machine invaluable to farmers and others for lifting water.

Still another agency is for Lumby's "Solar" Hot Water Boilers and Radiators. Although a new agency several buildings both for Government and private bodies have been fitted up, and every satisfaction is expressed with the working.

The firm are also the erecting agents for the Grinnell Sprinkler and Fire Alarm, a world-famous fire-fighting appliance. At present a contract is in hand for the installation in Messrs. Kirkeleidis and Stains' drapery establishment; this is the largest of the many Grinnell installations in the Dominion.

Messrs. Thomas Ballinger and Co., Ltd., have the best and most up-to-date machinery for the manufacture of O.G. spouting, rigging, and kindred lines, and the quantity turned out during the year runs into miles in length.

They also make what is known as small corrugated iron. This is used for lining ceilings of buildings, such as hospitals, and walls of bath rooms, and hoods for baths are made from zinc corrugated in the same dies.

Copper Corrugated Cylinders and Copper Washing Boilers are manufactured and this is another growing branch of the firm.

Lead head nails is a side line, and a good steady trade is done in this.

The whole of the machinery used in these manufactures is driven by a 40 h.p. suction gas producer engine—in itself a wonder of economy and efficiency.

Messrs. Thomas Ballinger and Co., Ltd., are direct importers of every description of plumbers' supplies, and a very active and extensive business is done both in town and country amongst plumbers and kindred trades. A large and varied stock is held of cast iron, enamelled baths, also cast iron enamelled and stamped steel enamelled sinks, cast iron coil and rain-water pipes and fittings. Of sanitary earthenware they hold a big stock, and the latest novelty is the "Medicus" wash basin, which should have a big run. All styles of gasoliers are imported for ordinary and acetylene gas, and several special lines of gas fittings are manufactured by the company. A number of our public buildings have the firm's gas-fittings installed. Electric fittings are also stocked, both for lighting and bell work.

All classes of plumbers' brass work is imported, both in nickel and polished brass, and a good trade is done. We saw several novelties in these, such as soap and sponge baskets, towel racks, bath seats, and shower rings.

On the last visit of the managing director to England, he secured the agency for Medway's Patent Safety Lifts and Elevators, and one has been installed for passengers in the Victoria-street

building. This elevator is the first of its kind in the Dominion, and its special feature is that no attendant is required. The lift is very simply operated by a system of push buttons, which are fixed on each landing. All that is necessary is to push the button at the landing, and the lift will automatically come to a stop at that landing, simultaneously unlocking the door, and throwing all the other switches out of action, thus ensuring perfect safety in working. The passenger then enters the car, and after shutting the door pushes the button inside the lift corresponding to the floor he wishes to go to. The lift then moves to that floor, and stops and unlocks the door at that landing; the whole action being automatic.

From the foregoing it will readily be admitted that Messrs. Thomas Ballinger and Co., Ltd., may fairly claim to have illustrated that "Progress" which is the aim of every up-to-date firm. A business of such an extent and influence, embracing as it does such a multiplicity of operations and interests, is a credit not only to the founder of the firm and his co-directors, but also to the Dominion and to Wellington in particular.

#### THE MUKTI MISSION.

#### CHILD-WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF INDIA.

Pandita Ramabai's mission to the child widows of India, though comparatively unknown to many, is yet one of the greatest missionary movements of the twentieth century. A high-caste Brahman widow of high scholastic attainments herself, Pandita Ramabai, converted to the Christian faith some 25 years ago, at once began to do what she could for the evangelisation of India, and thus help to bring about the amelioration of the conditions of the unfortunate child-widows and orphans of that vast and densely-populated country.

In 1889 she established a home for child-widows and orphans, and her work has so increased that at present the buildings and recreation grounds of the home at Mukti, Poona district, India, cover some 14 acres, and provide shelter for no fewer than 1600 inmates, who have been thus rescued from the most abject forms of slavery and suffering, and in many cases rescued from being inmates of the temples, which means lives of shame. The Pandita and the workers associated with her aim at training the young women and girls sheltered in the home, mentally, morally, and spiritually. They are kept well employed in the various forms of industry, and after receiving a thorough training go out as teachers or Bible women to work in different missions, and many of them get married and settle happily in their own homes. Many of the younger girls go out in bands to visit the villages around and itinerate in the country districts and visit the places of pilgrimage for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the women pilgrims. Specially trained leaders are required for this work, but very few are available, and many of these girls, who might otherwise be doing good work, are prevented from labouring in the cause. The Pandita is now appealing for 200 European workers in order that the work commenced might go forward. How great are the demands for women workers may readily be seen from the fact that 40,000,000 of India's women are shut up in Zenanas, and there are no fewer than 20,000,000 of widows in India, of whom 391,147 are under 15 years of age, 115,885 under ten years, 19,491 under five years, 1064 under 12 months. To meet the present needs of the institution, £20 is daily required, for which the Pandita depends solely on voluntary contributions. Further information regarding the mission may be obtained from Miss Seaman, care of Y.W.C.A., Auckland, who is the Auckland secretary, or from Mrs. George Mackenzie, Queenstown, Otago, the general secretary of the New Zealand Auxiliary Council of the mission.

LARGE FUR RUGS FOR MOTORING, FOR DRAWING-ROOM, OR 1/2 BED QUILTS, OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, 78s. = 54ins, FROM £10 EACH.  
LARGE AND MOST ELEGANT ARCTIC WHITE FOX STOLAS AND MUFFS, OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, OF THE RICHEST SELECTED SKINS, AND BEST WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED. OTHER FURS ALSO.

**A. Weniger, LONDON MANUFACTURING FURRIER, 52 Vivian Street, Wellington, N.Z.**

N.B.—We wish to draw the attention of all intending purchasers that we let no goods go without the full money at time of purchase.



In the Forest.



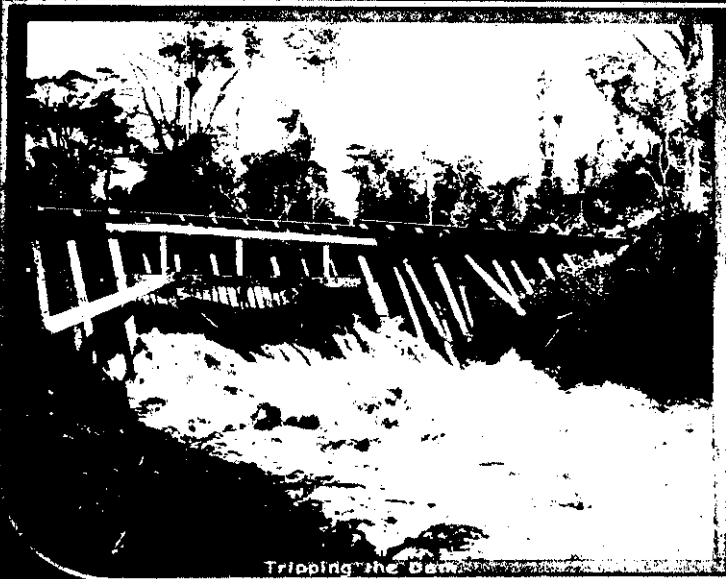
The Bush Tramway.



Rolling the logs.



Logs ready for the Drive.

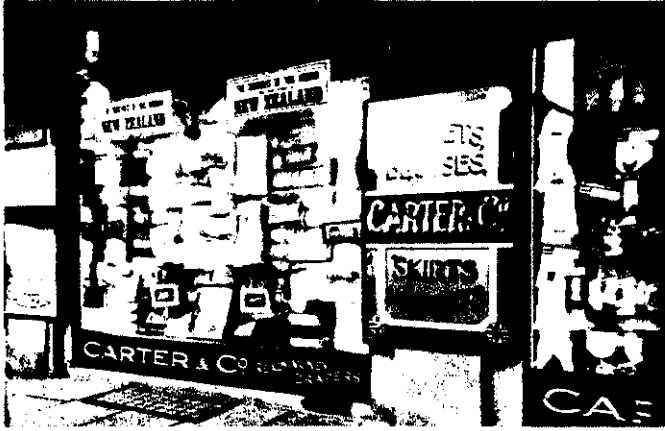


Tripping the Dam.

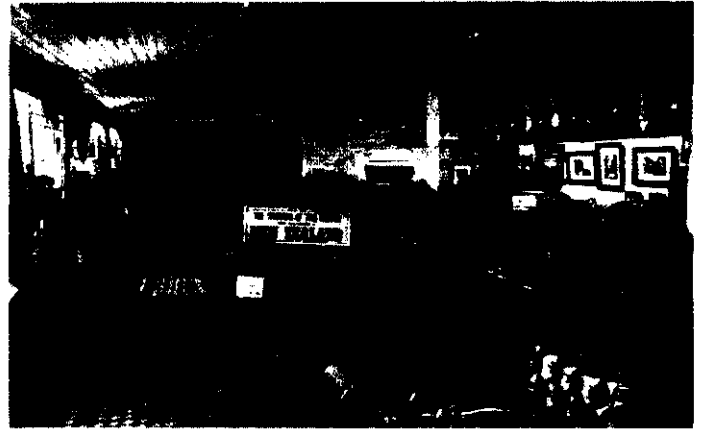


HOW THE DOMINION BUSH IS VANISHING.

(See pages 20 and 21.)



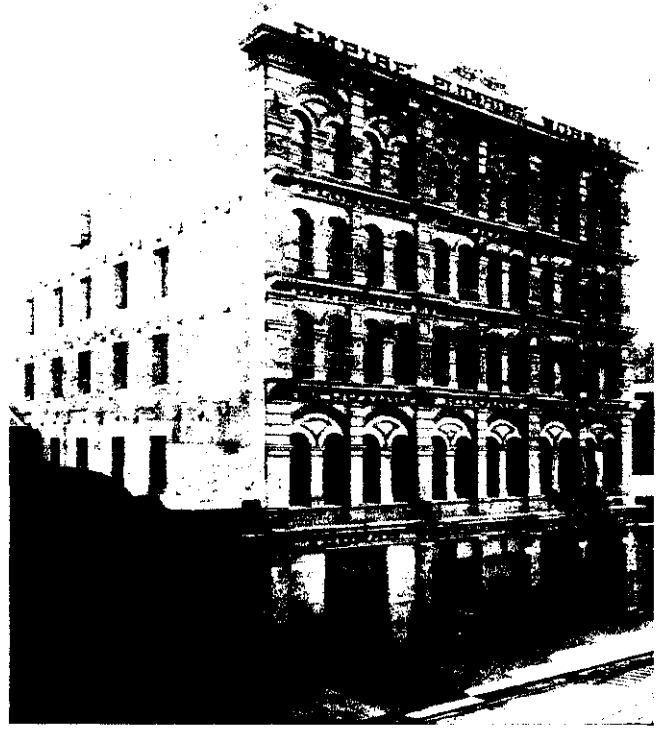
SEASONABLE—PETONE BLANKETS AND RUGS.



MR. H. FIELDER'S EXHIBIT OF FURNITURE.



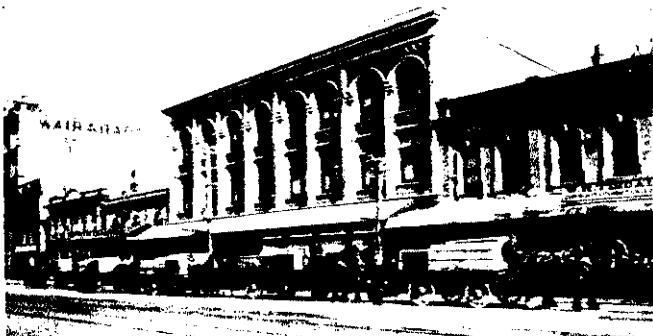
MESSRS. THOMAS BALLINGER AND CO'S SHOWROOM AT THE HEAD OFFICE IN VICTORIA STREET, WELLINGTON.



MESSRS. THOMAS BALLINGER AND CO'S VICTORIA-STREET BUILDING.



THE COPPER-SMITHS' SHOP AT MESSRS. THOMAS BALLINGER AND CO'S DIXON-STREET WORKS.



BILLIARD TABLE INDUSTRY—A GOOD SHIPMENT FROM MESSRS. ALCOCK'S WELLINGTON FACTORY. NINE TABLES FOR HOARE AND BELL'S NEW BILLIARD ROOM, DUNEDIN.



THE VICTORIA STREET EXHIBIT OF MESSRS. THOMAS BALLINGER AND CO., LIMITED.

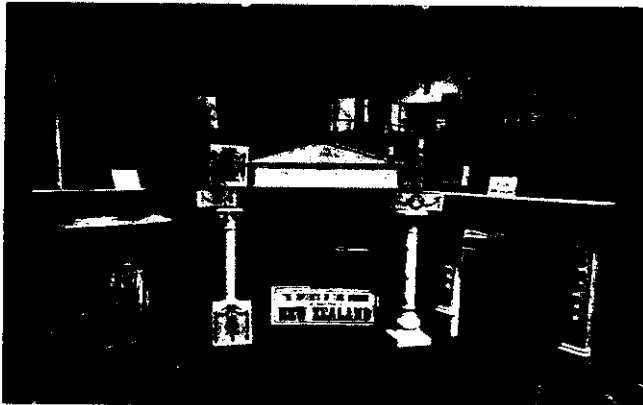
**INDUSTRIES WEEK IN WELLINGTON.**

At the 150 exhibitors made displays last week in Wellington under the auspices of the Wellington Provincial Industrial Association and New Zealand Sash-makers Association, to show how manufacturing is now carried on in many lines quite as successfully in New Zealand as in other countries.





SOME OF THE EMPLOYEES AT CABLE'S WELL-KNOWN FOUNDRY.



MR. H. FIELDER'S EXHIBIT OF MANTLEPIECES AND COMPOSITION PEDESTALS, PANELS AND DOOR PEDIMENT.



INTERIOR OF MESSRS. THOMAS BALLINGER AND CO'S DIXON STREET BRANCH.

Timber photo.

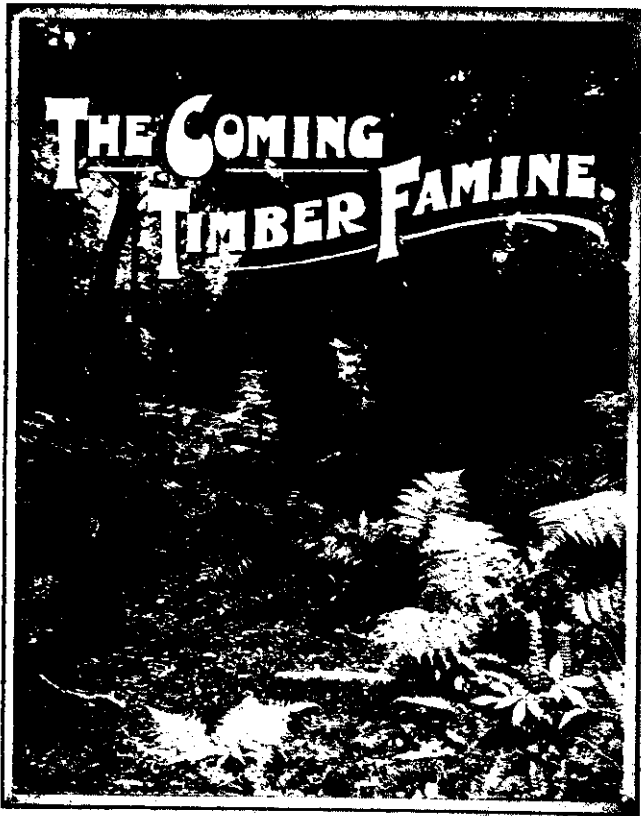
INDUSTRIES WEEK IN WELLINGTON.



Timber photo.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS' CONFERENCE IN WELLINGTON.

That interesting set the Quakers held their annual conference in Wellington last week, among the Friends present being Dr. Thomas Holkin, D.D., Litt.D., who is visiting New Zealand as a representative of English Friends. He is sitting in the middle of the front row.



### The Evils of Deforestation.

III.

(By J. P. GROSSMANN, M.A., Director of School of Commerce, A.U.C.)

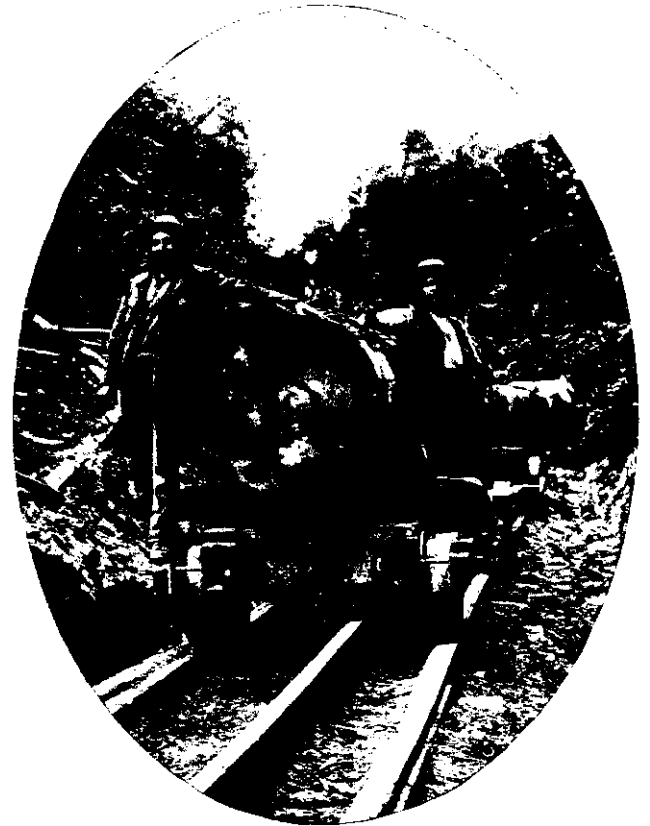
#### What It Means To Us.

To realise what this coming timber famine may mean to the world at large, we have only to consider the countless uses to which timber is now applied. "In almost every undertaking, great or small," Mr. J. H. Young reminds us, "timber plays a more or less conspicuous part, and for numerous industries it is quite impossible to supplant it with any other substance. Thousands of tons are swat-

lowed up every year for pit-props in mines; railway sleepers constitute a demand that must run up a big bill per annum, not to mention the many other uses for which wood is absolutely essential in the equipment and working of railways; while everybody, of course, knows that for the building trades timber is the base of their existence." Among the many by-products of the forests we may mention paving-blocks, dye-stuffs, tanning material, which all represent a heavy drain upon our resources; while for resin and turpentine immense quantities of trees are annually destroyed. But tremendous as is the expenditure of timber on these purposes, it falls far short of the enormous amount utilised every year in the manufacture of

paper. "The United States alone use 8,000,000 tons of wood annually for this purpose; over 2,000,000 tons are used by Germany, 1,000,000 tons by Canada, over 1,000,000 tons by Sweden, 200,000 tons by Russia, while Britain's bill for wood pulp in 1908 was very little short of £3,000,000." An ingenious American

a condition of things that has never been paralleled since the first advent of human life on this planet. Marsh and other distinguished authorities have pointed out that all the available evidence indicates that the habitable earth was originally covered by dense forests in almost every portion. The in-



THE ROAD TO THE MILL.

has figured out that a big paper like the "Chicago Tribune" uses 20,000 lbs. of paper each Sunday, and 400,000 lbs. for the week, in other words about 40 acres of forest for one week's work. Perhaps this fact is enough to give some faint idea of the constant depletions that the progress of civilisation makes in this direction upon the resources of Nature.

#### The Case of America.

It is important to observe that we are gradually creating

roads made by man upon the natural bush were at first of slight importance, and easily repaired; and it is only within comparatively modern times that the accumulated effects of his reckless destruction of the forests has begun to produce any pronounced diminution of the available timber supply. But with the great industrial and commercial changes, and the marvelous improvements in transport facilities that marked the course of the last century, the ravages of Man have told with ever-growing rapidity upon the forests, and the rate of destruction increases every year. Nowhere in the world are these important facts so clearly evidenced as in America, once regarded as an absolutely inexhaustible source of supply. But if the Americans themselves estimate the position accurately, they will soon have too little timber on hand to supply their own immediate needs. "We have reaped our forests," says Mr. E. Hough in the article I have already cited on "The Slaughter of the Trees; "we have reaped our forests as sheep reap the grass lands, leaving nothing behind to grow. We have used ever-increasing appliances for speed and thoroughness to supply an ever increasing demand at an ever-increasing price. We are converging in ever increasing numbers with an ever-increasing zeal upon what is left; and in our haste to get it all, we are permitting an ever-increasing waste and ruin of the original supply." The falling-off in the reserve stock of timber is plainly indicated by the constant inclusion of forest trees, once deemed worthless in the list of industrial woods. Among American hardwoods are now classified beech, sycamore, gums, anything that will saw into a board." On the Pacific coast only the finest redwood was first cut, then the Douglas fir or Oregon pine, now the hemlock, cedar, anything that will hold a saw blade." In seven years, it is said, the production of hardwoods in America has fallen off 15 per cent.; and according to Mr Hough, "it will take us 16 years to use up all the rest of our hardwood if we do not burn it and if the demand remains the same." Unfortunately, the one thing certain is that the demand will increase. Moreover, it



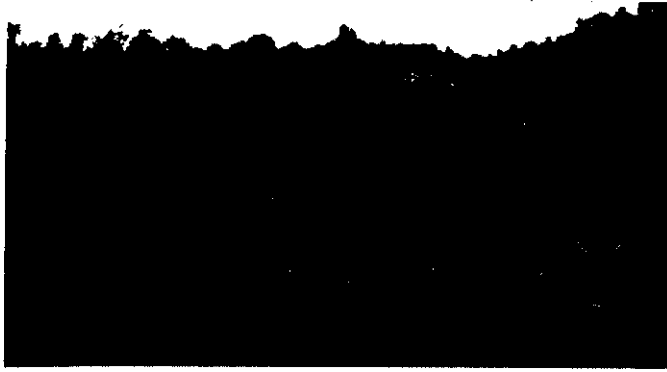
EXTRACT FROM "WEEKLY GRAPHIC," MAY 19, 1909—"AN OLD-TIME PICTURE OF A DEAD INDUSTRY."

is almost equally certain that much of the existing supply will be destroyed by fire. "Of all the timber now left standing in America to represent our entire future supply, the lumberman will use

"Will there be a timber famine?" asks Mr. J. H. Young in a recent issue of the "World's Work" (Eng. ed.), and his answer to this momentous question opens in the following ominous terms:—

upon our wood supply is bound to be seriously imperilled in the future." This warning is directed more particularly to the United Kingdom, but unfortunately it applies at least as emphatically to nearly every other country in the world. In one sense it is quite unnecessary to pile up huge masses of statistics to illustrate what must be a sufficiently obvious truth. For it is self-evident that the forest resources of the world are not inexhaustible, and that if they are continually being cut

that appeared recently in the Melbourne "Age." "The world's timber supplies are rapidly diminishing, and in almost every country the circumstance is causing an apprehension bordering on consternation, for the demand for timber all the world over is steadily and speedily augmenting. It was estimated not long ago by an Afforestation Committee in Britain that if the present rate of consumption is maintained the timber supplies of Europe and America will be



A DEFORESTED HILLSIDE.

The rain water runs off as fast as it falls, carrying much of the soil with it.

less than one-half. The other half will never be taken out of the woods at all. Three-fourths of that half may never be cut, but may be set on fire and burned

**Facts and Figures.**

"The alarming rate at which the world's supply of timber is being depleted is causing the gravest anxiety to



HOW NOT TO CUT DOWN BUSH.

as it stands." There are about 450,000,000 acres of commercial timber left in the United States, bearing about 2,000,000,000,000 feet of marketable woods. But experts say that the yellow pine will last hardly 15 years at the present rate of consumption, and that the Douglas fir or Oregon pine will not stand more than 25 to 30 years of the present demand. In the whole United States more than 100,000 acres of timber are cut over every working day; and taking into account the losses occasioned by fire, it is evident that unless something is done to retard the rate of consumption or to replenish the supply, America's stock of timber is rapidly nearing the point of absolute annihilation.

**The Coming Timber Famine.**

Very few people have any conception of the enormous demands being constantly made upon the world's available stock of timber, the extent to which the existing supplies are being annually diminished, and the extraordinarily serious consequences that must ensue if nothing is done in the near future to grapple with the emergency thus created. It is generally known in New Zealand that our kauri is within measurable distance of extinction, and that many of our most valuable indigenous trees cannot long hold out against the constantly increasing demand. But even the people most directly interested in our sawmills or in the importation of Oregon pine do not seem to realise that the shortage in our timber output is merely a single phase of a widespread falling off in the world's supply of timber, and that in no long period of time we will be unable to replenish our stock by importations from other countries except at a ruinous cost.

those who are interested in afforestation, and many authorities on timber-growing affirm that unless the State undertakes some scheme of silviculture, the very existence of the many industries dependent



WHERE THE OREGON PINE GROWS.

down without being replaced, the day must come sooner or later when the demand for timber will no longer find means to satisfy itself. This is, of course, a mere truism, but like many other truisms it is not sufficiently appreciated by people in general, and this must be my excuse for labouring a point that certainly needs very little corroborative testimony. However, it may help to drive the argument home if I add here a few figures bearing on this question of the diminution of the world's timber stock, quoted from an interesting article

exhausted in another twenty years. Britain annually imports 5,000,000,000 superficial feet of timber, and her consumption, according to the latest available returns, increased in 1906 by 633,000,000 feet. Germany has a well-organised Forest Department, and one-fourth of her area is under forest; nevertheless she imports nearly 3,000,000,000 superficial feet per year. France has one-fifth of her area under forest, and she employs 5000 officers in the work

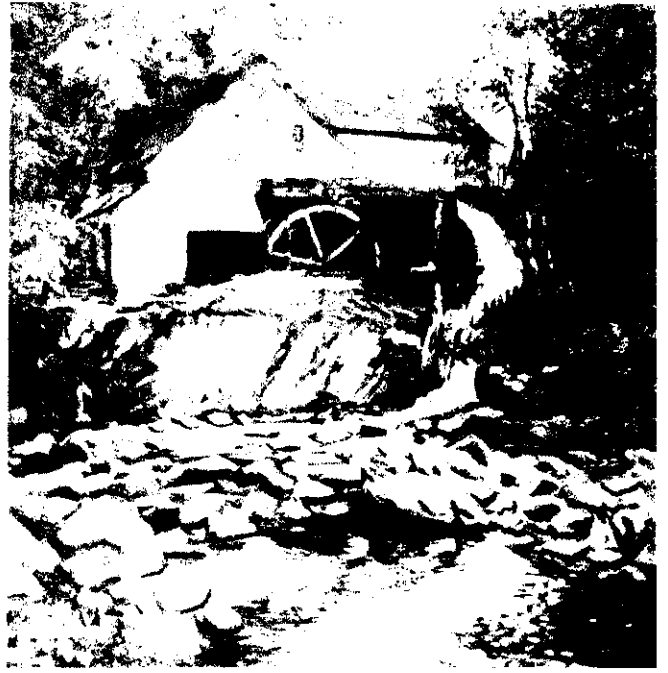
Continued on page 42.



THE PATH OF THE DESTROYER—ROAD MAKING IN THE BUSH.



"IN MY GARDEN," BY MISS A. ELIZABETH KELLY.  
(43 x 33, OIL.)



NEAR THE BRAES OF BALQUHEDDER, BY MISS E. BALDWIN WARN  
(EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1905).  
(24 x 22, OIL.)



LIFE IN A SPANISH STREET, BY C. N. WORSLEY.  
(50 x 30, Water Colour.)



A VENETIAN CHURCH, BY R. PROCTOR.  
(19 x 15, OIL.)

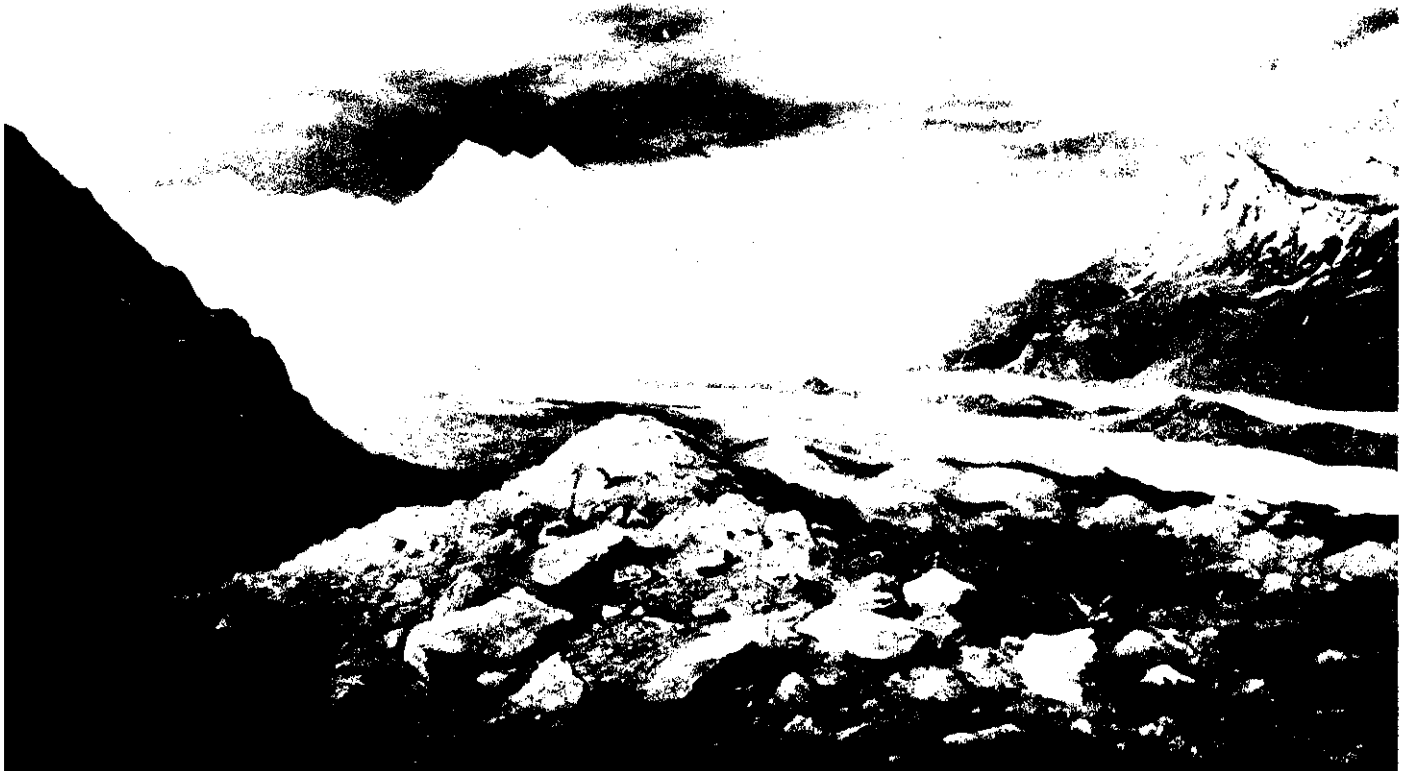
PICTURES FROM THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS' ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

The annual Exhibition, held under the auspices of the Auckland Society of Arts, will be opened this evening in the Society's Gallery, Colburn-street, by His Excellency the Governor. Over 350 canvases have been hung, and the exhibition promises to be most successful.



(75 x 43, Oil)

"THE CLOSE OF DAY," BY F. WRIGHT.

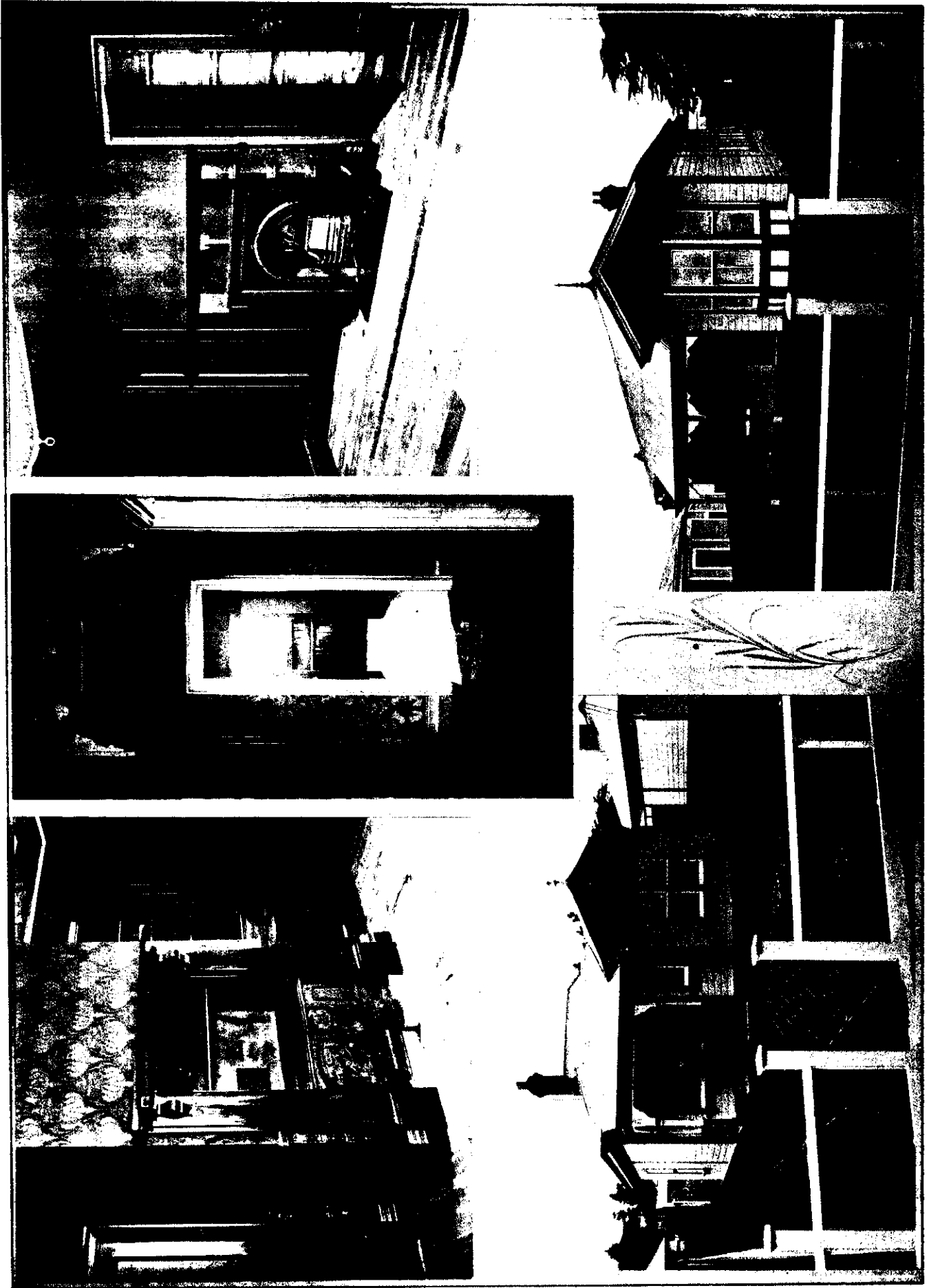


(72 x 48, Oil)

"VALLEY OF THE TASSIAN, EVENING," BY KENNETT WATKINS.

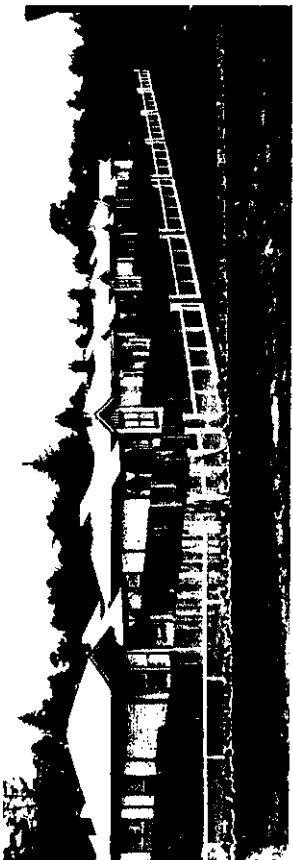
PICTURES FROM THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS' ANNUAL EXHIBITION.





**HOUSING THE WORKERS—COSY HOMES AT ELLERSLIE.**

On the principle that prevention is better than cure, the Government is attempting to obviate the possibility of slums in the cities by giving the workers facilities for living in the suburbs. The latest houses erected under the Workmen's Dwellings Scheme have just been finished at Ellerslie, five miles from Auckland. (1) Comfortable kitchen. (2) A passage. (3) Living-room. (4) Four-roomed cottage. (5) A five-roomed home



THE COTTAGES ARE RIGHT ALONGSIDE THE RAILWAY, THIS PHOTOGRAPH BEING TAKEN FROM THE STATION.



LOOKING WEST.



FIVE-ROOMED COTTAGE OF PARTICULARLY NEAT DESIGN.



A COMFORTABLE FOUR-ROOMED COTTAGE.



ANOTHER FIVE-ROOMED DESIGN.

**WORKERS' HOMES AT ELLERSLIE, AUCKLAND.**

The houses are fitted with every convenience, hot and cold water, bath, gas, with wash-house, etc., under the same roof, this doing away with unsightly outbuildings. There is a nice piece of land to each place, size averaging about 30 poles. The rents will range approximately from 11/- to 13/- per week. Mr. B. A. Hitchings (formerly of Wellington, and now of Ellerslie) was the contractor, and the work was supervised by Mr. W. B. Utley (Inspector of Works). The architect was Mr. Woburn Temple (Government Architect for Workers' Dwellings).



J. R. Hanna, photo.

**NEW PLYMOUTH'S MASONIC HOSTS.**

The Brethren who recently paid a visit to New Plymouth during the sitting of the Grand Lodge were unanimous in their praise of the splendid manner in which they were entertained. The names in the group are: **BACK ROW** (from left): Bro. G. T. Murray, J.W.; Wor. Bro. Frank E. Wilson, P.M.; V. Wor. Bro. Rev. F. G. Evans, I.G.; H. Wor. Bro. F. P. Gorkill, P.W. G.M. (Chairman); Wor. Bro. J. S. S. Medley, P.M., and Wor. Bro. H. Bailey, P.M. (Secretaries); Bro. T. C. Schackenberg (Entertainment Committee). **FRONT ROW**: Bro. R. L. Mellroy, S.D.; Wor. Bro. L. C. Sladdon, W.M. (Vice-Chairman); Wor. Bro. A. D. Gray, P.M. (Finance Committee); Wor. Bro. W. H. Hadrell, P.M.; Bro. E. W. Garner (Accommodation Committee).



Muir and MacKinlay, photo.

**MR. G. F. C. CAMPBELL,**

The new general manager of the State Fire Insurance Department. Mr. Campbell belonged to the Valuation Department, which has ceased to exist as a separate Department after the recent retrenchments. He is well known in athletic circles.



**NEW COUNCIL OF THE NEW ZEALAND AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.**

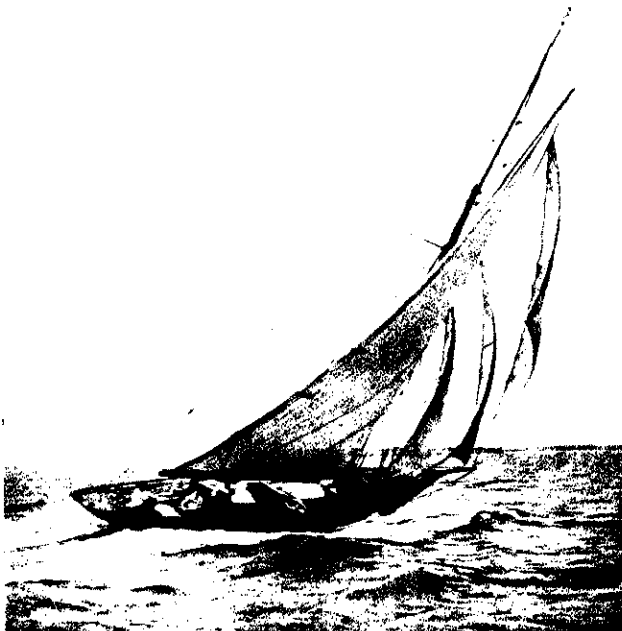
Muir and MacKinlay, photo.  
**FRONT ROW** (from Left): Messrs Stuart, Robinson (Southland), J. W. Davis (Vice-President, Canterbury), Dr. A. E. Newman (President, Wellington), A. Marriott (Vice-president and Acting Secretary-Treasurer, Otago), W. E. Larkin (Wellington). **BACK ROW** (from Left): Messrs A. Davies (Southland), W. H. Pollock (Otago), C. E. Bridge (Auckland), E. L. Chaffey (Canterbury), J. F. Thompson (Auckland).



Muir and MacKinlay, photo.

**DR. J. M. MASON,**

Who retires from the position of Director and Chief Medical Officer of the Department of Public Health. He has been temporarily appointed to discharge special duties in London.



MESSRS. JAGGER BROS' YACHT "TIDELMA" BY L. J. STEELE.  
 (39 X 25. OIL.)



"DEFIANCE" BY L. J. STEELE.  
 (11 X 8. OIL.)

**PICTURES FROM THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS' ANNUAL EXHIBITION.**



ON THE HAITAPU RIVER, BY MRS. E. M. WALROND.  
(13 x 24, Oil.)



AT NGARUAWAHIA, BY WALTER WRIGHT.  
(20 x 12, Oil.)



GENSER TERRACE, WILAKAREWAREWA, BY CHAS. BLOOMFIELD.  
(36 x 22, Oil.)

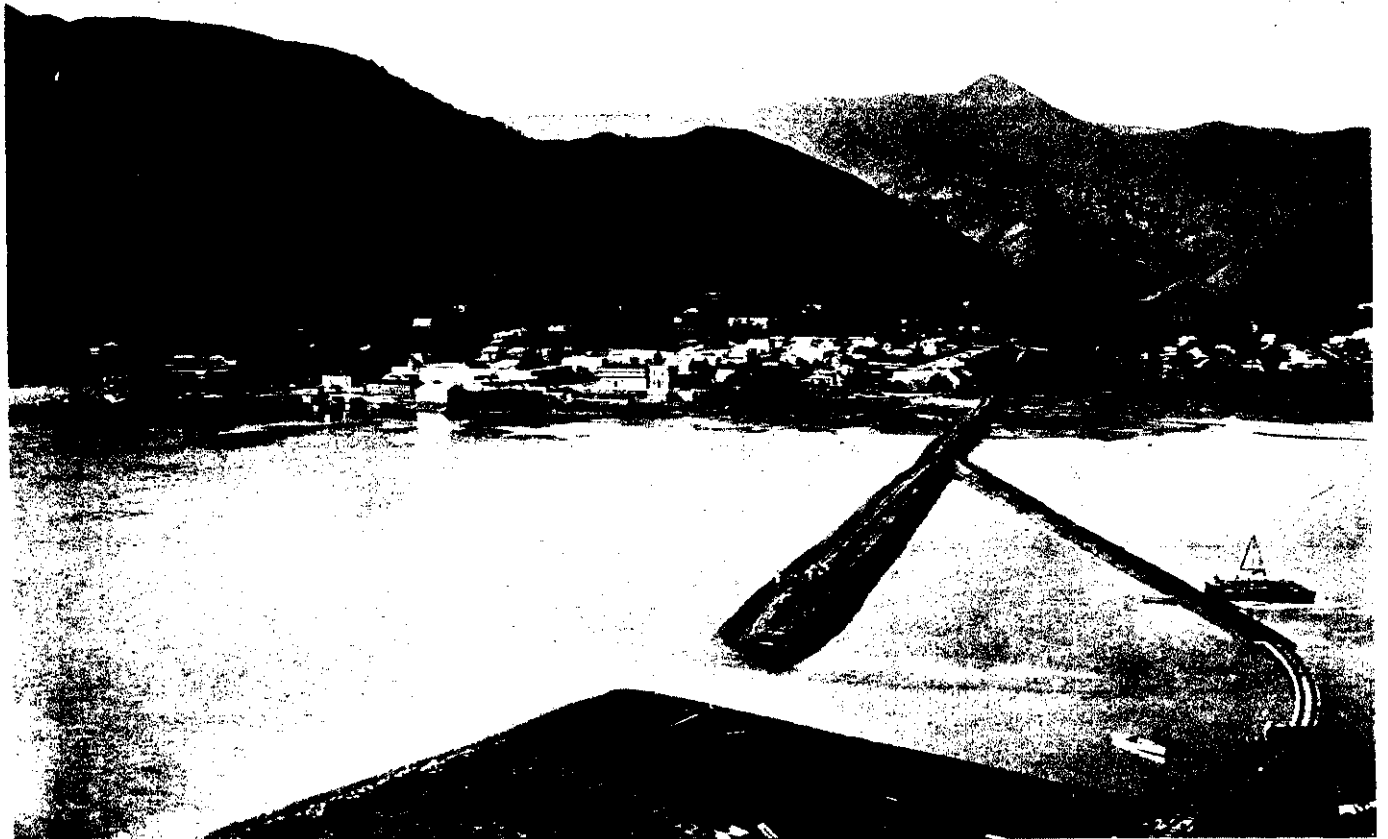


NEAR HOTEU, BY T. L. DRUMMOND.  
(36 x 29, Oil.)

PICTURES FROM THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS' ANNUAL EXHIBITION.



THE EARTH SHOOTS AND SITE OF THE WHARF AND STATION.



J. R. AUSTON, photo.

A VIEW OF THE WORK FROM TOP OF THE EARTH SHOOTS.

The wharf and station will occupy the foreground and the engine and goods sheds are to be placed nearer the shore.

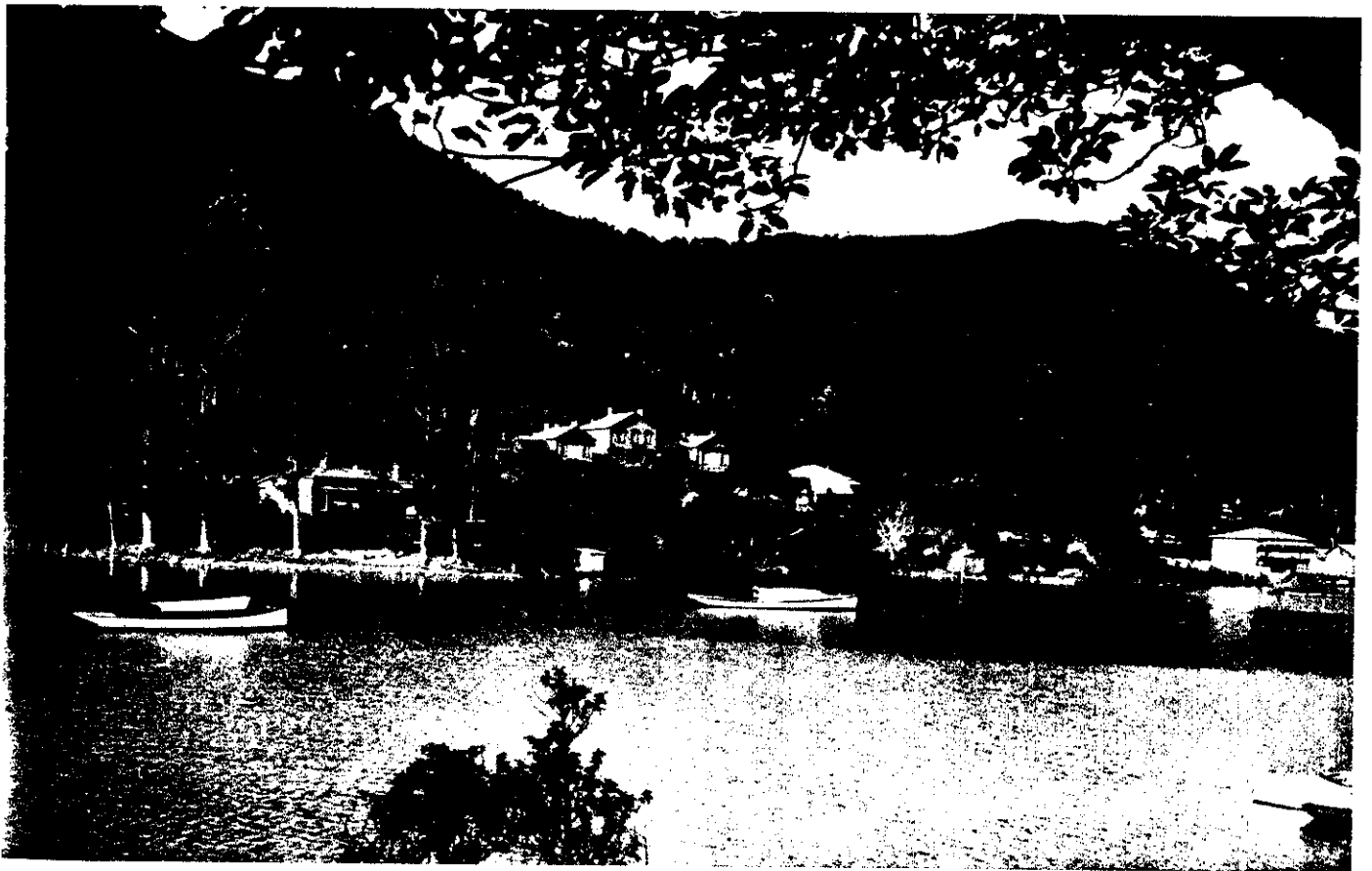
### RECLAMATION WORKS AT PROGRESSIVE PICTON.

Pictou, at the head of Queen Charlotte Sound, Marlborough, 18 miles from Blenheim and 50 miles from Wellington, is just now undertaking important reclamation works for railway accommodation and a railway wharf, which will add greatly to the facilities of the port. Pictou is visited by the biggest cargo boats, which take away grain, wool, hemp and frozen mutton.





LOOKING ACROSS THE BRIDGE BETWEEN THE DOMAIN AND THE TOWN.



J. R. Akersten, photo.

THE SUBURBS AND HOSPITAL FROM THE DOMAIN.

TWO PRETTY PEEPS AT PICTON,



THE SHIP'S PET—AN AUSTRALIAN GISSUM.



TELLING OFF MEN FOR DUTY.



LAUNCH BOILER UNDER REPAIRS.



AT THE BIG GUN.



INSTRUCTORS.



CLEANING THE SEARCHLIGHT.



CLEANING UP.



THE SMITHS.



SHINING BRASSWORK.



SWABBING DECKS.

TRAINING NAVAL RESERVISTS.

SNAPSOTS ON H.M.S. PIONEER IN AUCKLAND HARBOUR.

The Pioneer has 22 Reservists on board, undergoing their annual drill. Reservists must be seafaring men, and they are called upon for drill every year—seamen putting in a month and trawlers a fortnight. They receive £8 per annum, and slightly increased pay when they have qualified as "trained men."



MISS JOAN MCGREGOR.  
Now touring the Dominion on behalf  
of the Ramahai Mission.



FATHER THOMAS LAWS.  
Who has just retired after 49 years'  
service as a local preacher in the Napier  
circuit—a record which is probably  
unique in the Dominion.



MR. C. ROBIESON.  
Chief clerk in the Tourist Department,  
who becomes director of tourist and  
health resorts under the Agricultural  
Department, which now controls the  
Tourist Department.



MR. R. FOWLER.  
Of Te Kopuru, Northern Wairoa, now  
in his 76th year, an Empire veteran,  
who is still hale and hearty in spite  
of his advancing years. He served in  
the Crimean War, and his regiment was  
in India at the time of the Mutiny. Mr.  
Fowler has two medals and two clasps.



See "Music and Drama." MISS RUTH LINCOLN.  
One of the principals in the Meynell and Gunn Comic Opera Company, which  
will produce the pantomime "Cinderella," at the Opera House, Auckland, 24th inst.



See "Music and Drama."  
MR. ANDREW HIGGINSON AS PRINCE DANILLO IN  
"THE MERRY WIDOW."

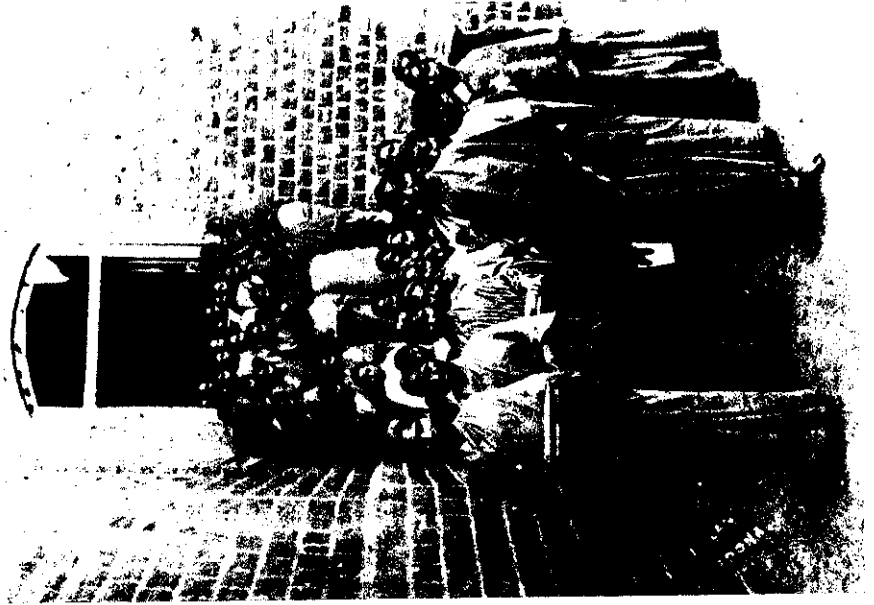
Which will be staged at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on  
Saturday next.



A SCENE FROM THE "MERRY WIDOW"—AT MAXIMS, PARIS. "A MOUSE."



SMALL CLASS OF THE KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL CONDUCTED BY THE MISSION.



COMING OUT OF CHURCH ON THE FIRST TUESDAY OF THE MONTH, WHICH IS OBSERVED AS A DAY OF PRAYER.



SOME OF THE GIRLS SUPPORTED BY NEW ZEALAND, WITH MISS COLE (OF DUNEDIN, NOW HELPING IN THE MISSION) AND MRS. GEORGE MCKENZIE.



WIDOW WORSHIPPING THE SPIRIT OF HER DEAD HUSBAND. THE MAN IN THE ROBES IS A PRIEST.



NURSES AND PATIENTS AT THE HOSPITAL.

**CHRISTIANISING THE DARK MILLIONS OF INDIA.**

Miss McGregor is delivering a series of lantern lectures on behalf of the Pandita Banabair Mukti Mission, which is of a purely unsectarian, evangelical, Christian character, designed to reach and help high caste widows, deserted wives and orphans from all parts of India.



GIRLS OF THE MISSION GATHERING VEGETABLES IN THE FIELDS.



MIL AND MRS. GEO. MCKENZIE OF QUEENSTOWN, N.Z., AND A GROUP OF THE GIRLS SUPPORTED BY FRIENDS IN NEW ZEALAND.

See "Our Illustrations."

New Zealand is at present being toured by Miss Jean McGregor, a native of Dunedin, who went out to India eight years ago to take up mission work.

# Whale-Hunting as It is Now Done

The Harpoon Gun on a Steamer—What Photographs of the Animals and of Their Capture Reveal

By ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, in "The World's Work."

LAST summer, through the kindness of the Pacific Whaling Company of Victoria, B.C., and of Captain I. N. Hibberd, of the Tye Company, Alaska, I had the privilege of spending several months at their stations studying whales for the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

One of the things which I considered of the greatest importance was to study



"SORENSEN SWUNG THE GUN TO ONE SIDE AND FIRED."

and photograph the animals in the water, for even fairly good pictures of living whales have, with one or two exceptions, never been taken. Much of my work was done on board the whaling-ships. The difficulties of such work are many and peculiar. The little whaling-steamers are almost round on the bottom. This enables them to be turned and managed with the greatest ease, but makes sea-sickness a thing to be dreaded by the ordinary man. While the vessel is rolling and pitching in the usually iniquitous waters, focusing the camera and, at the same time, keeping one's feet—to say nothing of food—becomes a feat of considerable difficulty. No matter how strenuously the stomach rebels, nor what the physical discomforts may be, a photographer of whales must be ever on the alert, for



THE HARPOON GUN.

the unexpected always happens. Perhaps a humpback whale, without a sound of warning, will throw himself clear out of the water, or open his great mouth almost at the vessel's side, but always at the place where it seems certain he

will not appear. Nevertheless, whale-hunting with a camera is a royal sport. The whaling-steamer carries a small cannon, mounted at the bow. This shoots a harpoon weighing more than one hundred pounds, and having an explosive head or point, called the "bomb." The still, tense moments of waiting, and the excitement of the instant when the great purplish body rounds up from the water directly in front of the vessel's bow, where you stand with camera focused, ready to press the button at the crash of the harpoon-gun, are enough to make the slowest pulse leap and the thickest blood quicken. Never will I forget the days in Alaska spent on board the steamer Tye, Jr., Captain Charles Gramme, while I photographed finback and humpback whales.

As we left the station in the morning, and steamed down the bay toward Frederick Sound, the sun was just peeping over the snow-capped mountains, and drove long, slanting paths through the fog, which spread itself like a thin veil low over the water ahead. On every side as far as the eye could see were mountain peaks, rich in changing colours of lavender and purple, rising above the green clothing of fir trees. Two hours of steaming among the little wooded islets of the sound brought us within sight of Cape Fanshaw, where the captain told me we might expect to see whales at any time.



The first harpoon often fails to kill the whale, and a second shot is necessary. The bomb of the second harpoon is exploding. The inflated breast of a whale already killed and fast to the boat is seen on the right.

Hardly had the words been spoken when the man in the "barrel" at the mast-head shouted:

"Whale on the port side."

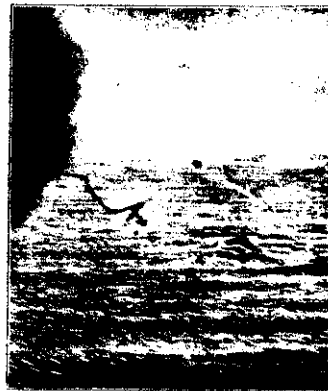
We looked to the left, and could see a faint mist just dissolving in the wind nearly half a mile away. Almost instantly another cloud of vapour shot up into the air, followed by the back and flukes of a huge whale.

"It's a humpback," said the captain, "and a big one, but he's all alone; it won't pay to chase him."

I must confess that I felt considerable disappointment as I saw the steamer keep on ahead and watched the whale, which was spouting at intervals. My fingers itched to focus the camera on that great black body, brought so close by the powerful field glasses. However, I checked my patience as best I could, and, with the glasses at my eyes, swept the water on every side.

We steamed along for some distance and then turned to the right, skirting

a little group of islands called "The Five Fingers." I was straining my eyes through the glasses along the horizon line as we rounded the point, and suddenly saw a column of white vapour shoot up into the air away off on the starboard bow; then another, and another still. The high, narrow spout, which floated off slowly on the wind as though reluctant to dissolve, showed that the whales were finbacks.



THE HARPOON IN THE AIR.

The smoke of the discharge, the harpoon, which travels more rapidly than the naked eye can follow, bits of burning wadding, the rope, and the back of the whale are seen in this photograph.

"Ting ting" went the bell in the engine room as the captain gave the signal for full speed and swung the nose of the little vessel around to the right, heading for the whales, four of them, which were spouting frequently. They were only two miles away, and soon we were so close that the loud, whistling "who-coo" of the spout could be plainly heard, as they blew and went down, leaving a long patch, or "slick," of smooth water where they sank.

I climbed down the steep ladder from the bridge to the deck, made my way forward, and stood beside the harpoon-gun with the camera in hand and plate

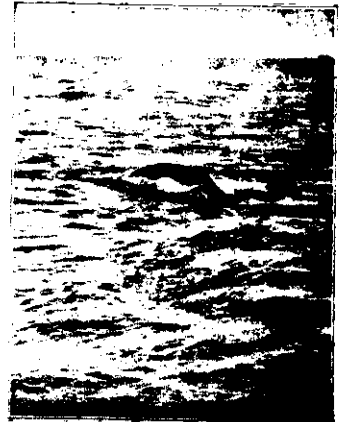


THE EYE AND THE EAR OF A SULPHUR-BOTTOM.

The eye can be seen on the left of the picture, near the mouth, and the ear is the small round opening at the right.

holders ready. The vessel had been stopped on the "slick" left by the largest of the whales, and lay gently rolling from side to side. There was not a sound to be heard but the splashing of the water against the side of the ship, and the retching and groaning of the pump.

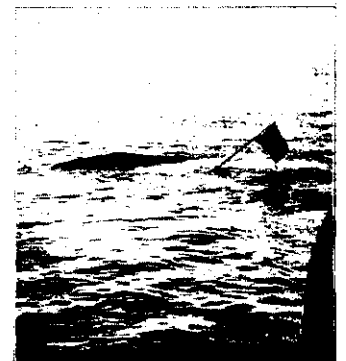
Sorensen, the gunner, stood as rigid as a statue behind the harpoon-gun, swing-



A HUMPBACK DIVING.

ing the muzzle slightly from side to side, ready for instant action. The muscles of every man on board were tense with the strain of waiting; five, ten, fifteen minutes dragged by, each one seeming an hour, and I had begun to think that the whales would never come up, when way off the starboard quarter, rose four shoots of white vapour almost together.

Immediately the quiet on the steamer was broken; "Ting-ting" sounded the bell, answered by the muffled "chug-chug-chug" of the engines, as the boat swung in a long circle. The gunner relaxed, dropped the point of the harpoon on the coil of rope in front, and ran to the galley to gulp down a cup of coffee. I drew two or three long breaths, wiped



MARKED AND LEFT AFLOAT.

A buoy with a flag is attached to the carcass and the whales are set adrift to be picked up at the end of the day's hunt.

the lens of my camera, and walked over to the starboard side. The whales were down again before we reached them, and the vessel stopped on the slick where they disappeared. Again began the tense strain of waiting, but this time not so long. Six minutes went by when the man at the mast-head yelled:

"Look out, they're coming, right ahead." Sure enough, in four emerald green patches, only 20 feet away, the water began to swirl and boil; bracing myself against a rope just behind the harpoon-gun, I focused on the smooth spot of water. Never will I forget the intense excitement of the moment when the great animals burst to the surface right beside us. My finger trembled on the button of the camera, but I waited for the shot. Glancing to one side, I could see Sorensen half stooping, as he swung the heavy gun about and sighted along the barrel at the great purplish body, arching itself for the dive. I began to wonder if he would never shoot,

but, just as the fin came into view, he pressed the trigger, and the explosion shook the little vessel from bow to stern. The whale sank in a swirl of green water, and an instant later we heard a muffled report—the bomb had exploded and the taut line hanging straight down from the bow told that the great animal was dead with never a fight for life.

There was not a sound on the vessel for a short time. Then Sorensen, who had been leaning over the side looking fixedly down into the water, straightened up with a sigh of relief, wiped his forehead, and said:

"I hit him just right, sir; he won't give us any trouble."

The men were moving about, going quietly to their places. Looking up at the bridge, I saw a satisfied grin on Captain Grabame's good-natured face. Then began the work of bringing to the surface and blowing up the dead whale. Taking a hitch about a convenient post, the rope was slacked and run through a pulley-block at the mast-head, to relieve the strain of raising the great body. The winch was set in motion, and for fifteen minutes nothing was heard save the steady, monotonous grind as fathom after fathom of line was wound in. Leaning over the side, I soon saw the shadowy outline of the whale's fins disappearing, nearing the surface; as he came alongside, a rope weighted with lead was thrown under his flukes, a chain drawn about them by means of it, and the body made fast, tail foremost, to the



THE HARPOON AS IT STRIKES THE WHALE.

This remarkable photograph, the successful snapshot after a score of failures, shows the harpoon just entering the body.

through the blubber from tail to head, along the back, side, and breast. A steel wire is fastened to the end of one of the strips, the winch is started, and slowly the great piece of blubber is torn away, as one would peel an orange. When both sides of the whale have been flensed, the entrails are removed and the body hauled to the "carcass platform" at right angles to the slip, where the skeleton is stripped of flesh, disarticulated, and the bones chopped in pieces. Not a particle of the animal is wasted; the blubber is "tried out" for oil, and the meat and bones are boiled for the same purpose. Later the flesh is artificially dried and sifted, making a very fine guano, and the bones are ground up for fertilizer. Even the blood is boiled and dried with the flesh, and the water in which the blubber has been tried out makes excellent glue. The fins and tail, after being sliced into thin strips, salted and barreled, are marketable in Japan, where they are used for food, selling at 50 to 75 cents per pound. Perhaps some day we shall be using extract made from whale meat, for experiments are already being made to utilize the by-products in a more profitable way than by turning them into fertilizer. The flesh of the whale, if taken when the animal is first killed, is really good, and several times while I was at the stations it formed a welcome break in the usual diet.



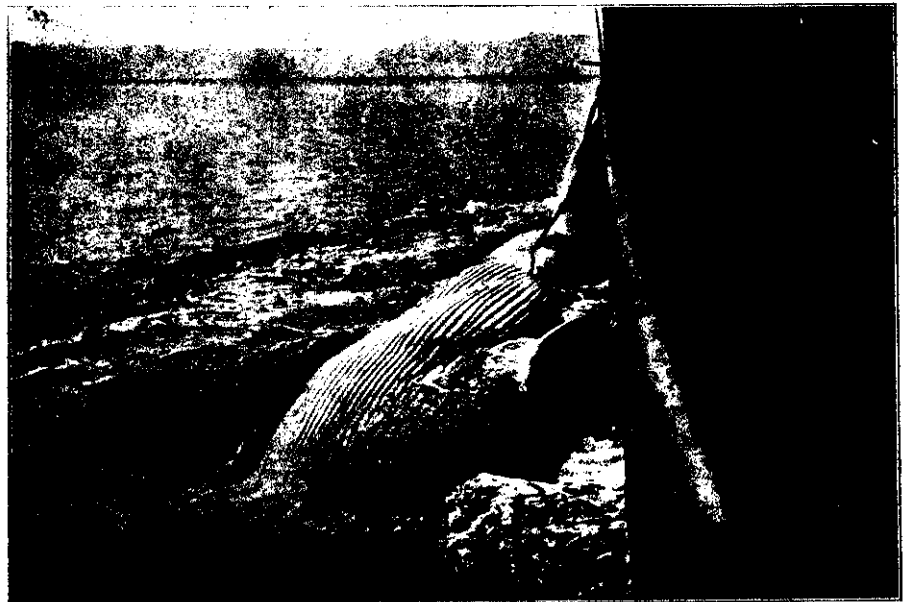
CARCASSES OF FIVE WHALES TOWED TO THE WHARF.

bow of the vessel. Hardly had the winch stopped when two men with long-handled knives set to work to cut off the lobes of the flukes, which, when severed, were swung on board.

Already other sailors were working at a long coil of small rubber hose, one end of which was attached to the engine and the other to a hollow, spear-pointed tube of steel with perforations along its entire length. This was jabbed well down into the whale's side, the engines started, and the animal slowly filled with air. When the body had been inflated sufficiently to keep it afloat, the tube was withdrawn, the incision plugged with oakum, and the chains cast off. A small buoy with a flag was then attached to the carcass, and the whole was set adrift to be picked up at the end of the day's hunting.

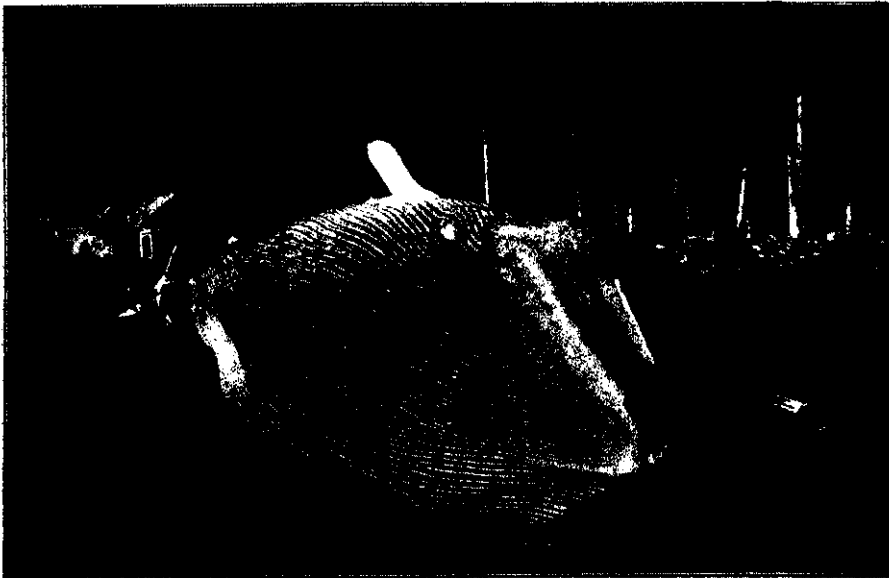
The whaling factory is a group of buildings, situated in a bay or cove near enough to the feeding grounds of the animals to allow the steamer to come in each night bringing the day's catch. The dead whales are anchored at a buoy in front of a long, inclined platform, called the "slip," upon which they are drawn tail first by means of a steam winch.

To the uninitiated, the operation of cutting up a whale affords a continual round of surprises. From the time the animal is taken upon the slip until the last piece of flesh has been put in the boiling vats, the ease and quickness with which the great carcass, weighing perhaps sixty or seventy tons, is handled seems almost incredible. Hardly have the tackles been slacked and the body becomes stationary on the slip, before the "flensers" are at work with long knives, making longitudinal incisions



INFLATING THE CARCASS TO KEEP IT AFLOAT.

A hollow steel tube is jabbed into the whale's side, and the animal is slowly filled with air by a steam pump.



AN EIGHTY-FOOT SULPHUR-BOTTOM WHALE.

### Concerning Ambergris.

Last year the British barque *Antiope* sailed from Newcastle, Australia, to San Francisco. On the voyage, in latitude 20 degrees south, a great quantity of grease was seen floating on the surface of the ocean. A calm prevailed at the time, and the sailors drew up many bucketfuls. With this grease they anointed the masts, their sea boots and oilskins. They regarded their find as ordinary grease, and wasted it as such. As a matter of fact, the grease was ambergris, and the waste was of material worth something like £5000.

Such astounding ignorance on the part of a whole shipful has no parallel. For instance, it was only a few years ago that the *Fanny Lewis*, a schooner, while on its way to Portland, Maine, came near "something white, floating on the water," as the lookout reported. This proved to be a compact mass of ambergris, the value of which was about £5000.

There is some popular confusion of ambergris with amber; in fact, however, there is no relation between them. But for a long time the nature of ambergris was hidden in mystery. In ancient days it was commonly believed that it flowed up from the bottom of the sea. Sindbad the Sailor tells of a spring of ambergris that he found; but it was in a crude state. The fish swallowed it, and then disgorged it in congealed form, and in this condition it floated on the surface of the sea.

This story harmonises perfectly with the old Arabian belief. The Hindus a thousand years ago described ambergris as a material generated by whales. In the Middle Ages, and even as late as the seventeenth century, ambergris was supposed to possess magic powers, and it was highly esteemed as a principal ingredient of love philtres.

Ambergris is an animal product, an emanation from the sperm whale. It is usually found floating on the surface of the sea along the coasts of tropical countries. The word itself means grey amber, though from the nature of the substance the final syllable has been often corrupted into "grease." The scientific theory as to its production is that it is the result of some disease in the sperm whale, analogous to gall-stones. Sometimes it is found in the intestines; but ordinarily it has been expelled by the animal. It floats in mass, and is of a speckled grey appearance.

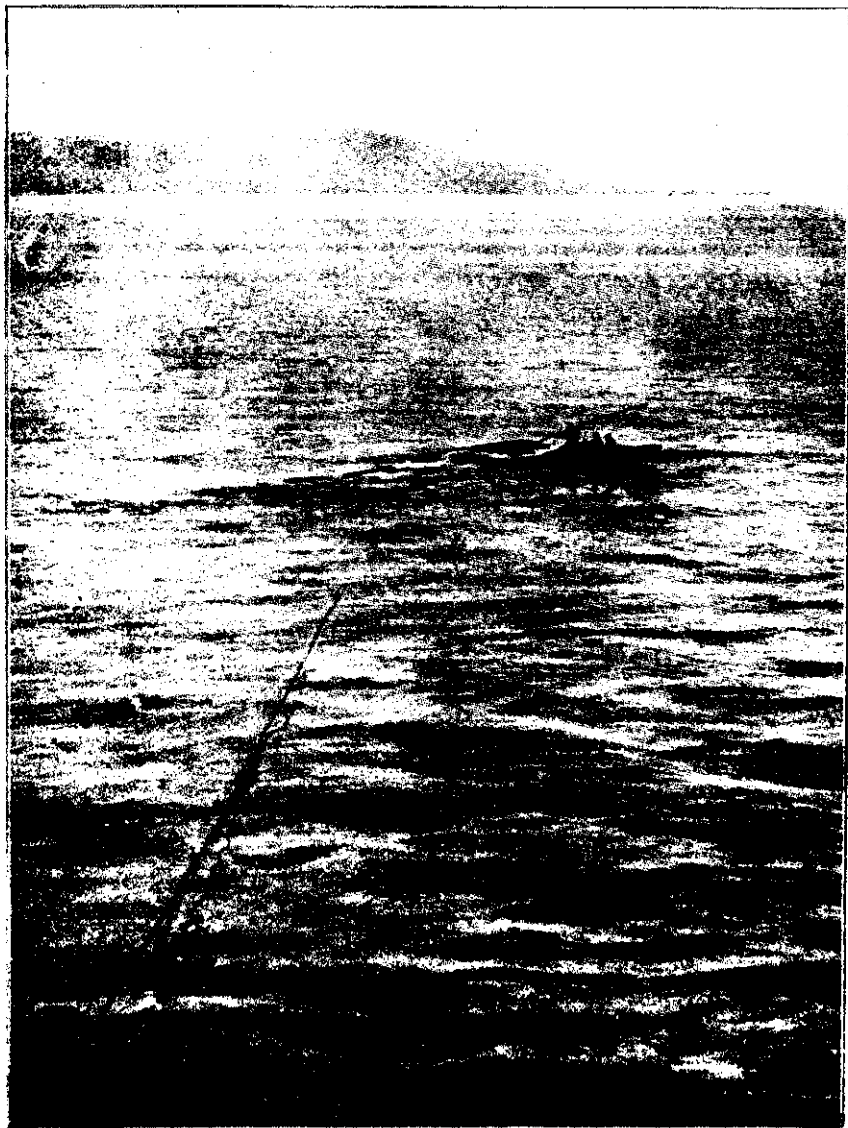
The best quality is soft and waxy, but not uniform in colour: a streaked appearance is preferred. It is inflammable, opaque, very light, coarse to the touch. The bulk of that on the market is found along the coasts of the Bahama

Islands; but the Moluccas furnish a considerable quantity. It is found also in other parts of the Indian Ocean, and a little is gathered at times on the South American coast.

The essential characteristic of ambergris is the penetrating and peculiar odour. Art has never been able to contrive an imitation of it, though the scarcity and the value of the product have stimulated invention to its best efforts. It is so powerful and so diffusive in its perfume that the most minute quantity, when mingled with any other strong scent, is still perceptible. Its chief component is a fatty matter, called ambrein, which is got by boiling ambergris in alcohol. There is about 85 per cent. of this substance in the best ambergris, and it is this that gives the value of the product as a perfume.

It is not claimed for ambergris that not only has it its own odour, but that it also possesses the quality of exalting the flavour and perfume of other substances with which it is brought in contact. The odour is similar to that of musk; but it is much more penetrating and enduring.

These qualities give ambergris a value that is shown in the prices paid for the limited quantities found and offered for sale. At a recent auction in London, the prices ran: For the fair flavoured, £6 an ounce; for the ordinary black and speckled, an average of £2 16s an ounce; for inferior quality, £1 12s an ounce. "Fine" ambergris, which is almost unattainable, is rated at something like £10 an ounce.



THE COUP DE GRACE.

This picture, which was taken from the barrel at the masthead, shows the last of a whale that led the ship a four-hour chase, with the first harpoon in its side. It was finally necessary to go out in the small boat or "pram," and lance him.



# JOHN DORY'S YARN

## A TALE OF BYGONE DAYS

By TE MATA

OUR day's work was done, and we camped by the edge of the bush. The old piebald horse was unyoked from the "tucker-cart," and the dried fern bunks prepared for their weary occupants, in and around the vehicle. The wants of our dutch companions had been attended to: the dogs had been fed and sent off to their night duty, that of preventing any misguided sheep from wandering beyond the outside limits of the light—no light work, considering we had eight thousand or more. Tethered to convenient stumps, our long suffering horses were munching their evening's allowance. What a soothing effect the continuous, steady munch, munch, of a feeding horse has on one's nerves! I love to cast off all care, to forget every trouble, great and small, and to lie with my feet to the fire, my head resting on my saddle, listening to the munch, munch, munch! It makes one feel so comfortable, somehow. Everything seems to be peaceful and just as it should be.

More logs were heaped on the fire. "Froggy," the French cook and command-in-chief of the tucker-cart, was stowing away the last of his tin plates; everybody else was stretched in comfortable, if not elegant, attitudes around the grateful blaze, and all our pipes were in full blast. The rabbit stew had been thoroughly appreciated, and, together with the dampers and billy-tea, made us feel quite satisfied with ourselves and with the world in general. I felt so, anyway, and my mates looked it. I was putting away, and noticing, in a lazy fashion, how the blue tobacco smoke rushed up, straight over the fire, there to mingle with the darker smoke of the manuka.

Some one proposed a song. "Can't be bothered," growled old Williams, our Sims Reeves. "Too tired!" said another aspirant to musical fame.

"Too confoundedly lazy, you mean!" mumbled old John Dory. "Look here, you chaps," he added, after a pause, "if nobody objects, I'll spin you a yarn—a short one, but true. By Jove! yes, it's a true yarn, boys—straight."

"Who said as it wasn't? But go ahead, fishy." "Let's have it, mate!" These and similar encouragements intimated to the volunteer that his yarn would be acceptable.

Poor old John Dory! He is dead now, it wouldn't publish this were he alive! A better-hearted old towner never cracked a stock whip. I never knew his right name; I don't think anybody did. He had a peculiar mouth—a mouth slewed sideways, somehow. It made him look like a fish; hence his piscatorial nickname. I give you the yarn as he told it, to the best of my remembrance.

"I wouldn't tell you about it, boys," old John began, "but that I feel satter sentimental to-night. Tell you why—see that bit of a rise yonder (pointing to a small eminence close by, and within range of the firelight), that hill and its associations are stamped on my memory, branded on my heart, as er Mary, Queen of Scots (wasn't it?) said to somebody about Calais. I'll never forget the little affair that happened on that hill."

"In '49, when fore the mast in the old Clan Macfarlane. I was one of the crew ashore cutting this here red timber. The Maoris were friendly enough; gave us sweet spuds, and we gave 'em tobacco, which they smoked and pretended to like as they sat around watching us cutting. Lazy beggars, those niggers. Well, I'll cut this yarn short, boys, as the thoughts of it make me feel queer; but, somehow, I can't keep from telling it, as this is the place."

"I fell in love with a black gal! Quit your growling, Mr. Williams, a man downright in earnest loves a woman, not her skin. What's beauty, anyway, without soap? She wasn't like the rest of 'em, always a grubbing about, sneaky like, spitting and smoking. She was a real pretty gal, graceful as a blood mare. I can't describe her good looks. I'll tell

you the good points in a moke, now, or a dawg, or a sheep, but when it comes to gals, I miss stays, and run aground. She was as good as she was beautiful. I don't know why; her old dad was no beauty, her mother was dead—killed and eaten, I was told, by a neighbouring tribe. I used to see her helping the old man carry his load of pippies and other shell-fish, for he was tottery on his pins, but, contrary to custom, would bear a hand. She liked me, too, from the very start, because I treated her different to the others, I think. She got into the habit of sitting near me when I was chopping, and began to teach me her lingo. I taught her English as well as I could, and she taught me Maori. We got very fond of one another. My name among her people was Ron; she called me Korero because I talked to her so much. I called her Mary, after a gal I went with in Plymouth. She, my Maori Mary, I mean, didn't like to hear of Plymouth or England after I told her that. I

thought to have been emotion. On being invited to "wet his whistle," the old man took a good pull at a pannikin of raw rum handed to him, and then started again on his extraordinary tale of sheer downright pluck and forgetfulness of self. If ever a heroine breathed in Maoriland, John Dory's "Mary" was one.

"To make my long story very short, I won't tell you the ins and outs—just the straight yarn, without any frills," continued the narrator. "I managed matters so that the Clan Macfarlane went off in a light south-easter with all her canvas shaken out, but—without the skipper of the third watch forward. All sorts of queer things I thought of while lying in my hiding place as I watched her scudding away of my mates, of the grizzly old chief's rage wneca he would discover my absence. He'd have turned back again to look for me, but I knew that he had a good lead up the coast, and wanted to make Sydney before the Mary Warner barque, leading a mile or two down to the southward of us.

"It was well for me that my gal Mary was in high favour with the village tohunga. He married us, native fashion, on the quiet, and hushed up the row started among her relations. They all jabbered and cut capers when they knew that the base-born white man (taurakirika pakeha) had mated with the daughter of such a well-bred chief (rangatira) as Whenohau. Old Whenohau took it very well, especially when I gave him a couple of blankets out of my sea-chest, which I had smuggled ashore. Not so Rahui; he took it very badly. He, the son of Pene-

being allowed to live! This was coming it a bit too strong. However, I could do nothing. All the niggers gave me black looks (that ain't meant for no pun) but Mary's reassurances kept me quiet. They never, she said, would harm her husband, she was too much respected. How she hated Rahui! His would have been a poor show, even with me out of the field.

"Well, one night, moonlight and bright, we were awakened by the furious barking of our dogs, and before we knew where we were, the door was burst open, and I saw Rahui's figure outlined against the sky. He marched straight in, followed by a crowd of his black devils of friends, and without saying a word he started to haul me out of bed! Of course I showed light, and poor Mary showed her teeth, but we were soon overpowered.

"I was bound hand and foot with flax, and carried to the big whare in the middle of the pah. To my surprise everybody seemed awake. Plainly some devilment was afoot. My tohunga friend was there, but seemed passive. A big fire blazed in the middle of the floor, the smoke escaping through the usual hole in the roof. A curious framework of sticks, tied with flax, was rigged up about five or six feet above it. I was put down on the floor. You can imagine how I felt. The friends started jabbering, apparently paying no attention to me. I gathered from what they were saying that Rahui had patched up a yarn that I had frequently and purposely violated their holy blooming Tapu laws. All seemed quite satisfied that I merited death by torture. I started to talk, and to vindicate myself, but Rahui got up, and calmly picking up a billet of wood, stooped and brought it down smack on my jaw. Now you know, boys why I have such a hideous slit for a mouth! Well, to continue, I was silenced. The devils saw my blood running on to the earth floor, and that seemed to rouse their savage natures, for they immediately started to play their hellish tricks on me. As if I didn't suffer enough from my jaw wound! Well, they lowered away this frame business, tied me on to it, and refixed it above the fire! Good God, boys, it was awful! For half an hour or so they left the fire as it was and watched me in silence. This half hour seemed a week. I won't try to tell you what the feelings were like—you can guess. The smoke, heat, pain of my wound, pain of my bonds, thoughts of my wife—ugh!

"I must have another pull at the bottle; pass it along, Jim. Thanks."

"Let me see, now; I'm getting muddled. The fire, yes! If Hell's worse than that, God help us! I began to get unconscious. They piled on more wood, and when that blazed up! It won't last long, I thought.

"Suddenly I rushed Mary. I heard the disturbance, though barely conscious. How she screamed when she saw me! I knew she was being held. Her old father spoke and commanded her to be let alone. Then the tohunga (my friend, fersoonth) used his authority, and, despite Rahui's wild remonstrance, proposed as devilish a plan as was ever conceived by mortal man. He told my Mary that if she loved her husband she should be ready to die for him! She was ready, she said.

"The frame I was on was taken down again, and placed against the wall, so as to give me a view of the whole room. Mine must be a good constitution. I hadn't fainted yet, and eagerness to know what was to happen kept me up. What do you think? If my wife chose to walk into the fire and be burned to death I was to be free! Did that gal falter or delay? No, boys; that heroine, that wonderful woman, walked, bare-footed, straight into the fire! Good heavens! How I struggled and shouted to our tormentors to take her out, to cut me up, or do anything they liked to me, but to save her. Her father and Rahui pleaded, but in vain; the tohunga was all-powerful. Well, boys, my wife stood, she writhed in agony. She looked round, she smiled; yes, smiled at me. She quivered, screamed, and dropped in a heap! My Mary was dead!

"Dead! Then her murderers were satisfied. They seemed remorseful. She had done nothing, they said—why should she suffer? Kill the man! I begged them to do so. The tohunga spoke of the promise, and I was freed from my bonds. I dropped, and Rahui came towards me. Hatred, and all my evil passions arose at right of him. With unnatural strength I sprang up. Quick as

tana, to be cut out (for he had wanted my gal—by my humble self preposterous!

"But for that scoundrel all would have been well, and I might have been a pakeha-Maori to this day. But he wanted utu—he sought revenge, and, by Jove, he had it, too! Not on me, though. I sometimes wish it had been. Poor old Mary! Rest your bones.

"Well, when all seemed happy as the marriage bell, and our whare had been patched up to suit my sailor fancy, and we two were as happy as skylarks, the first idea of any interference on Rahui's part was made known to us. We found out that the meetings held round the tohunga's whare were held for my special benefit. I didn't feel flattered. I assure you. Rahui would often get his friends together, and spout for hours against my being allowed to remain in the kinaga—against, I discovered, my



A TYPICAL JOHN DORY.

began to love her, and to feel I wouldn't quite like the time when the ship turned her head to sea again.

"An idea seized me. Why not get left behind, marry my gal, and settle among the Maoris? The thought gave me a bit of a shock at first, but I had no home, and no relations living, that I knew of. Why not stop here, and lead the comfortable life of the natives? I proposed the plan to my Mary, and she seemed quite taken aback. I have often wondered since whether that was put on or not, because women are women all the world over, be they black or white. A gal is 'quite unprepared' or 'dreadfully surprised' when a chap proposes to her, when perhaps she has been shyly bringing him up to the point for months! My gal raised all sorts of objections, which were soon overcome."

Here the speaker hesitated, as if ashamed of showing what we might have

lightning I seized a half-burnt stick and dealt him a blow on the head, rushed at the tohunga and hit him with the wood in the face. I saw his nose was torn off, and it hung by a thread of skin. A whole host of details came into my vision and have remained in my memory: the half-dazed Maoris about to rush me, the horror-struck face of Mary's father, the charred trunk of my faithful gal's body—ugh! I turned to the door and rushed, bleeding and weak as I was, far into the bush, where my enemies dared not follow me for fear of the evil spirits that come out of the totara trees at sundown.

"I spent that night—God knows how! However, I got away from there. My jaw healed itself. I begged tucker from squatters as I worked my way up the coast towards Auckland. I haven't been here since then, boys. God receive my dead wife's soul! That's all, boys; don't laugh at me. I can't keep the tears back. Good-night, all!"

And John Dory made his way to his bunk under our "tucker-cart."

### A Man About the House.

#### THE DEPRESSING RESULT OF ENTIRE FEMININE RULE.

"His every foot has noise, but As he comes up the stair."

The world of women has been brought up to the gratifying belief that no real home can exist without a woman's refining influence over it, without a woman's hand to guide and direct its affairs; and, let the truth be said, nine men out of ten will heartily confirm this statement. But what of the other side of the question? What of the home without a man? Well, it is useless to deny it, and I write from a woman's point of view, the house without a man in it or belonging to it is a house dull, stultified, yes, and forlorn.

Why and how is it? There is some explanation, perhaps, in the undeniable


fact that man is at the best a selfish creature by nature and heritage of superiority; he demands much more than he gives; and yet it is these seemingly unlovable characteristics which bring out the best housewifely qualities of a woman. But place her in a sphere of responsibility where she has only herself and her kind to "shut doors with," study or fend for, and she will straightway develop into a self-centred individual; the sacrifices and domestic upheavals cheerfully and gladly rendered and endured for the man about the house, she will resent as unnecessary and impossible of achievement.

I have been in many such manless houses, and never in one did I not feel this strange, depressing influence pro-

duced by solely feminine rule, an influence one feels directly one enters the portals; and the masculine hat boldly hanging in the hall as a dread warning of man's presence does not deceive us any more than it does the traumping fraternity for whose subjection it is displayed.

#### Chill Rigidity.

If there are ample means, a chill and fixed rigidity of routine will prevail; the daily round of duties will be a religion, never, on any pretext, to be departed from; and the number of small, irritating observances will continually grate upon the nerves of the visitor; and it is strange to note how even an intellectual feminine mind can become a victim to



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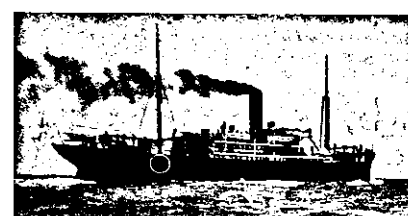
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G 4784. Pendant Locket, 9 ct. Gold, 22/6. 9 ct. Gold, Plain, 18/6



H 240.—Cross in 9 ct. Gold, 20/-, Same, Plain, 18/6



H 1773. 9 ct. Gold and Pearl Set Pendant, 22/1/-

this tyranny of small grooves and duties in the manless house.

Where means are narrow, a kind of "scrappy" regime will be found, which may be best described perhaps as the daily lunch a bun, and the evening meal "something on the tray," more on the anything-will-do principle because "we are alone" than for lack of money.

But man, be he "saint or dear sinner," brings with him the atmosphere of freedom and life, the breath of the great world outside; he is as the open window in an airless room, the ray of sunshine on a wintry day. He imperturbably tramples upon narrow-minded prejudices and cherished methods. He laughs at fixed rules, and is a continual domestic law-breaker.

**Male Confusion.**

His pipe is ever lurking in forbidden places; his newspapers are strewn all over the room; a glorious muddle is created whenever he searches for anything; a hundred and one absurd little attentions are asked of his womankind; a sacred atmosphere is created around his own belongings—books, golf-sticks, fishing rods, or hunting boots; the toil entailed in looking after the same means—and again I speak from the woman's point of view—the difference between domestic stagnation and cheery activity.

Moreover, the man about the house is the real and undisputed head; he typifies stability and authority, and finds it an easy task to obtain the obedience from dependants which a woman ruler often struggles hard to exact. The domestics are anxious to study his likes and dislikes; his foibles, laughed at in a woman, will be carefully and sympathetically considered; he is undoubtedly the real interest to the household staff, who regard him, each in their own way, with awe, affection, or motherly toleration, but ever as the dominant note in the house.

Let me say here unhesitatingly that the house of the bachelor woman, she

who takes her part in the arena of life, is exempt from any criticism, for she lives in the world, and the world means men for friends or comrades.

I have written this article from honest and inborn conviction; but now the disquieting thought stands over me that I have been laying bare our feminine weakness in so extolling the benefits wrought by the sterner sex in the home. To do men justice, I do not believe many of them realise their worth in this respect, so let me devoutly hope that I have not opened their eyes.

E. G.

**Quite Appropriate.**

Upon leaving for home, Professor Ferrero sent the following telegram to President Roosevelt:—

"At the moment of my leaving for Europe, I send you my sincere thanks for inviting me to take a voyage so instructive for me, and I express to you the hope that I may very soon see you in Italy."


One would think, however, that they had had quite enough of earthquakes in Italy.

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6in., 55/-; 8 1/2in., £8 10/-



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# Life in the Garden

## Practical Advice for Amateurs

### SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

**Flower.**—Dianthus, single and double; Gaillardia; Lupinus Arboreus; Mignonette; Pyrethrum; Sweet Peas.

**Vegetable.**—Broad Beans; Carrot, Earliest Horn; Cabbage; Cauliflower; Lettuce; Cabbage; Onion, Brown Spanish; Radish and Mustard; Turnip, Earliest White; Peas, Early Dwarf.

**Roots.**—Anemones, Iris, Ixias, Narcissus, Ranunculus, Gladioli (the Bride); Potato Onions, Eschalots, Garlic, Strawberries.

### FLOWER ROOTS FOR PLANTING THIS MONTH.

Albumins, Anemones, Crocus, Cyclamen, Freesias, Hyacinths, Ixias, Narcissus, Ranunculus, Scillas, Snowdrops, Sparaxis, Tulips.

### BULBS TO PLANT THIS MONTH.

Anemones (St. Bridget and Single), Babianas, Crocus, Freesias, Hyacinths, (in pots, glasses or beds), Iris (Spanish), Ixias, Jonquils (single and double), Narcissus, Ranunculus Asiaticus Superbissimus, Sparaxis, Tritomas, Tulips (single and double).

### WORK TO BE DONE.

#### Asparagus.

Beds of asparagus should be given a good dressing of stable manure without delay, a top-dressing of salt or of kainit of potash will be of benefit.

#### Fruit Trees.

Where basic slag is intended for the orchard, May and June are the best months to apply. Experiments have proved that this fertiliser gives the best results when applied to this season; 5 to 6 cwt to the acre is a fair dressing, but if the land is poor 10 cwt will not be too much. Kainit can be sown at the same time, and mixed with the slag it helps to make the sowing less unpleasant. Slag should always be sown on a still day; there is great waste in sowing when it is windy.

### Our Sweet Pea Number.

#### THE SUGGESTED NORTH ISLAND COMPETITION

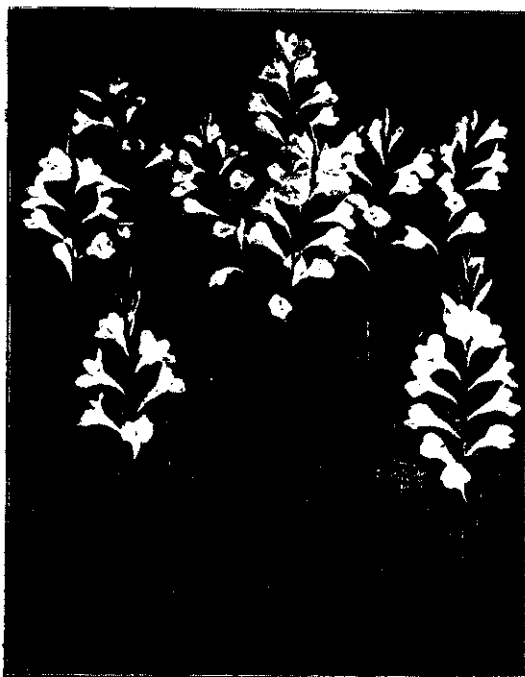
M R. SIDNEY WARD, hon. secretary of the New Zealand Sweet Pea Society, writes:—

"In connection with your notes anent the possibility of holding a representative sweet pea show for the North Island, I would like to point out that this matter has been under consideration for at least twelve months, and that arrangements for such a show are nearing completion. In January last the N.Z. Sweet Pea Society was formed for the special purpose of holding championship shows, at least for the North Island. The history of this Society commences some twelve months ago. Interest in sweet pea growing was awakening then in Taranaki, and the Stratford Horticultural Society took a leading part in the movement, placing a large share of its prizes at the disposal of the sweet pea classes in 1908. In September last the president and secretary of the Taranaki H.S.A., who were present at the Auckland Society's daffodil show, were commissioned to ascertain what support Auckland sweet pea growers would give to a representative North Island show, to be held in Stratford in 1910. Much 'sparkling' water, however, was

showered on the scheme (let us blame Fleet Week), so that the delegates returned discouraged. But in spite of this, in January, 1909, the N.Z. Sweet Pea Society was launched, with some misgivings. The birth was the signal for discontented grumblings from various quarters, but now the young and ambitious Society has gained the support of several prominent growers, and the temporary committee is on the point of publishing a schedule for the first representative show, to be held in Stratford on or before the 15th of January, 1910. At this show substantial challenge cups and bowls will be awarded in conjunction with gold and silver medals of the N.Z.S.P.S. offered by the Stratford Horticultural Society, and it is hoped that a full gathering of growers will confirm the action of the local committee by establishing the N.Z.S.P.S. on a firm

Mrs. Herbert T. Wood ("Te Kohanga," Masterton) writes:—"As an ardent lover and enthusiastic cultivator of sweet peas, I write to thank you for your contributed articles in the "Graphic." By myself they have been deeply appreciated, and acted quite as a stimulus. I was fortunate in securing first prize for collection of 12 best sweet peas at our March Show, and intend making every effort to win more laurels next year. I like Mr. Bradfield's idea of having a North Island Sweet Pea Competition, and hope his idea may take definite shape soon."

[We are always pleased to hear from our readers, and it is gratifying to know that one's efforts are appreciated. We shall esteem it a favour if our readers will note any difficulties they meet, sportive stocks, etc., which may be of general interest, and send particulars along. Photographs are always welcomed, and we bespeak the co-operation of all sweet pea growers for our next special. We trust our correspondent may be successful at next show. She will no doubt be gratified to observe that the North Island Competition is being taken up, and is in a fair way of being the event for sweet pea growers this coming season.—Veronica.]



Watsonia Meriana O'Brieni.

### AQUILEGIAS.

There are few flowers more decorative or refining in their effect on our herbaceous borders than the comparatively neglected aquilegias. Their period of flowering is not quite so prolonged as that of the viola, yet in many instances, as in that of A. Chrysantha, the "Golden Columbine," it has lasted in flower in my garden for nearly three months. The aquilegias have come to us from various regions; from the Altai Mountains in Siberia, from the Alps and the Pyrenees, from Guatemala in South America, from Canada, from California, and from the Rocky Mountains.

One of the finest of the aquilegias, and most graceful in habit, is A. Coerulea hybrida, "divinely tall, and most divinely fair." The original colours of this beautiful Columbine were blue and white, but when crossed with A. Chrysantha, it became suffused with yellow and invested with spurs of greater orange-red. It is a native of the north—a remarkable combination of deep orange and bright scarlet; though, in virtue of its peculiarly pendulous tendency, in which respect it resembles several notable roses, its beauty is half concealed. Aquilegia Canadensis, whose colours somewhat resemble those of A.

Californica, is extremely effective in certain situations; so also is the uniquely coloured A. Skinneri, which has delicate green sepals and yellow petals, with strongly contrasting spurs of brightest orange-red. It is a native of the north—that Aquilegia Stuartii could not be A. Glandulosa, whose colours are white and blue, is a species which is easily increased by careful division of the fibrous root-stock. It is of closely-tufted habit, and does not grow to any great height, forming in this respect a contrast to such commanding forms as A. Californica and A. Coerulea Hybrida, which, when in flower, can be seen and admired from any part of the garden. A derivative from this variety called A. Wittmaniana, though possessing considerable fascination, is not equal in beauty or graceful formation to the parent flower. The late Dr. Stuart, of Clonside, in Berwickshire, the distinguished originator of the "Violetta" race of ruffled miniature violas, raised the grandest of all aquilegias, which bears his name. He used to assure me that aquilegia Stuartii could not be grown successfully except by earnest cultivators, since it requires very careful attention in its earlier stages, and a deep, fertile soil. I have been informed by Messrs. Cocker, of Aberdeen, who introduced the variety to commerce, that it was the result of a cross between A. Coerulea and A. Glandulosa, though others have attributed part of its origin to A. Wittmaniana.

After cultivating aquilegias for many years with even more pleasure and success than I anticipated, I have come to the conclusion that, whether we consider the length of time during which it blooms with such splendid profusion, its utter indifference to atmospheric conditions, its strikingly beautiful formation, or its lustrous golden hue, A. Chrysantha, if not so varied or highly artistic in its aspect as A. Californica or A. Coerulea Hybrida, is the most valuable, and assuredly the most enduring, of them all (writes a Scottish enthusiast). Nothing in my garden is more impressive in early summer than long lines of A. Chrysantha, with innumerable flowers of the brightest primrose hue, glittering beneath the blossoms of overshadowing apple trees.

Though less resplendent than the Eastern lily, the carnation, or the rose, the aquilegia has a dainty beauty of its own, and is, as this contribution, I hope, sufficiently proves, of much value for garden decoration.

### Watsonia meriana iridifolia O'Brieni.

It took botanists many years to make out the true botanical characters and affinities of this plant, and consequently we find that its history is burdened with a number of names. Watsonia as a genus is closely allied to Gladiolus, and some regarded it as allied to Antholyza. Indeed, the species was figured in the "Botanical Magazine," as Antholyza meriana, the name having been originally given it by Linnaeus.

As far as the vigour of the plant is concerned, and the size of the leaves, number and size of the flowers, the variety W. M. iridifolia takes a leading place amongst varieties, and at the present day is more extensively cultivated than any other. Mr. J. G. Baker describes this variety as having pink or white flowers, and Mr. Nicholson, in his "Dictionary of Gardening," simply describes it as white without any modification. In gardens two other names have been added—namely, W. m. l. Arderni, and W. m. l. O'Brien. The bulbs are of the easiest possible culture.

### CUPID SWEET PEAS.

When these beautiful little plants were first introduced some years ago many growers tried them, and through want of knowledge of their treatment failed with them, and consequently they got a bad name. To be successful with them they must be treated in quite the reverse way to their taller sisters, for whereas the taller ones thrive under liberal treatment in a good deep soil, the little Cupids thrive amazingly on any dry bank or rocky in poor soil, and exposed to full sunshine.

**The White Gladiolus.**

The faultless white gladiolus seems to be a flower of the future. To be faultless it should have at least nine flowers out at the same time. The flowers should face one way, and show no stem; yet there should be no impression of their being jammed. The beautiful *Weisse Dame* is well arranged, but I have never seen more than six flowers out



**White Seedling Gladiolus, Angelica Pooler.**

Raised by Dr. Pooler, South Australia.

at the same time, writes a South Australian grower. It is very delicate, too, and increases but slowly. De la Borde's *White Excelsior* seems to be badly arranged, though he describes it as being very strong, and increasing well. My new white seedling is strong and increases fairly well. It seems to be a step in the right direction, and before many years elapse I hope to send you a picture of the perfect white flower.

**GARDENING AS A RECREATION.**

Many young men in city occupations are keen players at golf, and football, while few take to boating in summer as a change from cricket. Unless country bred, most young fellows prefer enjoyments entailing no physical work, as that of bending over a spade, planting flowers, etc. To them that work is mere drudgery.

It was a wise rule long ago that gave ministers and schoolmasters a garden, whereon the physical muscles could get developed and act as a relief to the slower indoor studies which brace the "mental muscles," and were very tiring when faithfully done.

The minister who did no active labour too often became a physical weakling, as the mere labouring man who does not read or study mentally remains a mental weakling. The change acted as a tonic to each in turn. As the body was made healthier by outdoor exercise, the mind got a rest, and was benefited, study became less irksome, while the blood was purer, feeding the brain better.

Variety of occupation is a sound rule, just as change of air stimulates all our powers, and we return from a holiday actually new men. The city clerk, poring over heavy desk work all day, just requires the change to active labour to give that refreshment to the fagged brain which ensures sound sleep and a vigorous awakening, with the spring of the mind restored, fitting him for another day of it in town. Thus body and mind, being equally used, develop more vigorous, reacting on each other advantageously, besides giving the interest in life, the mere pleasure of seeing the leisurely labour of his

hands growing daily before his eyes, so that the reward of the morning is visible from the work of the evening; the hours have not passed uselessly away. We all deplore the early death of the over-zealous student, who never left his books to recreate, so weakening his body that it could not exist longer; hence the life was lost, and studies, future usefulness, and all that might have been, went to swell our national loss.

Now, the hard-working townsman busy all day in gas-lit rooms, living an artificial life, is just acting similarly to the poor student. Whereas, by an hour or two at gardening night and morning several days a week, the compensation balance is set to work, recuperating both mind and body. The beauty of such a hobby is that it can be taken up and laid down as suits the individual temperament and leisure. We need not make a toil of what is a pleasure, and, if indulged in moderately, will reinvigorate the entire man. To overdo it is to develop loss and not gain. From a small plot in an allotment garden, or around a cottage, a man desirous of doing something will obtain all he needs in the way of a healthful exercise, with flowers and fruits for the table for very little expense, far less than what must be spent on any other recreation we know. In a garden the country lad can continue and increase his knowledge and delight in Nature's work, while the brought-up townsman can soon learn all about flowers, shrubs, and the mysteries of growth from the seed to the ripened product, and that experience will give him a sympathy and understanding of all life which will make him read creation and understand it, making him a riper man all his days.—*Scottish Gardener.*

and nailed together. Or, again, one can use the shallow pots called seed-pans, which are largely used by the florists for starting bulbs, as well as seeds. The seeds are soaked for 24 hours in lukewarm water; this ensures more rapid growth.

The soil is a most important factor. That which I used for planting the seed in was a light, rich, spongy loam taken from an old farmyard. Leaf-mould from the woods is even better. Place the pots or boxes in a sunny window, and keep the soil well moistened by sprinkling with a whisk broom dipped in warm water. In about 24 days the plants will begin to start; then the pots should be placed where they will be a little sheltered from the full rays of the sun, as they will grow better. If it is necessary to transplant, it is best to do this when the plants are only two or three inches high. Great care should be taken while handling to avoid pinching the plant, as this proves fatal. The soil should be pressed firmly around the roots in the new quarters, and water applied sparingly. Cold water sprayed on will induce the plants to make a more vigorous growth, and at the same time by a means of keeping the plants free from insects. If you do not care to raise these plants from seeds, start your beautiful asparagus from small plants, which can be bought of the florist. These will grow rapidly, and thrive as well as those grown from seed. The asparagus plants are among the finest foliaged that we have, giving a showy appearance, and being much more rapid in growth than palms or ferns. They succeed admirably in the heated atmosphere or living-rooms, remaining fresh and green all winter.

**MUCH-TRAVELLED FLAX.**

The New Zealand flax (*phormium tenax*) is a splendid subject for the seashore, being among the most wind-resisting of foliage plants (says a Home paper). It has been proved hardy as far north as Scotland.

**HORTICULTURE IN IRELAND.**

A story comes from Ireland of an inheritor of land, who planted his estate with fruit and flowers. The neighbours and labourers were enchanted, and loudly sang the praises of the newcomer, who was to revive the prosperity of the district. But when the trees came into bearing and the parterres began to bloom, the people of the revived neighbourhood ate all the fruit and stole all the flowers.

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**Not a Proliferous Bearer.**

Aloe at Mr. L. Johansen's place, Palmerston North, which has only flowered once, though nearly twenty years' old.

**DECORATIVE ASPARAGUS PLANTS.**

Asparagus Sprengeri and *A. plumosus* are two of the finest plants that we have for our indoor winter garden. Both of these may be started from seed. In place of using the ordinary window-boxes, we planted the seeds in shallow boxes called "flats" by the florist. These flats contain only three inches of earth. Boxes may be procured from the nearest grocery, which, when cut down to four inches in height, will answer the purpose admirably. But there are other boxes which may be more convenient for some people to use, as those made from "shooks" offered for making into flats

With a few of these potted plants, the hostess has unlimited possibilities for decorating her rooms and table without the slightest expense. Asparagus plumosus has the finest foliage, and is the most generally used for the table. This is the best green for cutting, as its foliage does not wither or lose its freshness of colour for days after the sprays are cut. The long, wiry stems hold the foliage up well, which appears like a veil of lacy green. Although this airy, fairy foliage is seemingly so delicate, it is really superior in sturdiness to all other greens.

With six or eight carnations and a few sprays of asparagus, an almost ideal centerpiece may be made for the dining table. Stand the flowers in a tall crystal vase, then trail long sprays of *A. plumosus* from the vase over the white table-cover.—Helen M. Russel.



"One is always struck by the large number of beautifully dressed and charming young ladies at the Casino."

## Character Studies at Monte Carlo

By SIR HIRAM MAXIM

HERE is probably no place on this planet where one can find so many strange and interesting characters as at Monte Carlo. It is now, let us say, the height of the season, and the Casino is crowded with sightseers and anxious and expectant players. However, the percentage of ordinary people who come to the Riviera as a health giving winter resort is now so great that the curious character of the chronic player is not so apparent as it will be later on in the season, when nearly all the ordinary run of humanity has left. It is then that one meets true gamblers.

creatures, and, when seated about the tables, they present the appearance of having come to say their prayers. They play, for the most part, with five-franc pieces, a kind of "never-get-there" system. As they come every day, with little or no chance of winning, I fancy they must come for the sake of play instead of with the expectation of actually making money. It is no doubt a species of amusement, rather expensive, it is true, but still, according to their way of thinking, well worth the money.

The actual cost of such amusement is not, however, so great as one might imagine. Suppose, for example, that one of

much left as we had anticipated, and I have come to Monte Carlo to make up the deficiency. I shall not play much, only just long enough every day to win, say, 5 or 20 dollars, and this, with what I already have, will enable me to live in the style to which I have been accustomed."

The next day, carefully and tastefully attired, she visited the Casino, and in a few minutes had won 20 dollars. At the hotel she was all smiles—how could she be otherwise? She had found a most delightful place in which to live, good company, and a fair income, only requiring a few minutes' play each day. There seemed to be no reason why this state of things should not continue. However, the next day she played some hours, alternately winning and losing, but never getting her 20 dollars ahead. She was somewhat annoyed, but not discouraged, and hoped for better luck next day. Early on the third day she put in an appearance, and in a few minutes had lost 25 dollars. She could not understand it; something must be wrong; so she spent the rest of her time attempting to get her money back. She continued daily this unequal and useless fight until all her money had melted away. This is only a typical case.

The most interesting players are the young men, usually English or Americans, who, having inherited large fortunes, come to Monte Carlo to measure their strength against that of the bank; these are known as "plungers." They stake large sums all over the board—in fact, many of them stake in so many places that they often forget where they have staked, and others—claw in the money if there is the least hesitation on the plungers' part to claim his winnings.

The bank makes about 6,000,000dols a year, and the greater part of this is not made out of the "old ladies with their 25 franc pieces," equal to one dollar each, or the "reckless plungers," but out of the "patient punters," who play moderate stakes steadily for months at a time. I know one man who played steadily every season for 16 years, and lost 420,000dols. There was another who played steadily for 20 seasons, and lost 500,000dols; and still another who played steadily all the time for 18 months and lost 750,000dols. When we consider that in steady all-around play one has to stake 60 times as much as one loses, it will be seen that this gentleman staked no less than 45,000,000dols, which, if it were all in gold, would weigh about 80 tons! All of these three gentlemen were English.

Some years ago a noticeable couple appeared at the Casino. The gentleman was tall, dark, and handsome, splendidly groomed, and of aristocratic appearance; the lady was quite young, extremely beautiful, elaborately attired, fairly scintillating with diamonds. They seemed to be playing a system, and kept about even with the bank. I learned that the gentleman was no less a personage than the Count Spaghetti, of Milan.

A few years before, being out of the needful, he went to America, and made violent and successful love to a maiden lady of 30 summers, the owner of a large number of dwelling houses in New England. She was romantic, and a great novel reader, and evidently thought how nice it would be to become a princess, duchess, countess, or something of the kind. Her prayers had been answered;

he was tall, handsome, and a count, and she had her dollars.

They were married, and went to Milan to live, and every few months she raised money by mortgaging some of her property. It was the proceeds of the last mortgage that were now being dissipated at Monte Carlo by the so-called count and his beautiful young companion, while his American wife was living in an inexpensive flat in Milan. The count, however, never failed to visit her when he was out of money.

I knew one man who did actually make money at Monte Carlo. He was said to be an actor, but looked more like an over-fed butler. This gentleman and his wife occupied rooms next to ours in the hotel; there were dreadful rows at night, the wife attempting to jump out of the window, and the man evidently pulling her back. They seemed to have a regular knockabout for about two hours every night. When they had won a lot of money they paid for the broken furniture, and left for London. I then learned that the young lady had returned there to prosecute her case against a rich American for breach of promise of marriage, with 50,000dols damages. These proceedings she had commenced before going to Monte Carlo, and she returned to London to appear as the innocent and much-wronged young lady.

On the occasion of my first visit to Monte Carlo I was much puzzled at the number of ladies and gentlemen about the tables who were keeping a careful record of the chances that came up. Upon inquiry I found that they imagined that the chances that had come up had some



"She changed a 50-franc note into gold, and commenced to play."

They are indeed a remarkable collection, with curiously shaped heads that have always reminded me of the carved wooden heads on German canes. What a study they would make for a phenologist! I quote the following from a recent publication:

"The fact is, the mentality of roulette players generally is not of a high order, and nowhere do you see lower phenological types than at Monte Carlo. The student of Lavater and Desbarrolles and the physiognomist cannot fail to be struck by this."

At first we wonder where they all come from, but when we take into consideration that Monte Carlo has two large continents to draw from, the matter is easily understood.

At the present time the most noticeable feature here is the large number of old women players. They come early and obtain seats. They seem to be all of the same piece: Heavy, square-built old

these steady players should stake a silver dollar at each coup on any of the even chances. She would, on an average, stake 50 times in an hour, and would win nearly as many times as she lost, and would only be about a dollar out of pocket every hour; that is, she could get five hours' steady play for five dollars. By staking only every second or third coup the cost would be correspondingly reduced, viz., a whole day's play for about two dollars' loss. A French mathematician who witnessed this play of old women wrote that, by the system they played, they did not stand one chance in a million of winning anything. But all old ladies are not of this class. Some really believe that it is quite a simple matter to make money by playing, otherwise why should Monte Carlo exist?

One of these innocents came to our hotel. She said: "My husband died about a year ago, and when we came to settle up his estate there was not quite as



"The gentleman was tall, dark, and of aristocratic appearance; the lady was quite young, extremely beautiful, clad elegantly attired."

occult influence upon those which were about to come up; for example, they imagined that if, say, red had come up six or eight times in succession, that red, in the very nature of things, would become tired and exhausted, and require a rest; so they would have no hesitation in staking heavily on black.

Many of this particular class actually remain about the tables for days at a time, so as to be present when there has been a long run on some even chance, and then they stake their money on the opposite chance. They think that if they wait long enough they are sure to win. With this class of players, the mathematical side in their heads is evidently loose or altogether missing, as anything which has already taken place on the board has not the slightest influence on the chances which may afterwards come up. Still, the man has not yet been born who can so present the problem as to bring it within the grasp of this class of player.

As many players are ladies who have the free use of their hands impeded by tight gloves, and as they have an enormous amount of money in their pockets and in their trunks, it is quite impossible for them to handle the small gold pieces with facility, and, as might be expected, a considerable number of gold pieces are dropped on the floor, and, no matter what time one goes to the Casino in the busy season, a considerable number of empty gaiters will be found looking for these gold pieces, while they themselves are being watched by the employees of the Casino. It often happens that players, who come with their systems and are cleared out, find that by careful watching, they can easily pick up fifteen or twenty dollars a day, so they remain at Monte Carlo and spend their time in looking for lost coins and taking the employees of the Casino.

If a woman is only moderately good-looking she attracts the attention of men; but if she is extremely pretty, and especially if she is beautifully dressed, she attracts the attention of the ladies. I remember a girl at the Casino some years ago who was certainly one of the best-looking creatures I have ever seen. She was young, of good height, very erect, with a faultless complexion, and a certain inextinguishable charm about

her; I do not think I have ever seen a woman more beautifully dressed. She looked as if she had just stepped out of one of Peter Robinson's show windows.

No sooner had she entered the Casino than she was followed about by a troop of women, and I heard such expressions as:—"What a darling!" "How beautifully dressed!" "What a lovely creature!"

She changed a thousand-franc note into hundred-franc gold pieces, and commenced to play. She was extremely successful, and it was not long before a number of other players were following her lead, and staking on the same chances. When she had won a few thousand francs, perhaps 1,000 dollars, she changed her gold back into paper, and without noticing anyone, floated majestically out of the Casino, a vision of loveliness. Upon inquiry, I found that this charming young creature had rather a pathetic history.

A few years before she had met a young duke in Paris; they had fallen violently in love with each other at first sight. They were both under age, but decided to elope. However, the Dowager Duchess, who was of a particularly proud and obdurate nature, was unyielding, and as she had complete control over the young duke, she banished him to Algiers, where, separated from the woman he loved so passionately, he grieved over his misfortune, and soon died of a broken heart.

But the young lady was as brave and clever as she was beautiful; she soon obtained a situation in a theatre, and within a few months had become the leading lady in one of the Paris theatres, where her earnings were more than sufficient to provide a comfortable home for herself and her little boy.

A young man out west had a cold on his chest.  
But Woods' Peppermint Cure he decided.  
And he got that cold tip till life gave him the ship.  
For bronchitis and death concluded.  
The moral is clear, if you wish to stay here.  
Don't neglect your breath, but when it's aheery,  
And be warned, while you've strength, keep a Cold at arms' length.  
Woods' Peppermint Cure does it easy!

### The Evils of Deforestation.

Continued from page 21.

of timber conservation and reforestation; yet France imports 738,000,000 feet of timber annually. The greater sources of supply for these countries are Northern Europe, America, and to a small extent New Zealand. But the enormous pine forests of Northern Europe are now almost denuded. New Zealand has 30,000,000,000 feet of timber still available, but it is diminishing at the rate of 430,000,000 feet a year. And America, comparatively speaking is no better off. Throughout the United States the total quantity of marketable timber in 1906, according to the departmental calculations, was 2,000,000,000 superficial feet. But America has 21,000 sawmills at work, which are cutting the enormous quantity of 37,500,000,000 feet per annum. It is obvious, therefore, the "Age" concludes, "that the world's timber outlook is very serious, and a shortage of supplies within the next couple of decades appears to be inevitable."

### The Coming Crisis.

"I may supplement these facts with a few further extracts from the article on "The Coming Timber Famine," by Mr J. M. Young, to which I have already referred:—"The tremendous strain upon Russia's timber forests has been, and still is, of such a vast nature that the country will not long be able to supply the wants of outsiders. Norway a few years hence will be almost equally crippled. Indiscriminate cutting down of millions of tons of timber in years past, with little or no preparation for the future, is already telling a tale. . . . Twenty-five years hence at the present rates of cutting, the timber supply of the United States will cease. Britain alone receives 1,500,000,000 worth of timber annually from America, but the rapid increase in the population points to a not far distant day when it will be only able to supply us with little more than half that amount. The once magnificent forests of the United States have been enor-

mously reduced within the last few years, and as the demand for a considerable time has been 25,000,000 tons ahead of the natural supply, the process of extermination goes remorselessly on. . . . Canada hitherto has materially helped to make good the deficit in America's timber supply; but here, again, the march of civilisation is making itself felt. The vast and ever-increasing population that has poured into Canada within the last few years has resulted in immense forests being cut down to make room for agriculture"; and in Canada, as well as throughout the United States, an ever-present and assiduous enemy is at work in the shape of "the devastating fire-bird, the blighting irrepresible flames of which are responsible for the destruction of ten times more trees than those felled by the axe." It is true that before the timber famine actually becomes acute, the vast forests of Central and South America, of Central Africa, and North-Eastern Asia will be requisitioned and will help to avert the evil day. But all this evidence tends emphatically to confirm the opinion already advanced that the world's supply of timber is no longer equal to the demand, and that unless existing conditions are radically altered, a very few years will bring us all face to face with a most serious crisis through the universal scarcity of one of the indispensable necessities of progress and civilisation.

The Rev. J. C. Harris, pastor of the Kingston (England), Congregational Church, who recently lectured on "Rudyard Kipling," told an excellent Kipling story.

He said it was hard to believe that the man who would write the "Recessional" could descend to the level of "Pay, pay, pay," but no man was more keenly alive to his own blunders than Mr Kipling.

Mr Harris said he was sitting with Mr Kipling in his garden at Rottingdean one day when a street organ struck up "The Absent-Minded Beggar." Kipling was silent one moment, and then remarked, "If it was not suicide I would kill the man who wrote that."

Patronised by the Prince and Princess of Wales,



Governors of Australia, New Zealand, etc.

## THE GRAND HOTEL, ROTORUA.

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Close to the Railway Station and the Government Gardens, and Famous Curative Baths. Superbly Furnished and Supplied with every Luxury, Comfort, and Modern Convenience. Attendance and Cuisine equal to the best in the Dominion.

TARIFF: From 12/6 per day.

GEO. M. BROWN, Proprietor.

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On the Shores of the Magnificent Lake Rotorua; one of the most commanding positions in the district. From its spacious balconies a wonderful view is obtained. Among the GREAT ATTRACTIONS this Popular Hotel has to offer are

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From the verandah of this hotel visitors have constant opportunity of witnessing the Geysers playing, and of studying native life and customs.

The Hotel possesses its own private Hot and Cold Curative Mineral Baths, of which the most valued are the "Spout," "Oil," and "Carlsbad" Baths. It is furnished throughout in a most luxurious style, and is on a par with the leading Continental Spa Hotels.

TARIFF: From 10/6 per day.

F. WATKINSON, Proprietor.



# Romances and Tragedies of the Telephone.



wire for a moment, as there was some one who wished to speak to her. Dropping his receiver, he ran round to the house and, through the window, shot the waiting woman dead.

### Operator Hears Tragedy in a Farmhouse.

This tragedy is excelled in horror by the tale which is told of an operator in a little Illinois town who, through some means which never have been ascertained, found her exchange connected one night with a telephone in a lonely farmhouse about twelve miles out of town, and was the impotent auditor to an awful drama.

She heard a sound of muffled cries and several revolver shots fired in quick succession. Then all was silent. The alarmed operator, knowing the solitary situation of the farmhouse, at once notified the authorities. The sheriff with a posse rode out to the place, but could not get admittance. The house was dark and silent and, fearing, they knew not what, the officers of the law broke down the door and entered.

The first thing they encountered was the body of the farmer, his throat cut and a razor clamped in his hand. He was long past human aid, and the officers proceeded to investigate the other rooms. In an upper bedroom they discovered the bodies of the farmer's wife and his two children. They had all been shot dead.

No explanation ever was given or ever can be given of this fourfold crime. That the farmer in a homicidal frenzy had first slaughtered his family and then taken his own life seemed a foregone conclusion, but there was no living witness to tell of what led up to the tragedy, and days might have elapsed before the discovery if it had not been for the strange message of the telephone.

### Dog Creates Consternation over the 'phone.

An apparent tragedy which, however, in its outcome proved simply humorous, occurred recently in Chicago. An operator was startled one night by a moaning sound which came over the wire from a warehouse on South Water-street, which she knew was untenanted at night. The means were heard by several of the other operators, and it was determined to summon the police.

A patrol wagon dashed to the building indicated, but everything was found dark and quiet. However, a detective, dispatched to the telephone exchange, also heard the moaning sound, and it was decided to force an entrance into the warehouse. Down in the basement the cause of the alarm was discovered. It was a half-starved dog. The wretched animal, wandering about in search of something to eat, had dragged the telephone off the desk and caused the moaning noise through gnawing the wires.

A bank clerk, working over hours, had occasion to transact some business in the bank vault. While there the door, through some accident, closed on him. It locked automatically, and he found himself a prisoner in an airtight room from which no cry for help could issue, even if there had been any one near to hear it. It was only a question of a short time before the air in the vault became exhausted and the clerk would die from suffocation. Fortunately for him there was a branch 'phone in the vault. He got in communication with the bank officials, who reached the bank in time to save him.

### Family Rescued from Flames by 'Phone Call.

Another story told of the beneficent use of the telephone was in a case where

a fire started in a vacant room on the fourth floor of an office building. The occupants of the house across the street noticed the flames, and over the telephone aroused the inmates of the upper portion of the burning building, who were asleep. If it had not been for the possibility of telephonic communication the sleepers might not have been awakened before the flames beneath them had cut off their means of escape.

Not are the stories told of the uses of the telephone at the Isolation hospital. Patients dying of malignant diseases, cut off by the nature of their diseases are able at least to hear the voices of their loved ones and convey to them their last mournful messages and wishes.

But all the tales of the telephone are not sad or tragic. It plays an important part in the business conducted by Cupid. Of course love messages flash across the wires in hundreds every day, but there also are stories told of where the actual marriage ceremony has been performed by telephone. Two lovers living in different towns are impatient to be joined in wedlock. There are reasons which prevent either going to the other. Fifty years ago the situation would be hope-

**T**RAGEDY, comedy, farce, tears, laughter, love messages — every expression of human emotion flows daily and nightly over the telephone system of Chicago. The operator who sits at this great ear of two million people hears many strange and oftentimes terrible things. While the rule of secrecy as to names is maintained, some queer things are told by the telephone officials, a few of which are related here.

It was about midnight a few years ago when a general fire alarm rang through the city and the fire engines dashed wildly through the streets to the rescue of a great factory building that was blazing in the loop district. The building was doomed, for the alarm had come too late. The night watchman, the only living soul in the place, was caged in an upper room. The flames roared angrily all about him, cutting off every means of escape and rendering the desperate efforts of the firemen futile to effect a rescue.

### Wife Gets Last Message from Husband.

A telephone operator seated at the central switch board was called and heard a terrible voice at the other end of the wire call frantically for a number. It was the doomed watchman, who, realising that death was inevitable, was calling up his wife to bid her farewell. The wife was given the wire, but the details of that incredible conversation



never will be known. For a few moments the wife listened to the voice of her husband and then his fate overtook him. There was one last cry and a terrible crash. The floor had fallen and the flames had seized their victim.

Another tragedy of the telephone occurred two years ago on the south State-street. A man who had been pined by his sweetheart entered a saloon near her house and drank himself into a state of frenzy. In this condition he determined on the murder of the young woman who had proven faithless to him and enlisted the telephone to his aid in a unique manner. Knowing that the telephone in her house was close to the first floor window, he rang up the woman from the saloon and in a disguised voice asked her to hold the

A woman called up her husband and was told by the operator that the line was busy. With the utmost indignation the woman announced that her husband never was too busy to talk to her, and when she subsequently got into communication with her spouse she demanded that he immediately see that that impertinent 'phone girl be discharged.

Be sure you get  
**Bonnington's Irish Moss.**

Most chemists and retailers will give you Bonnington's Irish Moss directly you ask for it. Here and there, however, you will find one who does not maintain the dignity of the profession, and who will try to sell you a substitute on which he makes a larger profit. You know the insidious argument, "Yes, I stock Bonnington's, but have you tried my own mixture. It is just as good."

Allow no one to deceive you. There is no remedy so good as Bonnington's Irish Moss. For over 46 years it has been the standard cough medicine.



less, but to-day comes the telephone to the rescue. The bride at one end of the wire, vouchsafed by reputable witnesses, and the bridegroom at the other and in a similar position. The clergyman receives the answers from either end, and then to each in turn repeats the words which bind them together for weal or woe. It hardly sounds a satisfactory method, or one which would appeal to the average bride, but it novelly may compensate for its deficiency in romance.

### Cupid Uses the Wire and Blocks Business.

To come to a still lighter side of telephony. There was once a Chicago subscriber who complained to the company that he was being annoyed by being called to the telephone and then informed that a mistake had been made in the number. He declared that it occurred too often to be accidental. An investigation was made, and it was discovered that Cupid was in fault again.

A certain young man had become smitten with the charms of the subscriber's stenographer. Whenever he had a spare moment he used to ring her up and murmur a few soft nothings over the wire. If the girl was busy, however, her employer was accustomed to answer the call, whereupon the enamoured swain would at once say it was a mistake and hang up his receiver. It is hardly necessary to add that poor Cupid got a black eye again.

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# A PERFECT GUARD

By R. E. VERNEDE.

Illustrated by C. J. TAYLOR

EVERYBODY said we ought to have a powerful watchdog owing to the isolated position of our house. The house is undoubtedly lonely. It stands on a hill in the middle of farmland, half a mile from a main road; and though that means a longish walk for a burglar, and not much to burgle when he gets there, still it is pleasant to know that any burglar who does turn up would only enter over the body of a faithful and powerful dog.

We decided to have such a dog, and after looking through many advertisements were attracted by the following: "To anyone requiring protection—Cross-bred bull-mastiff bearhound. Weighs hundred and forty pounds. Stands 24 inches. A perfect guard. Deacon terror to burglars. Given away for three pounds, owing to room being required. Preference to wires. MacTavish. Ngat kennels. Sutherland."

"A perfect guard," said my wife, "is what we want. Let us wire MacTavish." We did so, and I suppose received preferential treatment, MacTavish sending a postcard to say that on receipt of a cheque the dog would be forwarded per passenger train. It was, he added, too cheap to be sent on approval.

"I don't like that," I said to my wife. "There is something suspicious about not letting us have him on approval."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Celia cheerfully. "You see, MacTavish frankly says it is because the dog is so cheap."

"When Scotsmen are frank," I retorted, "Englishmen need to be canny."

"But you never could be, even if you tried," said Celia, with that love of parodying a truism common to her sex.

I wrote the cheque in silence. "Don't blame me if the creature turns out an aged, toothless hound, blind in one eye."

"Even if he is," said Celia, "the burglars would not realise it in the night-time. And his great size would terrify them."

"If it were as dark as that," I suggested, "they might not realise his size."

"Well, they would hear his growl, then," said Celia. "Don't be so logical."

Two days later, as we were sitting at luncheon, the maid came in to say that the dog had arrived on the station cart. She seemed a little excited as she handed me the railway company's charge sheet.

"All right," I said. "Tell the man to tie him up in the yard, and we'll come and inspect him presently. Here's the money."

"If you please, sir," said Susan, "the dog's in a crate, and the man don't care to let him out."

"Why not?" asked Celia.

"It seems a savage-like sort of dog, ma'am," said Susan.

"Nonsense," I said. "You would be savage yourself, Susan, if you had been penned up in a crate for twenty-four hours. I suppose I shall have to go and see him myself."

"I'll come with you," said Celia.

We found the railway carter having a glass of beer in the kitchen, as is the custom in our part. He finished it hastily and said to me:

"You ain't going to let that dog out for a bit, are you, sir?"

"Yes," I said. "I am."

"Then I'll get back on my cart," he said. "He seems a bit too hungry for me."

"You don't mean to say you're afraid of a dog, do you?" I asked. "I've no doubt the poor creature is hungry. Susan, bring me some bones."

"Do be careful, John," said Celia, and she and Susan and the carter all followed me into the yard, where the latter promptly climbed into his cart.

"You'll give me a fair start, sir," he said, and whipped up his horse as I approached the crate.

A low, deep growl, which would compare well with any organ I have heard, caused me to step back a pace and Susan to drop the plate of bones.

"He certainly ought to be a terror to burglars," said I, as I regarded the rearing creature's vast proportions. Exactly which part of him was bull and which mastiff and bear-hound was difficult to tell, but he certainly was a magnificent dog. He was so superbly built, that, seeing Stevens, our gardener, coming back from his dinner, I thought it would be as well to wait for his assistance before opening the crate.

"A couple of men can do this sort of thing more easily than one," I explained to Celia.

As Stevens showed no signs of coming nearer, and the dog, disturbed, no doubt, by the sight of the bones which he could not reach, seemed to be working himself

her apron to her eyes, remarked, "Would it not be safer to let the dog gnaw through the wood?"

"He is not a redent, my dear," I said. "He seems to have begun, though," said Celia. "Look!"

Stevens and I both went forward to look, and both recoiled simultaneously. The animal had undoubtedly begun to chew vigorously at one of the thin wooden bars of the crate, accompanying this performance with a low, unmusical noise that distinctly grated on the nerves.

"Perhaps we had better go and get a hammer," I said resolutely. Celia and Susan had already vanished through the yard gate into the kitchen.



"Ah! He's got out," said Stevens.



"You don't mean to say you're afraid of a dog, do you?" I asked.

into a perfect fury. I had to send Susan to fetch Stevens. He came vacillatingly.

"The dog has arrived, you see," I said, "and we are just going to let him out."

"Are you, sir?" said Stevens in a non-committal tone.

"Yes," I said, and to encourage him, I added that the dog ought to be a terror to burglars.

"Do you think, sir," said Stevens, "that he'll be able to tell burglars from them as is not burglars?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"He looks a powerful sort of dog," said Stevens suggestively.

"That," I said, "is why we bought him."

"Yes, sir, on approval, sir?"

"No," said I, shortly, "for good and all."

"The man we bought him from, Stevens," explained my wife, "said he was too cheap to be sent on approval."

"He knewed what he was about, ma'am," said Stevens.

"Look here," I said, thoroughly irritated. "While you are all talking, this unfortunate dog, which has been imprisoned for days, is simply getting enraged. It is natural that he should. I propose to let him out to have those bones."

"Ye-sir," said Stevens, bristling up; "should I go on picking out those cabbage?"

"Shall I get it for you, sir, while you stop here?" said Stevens officiously.

I did not reply, but walked with dignity through the gate, Stevens following, to the kitchen door. Susan had the hammer ready.

"Here it is, sir," she said.

"Thank you, Susan," I replied. "I think we'll have the chisel too."

As I waited for it the sounds of gnawing, which had been going on steadily, ceased. There followed a deep pouncing sound and a series of deep-chested roars.

"Ah, he's got out," said Stevens.

I went to the yard gate, which is a pretty high one, and looked over. It was as Stevens had said. The creature had got out, and, after a mighty stretch or two had flung himself upon the bones. Decidedly he was a grand specimen; and the way he crunched the bones almost terrifying. Indeed, while I watched, they vanished like so much grass, and the dog rose and gave a glance round. I may have bobbed slightly behind the gate, or I may have not, but I know that the next time I looked he was down on his haunches tearing at one of the very fine buff Oringtons that are kept in the yard.

"This will never do," I cried to Celia.

"He's got one of your hens."

"Oh, stop him!" she cried.

"All right," I said. "Shoo! Shoo! Drop it, bad dog! Drop it!"

I might as well have spoken to a tiger, for all the attention I received. In fact he snarled at me exactly like a tiger.

"Is he still eating?" said my wife.

"Ye'm," said Stevens, who had also come to the gate to look.  
 "Shall I go out to him?" I said, looking round for support.  
 "Don't!" Celia replied instantly. "He'll kill you."  
 "As soon as look at you," said Stevens.  
 "I believe he would," I said, with conviction, and then we all stood and looked at one another in silence, while the low sucking snarl went on.  
 "What is to be done?" I asked, as presently a flapping of wings and screaming too plainly showed that he had begun on another hen. "He may finish the lot off—"

kin, who is a lover of animals and a member of the S.P.C.A., said, "Good boy, good dog!" Just that—in a wheedling voice. There is really nothing to object to in Hankin's voice; it has not even the clerical quality in it. On the contrary, it is a pleasant, brisk baritone voice. But the dog did not like it. With a roar that would have drowned a brass band, he made for Hankin.  
 My wife declared that she shut her eyes, expecting to see him crushed up like the Buff Orpingtons. I kept mine open because it seemed more manly. I saw Hankin take one glance at the gate, and one at a small arbor, or shed, with a door to it that lay to the right. The

shouting animatedly through the narrow slit that served as a window must have put a considerable strain on the vocal chords, especially as our guests wouldn't go away without the fullest explanations, and seemed doubtful then whether the whole thing wasn't a joke. We could hear them laughing and chatting and Hankin earnestly exhorting them, and the dog, which had stretched himself sphinx-like just outside the arbor door, occasionally letting off a cyclonic growl. It was the sound of the latter which chiefly persuaded people to go away. Dr. Jenkinson, a sceptical man, but keen on tennis, heard it only after he had actually unlatched the gate, after frankly expressing his opinion that the whole thing was nonsense. The click of the gate, however, caught the ears of our perfect guard, and as his thunder died away, the pluck, of Jenkinson's retiring motor-bicycle sounded quick and sharp.

"Why don't you shoot the brute!" was his parting remark, passed on to us by the now woolly-voiced Hankin, who added: "I'm almost afraid you'll have to, old man. I've got a service at 7, you know."  
 "Celia and I will talk it over during tea," I called back. "I wish we could send you out a cup—"  
 "Not at all," said Hankin, politely. "Never mind about me."

We did not mind about Hankin nearly so much as we minded about the dog, who was upsetting everything in the most unprecedented manner. Stevens had not stirred from the greenhouse. Susan was absolutely shaky on the legs when she brought in tea.  
 "I'm afraid you will have to shoot him," said Celia, regretfully, as she poured out my second cup.

"You talk, Celia," I said irritably, "as though that were a simple matter. Apart from the fact that it is throwing away three pounds. I have nothing but my revolver in the house at present, and I am not much of a shot with a revolver. I shouldn't care to try at less than fifteen paces. I should only miss—"  
 "Well, why not try at fifteen paces?"  
 "Because if I missed, the dog mightn't—"

"Oh, you mustn't, then," said Celia.  
 "Of course, later on we might stalk the creature," I said, "or set a bait for him—tie up a Buff Orpington under the

window, don't you know, or get Stevens to go out and wave a red handkerchief, but I don't see that at present—". Can you find Hankin! What's the matter with him now?"  
 The comparative peace of the arbor had just been broken by a series of distracted shouts from Hankin. We ran to the window.  
 "The dog can't have got in!" I said nervously.

"No, no, listen!" said Celia. "He's calling to somebody."  
 "Go away! Go away! You mustn't come in!" These directions, evidently given by Hankin to someone in the road, suddenly changed to a convulsive yell of "Hi, Barker!"  
 "Yes," we both shouted back.

"There's a child coming along—coming in, I think. She doesn't seem to hear."  
 "Has she got golden curls?" Celia asked, irreverently as I thought.  
 "Yes," said Hankin.  
 "What if she has?" I asked.  
 "It's Kizzie Green," said Celia. "She's—she's dead!"

I don't wish to boast, or suggest that I was doing a courageous thing. I merely mention that on hearing these words spoken in Celia's most tragic voice, I turned, ran to the hall table, took out and loaded my revolver. Weights seemed attached to my legs during this process.  
 "What are you going to do, John?" Celia asked, terrified, as I returned.

"I am going to shoot that dog," I said. "It is my life or Kizzie Green's—probably both, if I miss."  
 "Yours is most valuable," said Celia unheroically.

"I know it is," I said. "But you won't get everyone to think so if that child is killed. Leave me, Celia!"  
 She was clinging to me, saying that she would go, too; but I presently found myself stepping into the garden alone.

The scene that followed will ever dwell in my memory—and also, I believe, in Celia's and Hankin's—as the most dramatic we have ever witnessed. It is the sort of thing that recurs in dreams. Once again I feel myself step out into the garden, I hear the gate click, I see the child enter and the colossal dog prick up its ears and rise. At the time, I am thankful to say, it had its back to me, thus enabling me to advance without being seen. As I did so, I realised that the door of the arbour was being



The dog had begun to crawl toward the child, stalking her.

"Melie he's got of it when he's had enough," said Stevens; and this, in fact, proved to be the case. Four Dan Orpingtons and the dish of bones seemed to satisfy his cravings; and after that he wandered out of the yard leisurely, as though to seek some comfortable resting place. We lost sight of him a minute later, and my wife expressed the hope that he had run away and would not come back.

"We shan't have any such luck," I said gloomily. "That dog will know when he has found a good home."  
 "If he only could get him on a chain—"

"If," I repeated. "He's probably in the garden now. By the way, Stevens, you were going to prick out the cabbages, weren't you?"

"I'd sooner get on with the 'mums, sir," said Stevens. "You see, sir, I can get into the conservatory by way of the 'ouse."

"As you please," I said; and my wife and I retired to the drawing-room, which looks out on the greater part of the garden, including the front gate and the tennis lawn. It was the sight of the latter which moved my wife to say suddenly:

"Good gracious, I'd forgotten! It's this afternoon that people are coming for tennis. And I particularly said, 'Come early.' What are we to do, John?"

"I don't know," I said.  
 "It isn't fair to let them come with that dreadful creature wandering about loose."

"He may not attack them," I said.  
 "After all, it's only a dog, you know."  
 "Don't be so inhuman!"

"Shall I stand at the gate and warn them to abandon hope as they enter?" I asked, endeavouring to affect a hilarity I did not feel.

"You ought to. If anyone were killed—"

It was exactly in the middle of that sentence that we heard the front gate click; and it was less than a moment after (so that I really had not time to think of a plan of action) that we saw Archibald Hankin, the curate, appear lurching it, wheeling his bicycle. In what again seemed less than a second the dog, which had been reposing unseen in the middle of one of the flower-beds, rose and growled.

He did not move toward Hankin, and Hankin did not move toward him. They simply stood facing each other for an appreciable length of time. Then Han-

shed was slightly nearer than the gate. He must have seen that in an instant, for almost as the dog began his spring, he dropped his bicycle and dived for it. He got in just so much ahead that the dog's teeth gnashed the closing door. He must have had rather a shock, for quite an interval elapsed before he called out "Barker!" and his voice was distinctly shaky.

"Yes!" I shouted back.  
 "There's a brute of a dog here," he said, "that came for me. He's outside this shed now, I fancy."

"Yes, I can see him," I said. "He's a powerful-looking dog."  
 "You might call him off then—"

"No good, my dear fellow," I responded.  
 "Eh?"

"He wouldn't come."

I explained the nature of the dog, so far as I knew it, in a few well-chosen shouts, dwelling particularly on the fact that we had only just found him out; and then Hankin inquired from his shelter what I expected him to do.

"Stay there," I said.  
 "For how long?"

"Well, I can hardly say," I replied. "You see how things are—"

"Yes, I see that," said Hankin. "But hang it all, man, I've a service at 7; and you've got other people coming to tennis, haven't you? You're not going to let them come in and be eaten!"

"That's it," I said. "I thought if you wouldn't mind stopping there, you're so much nearer the gate than I can get that you could see the people as they come along and warn them what's up. Of course, they mustn't think of coming in and playing."

This appeal to the altruistic side of Hankin, who is a very good-natured fellow, stopped for the time being the querulous note that had crept into his voice.

"All right, I will," he said. "Only remember, I've got a service at 7, won't you?"

I promised to keep this in mind, if it would give Hankin any satisfaction, and Celia thanked him in a fluty voice that carried well. Then for an hour or more we sat in the drawing-room window, and listened while Hankin explained to people as they came along the road that they had better go back again owing to a wild dog being at large.

Poor Hankin! I did not envy him. The arbor is a musty, dusty place, and on that hot afternoon could not but have been very trying. The need, too, of



"There's a brute of a dog that came for me. He's outside this shed now, I fancy."

cautiously opened, that Hankin was coming out—had come out. He held a scythe in his hands, also a stone with which to sharpen it. I do not know if he expected to sharpen the scythe between the bouts, and I don't think he knew either. It was simply the lust of battle. The dog, which had begun to crawl toward the child, talking her, had its immense back to Hankin as well as to me. It meant to spring. That, I think, was in the minds of both Hankin and myself, and exchanging a hasty glance, we closed in upon it.

Meanwhile Kizzie Green, a small girl of about seven, with a basket on her arm, was coming up the path. I have mentioned her curls. I do not care for curls, as a rule, but they certainly added to the pathos of the scene. So did her innocent blue eyes, which suddenly caught sight of the dog and grew large. It was the critical moment. Then: "Oh, your dear dog!" she said, and literally flung herself upon him.

Before Hankin and I, spellbound with horror, could intervene, she had one arm round his neck, and the stupendous creature was licking her face.

A little later, following the lucid gestures of Hankin and myself, Kizzie led her slave round to the yard, where he submitted to have the chain affixed to his collar in the most docile possible manner.

Since then, Terror, as we have named this admirable mongrel, has led a most peaceful life; no burglars having turned up. If we have also had fewer other callers, that cannot be considered Terror's fault. Many people are absurdly timid about large dogs.

**Adventuress and Automobile.**

**THE INTERESTING MISS CHARLESWORTH SHOWS A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.**

There is probably no case on record quite like that of Violet May Gordon Charlesworth, whose disappearance and reappearance have furnished England with a nine days' wonder (writes a London correspondent). There have been other women adventuresses and there will be many more. Mme. Humbert in Paris and Mrs. Chadwick in America have shown what clever women can do and how bankers and lawyers may become as clay in the hands of the petter when the woman financier camps upon their trail. But Mme. Humbert and Mrs. Chadwick were experienced. They were women of a "certain age," versed in the ways of the world and skilled in detecting the weak points of human nature. Miss Charlesworth is a girl hardly out of her teens, of lowly station, and without the background of worldly wisdom and aplomb that would be thought essential. But then Miss Charlesworth is beautiful, and perhaps beauty is the most useful of assets in the capital of an adventuress.

The trouble began with the report of the terrible automobile accident in North Wales. The machine containing Miss Charlesworth, her sister, and a chauffeur had run violently into a wall skirting the sea cliff and the "young heiress" had been thrown into the waves over a hundred feet below. No trace of the body could be found, but this was thought to be natural enough, as the currents were swift and uncertain. The occurrence created a painful impression upon the public in general, but it is safe to say that the most painful impression of all was aroused among Miss Charlesworth's creditors. These were found to be so numerous and their claims were of so extraordinary a nature as to give rise to an uneasy suspicion that possibly Miss Charlesworth's death was of the dramatic kind. Suspicious became certain when a partially destroyed telegram picked up at random disclosed the fact that the lady herself, alive, well, and quite dry, was in quiet retirement in the north of Scotland. Then her whole story became public property.

Miss Charlesworth is the daughter of an English nobleman who was reduced to want as a result of a strike. Thus thrown upon her own resources, she found that she had none of the ordinary kind. That she had some of an extraordinary kind is shown by the fact that she called personally upon certain well-known bankers and asked for small loans. She had no security to offer and effected a guileless surprise that a god-child of General Gordon of Soudan fame should be asked to enter into mercenary details. Was she not the heiress of that mighty warrior with £500,000 of his

money ready to be paid to her at the age of twenty-five? The story was, of course, a sheer invention. General Gordon had never heard of her, and as for possessing £500,000, he died worth hardly that number of pence. And yet the bankers believed that story, believed it with a simple-minded sincerity that is not usually supposed to be among their virtues. They swallowed the whole of it, the relationship and the heiresship, too. The bootblack at the corner would have known better, and yet these innocent and confiding bankers gave Miss Charlesworth what she asked for almost without hesitation and wholly without inquiry.

Thus furnished with a small capital Miss Charlesworth began to speculate on the Stock Exchange. She knew nothing of the business, but she found some susceptible broker who taught her the ropes. At first she was successful. Then she lost, lost steadily and heavily. When she was asked for cover she explained her innocence of such matters and trotted out the old story of General Gordon, and it was just as successful with the brokers as with the bankers. They seem to have competed with one another for the honour of financing her, and so the game went on apace.

Trade-men could hardly be proof against blandishments that had fascinated the money magnates. Dress-makers, milliners, jewellers, furriers, automobile manufacturers hastened to lay their offerings at her feet, and were satisfied to wait for their money. They are still waiting. She leased four country houses, one in Wiltshire, one in Rosshire, one in Wales, and one in London, and she went from place to place with her retinue of servants, her splendid hunting horses, and her dogs. By way of giving the bankers a vacation, she borrowed money from the jewellers. They were just as complacent. Far be it from them to ask any security. The General Gordon myth was enough. No one asked for documents, no one made inquiries, no one had suspicions. The fact that a young girl was living at the rate of £40,000 a year was enough. The more detail that she paid for nothing, that everything was upon credit, was overlooked.

Some of the creditors did begin to press, but Miss Charlesworth was ready for them with a variation of the Gordon myth. The money was in the hands of trustees, who in the ordinary course would pay it to her when she reached the age of twenty-five. But the trustees had certain discretionary powers. If they suspected of her extravagance they would postpone payment. Now, if these creditors made trouble there would be publicity. The trustees would hear of it, there would be inquiries, payment would be postponed, and then where would the creditors be? This story did just as well as the former one. Still there was no suspicion and not one among this band of innocents had the enterprise to ascertain that General Gordon owned at his death no more than his last pay warrant.

The crash had to come sooner or later. Every game has its end, and Miss Charlesworth saw it coming. She owed £10,000 to one broker alone. How much she owed to others, how much to the banks, how much to the army of tradespeople, how much to house-owners and horse dealers will probably never be known. Financial magnates especially have a certain reluctance to confessing that they did things financially of which a village schoolmistress would be ashamed. They do not wish to admit that they were dazzled and hypnotised by a pair of beautiful eyes. They could certainly explain their behaviour in no other way, and some of them may be married, and certain explanations might be even more embarrassing than the legal. There seems no likelihood that Miss Charlesworth will be greatly inconvenienced except by bankruptcy proceedings. On the other hand she might be made chancellor of the exchequer. National deficits would have no terrors for her.

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# DR. CRAIG'S WOOING

By E. M. WHALLEY

**I**T is a fearfully foggy night, Doctor, had you not better wait and let me send for your motor?"

Dr. Craig laughed and replied, as he shook hands with the husband of his patient, "Thank you, but I much prefer walking to motoring—in a fog. Good night," and before his friend could further remonstrate with him, the fog had swallowed the doctor's handsome person in its gloomy arms, and his brisk step resounded in the deserted street as he hurried home to the bright fire and cosy dinner he knew awaited him in his comfortable bachelor abode over which his good housekeeper, Mrs. Holmes, presided.

Gossips said that every marriageable woman in Middleville had done her best to win the heart of the popular young doctor, but so far he still remained free with no deeper love in his life than that which he gave to his beloved profession, in which he was rapidly making a great name for himself.

The fog began to lift as Dr. Craig neared his house, and as he reached his gate he was surprised to see what looked like a huge bundle lying across the pavement. Hurrying towards it the doctor found it to be a neatly dressed woman, evidently a lady by her appearance, lying apparently lifeless, her bloodless face turned towards the skies.

Making as complete an examination as the fog would permit, Dr. Craig decided that the woman had merely fainted, and without a moment's hesitation he lifted her up in his strong arms and carried her into his house.

Mrs. Holmes hurried to meet him as was her habit on rainy evenings to take his coat, and seeing his strange burden she at once led the way into the library where a bright fire was burning in the hearth.

It was typical of the excellent terms upon which Dr. Craig and his housekeeper lived that neither spoke until the frail stranger was comfortably placed upon the couch and had rewarded their efforts towards restoration by giving signs of returning consciousness. Then the doctor, feeling Mrs. Holmes deserved an explanation, recounted in low tones the way he had stumbled upon the unfortunate woman, and added, "There is no doubt but that faintness was caused by exposure and lack of food."

Mrs. Holmes' voice was very tender as she replied, "Poor young creature, and she is a lady without doubt, every line of her beautiful face speaks of gentle breeding and refinement."

As she finished speaking the patient moved, and as the colour came into her lips her eyes slowly opened. Glorious eyes they were, of a deep violet blue shaded with lashes as dark as the heavy folds of hair which fell away from her smooth white forehead.

The girl gave no sign of fear as her eyes wandered round the unaccustomed room, much as a waking child slowly, and half-unconsciously views its surroundings.

Mrs. Holmes had stepped away from the couch, her instinctive delicacy telling her how painfully the knowledge of her plight must prove when the girl should awaken to a full realisation of the situation.

Dr. Craig never took his eyes off the face of his patient, and at last those roving violet eyes met his.

Like a flash full consciousness came back to the girl, and with a half cry she attempted to regain her feet.

Placing a hand gently but firmly upon her shoulder the doctor begged her to lie still, and then as she sank feebly back upon the couch, and with a sob covered her face with her hands, Mrs. Holmes came to her side, and Dr. Craig passed out of the room, leaving the two women together.

"You are with good friends," Mrs. Holmes tenderly assured the poor girl, who, comforted by the good woman's kindness, soon ceased to weep, and tried

to explain how she came to be where she now remembered she had sunk down utterly exhausted.

At that moment the door opened, and as the girl started to her feet with a cry of terror, Dr. Craig entered the room bearing a tray of light refreshments which he placed on a small table by the couch, and speaking in his most kindly professional manner, ordered the girl to eat what he had brought her.

She tried to thank him and explain, but he would not hear a word. "We will leave this lady to enjoy her supper, Mrs. Holmes," he said, as he opened the door for his housekeeper. Before following her he said gravely to his visitor, "When you are refreshed if you will ring the bell, I shall be glad to come and hear anything which you may care to tell me," then he bowed politely, and passed out of the room.

An hour later, when the doctor had finished his dinner, Mrs. Holmes came to tell him the young lady was much refreshed, and would like to speak to him.

He went to her at once, and found her seated in a chair by the fire, her hands clasped nervously in her lap, her beautiful head bent as though she wished to be seen as little as possible.

The girl's whole attitude was one of utter dejection and timidity. As the man looked at her he felt almost ashamed to intrude upon her grief, but his sincere wish to help her in her helplessness made it necessary for him to hear her story, and sitting down in a low chair on the opposite side of the fireplace, he waited patiently for the girl to speak. The glow from the fire lit up in little shadows the white, sad young face.

Dr. Craig was a strong man in every sense of the word, and with a strong man's feeling for the weak and helpless. Never before had that pity been more keenly awakened in the man than it was for the slight girlish creature who crouched by his hearth in so sorry a plight.

For some moments neither spoke, then without raising her bowed head the girl said nervously, in a low, sweet, refined voice:

"I am not going to attempt to thank you for your kindness to me this night, but if you care to hear my story, I will tell it to you before I go from your house, comforted, and thankful to you for your hospitality."

The doctor answered gravely: "I shall be glad to hear anything that you may care to tell me."

The sympathy in the man's voice brought the tears into the girl's eyes, with an effort she kept them back, and speaking quickly, as though fearful lest the mastery she strove to gain over herself should desert her she began her story.

"My father is Mr. Holt, of Carey Hall, Westmorland, I am his only child. My dear mother died when I was a girl about ten years of age. A year ago my father arranged a marriage for me. I hated the man. Yes!" she repeated in a tired voice, "I hated him, so I ran away from home, and went to London. My friends had always told me how well I acted, and I hoped, with the help of the money I should obtain by the sale of my jewels, to keep myself until I could get an engagement in some touring company. I took rooms in a house where I was told theatrical people lodged, and every day I went round to the agents. They took their fees, telling me I should soon hear of a good part, but weeks went by, and still they could not get me an engagement. Oh! it was too terrible! Day after day I spent going from one agency to another, sometimes sitting in the waiting rooms for hours, hoping that a manager might be there who would engage me, but there were so many actors and actresses who seemed equally anxious to find employment, that I do not wonder no one wanted me."

Here two big tears rolled down the worn young face, and fell upon her pretty hands, folded listlessly in her lap. With a brave effort, she controlled herself, and went on, more slowly, and rather shyly:

"There was an actor staying in the same boarding-house where I lodged. I often met him on the stairs and at the agents, and one day he walked back with me, and we had tea in the sitting-room together. I was so lonely, and he was so very kind," she added wistfully, looking timidly into the doctor's face.

He nodded back at her with a kind smile, and said gently:

"Go on with your story, I'm very interested."

"We soon became very friendly," she continued, "and one day I told him all about my leaving home. He said that he thought I had done quite right, and spoke so beautifully about the seriousness of marriage and the beauty of true love, that I felt he must be a very good man, and I learned to trust him more and more, so that when he asked me to marry him, I quite thought I loved him, and two weeks later we were married."

The Doctor, sitting quietly listening in his easy chair, could not have explained for worlds why, when the girl made the last statement, he suddenly felt as though something had slipped out of his life which he would have given all his medical knowledge to have been able to hold. There are still some few things in this work-a-day world which science has yet to solve. Had a woman experienced a like sensation her intuition would have told her that she was in love. As to Doctor Craig, being a man, and an educated, healthy man, such an idea never entered his head, and even if, by any chance it had, he would have laughed at himself for a fool. And yet

that is exactly what happened. He had fallen in love with this girl who had come so strangely into his busy life.

It is the fashion, now a days, to laugh at love, as one does at ghosts, and I am not surprised, for there are so few people who are capable of loving. But there are still hundreds who can love, and who do love. And when love comes to such a one, more often than not it comes suddenly, without warning, and respects neither laws nor persons, and death alone can quench it; nay, I dare not say that death itself can put it out, for if there be anything in this world that we may take with us into the next, surely it is love.

For a few minutes neither spoke; they were both looking vacantly into the fire; the woman with her body bending forward, her hands unconsciously gripped together, her eyes with an expression in them, half of shame, half of terror.

The man also gazed into the fire, for he fell instinctively, that the girl would rather he did not look at her.

At last she continued:

"We walked back from the church to the boarding-house, intending to leave later in the day to visit a sister of his, who lived at Brighton, but as we entered the house the landlady told Mr. Morton a lady was waiting to speak to him in the dining-room."

"A lady!" he cried, and his face went so white that I thought he must be ill.

"He told me hurriedly to go up to my room, and he would call me if the lady was anyone that I should care to see. Then he went into the dining room, and shut the door loudly behind him."

"I thought his manner rather strange, but, imagining it might be someone on business, I went up to my rooms, and completed my packing for the journey."

"In about an hour's time he joined me, looking very excited and worried, and coming over to where I was sitting, he took my hands in his, and told me, with tears in his eyes, that unless I at once consented to go to my father's house in town, where we had seen from the papers that he was staying, and tell him of our marriage, and ask him to lend, or give us, five hundred pounds, he would be a ruined and dishonoured man."

"Can you not, can you, imagine my consternation?" excitedly continued the girl, her face ablaze with the memory of the scene she seemed to be living over once again.

"I told him that the thing was impossible, and that I would rather die than ask my father for one penny. I reminded him of the way I had left my home, and how he himself, who now begged me to return in such an ignoble manner, had approved of my so doing. He would hardly listen to me, but continued to implore me, for his sake, to subdue my pride, and remember that, as his wife, I owed him obedience. At last I grew angry, and told him that he had no right to ask such an impossible thing of me, and then—oh! God! can I ever forget it! He struck me in the face with his clenched fist and as I fell to the floor dazed by the blow, he walked out of the room, cursing me as he slammed the door behind him."

Here the poor, overwrought girl burst

WHY?



I.

Why should the French gentlemen in the French cafes always look like this—



II.

When, for variety's sake, they might look like this



ed her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud, whilst the Doctor said never a word, knowing that nature demanded her own way, and that tears alone would ease the pain and the shame from which the outraged girl was suffering.

When at last she became calmer, he brought her a glass of sherry, which he quietly begged her to drink, and then, feeling stronger, she went on with her sad story.

"I don't know how long I lay there, but when I came to my senses I found that daylight was fading. In terror lest he should return, I seized my hat and cloak, and with my last few shillings in my purse, I hurried from the house, not caring where I went, so long as he could not follow me. I walked about all that night, and in the early morning I came to a railway station, and the thought occurred to me to go by train somewhere — anywhere — I cared not where. There was a train waiting at the platform, and I got into it, and seeing the name Middleville on the carriage, I asked a porter to get me a ticket for that place. The ticket took all the money, with the exception of one sixpence, which I gave to the man for his trouble. When I reached here it was getting dark, and I walked about thinking that I should come across some place where I could sit down and wait and rest until the daylight, but—

At that moment the house echoed with a violent ring at the bell, and with a scream of terror the girl rose to her feet, exclaiming:

"It is he. Oh, my God! He has found me!"

She would have rushed from the room, but the Doctor seized her arm, and firmly placed her in her chair, and he assured her it was merely someone coming to fetch him to see a patient, the door was pushed open, and a man strode into the room.

Doctor Craig knew, instinctively, as he looked at the man that he was the villain who had so terribly ill-used the poor girl who clung in piteous terror to his side.

The two men measured each other with their eyes for some seconds, and then the intruder, cowed by the cool gaze of the man before him, burst out:

"At last, madam, I have found you! May I ask you to explain your strange and truly unladylike behaviour?"

The girl shivered, and drew her hand from the Doctor's arm.

"May I ask if you are this lady's husband?" inquired Dr. Craig.

"I have that honour," sneered the man. "I need hardly ask you are: a lover is never to be mistaken: we husbands are less fortunate."

The Doctor controlled himself with a mighty effort and replied:

"I have just heard this lady's story, so your present behaviour is hardly a surprise to me."

"Her story, indeed," blustered the man. "She's pretty good at story telling: she got me to marry her through one of her yarns, curse her for a fool!"

"The insult served to strengthen the girl, drawing herself to her full height, she faced the man proudly.

"Cease to further insult me and this gentleman, whose name you are not fit to mention, and tell me why you have followed me," she demanded. "If you still hope to obtain money from me through my father, I assure you you are mistaken. I will die before I will own you as my husband, or return to my father's house to beg for you."

"Thank you! I do not think we will trouble the gentleman you honour by claiming as your father," sneered the man. "As I told you I must have five hundred pounds, but as you have so very obligingly led me to your lover, I think I will trouble him for that small sum, and then I'll no longer intrude upon you."

He did not finish his sentence, for at that moment Doctor Craig seized him by the throat, and fairly lifted him out of the room, through the unopened door, into the midst of the wondering servants, who, hearing the unaccustomed noise following the abrupt entrance of the stranger, had collected in a silent and awe-stricken group in the hall.

"Morris, fetch a policeman," ordered the doctor, still retaining a firm hold upon the throat of his captive, who, by this time was in a state of utter collapse.

Morris quickly opened the street door, and almost fell into the arms of a police officer, who was at the moment about to ring the bell.

The officer entered the hall, and taking in the situation at a glance, walked up to the half-suffocated Merton, and touching his cap to Doctor Craig, produced a

paper from his pocket and arrested Charles Merton on a charge of embezzling five hundred pounds belonging to his wife, Jane Merton, on the 4th day of May, 1900.

Doctor Craig passed the prisoner over to the officer, who at once handcuffed the man, and was preparing to take him off the premises, when he found his arm seized by an excited girl, who gasped out:

"You said his wife, Jane Merton. Who is she? Oh, don't tell me she is dead! Oh! answer me, answer me!"

"No, Miss, she ain't dead, that I can swear," answered the astonished policeman, "she's been after him this last week, and only yesterday she found him in London, and it's owing to a wire from her that I tracked the prisoner here this blessed evening, after he'd given them chaps in London the slip."

The girl turned as though to walk back into the room from which she had darted like a being demented, upon hearing the charge upon which her tormentor had been arrested, but the relief proved more than her overtaxed strength could bear, and with a murmured "Thank God," she would have fallen to the ground, had not the Doctor caught her in his arms, and carried her, for the second time in that eventful evening, into the cosy library where he again placed her upon the sofa, and with the help of the good Mrs. Holmes, once more restored her to consciousness.

The miserable Merton was at once taken to the police station, and after Mrs. Holmes had managed to restore the excited domestics to a reasonable state of order, she took the poor young guest to her own comfortable room, nor did she leave her until the tired eyes closed in the sleep her weary body so much needed. Surely her guardian angel had watched well her wandering steps that awful day, or it had been well for her that she had never been born.

Doctor Craig, after having given strict orders to his housekeeper not to permit the strange visitor, on any account, to leave the house until his return, departed by train for London, to call upon Mr. Holt, in Queen Anne's Gate.

It was a glorious afternoon in August, and Mr. Holt was sitting reading his newspaper in the dining-room of Carey Hall. He was a tall, finely-built man, with a face that would have been handsome had it not been marred by an expression of utter ill-temper and moroseness. People who knew Mr. Holt were much shocked, but by no means surprised, when, some months before, it was rumoured that his daughter Beatrice had left her home secretly, owing to a rupture she had had with her father, concerning a marriage he had tried to force upon her. What did surprise Mr. Holt's acquaintances, for friends he had none, was Beatrice's return to her father's home in London, and her subsequent visit to the Continent with him.

Had those people known Dr. Craig, and his uncommon personality, and had they been present at a certain interview which took place between Mr. Holt and himself the preceding March, they might have ceased to wonder, and have taken Beatrice's return more as a matter of course.

Mr. Holt put down his paper, took out his watch, noted the time, then rang the bell.

When the footman entered the room, his master asked where Dr. Craig and Miss Beatrice were.

"They have taken a boat, and gone for a row on the river, sir," answered the man.

Something very nearly akin to a smile passed over Mr. Holt's countenance, and motioning to the man to leave the room, he resumed his paper. The servant closed the door behind him noiselessly, and hurried down to the servants' hall, and informed the various domestics that he found there that "the old man" wanted to know where Miss Beatrice and the Doctor were. "And I'm blessed," said the man, "if he didn't try to squeeze a smile out of his old head-piece when I told him as how they were out on the river together."

"Thank Heavens for that," ejaculated one of the maid servants; "if only Miss Beatrice will fall in love with the Doctor she may be happy yet. For anyone can see he fair worships her."

"If Miss Beatrice will fall in love with the Doctor," reiterates Sally, the young parlour maid, with an emphasis on the "if," "I'd like to see any girl, were she twenty times Miss Beatrice Holt, of Carey Hall, refusing to marry Dr. Craig if he chose to ask her. If you ask me, I think she is as much in love with the

Doctor as he is with her. And I think I know something of these matters," she added with a coquettish smile at handsome James, the footman, who promptly tried to steal a kiss on the strength of such encouragement, and was rewarded for his temerity by a sound box on the ears.

On the river the subjects of this conversation were lazily drifting with the current, the day being too hot for any needless exertion, and as they did not wish to journey anywhere in particular, but merely to be together, why row! Why, indeed?

Dr. Craig had been staying at Carey Hall for the past week, and was now no longer in doubt as to the curious sensation which he experienced on that eventful evening when Beatrice told him that she had married Charles Merton. He realised that he loves this girl with all the strength of his matured manhood, and he is only waiting until he thinks that she returns his love before asking her to be his wife. He feels conscious that the knowledge of that terrible night comes between them like a cloud, and he is trying to wait patiently until time shall have softened the recollection, and she shall have learned to love him, so that he shall become the man she cares for, and shall cease to be merely a friend upon whom she lavishes her gratitude for the part he played in the most awful incident of her young life. Any ordinary man would have accepted that gratitude as love, and been content, but Dr. Craig, being very far above the ordinary man, is not contented, and is, therefore, the last man on earth to imagine a girl in love with him, and he is too thoroughly in love himself to be satisfied with anything less than love in exchange for that which he has to give.

Beatrice was looking very beautiful as she rested in the stern of the boat, her slim, graceful figure, in her dainty white dress, clearly outlined against the crimson of the boat cushions, and her dainty young face shaded by her parasol.

The man opposite to her would give worlds to take her hand, which is resting on the side of the boat, in his, and tell her of his great love, but with a mighty effort he controls himself, and talks to her of the beauties which Nature has so lavishly spared around them.

Oh! the pity of it! For whilst he talks of vivid blues, and greens which sparkle in the glorious sunshine, the girl is longing for him to tell her all that she knows is seething in his heart, and to breathe out to him, in the shelter of his strong arms, the words he longs to hear. Surely no girl was ever more sorely tried.

She knew that this man loved her, and she knew that she loved him, she realised too, the way he mistook her love for gratitude, and try as she might, and did, to tell him of her love, her efforts only seemed to further muddle the situation.

She ceased to reply to his polite conversation, in fact she failed to hear what he was saying. She was busy thinking, thinking if there was any way out of the tangled skein. He, seeing her gazing absently at the water, as if unconscious of his presence, asked her if she were tired of the boat, and would like to land, and walk back to the Hall by the riverside.

"Oh, yes," she answered almost crossly. "I am very tired of this stupid boat. Let us walk home, by all means."

They landed and walked along the pretty winding path slowly and silently. At last he broke the silence, saying gravely:

"May I hope to see you in the morning, before I leave?"

"Before you leave?" she repeated. "I—I did not know that you were going so soon."

"Why! I have been here a week! I feared you were growing tired of my presence, as my poor patients are of my absence," he replied, watching the half-bowed head, so near his shoulder, with a very tender smile.

She looked up quickly, ready to deny his imputation, and caught the look upon his face. Throwing all reserve to the winds, she impulsively held out her two hands to him, exclaiming in a voice, trembling with the love it failed to hide:

"Oh! my dear! How can you say such things to me." And then the shame of her confession rushed upon her, and with a startled exclamation, she turned to run from him, but she was too late. He has seen the look in her eyes, he has heard the note in her voice, and with one spring he caught her in his arms,

and holding her so that their eyes met he demanded almost roughly:

"Beatrice! Don't fool with me. Tell me! Is it true? Is it true?"

"She tried to free herself, but his arms did not loosen their hold, and his eyes still sought hers, as if they were a glass wherein he would read her inmost soul.

"Is what true?" she whispered.

"You are playing with me," he said, letting go of her, and half pushing her from him, and then she realised that she must tell him of her love or he would never ask for it again; so she turned gently to him, and looking gravely into his face, she said quietly,

"Yes! it is true."

She was in his arms once more. And thus they stood tasting the sweetest moments of their lives.

The river murmured at their feet, and the birds twittered happily in the trees above their heads, but they heeded neither the one nor the other. They were alone together, nothing else in the wide world mattered.

That evening, as they sat alone in the drawing-room, after duly receiving Mr. Holt's sanction to their engagement, they talked of their strange and awful first meeting, and he begged her to forget the whole terrible circumstance, but she silenced all his fears on the subject by gently remarking,

"My dearest! Do not ask me to forget my life's lesson, rather let us ever remember it, so that whatever trials may befall us in the years that are to come, we may remember that what seemed to us, in our ignorance, to be great calamities; may, in reality be the road by which it shall please God to lead us, as in this case, to the greatest happiness our lives can ever know."

### VERDICT OF SCIENCE ON BILE BEANS.

PROVED SUPERIOR BY ANALYSIS AND TESTS.

A LEADING SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL'S REPORT.

"We have satisfied ourselves that Bile Beans are of purely vegetable origin," says that leading London scientific journal, "Science Siftings." "Our laboratory experiments and practical tests have disclosed to us a valuable preparation . . . excellent for constipation, . . . and as a regulator of the liver and bile. When employed to relieve constipation they do not—as is the case with so many purgatives—cause after-constipation. There is no griping. They relieve flatulence, sick headache, and biliousness. May always be relied upon to rectify the overflow or insufficient flow of bile. Bile Beans are an excellent family medicine, and we award the Certificate of Merit to The Bile Bean Company in respect of them."

The above supports absolutely the claims we have long made for Bile Beans. The verdict of Science Siftings coincides with the verdict of the public. Eleven years ago Bile Beans were practically unknown in Australasia. To-day they have the largest sale throughout the world, and are the standard family medicine, preferred above all others as a cure for liver complaint, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, and allied ailments. This is not merely our statement. Why are Bile Beans so rapidly replacing the old-fashioned preparations dating back fifty or sixty years, most of which contain some harmful mineral substance? Because Bile Beans are a modern scientific triumph; are compounded from the finest medicinal roots and herbs; made in the best-equipped laboratories in the world; are mild in action, yet always effective; are convenient to take; are not too expensive for the working man and woman — AND THEY CURE BILIOUSNESS obtainable everywhere at 1s. 12d., and 2s. 6d. large box (containing three times as 12d. size).





# THE BOOKSHELF.

(By DELTA.)

**Flashes from the Orient:** By John Hazelhurst. (London; Hazell, Watson and Viney, 52, Long Acre, W.C.)

**M**R. HAZELHURST is evidently not only an ardent lover of nature, but is also gifted with a very fair share of the imagination, and the inspiration indispensable in a true poet. Lovers of the sonnet will find much to admire in this little book, which is devoted almost entirely to the praise and glory of summer. Out of a number of gems we select the following tribute, to the merits of a flower that has always been associated in our mind with summer and undiluted happiness.

**THE COWSLIP.**

The grass-grown meadows by the river's brink  
Are plied with daisy white and hyacinth blue.  
And lady's smock of pale carnative hue,  
But more beloved than all spring flowers we deem  
The Cowslip, with whose blooms the meadows teem.

In childhood to the fields their blossoms drew  
Me and the honey bee where'er they grew,  
Billowing in brightness to the horizon's rim.

O miracle of loveliness divine,  
In thee high medicated virtues dwell,  
Thy honeyed juices form delicious wine,  
Restore the sick, refresh and cheer the woe.  
The sick partaking thee no longer pine,  
Thou hast a balm the suffering to heal.

As a poem to the first month of summer this following sonnet is most felicitous:—

**JUNE.**

Lo, June is here. The butterfly's awing:  
A balmy fragrance is dispersed around,  
O'er blossoming wide earth's circumference  
What waves of fragrance the soft breezes bring!  
The fields, aglow with summer's colouring,  
Refract the sunshine from a myriad flowers.  
The garden of the springtime's copious showers,  
And the trees o'er leaves their kindly shadow fling.  
Blenche pervades, but for the ring dove's coo  
And the lark's exultant song from morn to eve,  
And the hum of bees who, murmurous, pursue  
Their sweet vocation, nor the wine-cups leave  
From dawn to evening's fall, bespreat with dew,  
When the nightingale begins in song to grieve.

Though the sonnets are written primarily on the beauties of the English summer, the following ought to appeal to any dweller, in any clime, with British blood in his veins.

**JINGOISM.**

**THE SHIPS, THE MEN, THE MONEY.**

Favoured of God — the Gentile lordly race  
Of England, hink of valour, throne of power,  
The paramount proud genius of the hour,  
Which has inherited the fort's grace  
Of Israel, aspired earth's loftiest place,  
Predominance their high imperial boast,  
The lordship of the seas from coast to coast.  
The writers of peace or war's menace—  
Her subjects multiply in every land,  
At dear old country's call range land and sea,  
In deadly breach for death or glory stand,  
And gladly die for Britain's sovereignty,  
Their gold they willing place at her command,  
Though bound by Dragon laws, they are the free.

That Mr Hazelhurst has much skill in the construction of the sonnet there can be no possible doubt. But occasionally he oversteps the bounds of poetic license and sacrifices correctness of appellation to euphony, a temptation, we should imagine, irresistible to one who sings. This book is the second of a series of four, which sing of spring, summer, autumn and winter, and so much have the author's interpretation of summer's attributes appealed to us that we hope to drink of his autumn vintage, share with him both what is sombre and bright in his delineation of winter, warm our hands at his yule log

and gladden our hearts with his songs of Christmas festivities. Our copy of this dainty volume has been received through Mr Thos. Richardson, Queen's Chambers, Colmore-road, Birmingham.

**Uncle Sam and His Family:**

Mr. and Mrs. Grattan Grey. (George Robertson and Co., Proprietary, Ltd., Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane.)

So great is our appreciation of this wonderfully informative and interesting book that we regret that its collaborators should have seen fit to mention the distressing circumstances under which they left New Zealand—circumstances we should never have alluded to as not in any way concerning the subject, or the quality of this work, which we at once declare to be as good, if not better, than any book of its scope we have ever read. Into the merits or demerits of the Boer war we do not purpose to enter, were we ever so inclined, which we are not, thinking the pages of a review of a work on America the wrong place for such dissertation.

But we are assured on one point, and that is, that the British Government having once entered into that disastrous war, it was the duty of every loyal citizen, to say nothing of its officials, to stand by it, or at least to refrain from adverse public criticism. And after reading "Uncle Sam," we can only reiterate our regret that want of proper reticence on the one hand, and, perhaps, precipitancy of action on the other, should have deprived New Zealand of so virile and so facile a pen. After some most interesting chapters on the discovery of America, the authors deal with America of to-day.

All that was best and worst, in San Francisco, before the earthquake, passes under review, and graphic pen pictures are given of what is most, and least, ideal in the institutions under which its inhabitants are governed. Nor are its social conditions overlooked. California, according to the enthusiastic writers, is the one place in the world to live, and die in. Mention is made of the similarity of Melbourne and San Francisco's rise and progress. Their populations are also contrasted, to the disadvantage of the former, and a reasonable and veracious enough explanation is given as to the failure of Australia to attract desirable immigrants. And the fault is not all distance. Here the writers point out that it is an absurdity to call the American race an Anglo-Saxon, and statistics are given of the conglomeration of races by which America is, and has always been, peopled. We take occasion to mention that there is much in "Uncle Sam" that will wound the amor patriæ, and the amour propre of Britishers. But we are convinced that whatever comparison has been made by the writers to British disadvantage is counter-balanced by the kindly motive that underlies it. All that is best and greatest, and also all that is worst and weakest, in the anatomy of the United States is held up for example and stricture without fear or favour. The wedding of a number of races into one must have the effect of producing either the best or worst characteristics of those races, and it is an ideal of the best that is upheld by these writers, because they are of our blood. And if our vanity is touched, our hearts are correspondingly touched too.

America's shortcomings come in for scathing rebuke. Tammany, slavery to dollars, divorce, race, prejudice and cruelty towards colour, its apathy, in the past, towards Mormonism, its multiplicity of railway accidents, its stringent immigration laws, its Anglo-mania, and its pugilistic proclivities are strongly animadverted upon. Taking into consideration the vast area and the different climatic conditions that prevail in America, it is not surprising to find that what is legal in one State is illegal in another. Space forbids our detailing in full the different marriage laws that prevail in the States, but it is satisfactory to learn that the Government of America is thoroughly Darwinian, and aims at the survival of the fittest.

America's divorce laws, however, are as great a blot on her escutcheon as Tammany. Official statistics for the last twenty years prove that America's divorces exceed by 80,000 the number of divorces granted by the whole continent of Europe for the same period. In only one State of America—and that a Southern one—is divorce not recognised, remarriage being declared illegal.

The laws of naturalisation are quoted in detail, and statistics are given as to the admixture of races that form America's population. The Colour question is dealt with temperately and exhaustively. Labour conditions are noted, and compared with the conditions that prevail elsewhere. Most lucid and comprehensive is the account of the origin, progress and fall of Mormonism, which includes an exhaustive and graphic account of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, an event unparalleled in modern civilisation.

To attempt in the space at our disposal to give any sort of adequate idea of the contents of this book, would be to attempt the impossible, and so we strongly advise readers to buy the book, and learn from its 686 pages something about the geographical, topographical, municipal, political, educational, scientific, economical, social, ethical and moral institutions and conditions, under which "Uncle Sam and his Family" live and move and have their being.

We cannot conclude this review without a reference to the book's preface, which, contrary to our rule, we did not read until we had finished the book. The authors avow that the reason for the existence of this book is to make Americans and Australians better known to each other. Indeed they declare that it is essential that they should—not only that Australians may derive many useful and valuable object lessons from America's progress, but for defensive purposes—at least, this is what we have read between the lines. America, it would seem, is the natural protector of Australia. That geographical situation may count for something in America's fitness for assuming a protectorate of Australia, is possible, but "blood is thicker than water," in spite of the authors' opinion to the contrary, as expressed in Chapter fifty-four. America's population may be a conglomerate one, but Australia's is, in the main, an Anglo-Saxon; and England may be safely left to defend her own colonies without the aid of Uncle Sam, who, we are told, does not believe in alliances—defensive or otherwise—and the more so, as that which was most essentially British was wiped out after the Civil War. Whether the last state of America is not worse than the first is a question that admits of no doubt in our own mind. And, despite our appreciation of the splendid compilation, and the illuminative illustrations of America, old and new, we think that the compilers have been, and are, confounding the false principle of, with the spirit of true patriotism. The one is born of a system of economies, and is assailable; the other is of divine birth, and incorruptible. Our copy of this book has been received through George Robertson and Co., booksellers and stationers, Melbourne.

**News Notes from the March "Bookman."**

"The Dartmoor House that Jack Built." Mr. John Trevenna's new book, is a broad satire, and if it teaches anything it is this (says Mr. Trevenna): "Let criticism be done decently, if not with intellect, at least with honesty. A writer is not necessarily a brute because he deals with unpleasant subjects, and in 'The Dartmoor House that Jack Built,' I have merely portrayed myself, drawn the figure that my critics imagined—but all of them, of course, but the majority." A good many critics have referred to Mr. Trevenna as a disciple of Hardy, Phillips, and Zola, but he assures us that he never reads modern books, and, as a fact, has not read anything of either of these authors. His creed is that it is a mistake for the modern writer to sleep himself in the work of his contemporaries, and then sit down, saturated with their ideas, and expect to be original.

The latest publication by Tolstoy, "What is the Solution?" has been confiscated by the Russian police. Tolstoy discusses in this book the gradual impoverishment of the peasant classes, and points out that it is likely to lead to fresh political disturbances.

**Gossip of Books and Bookman;**  
From the current number of the "Bookman."

In a letter to the Bookman, Mr V. B. San Jiva Rao, of India, says he believes that Bangalore, his own city, is the only place in India where the Milton Tercentenary was celebrated on anything like a grand scale. Europeans and Indians of both sexes took part in the proceedings, which were organised by the Friends Union.

We are to have a new volume of poems from Sir A. Conan Doyle. His "Songs of Action," published nine years ago, has gone through seven or eight editions, and this has led him to collect the poems he has written since then. They make a somewhat larger volume than the first, and Messrs Smith Elder have it in hand for early publication.

If proof were needed that Sir Conan Doyle has happily recovered from his recent illness, the number of literary schemes he has in hand would seem to furnish it. He is just now experimenting on a new work to which he is giving the name of "Through the Mists." It will take the form of a series of sketches, giving vivid glimpses of the past, keeping very closely to the truth of history, and introducing only that minimum of fiction that enables an author to get colour and human comment into his picture. He has, moreover, completed two plays. One, "In the Days of the Regent," which is so realistic that it will need a daring manager to produce it—is a study of the Prize Ring at the time when it was a national institution; the other combines philosophy with adventure, and is to be called "The Fires of Fate." It will be produced later in the year, probably with Mr Aubrey Smith to fill the part of the hero.

With reference to the former play, those readers who remember the goodly number of books on the noble art of self-defence, that line the walls of Mr A. Conan Doyle's study, as viewed "Through the Magic Door," will not have reason to complain of lack of material, or enthusiasm in the writing, of this play. And, if he fails to find a complimentary English Manager he will, no doubt, find a market for his wares in America.

**EPIGRAMS FROM NEW BOOKS.**

**Sweet Isabel of Naragoom:** Lionel Laggard, (Greenings, January, 1909. 6/6.)

In my opinion a man's not fit for marriage until he's served an apprenticeship at the job—that is, until he has, egad, rung the changes on at least a dozen women's hearts and found out what the business means. Women want to be studied like mathematics.

That's none—every. It beats the yarn of the shepherd dog who, after washing himself all over, lost his proper smell, and was set upon by his own dogs.

Ladies do care as much, or almost as much, for the feathers as for the bird, don't they?

Death absolves a man from mere faults of nature; they belong to his humanity, and when his humanity dies, they die with it. There will be no judgment day for them.

If a man has not got someone he loves near to him, he is alone even though he be in a crowd.

I guess I know how to manage a woman. I just let her have her own way. She asks my advice then, and more often than not she takes it.

A mule can kick both hard and quick,  
And when you least expect it;  
A mule may kill, and often will  
If you do not expect it.  
But Woods' you know some time ago,  
And after years of thinking,  
Invented his Great Peppermint Cure,  
Which stops all colic like winking.



There is a young lady of Chelsea,  
Who says she is quite satisfied,  
Laxo-Tonic can cure  
What all women endure,  
If only you will try it.  
For the Pill only wants to be tried.

With folks on the outer Parcno,  
Who live upon leaf and burgeo,  
The sunny 'ole be chosen  
Were not Laxo-Tonic  
A part of the regimen too!

LAXO-TONIC PILLS. 10/6

# THE CURSE OF IMMORAL LITERATURE

## WHAT WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS IN ENGLAND SAY.

The "Bookman" has recently devoted considerable space to the crusade against immoral literature, under the heading of "The Fleishly School of Fiction." The publication of a spirit of protest by "A Man of Letters" brought numerous communications from well-known authors on the subject. The article is given below, together with a number of letters from authors.

### "The Fleishly School of Fiction."

#### A PROTEST AGAINST THE DEGRADATION OF THE MODERN NOVEL.

**T**WELVE books are lying on my table—some by famous authors and of literary excellence, others by the current novelist, man or woman, whose leaves to-day are and to-morrow shall be cast into the oven. But all have a family resemblance: they belong to the tribe now increasing at a rate without example, of shameless and shameful fiction. They are attempts at naturalising among English readers the horrible French thing known by a name as ill-savoured, not to be printed here, but with which Parisian shop-windows blaze, and search the eyes of them that pass by, in photograph, sketch, and yellow book-binding. One subject, to the destruction of pure human literature and noble art, gives the key, dominates the music, dims the vision, stains the fancy, corrupts the soul; for this is the vast modern Morgue where dead creatures lie exposed, the mire of their suicide, clinging to them. Once they were clean and wholesome; now they have become portion and parcel of the putrescence on which they feed. These things are true to the letter. Dissolution has set in, provoked by the agents of death which cannot thrive except where Heaven's sweet air is sent out and darkness holds rule. Yesterday, Paris almost alone spread the plague. Today it rages in London. Fashionable publishers keep it in stock; newspapers advertise it in spicy paragraphs; women's clubs and afternoon teas reek with its odours; is it not time to ask whether we want this tainted literature among us, and if not, how shall we get rid of it?

"Why get rid of it?" says one who affects to be a nature student. "Is it not taken from life? What more do we seek in modern or any other print?" And the woman who cannot exist without morphia of the mind whispers, "Is it not passion, drunkenness, ecstasy?" The publisher, a now Sir Pandarus of Troy, smilingly adds, "Take my experience. When the trade news in counsel, and we display our wares, one question falls from shrewd business men the moment novels are laid out. 'Is the tale a bit risky?' says Bibliopola. 'Not then put me down for a dozen copies.' Or yes? I will subscribe for twelve scores. Deepen the Parisian taint, the demand increases accordingly." That this had long been the rule in French story-telling, a simple sum in arithmetic applied to Zola's editions will prove. First, being of the brutal type, quite unshamed, he beat all others out of the market. Second, if we leave aside "Le Debauché" which made appeal to the nation's memory of Sardan, there is perfect equivalence between the degree of outrage on decency and the number of copies sold. Neither great art nor humanitarian motive counts for anything in the welcome given to such literature of the kennel. Not "Humanity" but "La Bête Humaine" decides what reward its purveyors shall carry off. Now the same arithmetic is heard in London and provincial book-buying. Realists of both sexes, publishers and libraries, conspire to one end. The mart of pleasure exchanges its vice, acted or portrayed, for hard cash. Infamous stories have been made a speculation in commerce. The suicide of the novel

For it is nothing else, and so we refute our sham realistic, and about one kind of reality which to them is the only

world—sarrion that smells to heaven. Dress it dainty, ye Frenchified cooks; serve it in your sauce of smooth phrases; give it the finest names ye can invent; but is there any disguising the foul thing. So far from it that your own taste, subdued to what it works in, before long scorns all piquant mixtures; and the naked satyr is chief to your cuisine. Without figure of speech, here in my twelve specimens I note the stordando crescendo which invades what was literature and rudely sweeps out landscapes, ideas, humour, wit, playfulness, make room for cynicism more and more openly shown. Of course there is cruelty also, "but hard by hate." And blasphemy, which finds in the Bible matter for verbal sacrilege. And mockery of marriage, because instinct has no law. And women that hunt their prey down, themselves furiously driven. And men, if men they can be termed—all nerves and temper, incapable of doing any profitable task, neurotic, curiously effeminate, possessed like the Gadarene swine, hurrying towards the steep. In the whole range not a single hero. The tremendous devilry of a Don Juan is too strong for these daecit, decadent, or merely animal types. They are not diabolic, not supermen but infernal; it is the woman that triumphs here—and what a woman!

Do we deny the facts, then? Why should we? Facts are of all kinds, but literature chooses, interprets, humanises; and according to its choice so will be its greatness, or the reverse. You, madam, may seize on the ignominious details of a royal massacre in Belgrade, transpose them to the courtisan key, fill your stage with bra-a-brac from the demimonde, and protest that you mean no sensual record of passion; but who will believe you? It is the sensual record that explains the multiplied editions. Or you, sir, may exhibit in English costume a Madama de Warens attempting the role of Mentor to a gentleman Rosseau. Your style is elegant; your heroine, let me be frank, is unspesakable. You have argued in a less revolting story that the man of letters who yields himself to base instincts is lost, if he cannot pull up in time. It was Balzac's opinion, and he knew. But the scenes of domestic and deliberate vice which you would have us admire—well, is there in the eighteenth century a figure more odious than Madame de Warens? Let me offer you a piece of Scripture commented on by Ruskin, "If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Bual, then follow him. You would fain be respectful to Baal, keep smooth with Belial, dine with Moloch, sup with golden spoon of sufficient length, with the Beelzebub; and kiss the Master to bid Him good-night." Virtuous vice—the Ros in go-spiel—is like the French Republican sentiment which tenderly spares its criminals the sight of the guillotine, and quite forgets how they came to deserve it. Poor monsters, could they compare impulse?

There is another opprobrium for the naturalist, who makes of an Eastern Counties village his puppet show, resolved to outdo Zola's rustics and fine away reticence. Swift in his deprived moods, when his genius had left him, would probably have written or sketched and suggested, and played the reforming ape, in this fashion. What does Yahoo literature mean by drowning us in filth? "Lui is the picture false" cries its painter. Yes, for it is out of proportion. The village sins; the village is coarse; the village can be shockingly inhuman. Magistrates, clergy, police, know that well. But they do not intensify evil by posting up crude illustrations of it on

the village dead walls. Wise men tacitly agree that some things ought not to be spoken of in public; if Yahoos they must be, let darkness cover them. Or shall we abolish decency lest the French call us hypocrites. The book is perhaps the ugliest in recent fiction. Yet it pleads for the joy of life!

No one will suppose that these unflattering pictures of themselves are studied by villagers. The price forbids it. They have been painted for the upper classes which, when the fit takes them, like to roll in the mud; s'encanailer the copious slang of the Boulevards terms that deplorable craze. It is a word to sum up my twelve authors, even the most delicate-seeming, the epicures of tone and tint, who would sacrifice the Decalogue to round a period. Yet, harrowing as the Village seen by Asmodeus may be, a certain fashionable woman (unmarried on her title-page) contrives to render almost equal to it in unpleasantness the London society she "knows so well." Her men are bad enough; but her great ladies go beyond anything hitherto described in English prose or rhyme. They delight to plunge where no sounding line of manners or morals can follow them. The female smoking room, with its license of talk, its rivalries, intrigues, reckless unbeliefs and anarchisms, what man would have dared to put it before the world, calmly, unblushingly. As this cultivated oligogor, widely travelled woman has done? Is it a sermon or a challenge to the girl just left school that she should leap the fence as soon as possible? In any case the sate is deadly, and it would need some adjectives from Les Halles, vigorously pronounced, to express its true character.

I pass by others worse written, scarcely more detestable on that account, and light upon reminiscences of an egoist by himself, which for intense absorption in his own person will not easily be matched. Impressions, moments, pass—we surrender to influences, so long as they are neither Christian nor ethical, but always for the Ego's delectation; thus do we get a lively sensuous present, a past agreeable to memory. Nothing heavenly behind the veil; and not much of a veil in other respects. It is as if the soul, which might have looked through these artist-eyes, had been struck dead long ago. And the art falls to sheer gamberie, graceful tumbling, tricks on the tight-rope, a journal zigzagger than Goncour's, but as elaborately trivial. The attraction is that which lurks for some in memoirs of a waiting woman, time of Louis Quinze. Not a particle otherwise, except in brief touches that here and there glimpses the landscape for us. But people will not buy these sketches of an un sentimental journey to rave about the landscape.

A last author whom it is sad to find in such company, who knows his Paris, and judges it, brings us to the point we were making towards. He grants that no sophistry will shake the house built on a rock which serious old Puritans have dwelt in the light-tower of ethics, of religion, reared above the waves to do battle with tempests. But the city of pleasure on the Seine haunts him; and seriously, note-book in hand, he goes round it, his brave but rather stupid English explorer, to whom he serves as guide, meeting the usual adventures. They are but an episode for the young man's enlightenment; he passes in and out of them, as if he were crossing the stage. And his biographer nurses—undoubtedly in the national character a strain lofty and severe denies to the Briton that sense of amusement in law-breaking which has created Paris with all its illusions. For the men who have made Imperial England, he concludes, there is a nobler mystery than sex. We will phrase it another way. Love may be an instinct, a passion, or an ideal. If no more than instinct, it is base; if only passion, evanescent; if an ideal, the star of Dante which leads up to highest Heaven. Heroic love is divine. But in these favors and attachments without law, where does the heroism appear?

So little of the human is there, despite pretence and loud talk, in such relations by themselves that, were it not for the idea of something forbidden to which we are constantly drawn, even by the impressionist, they would be profoundly uninteresting. Man is a living soul, not a bundle of impulses. He has a wider outlook than the animal seeking his mate. He rises to philosophies; he alone, of all beings known to us, can lapse into crime. These authors whom I cite to the bar of public opinion, know, as surely as the Puritan whom they

despise, that to fall deliberately below the highest and to plead for brute instinct against law, is criminal. They cater to "la Bête Humaine," in the hope of sharing his spoils. But once for all it must be said, the great stories that shine in literature have kept their place by the faith, hope, justice, purity, strength of conviction shadowed forth in them. No supreme book preaches moral anarchy. The alternative to be decided by readers—chiefly women—who make the fortunes of English fiction, is whether we shall continue the splendidly wise and tender-hearted tradition of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, or fall upon the garbage spread out in the sun by imitators of the erotic, waltz-the-drenched, nerve-racked decadents who swarm about Paris cafes. Do we choose the latter? Then our novel is doomed. It will be a thing illicit and unmentionable, to be shunned by the self-respecting; a bad habit which lowers vitality, clouds the brain, and clamours for increase of poison till nothing remains but an appetite, la soif de la mort. Literature will have sunk to pathology; and the physician may be compelled to treat the modern story as if it were a shameful disease.

It will be generally agreed that the dangers which threaten to lower the standard of judgment in literature and taste are on the increase." So runs a declaration recently put forth above the names of eminent writers, publishers, professors, and artists, who tell us that the "authority of the best literary tradition" is undermined; that the permanent demands of intellect are sacrificed to the ephemeral; that popular taste is the soul measure of good and bad in our present writing. These are symptoms of death. How to arrest them? We must put aside all fantastic and disordered imagination, though boasting itself to the realism. Our books and our lives must be set to the music of a majestic temperance. Our art must aim at wisdom, and every instinct be subject to the law that we recognise throughout all worlds, whereby things are established or a scale of values never to be altered, however fools rage and foam. The true classics are everlasting because they own that law. Decadence begins in conduct as in art when it is wantonly broken. If our literature declines on these lower levels, it will be indeed a misfortune, but chiefly because when the prophet has become merely a prodigate, heroic England will have seen its best days. Therefore I enter my protest against the degradation of the novel.

"A MAN OF LETTERS."

MARIE CORDELL.

Marie Cordell, in the course of a long letter, says:—

I entirely sympathise with the strong feeling displayed by your contributor "A Man of Letters," concerning the degrading spirit and influence of what he terms "The Fleishly School of Fiction," the more especially as it coincides with what I myself have often sought to express in my own writings, notably so in "The Sorrows of Satan," where in the fictional character of "Sybil Elton" I drew as dark a picture as I could of a woman's nature, once good and pure, which had become corrupted and ruined by the reading of questionable literature. Those who care to make references in this regard can turn to pages 201 and 267 of the book in question, if they wish to convince themselves of the earnestness with which I then put forth a warning, and strove to protest against the positive criminality of authors who, like Zola and D'Annunzio, commit what may be called premeditated murderous outrage upon unprepared and innocent minds. But, Sir, we are unhappily forced to realise that the "Fleishly School of Fiction" has been for a long time, and still is, the school which receives the greatest support and chiefest encouragement of the literary critics, and one commonly sees the most enthusiastic praise awarded by reviewers to books which, plainly speaking, are not fit to be admitted into any decent household. If those who elect themselves as judges of literature thus applaud and admire the "fleishly school," it is perhaps not surprising that such authors as are greedy of Press eulogy should sink to the level which Press eulogy seems to demand. At the same time, I would venture to point out that the "Fleishly School of Fiction" is mainly the reading of the wealthy and indolent members of the upper class, some of whom are dubbed "the Smart Set." The "ladies" of this particular section of society appear to revel in

"Yahoo literature"; they talk of it everywhere, and pass it round among their aristocratic acquaintances as "something too awful, my dear!—do read it!" But hardworking women, for whom life still means simple love and faith and duty, cling to what "A Man of Letters" rightly calls "the splendidly-wise and tender-hearted tradition of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray"—and, inasmuch as the Workers always outnumber the Drones, it follows that where the prurient novel sells from three to five thousand copies, the clean, sane, wholesomely human book sells a hundred thousand. Dickens, called "vulgar" in his own day, and even now accused by many affected stylists of "slipshod English, faulty construction, gross exaggeration, and mawkish sentimentalism," still commands his millions of readers, for which those who wish to keep human nature at its best may very heartily thank God. Though, judging from contemporary criticism, it would seem that it is not a sign of an author's merit if his or her books are "popular." It is, on the contrary, according to reviewers, merely a proof of his or her incapacity, and of the "degraded" taste of the public. Yet if the "degradation" of the million continues to be manifested by a love for Dickens as a novelist, and for Shakespeare as a dramatist, it looks more like elevation to a higher grade of intellectuality than that possessed by the "cultured" and exclusive classes who delight in the ethics of the dustbin. The fact that the demand for the prurient novel exists chiefly among the "Upper Ten" shows us that the light seems to have settled on the top of the tree. Whether it will creep down and eat its way to the core of our noblest national ideals remains to be seen: we hope and think and pray it will not. But the current Press cannot be exonerated from blame in having largely assisted to bring about the state of things of which "A Man of Letters" so justly complains. By the constant discouragement of poets, it has well-nigh killed poetry, the highest of all arts; and when a widely-read journal like the "Daily Telegraph" gives special prominence to the following "advertisement" of a merely disgusting "literary sensation," we can hardly wonder if the degraded parties who are concerned in providing that sensation should find their imitators among semi-educated and weak-minded persons who imagine that impudence is genius.

"The public are accustomed to read love-writers after their deaths, but it is an unusual sensation to read them while both actors in the love drama are living. Not since D'Annunzio, in his book 'The Flame' revealed his love passages with Eleanor Duse, has such a literary sensation been roused in Italy as by 'Letters to Lydia,' which have just come out. They are impassioned love epistles, written in the purest and most charming style. The author is Edward Scarfoglio, one of Italy's best writers, and ex-husband of the well-known actress, Matilde Serao. Lydia is the beautiful actress, Lydia Gauthier, who, to make the affair more poignant, herself publishes the letters. She explains her action by saying that her friends had reproached her for her love of Scarfoglio, and that she publishes the letters as a justification to prove that after such wounding she could not help herself."—"Daily Telegraph," October 15th.

D'Annunzio, when he made capital out of the unselfish love of Eleanora Duse, showed himself as nothing but a "cad"—and the "beautiful actress" who now deliberately gives to the public love-letters addressed to herself alone, declares herself to be of a class unmentionable to ears polite. The point at issue, however, is that a reputable journal read by the British million should put this unsavoury item forward as "news" of first-class importance. Men and women who are so lost to a sense of decency as to publish each other's love-letters should rather be ignored, as the vulgarities they undoubtedly are. But if the Press encourages and applauds indecency and vulgarity, it will be difficult work for authors to keep up the high standard set before them by the unallied examples of Scott and Dickens. Publishers, of course, have a remedy for the evil: they can always refuse to publish objectionable books. It is vaguely understood that a law exists prohibiting the sale of indecent pictures and indecent literature; why is this law not brought to bear on certain cancerous specimens of the modern novel? Authors are often jeeringly told by their critics that they "take themselves too seriously," but it may be questioned whether they take

themselves seriously enough. For their responsibility is great. Their business is to elevate, inspire, and help their readers to a hopeful and healthy outlook on life and love, and the greatest reward that any writer, however gifted, can win is the knowledge that he or she has influenced even one, if no more than one, fellow-creature for good. On the other hand, no greater crime can well be committed by authors of books than the deliberate writing of prurient stuff calculated to injure and undermine the moral sense and perception of their readers, and one does not envy the condition of mind and conscience in which such authors exist, knowing, as they must know, that the world is the worse for their "fleshy" productions, when, if they were only true to their high vocation in the spirit of Scott and Dickens, it should be infinitely the better.

MARIE CORELLI.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

It is excellent to think that "The Bookman" has drawn public attention to a public danger. It does not seem to me that the primary danger lies so much in the subjects treated of as in the manner of treating them. To show a disgusting thing to be disgusting may be a fine and a necessary work; but to show it as being harmless or praiseworthy, or even as essentially attractive, appears to me simply diabolical. This, it seems to me, is what renders many moderately discreet books so extraordinarily injurious. It is not modesty that is wanted, but clearness of mind.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

A. W. PINERO.

I don't read much fiction nowadays, but I have made it my business to glance at some novels belonging to the Fleshy

School. One of these, written by a lady and put forward bodily as the work of the greatest living English novelist, would, in respect of its composition, reflect small credit upon a kitchenmaid. As to certain details of the story, few kitchenmaids, I trust, could be so depraved as to conceive them. Such productions are, in my opinion, most pernicious. They owe their vogue, which is unquestionable, to publishers without conscience and reviewers without honesty or without brains. Let intelligent and high-minded critics take a firm stand against this stuff; or, better still, let editors of first-class journals forbid all mention of it in the columns of their papers. Then it would be strangled in its birth.

ARTHUR W. PINERO.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER (Mrs. A. L. Felkin.)

I sympathise most heartily with all those who disapprove of "The Fleshy School of Fiction."

In the first place, I think that this school is artistically incorrect. Nowadays the passion for so-called "realism" is becoming a positive obsession; and modern writers seem to forget that it is possible to be so accurate as to become untrue. Art deals with effects rather than with details; and to paint a thing exactly as it is frequently makes it appear precisely as it isn't. For instance, a skilfully touched-up photograph is generally a far better portrait than a snap-shot taken by an amateur. A kodak in the experienced hands (say) of an irresponsible brother is a cruel and a fearsome thing; yet its results must in their very nature and essence be realistic; but they certainly are not artistic; and heaven forbid that they are true to life!

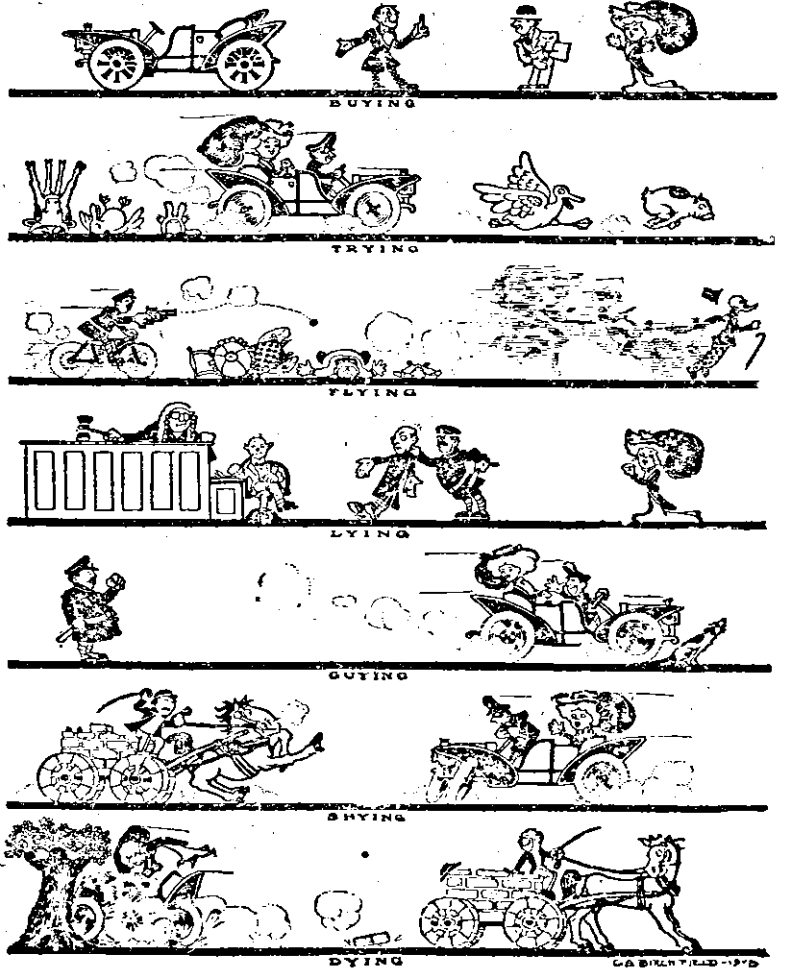
In the second (and more important) place, I deprecate the influence of "The

Fleshy School" because I consider that it inculcates the dangerous and depressing and deleterious habit of always looking at what is diseased and sinful and abnormal! Not being a Christian Scientist, I do not deny that there are such things in the world as disease and sin; but they are not the most important nor the most permanent things: disease and sin are the abnormal, while health and righteousness are the normal conditions of mankind as originally created. Thus why should fiction present to the world at large a false and pernicious view of life and human nature, by giving such undue prominence to the abnormal and the exceptional and the transitory? Being a practical person, I do not deny that in every inhabited house as at present constituted, there must be a coalhole and a dustbin. But what man in taking a photograph of his own home would place these "realities" in the foreground of the picture?

Those of us who are old-fashioned enough to read "Dickens" will realise that the dark savings of Mrs Wilfer with regard to her "under petticoat" are of wider and broader application than was dreamed of in that excellent lady's philosophy. Even though we "know it's there," we may find it "more delicate and less personal" on our part to avoid allusions to anything about which it is neither pleasant nor profitable to talk. And those of us who read a still more old-fashioned writer than Dickens, will remember that the best prescription ever written for the sound mind in the sound body ran as follows:—"Whatever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER (Mrs. A. L. Felkin.)

A Short Life, but a Merry One.



# WITHIN THE COMMONWEALTH

## Love Laughs at Parents.

**A** MAN named Gamble, up at Uputapot, N.N.W., was very angry when the mail left (says "Melbourne Punch"). Gamble, is a widower. He has a fine farm and a handsome daughter. We gather that quite a number of promising young agriculturists in the vicinity wanted the fine daughter—whose name, by the way, is Annie—but Gamble had other views for her, and stalled them off. Gamble's methods were very severe, and had not his daughter's sanction, as they tended to make her unpopular with the youth of the district, and no nice girl likes to become unpopular. We trace in Gamble's programme of resistance all the familiar methods of the reluctant parent in the comic papers. He bought two horrid dogs, he kept a gun, he shod himself with hard, heavy boots, and he had a hose attached to the large iron tank, and would turn a stream on any aspiring suitor who would not be dislodged by the dog, the gun, and boots. The most persistent of Miss Gamble's admirers was a young man named Jimmie Beach, a surveyor, and a fine sample of the Australian goods we are raising nowadays. He defied Gamble's dog, he scoffed at his gun, he evaded the retributive blucher, and soldered up the tap of the big iron tank. But Gamble is a fierce, hard man, and fought Jimmie off, tooth and nail. Beach put it about Uputapot that he would have Annie in spite of her father and all her relatives, and in defiance of all the Gamble dogs and utensils of war, and Miss Annie seemed to think the better of him on account of his persistence. In Australia, when it comes to settling on a husband, girl children do not respect the opinions of their parents. However, Gamble kept Beach away from his girl, or his girl away from Beach, which is the same thing. Then came a wire from Sydney, calling Gamble to the capital on most urgent business.

Gamble hastened to Sydney and found that there was no urgent business, and that the wire was a wretched fake. Full of forebodings, he took train back to Uputapot next morning, and was consumed with rage and dread through a wearisome seven hours' ride. He found his house in possession of a rejoicing crowd. There had been a swagmeat and great merry-making. Gamble raged through the assembled guests, clamouring for his daughter. "Why, don't you know," inquired a neighbour, "She's gone on her honeymoon." "Waa-ah!" shrieked Gamble, "She was married to Jimmie Beach in the house here this morning, and they've gone to Melbourne on their honeymoon." Gamble is still raving up at Uputapot, but Annie seems quite reconciled to the change, and no doubt all will come right when Gamble can forget the way he was lured from his home. Love laughs at many things besides locksmiths. It is often very hilarious towards parents.

## Departure of the Londons.

The Jack Londons boarded their tramp-raft Tymeric shortly before midnight the other day, says a Sydney paper, their farewells being Miss Oia Humphrey and Mr H. N. Southwell. The last-named, who was to have managed the lecture tour that never eventuated, was hypothesized into going on to Newcastle, swagless as he stood, with the pair of "mates." There the party bumped its head frequently in collisions and wood-rod with the numerous interviewers. Mrs London, as a matter of formality, goes as "stewardess" on the Tymeric; her husband is writ down as "purser," and their coloured youth attendant is a "cabin-boy." Apparently the tramp is not supposed to carry Gamble's passengers—only workers. "Gnawed by mosquitoes, and splashed with sea spray," is the beginning of the inscription London wrote to Miss Humphrey in a copy of "The Sea Wolf" that had accompanied him in his wanderings in the snark, and which he bestowed upon the lady. They are a vital, hard-working pair, the Londons. Both lay low to the public while here, and wrote all the morning, and in the afternoon accumulated more material for more writing. The Londoness proved to be

no mean musician, and urged by Pianist Laurence Godfrey Smith, she attacked a dangerous, bristling concerto in its lair in a private drawing-room, and though the animal was new to her she won out brilliantly. At the three Crosley concerts, the male Mate used to write in a notebook with great velocity during intervals and some of the encores.

## The Gastronome.

A Melbourne correspondent thus waxed reminiscent:—Something occurred the other day to remind me of a clever "fake" that Marcus Clark once wrote for the "Herald" here. This was headed "The Gastronome," and purported to give particulars of the latest and most wonderful scientific invention. An electric battery, it was described, was fixed in the editors' room. One wire attached to this led to the editor's table, and another to the kitchen at Menzie's Hotel. The chef had everything ready, and at a given signal placed his wire end in a soup entree, roast, or sweet. The editor placed his end of the wire on his tongue, and was at once able to enjoy the flavour, and to accurately discriminate between the viands. In Melbourne the "scientific article" was accepted as a clever fake. You can imagine the astonishment that was created many months afterwards on an English paper being found to contain a translation of a report of a meeting of scientists held

made a feeble pretence of sobriety. He was solemn, and stopped in his wanderings every now and then to rebuke other ants for whistling. Another ant was hilarious. He brandished a small stick in his tentacles, and said he had a brother who was a priest. Judkins was there, and kept running in and out of the drunks, and smelling in all the gutters. He was organising a group of Wesleyan ants into "spotters" in front of a piece of bread that had been soaked in beer, when my dissolute companion picked him up on a twig and dropped him into the beer. He came out very chastened, and took about 40 steps (that is giving him 10 legs, which may be more or less), and then he dropped dead. A big Cornish ant (still sober, as he had just come out of the mine) picked up the deceased and carted him home. Whether it was for pure charity or for the beer smell neither "Polstan" nor I could decide. This yarn may look tall, but it is all true, except that I can't be certain of the name of Judkins. Neither of us thought of asking until it was too late.

## Popularity of Nellie Stewart.

The queue system was used in connection with "the early doories" for the first night of the Nellie Stewart season at the Princess's Theatre, says Melbourne "Argus." It was wanted, too, for the most enthusiastic of her admirers were already in waiting before 12 o'clock, and at that hour there were a score or more of gallery girls seated on the asphalt footpath of Little Bourke-street, nibbling at a frugal lunch of pastry and sandwiches, and looking forward gaily to an eight-hour shift on

of the performance, and gave forth one continuous roar of cheers and cooee until Miss Stewart, who had already bowed her acknowledgments many times, left her dressing room and came before the curtain once more.

## Six Months' Reward.

That was a nice little game Charlie Ruffin and Willie Watt were up to on the Adelaide line at Millbrook, near Ballarat, the other day. These two bright lads, aged 17, built a stumbling-block of sleepers on the line to bar the express, with the object of making money by faking a splendid rescue. Willie was to rush along the line whirling a signal and whooping deliciously. Then, when the train pulled up in the nick of time, the grateful passengers would find Charlie working nobly by the pile, hurling the sleepers off the line. In the excess of their admiration and thankfulness, they would immediately take up a collection for Willie and Charlie, and all would be well. Unfortunately, a wretched line-repairer spoiled the little scheme. Willie and Charlie narrowly escaped getting the Royal Humane Society's medal, but they did not go wholly unrewarded—they got six months.

## A Pyrrhic Victory.

The Broken Hill miners have won their battle against the Broken Hill Proprietary Company, but it is doubtful if they have profited anything by the victory (says a Melbourne writer). There never has been a strike in Australia where the men have been so utterly foolish in the course of action they followed. For three months the Proprietary mine has lain idle. For three months the miners have done no work, but have dragged out an existence on strike pay. In other words, they have lived on the charity of their fellow-workers all over the Commonwealth. And it has all been unnecessary. They could have won their case exactly as they have won it, and they could have been in full work all these months that they have been living on charity. The Proprietary Company offered in the beginning to pay into a trust fund the difference between the old rate of wages and the new lower rate which they intended to pay. Then the matter could be thrashed out in the Arbitration Court and the High Court, and if the men won the accumulated wages in the trust fund would be paid over to them. It was an unusually favourable offer for the men, but they rejected it. It is not hard to discover the reasons for this. All over the Commonwealth industrial disputes are cropping up. These disputes are successful or unsuccessful according to the wisdom or foolishness of their leaders. Where the union leaders are level-headed men the unions win. Where the leaders are fools, who imagine that Labour arrogance can sway the administration of justice, the unions lose. In Broken Hill the unions have won nominally, but in reality they have lost, and lost heavily. What does it profit them to have won their case in the Courts—to have obtained a decision in favour of higher wages—when, through their own foolishness, only a small proportion of the men receive these wages, and the others must continue to exist on charity, as they have done? Their leaders were the last men in the world who should have been allowed to handle a big strike. They were not Labour men. They were revolutionaries. Even if they thought honestly that they were advising in the interests of the men, their fanatical ideas prevented them from reasoning on sound lines. Revolution is their one thought always. They profess to believe that they can obtain by the bludgeon far more than they can get by negotiation and compromise. That they are wrong has been exemplified again. The whole business should be a stinging lesson to the Labour unions of Australia. It should show them once and for all that the most successful warfare is made with the weapons of peace.



THE RACE QUESTION IN CALIFORNIA.

"Let's Bust his Window; Father will Pay."

in Vienna. The "Gastronome" article had been brought under the notice of the grave and reverend signors there assembled, and they had expressed wonder that such a marvellous invention should have emanated from such a young and far-away place as Australia.

## Alcohol Among the Ants.

"Oolo" writes in the "Bulletin":—"Polstan" and I, whilst on a shooting expedition, emptied the few drops of Australian Beer that we could spare in the neighbourhood of a regiment of ants that had come to clean up after our lunch. About one-tenth of a second served to make that swarm the most deplorable drunken community I ever saw. The first to fall was a big, raven-haired chap—a Scotsman, I think. He

the steps. At 4 o'clock there were well over 300 there, and afternoon tea, provided for them by a considerate management, was much appreciated. It was a strange sight to see the city streets turned for the nonce into a picnic ground, and the clatter of teacups, blended with the cheerful voices of the tea drinkers, attracted a curious and envious crowd of onlookers. Those who spent the afternoon in this way demonstrated their gratitude by taking up a subscription there and then for a bouquet, which was lowered down from the gallery by a chord when Miss Stewart made her first entrance, and was handed up to her amid much enthusiasm. More than that, the whole of the occupants of the gallery, some of whom had been in the precincts of the theatre for nearly twelve hours, stood in their places (or on them) at the conclusion

Angry conductor (with hand on the bell-rope): You'll pay your fare or get off.

Tramp: Statistics show that it costs five dollars in wear and tear an' steam to stop a train. Now, if you rob th' stockholders of this 'ere road of five dollars, jest ter gratify y'r selfish spite, I'll report ye to th' president."



# 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.

**D**EAR COUSIN KATE,—How are you getting on? I hope you are as well as I am. We have got a new teacher at school now, she is taking our other teacher's place for two months, and I like her very much. It was a red letter day for Nelson when the first ocean liner, the "Rakaia" came into Nelson. I went down to see it come in, and in the afternoon I went down to go and look over it. There were hundreds of school children there. I met some of my friends there, and we went down to the engine-room and got some ice. It was very hot going down to get to the ice, and the iron stairs were very steep; the ice was in great blocks round some pipes, and it looked just like snow. The day after it came in I took my grandma and grandfather to see the boat. Mum's garden is all dried up now, but there are some lovely chrysanthemums in it, the colours of some of them are white, yellow, red, pink, etc. The fourth, fifth, and sixth standards at our school go to cooking classes every Wednesday now, and I like it very much. I must now say good-bye, because it is bedtime. Love to all the cousins and yourself.  
—From Cousin MABEL.

**D**EAR Cousin Mabel,—I am very well, thank you, though I do not know whether I am as well as you are, if you live at Stoke, which I fancy must be a very nice place, if it is anything like as beautiful as Nelson. Do you see the snow-capped mountains at Stoke? If you do, I wonder what you think of them. I think they are awful in their beauty. I am so glad you like your temporary teacher. We once had a master who came to relieve when our headmaster was away, and we liked him so much, thought he was very strict. I see that you go to the district school, as I did. How you must have enjoyed seeing the "Rakaia" come in to Nelson. It is grand to have such a great ocean liner come in there, and I should have liked to see it now that the channel is made clear enough. You must have enjoyed the lovely cold ice after your hot climb down those steep stairs. It is funny to see ice in blocks like that, isn't it, or to see the snow in a thick matting on the pipes of a refrigerator in hot weather. I suppose your grandma and grandfather were content to hear about the engine-room, and did not try the descent, as you and your little friends did. The chrysanthemums in your mother's garden must be a lovely show with so many colours. I am sure you like the cooking classes. I think the way cookery is taught under the present educational system is excellent. I once ate a lunch cooked by the pupils at one of our schools, and it was most enjoyable. Pleasant dreams, dear Cousin Mabel.—From your affectionate Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am very sorry that I did not write last time, but I forgot all about it until it was too late. I am delighted with my badge. I will not write a story this time, but I will next week. We keep refreshment rooms at the station. Have you ever been to Pollard's Opera Company? They are coming here to-morrow night and the night after. I am going. Next time I will tell you how I liked it. My elder sister Mary is going to write a story too, she says, but I don't know whether she will or not. Well, I must conclude my letter, wishing you every success.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin MAB-JORIE.

[Dear Cousin Marjorie,—I certainly will forgive you for forgetting to write last time. I suppose you have a busy life and a good many interests. I am glad you think the badge so pretty. I shall be so pleased to see your story. When do you generally feel most inclined to write? I often feel most able to write when I am obliged to do something else. Tell your sister that I think she ought to send us a story too, now that she has raised our expectations. I know a lady who keeps refreshment rooms, and she is a beautiful pianist as well. Do you help to serve? If you do, what a lot of interest you must find in seeing so many different people at such a junction as Paeroa. I think there's a good deal of satisfaction in serving people when they are hungry and tired, don't you? I must look up your rooms the next time I come to Paeroa. I have never been to Pollard's Opera Company, but the last time I was in Paeroa (and the first time too), it was to hear

Madame Crossley sing. Did you hear her? I went down at night, and it seemed so funny going through your town in the dark, when I had never been there before. Thank you so much for your good wishes, which I heartily return.—Your affectionate Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—It is a long time since I wrote to you; I have been busy with my school lessons. I am now in Standard II. My brother from Wellington, my auntie from Papakura, and my cousin from Onghanga have all been to see us at Easter. I have a new teacher teaching me at school. There are a lot more children at school now. I have not been to Sunday school to-day, because it was so wet. I got a prize for good attendance at Sunday school. There is no more news just now. I send my love to you, Cousin Kate, and all the other cousins.—I remain your loving Cousin NAOMI.

Dear Cousin Naomi,—Lessons do keep one busy, don't they? especially after one has been moved up a standard. But I'm so glad you found time to write. I wonder what games you like best at school. We used to play rounders and prisoners' base and cricket. And we used to toast our car lunch at the school fire. Do they allow you to do that? All the butter used to cook into the bread, but we did not mind, we liked it. I'm so glad you got that prize, Naomi. It is not easy getting to Sunday school, or day-school either, in the country if it's wet. How nice to have your brother and your auntie and cousin all to visit you.—With my love, I remain, dear Naomi, your affectionate Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I think it is time I started writing again. I don't know what you think of me. I have made a good many attempts before but there was not enough news, so I will try again. Very few cousins write now. I have a bad finger just now; I was getting in the train at Mount Eden and my cousin opened the door and squashed half the nail off. I have been to Dr. Stopford three times and it is getting much better. I hope I will be able to use it in a fortnight; I don't know what I shall do if I can't. Well, I think I have hunted up all the news there is.—I remain your loving Cousin LEONARD.

[Dear Cousin Leonard,—I am so glad that you have started writing again. I shall not scold you for not writing before, for news is sometimes, as you say, scarce. I am sure there will soon be more cousins writing, for do you know, Leonard, we are going to get up some lovely competitions for the cousins. So be sure you look out for them, and make up your mind to enter. They will be coming out in about a month or six weeks. See if you can get your friends to write to me. I should be so pleased to hear from them and to have them for cousins. I am so sorry about your finger nail. It does hurt so much to have one's nail injured. I don't know how you managed to use the typewriter. I hope your finger will be well enough to use by the time you read this.—Your affectionate Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Will you have me for a cousin? I have just turned eight. Will you send me a badge please? My auntie got the "Graphic" and I always get them to read about Buster Brown. I spend all my holidays with them in the country. I have no brothers or sisters, but have some cousins here and in Auckland. My auntie Clara wrote to you about a gold mine, do you remember her? I would like to see my letter in the "Graphic." It will surprise my father, for he doesn't know I am writing. I will write again soon.—Cousin CECIL.

Dear Cousin Cecil,—I am very pleased indeed to have a little cousin just eight years old, and I shall certainly put your letter in the "Graphic." Be sure and tell me when you next write how you like the badge which I have sent you, and what your father said when he read your letter. You are a fortunate little boy to have such kind aunties, and to have cousins too. Didn't I thank your auntie Clara for writing about that gold mine? Please thank her now for me. I was in a gold mine not long ago, or a gold loaned, but it was not very nice because they hadn't got to the gold. Please do write again, Cecil.—Your very loving Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Planning for and indulging in a delightful holiday trip to Rotorua has been the cause of my long



WHAT EVERY GIRL MUST NOT DO.



allege. However, I now intend writing you an account of my holiday. The fact that Rotorua is so well known and so much written about, caused me at first to hesitate about penning this to you, but after all, each person has his own particular experiences, and each looks at the scenery with different eyes. Our party consisted of three persons, Cousin Hilda, my own cousin Nancy, and myself.

We were all to have left Auckland together on a certain Wednesday in March, but owing to a change in our arrangements, Cousin Hilda went up alone on that day, Nancy and I following the Saturday after. Up to Hamilton, the journey was too familiar to us to prove interesting. We talked for a bit, and when we got tired of each other, we read for a bit, and when we got tired of that,

we dozed for a bit, and after that we were ready to talk again. After passing Hamilton, the country, although new to us, was monotonous until we came to the magnificent bush at Māmakū. It was there we noticed a change in the atmosphere—cool, with a suspicion of sharpness, accounted for of course by its height above the sea-level, which is, I believe 1864 feet. The express travelled

slowly, giving passengers ample time to admire the scenery. And for an hour or more we wound sinuously through hills covered with luxuriant native bush. The foliage, dark green and somewhat sombre in the shadows, lightened to a richer tint where the sun shone upon it, and even with the noise of the train, we were conscious of that wonderful stillness of the bush. Coming down the Māmakū Hill,

# ARE YOU A PHOTOGRAPHER? I AM

TAKE OF YOUR OWN HAPPINESS IN THE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF THE NORTH ISLAND. DON'T FORGET TO BRING YOUR CAMERA AND FILM. YOU WILL BE WELL PAID FOR YOUR DOINGS.

I BELONG TO THE ICE CUTTERS LEAGUE. IT IS OUR AMBITION TO CUT SOME ICE IN THIS WORLD. WE'RE NOT A TRUST FOR WE WISH TO HELP OTHERS TO GET SOME ICE TOO.

**1** TAKE OF YOUR OWN HAPPINESS IN THE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF THE NORTH ISLAND. DON'T FORGET TO BRING YOUR CAMERA AND FILM. YOU WILL BE WELL PAID FOR YOUR DOINGS.

**2** I BELONG TO THE ICE CUTTERS LEAGUE. IT IS OUR AMBITION TO CUT SOME ICE IN THIS WORLD. WE'RE NOT A TRUST FOR WE WISH TO HELP OTHERS TO GET SOME ICE TOO.

**3** I DIDN'T GIVE IT ENOUGH TIME, TICE. I THINK I'LL TRY THE OTHER CAMERA.

**4** THIS TIME I'LL TRY A TIME EXPOSURE.

**5** BARK ROOM TERRIBLE PRIVATE

**6** IT WON'T DO TICE, THE LIGHT ISN'T RIGHT, I'LL HAVE TO TRY A FLASHLIGHT I THINK.

**7** NOW FOR THE FLASHLIGHT YOU SET IT OFF WITH YOUR TAIL, TICE.

**8** ONE, TWO.

**9** GRANDPA, WHY DON'T YOU RACE ME LONGER FOR 20 DOLLARS?

**10** TWENTY NINE, THIRTY, THIRTY ONE, THIRTY TWO.

**11** SPOILED AGAIN

**12** RE-SOLVED THAT WHEN YOU REFLECT A LITTLE YOU WILL REALIZE HOW MARVELLOUS PHOTOGRAPHY IS. DO YOU STUDY MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHY? DO YOU KNOW THAT YOUR MIND DEVELOPS & PRINTS AN IMPRESSION OF A THING? AND THAT IMPRESSION SHAPES YOUR ACTIONS AND YOUR SUCCESS AND HEALTH. IF YOU FORM A MENTAL PICTURE OF SUCCESS, SUCCESS MUST COME BECAUSE OUR BODIES OBEY OUR MENTAL PICTURES. SO WHEN YOU SEE A SOUR FACE IT IS THE PRINT OF A SOUR MENTAL NEGATIVE. WHY WILL PEOPLE GO TO DRUG STORES FOR FACIAL PREPARATIONS WHEN A SWEET, KIND DISPOSITION WILL SOON TRANSFORM THEIR FACES. HERES A PICTURE FOR A SICK PERSON TO GET ON HIS MIND AND IT WILL CURE HIM. PRINT THIS ON A BIG CARD & LOOK AT IT EVERY NIGHT. I AM WELL. SHE'LL GET IT. TRY IT. SAY IT TOO.



we got our first glimpse of Rotorua, and Nancy and I rushed on to the platform to get an uninterrupted view. The sun was setting. Lake Rotorua, faintly blue under a pink glow, reflected from a brilliant sky, looked beautiful. At the back the hills showed rich purple shadows, through the rosy glow of the sunset. As the sun sank behind the mountains, we reached the township, a pretty collection of red-roofed buildings nestling on the shores of the lake. Nancy and I were staying with relatives, and as soon as we could conveniently leave, we went down to see Cousin Hilda at her boarding house. To our surprise and dismay we found her ill in bed. Fortunately, though the illness was severe at the time, it did not last long, and two days later we brought her up to our house, to stay for the rest of her holiday. The morning after our arrival, full of eager anticipation, we rose early, and by six o'clock were moving down the pretty avenue of sycamores in Arawa-street, Rotorua's principal thoroughfare, on our way to the Sanatorium grounds. Oh, everything looked so fresh and beautiful in the early morning sunlight, the green, velvety lawns, the pic-

turesque little lakelets, gleaming with rainbow trout and gold fish, with creamy water lily buds, as yet unopened by the sun, floating on the surface, the winding walks, the flowers with their dewy petals scintillating in the sunlight. Our pulses leapt with pleasurable expectation as every turn brought something fresh into view. Following the main drive from Arawa-street, we found ourselves on the shores of the lake. That particular corner was quite hot, and in some parts the water boiled up against the shore, and clouds of steam rose up from the lake. About the shore and in amongst the treetops were pools of boiling water, steam holes, and boiling sand and mud. This was our first glimpse of the thermal wonders, and very weird they seemed. They were, however, only a mild preliminary to what we were to see. Further into the grounds we saw boiling mudholes, weird and repulsive, and deep blue green pools of boiling water.

We returned to breakfast, hungry, and delighted with what we had seen. About half-past ten we set out to service at the quaint little Maori church at Ohinemutu. The church is built on a

sort of small peninsula, and through the open casement windows on either side we could see Lake Rotorua, pearly grey, and placid, and a glimpse of grey hills beyond. The service, of course, was conducted in Maori. The choir sang beautifully, and the voices were rich, harmonious, and plaintive. The Maoris certainly understand the art of singing naturally.

On Monday morning we had a dip in the Rachel swimming bath, and afterwards had morning tea at the picturesque kiosk in the sanatorium grounds, to the accompaniment of delightful music from an orchestra on the veranda. Our trip to Whakarewarewa was full of charm and wonder. As it is only two miles from Rotorua, we often walked out to "Whaka," to use the popular abbreviation. It is a place one can visit more than once. The little Maori children diving from the bridge were very amusing. We had, of course, provided ourselves with pennies, and to see those children jump from a height of 30ft from the bridge, into 3ft of water, made us catch our breath at first. When we threw the pennies, they all made a dive for the spot, their brown legs wav-

ing frantically, and then one would come up, holding the coin aloft in his hand; then, placing it in the side of his mouth, he, with the others, would clamour for more, crying, "Trow a penny." "Trow a penny." It seems wonderful to us that the children do not catch cold. For the most part of the day they go about amply attired ready to follow their "profession," when a party of visitors comes along, and when they are not diving in the cold stream they are bathing in a hot pool in their reserve. But they were all healthy, and strong looking, with beautiful shapely limbs, and firm, smooth skins.

Our guide was Miriam, the daughter of old Sophia, the famous Maori guide, and she conducted us round the various sights, explaining everything in the most beautiful English. We were charmed with her, and with the whole race, too. Why, the manners of the average Maori are above those of the average European. Their voices, particularly the women's, are soft and musical. They are always courteous and affable, and the purity of their English is delightful to listen to after the twang of the colonial, the cock-

**ACHING, BURNING RHEUMATISM.**

THERE IS A WAY TO CURE THE COMPLAINT.

THIS WOMAN HAD RHEUMATISM BADLY, BUT WAS CURED AFTER SUFFERING FOR YEARS.

A remarkable instance of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in Rheumatism is shown in the case of Mrs. Betsy Crisp, Manukau-road, Parnell, Auckland, who says: "I suffered acutely from three severe attacks of Rheumatic Fever, and was left with Rheumatism in my system for years. It started first in the hips and spread to every joint. My arms got affected in the muscles, and three years ago I couldn't close my hands. I had to have flannel always next to my skin and slept on blankets and even had flannel pillows. The least chill would bring on an attack, even dipping my hands in cold water. Often at night I couldn't close my eyes for hours with the pain, and in the morning it took about an hour for me to get out of bed. Sometimes I had to raise myself in bed with a rope tied to the end. My knees would get so red and sore and swollen that my hands were useless. My knees would go stiff so that I couldn't bend them, and my arms the same. I couldn't raise them to do my hair. I used to cry with the pain that seemed to get each joint and muscle on fire. I tried all sorts of liniments and embrocations; they eased me at the moment, but the rheumatism would get about itself, and I knew that it couldn't be reached that way. Some nights I dare not move in bed to ease one joint for fear I'd get it in another. At times I couldn't get my boots on. Then I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and tried them about two years ago. They began to ease me from the first. I kept on with them, and found my joints getting much more supple. The attacks did not come on so often, and passed away more quickly. With every box I felt more at ease and had less pain, till at last I was able to leave them off. Now my health is excellent."

**EVERY STEP WAS TORTURE.**

WELLINGTON MAN CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM.

HAD TO CRAWL UPSTAIRS TO BED, OPEN IN BED, AND GET UP TOILE PAIN, CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

"I became subject to attacks of rheumatism some time back," said Mr. John Christopher, 14, Parnell-street, Wellington, New Zealand. "The pain first showed itself in the left ankle, and presently spread up the limb as far as the knee. A little while after the right leg became affected in the same way. The pains increased, and I felt twinges in my arms and fingers, those as severely as in my lower limbs. The attacks would last fully a week at a time, and I'd have to stay in bed at least two days in each of those weeks suffering acutely. I couldn't put on my boots, I had to have the easiest of slippers while the pains were in my system. I had to often take a spell from business and come home. I'd have to walk with a stick or rather hobble along slowly, and every step or movement caused me pain. As to getting upstairs to bed it was torture. I'd have to crawl up on my hands and knees sometimes. I used to rub the parts with vasoline and medicated spirits to get a little temporary ease. At times I simply couldn't put my feet to the ground, the agony was unbearable. The ankles were so stiff and swollen that I couldn't. Sharp twinges would dart up each leg, as if every muscle and nerve were red hot. At night I'd fly awake for hours, and we had to keep my knees almost up to my chin. I couldn't put my legs out straight. After perhaps a week of these tortures the pains would ease off, and I might be free for a couple of months and then be attacked again."

"I dreaded a cold windy day, I was always in fear of another attack coming on. I used to notice my ankles were very swollen, would dread anyone bumping up against me, and as to the pain being worse, that wasn't to be thought of. If I were resting I dreaded the least movement, as

even rising out of a chair was difficult, and the pain would trouble itself. After a little exercise in the day time the pains might lessen, but never went away. I felt thoroughly pulled down with it. I fell off in looks and weight, and the attacks began to come on more often and last longer and get more gentle. At last, seeing that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured rheumatism, early this year I tried a box. Before that was finished I felt the pain lessening. I bought another and after that, and gradually the rheumatism left my system. The twinges lessened with each dose. After the first box was empty the stiffness and swelling went away, and the inflammation lessened. I got about much easier, and could put my feet to the ground and walk freely and without pain, and, of course, sleep much better at night. I shall always be glad to recommend this medicine, it has been of the greatest benefit to me."

**INFLAMED & SWOLLEN JOINTS**

CHRISTCHURCH WOMAN'S BAD TIME WITH RHEUMATISM.

COULDN'T BEND HER KNEE OR DO UP HER HOUSEWORK, HORRIBLE ABOUT WITH A STICK, CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

"I used to do a good deal of laundry work, and I suppose my hands being all-ways in the water and my getting wet often brought on the rheumatism," said Mrs. John Corke, 28, Brougham-street, St. Albans, Christchurch, New Zealand. "It appeared first in the right hand, and then the left began to suffer, though never quite as acutely as the other, and gradually the poison spread through my system. I got worse and worse. My right knee got very bad, it swelled up tremendously, and became inflamed and angry looking. I couldn't bend it and to kneel was out of the question. I rubbed the parts with every liniment I could hear of, but the pain all-ways came back. I felt so sore, I'd scream if anyone came near me. I'd feel as if the muscles and nerves were being drawn up my right knee, as if they were being pulled, and pain would dart through each limb. I couldn't do any housework; my daughter-in-law had to help me, and often I had to get in my next door neighbour, who knows how much I suffered. I perhaps lost my dress, or do a little trade, for I couldn't put my arms behind me, or raise them to do my hair. I couldn't walk outside, and I could only hobble about the house by means of a stick, or by taking hold of the furniture. I didn't try my pills, but I could easily have done so, as on some days I was quite helpless. At night I sometimes wouldn't close my eyes till daybreak with the pain. It was always worse when I got warm, and I'd be in torture, and often have to call out for some one to lift me into a fresh position, and in the mornings I'd have to be helped up. I could not dip my hands in cold water for fear of getting another attack. My fingers got knotted up and the knuckles swollen. I couldn't close my right hand. It was a bother to hold a needle. This attack lasted several weeks, and then became less acute. I came back from a holiday at Gisborne. I felt better while I was there, but the rheumatism returned when I got back to Christchurch, and I was always subject to attacks of it, and especially in cold weather. I'd have twinges all over my body in my shoulder blades, then it would go up my arms, then on my shoulders till, really, I was quite a martyr. Some days my feet would have an attack, and I'd be afraid to put them to the ground, and I'd have to take my slippers. I got no lasting benefit from the doctors' treatment, so I started Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My son had tried them as a tonic, and found them so good he asked me to give them a trial. I found I was at least better when I had finished the first box, so I got some more. I took three pills a day at first, then I doubled the dose, and gradually got the poison out of my system. I began to be cheerful and stronger. The swelling and inflammation slowly left my knee, and the limbs got more supple. I could sleep much easier and get about and do out without trouble. If ever I felt another attack coming on I would take another course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with confidence."

**RHEUMATISM.**

Have you ever heard of a person with Rheumatism curing himself with a liniment, or something to rub on. Candidly have you? Think of all the people you know who have ever had Rheumatism. Of course you haven't. By cure we don't mean mere relief. The friction and heat of rubbing sometimes eases the pain, but rubbing can't drive out the Rheumatic poison.

This doesn't mean that Rheumatism can't be cured. Hundreds have been cured, but they took something to drive out the acid that causes the complaint. That's why there have been so many cures of Rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills reported in the Newspapers. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood and tone the whole system, enabling it to cast out the Rheumatic impurities through the regular channels. That's the way to cure Rheumatism. When this is done the Rheumatism is permanently cured, and as long as the blood is kept pure and rich, the patient will be free from attacks of Rheumatism.

Shopmen only try to sell imitations to people they think easy to gull. If you are asked to take something else it is no compliment to you. The price is 3s. per box, six boxes 16s. 6. of dealers, or from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Australasia Ltd., Wellington.

**Dr. Williams' PINK PILLS**

# TOPICS OF THE DAY.

ney, and the American. I like their own language very much, and intend to learn it. There is one deplorable thing in the Maori children, and that is begging. They really beg shockingly, and possess a strong commercial instinct that detracts from their personality. I am quite certain the first English word they learn to say is "penny." Why, when we were going to the church at Ohinemutu we were stopped by two miles, almost outside the church door, with rolling eyes and out-stretched tongues, panting as they hopped up and down. "Penny de hak," "penny de hak." One, a little boy, was a mere baby of about two years, and the other a girl only about a year or two his senior. Everywhere the children pester for pennies, and sometimes they do nothing for them. We would give them pennies to sing and dance for us sometimes, but you can never satisfy them. But I do not blame the Maoris for this. It is entirely the fault of the Europeans, and the various tourists that come along certainly encourage begging. But whilst those black-eyed little children were very charming and very fascinating.

Well, to return to Whaka. The famous Wairoa geyser, Miriam informed us, had stopped playing, and even soaping would not induce it to play. Waitiki and Pohutu were the only active geysers while we were there. The cauldron of boiling, seething water, I cannot remember its name, was one of those horrible things that are yet fascinating. The Devil's Porridge Pot, a large hole of boiling mud, was more repulsive. The horrid black mud boiled up, and came down with a sickening "plop," "plop." The Flower Mud Holes came as a welcome contrast. There the mud was of a pretty creamy colour, and, as it bubbled up, it formed into rose like petals, making a perfect flower for a second or two. A pretty little stream runs through Whaka, and is spanned by a rustic looking bridge. There we beheld hot and cold water side by side, the stream being actually boiling in parts and quite cold in others. Upon a hill above the stream has been built a Maori pa, and we viewed with interest the primitive, though effective methods of building and defence. We were particularly struck with the little hive-shaped food houses, perched away up on a pole, so as to be out of the reach of animals, I think Miriam told us.

On another occasion when we visited Whaka, Maggie Papatūra showed us into the Maori reserve, and pointed out in particular a large boiling pool which had only lately been fenced in, and was now regarded by the Maoris as "tapu." Maggie said Maggie's uncle fell in one dark night, and was never seen again. Maggie said they found his heart and lungs, floating on the pool next morning. This sounds very gruesome, does it not, and rather hard to believe. She also showed us the steam holes where they cooked their food, but I shall have more to say about the Maoris' cooking in my description of Ohinemutu later on.

The view of Whakarewarewa from a distance is very pretty, groups of red-roofed buildings and dark red huts, amongst clouds and columns of steam, all against a background of sombre-looking hills.

I am afraid this letter has lengthened out considerably, dear Cousin Kate, but trust you will find room for it. With love from Cousin VIOLET.

[Dear Cousin Violet.—I quite agree with you: each fresh person who visits Rotorua sees it in a fresh light. Your account of your visit there is most interesting, and opens up again one's own memories of its beauties and its terrors. I do not wonder that you were impressed with the beauty of the bush at Mamaku. To go up there by the morning train from Rotorua, and spend a day miles out in the bush, adds a special feature to the ordinary Rotorua trip. If one has a friend connected with any of the timber mills there, and can arrange for a lift on one of the timber trucks, parking of a bush luncheon, with tea out of a spacious enamel teapot, and spending the early afternoon watching the timber hauling and collecting those exquisite Prince of Wales' feather ferns which abound there, one has a truly enjoyable time. The evening express brings one back in time for dinner. I think the companionship of trees is exquisite. One can hardly believe that they do not possess a consciousness of their own at times. But I think that for sheer vitality of expression the growth of the running lava under the summer's full sunshine is most convin-

ing, don't you? I can well imagine your rushing on to the platform when you came in sight of the lake and town of Rotorua. It reminds me of Mrs. Browning, who confessed that she would "never wait to untie a parcel, but must cut the string." I can just feel myself going down that swift decline, and see the sun slipping behind the mountains as you describe it all; and how could you must have felt, at least, I did! I am very glad to hear that Cousin Hilda's indisposition did not continue. How trying for her to be ill in a boarding-house! But I think people are often very kind when in a boarding-house in case of sickness, don't you? Do you know, the prettiness of Rotorua surprised me? Somewhat I had not anticipated it. The sanatorium grounds are really exquisite; those rocky pools lend a touch most charming. When the grounds are lit in front of the kiosk for a moonlight concert, the soft glow of the lanterns reflected in the pools is lovely. That little church at Ohinemutu with the lake breeze coming in at the open windows, the full, melodious chorus of unspoiled human voices, the sometimes extraordinary crudeness of Maori attire—all of it comes before the mind again as you describe your morning there. And nothing is more memorable, perhaps, than the courteous welcome which we received at the hands of the natives, who even sat on the floor to give room to their visitors, for the church was full as it was the occasion of Rev. Bennett's ordination. I quite agree with you that the begging habit is a very bad one for the Maori children to be encouraged in, though I don't recollect that they troubled us so much. I am so sorry you did not see Wairoa in action. It is an extraordinary experience to see it and feel the turmoil of it. Some of our party were really frightened the day we saw it, but then perhaps you saw Waitiki and Pohutu. I rather fancy the cauldron you name would be Pohutu's cauldron. We had to run away from him, for he boiled right over. That heart and lungs narrative is rich! Fancy their being delivered up to recognition by the discriminating pool. In pleasant anticipation of your next letter,—Yours affectionately, Cousin Kate.]

I overheard a delightful retort in a railway carriage on the Paris (centure) (the suburban railway) the other afternoon, writes a correspondent in the London Express. My fellow travellers were an elderly priest and three young men, who had the had taste to chaff him. The priest was evidently curate of a small country parish, and had both the roughness and the shrewdness of the countryman.

"Have you heard the news?" one of the young men asked the curate.

"No," he replied. "I left home early, and have been out all day, so that I have had no time to read my paper."

"Well, then," said the young man, "you will be glad to hear that the devil is dead."

His companion roared with laughter at the poor joke, but the laugh turned against the joker when the priest, producing half a franc from his pocket, said:—

"Will you accept this, my friend? We are told to be kind to the orphan."

## LONDON, April 2. THE GERMAN DANGER.

What Conservatives call the national peril and what Liberals call the navy scare continues to dominate the public mind to an extent without parallel since the early days of the Boer war. All the defects of the party system become glaringly apparent at such a time as this. While one set of papers and politicians is telling the public that the very life of the Empire is imperilled, another set is just as busily engaged in pooh-poohing the whole affair. If you are a Conservative you believe the facts and figures of the one set; if you are a Liberal, you swear by the other set; and if you are neither, you probably give the whole thing up in despair as a hopeless tangle of contradictions, distortions, rumours, reiterations and enigmas beyond the power of any private individual to unravel.

But out of the din and turmoil of party strife emerge certain facts of the gravest import. The first is that the evolution of the Dreadnought type of battleship has rendered other classes of warship out of date. Henceforth the strength of rival navies will be measured in Dreadnoughts. Following on this is the second fact, referred to by Sir Edward Grey in the naval debate in the House last Monday in these words:—

"A new situation is created by the German programme. When it is completed, Germany, a great country close to our own shores, will have a fleet of thirty-three 'Dreadnoughts,' and that fleet will be the most powerful which the world has ever yet seen."

"It imposes on us the necessity of rebuilding the whole of our fleet. That is the situation."

The Foreign Secretary's outline of the situation is in itself sufficient to justify all the stir that has been made about the British navy. Sir Edward Grey put the case even more plainly. "Surely," he said, "it is obvious that the whole of Europe is in the presence of a great danger."

The danger for England lies in the ambitions of the German ruling class, and also in the habitual tendency of the English people to under-rate their opponents. It is difficult to make the English realise that Germany means business, and that she is not only ambitious but formidable. She has a population of 70 millions, and every man has been trained to the use of arms. She has a great and growing trade, and a wonderful national capacity and training for organisation. She is the greatest military Power in Europe, and she is building a fleet which is to be "the most powerful which the world has ever yet seen." Why should we doubt that Germany intends to be the predominant European Power? But there are plenty of Englishmen who pooh-pooh the notion, and trust blindly to their navy to pull them through somehow without any special effort or sacrifice on their part. Even now that Germany has stolen a march on the British navy by secretly accelerating her programme and greatly increasing her capacity to build, it is difficult to convince a good many Englishmen that the whole affair is not a dark design on the part of the Tariff Reformers in this country!

The strongest criticism in England comes from a Socialist leader, Mr Robert Blatchford. "We are disunited," he says in this week's "Clarion"; "we are untrained; we are overconfident; we are strongly averse to war; we are still more strongly attached to our own ease and freedom. We do not want to fight, we do not want to pay, we do not want to worry. We are full of words, and we have not learnt that words are not deeds and that figures are not facts."

In marked contrast we have the Labour Party deprecating the naval crisis as "a panic engineered here for political purposes," and objecting to the "wave of impulse" which has led to the magnificent offers of colonial aid. With extraordinary wrongheadedness, they see in these offers a sort of insult to the strength of the Mother Country. They know of no danger across the German Ocean, because they refuse to look for it. If England is to be lulled into a

fancied security by words, she is likely to have a rude awakening later on. Fortunately there are not wanting signs that the country is awakening to a sense of the situation's needs. If the "wave of impulse" leads to a deeper sense of individual responsibility for national defence, it will mark a new epoch in the nation's history.

## FORTY YEARS OF THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

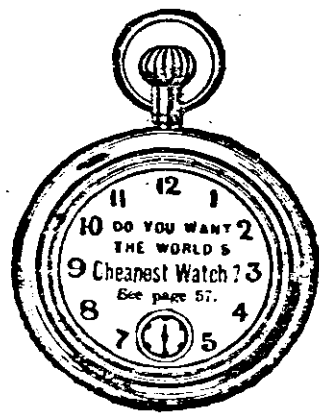
There was a time, within the memory of present-day officials, when the Colonial Office looked upon the affairs of the colonies as rather a bore, and carried out its duties in regard to the overseas possessions in a most leisurely and casual way. Sir William Baillie Hamilton, who has just retired from the Colonial Office, after forty years' service, tells in the current "Nineteenth Century" how they used to "take it easy" in the days before the electric cable linked up the colonies with London. Mails were few and far between, and when they did start they took months to reach Australia and the East. Nobody hurried, nobody troubled their heads very much about colonial affairs. On one occasion a Colonial Office clerk offered to make a bet that if he were allowed to choose his day between mails, he would undertake for that day to transact the whole business of the office himself, beginning with the opening of the first despatches or letters, the registering and minuting of all papers, the drafting and copying of any despatches or letters that might be required in answer, the interviewing of all callers, and in short, the carrying out of every detail of work down to the posting of the last letter. But no one could be found to take the bet.


The hours for junior clerks at the Colonial Office in those days were from twelve noon till 5.30 p.m., and the work mostly took the form of copying out letters and tables which probably nobody would ever wish to refer to again. They had two months' regular leave each year, and as much more in the way of occasional holidays as they could get. Even then time hung heavily on the juniors' hands, and Sir William Hamilton remembers playing many a game of five in a deserted room underneath Downing-street! The chiefs were equally casual. One departmental head was allowed to live away from London altogether, and do all his work at home. Another high-paid official never appeared at the office at all during the daytime, but would drop in at night to perform such work as could be found for him. He had been there for years, but nobody in the office ever referred to him as more than a chance acquaintance.

The Colonial Office began to wake up with the coming of Sir Robert Herbert in 1871, but it was to Mr Stanhope first, and Mr Chamberlain still more recently, that the present importance and high position of the Colonial Office is due. Sir William Hamilton pays an interesting tribute to the work of Mr Chamberlain as Colonial Secretary:—

"It is no reflection on others to observe that what may be called the great 'boom' of the Colonial Office was unquestionably during the administration of Mr Chamberlain. It has been said of him that he raised the dignity of the position of Colonial Secretary to the high level at which it now stands, and I should certainly be the last to contradict this. It is only necessary to note the extraordinary enthusiasm with which the mere mention of Mr Chamberlain's name is received at any gathering of Englishmen who are in any way interested in, or connected with, the colonies or the colonial service to realise the extent to which this feeling is entertained; and, while it is only fair to others to bear in mind, as I have already pointed out, that this elevating process had already commenced, there can be no question that it reached its climax under Mr Chamberlain. The incident of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 gave, under his guidance, an enormous impetus to the interest taken in colonial matters, and the tragic occurrences of the War in South Africa kept the Colonial Office continually before the public."

Even to-day, however, declares Sir William Hamilton, the knowledge of colonial geography and affairs is not nearly so close or so general as it ought to be.






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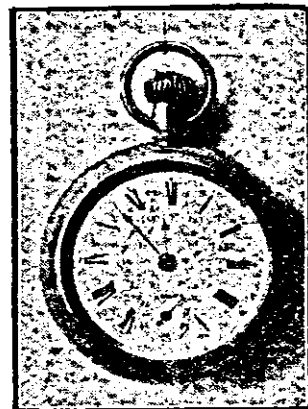
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# VOLUNTEER NOTES

(By RIFLEMAN.)

THE members of the Highland Rifles are showing great enthusiasm in their work, and their weekly parades show good muster. It is intended by the company to organise a signalling section.

The pattern of the new bayonet for the short .303 rifle has at last been fixed by the British Army Council, and its manufacture is to proceed with at once. The bayonet will be 17 1/2 in length, or 5 in longer than that now in use, and it weighs 16 1/2 lb, with a Fox scabbard. It will be single edged, and one end of the crosspiece will be hooked.

The aspects of military training (Mr R. McNally) will have a gospel that will not be preached on behalf of any particular party, as he will explain when he takes the platform in Auckland. He is concerned with a department which has under his own charge, and is preparing remedies for the deficiencies which he noted. His party will be the people of New Zealand, and he hopes to convince all the people that they have a country worth defending, and a country that can be defended without imposing any crushing burden on the shoulders of any class.

A Woodville correspondent states that the new 12in wire breech loading naval gun, Mark XI, which will have the highest velocity of any gun yet made, has emerged with credit from its trials. It is a complete success in all official quarters, where it is regarded as the finest weapon in the world. It is understood that orders will shortly be placed for a number of these weapons, and some will be manufactured at Westport. They will constitute the principal armament of the latest ships of the Dreadnought type. The present 12in gun has a range of approximately 10 miles, but the new weapon is to be effective at 18 miles.

I was pleased to learn of the excellent work accomplished by the 3rd Regiment A.M.R. during their recent camp. The regiment has recently been under canvas for 14 days, divided as follows: Seven days' camp, three days extra for dismounted parades, and four days' manoeuvres. The O.C. district attended during the manoeuvres, and acted as director. The work was continuous, and consisted of reconnaissance, attack and defence, and an attack on a company. Three companies took part—the Marsden, Otamatea, and Mangakahia M.R.—and the work of all ranks was highly creditable. A feature of the manoeuvres consisted in the co-operation of signallers, and the staff were most efficient in signalling. A great merit of the officers showed a considerable grasp of their work, and the rank and file worked cheerfully and well. There was an absence of unreal tactical situations, and all throughout the manoeuvres, which is a keen officer, is to be highly congratulated on the state of his regiment.

The 1st Infantry Battalion has decided to enter a team for the Empire Challenge Cup on Saturday, May 22. The team consists of 40 competitors—few of the good shots of the battalion will be left out. Only two officers and four sergeants can take part in the match. The conditions are: First stage—Five shots each 400 and 500 yards, two missed allowed each distance at figure target, standing on ground in front of batts, counting five points each hit on the figure. Second stage—300 yards; an many shots as possible up to 15 that can be fired in 45 seconds on a target, with 1000 yds bull and centre, counting 4, 8, and 2 points; single man firing. Targets for the first stage are green, brown, or grey; while for the second stage, half green and half brown. The following committee have the arranging of the match: Captain Flagg and Cox. Lieuts. Atkinson and Kretschmar. The match is open to the British Empire, and carries three sets of medals and 125 in prize. The battalion should have a fairly strong team.

It will have been noticed that the Government has received advice that twenty-eight rifles, bearing the New Zealand stamp, have been taken from the rebel hill tribes in the north-east of India. The Defence Department about two years ago deemed it advisable to realise on a large stock of old Snider and Martini-Enfield rifles, and had them superseded by later pattern arms, and had been stored for a number of years in the Defence Stores in Buckle-street. Tenders were called for the purchase of the old rifles, one provision being that they must go to England, the idea being that if they were sold and ultimately, they might be used by turbulent people opposed to the interests of the Empire. The purchase of the great number of rifles gave an assurance that they were being sent to Birmingham, presumably to be taken to pieces, and some of the parts used for the manufacture of other rifles. It is well known that the Persian Gulf is being continually watched to prevent ship loads of arms being landed for the use of the insurgent Afghans. It is also known that no such arms may enter through the well-guarded Khyber Pass, yet the rifles which were sleeping peacefully in Buckle-street a couple of years ago, are now being sent against our own troops in India. In some quarters it is claimed that there has been a lack of common prudence in the disposal of these arms, that they might have been sold in the event of universal military training being adopted, for many old riflemen wear by the Snider as an effective weapon to 600 yards. The news recalls an incident which

occurred at Suva during the excitement of the Boer war. The white people there had formed a company which had been supplied with .303 rifles. After peace was declared the life faded from volunteers in Fiji, and, when a year later the Government called in the arms, it was found that with few exceptions, the rifles had been sold to the Samoan rebels.

## GORDON RIFLES.

The Gordon Rifles' annual general meeting in the Lecture Room, Drill Hall, was attended by about 60 members of the corps. The annual balance-sheet showed the corps to be in a strong financial position, there being a credit balance of £440 13/11, including over £10 in the bank, but not including any of this year's capitation allowance. The members took a very keen interest in the affairs of the corps, and eight nominations were received for the shooting committee. Col. Serjeant, Martin, Serjeant, Graham, and Corporals Johns and McBeath being declared elected amidst applause. There were four nominations for the Finance Committee, and as there were only two vacancies, another election had to be held, which resulted in Privates Lee and Jackson being elected members. Serjeant L. G. Ashton was appointed to fill the position of hon. secretary vacated by Lieut. R. W. Cumming on his promotion to the adjutancy of the battalion. Lieut. Cumming will, however, still keep as far as possible in touch with his old corps, and has kindly consented to retain the position of hon. treasurer. Capt. Kay, in asking the members to accord the retiring hon. secretary a hearty vote of thanks, reminded them of the invaluable services rendered by the corps by Lieut. Cumming during the seven years he has filled the position. The past year has been a very successful one all round, 25 recruits having joined the corps, the new recruits of a very good stamp. This is the largest number that have joined in any one year since the formation of the corps, and is distinctly a matter for congratulation, and only a few more good recruits are needed to bring the corps to full strength. This year the corps departed from their usual practice of holding a smoke concert after the business of the evening was concluded, as a continuation of the good time to come caused the members to hurry over the business, while it also considerably shortened the concert. After a hearty vote of thanks had been accorded the skipper, the meeting was adjourned until Friday, May 21st. After the meeting Captain Kay was presented with a handsome marble clock by Lieut. Cumming, on the occasion of his marriage. The Captain, who was completely taken by surprise, acknowledged the gift in fine terms, and expressed his appreciation of the Captain's invitation to drink the health of Mrs. Kay. The evening was brought to a close with three cheers for Captain and Mrs. Kay.

## GARRISON ARTILLERY CLASSIFYING.

The following are the results of the annual classifying carried out by the New Zealand Garrison Artillery Volunteers:—

Division and Company.	Guns Total		
	Fig. of Merit.	4-pr.	6-pr. Figure
Auckland No. 1	1,111	1,728	1,319
Auckland No. 2	0,877	0,885	0,843
Auckland No. 3	1,381	1,490	1,417
Wellington No. 1	0,617	1,208	0,883
Wellington No. 2	—	1,170	1,170
Canterbury No. 1	0,544	0,548	0,280
Canterbury No. 2	0,918	1,076	0,888
Otago No. 1	—	1,198	0,643
Otago No. 2	—	0,743	0,743
Westport No. 1	—	0,700	0,700

All the above companies were classified in the first class except Canterbury No. 1, which was not classed.

Auckland, No. 1, was awarded the Hudson Cup for Q.F. shooting.

Auckland, No. 3, was awarded the Coast Artillery Cup for B.L. shooting.

Westport, No. 1, fired under special conditions from 6-pr. Q.F. guns on field mountings.

The order of merit is as follows:—  
Sin. B.L.—No. 2 Company, Canterbury, 1; No. 2 Company, Auckland, 2; No. 1 Company, Wellington, 3.

Sin. B.L.—No. 3, Company, Auckland, 1; No. 1 Company, Wellington, 2; No. 1 Company, Otago, 3.

Light Q.F.—No. 1 Company, Auckland, 1; No. 1 Company, Auckland, 2; No. 2 Company, Auckland, 3.

For All Shooting.—No. 3 Company, Auckland, 1; No. 1 Company, Auckland, 2; No. 2 Company, Wellington, 3.

## ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY.

The following return shows the standard of efficiency of New Zealand Company, Wellington Division, N.Z.G.A.V. (Electric Light Company):—Staff 80, electric lighting 61.1, engine driving 60.63, signalling 83.5, tramway 80, attendance 69, total 84.13, percentage 78.4.

The average percentage of marks awarded to Electric Light Sections is as follows:—No. 1 Company, G.A.V., Otago Division, 78.4 (section of 11 men); No. 1 Company, G.A.V. Auckland Division, 71.3 (section of 10 men); No. 2 Company, G.A.V., Canterbury Division, not examined. It is impossible to compare No. 3 Company, G.A.V., Wellington with the other sections, as with the latter the average marks are based on the works of the whole company. It is the only Electric Light Company in New Zealand.

## GARRISON ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS.

The following are the principal features of a return showing standard of efficiency of the New Zealand Garrison Artillery Volunteers for 1908-9:—

Division.	Percentage of Increase in Efficiency since		
	1907-8.	1908-9.	1908-9.
Auckland No. 1	"A"	35.14	4th
Auckland No. 2	"A"	2.7	8th
Auckland No. 3	"A"	31.63	7th
Wellington No. 1	"A"	6.2	2nd
Wellington No. 2	"A"	1.02	1st
Canterbury No. 1	"B"	2.3	10th
Canterbury No. 2	"A"	3.56	5th
Otago No. 1	"A"	3.74	3rd
Otago No. 2	"A"	0.7	6th
Westport	"A"	9.5	6th

## FIELD ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS.

The results of efficiency examinations of the New Zealand Field Artillery Volunteers for the year 1908-9 are shown in another return:

Battery.	Special Marks for Efficiency		Class for Shooting	Grade Awarded
	1st	2nd		
A—Auckland	80.2	1st	A	A
*B—Dunedin	93.66	1st	A	A
D—Wellington	93.61	1st	A	A
E—Christchurch	84.9	2nd	A	A
H—Nelson	78.36	2nd	A	A

\*Awarded Challenge Shield for 1908-9.

## CYCLE AND SIGNALING COMPANIES.

By a revocation of Regulation 3 (f) with its amendments, and the substitution of a new regulation, the establishment of a cycle and signalling company is fixed as follows:—Maximum—1 captain, 2 lieutenants, 1 colour-sergeant, 4 sergeants, 4 corporals, 5 privates, 1 bugler. Totals: 3 officers, 60 N.C.O.'s and men, total 63. Minimum 2 officers, 40 N.C.O.'s and men total 42.

## AGONISING PILES.

### ZAM-BUK ENDS FIVE YEARS' SUFFERING.

After suffering five years' terrible agony from itching, bleeding piles, Mr. J. H. Livingston, an engineer, employed at the Chilling Works, Young, N.S.W., decided to test the powers of Zam-Buk, with the result that he is now completely cured of this most aggravating complaint.

"For five long years I suffered terribly from itching and bleeding piles," Mr Livingston says, "and attribute riding in a wet saddle to their cause. No one knows what agony I suffered, at times becoming so bad that I was forced to lay up for days together. I tried every possible so-called cure for piles, without deriving any lasting benefit, for immediately I left off using them the piles would come on as bad as ever. A few of my friends, knowing what agony I

was undergoing, frequently recommended me to try Zam-Buk, but after using so many other remedies in vain I naturally did not place much confidence in it. Continuing to suffer untold agony, however, I eventually gave Zam-Buk a trial, and I am happy to say that after a few applications the wonderful easing and soothing effect was very comforting. Persevering with Zam-Buk, using in all about three pots, the piles went completely away, and I can confidently say that I am now perfectly cured."

Zam-Buk is without equal for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, abrasions, and all injuries to the skin; and promptly cures boils, pimples, running sores, ulcers, ring-worm, barber's rash, swellings, and all diseases of the skin. Zam-Buk is obtainable from all chemists, and stored at 1s. 6d. per pot, and 3s. 6d. large family size (containing nearly four times the 1s. 6d. pot).

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## News, Notes and Notions.

### Making War Impossible.

THE joyous prospect that science may make war impossible is held out by a French scientist, Dr. Gustave Le Bon. He says this consummation may be arrived at within 50 years. "I made a series of experiments with M. Branly," says Dr. Le Bon, "for the purpose of finding out the degree of permeability of various bodies with regard to Hertzian waves. We found that these waves were able to traverse stone walls more than 3ft thick, whereas they were stopped by a sheet of tin no thicker than a cigarette paper. A fissure no bigger than the hundredth part of a millimetre (1-2500 of an inch) was sufficient, however, for the waves to pierce the sheet. In space these waves are propagated spherically in all directions. Given these facts, it is conceivable that physicists will succeed in directing these waves, in making them travel on the same plane, and in the same direction. It has already been found that polarised waves move along the same plane. It would be sufficient to direct a sheaf of parallel waves. There would thus be no loss of electric energy. Meeting an obstacle, such as a ship or a powder magazine, these electric radiations would 'charge' the whole metallic portion of the object thus met with. The metallic framework would splutter with the electric sparks discharged. The network of metallic wires on ships, torpedo boats, etc., would provoke an atmosphere of sparks which would cause the magazines or the shells to explode. The Hertzian waves directed in parallel waves would penetrate the arsenals, casemates, fortresses, or powder magazines, destroying everything on their passage. This application of Hertzian waves is as yet impossible, for in order to reflect these radiations the length of whose waves varies from 500 to 2000 yards, it would be necessary to employ parabolic mirrors 10,000 yards or more high. If Hertzian waves of less length were utilised, the problem might be resolved more quickly; but these waves would be transmitted only a few score yards. But once the discovery of an apparatus for transmitting parallel waves is made, and war is rendered impossible. The physicist who finds out how to direct parallel Hertzian waves will make his discovery known by directing methodically his waves on the vessels of a fleet gathered together, let us say, like the English fleet at Spithead, or the German fleet at Kiel. Many millions would be engulfed, some lives sacrificed, but what a formidable power would be revealed to the eyes of the whole world! What an immense service would be rendered to peace! I am convinced this is not mere fancy," says Dr. Le Bon. Our grandchildren will see its realisation."

### Harriman's Harangue.

Mr E. H. Harriman, admittedly described by the interviewers as the "Railway Olympian," paused in a rapid journey homeward across the American continent to discourse at Chicago on the economical and political tendencies of his country. The great millionaire, whom Mr Roosevelt once denounced as an "un-American citizen," declared roundly that

the course of events had vindicated him and proved that Mr Roosevelt was grossly wrong in his attacks on the railway interests. After denouncing the Roosevelt Administration as criminally extravagant, Mr Harriman delivered himself of the following political aphorisms:—

"Regulate the Government; it needs regulation far more than do the railways."

"Prevent the recurrence of an Anarchistic Attorney-General."

"Don't elect a demagogic House of Representatives."

"See to it that the Senate is not filled with a lot of heebiebies."

Mr Harriman declared himself on the tariff question to be a "flexible Protectionist."

### Supposed Ho Fired First.

At last we have a pistol that cannot miss. It seems incredible, but no matter how poor a shot you are, you are certain to hit the person you aim at, and even the exact part of his body you choose. The only drawback about the new weapon is that it only works at night or in the dark. In the light it is no better than any other revolver. But it is at night that the pistol is most needed, and it is then the hardest to hit for the man armed with the ordinary revolver. The invention is simple enough. It can be fitted to any revolver or rifle. Above the barrel of the revolver and exactly parallel to it, is a little tube containing a lens and an electric lamp. At the rear of the tube is a little spring to be pressed by the thumb of the hand that holds the weapon. Electric wires connect with a small dry battery kept in the pocket or under the pillow, or wherever it is convenient. Suppose you awake at night with the feeling that there is a burglar in your room. You point the pistol where you think the burglar lurks, and with your thumb press the little spring. A spot of light appears where you have pointed the weapon, and you move this around till you find him. In the centre of the spot of light is a black dot. This dot shows where your bullet will strike. The instant you see the burglar in the light you can pull the trigger and be certain to hit him somewhere. If you wish to hit his head or put a bullet through his heart, just move the black dot to his head or heart, or wherever you wish, and pull the trigger. At a distance of 90ft the spot of light is about 6ft tall and as broad as a man. The black dot at that distance is about the size of an orange. The objection brought against this firearm is, unfortunately, true: "It shoots as straight for a burglar as for a householder."

### Musical Manners.

Mme. Carreno, who visited us some months ago, is evidently not only a great classic artist, but a very clever and outspoken conversationalist. The interview with her in the London "Standard" is one of the best things of the kind we have read. She asks, for instance, why so few musicians have good manners. Perhaps the Wagner cult may have something to do with that. The manners of that distinguished composer were, to put it mildly, not pretty. She then turns

to some of the modern "music," and pours all the scorn upon it which we should expect from one steeped in the spirit of the great masters. She talks of pianoforte music the difficulty of which is not excused by its effect, and adds very pertinently that if a young pianist is looking for difficulty he will find it in trying to play a Chopin study really well. Is it not a well-known fact, too, that, simple as they seem, the melodies of Mozart are among the hardest things to sing properly? Finally, Mme. Carreno denounces the commercialism which is doing its best to vulgarise and degrade even the musical world of our day. "All this puffing, trumpet-blowing, and self-advertising is pitiable," she says. And so it is. When, for instance, one cannot enter a concert-hall without having the photograph of some popular performer thrust under our noses at every step, with his name underneath it, free of all prefix (as who should say "Beethoven" or "Bach"), the charm of the piece is killed straight away, however delightful the concert may prove.

### Tastes the Same Anyhow.

The origin of the name whisky has puzzled the dictionary makers, but most of them have followed Johnson in making it derive from the Irish word usquebaugh, which he defines as "an Irish compound distilled spirit, drawn from aromatics; the Highland sort by corruption they call whisky." Noah Webster, dissatisfied with this, says in the earlier editions of his dictionary that it is derived from the Welsh "gwiski." In the late editions he tells us it is either the "Irish or Gaelic usage, water; in use-beatha, whisky, properly water of life." Thus the learned lexicographers. Now comes one who has made wine and spirits a life study and written authoritatively about them in many books, with the assertion that these learned gentlemen are all wrong. This is what he says:—"If our lexicographers will but turn their attention to that good old English word whisky, and then bear in mind the tendency of the people for nicknaming, the matter will assume another and different aspect. Whisky means a light chaise which came into use originally to avoid the taxes that were levied on vehicles according to their size. The name originated in the country districts and is derived from the root 'whisk.' For marketing the liquor this vehicle was in great demand among the smugglers, for, owing to its lightness, rapid time could be made when necessity demanded. The smugglers could not handicap themselves with so cumbersome a means of travel, and the one-horse whisky holding a cask of five or ten gallons safely hidden beneath the seat not only allayed suspicion, but was also an exceedingly handy vehicle for travelling through byroads and unfrequented paths."

### Beauty Spots.

It is stated on good authority that "patches" are to be the fashion again. There was a time when these beauty-spots were one of the most effective weapons in woman's armoury, and they came to have even a political significance in the time of the Georges. Whigs wore their patches on one side of the face. Tories on the other, thought it seems almost incredible that a woman would allow her political principles to stand in the way of putting the patch wherever it looked prettiest. Probably

she found the prettiest place first, and then decided what her politics would be. The situation of the beauty spot is a very delicate matter. If a girl has good eyes, for instance, but doesn't care for her mouth, she must put the beauty spot near the eyes. If she has a dimpled chin, but a nondescript nose, an inferior eye, she should put the beauty spot low down, so as to call attention to her superiority in the matter of chin. The great point is not to advertise a plain feature by putting the beauty spot near it, and the tiny black spot does undoubtedly set off a pretty face. There is said to be also much subtle significance in the situation of the patch, but this "language" is complicated and would be wasted on the average young man. It is best to put the patch wherever it looks best, and let it do its deadly work without trying to express any special meaning. At one time these patches had most elaborate shapes. The plain black disc was varied with half-moons, stars, and even a tiny roach and horses. It is very improbable such extremes will ever be fashionable again, but the beauty spot is frequently a beautifier and so is sure to have a vogue once more. It is to be hoped the modern ideas of cleanliness will strongly tabu the old custom of powdered coiffures, and leave that to the days when ladies only did their hair once a fortnight.

### Amazing Possibilities.

One of these days there will be no more keys. An inventor of Denver, Colorado, has made a lock that opens on the gramophone principle—that is to say, by speaking into it; and since it is obviously easier to whisper a secret into a key-hole than to find the key that fits it and go through the usual performance; and since the inventor claims that this is the safest form of lock yet devised, no great stretch of imagination is required to see keys as obsolete as flint-and-steel, and the curious but pleasing picture of doors, safes, and boxes opening to command just like the case of the Forty Thieves. There will be difficulties, little annoyances, of course; but then inconveniences attach to keys, as everybody knows who has lost one. To begin with, there is the "key-phrase." This is the phrase that opens the lock, and a peculiarly violent brain-storm would certainly result on standing outside the front door in the pouring rain at an unfortunate hour of the morning and cooing into the key-hole every imaginable (and some unpaintable) phrase but the right one. That is one little trifle. Then there is the fact that these ingenious locks will only respond to vibrations of the voice that exactly coincide with the vibrations recorded in the mechanism. One sees and appreciates and admires the inventor's cleverness here. In the case of a safe the burglar will have to study voice-vibration and to study hard if he is to get any return for his night's work. But the thing vibrates, so to speak, both ways. What will be done when the safe-owner has a cold? Will he go mad in front of his safe, or will he have it blown up with dynamite and tell them to get up from the cellar the dear old antiquated lock-and-key safe that his grandfather used? These are the problems that must be wrestled with when estimating the happiness that posterity is to enjoy from all the marvels it is going to have.

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# Why a Poor Man or Child Hasn't a Fair Chance

By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D.

**BEGIN** with the physique of the poor, for reasons which, as I see them, are abundantly adequate. There is no overweening human interest in fine animals as such. They are to be seen any day in the big cat house of the Gardens of the Zoological Society. Anyone inclined to read more than a vaguely symbolic meaning in the giant children of Mr. Wells' "Broomford" may be recommended to contemplate the exploits of Japan.

Our interest in the physique of the poor depends upon the fact that the physical qualities are the root qualities in which all others, mental and moral, inhere, and without which all others must necessarily—even if they exist—run an abbreviated and crippled career. Even if it be possible, on occasion, to find the mens sana without the corpus sanum, the output of that mind must inevitably be adversely affected in quantity, if not in quality.

Let us, then, consider the initial fact, which there is certainly no need to labour, that the poor of our great cities are very far from being even fine animals, and let us first observe an obvious fallacy, which may vitiate the interpretation of this, as of so many other statistical facts. Before we inquire into the conditions which determine the fact that the poor are physically inferior, let us fully recognise that a certain, and, probably by no means small percentage are poor because they were not fine animals in the first place.

Physically inferior by reason of causes which will later be considered, they are unfit to do an adequate amount of work, or to do that inadequate amount adequately well. The point is obvious enough, but it must not be ignored—for the significance and utility of hospitals and dispensaries in relation to poverty are closely bound up with it. We must recognise the existence of a vicious circle. The man who is imperfect as a physical machine, whether by reason of inherited constitution or bad habits or disease, or any combination of these, is compelled, being inefficient, to live under conditions which aggravate his inefficiency. But here, very often, the hospital may intervene.

But having duly considered this point, we must recognise that the wretched physical state of the great majority of slum-dwellers is produced by the conditions under which they live.

The poor of our great cities live under conditions which outrage every known law of common sense and of science. From the first lachrymose breath of their entry into the abominable environment which their day and generation have provided for them to that last imperfect respiration with which they expire, many of them never breathe a cubic inch of un-polluted air. Solid impurities in air—sterile dust—are bad enough; far worse are the living bacteria, every known condition for the full vitality of which is rigorously complied with in the dwellings of the poor; far worse, also, are the gaseous impurities exhaled from the lungs and skin of all animals, human or other. The reader knows all this as well as I do.

What I ask is this: Are the elementary facts as to the significance of air hammered daily, or even annually, into the head of every child that attends a public school? If not, in the name of common sense, common decency, and our common humanity, why not?

If there is any antidote to filthy air it is the light of day, the sunlight which is vital to man, lethal to his most deadly foes. The reader needs no telling that in the slums dirty air does its dirty work in darkness. But of what use is it to preach about this in a city where men think fog funny?

In naming, first, bad, and second, lack of sunlight, I have indicated the essential causes of which overcrowding is only a proximate expression. The reader knows, of course, that, in general, curves of death-rate and of overcrowding coincide. But overcrowding is not an evil

as such; man's society, indeed, is essential to man's health; overcrowding is an evil because it entails bad air and lack of sunlight.

The poor are destroyed and maimed directly by foul air and darkness; but these also destroy and maim indirectly by the microbes which they breed. With the curves of general death-rate and of overcrowding, the curve of tuberculosis closely corresponds. The influence of the tubercle bacillus upon the physique of the poor would be hard to over-estimate. It is not merely that this microscopic plant kills some one in seven of all who die upon the earth, nor that its ravages are far greater among the poorer than the more fortunate classes.

Type of a protean disease, tuberculosis often disables where it does not kill. In the form of lupus it disfigures a girl's face and makes it impossible for her to get work; as chronic disease of the hip or elbow or knee, it incapacitates thousands; yet these and many other forms of tuberculosis are as nothing compared with its ravages in the form of consumption, from which one person dies in London alone every three quarters of an hour, day and night, year in, year out—



"The poor are destroyed and maimed directly by foul air and darkness."

each such death terminating a period of, on the average, some four years' incapacity.

Yet the public has still to learn that the chief function of sanatoria in a modern state is not the cure of consumption, but the prevention of it, by the segregation of patients in the most infectious stages of the disease.

For all these evils—and be it remembered that the possession of a very small income is not an evil in itself—there are known and adequate remedies. The tuberculosis death-rate has been steadily falling for many years past. Typhus fever, once familiar, and always to be seen in Whitechapel, has been banished therefrom by improved sanitation.

A former medical officer of health for that district told me, on my last visit, that he had not seen a case for some years, whereas a quarter of a century ago he could at any time have shown me two or three cases within five minutes' walk of his house. Of tuberculosis, His Majesty the King, when presiding over a meeting of the National Association for its prevention, has said: "If preventable, why not prevented?" Tuberculosis, one of the fruits of overcrowding, is being prevented; but with 12,000 deaths a year in London alone, can we say that His Majesty's question as to the prevention of the disease has yet been creditably answered?

No one can produce any satisfactory evidence to show that the national physique is declining, save in so far as overcrowding and the other evils of cities

are increasing. But we know that 77 per cent of our population now lives in cities, whereas 51 per cent was the figure 50 years ago. The wretched physique of the poor—i.e., of the majority among city dwellers—whether due to disease or to merely degrading conditions, is a product of the present conditions of city life.

The cry, "Back to the land," well meaning as it is, must be criticised in the light of sociological science. Not only is the transition from agriculture to manufacture a natural evolution, but there is a great distinction as to the demand for the two. A given population needs only a finite quantity of food; but its demand for products of manufacture is obviously indefinite. The city, therefore—the maker of poverty—is an inevitable fact.

## The Mystery of a Lightning Calculator.

The skill of certain rapid calculators has been a subject of wonder even for scientists. Through what mental mechanism do such extraordinary persons succeed in repeating from those armies of figures and make in a few seconds by some mysterious power calculations which would take any other person a great deal of time and serious attention?

One lightning calculator is now in Paris. She is a young Greek, Mlle. Urenie Diamanti, and she has been examined carefully in scientific circles. M. Manouvrier, the eminent professor at the School of Anthropology, has tried to

visually, diagonally, backwards, upwards, etc. She adds the five rows together, makes subtractions, multiplications, squares any of the figures, etc.

M. Manouvrier, after long observations, has found that the series of figures are learned by heart. But here we come to the peculiarities which characterize the "visual" type of memory. As soon as they are learnt the figures appear to this young lady as written on a kind of imaginary tableau.

That tableau is made with the help of an unvarying scheme, and consists in the visual representation of the series of figures, forming a frame round an open space in which are projected all the figures of immediate interest, and in which, as it were, the various operations are made.

Mlle. Diamanti "saw" this tableau for the first time when she was fifteen. It has never altered since.

"Someone tells me a figure, or when I think one," she declared to M. Manouvrier, "I see it in the frame of the tableau. But as soon as I have to use it, it detaches itself and places itself in the centre."

She sees that tableau two or three steps before her, and it is of the size of the average blackboard.

M. Manouvrier considers that this phenomenon, which has so often puzzled science, is derived from a great intensity of visualisation, helped by a retentive memory.

"Any intelligent person, endowed with a good memory of the eye," says M. Manouvrier, "could become, after a few months of training, a virtuoso of mental calculation."

One of the leading comedians of the Frankfurt Theatre in Germany went to the director and asked for an advance on his week's salary. The books showed that the whole amount had already been drawn, and the director said "No." "Very good," said the actor; "then I shall refuse to go on to-night." The director saw that it was dangerously near curtain time, and reluctantly gave the actor the amount asked for, but said: "Remember, sir, this is nothing short of extortion, and a cowardly one at that." "Not at all, Herr Director," said the actor, stuffing the money in his pocket, "my name is not on the bill for to-night, anyway."

solve the mystery. With Mlle. Diamanti's help has succeeded, it is said. It was when she was seven years old that Mlle. Diamanti noticed her calculating powers. She is the sister of a famous calculator. The success of her brother incited her to cultivate her gift.

M. Manouvrier has discovered that the power of visualisation of the young woman only exercises itself on figures, and that those figures appear to her with certain colours.

Here, below, we give the name of the colours, with which she associates the figures:—0, white; 1, black; 2, brilliant yellow; 3, vermilion; 4, dark brown; 5, bright blue; 6, dark yellow; 7, navy blue; 8, grey; 9, chestnut.

Mlle. Diamanti declares that she remembers better the figures which contain bright colours between darker ones. She believes that in that case the association of the colours with the figures helps memory.

For instance, 104 (black, white, dark brown) is easy to learn and memorise because 0, which is white, is placed between two dark colours. In a similar way, 129 (black, bright yellow and chestnut) is also easy to remember because of the contrast.

The process mentally used by Mlle. Diamanti is the following:—

Five rows of five figures being written on a blackboard she looks at the square of 25 figures for a minute, turns her back to the blackboard, and recites the square in any possible way—horizontally, ver-



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## Orange Blossoms.

## BAYLY—WILLIAMS.

A VERY quiet and pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Mary's Church, Hawera, on the 11th, when Miss Mary Williams, sister of Mr W. O. Williams, was married to Mr Reginald Bayly, only son of Mr T. Bayly, of Hamilton, formerly of Hawera. The Rev. J. R. Cassell was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her brother, looked very dainty in a white crepe de chine Empire gown, trimmed with silk lace. Instead of the customary veil, the bride wore a pretty white hat, and carried an ivory-covered prayer-book. There was one bridesmaid, Miss Annie Bayly, sister of the bridegroom, who wore a white silk frock, pretty Saxe blue hat, and carried a bouquet of white flowers. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of Mr W. White, where intimate friends were entertained. Mr and Mrs Bayly left for the South, en route to their future home in Waipukurau, H.B.

## BETHUNE—A COURT.

In the Wesleyan Church at Sandon recently, says the "Feilding Star," Mr. W. L. Bethune, of Palmerston North, and Miss Catherine S. H. A Court, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A Court, of Sandon, were married. The Rev. G. Frost officiated.

The bride was wearing a dress of chiffon taffeta, made in Empire style, with silk chiffon trimmings and French knots, and the usual veil and orange blossoms. She carried a prayer book, Miss A Court, a younger sister, and Miss Anderson, who were bridesmaids, wore dresses of white silk crystalline with tucked net and lace insertion trimming, and wore blue hats and sashes to match, and carried shower bouquets. The bride's attendants included also her little sister Dorothy and Moana Scott, who wore white silk frocks, with lace insertion, pink lace bonnets, and were carrying little baskets of flowers. The best man was Mr. H. Young, and the groomsmen Mr. Hammond A Court. The bride was given away by her father. After the ceremony the parents of the bride held a reception in the public hall. The presents to the bride were very numerous indeed, and some of them were due to her long connection with the church as a member of the choir, first of the Rongotea Church, and later of the Sandon Church, and during the last three years as organist.

## THURSTON—MCLAUGHLAN.

At St. Mary's Catholic Church, Taihape, last week, Miss Rose McLaughlan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McLaughlan, well-known residents of Taihape, was married to Mr. James Thurston, headmaster of the Taihape District High School. Great interest was shown in the wedding, both the bride and bridegroom being very popular. The ceremony was solemnized by the Rev. Father Lacroix. The bride, who was dressed in a very handsome white silk dress, with veil and orange blossoms, was given away by her father. She was attended by her sister (Miss Cicely McLaughlan), who wore a very pretty brown velvet costume. The best man was Mr. Frank McLaughlan (brother of the bride). After the ceremony the bridal party and a few guests were entertained at breakfast by the bride's parents.

## DURBAN—HILL.

In the Presbyterian Church, Waipu, the marriage was celebrated of Mr. John William Durban, of the Braighs, and Miss Ruby Hill, youngest daughter of Mr. Rowland Hill (Road Engineer for the Roads Department). The bride was given away by her father, the bridesmaids being her eldest sister (Ada) and Miss Isa Durban, youngest sister of the bridegroom. The bridegroom was supported by his brother (Mr. William Durban) as best man. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a large number of friends by the Rev. W. Thompson. After the ceremony the young couple drove to Park House, followed by their friends, who were there treated to cake and light refreshments (says a Waipu correspondent).

The bride was attired in white silk, and wore the usual veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids, Miss Hill in heliotrope silk muslin and Miss Isa Durban in a pretty neat cream serge dress, looked charming. At half-past ten the young couple left amidst showers of rice by Mr. D. Pallant's coach for Marsden Point, en route to Auckland, there to spend their honeymoon, after three cheers had been given, with best wishes for their future prosperity and happiness.

## MEREDITH—TATHAM.

A wedding in which considerable interest was manifested was celebrated at St. Matthew's Church, Masterton, when Miss Ivy Tatham, youngest daughter of Mrs. Tatham, of "Houseswood," East Coast, and Mr. Laird A. W. Meredith, of "Waionga," East Coast, second son of the late Mr. Edwin Meredith, of Riverdale, and grandson of the late Mr. Edwin Meredith, of "Llandaff," Masterton, were married. Rev. J. H. Sykes, of Upper Hut, performed the marriage ceremony, assisted by Rev. H. Watson.

The bride looked very charming in white charnuse satin, Directoire, with ruffled chiffon sleeves and yoke, veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet. She was given away by her brother (Mr. J. Tatham) and was attended by four bridesmaids—Misses Queenie Hill and Kathleen Wilton, of Wellington, attired in pale green crystalline frocks, Empire style, and large black hats, with pale green trimmings and streamers; Misses Dorothy and Marjorie Horner, of Wanganui, nieces of the bride, who wore frocks of pale mauve crystalline, Empire style, with white hats and mauve trimmings, and large white ostrich feathers. All carried crooks with beautiful violets and streamers to match their frocks. Mr. Glen Meredith was best man, and Mr. Philip Drummond was groomsmen. Mrs. Tatham, mother of the bride, wore a handsome black silk voile, with lace and black bonnet ospreys.

## ENGAGEMENTS.

No Notice of Engagements or Marriages can be inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person, with Full Name and Address.

The marriage of Miss M. Russell, daughter of Sir Wm. Russell, and Sir Francis Price takes place next month. Sir Francis intends living in New Zealand for the present, and we are glad that we shall not entirely lose Miss Russell, who is very popular.—(Hastings correspondent.)

News of an interesting engagement arrived by the last mail, writes our Palmerston North correspondent. Miss Alice Poole, Hongkong, formerly of Palmerston, and niece of the late Mr. J. A. Taggart, is engaged to Dr. Holmes, of Hongkong. The marriage is to take place about September.



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## Society Gossip.

(Special to the "Graphic.")

## AUCKLAND.

May 17.

## Girls' Afternoon Tea.

MRS. E. W. ALISON, "Lochaber," Lake Takapuna, gave a delightful girls' afternoon tea last Saturday afternoon in honour of Miss Jackson, Takapuna, who is to be married on the 1st of June. The beautiful day, pleasant surroundings, and dainty repast all contributed to the success of the little function, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. A guessing competition brought out the keenness of thought of the young people, and resulted in Mrs. John Frater, jun., winning the prize. Miss Ivy Alison recited and sang charmingly, Miss Minnie Maclier played a pianoforte solo, and Mrs. James Frater contributed a solo. The guest of honour made a graceful little speech, thanking all the girls for pretty linen gifts, which each brought as presents for the prospective bride. The hostess was gowned in navy blue and white floral French muslin; Mrs. Fotheringham wore biscuit coloured nixon over silk piped with rosea green silk; Miss Ivy Alison, a dainty sea green silk Empire frock; Miss Jackson, dark navy coat and skirt, and black and white peltre hat. Among the guests were:—Mrs. W. Sharland, Miss Minnie Frater, Mrs. Dryden, Misses Berry, Mrs. J. Frater, Mrs. Lawrence, Miss Ida Percival, Mrs. James Frater, Misses La Trobe, Maclier, Graham (2), Doris Jones, Grace Sharland, Houchen, Cuff, Buchanan, Weston, Kennedy, F. Williamson, Thompson, Daisy Slater.

## Indian Bazaar.

A Bazaar in aid of the Child Widows of India, was opened in the Choral Hall on the 13th by the Rev. A. Murray. From the start success was apparent, and in response to a general request the bazaar was extended all day following. The general secretary (Mrs. McKenzie, of Queenstown) stated it to be the most successful they had ever held, and Miss Scott (secretary for the goods), who is going out to India as a missionary, will be the happy bearer of a very substantial cheque. The success of the bazaar was due in a large measure to the efforts of Miss Seaman, the indefatigable local secretary. The hall presented a very pretty appearance with the numerous rich Oriental stalls, the dais being devoted to a handsome display of beaten copper work and porcelains heavily embroidered in gold thread. Refreshments were served in the upper room, which was prettily decorated with pot-plants, festoons of lycopodium, chrysanthemums and Chinese lanterns. Much of the needlework was very beautiful, drawn-thread work and embroidery in white and colours being notable for its excellence. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that some of it was equal to any I saw at the Australian Women's Work Exhibition. The Kimono and Dressing Jacket stall was very unique and attractive, and of a fascinating Oriental character. The Widows' stall (consisting of work done exclusively by the child widows) contained some beautiful table and cushion covers, embroidered in wool and silk with tinsel and sequins on velvet, silk and muslin. There were also dainty white silk children's frocks, and fine drawn thread and embroidery work. The following were the stall-holders: Indian Trinkets and Fancy Oriental Jewellery: The Misses Gillingham, Porter and Bloomfield. Indian Stall (beaten copper and metal ware): Mesdames Gray-Dixon and Olyphant. Armenian-Persian Stall: Mrs. and Miss Nelson. Silver Indian and Oriental Jewellery: Miss K. Nelson. Lace and Blouse Stall: Mesdames Russell and S. Barry. Cloisonne and Satsuma Ware (Japan): Miss MacTier. Indian Embroideries: The Misses Barry. Chinese Embroideries: Mrs. Chas. Hudson and Miss Blades. Copper Works and Bronzes: Mrs. Sealey. Kashmir Embroidery and Copper Work: The Misses Laidlaw and Jones. Embroidered

Japanese Kimonos and Dressing Jackets: Mrs. Garlick. Ramabai Work (done by the little widows): Mrs. Hill. White Indian Work: Mrs. Cox and Miss Moore. Sweet Stall: Mesdames Murray and Leonard and the girls of St. Andrew's Bible Class. Japanese Stall (fans, fancy boxes, and parasols): The Misses Latrobe, Doughty and Bagwell. Flower and Refreshment Stall: Mrs. Harvey and Miss Hudson, assisted by the Misses Harvey, Fowlds, Hawkesbury, and several others.

## Dance at Devonport.

A dance in aid of the Society for Protection of Women and Children was held at the Foresters' Hall, Devonport, on the 12th, and was a great success, financially and otherwise. The decorations were the work of Captain Pilkington and officers of Permanent Artillery at Fort Cauteley, and were characterized by that specially attractive "atmosphere" attaching to the decorative abilities of military and naval men. They consisted of beautiful festoons of greenery artistically entwined with flags and Chinese lanterns. The supper table, which supported a most sumptuous repast, was banked with moss and clusters of yellow and heliotrope flowers, and the music, by Mr. Burke's Band, gave every satisfaction. The committee who worked so hard to ensure the success of the dance were the Misses Graham and Marks (hon. secretaries) and Mesdames J. C. Macky, W. Philson, Guinness, Napier, Pilkington, and Benjamin. The dresses worn were very handsome, and were

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enhanced by the gay uniforms of the military men, which included the officers of Fort Caulley, H.M.A. Pioneer, and H.M.C.A. Iris. Mrs. Napier wore a handsome oyster grey silk; Mrs. G. Best, black merr; Mrs. Benjamin, cream satin; Mrs. Grattan Guinness, lovely Cluny lace gown with corset touches; Mrs. J. O. Mackay, black silk and white; Mrs. Philson, striking black; Mrs. Pilkington, white chiffon; Mrs. Wolfe, black and white; Mrs. Bruce, dainty blue and black sequined net; Miss Gribbin, lovely rainbow silk silver panel; her sister was in blue; Miss Marks, dainty flowered net over silk; Miss N. Graham, pretty white silk with turquoise bands; Miss Beryl Graham, white chiffon; Miss K. Graham, rich lace Empire dress; Miss Frater, white and mauve; Miss Wilding, yellow; Miss L. Duder, dainty black; her two sisters were in white and pink; Miss Raffle Pink, net red rose; Mrs. Lecky, cream lace, relieved red; Miss Alison, black silk; Miss E. Alison, pink prettily-trimmed lace and flowers; Miss Cardno, ivory satin; Miss Brasey, white; Miss Bolton, white silk and gold in hair; Miss P. Metcalfe, pink; Miss Oxley, blue silk and tiny ruckings of net; Miss Jessop (Melbourne), pretty maize with gold touches, gold in hair; Misses J. and W. Macindoe, pretty blue Empire dresses; Miss F. Macindoe, white and red; Miss Kent, white silk trimmed blue; Mrs. Jackson, black; Mrs. Gribbin, beautiful black net and silk; Mrs. Boylan, black satin; Miss Wood, turquoise blue crew trimmed; Miss Newott, white with pink; Miss Creagmie, blue and gold; Miss Eileen Mathias, pretty blue dress.

**Personal Items.**

The many friends of Miss Freda Rose-warne will be interested to hear that she is doing well on the stage in Australia, where she is touring Queensland with a company. Her singing has been the subject of very favourable comment in the Australian Press.

Miss Vera Rose (of Tirau) is visiting her sister, Mrs. All Court, of Carleton Gore-road.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

**WELLINGTON.**

May 14.

**Popular Sailors.**

It is seldom we have such a sociably-inclined warship as H.M.S. Challenger, so the captain and officers have been entertained a good deal. Owing to scarlet fever on board, the first few days were spent in quarantine, but once the restrictions were removed the fun began. It culminated on Wednesday night, when a dance was given on the ship as a return for the hospitality which has been so abundant, and a tremendous success it was. The quarter-deck was cleared for dancing, the awnings being disguised by flags of all nations, which also draped the doorways and curtained the secluded seats. All the latest dance music was played by the ship's band, and the floor was waxed and polished till it could not be better. In the long low wardroom there was a profusion of flowers, mainly in tone of pink and mauve, which decorated the supper table. As the ship was alongside the wharf, the anxiety of a sea-trip when attired in one's best ball gown was absent, but many girls professed to be disappointed. Mrs. Ian Duncan wore ivory satin, with a deep flounce of guipure lace, in which the design was accentuated in black; Mrs. Nathan, white glaze, with a hydrangea design in natural tints, hem of mauve velvet, and corsage and collar of lace; Mrs. Willford, chestnut tulle over gold tissue, with bands of opalescent galon; Mrs. Harold Johnston, tangerine-orange satin charmeuse, the lace draperies studded with tiny sequins; Mrs. Kendall, black crepe de chine Spanish lace and jet; Miss Duncan, petal pink satin charmeuse, with Mechlin lace berthe and sleeves; Miss Cortes, black chiffon taffetas, jet embroideries and Spanish lace; Miss K. Duncan, white satin velvet veiled in sequin net; Miss Eileen Ward, ivory satin veiled in tulle, with silver fringe and tassels; Miss Bell and Miss E. Bell, myosotis blue satin charmeuse, made in semi-Empire style, and softened with lace; Miss Harcourt, rose pink corded silk, with lace berthe and sleeves; Miss Reed, geranium red tulle over ivory chiffon, bonneted with taffetas; Miss Hislop, ivory black crepe de chine, with choux of turquoise blue; Miss Brandon, ivory tulle bonneted with taffetas; Miss Hislop, ivory satin, veiled in flut net with rows of

satin ribbon; Miss Watson, flowered silk in pastel tones, Empire sash, lace vest; Miss Kwon, cameo pink crepe de chine, with epaulettes of lace; Miss Russell, petal pink charmeuse, draped with lace on the Empire corsage; Misses Nathan, ivory satin dresses, with lace berthes and sleeves, and touches of gold; Miss Beauchamp, ivory charmeuse and lace; Miss G. Beauchamp, emerald green crepe de chine and gold sequins; Miss Hungerford (Cheviot), mauve mousseline de soie, and lace berthe; Miss Miles, palest pink nixon de soie, with Empire sash of taffetas; Miss H. Miles, shell-pink charmeuse and roses; Miss Cecil Jones, moonlight-blue crepe de chine, with silver fringe and tassels; Miss Dean, cameo pink charmeuse, draped with lace; Miss (V.) Kennedy, ivory chiffon satin veiled in crystal net, and softened with lace; Miss Beistow, palest pink glaze with an overdress of net and lace; Miss Nelson, white crepe de chine, with Indian embroideries; Miss Simpson, ivory satin and trail of shaded pink roses; Miss R. Simpson, sky-blue charmeuse, with lace sleeves; Miss Mackenzie, azure-blue nixon over ivory glaze.

**Farewell to Mrs. Webb.**

A very cheery little afternoon tea was given by Mrs. Kane as a farewell to Mrs. Webb, who is off to Nelson to live. Late as it is for roses, there were some exquisite specimens in silver vases in the drawing-room, while in the dining-room, the tea-table was done with white, amber and bronze chrysanthemums. Miss Harding Malby, Miss Miles and Miss Jones gave much pleasure by songs and recitations. Mrs. Kane wore black chiffon taffetas with a guimpe of Irish guipure and boules of black velvet; Miss Kane was in mist grey nixon de soie with lace and silver embroideries; her sister was in pale pink coltanne, made in semi-Empire style with a guimpe of lace and net; Mrs. Webb wore a dark blue tailor-made, a lace blouse, and a toque with roses; her daughters were in navy coats and skirts, and hats with wings.

**For Mrs. Deane.**

Mrs. de Castro (Kelburne) was hostess at a small tea on Tuesday in honour of Mrs. Deane, who, with Mr. Deane, is going to London to live. Mrs. Kendall, Mrs. Kreeft and Miss Darling contributed pleasantly to an impromptu musical programme, and the decorations of chrysanthemums and corcepsels were pretty and unusual. Mrs. de Castro wore pastel nixon with Eastern embroideries; Mrs. Deane, a dark blue tailor-made and a black hat with wings; Mrs. Litchfield wore dark cloth tailor-made and a black hat; Mrs. Wilson, natter blue chiffon taffetas with lace vest; Mrs. Findlay, navy coat and skirt and black hat.

**Nurses' Dance.**

Very enjoyable was the dance got up by the Trained Nurses' Association, which was held in St. Peter's School-room. Red and white were the predominant colours, contrast being afforded by the numbers of palms and ferns. Pink and white and mauve chrysanthemums decorated the supper-table, and bowls of chrysanthemums were used with good effect in the room set apart for bridge. The majority of the nurses wore their pretty dainty uniform dresses of pale pink and blue, with becoming white caps. Mrs. Kendall, who is president of the association, wore black silk with an over-dress of puffed net; Mrs. Newman, ivory satin with a horizontal stripe and embroideries of gold and silver; Dr. Agnes Bennett, ivory crepe de chine and lace; Dr. E. Gunn, ivory mezzaline; Mrs. Herbert, white satin and sequins; Mrs. Johnson, black chiffon taffetas; Miss Kohn, black lace and net; Miss Cortes, black satin and jet; Miss Mackenzie, white mezzaline and silver sequins; Mrs. Fisher, petal pink taffetas with lace epaulettes; Mrs. Young, pearl grey charmeuse; Miss Bulkley, eau de nil taffetas; Mrs. Gibbs, dahlia taffetas; Miss Didsbury, pale pink nixon de soie; Mrs. MacArthur, black satin and jet; Miss Dundup, black crepe de chine; Miss Dean, sky blue taffetas.

**Afternoon Tea.**

Mrs. Birkett gave a pleasant little tea at Kelburne on Wednesday. Purple iris and violets and yellow narcissus were mingled with autumn foliage in most artistic manner for the table decoration, and much pleasure was given by a group of songs and recitations. Mrs. Birkett's black and white attire was effectively relieved by touches of tangerine.

**A Busy Week.**

Race week in July promises to be very gay. Three days' sport are in prospect. The Jockey Club Ball is to be a gorgeous affair, and the Garrison officers have decided to give their annual ball during the same week. There are several private dances talked of, so there will be no lack of amusement.

**Personal Items.**

Lady Russell and Miss Marjorie Russell (Hawke's Bay) are here for a week or two chopping preparatory for Miss Russell's wedding in June. She is marrying Sir Francis Price, Bart., who saw service in the Boer War with his regiment, the Royal Welch Fusiliers.

OPHELIA.


**GISBORNE.**


May 14.

**At the Theatre.**

The principal attraction for this week has undoubtedly been the visit of the Williamson Comedy Company. Amongst the large audience who were present the night "The Merry Widow" was played were Mrs. W. Sherratt, wearing black spangled net; Mrs. Willock, black silk, with bands of real lace; Miss Willis, buttercup satin; Mrs. Kells, soft black silk, lace berthe, and Roman embroideries; Miss Rees, pale blue chiffon gown; Mrs. A. Rees, Mrs. Barton, Miss Brooke-Taylor; Mrs. Barker, sen., handsome black silk with trimmings of jet; Mrs. Walter Barker, black taffeta, with opera coat of pale blue brocade; Mrs. Kennedy, pink silk and lace; Mrs. John Murphy, cream lace gown with bands of pink silk; Mrs. R. Barker, cream chiffon over glaze silk, with trimmings of lace; Mrs. C. Thomas, cream silk and lace; Miss Seymour, pale green mousseline de soie, with trimmings of lace; Mrs. Vincent Barker, black silk, with berthe of lace; Miss Black, black glaze; Mrs. Syme, pink silk embroidered robe; Mrs. Stephenson, emerald green silk, with overdress of cream lace; Mrs. Biddles, black silk and cream lace scarf; Mrs. Watson also wore black silk, with grey embroidery and a silk cape; Mrs. Stock, black taffeta; Miss F. Barker, pale blue silk; Mrs. Pyke, crimson silk; Miss Pyke, in cream satin and lace; Mrs. Mann, handsome cream brocade; Mrs. MacLean, red silk and lace; Miss S. MacLean, pale pink taffeta; Mrs. F. Barker, cornflower blue chiffon, with trimmings of gold Roman embroidery; Miss Bradley, pale blue silk; Mrs. Lyonnar, black silk and jet gown; Mrs. Jex-Blake, rich white satin, with touches of gold; Mrs. White, deep heliotrope silk trimmed with lace; Miss White, Miss de Lautour; Mrs. Carmichael, handsome gown of black silk; Mrs. J. W. Williams, cream silk and net overdress; Mrs. Nolan, black taffeta; Miss Nolan, white Japanese silk; Miss Evans, Mrs. and the Misses Tucker, Mrs. A. Seymour, Mrs. Margolouth, Mrs. F. Parker, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Traill, Mrs. R. U. Burke.

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**Personal Items.**

Mrs. Ted Hutchison and her daughter have gone to Napier for a visit, and left by the *Mosawai* on Sunday.  
 Dr. Welby Fisher, who left Gisborne for England about five years ago, is at present spending a few days in Gisborne.  
 Miss Sherratt returned from her trip to Hawke's Bay on Saturday last by the *Mokoroa*.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Broderick and family left on Sunday for Napier, where their future home is to be.  
 Mr. W. Miller returned from Sydney by the *Maheno* on Wednesday.  
 Miss Aylmer is visiting friends in Napier.  
 Mrs. and Miss Donner have been staying at Mrs. Donne's station up the coast for the last few days.  
 Miss Doughty, of Wellington, is staying with Mrs. Vincent Barker, Kaik.

**HASTINGS.**

May 13.

**At the Races.**

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club were greeted with fine weather for the second day's races. On the lawn I noticed Madame Melba the centre of attraction, gowned in a handsome coat and skirt of mulberry cloth, braided with black, large black picture hat with flowing veil. Madame Melba motored from Napier, and was entertained at luncheon by Sir Wm. and Lady Russell on the racecourse. Mrs. Foxley Brown wore a mole chiffon velvet *Directoire* gown, trimmed with mole marabout, mole bushy hat with pink wings; Mrs. Williams (Havelock North), grey costume, pink hat; Mrs. Fox, opal grey costume, white silk trimmings, smart toque with peacock plumes; Miss Russell, sage green spotted silk voile, green silk trimmings, black hat with ostrich tips of white; Miss M. Russell, cream serge coat and plated skirt, mole hat, rose pink satin ribbon ruching; Mrs. Nairn, black silk costume, cream lace trimmings, pink floral toque; Mrs. Williamson, fawn coat and skirt, braided white silk vest, large hat of burnt straw, beautiful black feathers, white fox furs; Mrs. Lorry, champagne silk gown, handsome fancy braid trimming, white lace vest, cream hat with white roses and wings; Mrs. Alex. Lane, plaid coat and skirt, sage blue hat; Mrs. Dunsford (America), lovely anemone cloth, braided in silver and mole, Irish crocheted lace yoke and cuffs, stone marten stole and large muff, mushroom hat of hydrangeas, blending from pink to anemone; Mrs. Clarke, Wedgewood striped coat and skirt, sage blue hat; Mrs. Charlie Scott, green *Directoire*, green silk hat, feather ruchings; Mrs. Evans, black cloth coat and skirt, faced with mauve silk, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Tosswill, black over white, black and rose hat; Mrs. Douglas, navy blue coat and skirt, sage blue straw hat, awathed with sage blue silk; Miss Douglas, cream frock, pale blue velvet trimmings, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Perry, grey cloth *Directoire* braided gown, large black hat; Mrs. Stronach, grey striped tweed, hat of pale blue with pink roses, black and white chiffon rosettes; Mrs. Newbigen, dark violet cloth, braided gown, lace yoke, white straw hat, heliotrope tulle draperies, bunches of every coloured dahlias; Mrs. Stead, brown coat and skirt, pink straw hat, cream waist with blue touches; Miss Mason, cream cloth costume, large cream hat; Miss — Mason, floral muslin, floral Empire esch, mole hat, pink roses; Miss — Mason, floral muslin, mole hat, large brown feathers; Miss McInertzen, moss green coat and skirt, braided, moss green hat, tulle to watch, green wings; Mrs. Mackersay, mole striped froed, violet hat, with wings; Miss Austin, navy blue costume, large black hat; Mrs. Brodie, blue coat and skirt, blue hat, with wings; Mrs. Russell, Wedgewood blue, plaid, profusely trimmed with white lace, becoming hat of various tones of brown and rose; Mrs. Swan, striped towel, pretty mole hat; Mrs. Nantus (Napier), black costume, large green hat; Miss Williams, black silk gown, white net sleeves and yoke, large black hat; Mrs. Barcroft looked elegant in a forest green striped tured costume, pined with black velvet lace yoke and cuffs, becoming black hat, swathed with green tulle and shaded green quills; Mrs. Barcroft, navy blue cloth coat and skirt, green tie, navy blue straw hat, green wings; Mrs. Frank Cameron looked very charming in pearl grey silk ninon gown, rose pink trimmings, large black picture

hat, white feather stole; Mrs. Reid, dark green gown, gold and white braid trimmings, white lace yoke, navy blue hat, navy wings; Miss Drury, dark plum cloth coat and skirt, large black hat; Mrs. Watt, navy costume, navy blue hat.

**The Race Ball.**

The ball held in the Drill Hall on Tuesday night was delightful in every way. The walls were decorated beautifully. Among the many handsomely-dressed ladies I noticed: Mrs. Tosswill, in a cream satin *Directoire*; Mrs. Barcroft, white satin; Mrs. Perry, grey satin, black trimmings; Mrs. De Lisle, white silk; Mrs. Lowry, heavy turquoise silk, beautiful lace trimmings; Mrs. Williamson, spangled chiffon gown; Miss Beaton, white satin; Miss Russell, shrimp pink silk; Miss Barcroft, pink silk; Mrs. Mason, blue silk; Miss Mason, red silk, gold tissue edgings; Miss Mackersay (debutante), fairy-like soft white frock.

**Personal Items.**

Misses Chatworth, who have been staying in Hastings, left for the South on Monday.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Sam Morrison (Christchurch) left Hastings for Rotorua on Tuesday, and will again visit Hastings on their return trip.

SHEBA.

**NAPIER.**

May 14.

**"The Merry Widow."**

The advent of the "Merry Widow" in Napier was welcomed enthusiastically, and the booking was phenomenal. Every available seat in the theatre was taken in spite of the somewhat inclement weather. Amongst the audience I noticed: — Mrs. J. Vigor Brown in black evening gown, relieved with white; the Misses Brown were in pale blue silk and pink respectively; Mrs. Perry wore black; Mrs. Henley, lovely frock of pale green glace silk, finished with soft white chiffon; Mrs. Hawkins, dainty pale pink smart Empire frock; Miss Margolouth, black; Miss Moore, white silk; Mrs. C. Hallett, black silk gown, with lovely point lace berthe; Miss McDonald, cardinal silk; Mrs. Blackman, soft white silk frock; Mrs. Kettle, black, white coat with lace collar; Mrs. J. H. Coleman, black gown, with Oriental trimming; Mrs. W. J. Geddis, black silk gown, relieved with white; Mrs. Edgar, white silk; Miss McVay, white silk; Mrs. Robjohns, black gown; Miss Robjohns, white modified Empire gown of silk.

**Personal Items.**

Mr and Mrs Waldgrave, of Palmerston North, are on a visit to Napier. Canon Mayne has returned from his visit to Christchurch.  
 Mr H. McLean, Assistant Inspector of Hospitals and Charitable Aid, is at present in Napier.  
 Mrs Davis and Miss Busby, of Tokomaru Bay, are spending a short holiday in the city.  
 Miss Audrey Kettle, of Napier, is visiting Mrs Walter Nathan, in Wellington.  
 Miss Todd, of Napier, is spending a holiday in Wellington.  
 Mr and Mrs Davis Canning, of Porangahau, have been spending a holiday in town.  
 Mrs Bendall, of Wellington, is visiting her daughter, Mrs Cornford, in Napier.  
 Miss Rutherford, who has been in

England studying physical culture, has returned to Napier.  
 Mr and Miss Hoefney went to Wellington last week to see Mr and Mrs Gerald Stead off by the *Rangitiki*. Mr and Mrs Stead are to travel for about six months.

MARJORY.

**NEW PLYMOUTH.**

May 14.

**Hockey Dance.**

A very successful dance was held in the Brougham-street Hall last Wednesday evening by the New Plymouth Hockey Club. The music was supplied by Mrs. W. Wood, and extras were played by Misses Kirkby, Brewster, M. Clarke, D. Bedford, and O. Mackay. The table decorations were composed of chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. Among those present I noticed: Miss Robinson, in pretty black chiffon taffetas, with cream net blouse, finished with pale blue French knots; Miss S. Capel, pale blue French knots; Miss S. Capel, pale green taffetas, finished with cream lace; Miss E. Capel black and white striped taffetas, pale blue ribboned sash; Miss Crawford, cream silk, finished with silk embroidery and Valenciennes trimming; Miss A.

Crawford, pale blue silk lustre, with silk bands on skirt, bib yoke inset with cream lace insertion; Mrs. Harvey, tream flowered silk, with satin bands on skirt, cream lace berthe relieved with red roses; Miss Hanna, black satin, frothed chiffon berthe, finished with steel trimming; Miss N. Hanna, pale blue silk, deep band of insertion, inset in frothed skirt; Miss Dempsey, pale green silk, cream lace on décolletage, relieved with pale pink roses; Mrs. Fenton, handsome black sequined robe; Miss Fenton, peach coloured silk, with cream lace and pink roses finishing coverage; Miss Brewster, pale pink muslin, bib yoke of floral pink ribbon; Miss Garth, pretty pale pink chiffon taffetas, bib yoke of cream lace insertion, finished with silver tassels; Miss — Curtis, pale blue taffetas; Miss L. Ryan, rose pink crepe de chine; Miss Clarke, pale blue silk, satin bands on skirt décolletage relieved with dark red roses; Miss B. Clarke, rose pink muslin, cream lace bib yoke bound with rose pink silk; Miss Bedford, heliotrope muslin; Miss D. Bedford, cream silk; Miss M. Clarke, pretty pale pink chiffon silk, over glace, tiny pink roses in coiffure; Miss Kirkby, cream lace over glace, pale blue floral ribbon sash; Miss Leatham, pale blue pua de soie, with frothed chiffon berthe, embroidered with silver sequins; Miss N. Collis, cream silk;

Yes, dear, but you should have asked for the—

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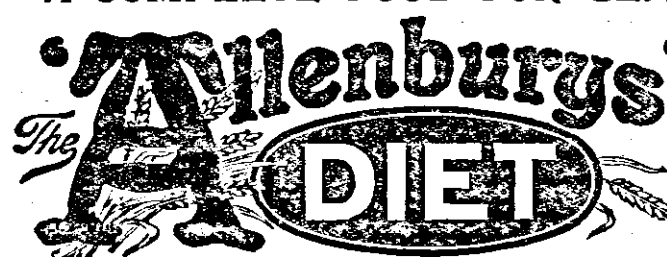
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Miss Phary, green and pink floral muslin; Miss Healey, pale pink silk, with darker pink roses on corsage; Miss A. Avery, pale heliotrope chiffon taffetas, with violet velvet outlining bib yoke; Miss Free, pale pink muslin, trimmed with wide bands of silk, embroidered with gold; Miss G. Avery, pretty cream chiffon taffetas; Miss Walker, yellow silk, with satin Empire sash; Miss V. Simpson, white silk; Miss D. Simpson, pretty white book muslin, trimmed with bands of satin ribbon; Mrs. Baharry, cream chiffon taffetas; Miss MacDermid, delicate white muslin, with folded bodice; Miss Fraser, dainty pale blue satin charmusee Directoire frock, veiled in pale blue embroidered tulle; Miss Mills, pretty white muslin; Mrs. Penn, black net over satin, pink roses on decolletage and in coiffure; Miss Gallagher (Auckland), pretty pale shell-pink chiffon taffetas, cream lace berthe; Miss E. McAllum, black net; Mrs. H. Stocker, pink silk with Empire sash; Miss Thomson, rose pink silk; Miss S. Thomson, pretty rose pink silk, semi-Empire, black velvet ribbon in coiffure; Miss F. Braas, pale pink silk, with embroidered chiffon berthe; Mrs. Rollo, turquoise blue silk; Mrs. Keibell, pale blue floral muslin, trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace; Miss Roy, pale blue silk messaline, with silver sequined berthe; Miss O. Mackay, pink floral net, frills edged with ecru Valenciennes lace; Miss Snowball, pretty turquoise blue silk, banded with white silk; Miss Jackson, cream silk, with scarlet roses in corsage; Miss Harvey, turquoise blue silk with satin bands on skirt, bodice finished with cream lace; Miss Collier (Wanganui), cream silk.

**Personal Items.**

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser have returned to New Plymouth, after their pleasant trip to Rotorua.

Mrs. and Miss Bayley, New Plymouth, who have been the guests of Mrs. Christie, Wanganui, have now returned.

Miss Gallagher, Mount Roskill, is visiting Mrs. Pein, New Plymouth.

Miss Collier (Wanganui) is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Heard, New Plymouth.

NANCY LEE.

hat trimmed with velvet and wings; Miss Alexander, black costume, smart black hat; Miss McAllum, green frock braided in black, black and white hat; Miss Morris, prism-coloured costume, hat to match; Miss Jackson, navy coat and skirt, vieux rose hat.

**Personal Items.**

Mrs. A. C. Parkinson has returned to Hawera, after a long holiday spent in Wellington.

Mrs. Gauders, Wanganui, and Miss Chalmers, Auckland, are the guests of Mrs. H. Coutts.

Mr. H. Chalmers has returned from Auckland.

Miss Russell, Christchurch, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. O'Callaghan.

Mrs. Bodle, Auckland, is visiting relations in Hawera.

Miss Powderell has returned to Patea after a trip to Australia with the N.Z. tennis players.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dingle and Mr. Parkinson will be pleased to know they have arrived in England, all well.

PALMERSTON NORTH

May 14th.

**At the Opera.**

The Williamson Royal Comic Opera Company concluded their short season here last Thursday night, staging "The Dairymaids." A few of those present during the season were: Mrs. R. Davis, wearing a white satin Empire toilette, silver embroidery finishing corsage; Mrs. Cohen, cream satin, silver scarf; Mrs. Martin, pale blue silk Empire frock, net threaded with silver, trimming bodice; Mrs. L. Steshman, black silk, cream lace berthe; Mrs. Bamister, black chiffon taffeta; Miss Bamister, cream embroidered chiffon; Miss Fenton, pale pink evening frock, with lace and cluster of pink roses; Mrs. H. N. Watson, black sequined net, cream brocade coat; Mrs. A. Cooper, white net lace robe over silk, pale blue coat with silver trimming; Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie (Feilding); Mr. and Mrs. Meadows; Mr. and Mrs. Miss Sandilands (Feilding); Mrs. (Dr.) Willis (Feilding); Mr. and Mrs. Taverner (Bulls); Mrs. and Miss Levett (Bulls).

**Melba.**

The Melba concert on Monday night was a triumphant success. The prima donna was in splendid voice, and most gracious in responding to encores and double encores. The stage was most picturequely arranged with tree ferns and palms, through which the different artists emerged. Madame Melba has expressed a wish that the tree ferns be planted in the Hospital grounds, and she can see them when she returns. A very large and enthusiastic audience, including many visitors from the surrounding district, assembled at the Opera House. The vice-regal party were Lady Plunket, Miss Hill, Mrs. Waterfield, and Captain Gathorne-Hardy. Lady Plunket wore a primrose silk toilette, the decolletage outlined with silver trimming; Miss Hill, white silk, with pale blue silk rosette on corsage; Mrs. Waterfield, black crepe de chine, the bodice trimmed with white chiffon; Mrs. Wilson, rose-coloured silk frock; Mrs. R. S. Abraham, black chiffon over white silk, long grey coat; Miss Marjory Abraham, pale pink evening dress; Mrs. W. Strang, cream satin, charmeuse, with lace trimmings; Mrs. Walter Johnstone, black lace toilette, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Purchase (Auckland), black chiffon over silk, cream glove coat veiled in black lace; Mrs. Peach, white satin Empire frock, pearl ornaments; Mrs. J. C. Loughnan, cream satin, silver scarf; Mrs. W. L. Fitzherbert, cream satin and silver; Mrs. Gifford Moore, black lace over white silk; Mrs. Broad, white silk Empire frock; Mrs. West, emerald green silk and lace; Mrs. A. C. Harper, black silk with long cream lace scarf; Mrs. Marian, cream brocade with floral design of pink rosebuds, lace and green velvet finishing corsage; Mrs. E. Pratt, black taffeta vest and sleeves of cream net; Mr. and Mrs. O. Monrad, Mrs. Alan Strang, Mr. and Mrs. Mostyn Jones (Feilding), Mr. and Mrs. Russell (Dannevirke), Mr. and Mrs. Lousison, Mr. and Mrs. A. Macdonald, Mrs. Nicholas Reid (Wellington), Mrs. and Miss Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lane, Mrs. and Miss Hitchings (Levin), Mrs. E. Hitchings (Feilding), Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Thompson, Miss Edith Wilson, the Rev. and Mrs. J. Jolly, Miss

R. Glendinning, Mrs. J. P. Lunce, Mrs. Matheson (Afrata), Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Somerville Brown, the Misses Randolph, Mrs. and Mrs. McEwan, Mrs. R. Homan, Mr. and Mrs. A. Guy, Mrs. Pickett, Mrs. McKnight, Mr. and Mrs. F. Sin, Mr. H. R. Waldegrave, Miss Tracie Waldegrave, Mrs. Lloyd, Miss Kelly, Mrs. A. Southey Baker (Auckland), Mrs. Wilson, Miss Boswick, Miss Stanford, Mrs. T. Rodgers, Mrs. F. H. Cooke, Mrs. A. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rennell, Mrs. J. Bell, Mrs. Tripp, Miss Fealon, Mr. and Mrs. Mellsop, Mrs. Danlola, Miss Park, the Misses Pedgen, and many others.

**Personal Items.**

Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave and Miss Dorothy Waldegrave paid a short visit to Hastings last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Smith, Bank of New Zealand, leave on the 25th inst., on a trip to England.

Mrs. Alford, Wellington, is staying with Mrs. Tripp.

Miss Edith Robertson, Wellington, is the guest of Mrs. H. R. Waldegrave.

Mrs. F. E. Watson has gone to Auckland.

Mrs. E. W. Hitchings (Feilding), spent a few days last week with her mother, Mrs. J. Bell.

Mrs. W. Beadall paid a short visit to Masterton last week.

Mrs. D. Reed has returned from Dandelin.

VIOLET.

WANGANUI.

May 14.

**At the Opera House.**

The Williamson Comic Opera Company staged "The Dairymaids" at the Opera House on Wednesday evening. The play was very pretty and bright, and many liked it even better than "The Merry Widow." Amongst the audience I noticed Miss Alexander, in a beautiful black charmeuse gown with lace and chiffon on her corsage, smart old rose shaded opera coat with tassels and Oriental trimming, spray of silver leaves in her coiffure; Mrs. Blundell (Nelson), black chiffon taffetas gown with tucker of cream lace and bands of green and gold embroidery on her corsage; Mrs. John Anderson, labac brown Shantung gown, with blouse of cream flit net and brown and pink embroidery, and bands of the Shantung silk; Mrs. Colin Campbell, pale blue silk frock with silver sequin net and her corsage and sleeves, and tucker of tulle, white opera coat; Mrs. Peel wore black chiffon taffetas, with chiffon on her corsage; Mrs. Barthorpe (Silverthorpe), heliotrope gown with square cut yoke bordered with Oriental embroidery, and flit net vest; Mrs. Rhodes (Hunterville) wore a black silk gown relieved with cream net and lace; Mrs. Mowat (Hunterville), flit net blouse with embroidery, black chiffon taffetas skirt; Mrs. H. Nixon, emerald green satin gown with overskirt of green sequin net; Miss Nixon, white silk frock with narrow frills of lace on her corsage; Mrs. A. E. Kitchen, black chiffon taffetas with berthe of lace; Miss Willis, white silk frock with shoulder straps of embroidery and net; Miss Willis wore a white silk gown with berthe effect of lace; Miss Todd, white silk and lace gown with large pale pink rose on her corsage; her sister wore an electric blue chiffon taffetas, with yoke and sleeves of flit net; Miss Daigan, black silk gown with berthe of lace, crimson in her coiffure; Miss L. Daigan, rose pink silk with net and lace, silver tissue in her coiffure; Miss Daigan, white silk, with net on her corsage; Mrs. John Watt, black silk with transparent lace yoke, and lace ruffles; Mrs. Barnicoat, black evening gown with lace and touch of gold, long tawny cloth opera coat; Mrs. Wall, pale blue silk corselet, silk frock with wide band of cream embroidery on skirt, figured cream net sleeves; Mrs. Dove wore an effective gown of black crepe de chine.


**Bridge.**

On Thursday evening Miss Inlay gave a small bridge party. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Inlay Saunders, Miss Humphries (New Plymouth), Miss K. Humphries (New Plymouth), Mr. and Mrs. Tilley (Helmheim), Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Lomas.

**For Mrs. Dodgeham.**

Miss Brewer gave a bridge party on Friday in honour of Mrs.

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**SOUTH TARANAKI.**

Hawera, May 13.

**Egmont Races.**

The Egmont Racing Club's winter meeting proved very successful. Weather conditions were most unpromising when racing commenced, but, happily, the rain kept off till night time. Among some of the dresses worn I noticed: Mrs. McLean, in a black costume, pretty hat to match; Mrs. R. McLean, maroon coat and skirt, trimmed with black braid, mole-coloured toque with maroon feathers; Mrs. Webster, blue coat and skirt, white felt hat with white wings; Mrs. O'Callaghan, green tweed coat and skirt, brown hat; Mrs. Harrison (Eltham), black costume, black hat with wings; Mrs. Paget (Stratford), green coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Robison (Eltham), smart grey coat and skirt, violet hat with green quill; Mrs. Cowern, navy blue costume, brown hat; Mrs. Major, brown and green Directoire costume, brown fur hat; Mrs. Pearce (Patea), grey costume, brown hat with green roses; Mrs. Nolan, blue and white striped coat and skirt, brown straw toque with shaded roses; Mrs. B. Brewer, navy blue cloth costume, green hat with wings; Mrs. Williams, light brown coat and skirt, heliotrope hat trimmed with violets; Mrs. Willis, brown and black striped costume, brown hat trimmed with velvet; Mrs. Hogg (Stratford), navy blue costume, wine-coloured hat; Mrs. Bodle (Auckland), navy coat and skirt, black hat with feathers; Mrs. Brewer (Waitotara), black and white striped frock, black hat; Mrs. Nalder, smart grey costume, braided in black, emerald green hat with black wings; Mrs. Hawken, blue braided costume, mole-coloured hat with blue roses; Miss Glenn, navy costume, coat trimmed with a lighter blue, saze blue hat; Miss Q. Glenn, green tweed braided costume, much buttoned, brown hat with wings; Miss Russell, black and white check costume, large purple hat; Miss Conits, navy costume, white hat trimmed with saze blue velvet and quills; Miss Brett, blue shirt frock, white felt hat; Miss Douglas, grey striped shirt frock, grey hat; Miss McLean, maroon costume, small mole-coloured hat with maroon wings; Miss Koth, navy blue costume, blue toque; Miss Nolan, navy costume, the coat trimmed with green, mole-coloured hat with green wings; Miss B. Nolan, brown coat and skirt, large brown

**Dodgshun (Gisborne) and Mrs. Blundell (Nelson).** There were five tables. The prizes were won by Mrs. Fairburn first, Mrs. Gordon second, and Mrs. Lewis booty. Amongst those present were Mrs. Sargant, Mrs. Bayley, Mrs. R. Jackson, Mrs. Montgomerie, Mrs. John Watt, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Paterson, Misses Stanford, Reichart, and Miss Stanford (New Plymouth).

**Farewell for Miss Blundell.**

On Monday evening Mrs. Anderson gave a farewell bridge party for Miss Blundell, of Nelson, who has been staying with her. There were four tables. The prizes were won by Miss Brettargh, Miss Stevenson, Mr. Tuke and Mr. Fletcher. Amongst those playing were Mr. and Miss Stevenson, Miss Gresson, Miss Stanford, Miss Carew, Miss Brettargh, Messrs Chamberlain, Strout, Fletcher, Tuke.

**Personal Items.**

Mrs. Dalglish, of Gisborne, who has been spending some weeks in Wanganui, left on Saturday for New Plymouth, where she is visiting relations.

Mrs. Lacy Peake, of Cambridge, who has been staying in Wanganui with Mrs. H. Peake, left for home last week.

Miss Blundell, of Nelson, who has been staying in Wanganui with friends, left this week for Palmerston North.

Mrs. and Miss Booth, of Nelson, have been staying in Wanganui.

Mrs. and Miss Reid, of Wellington, have been visiting friends in Wanganui.

Mrs. A. Izard, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to relations in Christchurch.

Miss Stanford, of New Plymouth, is staying in Wanganui with relations.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Tilley, of Blenheim, who have been staying in Wanganui for a visit, have returned to their home.

The Misses Humphries, of New Plymouth, who have been staying with Miss Inlay, "Mount Desert," have returned home.

**Card Party.**

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Tennent entertained a few friends at their residence in High-street in honour of their guest, Mrs. Wattenhall (Wellington). Bridge formed the amusing element, after which everybody was asked to draw the likeness of his or her partner. Prizes were awarded to Miss M. Harley and Mr. J. Mowat. Mrs. Tennent received her guests in a handsome gown of white satin. Mrs. Wattenhall wore crimson silk. Some of those present were:—Messdames Revell, Adams, B. Clouston, Waddy, Mowat, Misses Harley, Newbiggin (Hastings), Messrs. Tennent, G. Waddy, Revell, B. Clouston, J. Mowat, W. Churchward, and Dr. Adams.

**Personal Items.**

Mrs. D. Strachan has returned from visiting friends in Nelson.

Mrs. Lucas (Christchurch), Miss N. Johnston (Wellington), Miss K. Lucas (Christchurch), Captain Humphries (Bairich), Mr. E. Johnston (Wellington), Dr. Gribbon (Wellington), Dr. Shand (Christchurch) were all the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Vavasour at Ugbrooke during race week.

Mr. J. Sharp (Nelson) was spending a few days in Blenheim during last week.

Mrs. P. Hulme has returned from visiting friends in Masterton.

Mr. E. Edwards (Nelson) spent last week in Blenheim.

Mrs. W. Bull, "Flaxmere," is visiting friends in Christchurch.

Mr. W. Bunting, who has been on a short visit to Blenheim, has returned again to Invercargill.

Miss G. Harley, who has been the guest of Mrs. B. Clouston, has returned to Nelson.

JEAN.

**NELSON.**

May 11.

**Mask Ball.**

The Mask and Domino Ball, in aid of the building fund of the Nelson Institute, was a great success. The Provincial Hall was decorated with flags, and the platform and mantelpieces were ablaze with chrysanthemums. Nearly all the dancers wore dominoes; all were masked; and many wore fancy costumes. The music as usual was excellent, and the supper arrangements perfect. The members of the committee were:—Messdames R. Allan, Cook, Crosswell, de Castro, Fell and Hanby, Misses Huddleston, Clark, and Wright, and Messrs. Duncan, Gilbert, Hamilton, Parker, Rowley, and F. de Tournettes. Some of the dancers in fancy dress were:—Mrs. D. Edwards, who went as Titania, pale blue domino; Mrs. Hoby, Hungarian gipsy, pink domino; Miss P. Fell, Queen of Hearts; Miss Clark, Persian costume, red domino; Misses Clark, "Two Little Girls in Blue"; Miss Lucas, Swedish peasant, red domino; Miss Bruswitz, Madam Pompadour; Mr. Booth, Highlander; Mr. B. Hamilton, brigand; Mr. Hamilton, "Amy Beck," red domino; Mr. Bruswitz, Romeo. Others present were:—Mrs. C. Green, in a pretty pale pink domino over chiffon; Mrs. R. Fell, pink domino over white sequined net; Mrs. Brown (Stoke), handsome dress of black lace with silver sequins; Mrs. C. King, black costume; Mrs. Andrew (Stoke), rose chiffon taffeta; Mrs. Macquarie, black; Mrs. Clark, black; Mrs. Richmond, black festooned with real lace; Miss E. Ledger, white chiffon, white domino; Miss J. Ledger, blue silk, white silk domino; Miss R. Fell, blue domino worn over white silk; Miss E. Mackay, yellow silk domino worn over a lovely dress of yellow tulle; Miss Mackay, white silk domino, handsomely painted with autumn leaves; Miss Houlker, black domino with pale blue; Miss Bradshaw (Timaru), white; Miss Niven, white; Miss Wastney, green and mauve domino; Miss Coster, blue domino over blue Empire dress; Miss V. Coster, white silk domino over white; Miss Bongard, black domino over pale fawn fancy costume.

**Bridge.**

Miss Airy gave a progressive bridge afternoon at the Haeremai on Wednesday, some of those present being Messdames Airy, Lewis, Burnes, Dodson, Squires, Bunny, Allen.

**Personal Items.**

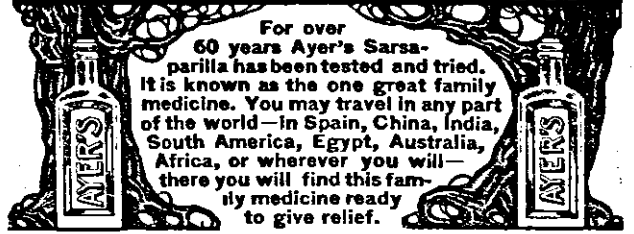
Dr. Mason (Wellington) has been spending a few days in Nelson.

Judge Eyr-Kenny, who, on his retirement, is leaving Nelson, was farewelled last week by members of the Bar. Judge and Mrs. Haselden were visiting Nelson last week. Mrs. E. J. Allen has gone to Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Edwards (Stoke) have gone to visit Auckland and Rotorna, journeying via the Main Trunk. Miss F. Edwards (Fern-Hill) and Miss A. Grubb (Martinborough) accompany them.

DOLLA.

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**BLENHEIM.**

MAY.

May 10.

**Race Week.**

Blenheim was unusually gay during race week. Monday and Tuesday the colic dog trial was held on the Wither Run, some three miles out of town. There was good competition in sheep work.

The Marlborough Racing Club was favoured with perfect weather for its autumn meeting, which opened on Wednesday on the Riverlands racecourse. The sun shone out like that of a summer's day, with just a slight refreshing breeze blowing. It was considered the most successful meeting that has been held here for 25 years. A large number of visitors were present from different parts of New Zealand, and particularly noticeable were the number from Nelson. Thursday, the second day, was, unfortunately, very wet, the rain never ceasing until about 3.30 p.m., in spite of which large numbers of people journeyed down to the course. Some very charming costumes were worn on the first day, but the following day everybody went prepared to get wet. Some of those I noticed on the lawn were:—Mrs. Vavasour, in a handsome violet cloth costume relieved with violet silk, pretty toque to match; Mrs. Teschemaker-Shute, black and white checked costume, hat with plumes; Mrs. Wells, grey cloth costume, hat to match; Mrs. Griffiths, light green tailor-made, blue hat; Mrs. B. Clouston, dark green striped tailor-made, green hat; Mrs. Bennett, purple cloth costume, large purple hat with wings, and pretty white furs; Mrs. Fred Redwood, stylish black and white checked coat and skirt, large black hat, and handsome Fernie furs; Mrs. Mills, brown tweed tailor-made, large brown hat; Mrs. Wilson (Wellington), brown and purple, striped costume, purple hat; Misses G. and B. Vavasour both wore stylish navy blue costumes, and Merry Widow hats, and handsome fox furs; Miss N. Johnston (Wellington), purple tweed costume, hat with green wings; Miss Clouston, striped tailor-made coat and skirt, large green hat; Miss Neville, dark navy blue tailor-made braided with black; Miss A. Neville, striped green coat and skirt, green hat; Miss G. Harley (Nelson), green striped tailor-made, large blue hat; Miss O. Leslie, dark green tailor-made, large silk hat; Miss Burden (Napier), green tailor-made handsomely braided; Miss McDonald, brown cloth tailor-made, large brown hat, and lovely fox furs.

**GOLD MEDAL TAILORING.**

We want to talk to you about your Clothes. We have a world-wide reputation, and our business increases daily. We appeal to the man who does not want to fritter away hard-earned money in Tailoring bills. To be Curzon-clad is to have all that is best in Tailoring, besides,

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and address same to us as below, asking for our selection of materials. By return you will receive our latest assortment of patterns, together with latest fashion-plates, instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days from receipt, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund your money.

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 Please mention this paper.



**The Taming of Vashiti.**

Into the hall swept Vashiti,  
And the courtiers trembled with fear,  
As the tree when the axe is laid to the root,  
As the rose when the hounds bay near.  
For Vashiti the Queen was lustful  
Of homage and worship and pow'r;  
But love she scorned as a thing for serfs,  
Who love and tremble and cower.  
And she smiled when she saw in a vassal's eyes,  
She smiled with a humour grim,—  
A warmer glow than a vassal's show  
When his Queen's but a Queen to him,  
And there was no tongue of the many  
Tongues,  
That prais'd when her wish was seen,  
That dared to speak in a fiery burst  
Of love to the Goddess Queen.  
Into the hall swept Vashiti,  
And a thousand necks were bowed,  
And she cast her eyes with a mocking  
glance  
Over the servile crowd  
To the ancient throne of her fathers  
She passed with a haughty tread,  
And her heart beat high with the thought,  
"When I  
Draw near men quake with dread!"  
The cymbals clashed, and the heads were  
raised,  
And an ancient priest stepped forth.  
"All hail to the Queen who reigns be-  
tween  
The east and west and north!"  
He spoke, "All hail to the mighty  
Queen!"  
The voices echoed loud,  
And the knees were bent till they touched  
the ground,  
And the stiffest necks were bowed.  
"All hail to the fairest woman  
In the land that she rules o'er!"  
And the words were caught on a mighty  
wave,

And the knees were bent once more.  
"All hail to the Goddess deigning  
To dwell with the race of men!"  
And the echo sprang from the throats  
and rang,  
And the heads were bowed again,  
With flashing eyes the Queen glanced  
round:  
Then started from her chair;  
For, seel one stands in haughty mood,  
And his head is high in air!  
"Selas, seim yon man!" she cries, and  
straight  
They drag him to her throne.  
"Step back!" she says, and with her eyes  
Probes deep into his own.

A moment thus. "Hast thou not heard  
Me hailed as Goddess? Say!  
And yet thou didst not bend the knee!  
Wouldst thou then die to-day?"  
"O Queen," the stranger answered,  
"I neither wish nor fear  
To meet the God whom thou dost make  
A god of mockery here.  
I bow my knee to the Queen in thee,  
My heart to the woman fair;  
Not to flesh or stone, but to God alone,  
Do I bow my soul in prayer!"  
He spoke, and a silence followed;  
And the Queen nor moved nor stirred;  
But the hands of all were on their swords,  
A thirst for the Queen's first word.

"I do not know thy God," she said  
In a voice that soft had grown,  
"But a brave man's God is the God for  
me,  
And I take Him for mine own;  
And thou who know'st not fear or dread,  
Unlike the catf crowd,  
Who wouldst not bend the knee to me,  
To thee my heart is bowed."  
She spoke, and her hand in his was laid;  
Then she turned, with her pride re-  
stored.  
"Bow down," she cried, "to us side by  
side,  
Bow down to your Overlord!"



**Should the Face be Powdered?**



There is scarcely a  
boy-child in the civilised  
world but some of its  
members use powder. But  
it must not be supposed  
that the use is prompted by  
vanity. So many men use  
it after shaving, surely no  
one can accuse man of vanity!  
Powder is used for the velvet  
body of baby, and it is not  
vanity but comfort and necessity  
that prompts the loving mother to  
use it for her babe! Doctors pre-  
scribe powders all sorts for their  
patients. Lastly, a hundred and  
one women out of every hundred use  
it; surely there is no one bold enough  
to accuse women of vanity! Who  
skin is inclined to dryness should use  
"fatty" powders. Whose skin is moist  
or inclined to greasiness should use  
"absorbent" powders. The science of  
medicine has long ago recognised the  
necessity for this distinction. It has,  
however, been left to Mlle. Helena Rubi-  
nstein, the Viennese Complexion Specialist,  
to be the first to apply it to the practical  
purpose of the care of the complexion. It  
would be flying in the face of  
well-settled facts to deny  
that the use of a high-  
class face powder is of the  
greatest benefit to the pre-  
servation of a satisfactory  
complexion. Powder is  
not merely a comfort, but  
also a protector to the skin  
from all external irrita-  
tions. But here, as in other  
numberless instances, it is  
necessary to find the right  
preparation.

Mlle. Rubinstein, who  
has had the good fortune  
to introduce Valaze Skin  
Food, has had the further  
good fortune of introduc-  
ing VALAZE POWDER, an  
"absorbent" complexion  
powder, the adhering qual-  
ities of which have become  
proverbial amongst those  
who use it. Although it  
adheres it does not  
cling up the pores, and  
though absorbent it still  
promotes evaporation of  
the skin's superfluous mois-  
ture. These are two hy-  
gienic features which,  
when once their full sig-

nificance is realised, will banish French Pow-  
ders from the boudoir of every discriminating  
woman.

The other powder Mlle. Rubinstein supplies  
is NOVENA Poudre, which is a "fatty"  
complexion powder for dry and normal skins,  
being the only powder of its kind which is a  
skin food as well. It causes the skin beneath  
it to remain succulent, firm and supple. The  
price of both powders is the same, and each  
are to be had in four tints—flesh, white, pink  
and cream—2/6 box, post free.

In the left corner of this article is the like-  
ness of Miss RUTH VINCENT, Queen of the  
Savoy also has been called, and surely the  
sweetest of sweet singers. In the Belle of  
Brittany now running in the Queen's The-  
atre, she is the bright particular star. Con-  
cerning the Valaze Powder she writes that  
it is very refreshing and the best she has ever  
used; and of the Valaze Skin Food she says  
that it is a very agreeable and valuable  
preparation that she can strongly recom-  
mend.

Miss LILY ELSIE, of Daly's Theatre, who has  
the happy distinction of creating the name part in  
the most successful musical comedy ever seen in  
London and now imitat-  
ably she represents the  
ever fascinating "Merry  
Widow" the whole  
world knows says in a  
letter reproduced under  
her likeness that the  
Valaze Powder is excep-  
tionally good. Miss ELLA-  
LIVE TERHES, the idol  
of the British public, has  
written that she finds it  
delightful to use; and Miss  
EDNA MAY stated that  
"the powder is splendid;  
such a delicious scent, and  
and it is quite the nicest  
preparation of its kind that  
she has ever come upon."

A preparation which  
should be mentioned when  
powders are spoken of is  
VALAZESNOW LOTION—  
a superb liquid powder.  
Only the woman who has  
struggled in vain to subdue  
a shiny or oily skin will  
realise and appreciate the  
full meaning of the state-  
ment that the Valaze Snow

Lotion not only refreshes, cools, and whitens the  
skin in the hottest weather, but also enables it to  
retain that dull ivory finish so much sought after.  
It is supplied in three shades—white, pink and  
cream, and the price is 3/6 a bottle, post  
free.

The tonic properties of the VALAZE SKIN  
FOOD mentioned keeps the skin in healthy  
stimulation, with the result that the skin is  
always sound and supple, free from wrinkles,  
rudeness, and blotches. By its use the face  
is kept freckle-free, untanned and unburnt by  
the sun, and proof also against wintry condi-  
tions. The clearing and whitening of the com-  
plexion, which Valaze produces, makes it the  
most valuable preparation known. The price of  
Valaze is 4/- and 7/- a jar.

The price of VALAZE COMPLEXION SOAP,  
which has received such high praise, is 2/3 a  
cake. It lasts with ordinary usage from four  
to six months, and is, therefore, most econom-  
ical.

That new complexion lotion, VALAZE  
LIQUIDINE, is probably the most interesting  
and remarkable preparation of the century.  
It overcomes many undesirable conditions,  
amongst which are en-  
larged pores, black-heads,  
undue flushing of nose  
and face, and oiliness  
of the skin, or stimulat-  
ing the pores and pro-  
ducing a finer and more  
healthy condition of the  
cuticle. It should be  
applied twice daily or  
more frequently to re-  
move dust, powder, or  
oily secretions—2/6 a  
bottle.

By the use of DR.  
LUCAS'S HAIR  
Tonic the care of the  
hair is made at once  
pleasant and effective.  
It goes to the root of  
hair troubles, and pro-  
duces luxuriant growth,  
where the natural pro-  
cess is sluggish. Its  
cleansing and antiseptic  
qualities are on a par  
with the power it pos-  
sesses of preserving and  
strengthening the hair,  
and giving it softness and  
gloss.

In bottles, 3/6.

Other specialities  
for scientific and  
competent treatment  
of the complexion will  
be found described in  
Mlle. Rubinstein's inter-  
esting book, "Beauty in  
the Making," which can be  
obtained from her on appli-  
cation. Besides giving the  
reader an abundance of valu-  
able information concern-  
ing the care of the person, it also  
describes the various Valaze in-  
stittutes which Mlle. Rubinstein  
has opened in Vienna, Melbourne,  
Wellington, and London for the  
practice of a variety of exclusive  
methods of treating every blemish  
free to write to her for advice on any  
imaginable. It has always been  
regarded a great advantage amongst  
the clients of Mlle. Rubinstein, as it  
has been a matter of pride to herself,  
that whatever part of the world they  
may find themselves in, they are always  
free to write to her for advice on any  
matter concerning their personal appear-  
ance. When the readers  
of this paper will re-  
fect how many hundreds  
of complexion prepara-  
tions there are on the  
market that the women  
of Australia are daily  
asked to buy prepara-  
tions of obscure, un-  
known origin, pur-  
porting to be the best  
and under fictitious names as  
to ownership, the public  
not having the least idea  
of the standing and iden-  
tity of the persons it is  
dealing with—which this  
is remedied, it must  
be an undoubted com-  
fort to the user of Valaze  
Specialities to know that  
they can be in personal  
touch with Mlle. Rubi-  
nstein, who stands sponsor  
for those famous prepara-  
tions, and a voucher for  
them with the prestige of  
her world-wide pre-  
paration.

The preparations are  
to be had of all chemists,  
or direct from Mlle.  
Rubinstein, 22 Robinson  
Street, Wellington.

I am a great friend with  
the Valaze Soap & Valaze  
Powder the soap is the  
nicest complexion soap  
I have used & I find the  
powder exceptionally  
good as well  
upon truly  
S. C. Ellis



# The World of Fashion

(By MARGUERITE)

## Ornaments for the Coiffure.

LA BELLE FERONNIERE FORE-HEAD GEMS.

I HAVE been making acquaintance with some wonderful new coiffure adornments, the best example of which was a spray of large oak leaves made of crepe de shine, from which hung an enormous

mass of jet and pearls twisted round and round in a snail-like shape. These, I was informed, were to be worn over the ears so as to hide them entirely, a strange conceit, and one that I think will not find many exponents.

An extraordinary number of turbans are being offered for evening wear. A swirl of silver gauze, with pearls twisted in and out of the folds makes a most Eastern looking headdress, and there is another still more extraordinary scheme, which almost completely hides the hair, made of fine soft silver silk, embroidered



This hat is a wide-brimmed hat of biscuit-coloured felt with crown of sable, and a cluster of oranges with brown stigrette.

bunch of oak apples, the whole reproducing the warm shades of sunset and brown now seen in the woods.

Very curious was an ornament made of bands of ermine; it is rarely that fur is seen worn in the hair. In company with the ermine were strips of white net embroidered with pearls; the two crossed in the centre, and were held together by an ermine loop. Above the hair fringes of pearls appeared, and at the back of the neck, underneath the classically arranged chignon, the pearl and ermine bands met beneath a second loop of ermine.

A very classical ornament was composed of triple bands of jet drawn together at the sides by means of enormous

with green, grey, and gold floss, from one side of which emerges an enormous Paradise plume of a brilliant green colour.

Pearls are being worn again a la belle Feronnere, carried across the coiffure from side to side with a pear-shaped gem dropping between the eyebrows.

That is one way of wearing a string of the precious gems. Another is to loop the pearls at the left side only of the corsage, fastening them upon the shoulder beneath a handsome ornament, and again in the front of the corsage.

There is a development to chronicle in the use of the black moire silk neck-band, with its diamond slides and fringed ends. The idea is being expanded, and



GREEK COIFFURE.

Composed of a cluster of silver rosebuds and two sprays of silver leaves passed round the hair.

ribbons, finished with amethyst tassels are being sold, while others with pendants of chrysopean and aquamarine are tempting.

Brooches are not nearly so much worn now as they were, neither are bangles. It is easy to see why. The jacket and the stock, the severely simple tacked chemise and the collar that fastens at the back, require no brooch to adorn them, while as for the long sleeves, covering not only the wrists, but the hands, as they do in so many cases, what opportunity do they give for the display of bracelets?

## A Grotesque Hat.

The fancies and vagaries of fashion always offer a wide field for speculation. As a matter of fact, now that public taste in this country, as well as abroad, has so vastly improved, we can be fairly



Hat of seal musquah, encircled with tarnished silver braid and trimmed with a feather fantasia.

certain that unless a fashion has genuine merits its prospect of survival is extremely bad. It is a mistake for the individual woman with a style and cachet of her own to follow too closely some mad vagary of fashion that is in itself ugly, and has no recommendation but novelty.

I can generally see something attractive in, or something to be learnt from the wildest vagaries of fashion, but I must admit that the new toques has earned my undying antipathy. I mean that



TOQUE OF SMOKE-GREY VELVET.

Edged with two mink skins, with heads and tails.

ultra-fashionable toque in feather or fur, which is so suggestive of an African squaw or a bushy. The prettiest woman is annihilated by the wearing of the bushy toque. As a feature of autumn military it must be abandoned, but I do not think it should be recommended. No doubt in the hands of the expert milliners it may be metamorphosed and claim consideration. Indeed, reformers are already beginning to lift it from the head, and to add a more definite brim than in the models we first saw.



A USEFUL COAT AND SKIRT COSTUME.

## New Coats and Skirts.

Fashions may come and fashions may go, but the always becoming and supremely convenient coat and skirt costume, like Tennyson's brook, goes on for ever. Just at the moment there is a vogue for coats of a three-quarter length, of Empire tendency, so far as the short-waisted effect at the back is concerned, but cut frequently with long points in front and trimmed always with silk braid and a quantity of buttons.

In our illustrations a useful suggestion is given for a coat and skirt costume of this description, carried out in mole grey cloth, and arranged with a perfectly plain skirt, finished at the waist with a belt of darker grey velvet, which is visible in front only. The coat is cut up into panels on either side and trimmed with strappings of grey velvet and buttons to match. Inside the high velvet collar there is a soft ruffle of ivory-white chiffon. The hat is of mole-grey Ottoman silk, lined underneath with darker



A SMART TOILETTE.

grey satin and trimmed with grey chiffon and pale pink roses. The muff is of chinchilla in the new flat shape.

For coat and skirt costumes of this kind navy serge is undoubtedly the favorite fabric at the moment, adorned more or less elaborately with black silk braid and corded buttons, and arranged with an endless variety of smart veils, carried out sometimes in Empire green satin or old-world floral brocade, and sometimes in soft grey or tan-coloured suede, fastened with gold or silver buttons. High stock collars in black satin look well with gowns of this description, finished with ruffles of pleated net, and full net jabots, accordion pleated and bordered with lace.

**Velvet Frocks for Afternoon Wear.**

All the newest velvets for the winter season are characterised by that peculiarly soft and supple texture which is inseparable from the cloths and satins, and, in fact, from all materials which will be used for afternoon frocks of the smarter sort, and in one of the accompanying sketches a very graceful gown is shown carried out in a particularly soft velvet, and chosen in a becoming shade of waterless green. This velvet frock is arranged en Princesse, with a graceful tunic and a fairly long train, both of them bordered with fur. Just below the waist there are large silk buttons and loops, in the same shade



AFTERNOON FROCK IN VELVET  
AND FUR

of green, while the closely-fitting sleeves are decorated along the outer arm with a similar kind of trimming. The bodice is filled with a chemisette of real Irish crochet lace, in a very fine pattern, continued in the form of a high collar band, and bordered along the top with a flat fold of green velvet. The toque and the muff are of sable, and the former finished with green Mephisto quilts.

**How to Make an Evening Coat of Sash Ribbon.**

Sash ribbon has many uses. A yard and a half of rich chine ribbon seven inches wide—for a slight figure—can be converted into a charming little coat for evening or afternoon to be worn over a lace slip, and there is nothing in the annals of home-dressmaking which is easier to evolve than a garment of this description, which consists of only three parts. In making the little vesture, six inches at one end should be cut off, and the remaining yard and twelve inches divided equally in half, making two lengths of twenty-four inches. These represent the fronts and back of the coat. The two strips of ribbon should be bound with a bias strap of plain silk to match the groundwork of the pattern, or a binding of narrow silk or satin ribbon may be used, which should edge all sides. To give the effect of tails at the back, the ribbon at the lower ends should be mitred. Nothing remains at this stage but to join the ribbon together under the arms and to connect the two sides by means of the six-inch length of ribbon, introducing this in the V-shaped opening at the back.

Two large fancy buttons should be sewn on above the waist, to give a quasi-Empire effect.



DINNER GOWN.

Of amethyst satin, with a huge motif of amethysts, and blister pearls in the centre of the corsage.

**Suppression of the Ruffle.**

Among other signs of change in dress the suppression of the net ruffle that has been used as an edging to the collar for so long demands announcement. It is not being worn any more by the extremists in matters sartorial and will probably be abandoned by many others before long—a pity, perhaps, for it does give a collar band a finish, but one instance among many of the drastic results of over-popularity.

The high collar, however, still remains and is made of lace, tuckd net, white muslin, and various other fabrics of the same kind. Quaint trimmings are accorded to it, such as a triangular patch of little tassels extending from ear to ear, with a deep tassal at the pointed base. Bands of satin fastened by extra specially pretty buttons are added to some

neckbands, and in other ways as fashion dictates, the collar may be daintily embellished.

Then there is another new fancy of which to make a mention, not actually connected with the collar band, but not widely separated from it. This is the one for adding to the plaque or vest, interchangeable terms when the corsage is being discussed, some frivolity in the way of dangling ends. They may be threaded through the chemisette and start at the base of the collar band beneath a little bow, but where signs of novelty are evinced is in the design chosen for the ends.

A couple of triangles of satin ending with tiny tassels, a scarf knotted in the sailor manner, and lengths of ribbon threaded through ivory rings are a few of the ways in which such embellishments are made.



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enable every woman to achieve those slight, graceful, distingue, hipless effects that are so fashionable. The best gowned women all wear P.D. Corset. Ask for the new Directoire models. All Drapers.

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**The Corset for  
Stout Women!!**



**FIRST SHIPMENT NOW ON VIEW**

at  
**SMITH & CAUGHEY'S.**

### THE ADVANCED IDEA IN CORSETS.

A woman is as stout as she looks, but with a W.B. REDUSO corset, she need be no stouter than she desires. The REDUSO is the first corset to really help idealise the figure of over-fleshy women. In the REDUSO, scientific corset construction completely displaces the torturing, harness-like contrivances that have heretofore masqueraded as a "reducing type" of garment. Completely free of straps, over-taxed weight or unyielding stiffness, the "REDUSO" performs its remarkable work as simply and effectively as the other "W.B." models. It reduces the abdomen and hips from one to five inches without unduly confining the figure. Think of the comfort of moving about all day with perfect freedom—perfectly corseted and yet without feeling the constraint of stays. In a word, the REDUSO is the latest achievement of science and sense.

A visit to our corset department places you under no obligation to purchase, but we are sure you will be pleased with our new models.

**SMITH & CAUGHEY, LTD.**  
AUCKLAND'S FASHION CENTRE, QUEEN STREET.

## Beauty's Favourite

The article which excels all others in improving the beauty of the skin is naturally and deservedly beauty's favourite. This has been the acknowledged and honoured position held by Pears' Soap for nearly 120 years. It won, and has maintained that position by virtue of its complete purity, and by the possession of those special emollient properties which soften, refine and impart natural colour to the skin. No other soap possesses these qualities in such a pre-eminent degree as

# PEARS

**MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION.**

# Verse Old and New

**Readers.**

HE looked at him. Her eyes were steely gray. Nothing at all the woman had to say; No comment, no objection did she deign; With perfect calm she let the man explain. No anger—not the least—did she display. He made a poor endeavour to be gay As he proceeded, hiding his dismay, Striving, his self-possession to regain, She looked at him.

Ah, will he know that vainly he would pray Forgiveness for his failure to obey. He witted like a flower wanting rain, He shrivelled and collapsed beneath the strain. You would not wonder had you seen the way She looked at him.

© © ©

**The Afflicted One.**

With anguish dire he seem'd to move— He'd scarcely power to speak; But 'twas not unrequited love That made him quiet seek.

The gorgeous rooms, th' assembly gay, Could yield no joy to him; His thoughts, alas! were far away, His eyes look'd sad and dim.

'Twas not ambition's thwarted schemes, 'Twas not a friend far gone, Nor memory sad of early dreams, That made him look so wan.

It was not hate, or rage, or love, Or jealousy, or scorn; His anguish faintest heart would move, A light boot pinched his corset!

**Amor Immortalis.**

Where are the lovers who long, long ago Mocked at Death's menace with a fine disdain, And looked beyond the terror and the pain, Scorning to cringe before the last dread woe? Have their undaunted spirits passed below Into a silence where all loves are slain, And weary spectres haunt a lonesome plain? Whence light has vanished and where chill winds blow!

Nay, all who strove to cherish Love's white flower Have won calm peace and freedom from distress; Tristram and Isolt share a happy bowyer Deep in the farthest isle of Lyonesse; And on some shoulder of God's holy hill Immortal Dante loves his Beatrice still. Bennett Gould.

© © ©

**The New Girl.**

At last we have a brand new girl; She's stayed for three whole days, While her perfections we behold With wonder and amazement. She doesn't care for company, Nor want an evening out— In fact she quite prefers them in, There isn't any doubt. Suburban life she doesn't mind, An act, we think, of grace; Nor does she say a word to us About her previous place. She never answers back to us, No matter what we say; The jewel's name? We'll scarce decide Before the christening day.

**Teddy the Centaur.**

Would you have a composite of human endurance, Gallantry, devilry, swiftness, and grace, Chivalry, poetry, dash, and assurance, Heaven-born genius for setting the pace, Take all the horsemen in fable and history, Heroes who've galloped afield and afar, And you'll have a receipt for that popular mystery Known to the world as the peerless "T.R."

The heart of Quixote, the honour of Panza, The wisdom of Odin, the nerve of Fitzjames, (To whom might be fitly devoted a stanza If fable and fact were not bursting with names). The four sons of Aymon, Orlando, Lord Marmon, Bonny Dundee with his bonnet a-toss, The Old, Boabdil, Tam O'Shanter, Prince Charman, The Lady who cantered to Banbury Cross, Sir Lancelot, Rinaldo, and Young Loch-invar;— Take and distill 'em—the issue's "T.R."

The eye of an eagle, the voice of a stentor, Swiftness of Mercury, thunder of Jove, The seat of Tod Sloan, and the head of a centaur, All are combined in the hero we love. Barbaric front of his namesake Theodor, Wildness of Turpin who straddled Black Bess, Daring and dash of the Highlander Roderick, Buffalo Bill and the Pony Express;— Rake all the past for the bold and bizarre, Lump 'em together—the mass is "T.R." The beauty of Siegfried the mythical Norseman, Swagger of Gilpin, the devil may care,

The valour of Roland, the horn-blowing horseman, Grace of Godiva, who rode in her hair;— The Noble Six Hundred, the Valkyrie ladies, The Ghent to Aix riders, the French cuirassiers, The trio who'd gallop from Paris to Hades To rescue a damsel,—the Three Musketeers;— Arab and Hasmeluke, cosack, vaquero, Riding cap, helmet, fez, shako, sombrero, Hero and jockey highwayman, Hussar— All of them live in our peerless "T.R."

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**My Machine.**

Rich men are tooting around to-day In their machines; Six-cylindered demons of red and gray Are their machines. Mine is smaller and not so fast, But it always gets me there at last, And perhaps some day it will take me past The big machines.

Many's the land I have travelled through On my machine, With many a stalwart man and true On my machine. Lovers a-many, in sorry plight, On roughest road and darkest night I've carried safely through storm and fight On my machine,

I've spread on Africa's sandy shore On my machine, I've heard the Arctic breakers roar On my machine. The Alps and Andes heights I've scaled; Through every continent I've sailed; At never an obstacle have I quailed On my machine.

Time and labour are easy to save On my machine. The work is plain (and the errors grave) On my machine; But just the same I hammer along, Pitting the R's where the E's belong— Please, Mr. Editor, bry the song From my machine.

# Anecdotes and Sketches

**A Legal Matter.**

UNCLE MOSE, needing money, sold his pig to the wealthy lawyer, who had just bought the neighbouring plantation. After a time, needing more money, he stole the pig and resold it, this time to Judge Pickens, who lived "down the road a piece." Soon afterward the two gentlemen met, and, upon comparing notes, suspected what had happened. They confronted Uncle Mose. The old darkey cheerfully admitted his guilt. "Well," demanded Judge Pickens, "what are you going to do about it?" "Blessed if I know, Judge," replied Uncle Mose with a broad grin. "I's no lawyer. I reckon I'll have to let yo' two gentlemen settle it between yo'selves."

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**The Professor's Joke.**

A good story of President Roosevelt's college days is now going the rounds of the daily papers of England. On one occasion he was called upon to recite an old poem, beginning,

"At midnight, in his guarded tent, The Turk lay dreaming of the hour When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent, Should tremble at his power."

He only got as far as the third line, when he began to hesitate, and then stopped. Twice he repeated, "Greece, her knee," and then stopped. The old professor beamed on him over his glasses, and then dryly remarked, "Greece her knee once more, Theodore. Perhaps she'll go then."

**A Sensation That Failed.**

News was worse than dull, and the editor, calling the hustling reporter to him, said:—

"I want you to write me a good story about the trials and discouragement of men who are looking for work in a big city. Get up early to-morrow, put on old clothes, and visit all the places that advertise for male help in the morning paper. Give an account of the number of applicants and the kind of men they are, and describe vividly the feelings of those who perhaps have had no breakfast and have walked miles because they have no money to ride, and then meet disappointment. Draw it good and strong on the pathos. People like to read that sort of thing."

At noon the next day the reporter appeared at the office crestfallen. "I'm afraid I can't make anything out of that story," he said to the editor.

"What's the trouble?" "I've got three jobs already, and a promise of two more."

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**Quick Dictation.**

"My dear," said the business man to his wife, as he was starting for the office, "don't expect me home very early to-night, as I have to dictate twenty-six letters."

"All right," was the response; "but I wish you wouldn't work so hard." He left his office at the usual hour and went to the club and sat down at the card table with three others. "Just a moment, you fellows, before we deal the cards. I've got to keep my word with my wife. One of you must take down what I dictate: 'A, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z.' There, those letters are off my mind."

**Strenuous Fatalism.**

Commander Peary was talking, in New York, about the luck he would have in reaching the Pole with the Roosevelt. "They say you are a fatalist," said a reporter. "They say that you believe you are fated to find the Pole before you die."

The explorer laughed. "If I am a fatalist," he said, "I assure you my fatalism is of the working and strenuous kind—like that of Old Abe Cuyler."

"Old Abe lived in New England in the days of Indian warfare. He was a fatalist of a pronounced type; nevertheless, he would not venture forth without his blunderbuss."

"One day he had an important errand, but the blunderbuss, when he came to get it, was missing from the rack made of antlers where it had always hung. Someone of his family had taken it. Also sat down to wait till it was brought back."

"But, Abe, I thought you were a fatalist!" said a friend.

"So I am," the old man answered.

"Then why bother about your blunderbuss?" taunted the friend. "You are in no danger from the Indians, since you cannot possibly die till your time comes."

"Yes," said the old man. "But suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time had come. It wouldn't do for me not to have any blunderbuss, would it?"

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**She Mixed the Names Up.**

Among the callers to the house of a charming old lady was a Mrs. Farrell, who after some years of widowhood, again married, this time becoming the wife of a Mr. Meggs. "If you love us, mother," said one of the daughters, when the newly married lady's card had been brought in one afternoon shortly after the completion of the honeymoon, "don't make the mistake of calling her Mrs. Farrell." The mother solemnly promised to commit no faux pas, and as she went downstairs she was heard to repeat to herself, "Meggs—Meggs—Meggs—Meggs—not Farrell." At the conclusion of the call, the old lady was met at the head of the stairs by the daughter, who at once ob-

served an ominous expression of despondency on the old lady's face. "Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "surely you don't—"

"No Clara," replied the mother, emphatically, "I didn't. I was so careful to call her Mrs. Meggs all the time." "Well, what's the trouble, then?" "Oh, dear!" murmured the kindly old lady, as she sank into a chair, "it was awful of me, I know! When I greeted her I said, 'I am glad to see you, Mrs. Meggs. How is Mr. Farrell?'"

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**A Little Mistake.**

Lady (on the Metropolitan Railway, London)—"Please, sir, will you help me get out at the next station?"

Gentleman—"Why, certainly ma'am." Lady—"You see, sir, it's this way. Being rather stout, I have to turn around and get out backward, and the porters always think I am getting in, so they push me back into the carriage and say, 'Hurry up, ma'am.' I've passed four stations that way already."

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**Making Good Progress.**

They were skating. "George," she asked, as they rounded the bend, "is your watch correct?"

"Yes," replied George, with a merry laugh; "it is keeping better time since I put your picture inside the case."

"Oh, you flatterer! How could that be?"

"Well, you see, when I placed your picture inside the case I added another jewel!"

And the wise old moon man winked.

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**Blood, Ashes, and Groans.**

They passed a magnificent building during their travels. "That's a fine house," said Brown to Jones, "and yet I cannot bear to look at it." "Why not?" asked Jones. "Why?" repeated Brown. "Because the owner built it out of blood, the ashes, the groans of his fellow-men; out of the grief of children and the wails of women." "Great Scott!" exclaimed Jones; "the brutal! What is he—a money lender?" "Oh, no, dear friend; he is a dentist!"



**Our  
Funny  
Page**

**WARNING.**

"He who takes a wife takes care  
In that there's no mistake,  
Although it very much depends  
Upon whose wife you take.

**CERTAIN PROOF.**

Judge—You have not yet established  
the prisoner's insanity.  
Attorney—But, your Honor, we mean  
to introduce witnesses to show that the  
prisoner habitually argues politics with  
women.

**ENUMERATED.**

"How many speeds has your automob-  
ile?"  
"Three," answered Mr. Chuggles;  
"slow, slower, an' stop."

**HAIL TO THE PIGSKIN.**

Tear 'em up! and  
Hit the line!  
Slash 'em, smash 'em!  
Rah, rah, fine!  
Eat 'em! beat 'em!  
Whoop and cheer!  
Gentle football  
Season's here!

**THE AMATEUR.**

Rack all his stories come;  
He tries again.  
Hope springs eternal from  
A fountain pen.

**FLEE AS A BIRD.**

Fame is just like a fleeting bird;  
It's not of much avail  
To even try the old-time dodge  
Of salt upon its tail.

**SYD DID.**

There was a young fellow named Syd,  
Who kissed a girl on the eyelid;  
Said the girl to the lad,  
"Your aim's very bad.  
You should practise a bit"—so he did.

**AGUE.**

"That brother-in-law of yours seems to  
have a pretty good opinion of himself."  
"I would hardly put it in as mild a  
form as that. He is thoroughly Bernard  
Shawed."

**HIS CHOICE.**

The landlady: What part of the  
chicken will you have, Mr. Newcomer?  
Mr. Newcomer: A little of the outside,  
please.

**LEAVING THE OLD HOME.**

"Alas, I fear that we shall lose the  
old home place!" wept the Eakimo, as  
the spring sun commenced to shine on  
his house.

**KNEW HIS SON.**

Photographer (to young man): It will  
make a much better picture if you put  
your hand on your father's shoulder.  
The Father: Hah! It would be much  
more natural if he had his hand in my  
pocket.



Old Lady: "I've brought this porous plaster back. There are a lot of holes in  
it!"  
Chemist's Assistant: "Quite so, madam. They are to let the pain out!"

**WHAT SHE DIDN'T TELL.**

She never told her loss  
'Twas time to go,  
But father, from above,  
Soon let him know.

**A GOOD SON-IN-LAW.**

Mother-in-law: "Oh, to see Naples and  
then die!"  
Son-in-law: "To-morrow we start tra-  
velling."



"Bring the, Sir, but can you spare a poor man a cheer of honey?"

**SORRY HE MISSED THE FUN.**

Office boy: Please, sir, a gentleman  
called when you was out.  
Editor: What did he want?  
Office boy: He said he had come to  
give you a good thrashing.  
Editor: Did he? What did you tell  
him?  
Office boy: I said I was sorry you  
wasn't in.

**THE CAUSE.**

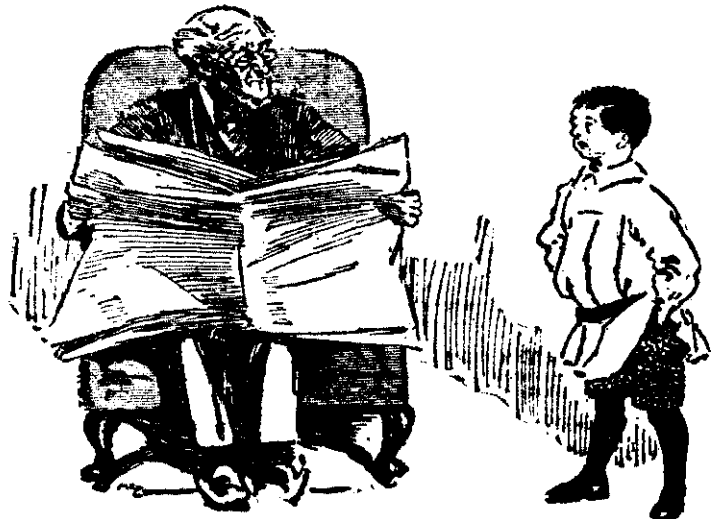
Little Wife: Grandpa, what makes a  
man always give a woman a diamond  
engagement ring.  
Grandfather: The woman.

**A MANAGING HUSBAND.**

Old friend: Your plan is a most excel-  
lent one; but do you think your wife  
will agree to it?  
Married man: Oh, yes. I'll tell her  
someone else suggested it, and I'll call  
it an idiotic idea.

**HE LED THE CLASS.**

Teacher—"When the war broke out,  
all the able-bodied men who could leave  
their work joined the army. Who can  
tell me what motives took them to the  
front?"  
Bright Boy—"Locomotives."



"Grandpa, would you mind making a noise like a frog?"  
"What do you mean, my child—a noise like a frog?"  
"Well, I overheard father say that if you would only croak he would come bring  
a fortune."