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The Week in Review.

NOTICE.

The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration Short Stories and Descriptive Articles illustrated with photos, or suggestions from contributors.

Bright terse contributions are wanted dealing with Dominion life and questions.

Unless stamps are sent, the Editor cannot guarantee the return of unsuitable MSS.

The Spaniard of To-day.

IT is customary to speak of Spain as a decadent nation, but the Spaniard of to-day is quite as courageous as the Spaniards of old, who for long were the dictators of the world. One who knows the country and people well recently drew attention to the fact that it was due to the incompetence of Ministers and general maladministration that affairs in Spain were in such a bad condition. He says the people are possessed of a high courage and patriotism, and this was demonstrated in Cavite Bay, when the wooden hulks of Spain were fought against the armoured ships of the United States until the lower guns were under water and the decks were scenes of frightful carnage. And in 1868, after the flight of Queen Isabella and the withdrawal of the troops from the capital, the common people formed themselves into a guard for the protection of life and property, and, just as they were, took up positions outside the abandoned royal palace and national institutions. Ragged men acted as sentries over untold treasures, and it speaks well for the moderation and intelligence of the people that during the days when the mob was in absolute control of the

city no single act of violence took place, and nothing was disturbed in the great buildings, which had been left unprotected. A people capable of such high deeds are no dullards, as many would have us believe. Greatness is latent in them, but they have been starved physically and morally for hundreds of years by the cupidity of incompetent Ministers and vicious rulers. The red and yellow stripes may never again fly over half the known world. Spain's work as a colonising Power is finished, the young Republics of the West having inherited the legacies of the old country, but she has at her own doors the duty of regeneration with material that should once more accord her a high place in the arts and crafts of civilisation.

A Chair of Agriculture.

Some interesting speeches were made at the A. and P. Association's Conference in Wellington. The retiring president (Mr. T. G. Wilson) dwelt on the absurdity of having no chair of agriculture in any of our universities, though we had chairs or schools of medicine, art, and every other conceivable thing. Speaking of the proposed professorship, he said: "It is true that agriculture cannot be taught in a classroom, and there must be a combination of practical outdoor experiment and research work besides lectures, but that seems to me to present no insuperable difficulties. If there was a chair in Christchurch, it is only a short distance to Lincoln College, where demonstrations and experiments might be easily carried out in conjunction with the authorities there. If in Wellington there is land at Trentham, or there is the experimental farm at Levin, which could easily spare sufficient area for experimental purposes conducted by the professor of agriculture. If in Dunedin or Auckland, arrangements could be made to get land, I am sure, without difficulty, either by gift or, if

nothing was thus available, by renting a portion of a farm. How are we otherwise going to teach our young men the principles of agriculture? How are you going to equip the teachers to go out into the country and interest the pupils in Nature study and the crops and agriculture they see around them? Even those who go into the cities to teach are the better of this knowledge, for cities are as much interested as the farmers in crops, for their livelihood depends on them. How are you going to train men to manage your experimental farms? The managers of these farms are, I believe, good men; but any training they have they have given themselves. If our co-operative experiments are to be extended, as I think they ought to be, how are you going to get trained men to conduct them? We have even had to import all the directors at Lincoln College—there have been four to my knowledge." What has stood in the way of the proposed chair is probably a wrong idea of what it would mean. It would not be so much for the training of intending farmers as for the training of men in agricultural research. Men so trained would be able to give instruction and issue books and pamphlets for the information of those engaged in the practical business of farming. The distribution of information is the one great need of agriculture in the Dominion to-day.

The New Zealander of the Future.

Sir Robert Stout made an interesting speech at the New Zealand Dinner in London on the future of our country. He drew a pleasant picture, and thought that we would be more idealistic than Englishmen. Dr. Kindlay seems to think that we are in the main a practical people, with an eye on the present rather than on the future, but the Chief Justice does not agree with him. Speaking of the future New Zealander, Sir Robert declared that he would be influenced by the fact that his country was one of mountains. He would differ from the Englishman as the Highlander differs from the Lowlander. The Highlander had imagination, and so would have the New Zealander. He would be more idealistic than the Englishman. They would have free education in every scale. To save democracy it was necessary to diffuse education. They saw that some of their journals were better than any English journals, more judicial, and less partisan. The reason why they had no yellow press was that the appeal had to be made to an educated people. Here there were restraints, for the past was in the blood of the people. The future New Zealander would not hitch his wagon to past history, but, in the words of Emerson, to a star. He would not be content with pa or present, but have his eyes to the future, looking to build up the best race the world had ever seen. They would not be content to be degraded by having numbers of people amongst them not knowing whence the next meal would come. They wanted neither millionaires

nor pauper. This had been the aim of the legislators of the past. High ideals had led them on. The impulse of the early pioneers was to make the race better mentally, morally, and physically. In thirty years' time it would be seen what the New Zealander had become. Mr. Reeves followed this up by saying that New Zealanders were quite prepared to give the Empire a lead, and that they had inherited the characteristic of thinking no small beer of themselves. He added that when he first came to London as Agent-General he had been inclined to be very critical towards Downing-street, but he had since recognised that it was not so black as it was painted. It is not to be supposed that after-dinner speeches are meant to be taken too seriously, and the Chief Justice probably intended to paint a more or less fancy picture. We are certainly apt to hitch our wagon to a star, and just now we seem to be hitching it on to Mars in more senses than one.

Downing Street.

Sir Joseph Ward's great speech at the House of Common's Banquet showed him to be not only a great Imperialistic statesman, but also a speaker of the very first order. He was humorous and serious by turns, and presented his ideas in a clear-cut, shapely form. Nothing could have surpassed the tact which he displayed when touching on the delicate subject of the relations which have existed between Downing-street and the overseas Dominions. He said that till the South African war the domestic relations of Britain and the colonies were more like those of step-mother and step-children than anything else. Aforetime it was a settled tradition of British statesmanship that the colonies were so many troublesome excrescences on the body politic—nuisances in time of peace and an expense in time of war. This view reflected itself in public opinion and matters of administration; hence the irritation and friction on both sides. The colonies were pigeon-holed by Downing-street as far as possible, and, failing that, they were smothered; while, as for Downing-street, well, it was not a name to conjure with in the colonies. Traditions died hard, and the one mentioned was no exception. That tradition suffered severely in the South African war, when, to the bewilderment and delight of the military authorities, the colonies volunteered their help; but it did not die then, or the recent New Zealand Draught offer would scarcely have aroused such astonishment and gratification throughout the United Kingdom as it appeared to have done. That any overseas Dominion should volunteer any assistance to the Home Government seemed something to make a home-bred Briton rub his eyes and ask if he was dreaming. The Premier went on to say that this tradition was not quite dead now, but he did not think it would survive the coming Defence Conference. The speech created a profound impression.

and Sir Edward Grey rightly said that after such a speech Sir Joseph Ward's presence brought the colonies and the Motherland into true Imperial perspective.

Gifts to the British Navy.

It is curious that the tradition that the colonies were a danger and not a help in time of war should have survived so long, seeing that our offer of a Dreadnought can hardly merit the claim of novelty. When the gift was announced in England the "Chronicle" recalled some interesting history. New Zealand's Dreadnought was a thirteenth instance of the kind recorded in the annals for the nation. First in Charles II.'s reign the City of London presented a battleship called the *Loyal London* to the navy. Then in George II.'s reign the American colonists, loyal subjects of the Empire then, presented a fine 32-gun frigate to the navy, which was called the *America*, and fought in the war which won Canada for the Empire. In the War of American Independence the *East India Company* built and presented to the navy three 74-gun battleships, the *Ganges*, *Carnatic* and *Bombay Castle*. In the Napoleonic war, the West Indian colonies built, equipped, and presented to the navy six fast corvettes, or small cruisers, which were named the *Barbados*, *Jamaica*, etc., after the donors. In the year before Queen Victoria came to the throne the *Imaum* of Muscat, on the Persian Gulf, in return for British protection, built of teak and presented to the Royal Navy a magnificent 74-gun battleship, which was named by us the *Imaum*, and was in existence as a training ship until quite recently. None of these, of course, approached in importance the action of New Zealand, but it is interesting to remember that the Dominion was not the first of Britain's colonies to so assist the Mother Land.

Mr. Birrell on a Partisan Press.

Mr. Birrell has been making a plea for a non-Partisan Press. He said that he could not for the life of him understand why newspapers and writers for newspapers should deliberately assume the shackles of party. Why the fourth estate of the realm should assume the shackles which the other three estates of the realm were historically and for the present moment compelled to wear he did not know. It was said that they wanted to get a market—the Nonconformist, or the Church of England, or the Liberal, Tory, Unionist or Socialist market—and therefore they would write in such a way as to secure these persons as purchasers. Once say that, and there was an end of all rational thought and responsibility. They were far too apt to blame the public for their own folly. He did not say that they should write deliberately above people's heads, but any honest effort to improve the public and give them the very best which could be got in a particular way had never yet been otherwise than financially successful. He hoped they would see a freedom in the Press from purely partisan alliances and loyalties. The fortunes not only of the Empire, but of the whole world, would depend largely upon the honesty and the truth and the fitness for their task displayed by persons, whether they wrote books which they fondly imagined might last for ever, or whether they wrote day by day for their fellow-citizens. Mr. Birrell probably does not mean quite all he says about party shackles. A paper must support a definite policy, and a definite policy implies party ties. But sheer, blind partisanship that can see nothing good in the other side has, of course, nothing to recommend it. The colonial Press is far less partisan than the English, and we have nothing to correspond to the violently sectarian papers that caused a witty archbishop to remark that there were only two things that could really demoralise a man—horse-racing and editing a religious journal.

The British and Roman Empires.

Dr. Hodgkin has been lecturing in Sydney on the decline of the Roman Empire, and he drew a few lessons for present-day application. In his opinion, the causes that made for the downfall of the Roman Empire were many. First there was the mercenary army, a form of militarism hardly likely to recur in our time. The second cause to which Dr. Hodgkin attributed the fall of the Empire was slavery; the third, the distribution of free corn to the citizens of Rome and the consequent cry of the populace for bread and beast shows; fourth, the financial oppression of the middle classes; fifth—and he placed last what superficial observers were wont to place first—the incursions of the barbarians. On these points the doctor made a few remarks of present-day application. "Though no Parliament has granted free music hall tickets," he said, "there is something in the disproportionate attention given to horse-racing, cricket, and football which does not altogether conduce to the upbuilding of a strong nation. The factory system, that great source of the national wealth of England, needs to be carefully—I might almost say jealously—watched to prevent it degenerating into practical slavery. Australians should guard with the utmost vigilance against the creeping in of the hateful slum to their cities. The slum is a tumour in a city, and is almost impossible to eradicate." Historical parallels do not always hold good, and the constitution of the British Empire is essentially different from that of the Roman. Rome could govern, but she could never colonise. The Roman colonies were held by force of arms. The strength of the British Empire lies in the loyalty of all the outlying parts to the Motherland—a loyalty that is all the stronger because it is free and spontaneous.

Count Zeppelin.

A writer in "M.A.P." has recalled some interesting reminiscences of Count Zeppelin, the famous aeronaut. Until success came, his hardships were almost unbelievable, and he spent the whole of his fortune in carrying out his experiments. His first interest in aerial flight probably dates from the American Civil War, when he made an ascent in a captive balloon to watch the operations. After this he returned to Germany, in time for the Franco-German war, and is said to have been the first German soldier who crossed the frontier into France. When peace was restored he determined to give his whole life to aeronautics, and in a comparatively short time he spent £30,000 in what appeared to be almost fruitless effort. At one time he was so poor through devotion to his work, that he had to live in a little cottage on an allowance made to him by his friends. But his invincible pluck brought success at last, and one of the first to recognise his genius was the Kaiser himself. Although he is considerably over seventy, Count Zeppelin is still as active as most men half his age. A German newspaper has described him as follows: "He stands tall and upright; he has an agile body capable of unusual exertion, a constitution sturdy through much exercise and simple habits, and an immense power of mental concentration. He is always amiable, modest, and deliberate. His workmen are devoted to him heart and soul." Through all his many failures, and during the dark time when his nearest friends looked upon him as next door to a madman, the Count has had the continual help and counsel of his wife; and, even when her husband's experiments brought her to the verge of poverty, she still had perfect faith in him, and never murmured. It must have been a proud day for the Countess when the King and Queen of Wurtemberg took a trip in the Count's airship, and a prouder day still when the Kaiser called her husband "the greatest German of the twentieth century."

UTOPIA

Proposed Routes—The Real Utopia

By Dog Toby.

The Path of Legislation.

POLITICIANS are always busy pointing out the road to Utopia. We are told that if certain political ideas were put into force we should find crime, poverty and disease abolished as by the wave of some fairy wand. Salvation is supposed to lie in the making of laws. The English Chancellor of the Exchequer pins his faith to increased taxation. The more taxes people pay the happier they will be, especially rich people who suffer from a plethora of this world's goods. The fat man objects to this new cure for corpulence, and has protested pretty vigorously, but for all his protests he is to be compelled to take his dose of anti-fat without wincing or musing. This is only the beginning of the squeezing of the capitalist, the real Utopia will be apparently when there are no capitalists and no employers, and when that mysterious something called the State owns everything and the private individual owns nothing. It is assumed that when this comes to pass everybody will be perfectly happy, the possession of private property being at present the great bar to human happiness. Yet some people seem to be happy enough, despite the fact that they have great possessions.

The Path of Prohibition.

Many people, chiefly women, imagine that the millennium can only be brought about by a species of universal prohibition. Men are to be made good by a series of acts of Parliament forbidding them to do anything they especially want to do. If a large number of people use hotels and find them a convenience, then all hotels ought to be closed. If only a few people used them it wouldn't matter. The principle is that if the abuse of anything does harm the moderate use ought to be prohibited. The moderate person is, indeed, held to be worse than the immoderate. If we are to reach Utopia by prohibiting everything that may do harm there is no telling where we should stop. Hundreds of persons indulge in an immoderate use of drugs and medicine; many eat more than is good for them; others take too much tea or coffee; and many children ruin their insides by eating too many sweets. Gambling has ruined almost as many homes as drink; speculation in stocks and shares and houses and land has only too often brought disaster in its train; cards and billiards have often led men along the road to ruin. A great Presbyterian divine has gone so far as to suggest that women's extravagance in the matter of dress is responsible for more harm than men's fondness for alcoholic beverages, and this does not seem a case that could be adequately met by prohibition. A Wellington man has suggested that our taste for newspaper reading is at the root of all our troubles, and thinks it worse than opium drinking. If Utopia is to be reached by means of prohibiting everything that is liable to be abused, it is safe to say that it will be rather a dull sort of place.

The Path of Socialism.

Then we meet people who pin their faith to some form of Socialism. This is at first sight the most attractive of all. The land is no longer to belong to large landowners, but is to be the

property of the people as a whole. The State will be the only landlord, and the rents will go to the nation, instead of into the pockets of rich capitalists. All means of production and exchange will become national instead of private property. Socialists point out that we have a practical example of Socialism in State-owned railways, in our national system of education, in our post and telegraph service, and in municipal control of gas, water, and tramways. They urge that the further extension of this principle would do away with unemployment, would give equality of opportunity to all, and would banish poverty from our midst. The Socialist Conference has adopted the following programme:—"That in the opinion of this Conference the time has now arrived when the Labour party should have as a definite object the Socialisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange, to be controlled by a democratic State in the interests of the entire community; and the complete emancipation of labour from the domination of capitalism and landlordism, with the establishment of social and economic equality between the sexes." This is plain enough, and shows that Socialism means the abolition of private property in the instruments of production and distribution, and placing the ownership in the hands of the State.

Some Practical Objections.

The main objections to this theory of Utopia are practical ones. The whole country would be one vast Government office. It would be impossible to dismiss an incompetent workman. There would be no competition with the State workshops. Whatever rubbish was put upon the market, the public would be compelled to take it. At present Government offices are subjected to a certain amount of outside criticism, but under Socialism all outside criticism would be silenced. Every printing press in the country would be in the hands of the Government. All newspapers would reflect the views of the dominant party in the State. The printing of all election literature would be entirely under the control of the party in power. The freedom of the Press would be a thing of the past. Men would be practically the slaves of Government officials, and would have little or no choice in the matter of occupation. A clever and unscrupulous politician might gain the reins of power, and establish a form of autocracy that would be worse than any capitalist rule. At present a Government servant can leave his post for another whenever he chooses. Under Socialism he could never escape from Government employ.

The Real Utopia.

The real Utopia must come from something outside Government and laws. Some of us have been there. We have wandered along its paths primrose-strewn. We have watched the sun gilding its hill-tops. We have been there, and the memory is with us still. Maybe it lies behind us now. We tread again the beaten tracks of life; the mists are on the mountains hung. But though we see no less the mist and the haze, we see beyond them the golden gates of God.

Sayings of the Week.

Socialism.

I THINK Socialism is a mistake—that is, I believe that any State which nationalises land and nationalises industry will come to grief. I do not believe State ownership in one country can compete with private enterprise in another. I can respect an honest Socialist however much I may differ from him, but I cannot possibly have any respect for men who are one day Socialists and the next day Individualists, just as it appears to suit their purposes. —*Mr W. F. Massey, M.P.*

The Polynesian Society.

Your Polynesian Society has done a lot of good work; in fact, New Zealand is about the only one of the British colonies which has done anything of any magnitude in the way of examining into the lives and traditions of its primitive people. Things have been found in New Zealand which are unlike ordinary Maori things, but which by their very unlikeness help us to answer the question as to where the Maoris came from. These things may thus be very important links in chains of reasoning.—*Professor Dixon, Harvard University.*

The Examination Fetish.

The two main evils of the examination system were that too much credit was given to the top man in the list of successful candidates, and that wrong educational standards were created. There was a tendency to regard an examination as an end in itself, and this was one of the things which a young university should strive to avoid. In the older universities, original work in science and literature acted, so to speak, as a correction to the tendency referred to. One of the most significant events of recent times in this connection was the abolition of the Senior Wranglership at Cambridge. When the teachers of that university worked to replace that examination by the present system, they struck a blow at the examination fetish.—*Professor Laby, Victoria College.*

Wool for Japan.

There is one interesting feature which has developed largely of late, and that is the export of wool to Japan. The country now regularly sends buyers to the Australian wool markets. It shows that the Japanese textile industries are by no means confined any longer to cotton, and that their woollen manufactures are assuming important dimensions.—*Mr John Duthie, Wellington.*

Fighting for Trade.

When we saw the feverish haste with which the nations were arming, it behoved us, who were proud of belonging to the greatest Empire in the world, to be up and doing. To discover the cause of the excessive haste among the nations in the matter of armament, one had only to look at the movement for preferential trade within the Empire. The other nations could see that it was time for them to fight for their trade and commerce. If we, on our part, saw another nation preparing to take our trade away, we should fight for it too. There was, however, nothing better to prevent war than being prepared to fight.—*Hon. J. A. Millar.*

Better to Specialise.

In a young university the difficulty is to do things well and thoroughly, and so avoid a shallow superficiality which is the inevitable result of attempting to cover too much ground. It is better to specialise in those subjects which offer congenial scope for intelligent and enthusiastic study, according to the particular bent of the student's mind. The atmosphere of the university, and the social intercourse among the students would supply the broadening influences which would serve as an effective balance to specialised effort.—*Professor Laby, Victoria College.*

From Precedent to Precedent.

Whatever comes, if it is good it will be the result of a growth, and not of a contract, and, as far as I read British history nothing good is gained except by continuity, by slowly broadening down

from precedent to precedent, and it will come by instinct rather than by set policy. I speak advisedly as one who has been over 30 years in the Colonial Office. I believe that the motive power must come from outside government, and not from within.—*Sir Charles Lucas.*

Two Great Forces.

If I judge rightly of the people of New Zealand, they appear to me to be actuated by two great forces. First, there is that

gration of those who could live on next to nothing, who could work longer hours, and who required none of those accessories of life to which the white population had been accustomed for centuries.—*Colonel Seely, Under-Secretary for the Colonies.*

Are We Educated.

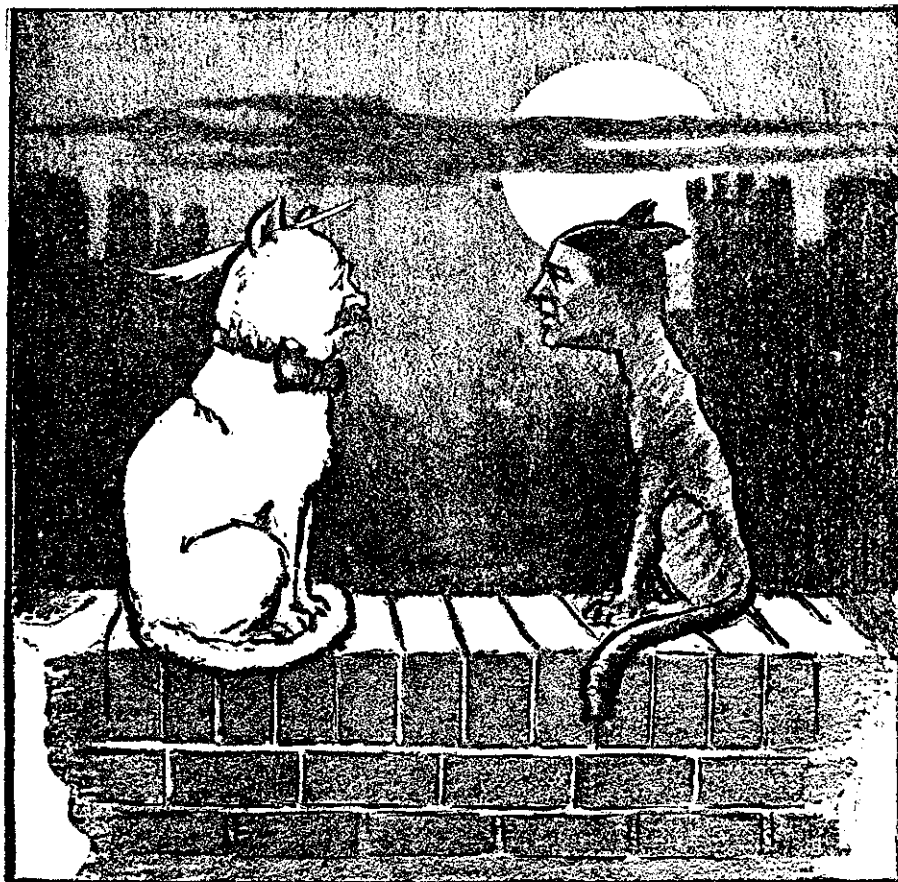
In New Zealand it was a popular boast that the community was a highly educated one. It was true that most of the people living in New Zealand were able to read and write, but there were very few amongst them who would be able to conduct a scientific inquiry should it be required. It was in the direction of remedying this state of things that the educationalists of the future would have to devote their energies.—*Professor Easterfield.*

Clean Clutha.

People should go to Clutha to see for themselves what good no-license had done. He was not going to say no-license was an "absolute" success. What was? Even a rat trap could not be made an absolute success. Some rat would get out. The same with no-license. There was always somebody to break the bounds. No-license was not a perfect success in Invercargill, but it was very close to a perfect success in Clutha. He would die quite content if he lived to see every part of the Dominion as clean as Clutha.—*Rev. F. W. Isitt.*

Not a Leg to Stand On.

The British nation was becoming too luxurious in its habits altogether. What with motor-cars and motor-bicycles there would soon be no need for legs at all. The national life was not of a kind to



EFFECTS OF LIONISING.

Mr. Shackleton: "Hallo! You're looking portly, old man! They've been banqueting you, eh?"
Colonial Editor: "Yes; I'm a bit fed up with lionising; but you wait till they've had a go at you! You won't look so Antarctic."

spirit of enterprise, self-reliance, indomitable pluck to which the Empire itself owes its very existence, and which was so characteristic of the old pioneers of New Zealand. But there is another force, and, perhaps, even a stronger one, the force of mutual self-sacrifice, and that is to be seen in her loyalty to the Empire and the sacrifices she has made for its welfare, and, nearer home, in her care for the children, for the old and sick, and in her thought for those who are to come after.—*Mr A. A. Pearson, C.M.G.*

The Yellow Peril.

Indians were not climatically suited to the conditions of Canada, but there were other reasons—he might call them trade union reasons—against their introduction caused by the determination of the men in the country not to have their wages lowered or a race introduced that could work for less because, on account of their physical qualities, they could live on less, and because on account of their habits they did not require such a high development of comfort. That was a point which must never be lost sight of. Great white communities could not be expected to allow their economic standard to be lowered in this way by a vast immi-

A Puny Infant.

New Zealand, if the Empire failed, would be merely a puny infant squalling in the South Seas. Communication would be cut off with everyone outside, and the inhabitants would be reduced, like Andrew Lang's islanders, to eking out a precarious existence by taking in one another's washing.—*Miss C. Freeman, Canterbury Navy League.*

conduce to the progress or stability of any Empire. The Teuton race was the only one in Europe that was progressing in the matter of population. France was retrogressing, and Britain was standing still. Germany was determined to find a country where her people might expand under the double eagle, and she would find it—where, the future would tell.—*Rev. E. Eliot Chambers.*

The Housewife's Health is Precious

The happiness of the whole family depends greatly on the health and strength of the housewife. If she is weak and worn out, fretful and nervous, she cannot be the wise and patient adviser of her children, the congenial companion of her husband, the calm mistress of her many trying household duties that she was when in perfect health.

For such women nothing equals

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil

the peerless tonic and appetizer which is so pleasant to the taste that it agrees with the most delicate stomach, yet is certain in its strength-renewing and body-building effects. It has not even the faintest taste of cod liver oil, and millions of people in all parts of the world unite in praising its value as a restorer of health and vigour. Get it at your chemist's, and be sure you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

The Club Smoking Room.

By HAVANA.

The Labour Party.

ANY people," the philosopher remarked, "have written and spoken on the subject of a new Labour party in New Zealand, but I cannot quite gather from the Babel of tongues what they expect to get from the new section in politics. They seem to imagine that the worker is entitled to the full profits arising from any industry in which he is engaged. They argue that all wealth is created by labour, and that the man who works with his hands is the sole producer of wealth. This is an absurdity as may be seen by taking any industry as an example. If a man builds a house he must have capital to buy his materials and to keep himself till he can sell it. If a man merely digs the ground and grows cabbages he must have enough capital to live on till the

only lucky speculators or successful company promoters. These men were some of them useful and all of them clever; their sons and grandsons, who now own their broad acres, and draw their fat dividends, possess their capital, their power to demand a share of all the wealth produced by labour, by the mere chance of birth, and they have not necessarily made, and need not in the future make, any return to the community for what they receive from it. You have given instances to show that capital is needed to establish any industry. That we do not deny. What we contend is that all capital should be nationalised and belong to the people as a whole and not to a few individuals as at present. Capital gets more than its fair share of the results of industry. A few idle landlords own large estates and draw enormous revenues from the toil of



HIS HOPES REALISED.

The Aeronaut—Well, I guess she's a fixture there all right. But, by jingo! nobody 'll be able to say she didn't fly."

cabbages come up. Industry is a far more complicated affair than the worker imagines, and the worker is only entitled to his share of the profits.

What Socialists Object to.

"What we object to and want to remedy," replied the Socialist, "is the fact that the great bulk of the capital of the country is not held by men who in any sense 'made' it. It is possessed by men and women whose fathers or grandfathers may have been great captains of industry, or industrious bankers, or honest stockbrokers, or perhaps

their tenants. If the State owned all the land the rents paid would return to the community and could be used to further develop the country and increase its resources instead of going to pander to the luxurious tastes of the rich unemployed."

How Will It Be Done?

"My dear fellow," said the M.P., "how to you propose to nationalise, as you call it, all the capital and all the means of production and exchange? What about people who have been subscribing to friendly societies, are they to have

the savings of a lifetime nationalised? Does the State propose to appropriate all the sewing machines in the kingdom. A sewing machine is a means of production. Even needles must cease to be private property, for if a woman were allowed to have a needle of her own she might be so perverted as to stitch for one of her neighbours, and actually to make a charge for doing so. That would be intolerable. It would mean—to quote the cant phrase of the Socialists—'working for profit instead of for use,' and might bring us back again to the 'Song of the Shirt.' In the same way no man could be allowed to possess a spade or a hammer. The persons who were engaged to work in the communal garden would borrow their tools from the communal tool-house. If a man wished to nail up a picture in his own room—assuming that he was allowed to call any room his own—he would have to make application at the Town-hall for the temporary use of a hammer and the permanent grant of one brass-headed nail."

What Are Dividends?

"We don't propose to go as far as that," the previous speaker answered. "What we contend is that the commerce and industry of the nation is the concern of the nation as a whole, and that it is, therefore, the duty of the State to conduct our commerce and industry for the benefit of the whole nation. The worker at present is engaged in earning dividends for private people. You may have noticed the other day that a certain English match factory had paid its usual dividend of 14 per cent. What does this mean? The shareholder in this factory draws his 14 per cent dividend because his grandfather left him capital which is invested in the shares. The match-maker, getting 7/ or 8/ a week, and sometimes phoosy-jaw, the matchbox-maker toiling incredible hours for infinitesimal pay in a filthy garret, the match-seller standing at the kerb in sunshine and in storm, all are parts of a great machine whose sole aim and object, in the eye of the law, and at the bar of public opinion, is to earn those big dividends. And the same is true of all industries. Hundreds of thousands of men are hired in the last resort by shareholders, not one in a hundred of whom ever even attends a shareholders' meeting or lifts a finger to control or promote the concern of which he is part owner."

"Going the Whole Hogg."

"Labour," the M.P. remarked, "will be doing a very silly thing if it divorces itself from the great Liberal party which has done so much to advance its interests along safe and sound lines. It will be like the dog dropping the bone it has for the reflection of the bone in the water. The Arbitration Act has given the worker a very fair and just share of the profits in all industries. Workers get liberal compensation for all injuries. They have free education for their children and free school books. The capitalist is not always the bloated millionaire that Socialists picture him. Thousands of our working men are capitalists in a small way, and thousands more could be if they were more thrifty, and had greater foresight. The worker has far more freedom and liberty than the employer. The employer is hedged round with so many laws and restrictions that it often hardly pays him to employ labour at all. Labour has revolted because Government won't go the whole Hogg. If a Labour party is formed we shall get all the evils of the three-party system together with endless leagues and coalitions that will make any stable form of government an impossibility. Either

that, or else the present Government and Opposition will combine, and then Labour will be in hopeless minority. Reform can only be permanent when it proceeds on sound lines. Anything that savours of revolution upsets the whole social fabric, and involves rich and poor alike in common ruin.

A man came into a drug store, his open hand on the third button of his vest, and said:

"What should I do? I've been drinking too much ice-water!"

The druggist, loath to prescribe, told him to go to a doctor.

"But," said the sufferer, "I can't take medicine. I'm a Christian Scientist!"

"Oh, in that case," replied the druggist, "go to a plumber!"

CLAIMS MADE FOR

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

The secret of the wonderful success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in fulfilling every claim made for them is in the fact that they are never advertised to cure any complaint, they have not already cured in a great many cases. We can always furnish absolute proof to substantiate every claim. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recommended only for complaints that are due to weak watery blood or run down nerves. These include Anæmia, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, St. Vitis Dance, Paralysis, debility. They have actually cured all these complaints. They actually make new blood and tone the nerves. They have been on the New Zealand market over twelve years and are still going strong. Judge for yourself.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Don't let any dealer talk you in to taking something which he says is "just as good." If you are pestered to take a substitute, send 2s. for one box or 10s. 6d. for six boxes to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia Ltd., Wellington.

ALL FLESH

IS IMPROVED BY THE ADDITION OF



MELLOR'S SAUCE

The News of the Week.

IN THE DOMINION.

A Teacher's Memory.

An interesting ceremony was performed at the Grafton district school, Auckland, last week, when a memorial tablet and enlarged photograph in memory of the late Mr. N. D. Mackay, for ten years first the chairman of the Auckland Education Board (Mr. C. J. Parr) in the presence of the pupils and a number of parents and friends. Messrs. Purdie, Barrball and McKenzie (members of the Education Board), and the members of the School Committee, were also present.

Mr. Burton, chairman of the School Committee, paid a feeling tribute to the memory and work of the late Mr. Mackay, and remarked on the fact that the scholars themselves had first advanced the proposal to erect the memorial.

Mr. C. J. Parr, in endorsing the previous speaker's remarks, said he was glad that the children had not forgotten the memory of their late teacher, who had given twenty years of faithful service to the Education Board, and who had died on March 27, just after the Education Board had granted him extended leave of absence. No mere official record could possibly show the work done by Mr. Mackay during his period of service. The Board of Education felt specially glad that the initiation of the movement had been on the part of the children. In conclusion he asked that the work of the late Mr. Mackay be an inspiration to all to do their duty to the utmost.

The tablet and photograph were then unveiled by Mr. Parr, the school cadets presenting arms.

Messrs. McKenzie and S. I. Clarke, a former chairman of the committee, also testified to the esteem in which Mr. Mackay had been held.

The Waikato Sanatorium.

When his attention was directed by your representative to a statement emanating from Auckland to the effect that retrenchment is to take place at the Waikato Sanatorium for Consumptives, the Hon. Mr. Buddo, Minister for Public Health, said there was no ground for making it. "I am firmly of opinion," said the Minister, "that the Waikato sanatorium is the best place in the Dominion for the recuperation of consumptive sufferers, and that it is going to give the best possible results in regard to educating the public as to the treatment of consumptives." The Minister said he had had no reports on the subject of retrenchment at the sanatorium, and it was not intended to carry into effect what the report alleged the Department was going to do.

Sir Joseph Ward.

Sir Joseph and Lady Ward leave London on their return to New Zealand on August 23, returning via Canada, taking the Canadian mail steamer at Vancouver.

Better Than Gold-mining.

The proprietor of the Northern Wairoa Hotel was called upon by three Croatian brothers last week and asked for change of a cheque, the amount being £271 18/6, being the net proceeds of eighteen months' gum digging.

Pakeha and Maori.

Asked by a Wellington reporter if the native race is doing its share in that production which enables the Dominion to export over twenty millions' worth of goods annually, the Hon. J. Carroll said he was not prepared with statistics, but contended that the Maori did his part. "He lives, and must produce something that goes into the pool upon which the State thrives," Mr. Carroll commented. "There are no Maoris who live upon the pakeha's charity. The average European's attitude is 'Cut off reservations, and leave the Maori to his own fate. We cannot employ any machinery of State to assist you.' Now, on the other hand, what do we find? You have dairy experts, the Department of Agriculture, grading, State lending in-

stitutions, special loans, and special facilities for getting on to the land and cutting it up for settlers. All this is done for the pakeha. What the pakeha believes in," he repeated: "Cut off reserves and let the native take pot-luck." It was suggested to the Native Minister that the Maori was retarding settlement in many directions by his passive occupation of the land which could be turned to useful account. "Yes," replied Mr. Carroll, "the only time they have felt certain of consideration is when there is an extra pressure, an extra stimulus for the possession of their land, because the European looks to the Maori to supply that want. The Maori wants to help the European in regard to land settlement and everything else," concluded the Minister, "but he does not want to do it entirely at his own expense, and he the sole sacrifice; and who can blame him?"

The Airship Invasion.

A Waipawa resident gives a circumstantial, but uncorroborated, account of having seen an airship flying over Kairara last week. He says it was grey in colour, torpedo-shaped, and contained three men, one of whom shouted at him in a foreign tongue. He watched the machine for some time. It appeared to be under perfect control, and it carried two bright lights.

Labour and Politics.

During the recent visit of Mr. Baume to Australia he had opportunities of conversing with leading Australian politicians, enabling him to make some interesting observations regarding the latest New Zealand political developments and the attempt to form a distinct Labour party. "Even those on the Labour side in Australia recognise that in New Zealand there is not the same necessity existing for a distinct Labour party," said Mr. Baume. "Measures such as the Workers' Compensation Act, which have been on our Statute for years, are yet to be enacted in some of the states. The Liberal party has done, and is doing, so much for labour in the Dominion that a distinct party, in my opinion, would only retard the true welfare of the employee."

The Champion's Tow.

The Auckland office of the Union Steam Ship Company was advised by cable that the tug-boat Champion, with the ship Leicester Castle in tow, arrived at Newcastle from Auckland on Saturday morning. It was expected that the tow would be completed in ten days' time, provided fair weather conditions were met with on the voyage. But this was a low estimate, and the tugmaster said before leaving Auckland that if he made the other side in from 11 to 13 days he would be well satisfied. The actual time taken on the journey of 1300 miles was about 13 days, which works out at about 100 miles a day, which is a very fair performance for this time of the year, when the weather in the Tasman Sea is rough and unsettled.

Cricket on a Volcano.

In the course of a lecture on volcanoes and earthquakes, delivered at Canterbury College last week, Dr. Marshall showed a picture of the Auckland cricket ground, which, he said, was the crater of a volcano which had been active in recent geological periods. Yet Aucklanders played cricket on top of a volcano, and took all sorts of chances, and they would probably be surprised and indignant if some afternoon they went skyward.

North Island Main Trunk.

The express track from Auckland to Wellington, or that portion of it that traverses the King Country, or between such stations as Taihape, in the South, and Frankton Junction, in the North (says the "Post"), is comporting itself as a well and truly laid railway track should. As a general rule, it follows that a line may be expected, for ten years, to be somewhat unsettled, and subject to weather influences, especially as regards slips in cuttings and subsidences on banks. On the Manawatu

branch these were particularly noticeable, while during the late heavy and boisterous weather traffic between Wellington, Foxton, Napier, and through the Gorge, was held up because of the numerous slips, etc., brought down by the rain. But the Main Trunk, where, in the ordinary course of events, blocks might be expected, escaped any such accidents, so far as the department is aware. Further proof is advanced, in that while other branches of the service in the North Island were so delayed, the express between the two cities was always up to time.

More Airship Stories.

The manager of Mr. George Bayly's Kaibu run (Thomas Hazelhurst) informed a North Auckland "Times" reporter that he had seen an airship pass along the coast about five miles from the land. He watched it for 15 minutes, and on going down the beach, missed sight of it, apparently through the height of the cliffs.

The Kelso correspondent of the "Otago Daily Times" has been informed by several persons that they have seen the "airship" which was recently reported to have been in that district, amongst the number being several Dunedin tradesmen working about six miles from Kelso. They state that on July 24 they saw an airship distinctly. It circled round several times, and then went in the direction of Hokonui Mountains, returning some hours later, and sailing towards the Blue Mountains. Lights were also seen on Saturday evening, and it is stated that the noise of some machine was also heard.

Lord Kitchener.

Information has been received by the Acting-Prime Minister (Hon. Jas. Carroll) that Lord Kitchener has accepted the invitation of Cabinet to visit New Zealand.

Finance and Trade.

The Hon. T. Mackenzie (Minister for Industries and Commerce) passed through Palmerston North on his way to the Moutohaki experimental farm. On being seen by a "Manawatu Times" reporter, regarding the financial position of the Dominion, Mr. Mackenzie gave the following figures:—

	£
Exports for half-year ended June 30, 1908	10,083,470
Imports	8,292,918
Excess of exports over imports	1,760,522
Exports for half-year ended June 30, 1909	12,292,444
Imports	6,783,882
Excess of exports over imports	5,508,562

These figures, Mr. Mackenzie said, constituted a record, the previous best increase being £3,683,310 in 1906 for the whole year. The effect of these figures had been felt on banking to the extent of nearly £1,000,000. The money market, which had suffered from various causes, was now relieved, and already money, at reduced rates, was available for all sound investments. He could say, unhesitatingly, that never before in the history of the Dominion had a firmer grasp been exercised by the Administration of the finances or a keener scrutiny kept on expenditure. This was causing considerable unpopularity in some districts, and threats of dire consequences, but he felt sure there was behind the Government the quiet, solid, appreciative public, who watched carefully, and who, when the right time came, would show that they valued what was being done.

Following are the values of the principal products exported during July, as shown by the Customs returns, with figures for July, 1908, for comparison:

	1908.	1909.
Butter	15,863	26,310
Cheese	13,004	3,577
Frozen beef	62,555	42,361
Mutton	74,603	94,518
Lamb	131,315	154,810
Wheat	141,929	60
Oats	121,942	13,613
Hemp	18,407	21,646

COMMONWEALTH.

Infanticide in Melbourne.

The Coroner, holding an inquest on three infants, the death in each case being due to suffocation, declared that Melbourne was drifting into a condition similar to what existed in the worst

period of the Roman Empire, when infanticide became so common that its punishment was neglected altogether.

The Union Label.

The Victorian Employers' Federation has decided to make every effort to prevent the use of the union badge. The Federation considers it is being introduced as a weapon of boycott.

For several months past the Shop Assistants' Union has been steadily and secretly pushing forward a scheme by which they hope to drive all non-unionist shop assistants into the union fold. The means whereby they are striving to reach this end was candidly described by a prominent member of the Sydney Labour Council as "boycott," and that, according to the same authority, was a right and proper weapon for the unionist to use. The plan of campaign mapped out by the Shop Assistants' Union was, briefly, that from August 9 onwards no trades unionist should purchase goods, at any shop where the employees do not wear the union badge. By the date mentioned the union will have circulated white lists of all traders employing unionists—and no trades unionist must shop elsewhere.

Armour-plated Umpires.

In the House of Assembly, Mr. Fitzpatrick, referring to rowdism at Saturday's football matches, asked the Chief Secretary if he would see that in future, so far as umpires are concerned, they are provided with protection in the shape of coats of mail or police protection. The reply was a promise of adequate police protection.

A Thrilling Experience.

The tug Irresistible had a thrilling experience off Newcastle last week, while towing the barque Antiope.

A sudden gale arose, with tremendous seas. The Antiope was carrying considerable sail, and raced away. She swung the tug round and buried her under a sea almost to the funnel, with her stern under. She was on the point of capsizing when the mate with a hatchet severed the line, and the tug, righting itself, reached Newcastle without the Antiope.

The Call of Mamma.

An interesting correspondence between Miss Ada Ward, the actress-angel, and Mr. Walter Bentley, the well-known actor, has been published.

The latter sought to obtain from her proof of a recent statement that several actors had left the stage through her ministrations in Sydney, and asked her if she had come to a decision about returning to the stage herself.

Miss Ward wired from Melbourne that she would accept a theatrical engagement at £100 weekly. This was as a result of an interview with Mr. Bentley in Sydney when mention was made of staging "Macbeth" and the possibility of her appearing as Lady Macbeth.

Mr. Bentley replied that the terms were prohibitive. In a letter from Adelaide Miss Ward stated, "I shall most likely make my reappearance on the stage at Portsmouth."

Australian Coinage.

The Coinage Bill was taken in committee in the Federal House of Representatives last week.

Sir John Forrest explained that the proportion of silver would be the same as in the United Kingdom and Canada. The coins would not be interchangeable with those of the United Kingdom, but probably would be accepted in New Zealand and the Pacific Islands.

Mr. Fisher objected to the words "King and Emperor" on the coins.

Sir John Forrest stated he would endeavour to alter them to "King of all the Britains."

The discussion was adjourned.

Auckland Lady Robbed.

Mrs. Willshire, an Auckland passenger by the Mokoia, reported the loss of jewellery valued at over £1000. The jewellery was packed in a strong trunk, which was not required on the voyage, and was unopened until after removal to her Sydney hotel.

It is not known whether the robbery was committed in Auckland or during the voyage. The police are investigating.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

"Old Women of Both Sexes."

The "Spectator" sharply criticises the decision of the Committee of Defence regarding the possibility of an invasion of Britain.

"The fleet," says the "Spectator," "is not the nurse of the army. By encouraging this belief, Mr Haldane is encouraging the demand that the fleet should cuddle the British coasts in order to soothe the fears of the 'old women' of both sexes.

"The fleet must go where the highest strategy demands, and might be compelled to leave home waters, thus causing temporary local loss of sea power and tempting an enemy to make a dash for our shores."

Insurance Against Unemployment.

Mr. Winston Churchill (President of the Board of Trade), speaking at Branksome Park, Dorsetshire, said that before Parliament ended, unless it were violently broken by a foul blow, an extensive measure of insurance against unemployment would be passed, based on the principle of workmen being able to make some little weekly sacrifice, to be joined by an employer's contribution and a State subvention.

The Board of Trade was now elaborating the scheme, and he added, "Mr. Lloyd George will introduce next year a scheme, working through the friendly societies, to enable householders to insure against sickness, invalidity, and death of the breadwinner."

An International Congress of Social Insurance was held in Rome in October, 1908. The subject of insurance against unemployment elicited much discussion at the congress. It was admitted that good results had followed the application of this system by the State in several countries. The law in Denmark provides for associations of workmen belonging to one or more trades, or of employees, such as clerks and waiters. These are recognised by the State and receive State aid, amounting to one-third of the premiums collected by the association. A total, not to exceed £13,500, is distributed in proportion to the premiums collected by each association. The association must not afford assistance (1) to those who are unemployed on account of a strike or lockout; (2) to sick, or those who are unable to work; and (3) to those who have lost their work through drinking habits, or bad conduct, or a refusal to accept the work offered by the association. Assistance may take the form of travelling allowance, house rent, daily pay, or in kind. The daily pay must not exceed two-thirds of the current wages in the trade concerned, and a maximum and minimum amount are fixed.

The Duties of the Landlord.

Many prominent Opposition speakers are complaining of the violence of Mr Lloyd George's speech at Limehouse last week.

Mr Walter Long, ex-President of the Board of Education, addressing 20,000 Unionists at Christchurch, said that the speech proved that Mr Lloyd George was attempting to destroy the great landed and propertied classes.

The Liberals, he continued, can no longer pretend that their policy is guided by financial considerations.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking at Limehouse, said that land was not merely for enjoyment, but for stewardship, and unless the landlords discharged the duties attaching to the ownership the time would come to consider the conditions under which land is held. His resolve in framing the Budget was that no cupboard should be bare, and no lot harder to bear.

A Sordid War.

Mr Keir Hardie, M.P., in a speech delivered yesterday, said that the sordid capitalists' war in Morocco justified the Barcelona revolt.

Britain and Russia.

The Czar was warmly cheered on passing through the lines of the fleet at Spithead.

Mr Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr Reginald McKenna had long conversations with the Czar and the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Izvolsky.

A banquet was held on the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, at which King Edward cordially greeted the Czar, and

referred to the visit of the delegates from the Duma and Council of Empire to Britain. His Majesty remarked that the fleet which had just been inspected was a symbol, not of war, but of peace.

The Czar, in a sympathetic speech, expressed deep appreciation of the cordiality of the welcome extended the Empress and himself.

Mr Keir Hardie, M.P., speaking at Sutton-Coldfield, said the Czar's yacht being like a plague boat, precautions had been taken to guard Britain against the contamination of the Czar's presence.

An open letter, addressed to Sir Edward Grey, Minister for Foreign Affairs, signed by the Bishops of Birmingham and Hereford, several deans and pastors, three peers, 73 Commoners, and a number of authors, editors and professors, urges him to exercise his friendly influence, on humanitarian grounds, to secure a relaxation of the severity of repression in Russia.

The Czar's yacht Standart has sailed, escorted by the Inflexible, Indomitable, and Invincible.

The Czar, in a farewell message, said that he was deeply impressed by his visit, the affectionate welcome accorded by the Royal Family, and the attitude of British statesmen, people and Press, all of which he declares are happy auguries for the future. Before the Czar left Cowes, the Lord Mayor presented the City of London's address in a golden casket. The London and Liverpool Chambers of Commerce also presented addresses.

The Naval Estimates.

Both the Lords and the Commons agreed to the Naval Estimates without division.

During the course of a desultory debate in the House of Commons, Mr A. H. Lee condemned the failure of the Government to provide sufficient up-to-date destroyers.

When existing programmes were complete, he said, Britain would have 84 against Germany's 72, a proportion which was ludicrously insufficient.

Discussion on the report stages of the naval, military and civil service votes was ended by the application of the closure, votes totalling 75 millions being passed during the sitting.

Airship for Britain.

Experiments with Wrights' aeroplane will be started at Aldershot shortly.

Mr. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, in the Commons, said that the Vickers-Maxim Company was constructing a very large dirigible of the Zeppelin type for the Admiralty, to carry a crew of 80 men.

The Army would shortly have three non-rigid, including the two provided by the "Morning Post."

The estimates would enable the Admiralty to spend £35,000 and the Army, £36,000 on airships in the coming year.

Replying to the criticisms of the Opposition that Britain was behind other nations, Mr. Haldane explained that flying machines were very simple, and it was impossible to keep the designs a secret. There was, therefore, no cause for anxiety.

It has been known for some time that a big airship was being built at Barrow by Vickers for Britain. In addition there is the Clement-Bayard, to be ready next month, and the two dirigibles to be purchased by the "Morning Post" subscription lists.

The general opinion of experts is that England has lost nothing by starting leisurely in the construction of aeroplanes and dirigible balloons. The art of flying is no close monopoly, but is in the possession of most countries. It is all a matter of perfecting the apparatus, a question of engineering. Within ten years the world will probably know as many kinds of flying machines as it now knows motor-cars. In the new department constituted in Great Britain special attention will be given to the navigation of the air in conjunction with both the army and the navy. All sorts of interesting points are being raised. All of the experts appear to agree that in the next war between great Powers the flying man will play a prominent if not a leading part. The defects of the dirigible are many. It offers a comparatively easy target; it would be the simplest of preys to a flying machine, and gunnery as we now know it could not be discharged from it. The aeroplane, on the other hand, when a very little more perfect than it is at present, will be a most serious problem to contend with. It is agreed

that with its great speed—100 miles an hour may be confidently anticipated—it will be, even when travelling close to the ground, safe against any weapons now in service. A single aeroplane could with very little trouble destroy a whole fleet of dirigible balloons. The carrying capacity of the machine, as it is to-day, is small, although even now two bombs of 75lbs. each could be taken up by one of the Wrights. But neither dirigibles nor aeroplanes are being overlooked. Mr. Haldane, in a recent interview, said that, for the convenience of both services, and to expedite inquiry and hasten action, whilst the Admiralty pursues their investigations into the former, the Army will deal with the latter. He thought that practically no time had been lost, and money had not been wasted upon fruitless experiments or valueless appliances. It was better to proceed in such a matter with discreet forethought, and really, as he had said, no actual time had been lost. Data had been collected, and measures taken to proceed upon sure lines. One of the Powers, which had spent a lot of money, had got little or nothing to show for their outlay. In fact, in only one place had they managed to tabulate the result of experiments that could be reckoned of any value or help in solving questions connected with aviation. They were not only themselves experimenting, but they were closely following what was being done in all other directions. A school of air pilots was being formed, not merely in England, but if it were necessary a certain number of officers would be sent to France or elsewhere to learn how to handle an aeroplane. The guidance of dirigibles was already being undertaken in England.

Budget Taxation.

The Duke of Portland, addressing the tenants on his Welbeck estate, said that £1000 weekly was spent in wages on this estate, but this amount would necessarily be largely diminished if the Budget became law, thus disorganising the local labour market.

Taxation upon capital, he continued, was fundamentally unsound finance, and would bring ruin upon agriculturalists. The chairman of Watney's Brewery Company, at the annual meeting, stated that the increased license duties would cause the company to pay £100,000 additional taxation.

Another Royal Visit.

King Manuel of Portugal has accepted King Edward's invitation to pay an early visit to England.

Shop Assistants' Hours.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Home Secretary, has introduced the Shops Bill, fixing shop assistants' maximum employment at 60 hours a week. Employment after 8 o'clock is only allowed on three days a week.

The bill includes compulsory Sunday closing and a weekly half-holiday. It is not intended to pass the measure during the present session.

A Stray Bullet.

The Rev. Hodgson, chaplain of the Leeds Rifle Club, while watching the Territorial manoeuvres at Grimsborough, was killed by a stray bullet from a live cartridge inadvertently mixed with the blank ammunition.

Press Delegates Returning.

Mr. Mark Cohen, editor of the "Dunedin Star," one of the delegates to the Imperial Press Conference, returns to New Zealand by the Marama.

Mr. Geo. Fenwick, managing editor of the "Otago Daily Times," returns by the Makura.

Violent Suffragettes.

Two of the suffragettes recently released from Holloway Gaol have been sentenced to a month and 10 days' imprisonment respectively, for assaulting female warders.

The magistrate declined to order "second division" treatment.

Invalidity Insurance.

At the annual meeting of 'Ancient Order of Foresters,' held at Glasgow, and attended by 800 delegates, representing 900,000 lodge-members, reference was

made to the scheme which Mr. Lloyd George contemplates introducing to enable householders to insure against the sickness, invalidity, or death of the breadwinner.

The High Chief Ranger (Bro. John Brown) stated that the High Court was not in favour of the Government undertaking insurance against sickness and invalidity in opposition to the permanent friendly societies and would do what they could to prevent the scheme from being carried into effect. The Government could not provide benefits with the same satisfactory result. Nevertheless, the High Court would hesitate to oppose wage-earners being compelled to insure against sickness. They had learned with grave concern that the matter was not to be referred to a Royal Commission, and that the Government had resolved on legislation.

The Grandmaster of the Independent Order of Oddfellows (Bro. Ben. Kilvington) said that Mr. Lloyd George was enamoured of the German scheme of State insurance. It would be better if he had taken the friendly societies into his confidence. He believed the proposal was fraught with danger.

The Oddfellows, as a body, have resolved that any Government or State insurance would be detrimental to friendly societies.

The speakers stated that the scheme would only benefit wastrels. The Compensation Act had caused such malingering that sickness claims had doubled.

The Hearts of Oak, Rechabites and Oddfellows have resolved to approach the Government to protest against the benefits paid to their members being taken account of when old age pensions are determined.

At the conference in Sheffield of the Nottingham Order of Oddfellows, Mr. Gilchrist, of Manchester, gave the following details of the State insurance scheme:—Five shillings to men in sickness, whether temporary or permanent, unless receiving payments under the Workmen's Compensation Act. Reorganisation by the Government of the friendly societies that are of a permanent of well-established character. Dividing clubs will not be included. Membership of a society will be extended to every worker, male or female, between sixteen and seventy. Employers week by week will deduct from the wages of the worker a sum in proportion to age. Mr. Gilchrist was not able to say what those amounts would be, because the actual calculations had not been completed. But supposing the sum to be deducted was three pence, the employer would add one penny, and the State an amount equal to that contributed by the employer. If the worker be a member of a friendly society recognised by the State, the presentation to his employer of his contribution card or a receipt for contributions paid showing him not to be in arrear will exempt him from deductions. That will not exempt the employer or the State from paying their share. No funeral benefit is to be provided. The provision is for sickness, invalidity, and medical and special aid, and sanatoria. Members may insure for any amount larger than 5/ per week, which is the minimum, but there will be no compulsion to go beyond that amount.

The State, Mr. Gilchrist added, would insist upon membership in recognised societies, but it was not intended to start any State or opposition society. If the friendly societies carried out the scheme, as friendly society members they had nothing to fear.

Kitchener's Promotion.

Lord Kitchener will be promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal upon vacating his command in India.

He represents the King at the forthcoming Japanese manoeuvres, and thence proceeds to Australia and New Zealand to inspect the troops and advise on questions of defence upon the lines decided upon by the Imperial Conference.

Afterwards he succeeds the Duke of Connaught in the Mediterranean command, the importance of which will be greatly increased.

Lord Kitchener will be given a seat on the Committees of Imperial Defence.

Shackleton's Promotion.

Lieutenant Shackleton will lecture in the United States and Canada. President Taft and Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, are members of the reception committee. Record fees are guaranteed.

Lieutenant Shackleton, interviewed, stated that the proceeds of his lectures

are already mortgaged. He explained that a group of Englishmen who promised assistance for his late expedition withdrew at the last moment owing to the American financial crisis. Lieutenant Shackleton raised £20,000 upon his personal guarantee, the Australian and New Zealand contributions were used to secure additional stores and scientific equipment.

He hopes by the proceeds of his book, lectures, and personal subscriptions to repay the £20,000 by due date, July, 1910.

Empire Defence.

The United Service Club entertained the delegates to the Imperial Defence Conference at dinner last week.

Sir F. Borden, Canadian Minister for Militia, replying to a toast, said that a few years ago the Canadian forces were a disorganised mob. They could now put 50,000 into the field, and another 50,000 in a few weeks. Canada was going to do her duty with the navy, for which they were beginning once more to lay the foundation. In case of trouble she would join in helping to maintain the Empire, and would give all the money she could get, and help with men to man the fleet.

Colonel Foxton, the Australian delegate, said the great bulk of the electors of Australia had come round to the view that the real defence of Australia would not be in their waters, but that the crucial test might be fought many thousands of miles away from their shores. Australia was prepared to fall in line with any suggestion which might be made by the Imperial authorities. They hoped to maintain a standard which would bear a fair comparison with the standard of the British Navy, so that when the time came their union of ships might be found capable of taking its fair share of the burdens which might be thrown upon Australia as an integral portion of the Empire. They in Australia claimed that blood was thicker than water, and realised that the Empire consisted of people of one flag, and that there was one destiny for them all.

Ex-General Smuts (Colonial Secretary for the Transvaal) said it was true that blood was thicker than water, yet in another sense there was something that was thicker than blood. The tie of honour was even greater and stronger. He hoped as time went on it would be more and more realised that it was not the tie of blood which held them together, but the tie of community of interests, of justice, of fair play and equality. When they saw the wonderful naval display at Spithead they did not forget that in the last resort it was not machinery, or honour, or cold steel which told in a struggle, but nerve.

Necessity for Wireless.

Lund's Line, owners of the missing steamer Waratah, cling to the idea that the steamer is drifting owing to her machinery being disabled.

The uncertainty regarding her fate provides the underwriters with a fresh argument for making wireless apparatus compulsory on all ocean liners.

A bill now before the United States Congress requires wireless equipment on all ocean steamers carrying not less than 50 passengers, under a heavy penalty.

Mr Winston Churchill, President of the Board of Trade, is considering the introduction of similar legislation.

EUROPE.

General Strike in Sweden.

A general strike was proclaimed in Sweden on August 2. In consequence of this the sale of alcoholic liquor has been prohibited throughout Sweden, and the standing army has been mobilised and distributed among the chief strike centres.

The tramway and cab services in Stockholm have been suspended. Troops are now guarding the gas and electric light works.

There are 250,000 men on strike in Sweden as a result of the declaration of a general strike.

The strikers have excepted from the general strike the water supply and lighting service, besides organising special constables to assist in maintaining order.

A compromise is expected, as all trade and ordinary conveniences of life are stopped.

The Spanish War.

Senator Antonio Maura, Premier of Spain, in an interview with a representative of the "Times," stated that the Catalanian revolt ended on July 31. Out of 800 communes in the province there were disturbances in only 15.

The Catalanian brigade at Melilla, in Morocco, fought extremely well.

The Premier continued that General Marina, who is in charge of the operations in Morocco, would shortly be in a position to take the offensive.

The "Times" Madrid correspondent reports that the rising at Barcelona was organised with extraordinary secrecy and ability. A general strike was decreed on Friday, and commenced on Monday, Barcelona being isolated by the evening.

The strike movement in Madrid was nipped in the bud by the Government arresting Iglesias and other Socialist leaders, and closing the Socialist headquarters.

The great majority of the strikers are honest workmen, who objected to the military expeditions.

A detachment of sixty Spaniards held a blockhouse all day on Aug. 4 against a large force of Moors, who dispersed when a relief column appeared.

The Spaniards charged with great dash, cheering for Spain and the King.

The Moors made another midnight attack on the Spaniards, and tore up 150 yards of the railway line, before reinforcements dispersed them. Forty Spaniards were wounded in the skirmish.

A balloon is reconnoitering the gorges and ravines of Mount Gurugu.

The Moors have shown extraordinary skill in constructing shelters, and the sharpshooters dig holes, covered with stones, so that only the rifle barrel appears, and they are able to fire at almost point-blank range.

Out of 100 wounded Spaniards who were interrogated, only two stated that they had seen the enemy.

A Night of Horror.

Reuter's and other correspondents report fierce fighting on July 25 between the police and revolutionists outside Barcelona.

The Marist Monastery offered a stout resistance, and three monks were shot dead.

The mob destroyed five churches and convents in a few hours, and during the night Barcelona was given over to all the horrors of revolution. Many people were murdered, including nuns.

There was no gas or electricity in the streets, and a gang of incendiaries, including women, carried torches, bundles of straw and paper, hatchets, and petroleum, and rushed from church to church and convent to convent.

Next afternoon they sacked a number of goldsmiths' shops.

The Fathers and pupils of the Jesuit monastery at Sarria repelled the rioters for three days by steady rifle fire, until the artillery relieved them.

After the burning of a convent at San Jeronimo, the revolutionists disinterred the corpses, and carried them in procession and tied ropes to the embalmed bodies of nuns and dragged them through the streets.

There are now 25,000 soldiers in Barcelona.

Rioters Shot in Batches.

The "Chronicle's" correspondent at Barcelona, telegraphing through Cape Cerbere, Southern France, reports that there are 1000 prisoners in the Montjuich Fortress at Barcelona, mostly Aupes, including women and boys.

Since the leading revolutionists escaped a court-martial has been sitting all day, and rioters taken red-handed or smelling of petroleum, or showing traces of gunpowder, are found guilty and shot in batches a few hours later.

The "Daily Express" correspondent reports that 100 people have been shot since July 31 by firing squads of forty infantry in the courtyard of the fortress in the presence of the garrison.

Arrests continue, owing to some of the condemned accepting respite in return for giving the authorities names of revolutionists.

An 800-ton Submarine.

The new French submarine Archimede, of 800 tons, has been launched at Cherbourg. She is the largest submarine in the world.

AFRICA.

Missing Lund Liner.

The cruisers Forte and Pandora have left Simonstown (Cape Colony) and Durban respectively to search for the Waratah.

It is probable that the liner's machinery broke down during the recent heavy gales, and that she has drifted southward.

The Lund Line is still without news of the missing steamer Waratah.

When the Waratah left Melbourne she had the following passengers:—Mr J. E. Mullen, Mr S. G. Sawyer, Mr B. Oslear, Mrs Oslear, Mr Wilkinson, Mrs Starke, Miss Starke, Mrs J. W. Wilson, Miss L. Wilson, Mr F. C. Saunders, Mr G. A. Richardson, Mrs and Miss Wilson, Mr J. Eshaworth, Mrs Govett, Miss Lascelles, Mr Neil Black, Miss M. Campbell, Mr W. R. Jamison, Lieutenant-colonel Browne, Miss Lees and maid, Mrs A. B. Woods and child, Misses Hay (2), Mr Morgan, Mrs Cawood, Mr and Mrs E. B. Page, Dr. Fulford. Others joined at Adelaide.

Forty-five guineas per cent has been paid to reinsure the missing Lund liner Waratah.

Reuter's Capetown correspondent states that the initial apprehension regarding the Waratah has been relieved by the non-discovery of wreckage.

Reports from Durban state that cyclonic weather and mountainous seas have been experienced.

A tug sent out in search of the steamer Waratah has returned to Nasseby without discovering any trace of the liner.

The Waratah is insured for £300,000.

The rates for reinsurance of the Waratah have been raised to 50 guineas per cent.

The wreck of the Maori has deepened apprehension regarding the fate of the Waratah, whose reinsurance has risen to 70 guineas per cent.

The Waratah took 300 tons of coal on her bridge-deck, after discharging cargo at Port Natal.

The cruisers sent out to search for the missing steamer have not returned.

South African Bill.

The House of Lords passed the United South Africa Bill through committee unamended, rejecting several of Lord Courtney's amendments embodying native claims.

The Prince of Wales has provisionally promised to open the first South African Union Parliament.

A White Man's Land.

Ex-President Roosevelt, banqueting at Nairobi, in British East Africa, his headquarters on his hunting tour, said that few people realised that under the Equator was a real white man's land. During his journeys he had seen large tracts of country suitable for settlers, though the coast regions and the far interior were only suitable for blacks under white supervision.

He added that the blacks must be treated without brutality and also without sentiment.

Sentiment, he continued, would probably be more harmful than brutality.

Wreck of the Maori.

Thirty-two Lives Lost.

LONDON, August 6.

The Shaw Savill and Albion Company's well-known liner Maori struck a rock at Duyker Point, 40 minutes after leaving Capetown, and sank in four minutes. The discipline of the crew was magnificent.

Captain Nicoll ordered the 55 men aboard to man three boats. These lost sight of each other in the darkness.

That of Chief-Officer Reid, with 15 of the crew, rowed in the open sea until daybreak.

The boat struck a rock, and capsized while attempting to land. Eight of the men struggled through the surf, but the rest were drowned.

The shattered remains of another boat have been picked up, and hope for the other 47 officers and men is now abandoned, tugs reporting that it is impossible for them to have survived in the mountainous seas.

The saved include Reed (the engineer), Keenan (the boatswain), Stewart (helmsman), Stillwell, and a fireman.

Stewart displayed magnificent gallantry. He swam 80 yards through the boiling surf, though already exhausted, and saved Stillwell, and then returned and rescued the fireman.

Finally, he sought to bring in the refrigerating engineer (Hutchinson), but the latter sank.

Stewart reached the shore with great difficulty.

The Maori was valued at £40,000. Her cargo, largely comprising steel rails, was valued at £120,000.

Those saved from the Maori included Yates (a steward), Munns (a seaman), Brown (a greaser), and Holmes and Milton (firemen).

The number of survivors is thus increased from eight to nine.

The cabled report states that only eight were saved, but nine names are given in the lists of the survivors. Duiker Point nearly claimed the Everton Grange early last year, the liner running on the rocks and damaging her fore peak. She got clear, however, and was repaired in Capetown. The Point forms the end of the Cape peninsula, and the chief danger consists of a ledge of rocks running off-shore for half-a-mile. A strong current and thick sea fogs add to the difficulties of navigators. The Point is within 10 miles of Capetown.

A number of fishermen, viewing the wreck of the Shaw, Savill and Albion Company's steamer Maori at Duyker Point, on August 6, detected 12 men clinging to the wrecked steamer's mast tops.

The fishermen succeeded in establishing communication with the survivors, and, despite the enormous waves breaking over the wreck, they saved two and got them safely ashore.

Two others were drowned while endeavouring to reach the shore.

Communication with the wreck was established by rocket in the evening, and food and brandy sent to the eight men still clinging to the mast.

The fishermen displayed great heroism in their efforts to get the men ashore.

The "Daily Mail" correspondent wires later—

The Maori was wrecked three yards

from a rock-bound coast, in an inaccessible position.

"When the boats left the ship, 12 men were still asleep below, not aware of the disaster. When they got on deck they succeeded in throwing a line ashore, and Middleton (engineer) and O'Brien (fireman) crawled to land with great difficulty.

"Other two were drowned in attempting to get to land.

"The remaining eight took refuge in the rigging, and remained there for 48 hours. They were frequently drenched with heavy seas.

"The rocket apparatus threw a rope over the ship on Saturday morning, and the eight survivors were dragged ashore through a tremendous sea."

The boatswain (George Stewart), a native of Lyttelton, states that he cut free two boats, which were both well filled

ed with members of the crew, and he thought himself the last to leave with the third boat, those on the boat not knowing or the 12 who were below. The men in his boat pulled desperately, and they occasionally sighted the other two boats. Dawn revealed to them a jagged coast, and they steered for a patch of sand, but struck a rock, and overturned. He started to swim ashore, and rescued Stillwell and Melon. The latter weighed 18 stone.

Twenty-one of the 53 men who constituted the crew have been saved.

Pitiful scenes have been witnessed at the Shaw, Savill and Albion Company's office in Leadenhall-street, where mothers, wives and sweethearts of the members of the crew have been anxiously awaiting news.

The majority of the crew belong to London.

The Maori is lying in deep water, with her back broken.

Following are the names of the 10 who were saved after clinging to the mast:—

S. K. Brewer, chief engineer,
Maywood, engineer.
Bowler, engineer.
Thomson, engineer.
Barr, storekeeper.
Evans, seaman.
Hutchings, fireman.
Hatch, cook.
Clarke, ship's boy.
Mills, ship's boy.

ASIA.

Persia's Crown Jewels.

The Shah, when deposed, secured the Crown jewels, and these he refused to surrender to the new Government, who are endeavouring to compel him to give them up.

The possibility of the Nationalists refusing to recognise the late Government's foreign debts is causing disquiet.

The ex-Shah, Mohammed Ali, has accepted the Persian Government's offer of £15,000 and an annual pension of £5000, on condition that he quits Persia, delivers up the Crown jewels remaining in his possession, and states how he disposed of the missing jewels.

The ex-Shah departs in a fortnight. The Russian troops will leave Kazvin simultaneously.

Indian Affairs.

The Indian Budget shows a deficit of 33 millions, instead of the expected surplus of half-a-million.

The deficit is chiefly due to the lower receipts on the railway and heavier working expenses.

The Master of Elibank has warned Indian agitators of the Government's deliberate intention to maintain order and remove them, if necessary, from their sphere of activity. Anglo-Indian newspapers strongly commend this declaration and the Government's firmness.

Extremists endeavoured to introduce seditious propaganda into the Native States. The Maharajah of Gwalior determined to crush the movement at the outset and 35 agitators were arrested and tried. Four were sentenced to seven years, and 28 to shorter terms of imprisonment.

AMERICA.

Wright's Aeroplane.

The United States Government has paid the Wright Brothers 30,000 dollars (£6000) for their aeroplane, including a bonus because its speed exceeded 40 miles an hour.

Mr. T. A. Edison prophesies that in 10 years' time aeroplanes will carry mails at a speed of 100 miles an hour.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Hon McGowan Entertained.

A largely attended meeting of the friends and supporters of the Hon. Jas. McGowan was held last week, when the late member was entertained and presented with a handsome gold watch and chain and a beautifully illuminated address with a handsome cover of inlaid New Zealand woods. Mr. Burns, ex-Mayor and chairman of the committee, presided. Mr. McGowan's services were eulogised, and his health drunk with musical honours. Several toasts were proposed, and responded to, the proceedings throughout being of a cordial

nature. The address was signed by 200 from all parts of the Thames district.

Mr. H. J. Ricketson, of Victoria, is at present on a visit to Auckland.

Mr. Cyril Collins, chief audit officer at Auckland, is paying a brief visit to Wellington.

The Rev. W. White, of Waihi, arrived in town by the Main Trunk express last week on a visit to Auckland.

Mr. A. Grant, late railway traffic superintendent at Dunedin, is at present spending a few weeks in Auckland.

Mr. Boyd, of Wellington, arrived in Auckland by train on Saturday morning and put up at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, of Gisborne, reached Auckland on Sunday by the Wimmera. They put up at the Grand Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. Goings, of the Waikato, arrived in Auckland by the express on Saturday. They put up at the Grand Hotel.

Captain A. D. Blair, of Dunedin, arrived in town by the Main Trunk express last week. He is staying at the Central Hotel.

Messrs D. McDougall and R. Young, of Wellington, who have been staying at the Star Hotel, left on their return home by Friday's express.

Mr. W. Turnbull, of Dunedin, who has been on a visit to the Royal Hotel, left on his return South last week.

Mr. Hay, postmaster at Dargaville, is at present on a visit to Auckland. He has been granted a month's leave.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, of Wellington, arrived in Auckland by train last week. They are staying at the Star Hotel.

Mr. A. B. Wright, Government Inspecting Engineer, has returned to Wellington after a visit to the Auckland district.

Mr. W. Wood, of Christchurch, arrived in Auckland by the Main Trunk express last week, and put up at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Carr, of Dunedin, who have been staying at the Grand Hotel, left on Wednesday on their return South.

Mr. J. A. Fothergill, of Dunedin, arrived in town by the Monowai on Thursday, and will spend a fortnight at the Star Hotel.

Mr. J. L. Salmond, architect, of Dunedin, who has been staying at the Star Hotel, left Auckland by the Navua last week for Suva.

Mr. H. Silverton, of Birmingham (England), reached Auckland by train last week, and took up his quarters at the Royal Hotel.

Mr. W. H. Fitzer, of Christchurch, came to town by the Main Trunk express on Thursday, and will spend a week at the Star Hotel.

Mr. J. Maingay, of Hawera, arrived in Auckland by the South express on Thursday on a brief visit to town. He is putting up at the Star Hotel.

Mr. M. St. John, of Wanganui, arrived in Auckland from Rotorua by the express last week, and will spend a few days at the Star Hotel.

Mr. J. Francis, of Gisborne, came up to Auckland by the Main Trunk express on Friday. He is staying at the Royal Hotel.

Messrs. R. and H. C. Gilmore, of Nelson, left for Rotorua by Thursday's express. They return to the Royal Hotel in a few days' time.

The Rev. Father Ormond, who has been appointed to St. Patrick's Cathedral, arrived from Gisborne by the steamer Monowai on Thursday.

Mrs. O. McCardie and the Misses McCardie (2), of Wellington, arrived at the Grand Hotel last week, having come to town by the express from Rotorua.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Rhodes, Miss Rhodes and Miss Cargill, all of Timaru, arrived by Wednesday's express on a visit to Auckland. They are putting up at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. C. J. Parr (chairman of the Auckland Education Board) was at the Board meeting last week accorded a sincere vote of sympathy by his fellow members respecting his recent sad bereavement.

Mr. F. E. Baume, M.P., of Auckland, returned to Wellington last week, with Mrs Baume, after a visit to Sydney. They arrived in Auckland by train on Friday morning.

Mr. T. Watt, of Christchurch, arrived in Auckland by the Main Trunk express last week, and put up at the Star Hotel. He left by the Navua en route for Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. St. Hill, of Hamilton, arrived at the Star Hotel on Saturday from Rotorua. They left by the Sydney steamer on Monday on a trip to Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Rhodes, Miss

Rhodes, and Miss Cargill, all of Timaru, who have been staying at the Grand Hotel, left for Rotorua by the express on Friday.

Messrs H. Moyler, of New Plymouth, and T. H. Nicholls, of Inglewood, who have been staying at the Royal Hotel, left on their return South by the Wellington express last week.

Mr. Budge, chief engineer of the a.s. Tofua, accompanied by Mrs. Budge, arrived in Auckland by the Monowai. Mr. Budge, who has been on holiday leave, rejoins the Tofua next week.

Mr. Ferguson, of Timaru, and Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls, of Oamaru, who have been spending a six weeks' visit to Rotorua, arrived in town by the express last week. They are staying at the Star Hotel.

It is stated that Colonel Guigou, late Resident Commissioner of the Cook Islands, who is expected to return to New Zealand by the next trip of the steamer, will take up his residence probably either at Gisborne or Auckland.

Private advices received in Wellington (says the "Post") state that Mr. Gresley Lukin, one of the New Zealand delegates at the Imperial Press Conference, intended leaving England on his return to New Zealand by the Ruapehu on Friday.

The Ponsoby Swimming and Life Saving Club are about to apply to the Humane Society for some suitable recognition of the efforts of Mr. Michael Dempsey, in saving a Mr. W. Brown, at Onchunga, from drowning. Mr. Dempsey has saved four lives.

Dr. Norman S. Hales, son of the late Mr. W. H. Hales (formerly Engineer-in-Chief for the Dominion), who is completing a dental course at Philadelphia, U.S.A., is returning to Wellington in October.

His Excellency the Governor, Lord Plunket, left Auckland on Sunday night by the express for Wellington, en route for Christchurch, where he will spend Carnival race week. Lady Plunket will also be in Christchurch for the races. They will return to the North-eastern city on the seventeenth, by way of the Main Trunk.

Mr. J. P. Wilson, of Scotland, is at present visiting New Zealand, and has been staying in Auckland.

Mr. Claud Williams (of Gisborne) arrived at the Grand Hotel on Sunday, having reached town by the Wimmera.

Mr. G. Hardy, of Rakaiia, arrived in Auckland by the Victoria from Sydney on Sunday, and put up at the Central Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Chapman, of Sydney, arrived in Auckland on Sunday by the Sydney steamer. They are staying at the Central Hotel.

Mr. Alex. Beavar, of Wellington, came up to Auckland by Saturday's express. He will spend a week or so at the Star Hotel.

Mr. J. C. Donnison, of Sydney, arrived in Auckland from Gisborne by the Wimmera. He spends about a week at the Star Hotel.

Mr. Justice Edwards and Mrs. Edwards returned to Auckland by the Main Trunk express on Saturday. They are staying at "Glenalvon."

Mr. G. L. Logan arrived from Wellington by the thorough express on Saturday and put up at the Grand Hotel. He is on a tour of the Dominion.

Mr. H. P. Solomon, of Wellington, arrived in Auckland by the Main Trunk express on Saturday. He will spend three or four days at the Star Hotel.

Mr. W. J. Palmer has retired from the position of horticulturist and orchard inspector under the Department of Agriculture as from July 31st.

On Friday evening the Rev. E. Adams, who has resigned the charge of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, was presented with a purse of 75 sovereigns by the congregation.

Mr. F. Hjorring (of Wellington) arrived in Auckland on Sunday by the thorough express. He is staying at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. N. H. Mackie, of the Valuation Department, is to be transferred to the head office. He leaves for Wellington, via the Main Trunk line, on Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Dadley, of Auckland, left by the Wimmera on Monday for Sydney, en route for Japan. They will be away from New Zealand for about six months.

A Press Association telegram from Hastings states that the Rev. Gordon Biddle, vicar of Leeston, Canterbury, has been invited to accept the position of assistant priest vacated by the Rev. Mr. Kayll.

Captain Worrall is now in charge of the Union Company's Moeraki, in succession to Captain Stott, who arrived

from the South yesterday, to take up the position of marine superintendent at Wellington.

The announcement that Mr. Triggs, editor of the "Press," Christchurch, has joined the board of directors of the Press Company, marks the close of an incident in connection with the representation of the Dominion at the Imperial Press Conference. As a result of the selection of a director of the Company, instead of a journalist, Mr. Triggs resigned his position as editor.

NORTHERN STEAM SHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

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

For Russell.
CLANSMAN Every Monday, at 7 p.m.
For Russell, Whangara, and Mangouai.
CLANSMAN Every Wednesday, at 5.30 p.m.
No Cargo for Russell.
For Awani, Waiharara, Houhora, Whangara, and Mangouai.
APANUI Every Monday, at 2 p.m.
No Cargo Whangara and Mangouai.
For Whangaruru, Helena Bay, Tautakaka, and Whananaki.
PAEROA Tuesday, 20th July, 1 p.m.
For Great Barrier.

WAIOTAHU Every Wednesday, midnight
For Waiheke and Coronandel.
LEAVE AUCKLAND.
DAPHNE Every Mon. and Fri. forenoon
LEAVE COROMANDEL, VIA WAIHAKA, DAPHNE Every Tues and Sat. early

FROM ONEHUNGA.
For Hokiang.

CLAYMORE Every Thursday
For Raglan and Kawhia.
CLAYMORE Every Monday

WHANGAREI SERVICE.

Steamers leave Whangarei as under:—

Train	Whangarei	S.S. NGAUHI	Leaves	Paras	Bay.
1st—11.45 a.m.	3.45 p.m.	2 p.m.	4 p.m.		
2nd—11.45 a.m.	9.30 a.m.	10 p.m.	9 a.m.		
6th—11.45 a.m.	10 a.m.	8 a.m.	No str.		
8th—9.15 a.m.	11.45 a.m.	10 a.m.	Noon		
10th—9.15 a.m.	11 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.		
12th—9.15 a.m.	1 p.m.	Noon.	No str.		
14th—9.15 a.m.	3.45 p.m.	2 p.m.	4 p.m.		
17th—9.15 a.m.	9.30 a.m.	No str.	9 a.m.		
20th—9.15 a.m.	11 a.m.	9 a.m.	No str.		
22nd—9.15 a.m.	11.45 a.m.	10 a.m.	Noon.		
24th—9.15 a.m.	1 p.m.	No str.	1 p.m.		
27th—9.15 a.m.	1 p.m.	Noon.	No str.		
29th—11.45 a.m.	3 p.m.	1 p.m.	3 p.m.		
31st—11.45 a.m.	9.30 a.m.	No str.	8 a.m.		

*Goods outward by steamer leaving on following dates, viz. 2nd, 6th, 10th, 17th, 20th, and 31st must leave up-country stations by afternoon train previous day.

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Sports and Pastimes.

Three notices of the late Sir Andrew Esau, ex-Lord Mayor of London, who died in England recently at the great age of 90, reside in Auckland. They are Mrs. Smiles, wife of the sailing-vicar of St. Sepulchre's Church, Mrs. E. Mackellar, and Mrs. York, mistress of the infant classes at the Edenvale school.

Mr Frederick Moore, A.R.A.M., one of the examiners appointed by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, has arrived in Sydney. He will commence adjudicating upon the practical work in Queensland. The second examiner, Herr Ludwig, is now examining the Northern Queensland centres. The third examiner, Mr Frederic Cliffe, is due to arrive at Fremantle on August 2nd. Three weeks will be spent in West Australia, conducting the practical examinations, after which he will proceed to New Zealand.

At the Mt. Eden Baptist Church last week a welcome social was tendered to Miss Gainsborough, an Indian Missionary, by the Auckland branch of the New Zealand Baptist Missionary Society. Miss Gainsborough has just returned from India, where she has been engaged in mission work for some years. The social was well attended and a success in every way, and the welcome accorded to Miss Gainsborough was a most cordial one. Addresses were delivered during the evening by Miss Gainsford, and the Revs. H. Knowles Kempton and H. Everett.

A private cable, received in Auckland yesterday from England, conveyed the news of the death of Mr. Henry Isaacs, which occurred on August 3rd. The late Mr. Isaacs was born in London about 1824, and accompanied by his brother George, left England in 1852, coming to Auckland via Melbourne. The brothers entered into business here, the firm afterwards developing to a large extent. During the Taranaki and Waikato wars the firm carried out a number of big contracts in provisioning the troops. Mr. Henry Isaacs was also, for a time, in business in Melbourne, with his brother Edward. During his residence in Auckland, he took a keen interest in municipal affairs, and was for many years a member of the Auckland Harbour Board, and of the City Council, being Mayor of Auckland from July 6, 1874, to December 16 of the same year. The late Mr. Isaacs was one of the promoters of the Auckland Shipping Company, which was afterwards merged into the New Zealand Shipping Company. Mr. Isaacs had, for many years past, lived in retirement in London. The deceased had several relatives in New Zealand, being the uncle of Mr. R. E. Isaacs, of Auckland, Mrs. Humphrey Haines and the Misses Isaacs (2), also of Auckland.

The resignation has been accepted by the Board of Governors of the Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncreiff, who has been warden of St. John's College since January 1, 1908. The retiring warden was the chosen of a large number of applicants for the position after the resignation of the Rev. H. Anson in 1907. Mr Scott-Moncreiff had a distinguished university career, and was first chaplain of Queen's College, Birmingham, and later vice-principal of the Dorchester Missionary College, which appointment he resigned to accept the wardenship of St. John's. Until the appointment of another warden the present sub-warden, the Rev. E. H. Strong, will be in charge of the College. Mr Strong, who is a New Zealander, graduated M.A. at the New Zealand University in 1900, and then went to Oxford, where he was senior colonial student and won the Cosberg Exhibition, graduating with the B.A. and B.Litt. degrees. In 1907 he was appointed to the parish of St. Barnabas, Balsall Heath, Birmingham, and at the beginning of the present year came out from England with the Bishop of Auckland (Dr. Neilgan).

News has been received of the death in Hamburg of Mr. W. Dittmer, a German artist who not long ago spent about two years in New Zealand, studying the Maoris as subjects for paintings and producing some very successful portraits of leading warriors and wharfed. He lived principally at Wanganui and Taupo. After returning to Germany, where he was recently married at Hamburg, he published an interesting work on Maori myths and legends, which were illustrated by very forceful sketches intended to reproduce the Maori spirit. The latest work in which he was engaged was a series of one hundred views of the port of Hamburg, which he was commissioned to paint for the Government or local authorities.

Mr. Donald Robertson, Secretary to the Post and Telegraph Department, received advice last week to the effect that his son, Mr. P. W. Robertson (the first Rhodes Scholar to go to Oxford from Wellington) had taken his degree as Doctor of Philosophy at Leipzig with distinction. For his thesis in connection with the examination, he received the highest marks of distinction (Egregius), and in his oral test the highest marks ("Summus Cum Laude"). The name of the thesis submitted by Mr. Robertson was "Optical Studies in Copper, Ammonia, Complexes for Red and Yellow Oxycyanobenzene Salts." It is controversial as to which educational centre confers the greatest distinction on one gaining his Ph.D. Degree, but Leipzig has been most in favour since the chemistry division of the University there has been controlled by Professor Haentsch. Mr. Robertson, who takes up an appointment as lecturer to the Rangoon branch of the Calcutta University in October, may now append the following letters to his name—M.A., M.Sc. (N.Z.), B.A. (Honours), Oxon, Ph.D., Leipzig—a fact which reflects credit in a very great degree on such a young man, and honours on his alma mater, Victoria College, Wellington.

SHARE LIST.

Paid-up.	LIABILITY PER SHARE.	Company	Last Quotation.
\$ s. d.	£	BANKS—	\$ s. d.
3 6 8	31	New Zealand ..	9 8 0
2 10 0	15	National ..	5 11 0
40 0 0	40	Australasia ..	104 0 0
26 0 0	20	Union of Australia ..	60 0 0
20 0 0	20	New South Wales ..	45 10 0
2 0 0	8	INSURANCE—	4 0 0
0 10 0	10	New Zealand, Limited ..	1 9 0
6 10 0	44	National ..	2 14 0
0 15 0	91	South British ..	1 2 6
0 10 0	81	Standard ..	0 4 0
1 0 0	111	N.Z. Loan & Mercantile ..	1 15 0
0 7 6	26	FINANCIAL—	0 18 6
0 10 0	11	N.Z. Loan & Mercantile ..	0 11 0
1 0 0	11	Northern Coal Co., Ltd. ..	1 0 6
4 10 0	14	Imperial Mines ..	6 15 0
3 0 0	11	Westport ..	1 2 0
5 0 0	11	Auckland (10/- paid) ..	14 17 8
1 0 0	11	Christchurch ..	9 5 0
1 0 0	11	Feilding ..	1 0 9
1 0 0	11	Hamilton ..	1 10 0
1 0 0	11	Palmerston North ..	2 10 0
2 0 0	5	Napier ..	24 0 0
6 0 0	8	New Plymouth ..	3 7 0
8 0 0	12	Thames ..	8 5 0
13 0 0	12	Wellington ..	11 16 0
3 6 2	44	Palmerston North ..	19 12 6
4 10 0	44	Palmerston North ..	10 0 0
1 0 0	11	Palmerston North ..	7 10 0
0 14 6	11	SHIPPING—	1 14 0
0 7 0	11	Union Steamship ..	7 2 6
0 14 6	11	New Zealand Shipping ..	0 13 0
0 7 0	76	Northern S.S. ..	0 6 2
1 0 0	11	Devonport Ferry ..	1 10 0
5 0 0	11	WOOLLEN—	5 10 0
3 10 0	11	Katapo ..	2 17 0
13 0 0	11	Almoguel ..	5 0 0
0 15 0	11	TIMBER—	1 12 6
0 15 0	11	K.T. Co. ..	0 15 0
0 15 0	11	Levland O'Brien Co. ..	4 4 6
0 15 0	11	Mountain Rimu Co. ..	1 2 0
1 0 0	11	Parker-Lamb ..	1 5 6
7 10 0	11	MRAT ..	10 10 0
10 0 0	11	Canterbury ..	2 12 0
5 0 0	11	Christchurch ..	4 4 6
4 0 0	11	Wellington Meat Ex. ..	1 10 0
2 12 4	23	Gear ..	3 1 0
1 0 0	11	Gear ..	2 11 9
4 0 0	11	Gear ..	10 4 6
1 0 0	11	MISCELLANEOUS—	1 2 6
1 0 0	11	Aukld. Elec. T. Pref. ..	1 1 3
1 0 0	11	New Zealand Drug ..	1 1 3
1 0 0	11	Sharland & Co. ..	1 1 9
1 0 0	11	Ujalo Oil ..	1 0 0
0 14 0	11	N.Z. Paper Mills ..	1 2 3
1 0 0	11	N.Z. Portland Cement ..	1 1 0
1 0 0	11	Wilson's ..	1 1 0
8 0 0	11	Donaghby Rope ..	1 18 6
8 0 0	11	Wgton. Opera H. Ltd. ..	7 17 6

MINING.

Paid-up.	LIABILITY PER SHARE.	Company	Last Quotation.
1 0 0	11	Waikato ..	9 10 8
1 0 0	11	Waikato ..	2 12 6
1 0 0	11	Waikato ..	1 7 0
1 0 0	11	Waikato ..	1 5 0
1 0 0	11	Waikato ..	0 17 0
1 0 0	11	Waikato ..	0 6 10

CRICKET.

THE AUSTRALIAN XI IN ENGLAND.

Programme of Matches.

AUGUST.

- 13-v. West of England (Devon, 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.

- 2-v. Essex, at Leyton.
- 6-v. An England Eleven (Mr. Bamford's), at Uxoteter.
- 8-Scarborough Festival, at Scarborough
- 13-v. South of England, at Hastings

A Win for Australia.

The weather was sunny and the wicket fast at Cardiff for the match between Australia and South Wales. The attendance was small. The Australians won with eight wickets to spare.

Lancashire Defeated.

Following are the scores:—

AUSTRALIA—First Innings.

- S. E. Gregory, b Brearley .. 0
- W. Bardsley, c Tyldesley, b Heap .. 13
- V. Ransford, b Heap .. 0
- W. W. Armstrong, not out .. 43
- M. A. Noble, b Brearley .. 4
- V. Trumper, b Dean .. 8
- C. G. Macartney, c MacLaren, b Dean 1
- A. J. Hopkins, c MacLaren, b Dean .. 8
- A. Cotter, b Dean .. 2
- H. Carter, b Heap .. 0
- F. Laver, b Dean .. 0
- Sundries .. 2

Total .. 87

Bowling analysis: Brearley took two wickets for 32; Heap, three for 38; and Dean, five for 15.

LANCASHIRE—First Innings.

- A. C. MacLaren, st. Carter, b Laver .. 16
- A. Hartley, b Macartney .. 3
- J. T. Tyldesley, lbw, b Laver .. 10
- J. Sharp, c Noble, b Laver .. 0
- H. Makepeace, lbw, b Armstrong .. 27
- J. MacLeod, c —, b Macartney .. 11
- J. S. Heap, b Macartney .. 1
- A. H. Hornby, st. Carter, b Armstrong .. 31
- H. Dean, b Armstrong .. 3
- W. Bardsley, b Armstrong .. 0
- W. Worsley, not out .. 0
- Sundries .. 2

Total .. 104

Bowling analysis: Laver, three for 25; Macartney, three for 44; Armstrong, four for 14; Noble, none for 16.

AUSTRALIA—Second Innings.

- M. A. Noble, c MacLaren, b Dean .. 0
- H. Carter, lbw, b Brearley .. 0
- S. E. Gregory, c MacLaren, b Dean .. 8
- F. Laver, run out .. 0
- Cotter, b Dean .. 37
- W. Bardsley, b Dean .. 4
- W. W. Armstrong, st Worsley, b Tyldesley .. 72
- V. Trumper, b Dean .. 54
- V. Ransford, b Sharp .. 6
- C. J. Macartney, not out .. 11
- Hopkins, c MacLaren, b Tyldesley .. 0
- Sundries .. 22

Total .. 214

Bowling Analysis: Brearley took one wicket for 40 runs, Dean five for 64, Heap none for 31, MacLeod none for 16, Sharp one for 31, Makepeace none for 2, Tyldesley two for 6.

LANCASHIRE—Second Innings.

- MacLaren, c Ransford, b Cotter .. 32
- Hartley, b Cotter .. 21
- Tyldesley, c Armstrong, b Hopkins .. 12
- Sharp, c Noble, b Hopkins .. 38
- Hornby, b Armstrong .. 1
- Makepeace, b Hopkins .. 6
- MacLeod, b Hopkins .. 4
- Heap, lbw, b Armstrong .. 1
- Dean, c Armstrong, b Hopkins .. 1
- Worsley, not out .. 2
- Brearley, b Hopkins .. 7
- Sundries .. 20

Total .. 150

Rhodes' Consistency.

Wilfred Rhodes, the Yorkshire international, has scored 1000 runs and taken 100 wickets for the seventh consecutive season, thus establishing a record.

A Fifth Wicket Record.

In the match Worcestershire v. Warwick, Arnold made 200 not out; Burns, 190; the fifth wicket putting on 393 and establishing a record.

FOOTBALL.

RUGBY.

The Ponsonby Team.

The Ponsonby football team defeated South Sydney on August 4 by 25 points to 6.

There was a high wind blowing, and Ponsonby, losing the toss, played for the first half against the wind, but notwithstanding this, the game was very even. Savoury secured a try, which O'Leary converted; South Sydney scoring a try.

In the second spell Ponsonby had all their own way, and piled up a score, the locals only adding three points to the visitors' 20. The line-out work of Ponsonby was much superior to that of their opponents, and their weightier forwards told. In the second half tries were secured by Francis, McGregor, Savoury, and Murray, and were converted by O'Leary in each case.

Sydney was pretty certain Ponsonby would be beaten last Saturday week, judging by "Arawa's" remarks in the "Daily Telegraph." Before the match he wrote: "Rightly or wrongly Aucklanders are apt to over-estimate the abilities of their players. In proof we need go no further back than the over-boomed City team, which had its back against the wall all the time it was here. The failure of that team to justify itself should make us chary about accepting the Ponsonby team at its own or its friends' assessment. True it is that the latter comes with a much greater reputation than the City team, and an eye-opening record. As to the big scores they have piled up it has to be borne in mind that they have had no opposition worthy of the name in the greater number of their matches, and it may be taking a line from the City team, who defeated another Auckland team by 38 points to nil just before they arrived here, that their record is in a measure due to the ridiculous weakness of their opponents, more than their own skill. Be this as it may, the Ponsonby men will have no cause for complaint as to the enthusiasm and whole-heartedness of the opposition here. They are to be called upon to meet a representative metropolitan team, and the best available at that. This, too, the day after a long sea journey. These artless Aucklanders will be quite overcome at the modesty of the preparations that have been made to receive them. And then they were asked to have another little game on Monday, but this seemed to exceed their capacity for innocent enjoyment, so they declined. Saturday afternoon's encounter against a team which the discerning writer in Wednesday's "Daily Telegraph" has declared quite good enough to extend Queensland, will probably provide them with more excitement than they will find palatable until a few more combined teams can be got together. Of course the general belief about the game, in view of the faith in New South Wales football—in a large measure justified by recent worthy deeds—is that Ponsonby will experience a check. Had the contest been of a purely club character there might not have been so much cause for premature jubilation. For test purposes, then, that is Auckland club football as against Sydney club football, the real match of the tour will be that against Newtown. It will be rather unfortunate for the deservedly rising reputation of New South Wales football if this combined team fails to win creditably against only a club fifteen just off a sea voyage. On the other hand, the Auckland club men will

have something to plume themselves about if, under the conditions, they can down the very best that Sydney has then available, especially as it will include four "Wallabies" and one "All Black" (one of the original team). Of course it is well known that the Inter-State team will be engaged in Queensland, and this, it is pointed out, is the reason why the club fixtures have fallen through. It is also well known that quite 30 or more players could be chosen in Sydney who are about equal in form. One lot is to play Queensland, and the next is to be pitted against Ponsonby. The programme may be highly entertaining, but it is certainly not club football. If the position was reversed, and say Newtown visited Auckland, while the latter's first team was on tour, and the next fifteen was selected to meet the Sydney club, what hope would the visitors have? In the words of one Johnson when he summed up Lang, "Dis an joke."

About 20,000 persons witnessed the Ponsonby match with Sydney Metropolitan, which was played in fine weather on August 7.

Early in the game Francis missed the goal from a fairly easy position, off a penalty kick. A fine bit of work by McCabe ended in a try, which Burge converted.

After a lot of even play, Francis kicked a fine goal from a mark. This success spurred the visitors, and from a good forward rally, Elliott scored, but Francis failed to convert.

The home team kept on the aggressive, and off a mark Francis added another goal.

In the second spell the visitors were on the defensive most of the time. At the start Francis made a feeble attempt at goal off a mark.

Some rough play on the part of one or two of the visitors called forth a caution from the referee.

The home team eventually began to play all over Ponsonby, and a couple of tries resulted, one of which was converted, the Metropolitan team thus winning by 13 points to nine.

Thames v. Auckland.

The annual match between Auckland and Thames was played at the latter place on Saturday, the Auckland team winning by 12 to 6.

Franklin v. Auckland B.

There was a good attendance at Pukekohe on Saturday, when the Auckland B team met Franklin. The Auckland team won by 13 to 3.

Taranaki v Wanganui.

The representative match, Taranaki v. Wanganui, was played on Saturday at Wanganui. Heavy rain had made the ground greasy, and prevented anything in the nature of a good display of back play. Taranaki won by 14 points to 3.

Wellington v. Taranaki.

The following is Wellington's representative Rugby team to meet Taranaki next Saturday:

- Fullback: Ryan (Petone). Three-quarters: Ryan (Dunek), Mitchellson, Evenson. Five-eighths: Walsh, McKeuzie. Half-back: Roberts. Wing forward: Gardner. Forwards: Ready, Houlahan, Wilson (Wellington), Wilson (Athletic), Bruce, Mitchell, Tanahle. Emergencies: Perry (forward), Ryan (back).

Southern Matches.

HOROWHENUA BEATS MANAWATU. Horowhenua defeated the Manawatu side for representatives at Levin by 14 points to 3.

WELLINGTON.

Poneke 9, beat Oriental 3; Petone 0, beat Athletic 0; St. James 11, beat Melrose 0; Southern 3, beat Victoria College 0; The Old Boys-Wellington match was not played, the ground being too wet.

CANTERBURY.

Saturday's Rugby matches resulted as follows:—Merivale and Albion played a draw, neither side scoring. Inwood (10) beat Old Boys (3). Sydenham (6) beat Canterbury College (3).

DUNEDIN.

The senior grade competition closed on Saturday. The results are: Zingari 9, beat Port 8; Albion 11, beat Pirates 8; Zingari 9, beat Pirates 8; Dunedin 12, beat Southern 8. Albion have won every match in which they have taken part and take the championship.

Kalkora beat Zingari-Richmond for the final round of the third grade banner. In the Inter-Union match, W. Harwood, the Union halfback, got his leg broken towards the end of the game.

The Man Behind the Scrum.

(By A. L. HUMPHRIES.)

[Arthur L. Humphries, easily the first half-back of the last generation, has something to say by way of contrast between the Rugby of to-day and yesterday, writes of New Zealand and Australia, gives some hints to the half-back, and finally expresses the opinion, with which many will agree, that too much rep-football is played in the Dominion.]

In speaking of Rugby football, the question repeatedly arises, are the players of to-day better than those of ten or fifteen years ago? Some will tell you that they are, while others, and I think the majority, still hold a brief for those players whose football days are done. Speaking as one of the old players, who has followed the game closely up to the present season, I would venture to say that if it were possible to test the strength of the best New Zealand representative team of to-day against that of ten years ago, there would be very little to choose between the two.

By this I do not mean to say that the style of play has not altered; as a matter of fact I think it has changed considerably, but not in every respect is the alteration an improvement. For instance, the new style of back play, though possibly stronger in attack is, in my opinion, considerably weaker in defence, and for this reason, that instead of the players tackling hard and low, as of old, their object now seems to be not to put their opponent temporarily out of action, but to secure the ball and take up the attack themselves. Thus we find to-day the good old style of tackling the exception rather than the rule. Of course, some players will tell you that attack is the best possible defence; this may be so where a team is vastly superior to another in forwards, and their backs are also much faster, but where you are up against it (if I may use the term), give me the men who can tackle hard and low, and can take their gruel when there are rushes to stop.

In speaking of defence I hope I may be excused if I refer to the Taranaki team of 1904 to 1908. I think I am safe in saying one could count on one's fingers the number of tries scored against them during these years—and why? Because they always played with a double line of defence—a system which I think few other teams ever adopted. By a double line of defence, I mean that when an opposing team started to attack, the word was given either right or left, whichever side the attack was going to, when the half back and possibly a forward would immediately fill the gap between the scrum and the five-eighths, which prevented the opposing half coming through, and also blocked the five-eighths from cutting in, consequently the only course open was for the opposing half either to kick or pass to his five-eighths, who in turn must either kick or pass to his three-quarters. If he passed to the three-quarters, the position was exactly the same, as the gaps were filled right across the field, thus preventing that "cutting" which is so dangerous to a defending team. I might also say that every back was told off to take an opposing back, and he generally did it hard and low. Another golden rule was to take the man with the ball, and get to him as quickly as possible, and thus put him out of action before he had time to get going. By adopting this style of defence it was on very rare occasions that the Taranaki full back was called upon to stop a man. I regret to say, however, that this style of play does not prevail in Taranaki at the present time. I mentioned that the attack of the present day backs is stronger than that of the old-time players, and for these reasons: To do thoroughly all the defensive work that a back is called upon to do during a game naturally takes a great deal out of him, but if part of this defence is sacrificed for attack, it naturally follows that the attack is stronger. The opportunities of attack have also been increased by the style of play now adopted by all our best forwards—that is the feeding of the backs whenever an opportunity offers. In making these remarks I would like to say that I am referring to New Zealand representatives and the best provincial players.

Referring to club and provincial football, generally, from what I have seen in Taranaki, and heard of from other provinces, I should say that there are not as many first-class players donning the jersey to-day as there were ten years ago. Speaking of New Zealand teams, I

have seen, I should say that the 1897 team could hold its own with any of them, though, perhaps records would show otherwise. It must be remembered, however, that though later teams have done better, few have been asked to play under the same conditions as that of the 1897 team. This team was beaten in one match (the second test) during the Australian tour, but why? Because they were asked to do what was beyond human endurance, and that was to play four matches, on possibly the hardest grounds in the world, in eight days, during which time they travelled over 300 miles. And the New South Wales team in 1897 was the best team I have ever seen them put in the field.

Providing the conditions are equal, in my opinion Australia will never beat New Zealand, and for these reasons:—Firstly, because of the hot climate which must necessarily prevent players from doing the amount of practice indulged in by players in New Zealand; and secondly, on account of the hard grounds, which knock players out before they have time to learn the finer points of the game. The life of footballers in Australia, with a few exceptions, is a very short one, while in New Zealand we have some who have played for twenty years and more, showing clearly that our climate and grounds are far more suitable for the good old game than those of Australia. Speaking of the climatic effect on footballers reminds me of my two trips to Australia and the effect the climate had for a few days on the whole team. Possibly this effect was not noticed by the majority of the members, but results speak for themselves, and I maintain from my own experience that the reason of the second test matches played in Australia during each New Zealand tour resulting disastrously for New Zealand on so many occasions—it has now happened four or five times—is because of the effect of the climate on the players.

It seems to me that after one has been in Australia for a few days and played a couple of games, one's blood gets hot and thin, and then follows that loss of energy and spirits which are so necessary when playing Rugby football. Strange enough, this effect does not last long, and after a few days, although playing in a temperature much above that at which we play in New Zealand, the players put a good deal of vim into their work, and, as results have shown, proved themselves on each occasion of better material than the Australian players. There is one thing I have noticed of later years both in Australia and New Zealand, and that is that good legitimate hard play is too often mistaken for rough play, a fact which will, if the referees take much notice of it, have a serious effect on football both in New Zealand and Australia. We don't want to turn the game into a parlour game, and I contend that, even if it is played hard, as long as it is played scientifically, and without intent to hurt, the accidents will be very few. Where the most accidents happen is where the inexperienced are playing. In the thirteen years I was playing first grade football, and it was played hard in those days, I only remember about half a dozen serious accidents; so that, after all, if the game is played properly, it is not as rough as some people would have us believe.

Possibly a few words in reference to half-back play may be of interest to some followers of the New Zealand national game. In making these few remarks I trust that I may be pardoned if I consider the position of half-back the most important in the field. This is why I think so: In the first place the half-back is the key of the whole team, and on him rests the responsibility of getting the most work possible out of both the backs and the forwards. A good half-back will always work a team so that the backs won't be standing still while the forwards are being worked to death, and vice versa. Another important point for a half-back is that he should always indicate to the forwards which way the ball is going when in a loose scrum. By doing this he is keeping his forwards together, and getting that combination amongst them which always proves such an important factor in Rugby football. The half-back should also to a very great extent control the line-out work. He is in the position to see where the line can be worked to the best advantage, and if he and the man who throws the ball out from touch understand each other, it is surprising the amount of good work they can initiate. When about to receive the ball from the scrum is a time when a half-back must use great judgment. He should not always, as is usually done, receive it from his forwards every time

they hook it. It is often of far greater advantage to his side if he makes a pretence of securing it, and then, immediately the opposing team start to come round, screws the scrum and sets the forwards going. By this means the backs often get a much-needed rest. Many a time I have seen a team who had good forwards meet with disaster simply because the half-back ran the remaining backs on his side off their legs. The ability to stop rushes is a qualification all good backs must have, and from stopping rushes some of their best opportunities arise. For instance: If, when about to stop a rush, the half-back, instead of waiting for the ball to come to him, were to dive into the ball, he would find that almost invariably the opposing forwards would completely overrun him, and thus give him an opportunity of passing out to his own backs when the other side were least expecting it.

After receiving a ball from the back of a scrum, a half-back should not make a practice of running with it, but should feed his five-eighths or three-quarters. Opportunities will arise, however, during a game for him to run with the ball. It is then that the advantages of not making it a practice is felt, as the other team is not expecting it, and, consequently, the position for them becomes serious. Very little kicking should be done by a half-back, as he is generally so close to the forwards that only a few yards can be gained, whereas by passing to one of those behind him, the advantage as a rule is very considerable.

After delivering a pass from the scrum, a half-back should follow behind those of his side who are running with the ball as closely as possible, so that, should one of them miss a pass, or should one of the other side intercept, he is in a position to, and often will, avert a great danger. The same course should also be adopted when the other side is attacking, as by filling up the gaps between his own backs he is forming a second line of defence, and, besides preventing the other backs from cutting in, should one of his own side miss a man, he is in a position to take him. The secret of success in half-back play is variety; never let the other side know what you are going to do next.

Before concluding this article there is one question I would like to touch on, and that is, Are we going too far with Rugby football in New Zealand? Personally, I think there are too many representative matches played every year, a fact which accounts to a very great extent for the professional movement, and also for the dissatisfaction of the public with the game as played to-day. If we had less representative football there would not be the same trouble in getting players to travel, nor would the question as to payment for loss of time be raised, as trips would be less frequent and more appreciated. The public, also, would be more appreciative and less critical, and instead of asking for all sorts of new rules to make the game faster, they would be pleased to accept it as it is. The fact of giving people too much of a good thing makes them dissatisfied; but if it is given sparingly they will accept it with gratitude.

ASSOCIATION.

The only Association football match played at Auckland on Saturday was the Cup final between the Ponsonby and North Shore B teams. The match was won by Ponsonby by 4 goals to nil.

NORTHERN UNION.

Taranaki Beats Auckland.

The first Interprovincial match of the season, under Northern Union Rules, was played at Victoria Park on Saturday, when Taranaki met Auckland, the local team being defeated by 8 points to 7, after an interesting exhibition. The ground was wet and heavy, and during the game a smart shower fell, making the ball greasy, but the backs on both sides handled the greasy leather in good style, and the spectators were rewarded with some open and exciting play. The attendance, considering the wintry day, was very satisfactory, and it is estimated at about 5000. Mr L. B. Todd officiated as referee, and was very strict on anything in the shape of rough play.

Two matches leading up to the semi-final were played on Saturday, at One Tree Hill. P. Upton beat Banford, 4 up and 2 to play; S. Upton beat Lusk, 2 up. Next Saturday, therefore, P. Upton will meet Matr, and S. Upton meets Parus in the semi-final.

The Maori Team.

The Maoris played a Newcastle team on August 4. The latter had the Maoris on the defensive in the first half, which ended: Newcastle, 7 points; Maoris, nil.

The second spell became exciting, the Maoris playing their hardest, and both sides indulging in rough play. Tuki, with a fine run, scored, but the kick failed. There was great excitement when Pakere, taking a pass at full speed, dashed down the ground, transferring, just as he was collared, to Wikiriwi, who dashed over and scored. The spell had nearly finished, and a goal meant a local defeat. Tuki, however, sent the ball about a yard wide, and Newcastle won by 7 points to 6.

The match between the Maori and Queensland teams on Aug. 7 under Northern Union rules was fast and open. The Maori defence and passing were good. The local men scored rapidly, the scores at half-time standing: Queensland 13, Maoris three.

In the second half the pace became faster, but Queensland pressed their opponents almost continuously. The tackling of the Maoris became erratic as the tide of play went against them.

Pouwhiwhiu in the second half, and Wharapa, in the second, scored tries for the Maoris, but these were not converted. Rukutae got a try, which Hauri converted.

After more hard play the whistle sounded with the scores: Queensland 21, Maoris 11.

HOCKEY.

Auckland v. Taranaki.

The interprovincial hockey match between Auckland and Taranaki was played on Saturday, on the Devonport Domain. The ground was very sappy, as a result of the heavy rain which had fallen during the past two days. The weather was fine and windy during the progress of the game, showers intermitted with sunshine. Despite this, the great interest taken in the game of hockey was amply testified by the large crowd, numbering fully two thousand which followed the fortunes of the contending teams. The victory undoubtedly fell to the better side, Mr E. E. Madden gave every satisfaction as referee.

The following were the respective teams: Taranaki: Goal, L. Curtis; full backs, R. B. Anderson, E. Avery; half backs, W. D. Anderson, W. P. Nicoll, Emery; forwards, H. E. Welham, N. F. Perry, Nixon, C. Sage, W. Wood.

Auckland: Goal, W. Allen; full backs, F. S. Shirriffs, H. D. Speight; half backs, J. R. C. Badham, D. K. Porter, V. C. Kavanagh; forwards, N. K. Jacobsen, R. W. Barry, E. R. Mason, A. E. Murdoch, H. Mather.

The teams entered the field at 3.20 p.m. Auckland won the toss and defended the southern goal. Perry and Mason bullied the Auckland players, and the latter and Barry carrying the game into the Taranaki circle. Anderson cleared with a good hit, and sent the play to the Auckland half. A free hit against Welham carried the play into the Taranaki twenty-five. Mason and Kavanagh exchanged hits, and play returned to mid field. A good centre by Murdoch looked dangerous, but Avery stopped and cleared. Good work by Jacobsen and Barry took the play to midfield, and Kavanagh sent the ball to Murdoch, who centred, and the ball crossed the Taranaki goal line.

Another penalty against Welham resulted in a free hit going out at the Taranaki 25. Wood and Sage then carried the ball well into the Auckland territory. Fine dribbling by Kavanagh returned the play to the Taranaki half. Avery missed the goal, but Shirriffs relieved the pressure with a fine hit into Taranaki territory. Good work by Mason and Barry kept up the pressure. Jacobsen centred nicely, and a flying shot by Barry missed the goal. Auckland now attacked fiercely, Mason and Mather playing prominently. Emery cleared. Jacobsen returned, and Taranaki conceded a corner. Perry and Jacobsen were now instrumental in carrying the play to the Taranaki circle. The Taranaki vanguard broke away, and Shirriffs hit out into midfield. The Taranaki forwards now attacked Auckland, and Welham put a fine centre. Mason, Mather, and Murdoch removed the danger. Avery saved a sudden Anderson onslaught, and good work by Mather blocked Anderson's return. Taranaki hit out to the Auckland 25. The Auckland vanguard then carried the play into Taranaki territory. Emery, breaking away, dribbled up the field, and sent the ball to the Taranaki 25. Avery saved. Illicitly, Jacobsen centred, and the whole line missed the shot. Jacobsen again centred hard, and Mason, taking the ball on the fly, scored Auckland's first goal.

Auckland 3
Taranaki 0

Auckland still kept up the pressure, but Avery brought relief with a good hit. Badham started his forwards, Barry and Jacobsen again carrying the play to the Taranaki twenty-five. Taranaki broke away, but Speight sent the ball into the Taranaki 25. The Taranaki vanguard cleared and invaded the Auckland goal, but a free hit brought relief to the whites. Auckland still kept up the attack, and play hovered round the Taranaki goal. Nixon now put in some good work which carried the play to the Auckland half. The Auckland van returned again, Murdoch and Mather putting in some good work. A free hit against Auckland brought relief to Welham who broke away, but Kavanagh stopped him. An exchange of hits between Porter and Anderson brought the play out into Taranaki's twenty-five. Murdoch was instrumental in carrying the play to the Auckland 25. Barry and Jacobsen bombarded the Taranaki citadel. Shirriffs stopped a dangerous rush,

and the ball returned to the Taranaki territory. Welham now ran through half the Auckland team from his own twenty-five, but Speight stopped him. Speight, Mason gained control and sailed for the circle, passing to Barry, whose shot just missed. Auckland now set up another fierce attack in the Taranaki circle, where Barry put in a clearing shot.

Auckland 3
Taranaki 0

From the cross off, Taranaki, putting some vim into their play, had invaded Auckland territory, when half-time was called. Auckland were first away from the restart. Harry and Jacobsen carried the ball well inside their opponents' twenty-five. The latter centred, but Mason just missed the post. Perry and Nixon played into the Auckland territory, but the home backs cleared. Mather and Murdoch kept up the attack, and play took place near the Taranaki line. By fine play, the visitors returned to the half-way. Murdoch returned, but a free hit brought relief to Taranaki. Porter returned, and a fine centre by Murdoch gave Mason an opportunity without out the desired result. Anderson now shifted the play to Auckland territory with a fine drive. Welham carried to the circle but our backs spoiled the shot, and a free hit brought relief.

Good work by Kavanagh now changed the play to the other end, but Anderson again cleared, Kavanagh and Badham bringing the play back again to the Taranaki circle. The Auckland vanguard conceded a corner to Auckland. From the line, a surprise hit by Mason almost resulted in a score. Wood cleared with a run along the line, but a fierce onslaught by the Auckland vanguard returned the play to Taranaki territory. A strong attack was well cleared by Curtis, and the Taranaki forwards put in a fine combined run, Perry, Wood, and Sage being prominent, whilst Emery stopped a fine Auckland drive. The Auckland forwards in the nick of time. The Auckland van were away again, and Mason hit out to Jacobsen, who put a fast centre in, Mather banging into the net.

Auckland 3
Taranaki 0

The play of Auckland now showed much better than that of Taranaki in the first half. From the bully, Taranaki broke away temporarily, and Auckland were again goal hunting. Taranaki saved with a fine hit. From a scramble Taranaki invaded the Auckland circle, and an excellent shot was high. Following upon this a little give and take play resulted in the ball going out in Auckland's 25. Mason and Mather put in a good run, but were well stopped by Anderson. The Taranaki forwards now broke away from the half line, with perhaps the best piece of work of the day, going like a flash into the Auckland circle. Welham's shot was a fine shot, but it was over. Some fine hitting by both sides followed, and the game began to get much faster, more combination being shown. From a throw-in the Taranaki forwards attacked. Welham cleared nicely, and the moment was a critical one for Auckland, but Welham's centre was not taken advantage of, and Auckland cleared. Jacobsen broke away, and centring, Mason put another into the net.

Auckland 4
Taranaki 0

Auckland were away again, and the ball re-sawed across the circle, without any result. Auckland now had the game well in hand, and kept up a constant attack upon the Taranaki citadel, to which a free hit brought relief. Auckland had returned the play, when time was called. The match ended—

Auckland 4
Taranaki 0

Rangitira v. Moana.

Great interest was centred in this match, which was played prior to the shield fixture. Rangitira opened the attack, and immediately invaded the seashore's territory. Moana's defence was sound, and eventually cleared their citadel. After some give and take play Moana took a turn at the offensive, and, through the agency of a free hit, Miss P. Gonde steered the ball into the net and drew an enthusiasm. For the remainder of the spell play was very even, and the ball vacillated between the two goal lines without any further score. In the second half Rangitira were the more active, and the attack almost throughout the spell. Stubborn defence by the Moana backs kept them at bay for some time. At last Rangitira's efforts attained the desired result. Miss Kenny scoring from a determined onslaught. Keeping up the pressure Rangitira endeavoured to secure the lead, but each attack was repulsed by the Moana rear guard, and the game ended in a draw. Mr Hay refereed.

During the progress of the game the ball disappeared, having found a resting place in the Moana's goalkeeper's undershirt. The manner in which the wicket lady returned the ball to play caused considerable amusement to the onlookers.

Southern Matches.

In the ladies' hockey match, Canterbury (5 goals) beat Otago (nil). The scorers were the Misses Pearce (1), Rhodes (3), Mason (1). The visitors outclassed the local players all round.

OTAGO REPRESENTATIVE TEAM.

The following hockey players have been selected to represent Otago against Southland at Dunedin, on Saturday next.—Goal, H. Angus; full backs, Johnstone, Roberts; halves, Thompson, Moore, and Chalmers; forwards, Moodie, Calder, Sledberg, Gower, Rutherford. Emergencies: Back, Slater; forward, Adams.

CANTERBURY V. WELLINGTON.

Canterbury beat Wellington by 2 goals to nil.

GOLF.

LADIES' GOLF UNION.

This paper has been appointed the official organ of the Ladies' Golf Union, New Zealand branch.

Secretaries of ladies' golf clubs are invited to forward official notices, handicaps and alterations, results of competitions, and other matters of interest, to reach the publishing office not later than the Saturday prior to date of publication.

Poverty Bay.

The second round of the L.G.U. medal resulted as follows:—

SILVER.

Miss Adams 88—16; 70
Mrs Barlow 95—16; 70
Miss de Laitour 95—13; 82
Miss Sweet 104—10; 88
Mrs King 112—21; 91

The following are the alterations of handicaps:—Miss Adams, 16 to 10; Miss de Laitour, 18 to 13.

BRONZE.

Miss E. Barker 108—30; 78
Miss Nolan 108—28; 80
Mrs Traill 123—28; 95
Mrs O'Meara 116—19; 97

The following are the alterations of handicaps:—Mrs O'Meara, 21 to 19; Miss Nolan, 34 to 28; Mrs Traill, 35 to 28; Mrs W. Barker, 33 to 29.

Otago.

The following is the result of the Ladies' senior medal, played recently:—Mrs. Turnbull, gross 104, handicap 16, net 88; Mrs. Ward, 100, 10—90; Miss K. Ratray, 99, 5—94; Miss Gould, 103, 8—95; Miss M. Law, 116, 18—98; Miss Butterworth, 114, 16—98.

Manawatu.

The monthly medal match was played on Tuesday last. Results:—

Mrs. L. Seifert 105—26—79
Mrs. Russell 112—20—83
Mrs. A. Seifert 107—21—86
Miss S. Abraham 117—20—88
Miss Monro 112—21—91
Mrs. Warburton 115—24—91
Miss O'Brien 117—26—91
Mrs. Sim 123—32—91
Mrs. Abraham 110—18—92
Mrs. Porret 124—32—92
Mrs. Wilson 127—35—92

JUNIORS.

Mrs. Gillett 100—9—91
Mrs. Watson 111—18—93
Mrs. Tripe 124—23—101

Mrs. L. Seifert has earned a reduction of handicap to 24, and is now in the Silver Medal class.

A match was played at Wanganui on July 30th, and resulted in a win for Wanganui by seven games to four, two games being squared.

Two Champions.

Last week one of the most interesting contests yet held in New Zealand took place on the Hokowhitu Links, Palmerston North, when Arthur Duncan, the unbeaten ex-amateur champion of New Zealand, met Clements, the open champion of New Zealand, in a 26-hole match. The match was arranged by Mr. H. N. Watson, an enthusiastic member of the Manawatu Club, who has recently been in the hands of the young professional. On paper Duncan was supposed to have the better chance, owing to his much greater experience in big matches, but a number of Clements' recent pupils felt confident that if Duncan was to win he would have to play without a mistake, and the result bore out their prognostications. Duncan's friends claimed that the ex-champion was a bit off his "own" game. On the other hand, Clements was certainly off his short game, missing no less than six easy putts, and over-running the pin time, and again in his short approaches, a department of the game in which he was supposed to be most deadly. The game was followed by the largest gathering of spectators ever seen on the Palmerston Links, and proved of interest right up to the last hole. At the outset, hole after hole was halved, till at the sixth Duncan struck the pin from his tee shot, and fell dead, holding out in two. After this the game saw-sawed, first one and then the other being ahead, but at no period getting a lead of more than two. Duncan repeated his "pin shot" at the sixteenth, and got a second two. At the end of the first round, Duncan was one up. The second round, play-

ed in the afternoon, saw the players fighting for every hole, and the match was only decided on the home green, where Clements, after being dormant two and dormant one, ended two up. A considerable difference in style was noticeable in the two players, although they practically got the same results. In driving or brassie shots, Duncan adopted a square stand, and drove with a free, but easy, shoulder swing, usually outdriving Clements by a few yards. Clements took these shots with a very open stance, and followed through with every ounce of his weight (which cannot be much over seven stone), both shoulder and hip getting right on to the ball. All his through the green shots were played with absolute accuracy, only one shot in the 18 holes being slightly ahead. In iron play, Duncan adopted what is known as the crash stroke, playing "through the ball" well into the turf beyond. Clements, on the other hand, picked the ball up clean with his iron.

CHESS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail," Auckland.

The inclusion of a chess column amongst so many other attractions as are comprised in "The Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail" may well be described as an addition to an embarrassment of riches; that is a matter best left to the consideration of the proprietors. To refer to the same event as a new departure is a matter which I will justify, and I may state now that the term, "new departure" is used advisedly, since, although chess columns appear in many contemporaries, I propose that this shall appeal to students and young players of the king of games, rather than as a happy hunting ground for the old players—men with book knowledge and with appetites so saturated that they require stimulants in the shape of abstruse and very often useless problems. Therein lies the novelty and my claim to the adjective "new." To quote from an old encyclopedia, it is very commonly supposed that chess is a very difficult game, whether to acquire or practise. This, however, is a mistake. The moves may be learned in half-an-hour, and a week's practice will evoke sufficient skill to afford pleasure both to the learner and to his tutor. I do not wish readers to anticipate that only the elementary part of the game—a children's class, in fact—is contemplated; but I do wish young players to believe that a perusal of this column means to them a certain amount of amusement, and an uncertain amount of information. The fact that the chess championship of New Zealand will be decided in this city during the holidays which signalise the advent of Christmas and the exodus of the old year, should be an inducement to young players—even those who only know the moves—to appreciate the lines of attack and defence, shown by the players; to recognise the finesse and strategy which are of necessity employed; and, to put matters shortly, to read the games, with notes and comments, with intelligent comprehension.

In this column the special features, to which I intend to devote attention, are:—

- Notes to students.
- Hints to learners.
- Values of pieces in different positions.
- Analyses of openings.
- The knowledge of strength necessary to mate.

THE EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
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THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC AND
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THE AUCKLAND STAR
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THE NEW ZEALAND FARMER
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(Over "The Standard" Office.)

In staling games in this column, be it understood that a fine will be imposed upon the chess editor for any misprints that appear, and accuracy is the goal towards which I strive.

James J. Jeffries, who has challenged Jack Johnson for the world's championship, has sailed for Europe. He takes the waters at Carlsbad, and then goes into strict training for the match.

Volunteer Notes.

By RIFLEMAN.

BRIDGE HAND.

By Ernest Barakott.

Y's (Declarer's) Hand:



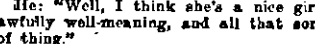
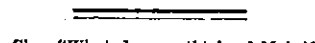
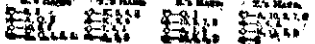
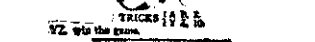
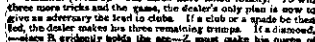
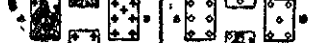
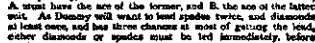
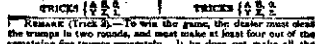
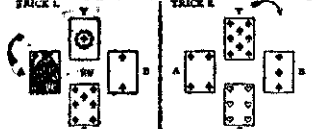
Z's Hand:



Score: All 1 game and 20; Y's, 100.

Z declares No-trump. [A and B are players against Y and Z. A has the first lead; Z is the dealer. The leader's card in each trick is indicated by an arrow.]

THE PLAY



GUNNER COLEMAN, of No. 1 Company Garrison Artillery, has been promoted to the rank of bombardier.

A recent "Gazette" contains an intimation of the disbandment of the Northern Vairava Rifle Club (headquarters at Aratapu), as from July 17.

The official decision in connection with the Kiker Cup has come to hand. It is announced that the cup has been won by No. 1 Company Auckland Garrison Artillery.

The Auckland Garrison officers' ball will be held on August 19 in the Drill Hall. The ball is to be decorated on a lavish scale, and all other arrangements are well in hand.

As the result of a meeting of officers of No. 1 Co. G.A.V. at Capt. Kayett's residence last week, it has been decided that quarterly prizes will be offered for the best man in each of the following branches: Gunnery, quickfiring, electric lighting, signalling, engine driving, depressed-range firing, and bugling.

Lieut. Pullen, of No. 1 Co. G.A.V., together with 25 members of the company, proceeded last week to North Head and Takapuna. Some good instructional work was put in with the twelve-pounders, and in the laying and signalling branches.

The shooting season of No. 2 Company G.A.V. closed last Saturday week, when the final match for the Company's belt took place, Gunner G. Griffiths winning the championship with an aggregate of 221 points.

A recent district order requests officers of companies to forward a list of officers and N.C.O.'s who are willing to attend the class of instruction to be held in August under the supervision of the instructor for gunnery and signalling services.

A mounted scouts' competition was held at Pularan recently for a handsome challenge shield presented by Mr. G. Main, a gold medal and clasp presented by the men of the station, and a second gold medal donated by Mr. Burn Murdoch.

I have before me a syllabus of the functions arranged by the Auckland Non-commissioned Officers' Club for the months of August, September, and October, 1909.

The following are the fixtures: August 10, lecture; August 21, smoke concert; September 1, progressive euchre; September 9, open night; September 14, lecture; September 25, smoke concert; October 6, progressive euchre; October 14, open night; October 19, lecture; October 30, smoke concert.

It may not be generally known that next month the No. 1 Company G.A.V. (Auckland Naval) will complete its fiftieth year of existence, without a break, under the same name and in the same arm.

Sunday's weather must certainly have been very disappointing to the officers who had to make trouble in the early morning preparations for the ceremony of presentation of colours in the Domain.

Lieut.-Col. Wolfe, O.C.D., has approved of the following honorary acting appointments: Alfred Edward Kretschmar, to be acting lieutenant in the Eden Defence Cadets; William Edward Jones, to be acting lieutenant in the Eden Defence Cadets; John Minter Paul, to be hon. acting lieutenant in the Hamilton Defence Cadets; Selwyn Galloway Keycey, to be hon. acting lieutenant in the Devonport Cadets; Samuel Jackson Hanna, to be acting hon. lieutenant in the St. John's College Defence Cadets; Charles Richardson Hobbs, to be hon. acting lieutenant in the St. John's College Defence Cadets.

A general order intimates that Mr. James Ewan Smith has been appointed captain in the New Zealand militia as from June 29. The following appointments, with dates, are also notified: Beacott Nimmo Sandilands, Headmaster, Rangua Mounted Rifle Volunteers, 28th March, 1909; Lieutenant Bruce Sommerville Hay, acting-captain, No. 3 Squadron Waikeo Mounted Rifle Volunteers, 3rd April, 1909; Charles White Cole, acting-lieutenant, No. 2 Company, Auckland Division, New Zealand Garrison Artillery Volunteers, 17th May, 1909; Lieutenant Marshall Nicholson Atkinson, acting-captain, No. 1 Company, New Zealand Native Rifle Volunteers, 17th May, 1909; Francis C. G. Givner, acting-lieutenant, Waiuku Mounted Rifle Volunteers, 11th June, 1909.

The following volunteers (as a district order issued by Lieut.-Colonel Wolfe, O.C.D.), have been fixed for certain: Hamilton and C. Given Plako M.R. Volunteers, for sergeant; H. C. Jensen and D. Hill, Whangarei Rifle Volunteers, for sergeant; Wm. Clime and Wm. Williams, Hauora Rifle Volunteers, for sergeant; D. Dillamore and G. T. Morrison, Thames Rifle Volunteers, for sergeant; Chas. E. Rush, Ed. Harold, A. J. Melgren, J. R. MacDonald, Thames Rifle Volunteers, for corporal; W. McNeils and C. Fraser, Hauraki Rifle Volunteers, for corporal; H. H. Marsden M.R. Volunteers, for corporal; S. A. Melkielejo, Bay of Islands M.R., for corporal; W. H. Hubbard and A. S. McFarrell, Otamatea Mounted Rifle, for sergeant; and M. Muir, Otamatea Mounted Rifle, for corporal.

The art of reconnaissance is now forming an important part of the training in field artillery work, and in the latest circular issued by the Chief Instructor of Artillery, it is suggested that several simple schemes of this nature should, from time to time, be given to exercise the specialists in obtaining sketches and reports of certain localities (the circular contains a form) and the papers would be forwarded to the chief instructor for criticism and record.

The officers of the A Battery are accordingly, for a scheme whereby the specialists may be taken to a suitable spot in the environs of Auckland where the signallers and range-finders may find scope for training. It is intended by the Battery officers to apply to the Government for grants for the purchase of the guns out on the same occasion, in order that the men may also have training in fire discipline. So far, the great obstacle in this direction has been the cost of horse hire, necessitated by the need of a permanent stable in connection with the forces in this city. It should be noted that the plan of the Battery is one which need not necessarily be confined to Artillery companies, and it is probable that proposals to other companies, Lieuts. Morton and Burgess, of the A Battery, proceeded to Panmure the other day with a view to ascertaining if there were any suitable sites in that direction for the purpose indicated.

SILVER CHALLENGE SHIELD. Messrs. L. D. Nathan and Company, of Auckland, have presented a silver Challenge shield as a trophy to be competed for from time to time by squadrons of the 1st Regiment, Auckland Mounted Rifles, upon and subject to certain conditions, which are outlined in a recent general order.

The trophy is to be known as "The L. D. Nathan and Company (Limited) Challenge Shield." It is intended that it should be competed for annually, and cannot be won outright. The date of the annual competition is to be fixed by the officer commanding the regiment, and announced to the regiment not less than six weeks beforehand, but the officer-commanding the regiment may postpone the competition for such time as he thinks fit, without allowing the first period of six weeks to elapse.

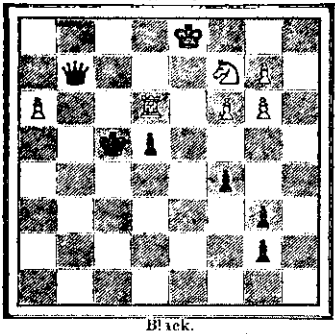
The first competition is to be held at the headquarters of the regiment, and each subsequent competition at the headquarters of the winners of the last preceding competition. Each squadron to be represented by a team not less than six men.

All competitors are to fire while holding their horses, and competitors are to parade and compete in "drill order." Magazines of rifles are not to be used during the competition, and the rifles are to be competitors are to have been used for other purposes for not less than three months prior to competition. The target shall be 8 feet by 8 feet, with an enemy on horseback depicted thereon.

Points will be awarded for hits, time, judging distance, and dress. There will be three firing-points fixed, to the approval of the officer-commanding the regiment. Ten rounds will be fired as follows: (i) One round to the first firing-point; (ii) three rounds to the second firing-point; and (iii) three rounds to the third firing-point and fire four rounds. A competitor will be disqualified if he fires more than the specified number of rounds at any given firing-point.

Notice of the umpire at the first point at once, and the round will be changed. No allowance will be made for a bulge reported afterwards. Competitors on return from inspection, starting-points must have their rifles unloaded, or they will be penalized. The winning squadron shall be the one whose team average the highest net aggregate total points for judging distance, dress, time, and shooting.

POSITION NO. 1.



Black to play. What result? The above position occurred in a game played recently at the Auckland Chess Club.

FORSYTH NOTATION.

4K3, 1q3K1P1, P2R1P1, 2kp4, 5p2, 6p1, Opl, 8.

Chess in America.

Game played in the match between Messrs. Marshall and Capablanca.

QUEEN'S PAWN GAME.

White (Mr M.), Black (Mr C.).

- 1 P-Q 4 - P-Q 4 23 P-Q 6 - Q-K 3
2 P-QB 4 - P-K 3 24 Q-Kt 5 - K-R 2
3 Kt-QB 3 - K-R 3 25 Kt-B 6 - R-P 4
4 Kt-K 5 - B-K 2 26 R-R - Q-R 8
5 P-R 3 - Kt-K 5 (e) 27 B-Kt - Kt-B 3 (d)
6 BxP - QxK 28 B-B 6 (ch) - R-Q 2
7 B-Q 2 - Kt-Kt 29 P-R 4 - Kt-K 2
8 Kt-K - PxP 30 Kt-K 4 - Q-B 2
9 BxP - P-QKt 3 31 Q-B 6 (ch) - K-Kt 2
10 Q-B 2 - P-QB 3 32 B-K 6 (f) - P-R 8
11 Kt-K 2 - B-Kt 2 33 QxKP (ch) - K-B 2
12 Castle Kt - Q's Kt 34 Kt-Kt - Kt-Kt (g)
13 P-QR 4 - P-QB 4 35 P-B 4 - R-K 2
14 Q-Kt 3 - Kt-B 3 36 P-P - R-K 2
15 Kt-B 4 - QR-B 3 37 R-B (ch) - K-Kt 2
16 B-B 2 - Kt-P 4 38 P-R 6 (ch) - R 2
17 Kt-K - Kt-B 4 39 P-R 6 (ch) - K-R 2
18 QR-Q - B-B 3 40 Q-Q 6 (ch) - Q-B 4
19 Q-Kt 4 (ch) - P-B 5 41 Q-Q 4 - RxP 2
20 P-Q 6 - BxP 42 Q-Q 7 - R-K 2
21 B-Q 2 - P-K 4 43 R-R 7 - BxQ 2
22 Kt-R 5 - P-Kt 3 White resigns

NOTES.

- (a) This avoidance of the irksomeness of the usual defence is a feature of a strong development.
(b) Threatening to gain a pawn by P x P, 17 P x P, Kt x P, 18 P x Kt, B x B, etc.
(c) A magnificent struggle here commences, reaching its climax a few moves later. It is planned in White's best style, and is met with a defence in every respect worthy of it. Now Kt x P is threatened.
(d) The Knight is, fortunately, able to cross over in time, but it is a narrow escape.
(e) All part of White's combination. If P x B, Q-R6 wins.
(f) White's pertinacity is wonderful, but the loss of the Bishop leaves him without sufficient force to maintain the attack.
(g) The saving clause for black. But for this invaluable defence the issue might well have been otherwise.
(h) A more beautiful game is rarely seen. White is so resourceful that only a defence of the highest order could succeed against him. The Queen cannot be exchanged, and R-B8 is threatened. Both attack and defence command our admiration. But the former has now shot its bolt, and the end has come.
-From the "Illustrated London News."

BOXING.

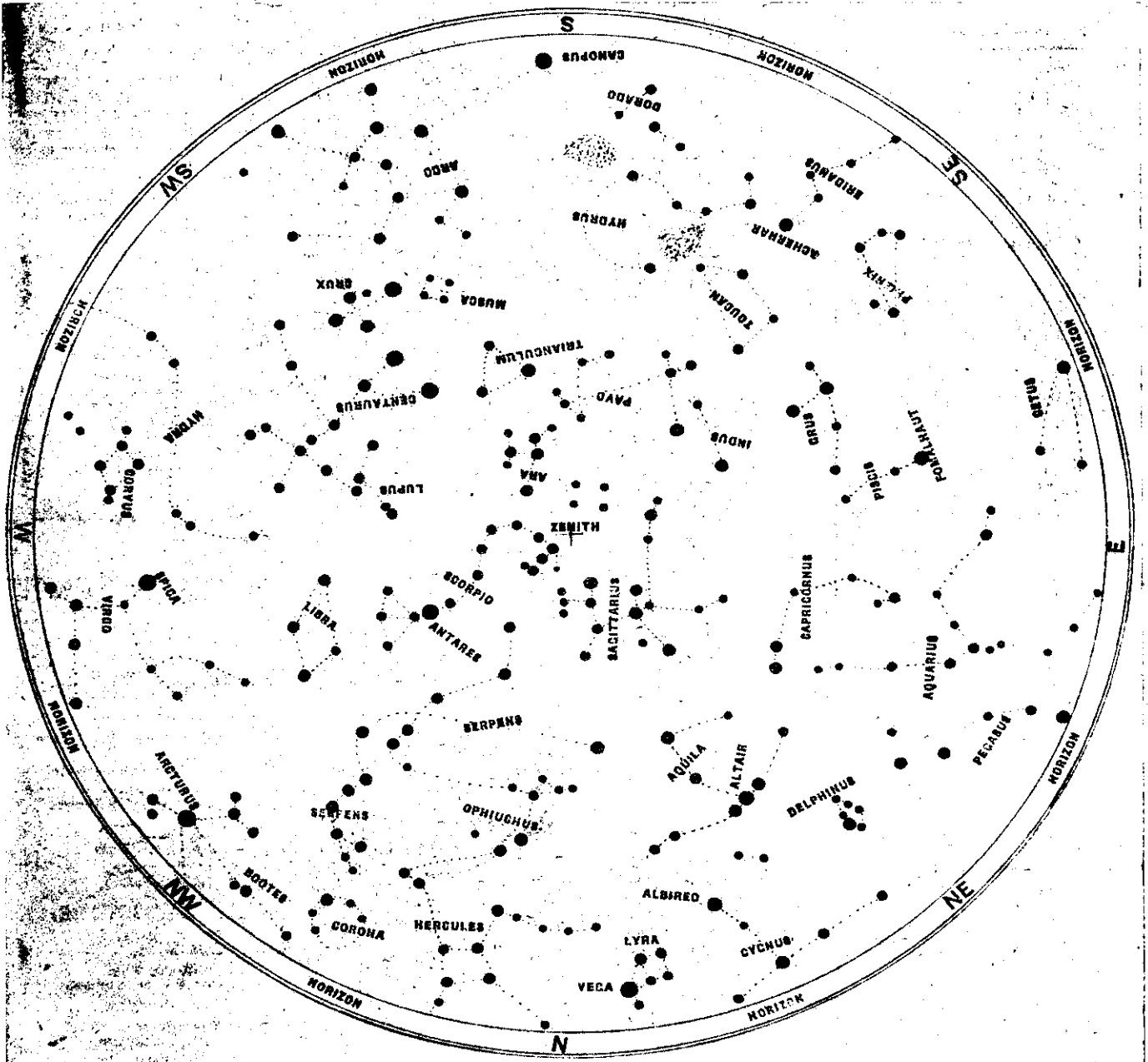
Johnson v. Jeffries.

A few days ago Jeffries deposited £1000 with the promoters of Johnson's matches as evidence of his willingness to fight. Johnson has now put down a similar amount to bind the match.

She: "What do you think of Mabel?" He: "Well, I think she's a nice girl, awfully well-meaning, and all that sort of thing." She: "I don't like her, either."

THE NIGHT SKY IN AUGUST

THE STAR CHART BELOW IS SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE "N.Z. GRAPHIC" BY MR. J. T. WARD, DIRECTOR OF THE WANGANUI OBSERVATORY.



THE stars and other celestial bodies are shown on the above chart as they may be seen in the sky at about 8 p.m. on the 15th. The observer, being aware that any star rises and comes to the meridian about four minutes earlier each succeeding evening, will see that for a later date than that given the above appearance of the stars may be observed earlier in the evening, and for an earlier date at a later hour. The chart should be held with that point of the compass marked on its rim to correspond with the direction to which the observer's attention is turned; therefore, if looking towards the south-east, let S.E. be underneath on the chart. It will be seen by comparing the above

chart with that of July, that several constellations then visible in the west have now disappeared, while others have come into view in the eastern sky. Turning towards the north we see Hercules and Lyra, west and east of the meridian, low down. The fine star Vega is especially noticeable, and just underneath, to the right, is a small star which, in other latitudes, with more altitude, may just be seen a double by keen-sighted individuals. A good field glass shows this duplicity easily, while a good astronomical telescope will show each separate star as again double, with other stars between each pair. This as an indication of what may be seen by the telescopic observer in any portion of the starry heavens. Over Hercules and Lyra are Ophiuchus

and Serpens, with Aquila. Cygnus is just rising, with the Dolphin over the north-east, and Pegasus more towards the east. Over the Orient may be seen Aquarius, Capricornus, and Sagittarius in the order named from horizon to zenith. Cetus is just emerging between east and south-east, while over the latter bearing may be seen the Phoenix with Eridanus and the bright star Achernar, with Toucan above. The brilliant Canopus is nearly due south, with the rest of Argo towards the west, with Dorado and Hydra below the pole, and Pavo and Triangulum above it. The Cross, followed by the two bright "Pointers," Alpha and Beta Centauri, is now moving down to the south-east, followed by Triangulum. Hydra has plunged two thirds

of its length below the western horizon, where Crater has already set, followed by its companion Corvus. Virgo is low down in the west, followed by Libra and the Scorpion, which has now passed the zenith. Bootes is partly set, and the great star Arcturus is nearing the north-western horizon. The moon is not visible at this time, neither are any of the other brighter planets. Venus and Jupiter must be looked for in the north-west earlier, while Mars does not rise in the south-east till later in the evening. This month of August, 1909, is of especial interest to users of astronomical telescopes, as it ushers in the three hundredth anniversary of the observations of the moon and other celestial bodies by Galileo with a telescope made by himself.

H. HOWE.
Mykoff, Almswell
C. NORRHOVE.
Reginod
H. GIBB.
Lady Obie, 2yrs, by Obligado-Cythera
E. J. RAE.
Uenuku,
Cot, 2yrs, by Stepulak-Camille.

Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH.

BOOKINGS.

(Dates Subject to Alteration.)

AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S.
August 9—J. C. Williamson's "Jack and Jill."
August 24 to September 7—Hamilton Dramatic Company.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

In Season — Fuller's Pictures

WELLINGTON OPERA HOUSE.

In Season—Pollard's Opera Company.
August 16 to 23—Nellie Stewart.
August 30 to 31 — Miss Hirdage Malthy.
September 2 to 16 — J. C. Williamson.
Sept. 17 to Oct. 16 — Allan Hamilton.
Oct. 23 to Nov. 13 — J. C. Williamson.
Nov. 14 to Dec. 9 — J. C. Williamson.
December 10 to 18 — M. Branscombe.
Dec. 26 (for six weeks) — J. C. Williamson.

THEATRE ROYAL.

In Season — Fuller's Pictures.

TOWN HALL.

July 3 to 28 — West's Pictures.

PALMERSTON NORTH MUNICIPAL OPERA HOUSE.

1909.
Aug. 11 — Tommy Burns.
Aug. 12 and 13 — Nellie Stewart.
Aug. 16 and 17 — Ernest Abtliche Co.
Aug. 21 — Wellington Amateurs.
Aug. 30 and 31 — Julius Knight.
Sept. 1 — Hayward's Pictures.
Sept. 3 — Children's Ball.
Sept. 7 — Orchestral Concert.
Sept. 8 — Hayward's Pictures.
Sept. 13 — Taylor-Carrington Dramatic Co.
Sept. 15 — Hayward's Pictures.
Sept. 21 — Boxing Association.
Sept. 22 — Hayward's Pictures.
Sept. 23 and 24 — Technical School.
Sept. 28 — Hayward's Pictures.
Sept. 29 and 30 — Jack and Jill Panto.
Oct. 5 — Hayward's Pictures.
Oct. 6 and 7 — J. C. Williamson.
Oct. 13 to 27 — Hayward's Pictures.
Nov. 1 to 6 — Hugh Ward Musical Comedy.
Nov. 27 to Dec. 1 — Pollard Opera Co.
Dec. 9 — Local Concert.
Dec. 27 to 29 — Carter, the Magician.
1910.
Jan. 20 to 24 — J. C. Williamson.
Feb. 14 and 15 — Savier Troubadours.
March 28 to 31 — Allan Hamilton.
April 21 and 22 — Geo. Martow.
May 19 and 24 — J. C. Williamson.
June 4 to 6 — Meynell and Gunn.
June 8 and 9 — J. C. Williamson.
June 20 to 25 — Fred. Graham Musical Comedy.
June 30 to July 2 — Meynell and Gunn.
Aug. 18 and 19 — J. C. Williamson.
Aug. 23 and 26 — J. C. Williamson.
Sept. 29 to Oct. 1 — J. C. Williamson.
Oct. 21 to Nov. 5 — Allan Hamilton.
Nov. 10 and 11 — J. C. Williamson.

Wake Up, Wellington.

THE capital city has been very lethargic about music lately. Outside of Alfred Hill's benefit, there seems to have been nothing doing. With a fine Town Hall and concert chamber at their disposal, it is a wonder that the municipal privileges have not been availed of by musical people. There is reason to believe that there are just as good voices in Wellington as there are in Auckland; that there is a fair amount of instrumental talent hidden away amongst its vales and gullies. But the light is under the bushel. Wellington's talent lies dormant beneath the weight of some inscrutable anarchy. Whilst Auckland plunges into orchestral and choral concerts, the capital city, excepting for an occasional spasmodic effort, lies under a pall of artistic poverty. About the only thing worth recalling during the year is Mr. Maughan Barnett's organ recitals. Occasionally Mr. Robert Parker treats sundry people to sundry works of a depressing type, for which the only expression of gratitude seems to lie in his gracious smile. Mr. E. J. Hill still endeavours to give lusty voice to "Waiaata Poi," attended by the faithful Kenny; and occasionally the Wellington Garrison Band, under the guidance of Lieut. Herd, struggles to educate the lethargic public with a choice of selection sadly its own. For the rest, Wellington's reaching out for the illimitable seems to die away in one vast substantial yawn. The more's the pity. The unfortunate illness of Mr. Alfred Hill swept away bright hopes of a revival which, under his enthusiastic leadership, might have raised the returning tide to the flood. The capital city badly wants a Marshall Hall, an

does not apparently share the favour of the Berlin critic that Zimbalist, the Russian violinist, does. Both artists are young men, intensely brilliant, and in the front rank of good players.

"When Eirem Zimbalist stepped on the stage of Queen's Hall on Wednesday evening," writes the critic, "the hearty reception accorded him by a large audience left no room for doubt as to the affection that the British metropolis now feels for him. Zimbalist is a violinist of remarkable lyric powers, and he is wholly unspoiled by success (unlike Elman, for instance), and is continually growing, he promises to attain great heights. He already is a great performer, although only 18 years old. Having heard Ysaye in Paris last Saturday evening, and Kreisler here on Tuesday, I naturally made some mental comparisons. The young Russian, with his youth, has not, of course, the authority and the knowledge of effects acquired by long experience on the concert platform, that characterise the playing of his two great colleagues; but the boy is a genius, and his playing is replete with powerful qualities. Zimbalist is the antipode of Elman. He has not so much fire and temperament, but he has a more beautiful cantilena, and he is of finer artistic fibre. He is, moreover, wholly free from the mannerisms that latterly so mar Elman's playing. Zimbalist has a style as chaste and pure as Joachim's. No more genuine artistic nature, no truer musician exists. In cantabile playing he at times inclines to drag the tempi a bit, but this desire springs from his artistic nature; he treats the violin as an instrument of song, and at every opportunity to 'sing' he makes the most of it. Yet he must beware of the tendency, and not allow it to become habitual. He gave a noble performance of Bruch's 'Scottish' fantasia and of the Bach chaconne. The latter was marred by the piano accompaniment of Schumann, which was played on the organ. The chaconne, with all due reverence to Schumann's genius, can well stand alone. I do not care for the Glazounov concerto. There are beautiful parts, but as a whole it is dull, and the finale is even trite. Zimbalist made the most of it. Tchaikovsky's meditation and scherzo, orchestrated by Glazounov, an effective piece, was played with great perfection. Zimbalist was enthusiastically acclaimed."

Two Great Artists.

London concert halls one week recently had concerts from two remarkable artists—Busoni (pianist) and Zimbalist (violin). Such a pair in one week could not but draw concert-goers and induce some comment from writers. A German critic, fresh from Berlin, was able to give some interesting views of the two performances. He writes thus of the great pianist, to hear whom is one of the episodes of a lifetime; to realise in the brief two hours of a single recital that an inarticulate and overwhelming sense of beauty has dawned on earth.

"Ferruccio Busoni has given three recitals at Bechstein Hall with enormous success. His mastery, authoritative playing has made a profound impression. As the critic of the 'Morning Post' wrote after his third concert, even the most conservative listeners 'were breathless with wonder.' Busoni's Liszt playing always is a thing apart, yet I do not remember ever to have heard him when he was in such complete and perfect sympathy with the master as on Thursday afternoon. The B minor sonata, a much maligned and much misinterpreted work, was a revelation as read by him. It seemed as if the spirit of the composer was hovering around the performer, and that he drew his inspiration direct from the fountain source. The sonata was the close of the programme, yet the great pianist was in exceptionally good form the whole afternoon. His other selections were Liszt's 'Weinen, Klagen,' three choral preludes by Bach-Busoni, namely, 'Awake, 'In There is Joy,' and 'Rejoice'; the Paganini-Brahms variations; the barcarolle and six études by Chopin, and Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' There is a tremendous intellectual, an enormous mental grasp in Busoni's conceptions. He is fully as great as a musician as he is as a virtuoso, and that is saying volumes in brief; for, as is well known, Busoni in the latter capacity represents the utmost peak of splendour. His technical command of the piano is phenomenal, and his is not good old-fashioned mechanical technique; it is a highly individual, modern, vitalised technique. The mere manual part of Busoni's playing is so full of spirit, so wonderful in its absolute purity and perfection that it is a joy merely to listen to his virtuosity. What a difference there is in technique anyhow! And Busoni's command of the tonal resonance of the instrument is no less marvellous. From the thunderous tones produced by his majestic ff chords, to the elf-like ripple of his pp runs, he compasses the entire gamut of dynamic display with absolute mastery. He is always a subjective performer, too, eschewing the beaten academic paths of interpretation. His conceptions are ever full of colour and his delivery is always replete with vitality, as indeed his whole personality is magnetic and inspiring. A great instrumentalist, a great musician, a great pianist is Busoni!"

"The Mikado" in Napier.

The Napier Operatic Society, whose performance of "The Mikado" was hailed as a brilliant success by the local papers, has not done as well as it deserves. At the annual meeting last week, the accounts in connection with the late performance showed the total receipts from the two performances were £39 11, and the expenditure £36 3. The credit balance, £3 7/4, was handed over to the Fresh Air Fund, for the benefit of which the performance was given. Mr. J. Vigor Brown, M.P., was unanimously elected as the first patron of the society. Other officers elected were as follows:—President, Mr. W. Simon; vice-presidents, Messrs. T. Tanner, C. D. Kennedy, C. H. Cranby, W. P. Finch, F. Moeller, W. Dinwiddie, J. C. McVay, G. Morley, E. Basil-Jones, T. P. Halpin, and K. Beecham; musical director, Mr. M. Brunette; stage manager, Mr. J. R. Rosewarne; secretary, Mr. C. H. Kirke; treasurer, Mr. S. Williams; honorary solicitor, Mr. H. B. Lusk; honorary auditor, Mr. F. W. Slater; committee, Messrs. T. W. Bear (chairman), Renouf, Crowley, Lyttelton, and Natuseh. Hearty votes of thanks were passed to those who had worked so hard in the interests of the society in the past.

Stray Notes.

Melbourne is reported to be rioting in Mr. J. C. Williamson's latest musical comedy, "Havanna." Says an exuberant Press notice: "The many delightful features which are included in 'Havanna' are proving most acceptable to Melbourne audiences, and the sprightly musical comedy is rattling along, and evoking roars of laughter and rounds of applause from thoroughly appreciative playgoers. There are many attractive melodies from the pen of Leslie Stuart, but perhaps the most popular of these are the numbers which fall to the share of the 'Flappers,' including, 'Hello, Girls,' 'Cupid's Telephone,' and 'Would you like to Motor with Mater?'"

In Sounds Tremendously Inspiring.

In the latest London theatrical news mention is made of two new operas which are likely to take their stand with the successes of the lyric stage.

In Comparison to Mischa Elman.

Mischa Elman, who is regarded as being next only to Ysaye and Frits Kreisler as the master of violin players,

AUCKLAND METROPOLITAN COMMITTEE.

At the meeting of the Auckland Metropolitan Committee last week, the Hon. E. Mitchellson presiding, Mr. W. Alison and the secretary (Mr. J. F. Hartland) were appointed to represent the committee at the hearing of the appeal lodged by S. Daragh against the life disqualification imposed upon him, and which is fixed to be heard at Christchurch to-day (Wednesday). Licenses were issued as follows:—

Trainers: D. Bannatyne, Henry Barr, William James Bowden, J. Chute, Jun., C. W. Coleman, Patrick Conway, William Gull, Koss Heaton, F. A. Hill, S. S. Hodge, J. H. Howe, W. G. Irwin, Patrick Jones, S. A. Lindsay, D. P. Moraghan, T. M. Morris, A. Morrow, F. McHugh, F. J. McMaunua, R. McMillen, C. Norrrove, J. L. Rae, C. Rasmussen, A. M. Robertson, Frank B. Ross, F. Stenning, F. Tonge, W. J. Tozer, James Twobill, T. A. Williams, J. R. Williamson, H. Wilson, J. A. Winder.
Jockeys: Herbert Barr, John Blake, J. Brady, R. E. Brown, C. E. Brown, J. Cbaafe, Jun., L. H. Coleman, V. Coleman, A. H. Cowan, M. Deebie, B. Deely, J. Deery, James Duffin, A. J. Gray, Joseph Greenwood, Frank Howard, A. J. Langdon, J. C. Mgher, Percy Major, B. Oliver, A. E. Pearce, John Percival (one month), J. H. J. Percival, J. E. Pinks, F. A. Robson, Mark Ryan, P. L. Speakman (one month), Robert Wilson, William Wilson.

Apprentices: R. W. Brown, A. E. Cox, G. Keenan.

Funtlemore riders: Messrs. A. J. McFlinn, E. D. O'Rourke.

The committee have decided to meet on the second Tuesday of each month.

CHRISTCHURCH ACCEPTANCES.

The following are the acceptances for the C.J.C. Meeting, which opens on Tuesday:—

WINTER CUP of 600sovs. One mile.
Zimmerman st lb. All Gons st lb.
Penates 11 5 Sweet Angelus 9 7
Grenadier 10 9 Tikitere 9 5
Legner 10 3 Rock Ferry 9 3
Federal 9 13 White Cockade 9 2
Brand 11 6 Blythe 11 5 Sing of Trumps 9 2
Wakaraka 9 13 King Post 9 1
Gwendolyn 9 11 Confinance 9 0
North-east 9 9 Lone Star 9 0
Merrie Zealand 9 8 Tyrant 9 0
Hunters' Hurdles.—Homeward 12.9, Glenariff 12.9, Gold Shower 12.0, Sea Dog 11.7, Arty 11.6, Blythe 11.5, Sing of Trumps 11.3, Ben Fortune 11.3, Roun Banner 11.3, Tyrant 11.0, Walnut 11.0, Red King 11.0, Trial Hurdles.—Auratus 11.6, Redreock 10.13, Pikipi 10.9, Contender 9.10, Virtus 9.5, Koko 9.0, Slaney 9.0, Orsino 9.0, Stepfeldt 9.0.
Jumpers' Flat Race.—Scotty 11.9, Compass 10.4, Rbgman 9.13, Polyanthus 9.13, Southern Cross 9.7, Lionheart 9.5, Pukenui 9.0, Fairy Grove 9.0, Whatakura 9.0, Homeward 9.0.

AUSTRALIAN RACING.

VICTORIA AMATEUR TURF CLUB.

MELBOURNE, August 7.
The Victoria Amateur Turf Club opened their steepchase meeting at Caulfield to-day in beautiful weather. The following were the principal results:—
THE AUSTRALIAN HURDLE RACE of 1300sovs; three miles and a-half, less 92yds.
Mr. E. Manifold's br g Nightlight, 5yrs, by The Chevalier—Yesta, 0.13 (Moran) 1
Mr. G. Tantram's b g The Sun, aged, by Sunrise—Andrache, 10.3 (Ryan) 2
2 Louise, 9.0 (Koops) 3
Fourteen horses ran.
Nightlight drew away, and as they entered the straight was several lengths to the good, running home an easy winner in front of The Sun, with Louise third. Rogue's March was fourth. Time, 6.47.
Palacava Stakes of 150sovs, one mile and a furlong.—Mr. W. T. Rowe's b g Nobel, 4yrs, by Sexton Delaval—Problem, 7.5; 1; Sweet Bird, 7.5; 2; Kerle, 8.12; 3. Nobel won by three-quarters of a length. Time, 1.57.
The Wilgah Steeplechasers' Flat Handicap of 200sovs, one mile, seven furlongs, and 64yds.—Haeremal, by Freedom—Leoforn, 0.0; 1; Confederata, 9.0; 2; Kruppa, 9.7; 3. Haeremal won by five lengths. Time, 3.23.
The Mornington Welter Handicap of 150sovs, one mile.—Mr. W. J. Gerrard's ch m Francis, 4yrs, by San Francisco—Azure, 7.7; 1; Golden Cairn, 4yrs, 8.5; 2; Siege Moi, 8.3; 3. Francis won by a length. Time, 1.45.

ADELAIDE GRAND NATIONAL HURDLE RACE.

Deception 3
Thodnyerl 2
San Toy 3
Won by five lengths. Time, 3.22.

One is "The Count of Luxembourg," composed by Franz Lehár, the quality of whose music has been tested in "The Merry Widow," and a book by Dr. Willner, to whom "The Dollar Princess" owes its libretto. The second opera is "Snowdrops," also by Dr. Willner, with music composed by Gustav Kerker, to whose notoriety belongs the music of "The Belle of New York." So as "The Merry Widow" and "The Belle of New York" may be numbered amongst the most flagrant commercial successes which have ever been done in Australasia, it may be assumed that the two new pieces will be about their level. "The Count of Luxembourg" was to have succeeded "The Merry Widow" at Daly's Theatre, but its production has now been postponed for a little while in favour of "The Dollar Princess." "Snowdrops" will be done in London in December.

"An Englishman's Home."

By special arrangement with Mr. J. C. Williamson, Mr. Edwin Geach's company, numbering over twenty artists, will shortly visit New Zealand with "An Englishman's Home," which caused all the seats at Wyndham's Theatre, London, to be booked months in advance. When produced in Sydney, at the Theatre Royal, and subsequently at Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, a repetition of the London rush was witnessed. The London "Daily Mail" terms "An Englishman's Home" a real, rousing, sensational play, which, viewed either as a satire or patriotic lesson, stirred the house to genuine fighting enthusiasm.

Amateur Dramatic Entertainment.

Monday evening saw St. Andrew's Hall crowded to the doors with Auckland's elite, when the pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Kaber-Harrison gave the little play, "A Woman's Affairs," in aid of the establishment of a free kindergarten in Auckland. Excellent results have attended the kindergarten system in other centres, and the Council have every reason to congratulate themselves on the enthusiasm displayed over their efforts. The piece presented was a political one, its strong English character being but thinly veiled by local adaptations. Mr. and Mrs. Kaber-Harrison's histrionic powers were well sustained, and Miss Heywood as "Mrs. Harcourt," and Mr. A. M. Ferguson as "John Pratt" are worthy of special mention. All the students are characterised by ease and naturalness, which is their instructors' special attribute. On the fall of the curtain they were recalled by the audience, and presented with floral tributes.

"Jack and Jill."

To say that "Jack and Jill" gives the public what they want is only part of the truth. The public get more than they could expect. It is the best pantomime that has visited these shores. His Majesty's, Auckland, was overflowing with humanity and laughter on Monday night, when the piece made its first appearance in the north. The management were guilty of something like a feat in transporting the large company, scenery, and properties from Dunedin on Friday and resuming business at Auckland on the Monday.

The pantomime is an orgy of colour and brilliance. It runs on from 7.45 to well after the eleventh hour. Dance follows on dance. The wardrobe of the company pours out splendour unceasingly. Turn upon turn falls upon the dizzy audience, and sends laughter bulging boisterously into the roof. It is a succession of shrieks with scarcely an interval for breath. Amid the host of its interludes there are several episodes which stand out with marked excellence—the snif bathers, the dance of the Teddy bears, the giant family, and the giant rooster. Both acts end up with splendid effects, the first a pretty transformation scene representing the change of seasons, and the final orgy of splendour and brilliance—the Palace of the Precious Stones. Beyond all its attractions, a feature of the pantomime is that the personnel of the company is nearly all girls. One cannot get away past them, from charming Miss Betty Ohls down to the tiny tots whose services are requisitioned for the public pleasure. The audience is overpowered in a revel of skirts and faces of laughing eyes and awing forms. They thrust themselves upon one with bewildering insistence until the bathos of Mr. J. M. Campbell and Mr. Fred Leslie brings welcome relief. Like all good pantomimes, it is the last word in caricatures. Hardly a vestige of the old nursery

story is left amid the rush of interludes which crowd every moment of its life. But it endangers the safety of the public garments; it transforms sober-minded and respectable citizens into shrieking jays, and when all is said and done, it is a limp and surfeited public that tumbles into the waiting cars, dully apprehensive that life is still uncompromisingly stern amid the seven deadly sins as enumerated by Shaw—namely, food, clothing, firing, rent, taxes, respectability, and children.

Stray Notes.

Miss Maud Allan has been engaged for a series of performances in America at a fee of £25,000.

Signor Fregoli, the famous quick-change artist, has had an audience of the Pope. His Holiness good-humouredly remarked that Fregoli had so bewitched the inmates of the Vatican and the Cardinals themselves by his astounding performance that for the last two days they seemed incapable of talking about anything else. "I should have been very glad to have seen your Holiness among the audience," Fregoli replied. "And," his Holiness rejoined, "I believe I should not be displeased to come, but . . ." and the Pope made an eloquent gesture, meaning that, unfortunately, it was impossible for him to leave the Vatican.

An opera company composed of children is appearing in London. The company is composed of children specially selected from amongst the most musical and intelligent in the south of Italy. On the first night of the season "Lucia di Lammermoor" was given, in which a fourteen-year-old tenor, Vittorio Gamba, made his debut. He is the son of a peasant, and used to sing at fairs in the neighbourhood of Rome. The prima donna is Signorina Dora Theor, the sixteen-year-old daughter of a well-to-do Roman citizen.

Theatrical manager Anderson secured while in London the refusal of several sensational plays. He has bought the rights of a new drama, "The Prince and Reggar Maid," which sounds as if it will be too esoteric for Billian's adherents; and has been trying to arrange for another tour through the Com-

monwealth and Maoriland of Miss Ada Reeve.

Twenty-eight performances by the Imperial Russian ballet at the Chatelet Theatre, Paris, brought in the enormous sum of £20,700, or an average of more than £1000 a performance.

Nothing more exquisite, more absolutely refined and artistic, though curiously un-Russian, has been seen than the dancing of the corps de ballet. It is the very perfection of graceful movement.

Miss Betty Ohls, already a favourite in Auckland, made a considerable success as "The Merry Widow," in which character she succeeded Miss Carrie Moore in Sydney; and as Jill in the popular pantomime her performances have evoked enthusiastic praise.

Mr. Harry Richards has booked the great Houdini, it is said, one of the largest salaries ever paid an artist in Australia. Houdini, it is believed, will receive £200 per week from "the moment he puts foot on board the ship at Marseilles until he returns from Australia." "I predict he will be the biggest sensational hit that ever put foot in Australia." The letter adds.

Mr. Sidney Bracy, son of Mr. Henry Bracy, has been doing well in England and America. He appeared with success judging by the criticism, in a small part in "The Persian Princess" in London, a production in which Miss Carrie Moore, an Australian, was the life and soul. In America Mr. Bracy has just concluded a big season, playing lead to Miss Viola Allen in Shakespeare and other productions. He was formerly connected with the Williamson Royal Comic Opera Company in Australia.

It is probable that Mr. G. P. Huntley, the well-known comedian, and Mr. Maurice Farkos, the handsome French light comedian, will tour Australia and New Zealand next year under the aegis of Mr. J. C. Williamson.

Mr. Allan Hamilton has secured from Mr. W. W. Jacobs the Australian rights of "Beauty and the Barge," and is now negotiating with an English actor to visit Australia and play Captain Barley, a character in which the late Mr. Robert Brough scored a conspicuous success.



AUCKLAND HOSPITAL AND CHARITABLE AID BOARD.

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO LEVY A RATE.

The Valuer General hereby notifies that after the expiration of 14 days from the date of this notice, it is his intention to levy, under the provisions of the Rating Act, 1908, and the Hospital and Charitable Institutions Act, 1908, at rate of six twenty-fifths of a penny in the £ on all rateable property situate in the Maungatawhiri Riding Outlying of Manukau County, such rate to be for the period commencing on the first day of April, 1909, and ending on the 31st day of March, 1910, and to be payable in one sum on the 15th day of September, 1909, to the Secretary, Auckland Hospital and Charitable Aid Board, Auckland. The Rate Book is now open for inspection at the Post Office, Cleveland.

P. HEYES, Valuer General.
Valuation Department,
Wellington, 5th August, 1909.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

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

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THE MOST GORGEOUS,
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EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY,
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"Feed the brute" is the motto of thousands of women. They get breakfast, get dinner, get meals at all times—if there's a man about. When he's at work it's "too much bother."



"Skipper" Sardines with bread and butter or toast make a dainty yet nourishing repast. Delicious little fish—appetising, silvery little morsels—they are ready to serve in a minute. "Skipper" Sardines are different from the ordinary sorts. They provide at little cost a meal fit for a queen. Ask gently but firmly for "Skipper" Sardines. Twenty little fishes in a tin.

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| "Albion" | "Indefatigable" |
| "Andromeda" (2) | "Irresistible" |
| "Argonaut" | "Jupiter" |
| "Aurora" | "Kent" (2) |
| "Barham" | "King Alfred" |
| "Borwick" | "Majestic" |
| "Caopus" | "Pembroke" |
| "Centurion" | "Parus" |
| "Commaewallth" | "Plymouth" |
| "Cressy" | "Powerful" |
| "Diadem" | "Prince of Wales" |
| "Drake" | "Prince George" |
| "Dryad" (2) | "Republic" |
| "Exmouth" (2) | "Russell" |
| "Gladstone" | "Spartan" |
| "Glorious" | "Superb" |
| "Good Hope" | "Sultan" |
| "Goliath" | "Terrible" |
| "Griffin" | "Thetis" |
| "Haida" | "Venerable" |
| "Hermes" | "Vindictive" |

Also H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT."

SOLE AGENTS
FOR THREE PIANOS!

LONDON AND BERLIN
PIANO COY.

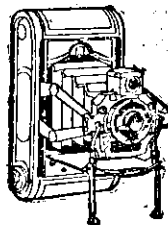
215-217 QUEEN STREET.

Kodak!
Kodak!
Kodak!
Kodak!

Each moment lasts a moment and never comes again. Preserve your happiest moments with a Kodak! Wherever the Kodak is used it is making somebody glad. It can be operated with perfect success by a child, and a nonagenarian can find pleasure in it.

To own a Kodak is to own an unfailing source of delight. No holiday is complete without one.

Kodak you know, means photography with the bother left out. No dark room required—everything can be done in daylight. With fair usage a Kodak can't get out of order.



Kodaks are retailed by photographic dealers the world over. Prices range from 6/- to £25.

Remember! It isn't a Kodak unless it is stamped "Eastman's."

WHOLESALE IN N.Z.:
AUSTRALIAN KODAK LTD.,
6 Mercer-St., Wellington.



S. G. Fells, photo.

"My song has died into an echo."

THE OLD MILL ON THE OAKLEIGH CREEK, NEAR AUCKLAND.



THE HAWKES BAY CHILDREN'S HOME, WHICH HAS JUST BEEN OCCUPIED.



NURSES' QUARTERS AT THE HOSPITAL, OPENED ON SATURDAY BY THE HON. GEO. FOWLDS.



THE CHRONIC WARD AT THE HOSPITAL, THE COST OF WHICH WAS DEFRAYED BY MR. J. N. WILLIAMS.



J. Asher, photo.

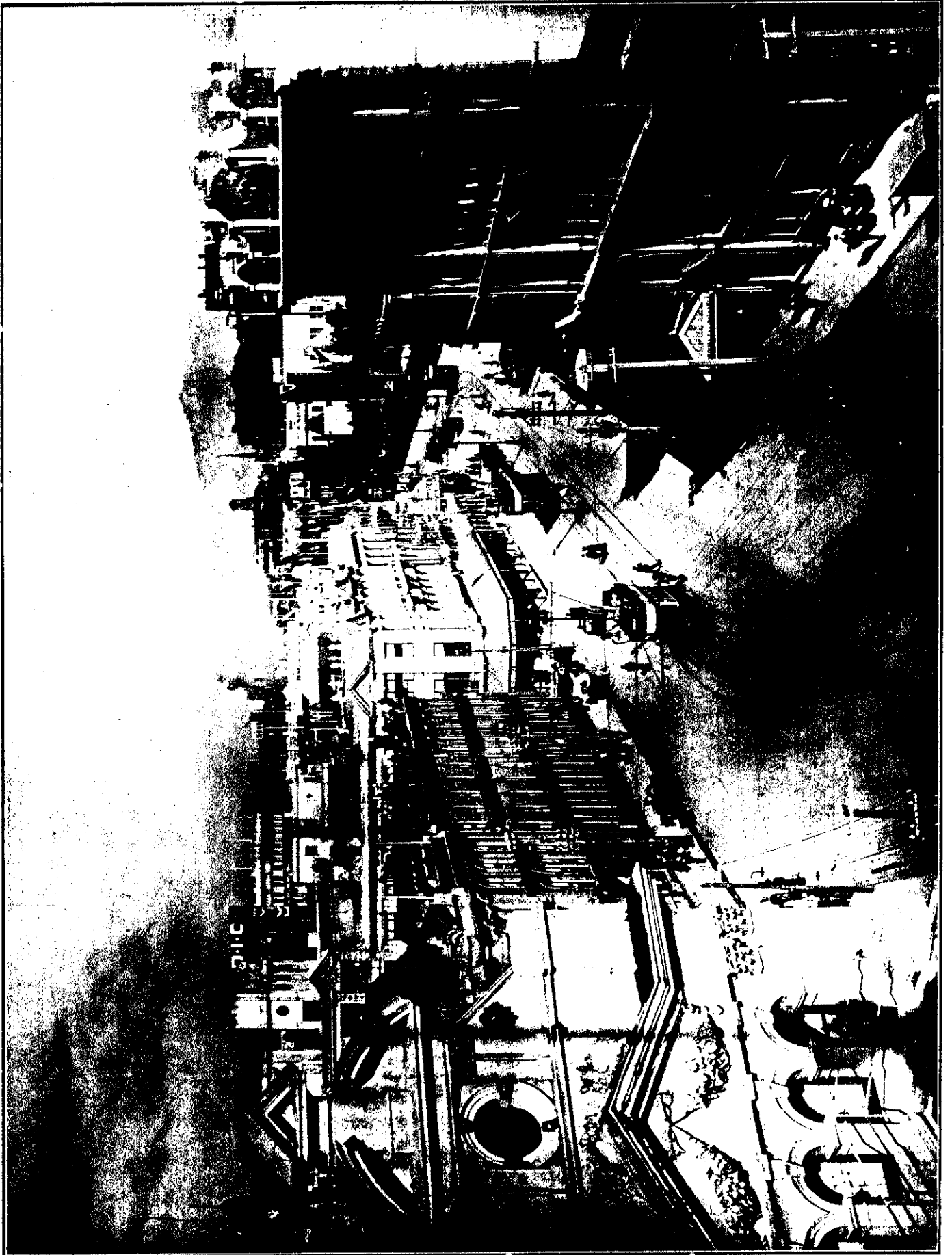
SOME OF NAPIER'S NEW PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The opening ceremony was performed by the Hon. Geo. Fowlds on Saturday.



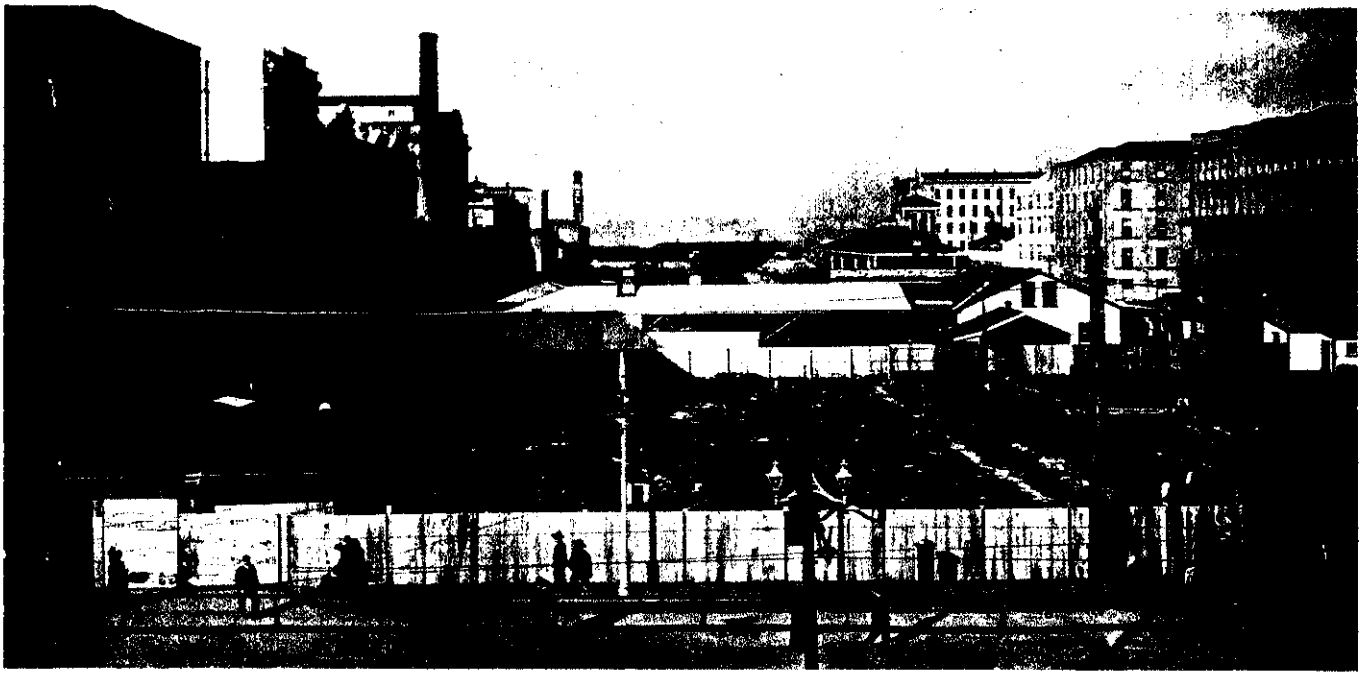
Tibbott, photo.

CHILDREN FROM THE SALVATION ARMY HOME, WELLINGTON, VISITING H.M.S. ENCOUNTER.



IN THE CAPITAL CITY OF THE DOMINION. A TYPICAL SCENE ON LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

Tillett, photo.



LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS OF AUCKLAND'S NEW POST OFFICE.
A view of the work from Queen Street.



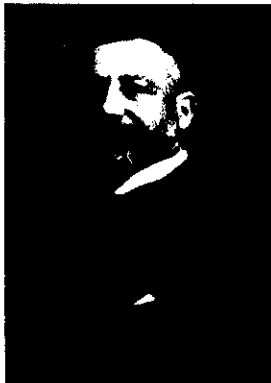
City photo.

A TYPICAL OTAGO RABBITIER.

Mr. Rabbit finds conditions on the big Southern stations very much to his liking, and, as an old settler recently remarked, "They have done more for the poor man and raised more employment than anything else in the country." He instance a big station, which employed about a dozen men, but when "blummy" put in its appearance, the wages' roll was soon altered, and upwards of 100 men and boys were engaged destroying the pests, packing provisions to those "wayback" and returning with skins.



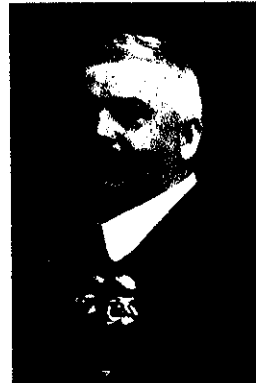
Mr. George Burnett.



Mr. N. A. Nathan.



Mr. R. W. Duder.

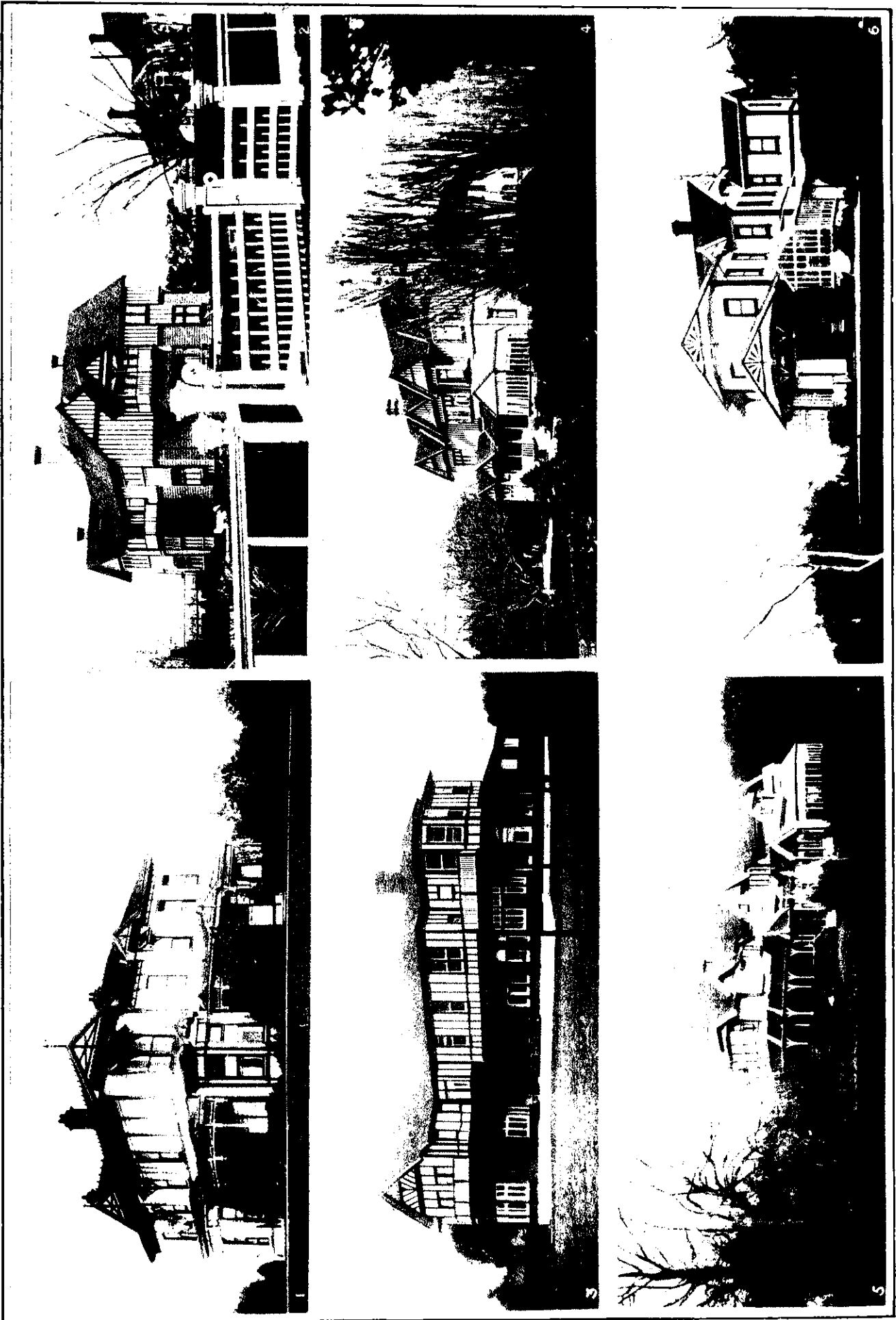


Mr. W. C. Somers.



Mr. E. A. Price.

NEW COMMITTEE OF THE AUCKLAND RACING CLUB ELECTED LAST WEEK.



SOME CHARMING HOMES AT PALMERSTON NORTH.

(1) The residence of Mr. H. S. Aberdeen, Fitzherbert. (2) "Ngatiwai," Fitzherbert. (3) "Whararua," Fitzherbert. Mr. A. E. Russell. (4) Mr. Walter Strang's house. (5) "Awapuni," Mr. J. Allan Strang's home. (6) "Woodley," the residence of Mr. John Strang, at present leased by the Government.

E. Denton, photo.

In the Public Eye.



MISS STELLA SELBOURNE,
As "Jessie McIntyre" in "Jack and Jill."



MISS BETTY OHLS AS "JILL"

In Mr. J. C. Williamson's amusing pantomime "Jack and Jill," now running at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland.



MEMORIAL TO AN AUCKLAND TEACHER.
The tablet erected by the pupils of the Grafton School, Auckland, in memory of the late Mr. N. D. McKay.



A LIFE-SAVING RECORD.
Mr. Robert Barrach, chief officer of the steamer Uhinaroa, who has been recommended to the Christchurch Committee of the New Zealand Humane Society, in recognition of his bravery in saving a man who fell overboard at Wellington. Up to the present Mr. Barrach has been instrumental in saving no less than nineteen lives.



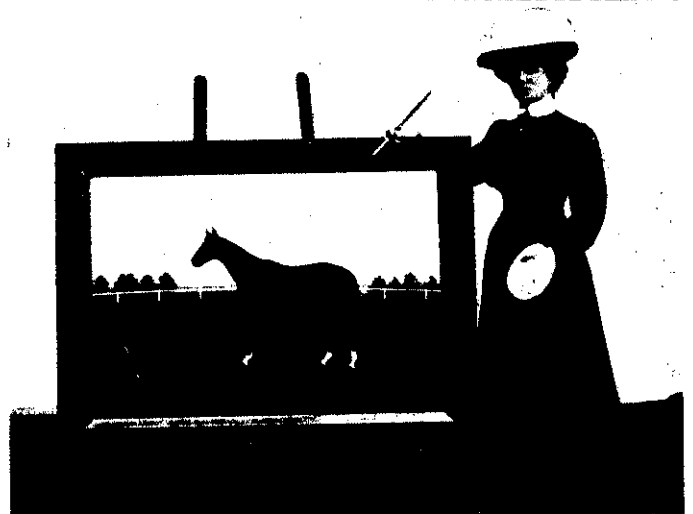
MR. H. C. CAMPBELL,
Who takes the part of the "Widow" in "Jack and Jill."



AN OLD PARLIAMENTARIAN.
The Hon. James McGowan, late Minister for Mines and Justice, who was the recipient last week of a testimonial and presentation from the Thames electors. See "Personal."



MR. JAMES MUIR.
The successful candidate in the Miramā (Wellington) Borough Council by-election last week.



A GISBORNE LADY ARTIST.
Miss Maud Farmer and her picture of Mr. W. E. Bidwell's well-known race-horse Elevation.

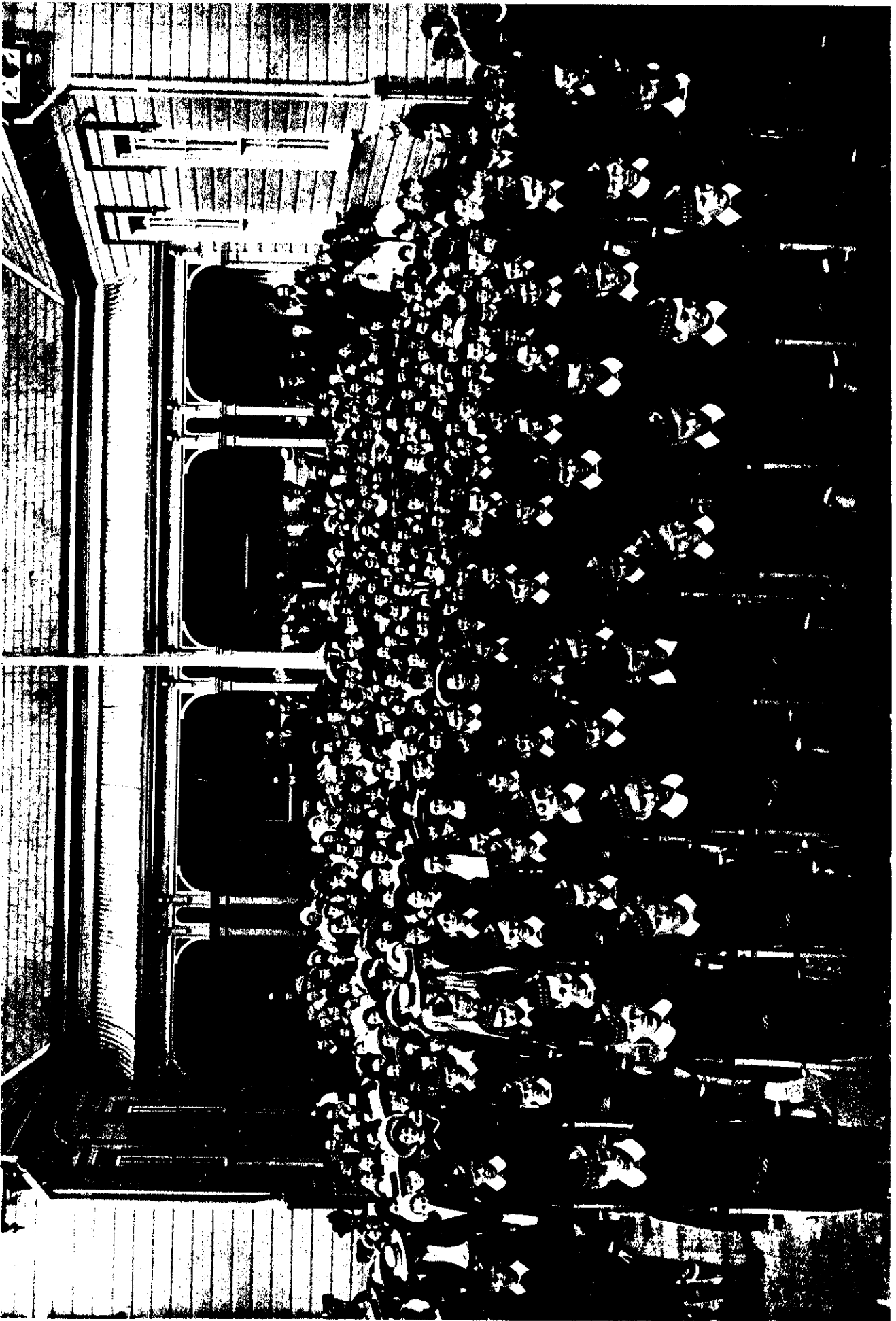
SUNNY NELSON



F. H. Jones, Jun., and Staff, photo.

IN THE HAPPY VALE.

(1) Trafalgar-street, looking north, showing the Post Office in the distance. The view is taken from the Cathedral steps. (2) Wairau Gorge, Nelson. (3) The General Post Office. (4) The upper reaches of the Wairau Gorge. (5) When the tide is low.



SCHOOL CHILDREN'S MEMORIAL TO A DECEASED MASTER.

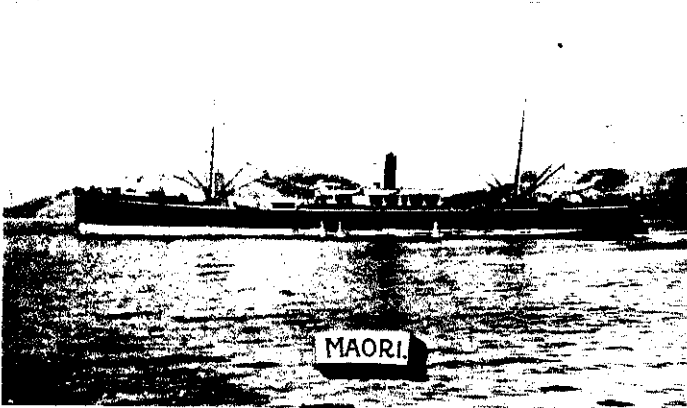
On August 4 a memorial tablet to the memory of the late Mr. N. D. McKay, was unveiled at the Grafton-road Public School by Mr. C. J. Poir, Chairman of the Auckland Board of Education. Mr. McKay was for many years first assistant at the school and, after his death last March, the children asked to be allowed to subscribe to a memorial.

See "News of the Week."



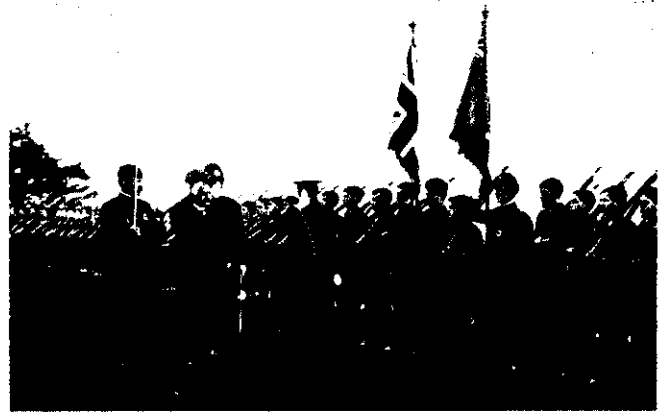
SALUTING THE COLOURS.

The ceremony of presenting the colours to the battalion of the Kings' College Cadets was concluded on Friday. After the formal presentation by His Excellency the Governor and consecration by the Bishop of Auckland on Sunday, the colours had reposed in St. Mary's Cathedral. The photograph shows the colours being saluted.



DISASTROUS WRECK ON THE AFRICAN COAST.

The Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company's well-known liner Maori, which has been engaged in the London and New Zealand trade for many years, was totally wrecked on Dwyka Point, near Capetown, while on the voyage to Lyttelton and Dunedin. The vessel sank in four minutes, and thirty-two of the ship's company were lost.



INSPECTING THE CADETS.

A group of the principal officers at the presentation of the colours of the 1st Battalion inspecting the cadets. The photograph, reading from left to right, shows Major Major, Colonel H. J. Lee (N.S.W.), Capt. Piggie, and Lieut.-Colonel Wolfe saluting the colours.

PUBLIC WARNING!

The most terrible Disease known to Mankind

CANCER

AT A MEETING OF THE CONFERENCE OF MEDICAL OFFICERS OF THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT, The Medical Officers of the Government of New Zealand, on the 10th of July, 1909, resolved to issue the following warning:

Seized a large Consignment of FROZEN MEAT

Diseased and unfit for food.

UNITED STATES ANIMAL BUREAU as fit for food, passed and inspected.

NATIONAL IMPORTANCE

Terrible Disease known as Cancer.

35 CASES OF SICKNESS WITH SIX DEATHS all of which were due to eating FROZEN MEAT.

HOW NEW ZEALAND IS MISREPRESENTED.

One of the posters plastered over England by rival salesmen, warning people against frozen meat, and making particular reference to Canterbury lamb.



F. Dickson, photo.
MARI WHAREPAPA, A FAMOUS MAORI CHIEF.
 The famous chieflain resides at Mangakaha, near Kaikohe, and is now 88 years of age. In 1863 he went to England, and was interviewed by the Prince of Wales, now His Majesty the King. He also dined with the late Queen Victoria, and visited Marlborough House. He married an English lady at Stepney, London, and returned with her to New Zealand. They have five daughters and 22 grandchildren.



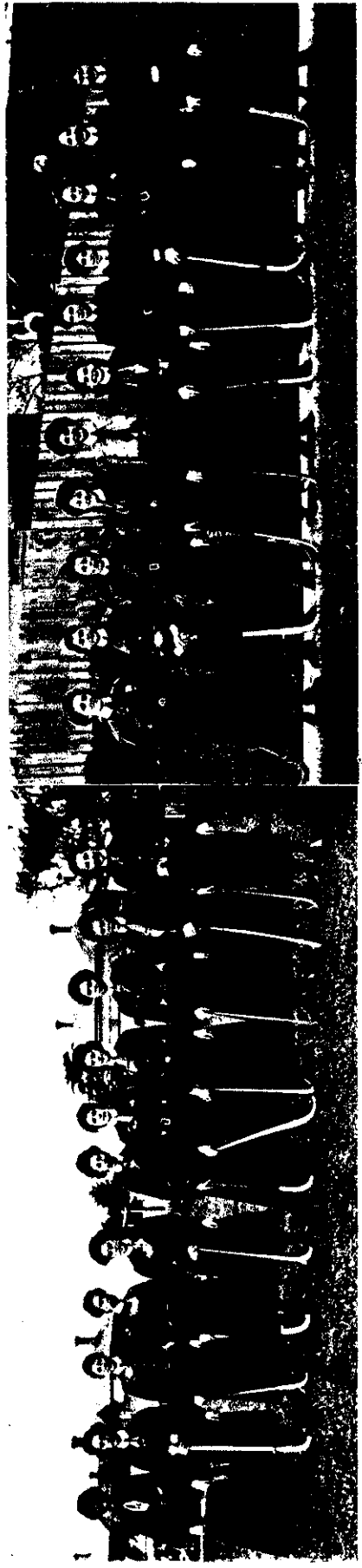
THE AUCKLAND TEAM—HOLDERS OF THE CHALLENGE SHIELD.



A MOMENT IN THE GAME



A CRITICAL MOMENT.



THE MOANA TEAM.

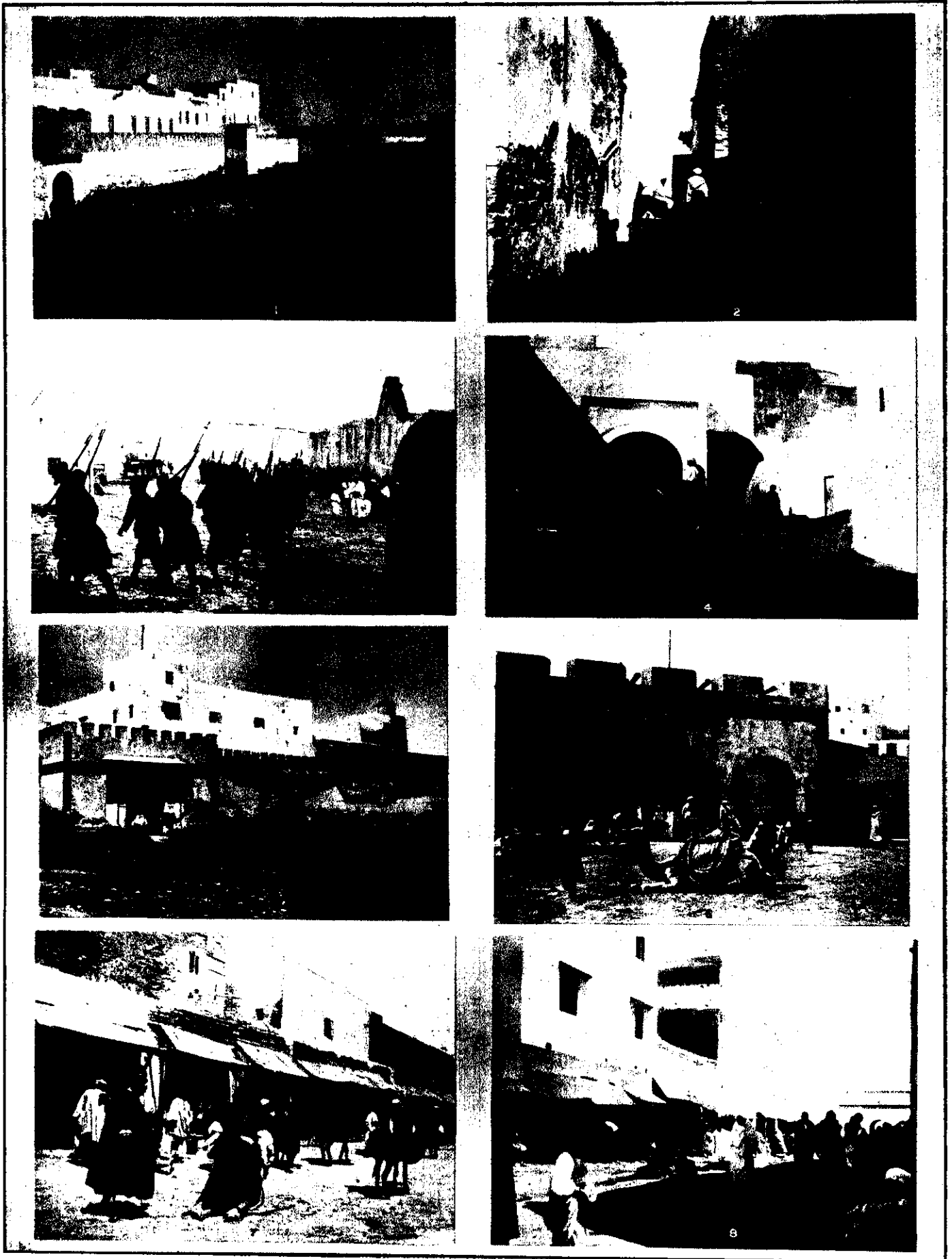
THE WONDERFUL GROWTH OF HOCKEY IN NEW ZEALAND.

TWO INTERESTING AUCKLAND MATCHES.

On Saturday afternoon at Devonport the final match for the ladies' championship was played between Rangatira and Moana, and resulted in a draw. By this result, Rangatira has practically won this season's championship. A challenge shield match between Auckland and Taranaki attracted great interest, the local representatives retaining the trophy by a margin of 4 goals to all.

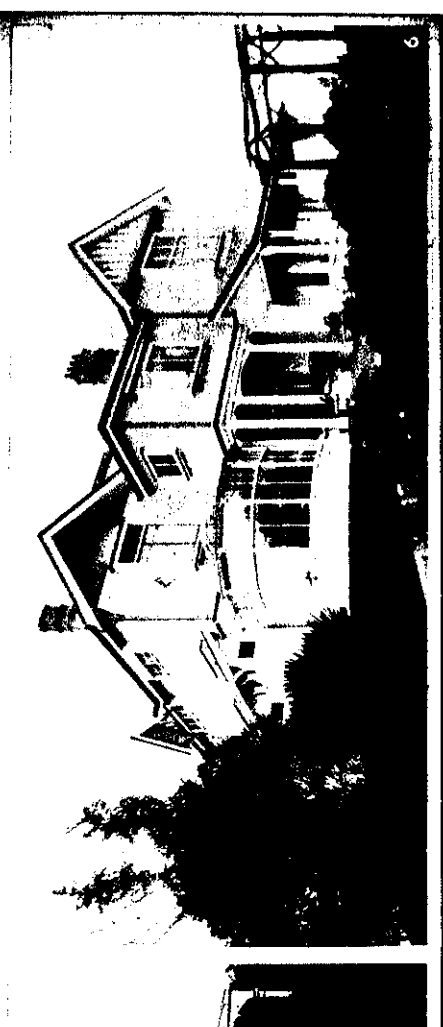
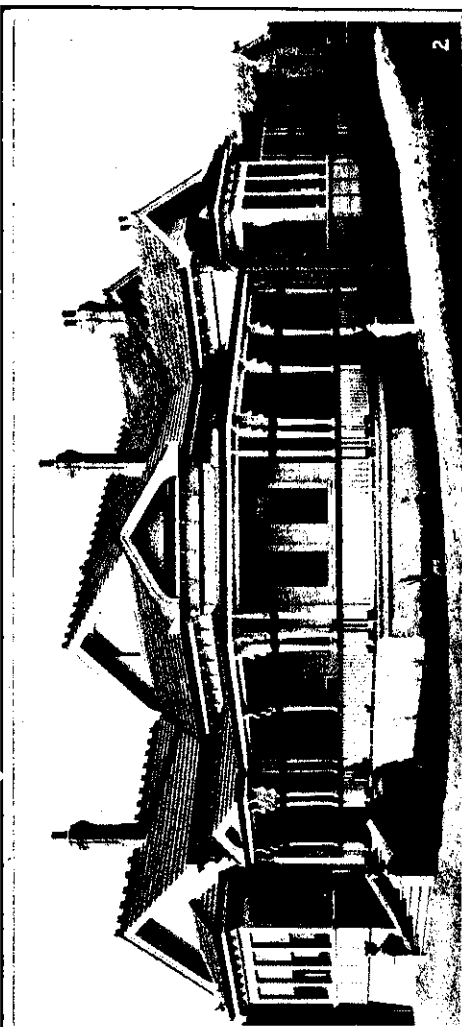
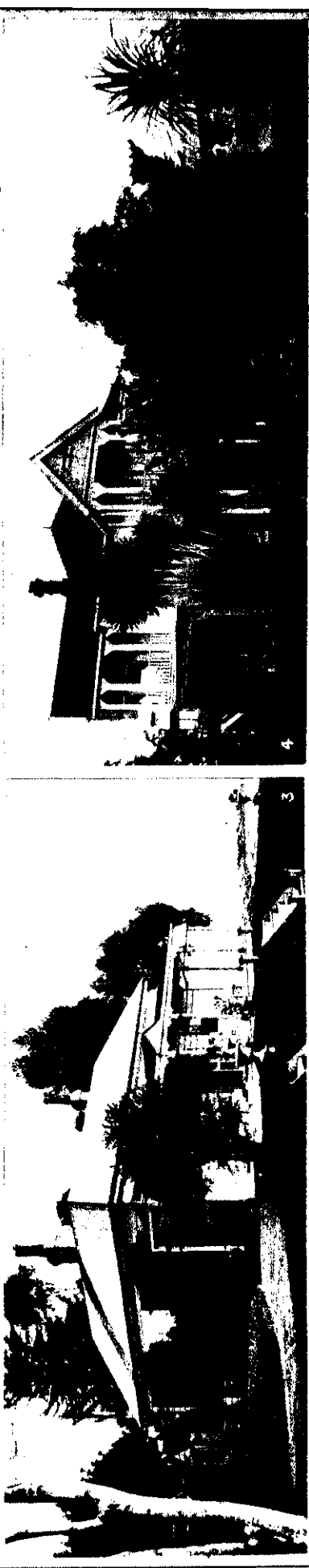
See "Sports and Pastimes."

THE RANGATIRA TEAM.



SPAIN'S DISASTROUS WAR—SCENES IN MOROCCO.

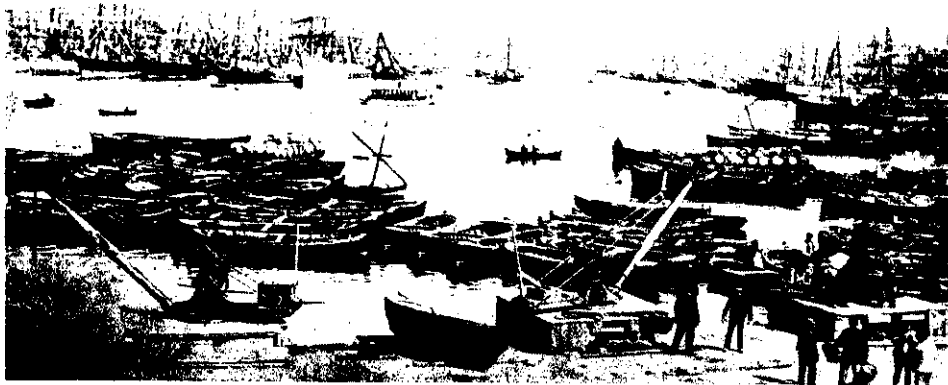
(1) Hunting ground, Mogador; (2) Arab messengers bringing news to the Consulate, Mazagan; (3) Irregular troops, Tangiers; (4) Hall of Justice, Mazagan; (5) Caravan leaving Mogador for the interior with provisions; (6) Outside the Morocco gate (this road leads to one of the Sultan's country houses); (7) One of the principal streets in Mogador (it will be noticed that there are practically no windows in the houses, and no pavement, with the result that the road is a quagmire in wet weather); (8) the principal streets and bazaar in Mogador (under the small awnings are the dealers in all kinds of ware—butchers, fruit merchants, potters, etc., with flies over all).



SOME PRETTY HOMES IN NAPIER.

(1) Mr. H. E. Troutbeck's residence, Barrack Hill; (2) The residence of Mr L. McHardy, Barrack Hill; (3) The home of Mr. J. Vigar Brown, M.P. for Napier; (4) Captain Todd's residence, Bluff Hill; (5) Mrs. C. Laurence's house on Bluff Hill; (6) The residence of Mr. F. Williams.

Surrell, photo.



A VIEW OF THE PORT, BARCELONA.

THE SPANISH INSURRECTION

The Struggle in Barcelona—New Aspects of a Decadent Empire

(Specially Written for the "New Zealand Graphic," by ERNEST W. MUNTON.)

READERS of cable news, who have ever travelled in the country, which, in conjunction with Holland for a century or more was able to effectively challenge England's supremacy at sea, will have had plenty of food for thought in the revolutionary developments in Catalonia during the last few weeks. A few notes on Spain and its people, its past, and its possibilities, may, therefore, be of interest at the present moment.

When one considers that Algeciras (opposite to Gibraltar, and the southernmost Spanish point in Europe) can be reached in less than sixty hours from London, one can but wonder that



THE ALHAMBRA—A FAMOUS SPANISH PALACE.

Decorated Arch in the Mosque.

so few Englishmen have travelled through Spain—the more so when the marvellous examples of the Golden Age of Art and Architecture to be found there are remembered. There is perhaps no country in Europe to-day which can show so much in the way of medieval buildings, or so many ancient ruins; and the old Roman bridge across the Tagus at Toledo, or the famous Court of Lions at the "Alhambra" in Granada, are widely divergent examples of different styles—while the Madrid Gal-

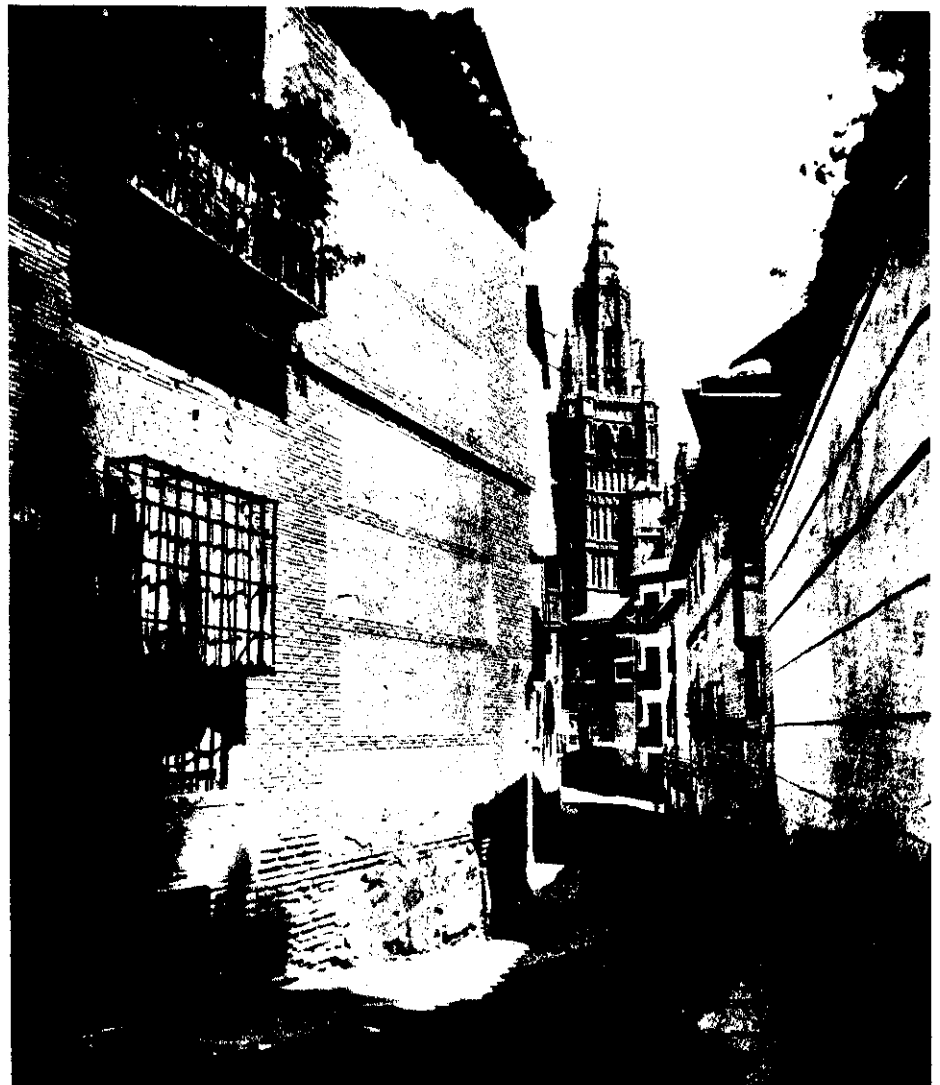
lery, badly housed and lighted as it is, contains, after all, so many masterpieces that one could not hope to enumerate them—but one can never forget the glories of any gallery sheltering



THE LINDARAJA GARDEN IN THE ALHAMBRA.

such pictures as Velasquez's "Forge of Vulcan," Titian's "Venus," or the splendid collection of "Murillos."

The principal difficulties in the way of an Englishman travelling in Spain are: (1) The language, it being almost impossible to get along in comfort without some knowledge of it; (2) the defective railway system, all long-distance travelling being performed by night only involving continuous breaks in one's



AN UGLY PLACE FOR STREET FIGHTING.

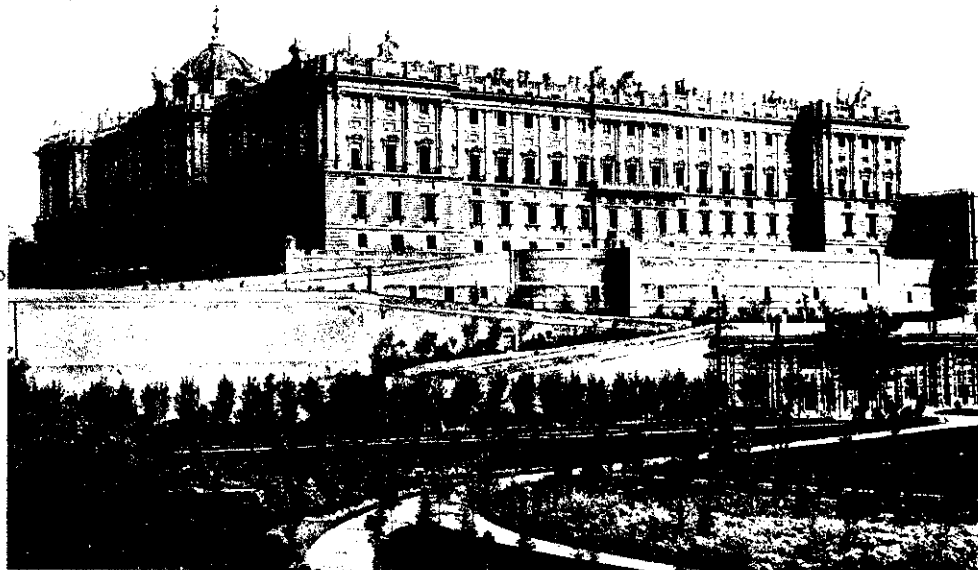
A typical narrow street in Toledo, showing the high-walled houses on each side, with their heavily barred windows.



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH, MADRID.

journey; and (3) the lack of any concise and reliable information as to the places most worth a visit, or the things to see when you get there. With regard to the language, there are few tongues as soft as Spanish, and few of which it is easier to acquire a colloquial knowledge especially if one is familiar with French and Latin—and there is certainly no country in the world where a stranger, knowing nothing of its language, will be less ridiculed than in Spain, where even the children are brought up on lessons demonstrating old-fashioned courtesy, and a chivalry fast disappearing in more Northern climes.

Spain is a country abounding in great cities—Madrid, Barcelona, Toledo, Saragossa, Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, Granada, Malaga, etc., etc., are only a few of the places filled with historic lore, which recur to one's memory, and to go to older places still, few who have been to Seville, have returned without a visit to the ancient ruins of "Italicus." The Spanish people, though in many respects centuries behind the times, are in others far beyond them. You can still see to day in Toledo the barred windows and narrow streets—relics of a Moorish past and yet, in Madrid, you find the most up-to-date Royal Palace in the world. You might witness the afternoon drives along the banks of the Guadalupe at Seville, or in the Park at Saragossa, and imagine yourself at Brighton or Cowes during the season—



THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.



PUERTA DEL SOL, MADRID.

while to see the same people at a bull-fight you would believe the clock had been put back a century.

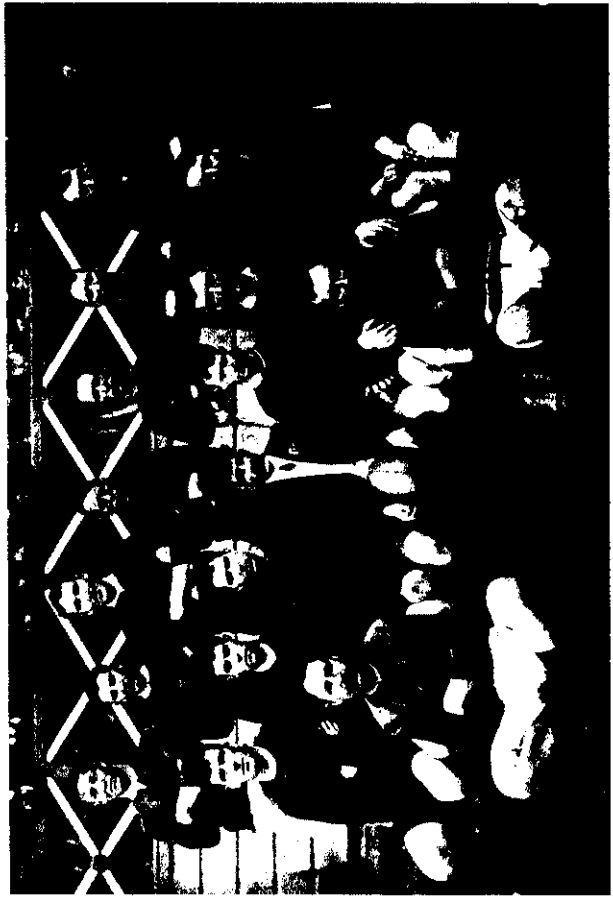
From being the greatest naval and colonising Power in the world, Spain has now become the least—but who is to say that her lessons have been learnt in vain? Who would be bold enough to prophesy that a nation, able to undertake the training of a Montezuma, and having internal wealth, a patriotic and courageous people, and a history not less glorious than our own, has completed all her records, or is indifferent to the possibility of being deleted from the map of Europe? Barcelona is the great business city, and without a doubt comes easily first as regards trade importance, shipping and general commercial instinct, and yet it has always been the "loca" of strikes, insipient Revolution and Anarchism. This may be partially accounted for by the preponderance of the "working" element, often badly paid, and always worked to excess.

The loss of the colonies was probably the very best thing that could happen from the point of view of the regeneration movement—they were unproductive to Spain, notwithstanding their excessive taxation, which was insufficient to pay the cost of keeping them in order—and the advent of a youthful and popular monarch a few years back did much, at any rate temporarily, to rally malcontents round the throne. There

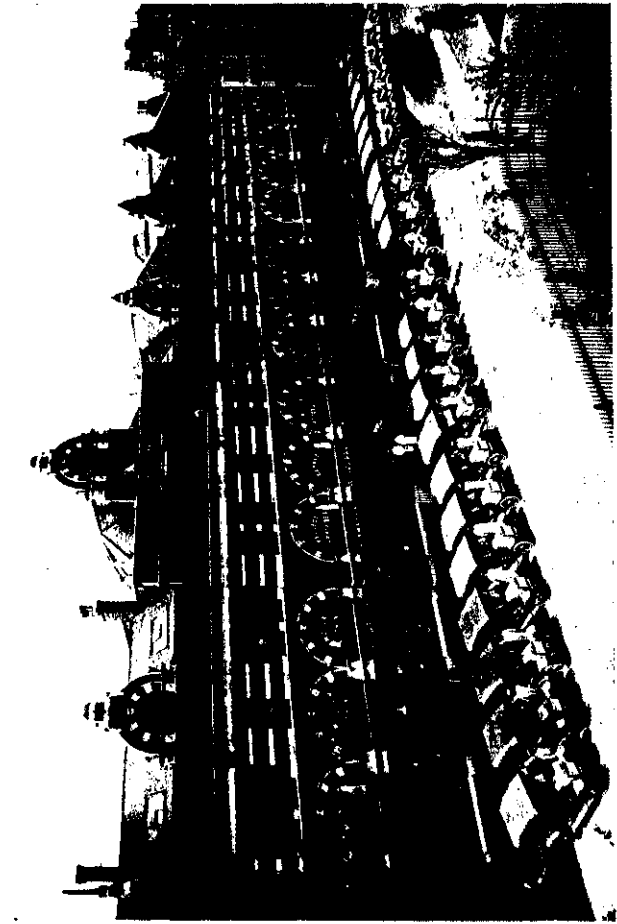
has of late been less of corruption in Government circles, and more honest attempt not only at clean administration, but at the development of the country's latent resources, and the resistance to too much control of lay questions by the Church—perhaps in no country is the latter in possession of more influence, or in control of more tangible accumulated wealth. With good Government for a decade, Spain would emerge to a prosperity not enjoyed for two centuries, and her enormous mineral wealth, at present scarcely scratched over, would be sufficient to make of her a great exporter and manufacturer. She already has a good and growing population, and living is both comfortable and cheap. It may be that some day Portugal will be absorbed by her bigger neighbour, and, in any case, the Peninsula is well protected by the Pyrenees on the one side, and the sea on the other. Whatever happens, the real problem is one for the Spanish themselves—unity of purpose and aspirations—and when they have solved it by the abandonment of internecine strife, it will be found that their country has in front of her a future more glorious and prosperous even than her glorious past, a future perhaps to be influenced by the English blood and traditions, which will be handed down to the future Princes of the Asturias through our own Queen Ema, the first English Princess, as far as I can remember, to ascend the Spanish Throne.



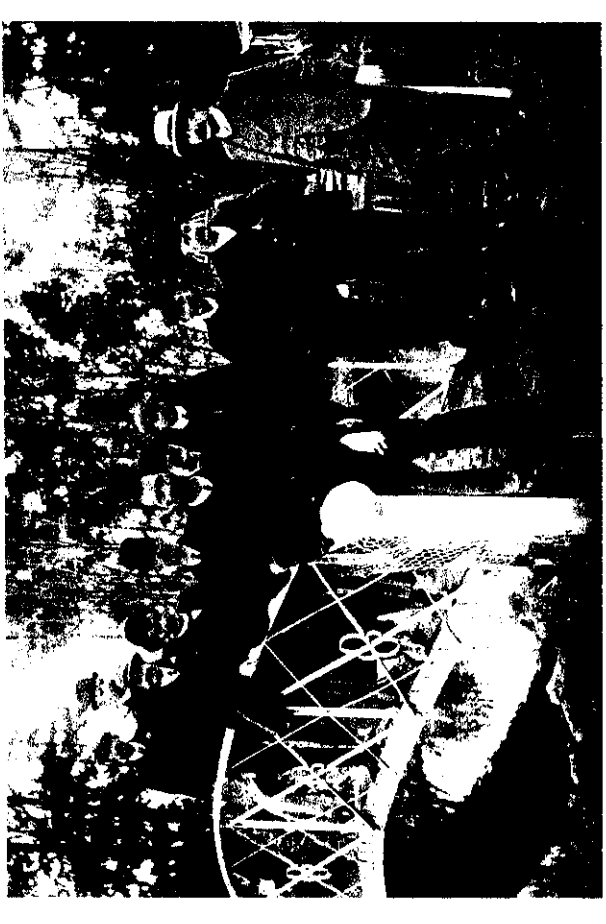
CONFERENCE OF CARPENTERS AND JOINERS OF THE DOMINION, HELD IN WELLINGTON LAST WEEK.
 FRONT ROW: Messrs. A. L. Bacon (Wellington), Esch, G. Dowell (District Secretary), J. Brown (Invercargill), W. Wagner (South
 Wellington), H. Mann, F. S. Sutherland (Secretary), W. A. Appleby (District Secretary), W. C. O'Connell (Secretary), J. Scott
 (Wellington), U. Angus (Wellington), North, W. A. Appleby (District Secretary), J. Hookings (Napier), W. O'Connell (Nelson), J. Scott
 (Gisborne). BACK ROW: Messrs. G. Kellie (Dunedin), J. Harris (Dunedin), F. A. Moady (Christchurch), W. H. Warren (Dun-
 edin), W. Green (Picton), W. Rathbone (Wanganui), F. T. Hayes (Rotorua), Muir and Mackintosh, photo.



RUGBY FOOTBALL IN THE MANAWATU.
 E. Dutton, Photo, Palmerston North. RUGBY FOOTBALL IN THE MANAWATU.
 Folding Sevens, who defeated Kia Toa at Palmerston North by 13 to 3, in the final for the Hanksin Shield.
 STANDING: Messrs. Maxted, McLean, Ryan, W. Carroll, V. Carroll, M. Noe. SITTING: Messrs. Price, Foster,
 Ogley (captain), F. Pihai (president), Manawatu Rugby Association, L. Elms, Shannon, Tevema. IN FRONT: Messrs. Whisker
 and Reid.



TO CARRY THE COLONIAL EDITORS.
 Photograph by Campbell-Craig, London. TO CARRY THE COLONIAL EDITORS.
 This floor of B. Fish's motor "Standard" cars, left to the Imperial Press Conference by Mr. Charles Fishawell. The editors
 journeyed from Sheffield to Manchester in these fine cars, visiting en route Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire and
 the famous Hildon Hall.



WANGANUI POULTRY, PIGEON, AND CAGE BIRD ASSOCIATION—THE STEWARDS AND SOME
 VISITING EXHIBITORS.
 ON RIGHT OF BRIDGE (from front): Messrs. J. T. Shirley (Vice-president), C. L. Esdaces, J. Wickham, and H. J. Meyrick
 (Carters). ON LEFT OF BRIDGE: Messrs. A. F. Landon, R. Alderson, W. Cochrane (Palmerston), J. Currie (Wellington), A.
 E. Stonex (Auckland), D. H. Robertson (Moumteville), and E. H. Holland (Gummythorpe).



There's not a job from Broadway to the moon they wouldn't jump at.

Cowboys of the Skies.

By Ernest Poole.

Photographs by Arthur Hewitt and Frederic Colburn Clarke.

HE was standing out on a steel girder, with a blue-print map in his hands. He wore brown canvas trousers tucked into his boots, a grimy jumper, a shirt wide open at the throat, buckskin gloves frayed by hard use, and an old slouch hat on the back of his head. His lean, tanned face was set in a puzzled scowl as he glanced now at the map and now downward at the steel frame of the building. I came cautiously nearer, looked over, and drew quickly back, for there was a sheer drop of five hundred feet between him and the pavement. A gust of wind blew the map up into his face. He swore, leaned slightly out to brace himself, and impatiently struck the map open. Then he jammed his hat over his eyes and continued his looking and scowling.

This was on the thirty-fifth floor. The building, the "Metropolitan Life," was to rise fifty "tiers" in all, seven hundred feet, the highest of all the skyscraper cluster. Other Manhattan giants towered around us. To the north the "Times" building rose slender and white, the roof of the famous "Flatiron" lay close below us, and down in the Wall Street group loomed the "Singer," forty-seven stories, the "Hudson Terminal," the "City Investing," and a score of others, the largest office-buildings in the world.

From our perch the eye swept a circle some sixty miles across, with Greater New York sprawled in the centre. Northward over Harlem, the Bronx, and far up the Hudson; to the west across Jersey City and Hoboken out to the Ramapo Hills, Orange Mountain, and Newark Bay; southward down into the

harbour crowded with vessels and tugs; and eastward over the end of Long Island out to the misty gray ocean, black here and there with the smoke of the ships endlessly coming and going.

Even through the noise of the wind and the steel you could hear the hum of the city below. And looking straight down through the brisk little puffs of smoke and steam, the whole mighty tangle of Manhattan Island drew close into one vivid picture: Fifth Avenue crowded with carriages, motors, and cabs, was apparently only a few yards away from the tenement roofs, which were dotted with clothes out to dry. Police courts, churches, schools, sober odd coverts huddled close round with strips of green, the Tenderloin district, the Wall Street region, the Ghetto, the teeming Italian hive, lay all in a merry squeeze below: a flat, bewildering mass, streets blackened with human ants, elevated trains rushing through with a muffled roar. And from the North River a deep shaking hollow rose from the ocean liner that just at this moment was swinging out into the stream.

Down there humanity hurried and hummed. Up here the wind blew fresh

the joints. And when at last the maps and the beams, the brins and the matter, come together up to the skies, the maps show exactly where each mass of steel is to be fitted and riveted into the frame.

"All we do is to put 'em together," said the man with the blue-print. "Easy as falling off a log, only rolling off wouldn't be pleasant. Look here," he added, "here's one of the girders just starting up."

There was a creaking and straining over our heads as the ponderous derrick swung round. Its "mast" of steel was lashed by cable guys to the centre of the building's frame. Every week or two, as the building rose, it had been moved farther up. From the base of the mast the steel "boom" reached upward and outward, extending some twenty feet over the canyon below; and from the boom's upper end two cables, looking like mere silken threads, but in reality one-inch ropes of woven steel, dropped five hundred feet to the pavement. Slowly the boom swung out to position, the cables grew taut and began to move. The journey had begun.

Looking over the edge I could see



Silent men, seemingly careless and unconcerned, in this everyday job of theirs up in the skies.



Even through the noise of the wind and the steel you could hear the hum of the city below.

and clean and the details of life dropped off into space, and above me on the open steel beams that bristled up into the heavens some two hundred grimy men clambered about. Silent men in the roar of the steel, seemingly careless and unconcerned, in this everyday job of theirs up in the skies.

Between their work and the world below are two connecting links, the blue-print map and the beam of steel.

The maps represent long months of arduous labour by scores of engineers. First conceived as a whole by the architect, they are elaborated, enriched by his draftsmen; turned over to the building contractor, to be drawn over and over in ever-increasing detail, first floor by floor, next room by room, and finally beam by beam. There are hundreds of maps, and they bear a staggering mass of figures, intricate calculations as to the stress and strain upon every beam and rod according to "dead weight," "live weight," "impact," and "wind pressure." Here is careful figuring, checked and re-checked by many vigilant eyes. For human lives depend upon its exactness.

Meanwhile the iron ore has been dug from the Lake Superior mines; in the Pittsburgh mills it has been blasted, and white-hot ingots have been rolled out into beams and plates, and, with the blue-prints as patterns, the beams and the plates have been shaped and trimmed into columns and girders and trusses, the rivet holes punched, and the rivets welded in tight—all but those connecting

the girder leave the street, a twenty-ton beam that looked like a straw. Slowly, moment by moment, its size increased. Now you could see it swing slightly, and tilt. It was steadied by a guy-rope, that curved out into the wind like a colossal kite string, and far down in the street a tiny man lay on his back with the rope wrapped under his armpits. A crowd stood round with upturned faces. The journey took five minutes in all. At last the beam rose to the rough concrete floor on which we stood. There were no walls around us.

A man beside me gave a sharp jerk to the bell-rope. This rope ran thirty-five stories deep into the bowels of the building. In his closet down there the engineer jerked a lever; his engine stopped. Up here the great girder stopped and hung motionless before us. An hour before I had been down with the engineer; I had been surprised at the strained look on his face as he listened for the stroke of the gong. But I understood now. Up here we could do nothing, powerless as so many monkeys. He had to do all the moving from his closet below. And lives hung on his promptness.

Another jerk on the bell-rope, an instant's pause, then the boom swung in and the girder came toward us. Another sharp jerk, and it stopped in mid-air. A man leaned forward, took a tight grip of the cable, and stepped out on to the tilting mass. It swung out over the street. Still another jerk on the rope, and it started on up with its puny rider.

He stood with feet planted firmly in the chains that wound it round, his hands on the cable, his body swaying in easy poise. Once he glanced at his feet and the void below, then gave me a humorous wink and spat into the universe.

It looked easy enough. But had the catcher dodged back from the flaming thing flying into his hands, he would have dodged all the way to the curb below. Nobody misses up here, though—at least once in a very long time—and between misses nobody thinks. If men stop to think, the accident rate would be doubled. So all is done in an easy, matter-of-fact sort of way.

Once, just as the man with the tongs had started to whirl them to toss off his missile, the man with the keg threw up his hand as a signal that he was not ready. And then, as though doing just what he had intended, the man with the tongs let the rivet fly straight up into the air with a throw so precise that a moment later it dropped down toward his upturned face. Like a ball-player catching a "fly," he watched it come, made a quick step aside, caught it adroitly in the jaws of his tongs, and plunged it back into the forge, just as a bit of byplay.

On the outer side of the girder to be riveted, a narrow scaffold was hung by ropes from above. On this scaffold stood a man who received with his tongs the rivet, still flaming, from the man who had caught it in the keg. A moment later he jammed it into its hole, connecting the girder with a huge column. On the inner side a third man lifted a tool called a "gun," a ponderous pneumatic hammer, the compressed air that drives it coming through a five-hundred-foot hose from the world below. He held the tube firmly against his stomach, while with a deafening rat-a-tat the hammer began its fierce pounding, welding the red-hot end of the rivet flat against the steel. Meanwhile, looking over the beam, I could see the man on the scaffold outside with a "Dolly bar," one end pressed on the rivet head, the other end tight against his waist. So he held the rivet in place, taking the rapid succession of shocks from the stroke of the "gun" inside, his feet braced firmly on the

planks, his body bent forward to meet the blows that were bucking him off into space. This is called "bucking up with the Dolly bar." On a three-foot scaffold out in the air!

Cowboys they are in job and in soul, those men who work on the pinnacles. Like the men on the plains, they come from all over the world. Americans, English, Irish, French-Canadians, Swedes, now and then an Italian. And in the New York gangs this year two full-blooded Indians are at work; cool-headed and sure, a stolid pair who have little to say, climbing about on the dizzy heights, with only a glance now and then down into the tangle of civilisation, into the land that once was theirs.

Some have been sailors in the past, in the days of the old sailing vessels. That was splendid training, but not half so exciting a job as this, for out on the sea a man climbs only a hundred feet or so into the rigging, and if he drops there is always the chance of falling into the waves, which are so much softer than curbstones.

I heard of one case, of a surly old salt, who had come ashore some ten years ago, had spied a crew at work on the steel, had asked permission to go aloft, had watched the job with grim satisfaction—and the next week his ship sailed without him. But as the years went by, little by little the ugly part of the forecastle life dropped out of his mind; he saw the past in a rosy light. And he grumbled and longed for the good old days, till at last his companions profanely begged him to go back and try it.

He quit work that very night, and spent two weeks down along the East River, where sailing craft are still to be seen. He eyed them carefully one by one, and at last he shipped on a voyage to Rio Janeiro.

In the months that followed, the gang used to chuckle now and then at

the picture of "Bill the Grouch" in the forecastle mess, cracking what few teeth he had as he gnawed on tough old pork and hardtack.

Four months passed, the building had reached the twentieth floor, and still no Bill. Then one morning his shaggy head appeared up the ladder. At the roar of derision that met him he only muttered soft maledictions. He went silently to work. And it took weeks of chuckles and grins to wring from him a word.

"Look 'ere," he growled at last, "jest you 'old yer bloomin' tongues! I said I'd try it, didn't I?—an I did, didnt I?—an' that's all! It wasn't the pay nor the grub that stunk, nor the bunk that ate a man alive—it was the bossin' I got!" From his perch he looked off over Manhattan to the sparkling harbour beyond. "No more of the bloomin' blue sea fer me!" And that was the end of a sea-dog.

"Better recruits than the sailors," said an engineer on the Singer building, "are the boys from American farms. Here lies how we get 'em:—A big railroad bridge is being built over a river. The boy from the farm comes to watch it. He sees the men climbing out over the water, using ropes for staircases, taking all kinds of daredevil risks. And pretty soon his jaws fall open, and he says to himself that this here game beats the circus all hollow.

"He ends by getting a job, an easy job at first, inshore, carrying the water-pail or shovelling sand. All this time he's watching the circus out over the river. He watches his chance; he gets out there himself, learns how to tie ropes and to sit on air. In a few months he is one of the gang. And then good-by to the farm. It's a roving life after that, from Maine to the Rockies. High pay, a free hand, and excitement every minute. It's rarely you'll find a man on the steel who isn't



With only a glance now and then down into the tangle of civilisation.

For the floor two piers above us the upright columns had already been placed, pointing straight up, silhouetted against the blue vault above. Near their tops were the "beam seats," supports into which the girder was to be fitted. More and more slowly it rose and moved into position. The signals came now in rapid succession, till at last it hung just between the two columns.

Its rider crept out to one end. He might have been a fly, for all the effect his weight had on the balance. With his left hand clinging tightly to the steel, his eyes fixed steadily straight ahead, suddenly with his right hand he reached out, seized the column, and as the girder slipped into its seat he snatched the long tapered "spud wrench" from his belt and jammed it through two rivet holes. The mass was safely anchored. Back he crept to the other end, and there the job was repeated.

The new floor, or "tier," was now started. Later, when the columns and girders were fitted together on all four sides of the building, the flimsy wooden scaffolds would go up and the riveters would begin.

These riveters were already at work on the floor just above us. Up there on a platform three feet wide was a stout, fiery little forge where the rivets were being heated white-hot. The forger-plunged in his long, slender tongs, pulled them out with a flaming rivet clinched in their jaws, whirled them round in two sweeping circles, let go—and the rivet went sailing a hundred feet, to be caught in a keg by a man who stood poised on a beam to receive it.



Down there humanity hurried and hummed. Up here the details of life dropped off into space.

glued for life to his work. It's a kind of a passion.

"Some of our boys, bridge builders, and skyscraper workers alike, are forever moving all the way from 'Frisco to New York. Often a bridge builder goes on a skyscraper job, and again it's the other way round. But the skyscraper work is the hardest, and it's getting to be more and more a trade all by itself."

Later I had a long talk with one of the men who directed the work on the "Singer."

"Cowboys," he said, "is about the right word. The more you see and hear, the better you like 'em. There's not a job from Broadway to the moon they wouldn't jump at. The higher it is, the windier, the more ticklish, the better. The only trouble is, they take too many chances. In our firm we check 'em up as much as we can. When the Singer building was half-way up I called in the foreman.

"Look here," I said, "you've made a record job so far. Keep it up, finish it without killing a man, and it's worth a hundred dollars. We'll call it pay for good luck."

"He got the money." The danger comes not only at the spectacular moments. It is there all the time. The girders, before they are riveted tight, have a way of vibrating in a strong wind; the men walk along them as on a sidewalk, and more than one has been snapped into space. Here is a story I heard from a man on the White hall building, down at the tip of Manhattan:—

"It happened like this:—Mack had picked up a coil of rope an' 'trowed it over his shoulders an' was startin' out on a girder. This was eighteen stories up, an' the wind was blowin' gales straight in from the harbour, an' the girder wa'n't extra steady. So I yelled over to him:—

"Heigh, Mac! Why don't you coon it?" To 'coon it' is to get down on your honkeys an' straddle. But that wa'n't fast enough for Mac. He laughed kind of easy.

"Well," he said, "if I go down I'll go down straight, anyhow." An' out he walked.

When he had about reached the middle there come a gust of wind that hadn't stopped since leavin' England. An' Mac he was top-heavy because of the rope, an' when the gust caught him he leaned 'way out into the wind to balance. So far, so good. But you see he was leanin' on the wind, an' the wind let up so unexpected he hadn't time to straighten an' not a blamed thing to lean on.

"Poor old Mac. He went down straight all right, you bet."

In the same easy spirit of unconcern a man often jumps on a girder down in the street, when the foreman's back is turned, and rides on up with the load. And cables sometimes snap. In the airy regions above, when you want to come down or go up a few "tiers," it is far easier to grab a rope and slide, or go up hand over hand, than it is to go round by the ladders. Only now and then the rope is not securely tied. Up on the thirtieth floor of the "Metropolitan Life" I saw a man walk out on a plank of a scaffold to be built. He seized a rope that dangled from two floors above him, gripped it with only one hand, and then jumped up and down on the plank to make sure it was solid.

On the pinnacle of the Singer building a lofty steel pole was erected with a brass ball on top. The foreman, who wanted that "hundred dollars for luck," used all the powerful words he knew to keep men from climbing up. But in vain. He could not be in all places at once, and time and again on re-

turning he would find some delighted man-monkey high up by the big brass ball, taking a look out to sea.

But this is only half the story. As you watch them at work on the girders, clinging to massive steel corners, perched on the tops of column, or leaning out over the street far below, it is not the recklessness, but the cool, steady nerve that you notice most. Under all the apparent unconcern you can feel the endless strain. It shows in the looks of their eyes, in the lines of their faces, in the quick, sudden motions, in the slow, cat-like movements. Endlessly facing death, they are quiet and cool by long training.

Up on the "Metropolitan Life," some twenty-five tiers above the street, an enormous circle of stone was being built in as a frame for the clock. A dozen men were at work on the scaffold that hung outside, and projecting from overhead was the boom of the derrick that hoisted the massive stone blocks. Suddenly the cable caught, and the full power of the engine below was brought to bear on the derrick. All this in an instant, but in that instant somebody saw what was going to happen. With a quick, warning cry he made a leap from the planks to the solid steel beams of the building. There was a rending and tearing above, and, just as the last man leaped into safety, the derrick crashed down, bearing with it the scaffold and part of the stone. One empty, breathless moment, then a roar from far below, and a cloud of grey dust came slowly drifting upward to the group of tiny men still clinging to the girders. For a moment longer nobody moved. Then some one broke the spell with a husky laugh, another gave an explosive halloo—and the gang set about repairing the damage.

Down in the city the evening papers ran front-page stories describing it all in vivid detail, with eloquent praise for

the "hero," who, by seeing one instant ahead, had saved a dozen lives. But some days later, when I went up to the scene, hero hunting, I was met with expressions of deep disgust.

"Naw," said a workman, "nothin' at



Cowboys they are in job and in soul, these men who work on the pinnacles.



Men climbing out over the water, taking all kinds of daredevil risks—this game beats the circus.

all but a derrick an' a few planks an' maybe a little stone. Them fool reporters said there was 'giant blocks of it 'hunderin' down to the street.' One of his eyes showed the ghost of a twinkle. "Just to prove what liars they are, I saw that stone on the street below, an' there wasn't one chunk as big as your fist—nothin' but little pieces. . . . Hero? H—! Was anyone killed? Naw. Then leave it alone. We don't want any heroes or hairbreadth escapes in our business. What's the use of these yarns that get men to thinkin'? That's what amazes their nerve!"

"Queer what nerves can do," said a man I met in a steel plant. "I used to work on sky-scrapers. I fell forty feet one day, and broke a rib, but I got up and went back to the job, because I knew if I didn't tackle it then I'd likely lose my nerve for good. It's the same in the circus with the boys up on the trapezes.

"That time it worked all right. But another time, in October, when night was coming on, I stepped into the air by mistake. I only fell about twenty feet then—down a shaft—but I broke a leg, so I couldn't go back up. And besides, the way it happened, unexpected-like in the dark, kind of got me. Anyhow, when at last the hospital let me out and I came back to the job, they had got to the fifteenth floor, and I was worse than a baby. I had no head at all. Twice I came within an ace of getting killed. At last I just missed killing one of the gang. And then I quit. Nerves is a mighty queer thing.

You can shut yer teeth as tight as you please. No use. Nerves, you can feel 'em by hundreds from head to toe, all pulling tight. And then it's time to knock off fer good."

"Here's one thing you want to remember," said a foreman I talked with. "You climb up to the thirtieth tier, and it strikes you all in a heap. You feel kind of worried over your health, and you forget that these boys have been rising tier by tier, getting used to it week by week. The thing that I hate worse'n poison is to take, on a new man when we're near the top."

"Speaking of new men," he went on, with a twinkle, "comical things happen even up here, the same as in a theatre. Sometimes in rush seasons there ain't enough hands to go round, and we have to take 'em green as the hills. I had one once, a kid from Vermont, a whale of a kid, with bones like a horse and eyes awful anxious to please—eyes that made you like him. He's one of the best men I've got now, but then he was green as God made him." The foreman stopped to chuckle.

"Go up to the eighteenth floor," I told him one day, "and bring down an old man." I was busy at the time, and when I saw the kid stare, I said kind of sharp that if that old man wasn't here in five minutes the whole blamed building would probably go to smash. This was just my way of making him hustle, but he thought I meant it word for word. He went up on the run, and in a few minutes he came down with a spattering, clawing old feller held like a vise in his arms.

"He was the only old man on the floor," said the kid. "And he wanted to stop and argue about it, but from what you said I knew what it meant, so I just grabbed him and came."

"You see," the foreman added kindly, noting my puzzled expression, "an old man happens to be the name of a tool we use."

"Another time I sent up a slow-minded Swede to get something. I forget just now what it was. The Swede forgot before he was up. He went wandering round on the beams trying to hunt up his thought. And about a half hour later he stuck his big red head out of a window three floors above me."

"Say," he called down, "what was it you want me to do?" He held out a coil of rope, hoping that was it.

"Tie that rope round your neck," I yelled. You see, I'd been waiting some time. The Swede tied it round.

"Now jump!" You ought to have seen his face. It took him about twenty seconds to think it out. Then he yanked off the rope and disappeared, and about one minute later he shot down the ladder right by me on his way to the ground. We could see him down on the street, walking off fast, only stopping to look up and shake his big head. He had left his coat, but he never came back to get it.

"If a man stays green long," he concluded, "we can't afford to keep him. It ain't fair to the others. You see, in these jobs men depend on each other. A rope badly tied, a signal given too soon, a slip in a tight place, may send some other poor devil off into the open—head over heels."

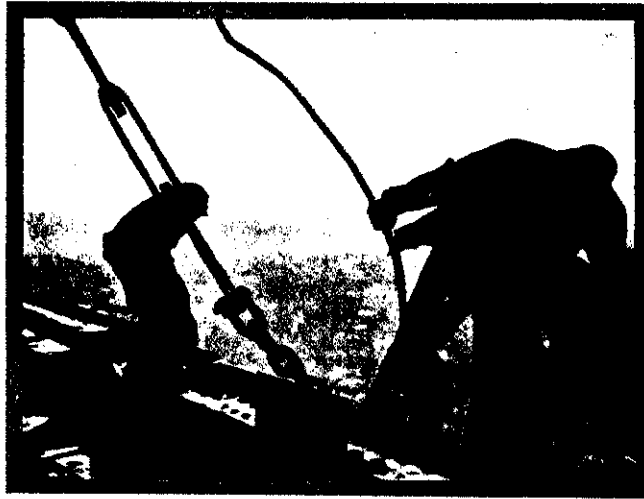
Here's a story in point: A man named Dave McRay was working out on a 9000ft railroad bridge over a river. The bridge was built and the trains were already running across. McRay was down on a scaffold some thirty feet under the middle. His helper, a green country recruit, had tied the ropes that held it. There were two ropes, one from each end. The first rope the helper had tied round a wooden beam between the tracks, and next in a dreamy kind of a way he had tied the second round one of the rails. Then he slid down, and the pair began peaceably working.

Some moments later a train came thundering out. All of a sudden McRay heard a snort. He looked round, and saw the youth staring straight up at the track, with his mouth wide open, a calculating look in his eyes. His

time they make 27 dollars a week, and, like their rough brothers out on the plains, they are quick to give of their earnings. On Saturday afternoons when they line up at the pay window, the Sisters of Charity are always there, and quarters and dimes jingle merrily into their little tin boxes.

Behind this generous giving is a superstitious belief that amid risks like these it is well to propitiate Fate all you can. For Fate is a relentless old machine, and when once its wheels begin grinding, no power on earth can stop them. The "Rule of Three" is centuries old. You may hear of it out on the ocean, in the steel mills, in the railroad camps, and down in the mines. And you find it up here on the jobs in the skies.

"Believe it?" said an old foreman. "You bet they believe it."



Between their work and the world below are two connecting links—the blue print map and the beam of steel.

freckled face grew slowly white. McRay seized his arm.

"Say," he demanded, "wot's eatin' you?"

His helper looked round, gave one frantic shout, and dived for the river 70ft below. Just then the train roared overhead, cut the rope in two, and down went McRay, grabbing the scaffold tight. He hung by the other rope, and said a good deal. When the train had gone, he went up hand over hand to a steel truss, and from there, looking down, he saw the head of the youngster, who was swimming hard for the shore. He made some quick calculations. Then he climbed up to the track and ran like a deer. But by the time he got to the river bank his helper was already ashore, and had lit out over the fields. The bridge never saw him again.

These airy crews are a generous crowd. They earn high pay. When working full

"Do you?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "all I can say is this: It may be a spell or it may be because of the way the whole crew is expecting it. But anyhow, when two accidents come close together, you can be sure that the third ain't very far off."

The story of Patsy O'Day is only a rumour. The man who gave it to me could not even tell what city it came from. But rumours do not float so far without some wings of truth. Whether true or not, the same thing or something like it has happened time and again.

"Patsy O'Day had an ugly laugh, an' the more enemies he made the better he was pleased. The only thing he liked was his job, an' he liked it hard. When he was drunk he blowed of it like a ten-year-old kid, an' when he was sober the jobs he did ain't never been beat. Them's the kind that make a

skyscraper stand in a gale of wind. His jobs were scattered all over the country. So were his enemies. He kept meetin' 'em wherever he went. An' when Patsy met an old enemy he was as pleased as if he'd met an old friend.

"On this particular job, in two months he had made the whole gang sick of his eyes an' his laugh, all but Big Mike, the foreman. Mike was as quiet a man as ever bossed, an' fair, an' he treated O'Day like all the rest. An' this was tough on Patsy. He never quite enjoyed his job till he had every last man agin' him.

"I won't go into no details. You don't know enough to take in the fine points. But it's queer how those same fine points have travelled along with the story. It's them that make me think it's real. Anyhow, there was two steel columns stickin' up from the seventeenth floor, an' a girder was to be planted between 'em, an' it was the devil's own job.

"It was a windy day even down on the street, an' that means wind up here. When the girder was hoisted, a man climbed up to the top of one column to meet it. He was just gettin' to work when a gust of wind took him off. He struck on a beam only one floor below, and by good luck a man was there to yank him in. So only his leg was broke.

"That wasn't so bad. Good luck rather than bad. But when a second man went up, an' the girder, blown for'ard suddenly, broke his right hand like as if it was paper—then the gang knew what was gettin' ready to happen.

"Now put yourself in the foreman's place. Nice job, eh, to pick out the third man an' order him up? Big Mike had a long look down into the city. When he turned back there was O'Day close behind him, lookin' like a dog who is achin' hard for a scrap. Big Mike studied him a minute. No use denyin' that Patsy was the one for that job. There wa'n't a man who could touch him. So Mike nodded to go ahead.

"For about ten minutes nothin' was done on the floor. The whole gang was lookin' up, waitin'. Even the riveters turned off their guns. Only the wind kept up its tune.

"Patsy was leanin' out for the girder. All of a sudden he noticed the noise of the guns had stopped. He glanced down over his shoulder an' saw all the faces, an' he gave that laugh of his. It sounded uglier than ever.

"You made up yer mind to fix me, eh?" he called to Big Mike. "Been hidin' it all along, the grudge you got agin' me. An' now I'm to be fixed, eh?" Before Mike had a chance for a word, Patsy laughed again, this time long an' happy. You see, he had the men an' the winds an' the steel an' about everything else in sight all agin' him, includin' that same old Rule of Three.

"So Patsy laughed, an' leaned 'way out as the girder swung in, an' with that amazin' snap of his he got it just at the one second when the thing could be done. The girder slid into its seat, Patsy jammed in his spud wrench to hold it, an' then he looked down again, an' he laughed an' laughed till the tears came out in his ugly eyes.

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"An' it was part from the laughin' an' part from the gust of wind that came that he slipped, an' gave one yell, an' went down 17 tiers before he struck. "He had broke the spell, Patsy had, an' the work went on without even the smash of a finger. But they say Big Mike was sick that night. How'd you like to have been in his place?"

"That yarn may not have been true, but it's real enough. If you don't believe it, ask some of the boys what they think of the old Rule of Three."

"But how'd you like to have had Patsy's job? That was real enough, eh? Kind of beats your job, don't it? The old rule an' the wind an' the steel all ag'in him. An' he laughed an' put it through. Patsy's job was better than Patsy. An' jobs like that you can find all the way to 'Frisco. Them's the jobs that gives the backbones to skyscrapers."

So they are. While I was up on the "Metropolitan Life," twenty-five stories below us the offices were already completed, the business firms were moving in. In the floors between worked over a thousand men of a score of trades. But the men on the top looked down on these others as cattlemen out on the plains might look upon butchers and tanners. For only on top were the "real jobs," the jobs in the world's open places: riveting tight the mighty trusses and girders and beams, the whole "backbone" of the building, which reaches down unseen, seven hundred feet to the ground below, and far under the ground to the concrete base and the anchor rods that hold it firm to the solid rock of Manhattan.

Rough pioneers are these men of the steel, pushing each year their frontier line up toward the clouds. Wanderers, living for their jobs alone. Reckless, generous, cool-headed, brave, shaken only by that grim power of Fate, living their lives out fast and free—the cowboys of the skies.

"How's this?" asked Binks, reading from the ten-cents-a-line advertising columns of the newspaper: "A stout German lady wants washing at home."

How He Learned English.

"Passengers who arrived in San Francisco the other day on the steamship Korea are telling with glee how Wong Kwong, a Chinese engineer, also a passenger, silenced a very pompous Britisher who boarded the liner at Yokohama," said Frank Wallace, of San Francisco.

"Wong, who is only thirty-two years old," continued Mr. Wallace, "belongs to one of the best families in the Chinese Empire. He is an educated gentleman of considerable polish, and stands high in his profession. He has a brother attending Yale University, and is himself a college man. He is now general manager of what is probably the most important engineering concern in China."

"The pompous Britisher was introduced to Wong, and from the first patronized the little Celestial in a most demonstrative way. Wong openly resented the Britisher's attitude, but he did nothing in retaliation until one day in the smoking room, just after Wong had told a very good story. The silence that followed the laugh with which the yarn was greeted was broken by the Britisher. "I say, me man," he said, "you speak English very well for a Chinese."

"Yes," replied Wong, "I have a great many Englishmen in my employ."

The Story of Esaw Wood.

Esaw Wood saved wood. Esaw Wood would saw wood! All the wood Esaw Wood saw Esaw Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esaw saw to saw Esaw sought to saw.

Oh, the wood Wood would saw! And oh, the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood.

But one day Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood.

Now, Wood would saw wood with a wood-saw that would saw wood, so Esaw sought a saw that would saw wood.

One day Esaw saw a saw saw wood as no other wood-saw Wood saw would saw wood.

In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood Wood never saw a wood-saw Wood saw saw wood would saw wood, and I never saw a wood-saw that would saw as the wood-saw Wood saw would saw until I saw Esaw saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Now Wood saws wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Oh, the wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw!

Oh, the wood Wood's woodshed would

shed when Wood would saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood!

Finally, no man may ever know how much wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw, if the wood-saw Wood saw would saw all the wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw.

You can lose your situation. You can lose your rank or station. You can lose your reputation. You can even lose your wife! But if this advice you follow When your couch sounds harsh and hollow, And Woods' Peppermint you swallow, You will never lose your life.



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H 6230
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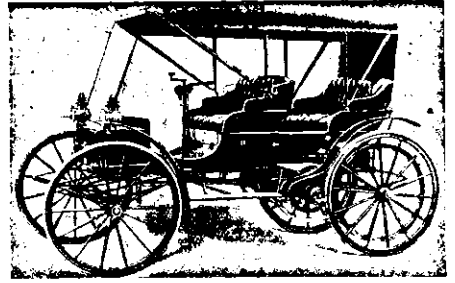


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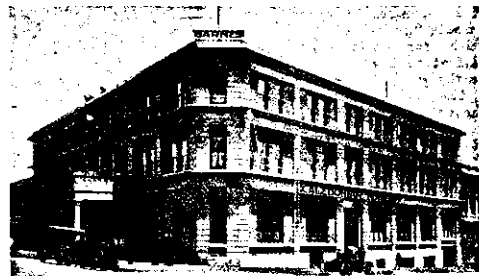
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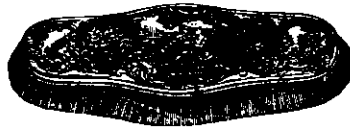
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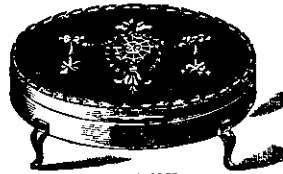
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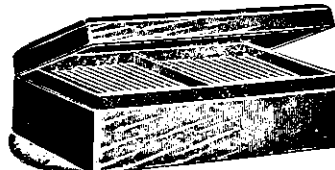
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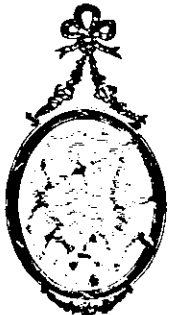
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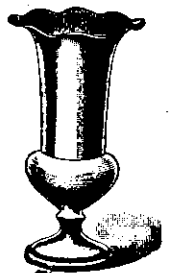
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Life in the Garden.

Practical Advice for Amateurs.

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

Flowers.—Asters, Candytuft (giant flowering), Empress Carnations, Clarkia, Dianthus, Godetia, Hilychrysum, Larkspur, Lupinus (annual sorts), Mignonette, Nemophila, Shirley Poppies, Schizanthus, Stocks, Sweet Peas.

Vegetable.—Asparagus, Broad Beans, Cabbage, Cauliflowers, Cape Gooseberry, Early Horn Carrot, Cress, Leek, Lettuce, Mustard, Onions, Peas (William Hirst, Gradus, Daisy), Parsley, Parsnip, Radish, Spinach, Tomato, and White Turnip.

Planting.—Potatoes, Artichokes, Rhubarb, Herbs, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Lettuce, Onions, Shelter and Fruiting Trees and Bushes, Roses, Gladioli Bulbs, Lilies, Tuberoses.

GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

SPRING always brings us face to face with any amount of work in our gardens, and some amateurs are occasionally puzzled what to set about first; we would strongly urge that first place be given to planting such things as roses, fruit trees, or shrubs, which may have been overlooked or have arrived late; all such should be got in at once. Then choose a dry situation in which to plant early potatoes; some of the fine old Kidneys are again on the market, and are well worth growing. Continue to plant broad beans for successional crops. Sow early peas. Onions can still be sown this month, and autumn sown onions can be transplanted. Continue planting out cabbage, cauliflower, and lettuce. Saladings should be sown every ten days, where a succession is required. A few early carrots and parsnips may be sown on deeply-dug ground. Carnations, hollyhocks, antirrhinums and penstemons can be planted out when soil is suitable. Dig over all vacant land in readiness for future work. Where seedlings are being raised in frames or greenhouse, see that air is freely admitted, without cold draughts. Unless this important point is carefully attended to, the seedlings will get "drawn," and will never make nice, hardy, "stocky" plants.

Finish pruning and regulating the branches of fruit trees. Any grafting required is best done during August. Where fruit trees have not received their winter wash, they should be attended to without further delay.

Culinary Peas.

The enormous number of varieties of garden peas now on the market is rather puzzling to some amateurs. There appears to be no cessation of new arrivals, for the cry is "Still they come!" the present season being especially prolific in new kinds. We do not at the present time propose giving any opinion on new introductions, preferring to wait and observe the results when grown in the Dominion. There are some standard sorts for early use, such as William Hirst and Gradus, too well known to require any description here, further than to say the former is a very dwarf-growing kind, and on that account will commend itself to those who cannot procure, or have no time for, staking. Gradus is a grand early, grows 3ft high, but it is a very poor cropper. The pods, however, are very large.

English Wonder comes in about a fortnight after William Hirst, and, like that variety, is also dwarf-growing. A splendid cropper, the peas are closely packed together in the pods, averaging about eight fine peas in each, of good quality and flavour.

Stratagem, when true, is one of the best peas we possess. It grows 2ft to 2½ft, produces long dark green pods, and peas of excellent quality. It is a heavy

cropper on good land, and a pea suitable either for table or for exhibition.

Alderman is an exceedingly handsome and prolific variety, but grows 5ft high. For exhibition purposes there are few to rival it. Many prizes and certificates have been awarded this variety.

One of the best-flavoured late peas is named the Gladstone. It is a superb pea for the table, turning out, after cooking, very dark green; makes a most tempting dish. The pods are produced in pairs, and it grows 3ft to 3½ft high. Pods are deeply curved, and often contain 10 to 12 large peas. It remains a long time fit for using, but is only suitable for main crop.

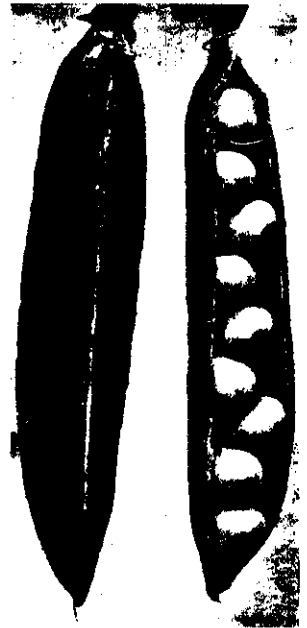
A pea we have tried and like is Prize-winner. It comes in about same time as Stratagem, and is a somewhat similar pea. Pods slightly curved; height, 2½ft.

remain standard sorts, but owing to their height (6ft) are not so much grown as they deserve. Where sticks are plentiful, however, it will pay the grower well to plant these excellent peas, which are very heavy croppers and of first-class quality.

NEW PLYMOUTH HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The general committee of the New Plymouth Horticultural Society met at the Town Hall recently, and transacted several matters of importance and interest. It was reported that local rose-growers were anxious that a rose-show be held during the coming season, either under the auspices of the Society or otherwise. A proposition was made by Messrs Sandford and Griffiths, that the Society should undertake the holding of a rose show some time in October or November.

Considerable discussion took place, in which it was pointed out that the Society should encourage lovers of particular flowers by holding daffodil, rose, and other shows in their various seasons, always providing that the ideas of those interested were not too large.



Selected Alderman.

garden or employing only occasional assistance, shall be considered an amateur, providing he does not, in the opinion of the committee, make a business of growing for sale products similar to those he exhibits in the amateur class; the area to be not more than a quarter-acre section; entry fee to be 2/6 and entries to close on October 30; judges to take into consideration, first vegetables; second, flowers, shrubs, etc.; and third, general arrangements and conditions.

The judges, who will probably visit gardens twice during November, will be appointed at a later meeting.

Parsnips.

To grow parsnips for exhibition, a deep, rich, and well-drained soil is necessary. If the soil is of a heavy nature, it will be better to make up a bed of forced earth to the required depth, than to attempt to grow them in such. A trench may be made, say 30 inches deep, and 18 inches wide for a single row, and a layer of well-rotted manure placed in the bottom and mixed with the soil. The trench should



English Wonder.

Duke of Albany used to be largely grown, but its popularity is on the wane, owing, no doubt, to the tendency it has of straining back and producing a large number of very small pods. We think Alderman will supersede this kind.

Prince of Wales is a fine cropping pea, but many object to its small pods. It shells out, however, when dry, remarkably well. The same remarks apply to Yorkshire Hero and Veitch's Perfection. These old kinds are still very popular, and justly so, for although the pods are short, they are numerous, and the peas very large, and they are also of good quality.

In cold or late districts Pride of the Market is one of the safest kinds to grow. The peas are not so good quality as some of the wrinkled sorts, but it generally does well, and is a good market sort, and often sown in early districts as a first early, owing to its hardy character.

Ne Plus Ultra and British Queen still

The motion was carried, and the following committee appointed, with power to add, for the making of the necessary arrangements:—Messames Standish and Salt, Messrs S. W. Shaw, G. Tisch, J. H. Frethey, J. Gibson, J. Staples and F. Gonlaere.

After some discussion, the following sub-committee was appointed to arrange all necessary details in connection with Mr Tisch's cottage garden competition: Mrs Dockrill, Miss Hempton, Messrs G. Tisch, W. W. Smith, E. S. Allen, and G. H. McGahey.

This committee met at the close of the general committee meeting.

Mr Tisch offered, and it was decided to accept, four prizes—£2, £1 10/, £1, and 10/- for the best cottage garden, under the following conditions:—The garden to be within the borough of New Plymouth; to be confined to amateurs as laid down in clause 13 of the by-laws (any non-professional person cultivating his own



Prizewinner.

then be filled up with good soil of a friable nature, and the seeds sown. The method, however, which is adopted by all the best growers is as follows:—A large dibble is procured, and holes are made with it in the ordinary soil of the garden. These holes must be made when the ground is quite dry, and may be 3ft deep and 6in or 8in in circumference at the top. To fill them a compost must be made up, and for the bottom 6in of the hole it must be very rich. The mixture must consist of fine soil, a little sand, mould, and well-rotted manure, all passed through a half-inch riddle to remove stones. This may be enriched by the addition of a little of our manure or other such ingredient, and a little soot, which will help to keep away rust. Towards the top of the hole less manure should be used. Sow six or eight seeds in the mouth of each hole, covering about one-quarter of an inch. Thin the plants when they have grown to a few inches in height, taking care to leave only one strong plant near the centre of each hole. The seed should be sown during August if possible, or early in September. Parsnips must not be fed on the surface, as it induces side growths on the roots, and spoils their appearance. If feeding is done it should be by large holes made at some distance from the plants, and liquid manure is advisable. It greatly decreases the risk of the top or crown of the parsnip being destroyed, if when half-grown a small quantity of clean sand is heaped over it.

Sprouting Potatoes Before Planting.

Much of the success of the potato crop is secured by putting the seed in boxes some time before planting. Place the tubers in the boxes or trays in a position outside, where they will be secure against frosts. This process induces short, strong "buds," or sprouts, to start from each eye, instead of the bleached,



Parsnips for Exhibition.

dwarf peas, etc., all behave as pairs of Mendelian characters, the first of the pair being dominant and the other recessive.

When the Mendelian characters happen to correspond with the horticultural

acter one will be found which breeds true. This enables the breeder to dispense with the old and laborious method of so-called "fixing by continuous selection," which, though usually effective in the end, is now recognised as a waste of time. Mendel's Law provides a much quicker and more effective method of achieving the same result.

true in accordance with Mendel's law. Thus Mendel himself crossed a round yellow with a wrinkled green pea, and obtained in the second generation round green and wrinkled yellow peas, some of which bred true at once. By following Mendel's law, Mr. Cuthbertson obtained in the second generation the new and valuable variety of sweet pea Waved King Edward by simply crossing the plain red King Edward with the waver pink Countess Spencer. In a similar manner Mr. Cuthbertson also raised the new and valuable variety Primrose Spencer. In my own experiments a few years ago I raised a true stock of the novelty Black Knight Cupid in the second generation by crossing tall Black Knight with pink Cupid. In this case, however, I unexpectedly found three Mendelian characters concerned in the cross, and, consequently, only three plants out of 64 came Black Knight Cupid, all of which bred true at once, the characters concerned being all recessive.

COMPOUND CHARACTERS.

In many cases, however, the Mendelian characters do not happen to correspond with the horticultural characters, and interesting complications then arise. For instance, in my experiments with tomatoes, red and yellow fruits behaved as a Mendelian pair of characters, red being dominant. But when the fiery-red Fireball was crossed with Golden Queen, four distinct forms appeared in Mendelian proportions in the second generation. There were two kinds of reds and two kinds of yellows. This I found to be due to the fact that the fiery-red colour of Fireball was really a compound of two distinct Mendelian characters, red flesh and yellow skin, while Golden Queen had yellow flesh and white skin. Consequently, in the second generation two new forms arose by re-combination, a carmine or "pink" tomato, with red flesh and white skin, and a deep yellow tomato, with yellow flesh and yellow skin. Both these novelties bred true. Similarly, Professor Bateson, by crossing a red sweet pea with a cream, obtained whites in the second generation, the white colour being due to a re-combination of the white plastids of the red

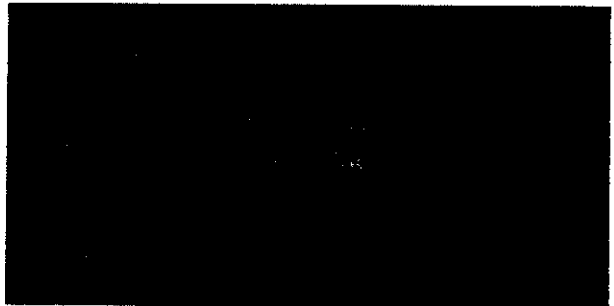


How Novelties in Potatoes are Propagated.

During a boom in new kinds a pot would be worth £1 to £5. This was given not so many years ago for Eldorado, now worth about £7 to £8 a ton.

weakly "buds" or sprouts which grow when tubers are left in bags or clumps. When planting out care should be taken not to injure the "buds."

characters, it is a simple matter for the breeder to breed quickly what he wants. For he knows that the recessive character will breed true at once, and that by breeding from several individuals bearing the dominant char-



King Edward VII.

A second early variety, producing handsome kidney-shaped tubers, the flesh is slightly yellow, of good flavour, and does well in the Dominion; it is a very good cropper, and resists the blight fairly well. One of the most handsome sorts grown, and indispensable for the exhibition table, where collections are called for.

BREEDING NOVELTIES BY RE-COMBINATION.

The combinations of two pairs of simple characters by crossing, and the results which follow the self-fertilisation of such crosses, are of great utility to the breeder, for in the process of re-combination following Mendelian segregation new forms arise which will breed

sweet pea with the white sap of the cream.

An even more interesting result of the same nature has also recently been obtained by Professor Bateson, at Cambridge, by crossing the Bush and Cupid forms of sweet peas. In the first generation all the cross-breeds were, curious enough, tall in habit, like the ordinary sweet pea. In the second generation,

MENDEL'S LAW AND ITS APPLICATION TO HORTICULTURE.

The following is an abstract of a lecture delivered by Mr. C. C. Hurst at a meeting of the Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society:—

Mendel's Law was founded on Simple characters in garden peas, which behave in breeding as dominants and recessives. In his classical experiments with peas, Mendel found that round seeds were dominant to wrinkled seeds, which were recessive; similarly, yellow seeds were dominant, and green seeds recessive.

Recent experiments have shown that many simple characters in garden plants follow Mendel's Law. For instance, starchy and sugary maize, palm and fern-leaved primulas, small and large-eyed primulas, red and yellow tomatoes, purple and red sweet peas, tall and



Sprouting Potatoes.

However, there arose in Mendelian proportions, tall, bush, prostrate Cupid, and a new variety called Erect Cupid, with a peculiar habit of growth something like Box edging. This result has been shown to be due to the compound nature of these horticultural characters, the crossing of which leads to various re-combinations, in accordance with Mendel's Law.

Some Good Kinds of Potatoes.

Seed potatoes are plentiful; an evidence, let us hope, that the blight is much less in evidence than of late. To many a potato is a potato, but there is an increasing number who not only like a potato but like a good one. It must be admitted that during the last few seasons the kinds we have had in our gardens were of first-class quality. Northern Star, for instance, is not by any means all one would desire in a table potato, although it has undoubtedly withstood the attacks of blight better than most varieties; it is a kind which does not succeed on light soils, but on good, heavy lands it is no doubt a great cropper. Up-to-Date may be considered one of our best standard sorts, and it is largely planted for market. There can be no doubt about its cropping qualities; and it succeeds well in almost all kinds of soil, but sometimes it is not of the best quality. Magnum Bonum at one time was extensively cultivated, latterly it seems, through some cause—possibly over-cultivation and want of changing the seed tubers—the potatoes were streaked or spotted when cut, and consequently it has very nearly dropped out, but there can be no doubt it is a fine cooker, good cropper, and we may again be growing it largely. The Bruce, although a fine cropper and a good blight-resister, is altogether too coarse for garden cultivation. The potato, in our opinion, which is of first table quality is the kidney; be it Lapstone or Myaito, or,



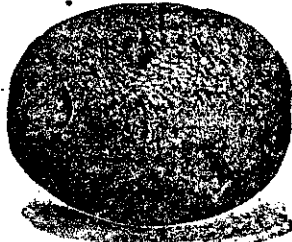
The Scot.

In all, 16 pairs of Mendelian characters have so far been found in sweet peas.

Professor Bateson has also found that the red colour of sweet peas is due to the presence of two Mendelian characters, in the absence of one or both of which the flower is white or cream. Purple colour in sweet peas is due to the presence of a third Mendelian character, which only becomes patent in the presence of the other two, and so on.

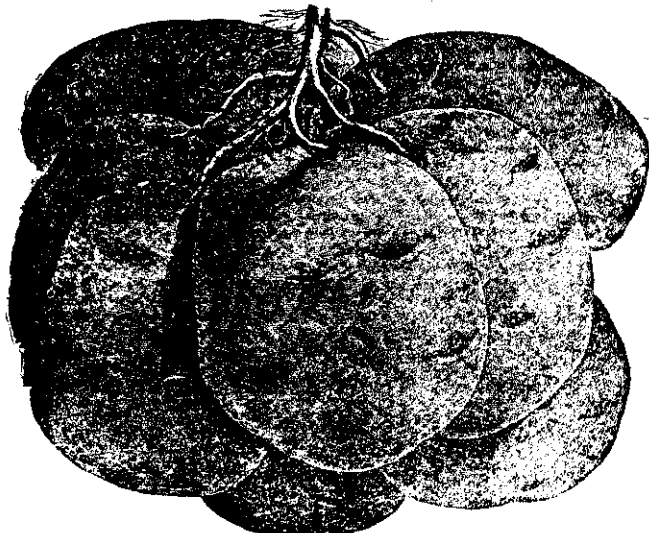
From this follows the interesting and important discovery that albinos (white or cream) in sweet peas may carry certain colour factors, which may become patent when the albino is crossed with another albino or with a coloured form.

It seems likely that other species of plants behave in a similar way. For instance, Primula sinensis Crimson King crossed with P. s. stellata Primrose Queen (an albino form with large, yellow eye) gave in the second generation crimson, pure white, magenta, rose, and tinged white forms: each colour appeared with small eyes and large eyes.



The Crofter.

better still, the old ash-leaf kidney, there are no kinds, either old or new, which can approach these for flavour, but, unfortunately, they are very susceptible to blight. Still, we think it is well worth risking a few. One of the best potatoes



The Eureka.

All these appeared in sinensis and stellata forms, there being at least 18 distinct forms, showing the great variety that can be obtained from a single cross. I obtained similar colours by crossing crimson and white sinensis forms. In another of my Primula crosses, palm-leaved stellata with red stems and pink flowers crossed with fern-leaved sinensis with green stems and white flowers, I obtained in the second generation 36 distinct forms, of which 34 were new (i.e., distinct from the parents), 14 of which could be bred true, while 20 of the forms were infixable, being Mendelian hybrids.

of recent introduction is Dalmeny Beauty. We have seen great crops grown of this kind; the quality is very fair, and it resists the blight next to Northern Star. We consider it well worth trying. The Crofter is, perhaps, the finest quality in round, white table sorts in existence; the tubers are a nice shape, and just the right size. It is not an extra heavy cropper, still good returns can be secured. The Scot is a variety which has given great satisfaction to some growers; it is one of the most perfect shaped kinds, with very shallow eyes. A very fair cropper of excellent quality, and perhaps the finest sort we have for exhibition;

It is seldom beaten on the show table. The American Gold Coin is a great cropper; tubers are very large, of good quality, eyes rather deeper than the Crofter or Scot. Extra Early Eureka is one of the finest and best-flavoured kinds grown; it is still scarce, but where procurable is to be recommended for a first crop. The tubers are usually all one uniform size, just what is required for table; it is a heavy cropper, and probably on this account not so largely grown.

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By PERRITON MAXWELL

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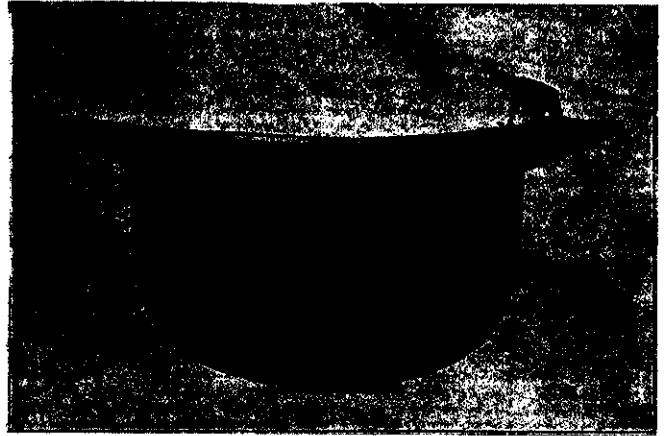
THE doctor meditatively wagged his shock of snowdrift hair and pulled a grave countenance. He was a rosy, rotund cherub of sixty-three, with a laugh that bubbled up straight from his heart. He exuded health, and to his patients he was the living symbol of optimism, the soul of good cheer. No one could remain ill very long under his skilful care; in thirty-one years of daily practice he had had less than half a score of patients whose ailments had reached beyond the power of healing. But now there was a solemn shade on his ruddy old mask and an inquiet look in his eye. Evident-

already confined. Always I had entertained a robust horror of the knife. I owned to a fixed theory that a certain large percentage of sick men and women went down into premature graves, butchered on the surgeon's table.

My mental discomfiture was as poignant as my physical pain was intense when, after a night of fever and fantastic dreams, I awoke next morning to realise that all preparations for removing me to the hospital had been made. I was actually on my way to the block, there to be man-handled and cut up for the crime of having a wilful v. uniform appendix.

heels into it. I realized that my struggles were useless—the far-away confusion of voices convinced me of that. Something seemed to tug at my vitals, and there was a dim consciousness of pain, but this I lightly laughed away, for I suddenly became aware that it was not my pain, but belonged to some one else

Probably not; it is not a popular pastime. But if you have, you will recognize the sensation of passing swiftly through a tube of rapidly solidifying air—air that envelopes you and shrieks in your ears as it folds you tighter and tighter in its embrace. You have only one thought while you are falling—you



A yawning chasm, to fall into which meant at least a broken neck.

—to the blonde assassin who called himself a surgeon, to the uniformed attendant at the door, to the coloured porter whom we had passed in the corridor, to the white-capped nurse with the violet eyes. The pain was there in my side—oh, yes, there was no doubt of that, but some one else felt it. It was a huge joke, and I knew I was the only person in the whole great universe that could appreciate or even understand.

Then the desire to rise from my uncomfortable position on the operating-table came upon me with compelling force. I knew I was required to lie perfectly quiet, but I seemed to be alone in the midst of an all-enveloping white vapour. You may imagine my astonishment when I found the task of rising from the slab no more difficult than getting out of a chair.

After stretching myself to loosen up my joints I started across what I supposed was the floor of the operating-chamber. It was a strange sensation to come suddenly to the end of the floor, and peering over the edge, to see a sheer drop of some fifty feet or more to the level of what seemed to be the storey below. I could not quite bring my reason to focus true on the situation. I had only the consciousness of an enormous human countenance with a huge blonde beard peering at me from out a vast impenetrable whiteness, a fog of infinity. I tried to shake off the foolish illusion, but it would not be shaken. Then I lost reason completely, tossed discretion to the winds, and made a plunge into space over the edge of the floor, down, down, down!

Did you ever fall from a great height?

wonder how soon you will strike the bottom of the impalpable air-tube.

It came almost at the moment the question formed itself in my mind. I felt the heavy jar of my body when it came in contact with the ground, and wondered how much of me was left unbroken. It is a strange fact but a true one that I escaped unharmed. I had struck upon a mound of something soft and yielding—something like a mountain of piled-up linen, if you can imagine such a thing. I struggled out of the folds of the yielding mass, and finally reached the floor.

I do not know how the realization was brought home to me, nor what inspired me to see the truth as it was, but all at once I knew I was not of normal proportions: I had shrunk into a man of incredible diminutiveness. I was standing beside the walking-stick of one of the hospital inspectors, and I recognised the cane immediately from the peculiar wood of which it was made. It now towered above my head like an attenuated Eiffel Tower, but it enabled me to gauge my height, and I discovered that I stood from the ground but little higher than the ferrule. I was one inch tall! I do not think I ever harboured any foolish notions about my own importance in the world. The entire human race is but a mere swarm of ants crawling about on the little terrestrial golf-ball we call the earth. But to find oneself suddenly reduced to the dimensions of a healthy grasshopper, without that creature's splendid mechanism or locomotion, is to feel very small indeed. I brought all of my philosophy to bear on the situation, however, consoling myself



I saw the shadow of an enormous foot and felt a rush of air.

ly he believed me to be asleep, which, indeed, I should have been after the exhausting physical examination I had just endured at his hands.

From my vantage-point beneath the coverlet of the bed, I saw and heard everything which transpired about me—saw and heard too much for my peace of mind. I scented danger in the doctor's unnatural sobriety of manner. "A badly complicated case of appendicitis," I heard him tell my wife.

"The devil!" I muttered to myself. "Still, I suppose I should be thankful it isn't something worse."

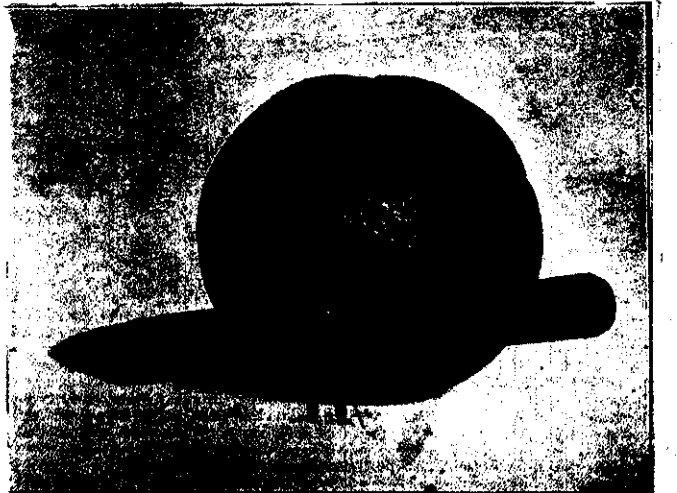
"Is it so serious, then?" tremulously whispered my wife.

"Not so serious, little woman, but that we'll have him on his pins again in a week or two. But," and he lingered unreasonably long on the word, "he will have to undergo an operation, and at once."

Immediately I lost interest in my own welfare. Nothing counted after that pronouncement of doom. If they were going to pry me open like a can of beef, and play hide and seek with the inner man of me while I lay foolishly weak and powerless, there surely was no further use for life. In my own mind I was

After a hideous nightmare of a ride to the hospital in a stuffy, jolting cab, and but a brief rest upon arriving there, I eventually found myself, like a trussed chicken on a platter, laid out upon a slablike table bristling with thumb-screws and brass tilting devices; it was not unlike one of those torture-racks used in a remoter day for victims less innocent, perhaps, than myself. The group of young doctors gathered about my prostrate form seemed to be very jocular indeed over my helplessness, perhaps my approaching death. They had absolutely no sense of the importance of the moment as I felt it.

"It will be all over in a jiffy," said one of my smiling assassins, a spectacled chap with a blonde beard, as he adjusted a cone-shaped something over my face. I was inhaling ether, and there was no backing out of it now. The ordeal was on. I felt myself sliding out of the world, slipping the harness of life, gliding with terrible swiftness down an interminable chute. Faster and faster I sped along the endless death-slide. Then I rebelled. I tried to clutch the sides of the chute, grabbed ineffectually at the polished, unyielding surface under me, and vainly dug my



The great sphere I recognised after closer scrutiny as an orange.

with the thought that there were other living and useful creatures still smaller than myself, and set out to seek further adventures.

Everything now took on an interesting and unusual appearance; the most common objects of daily life assumed the appearance of gigantic curiosities. A medicine-case looked to me like a big house of eccentric architecture; a dust-heap in a corner of the great room swarmed with infinitesimal bits of animal life which, I was sure, could not be discerned by the eye of a normal man.

One thing reconciled me to my strange predicament—I was free to go wheresoever I pleased, without let or hindrance. I stood for a moment in the shadow of a porcelain basin which rested on the floor, and watched with zest the passing of several pairs of giant legs. It gave me a peculiar sensation to see first one

eyes of ordinary mortals. I remember that for some space of time I hung perilously upon the table's edge like one swinging from the ledge of a sheer mountain face. When I gained the top my curiosity led me to a big, black object which I finally made out to be a common Derby hat turned brim uppermost on the table. Up the curving side of the hat I clambered, digging toes and fingers into the yielding felt, and swung safely over the brim. Carefully I crawled to the edge of the inner rim and peered down into the abyss. It was like looking into the mouth of a crater—a yawning chasm of darkness, to fall into which meant at least a broken neck. I lost no time in getting back to the more solid footing of the table-top.

Walking a few paces, I was presently confronted with a huge, round object covered with a glistening yellow excreta-



I made a headlong dash down the end of the keyboard.

belching fire and smoke at one end, which end projected out into space. I directed my steps toward it. The extreme point opposite that which was aflame had evidently been saturated with water, and then beaten and hacked at until it was shredded and pulpy. The object, I found, when I had crawled up its crackling side and sat on the top, was of cylindrical form, and exuded a pungent odour. Near the burning end I gazed over into a crumbling formation of hot ashes from which arose the most stifling fumes. The odour I recognised at once—it was a cigar, and, I am frank to say, not a very good one. Indeed, I remembered it as one of my own cigars, which, in my former state, I had left upon the table-edge on my way into the surgeon's hands. The odour was so nauseous and the smoke so rank that I decided if I were permitted, by kind Providence to grow up again and mingle with my fellows I would change the brand or quit smoking.

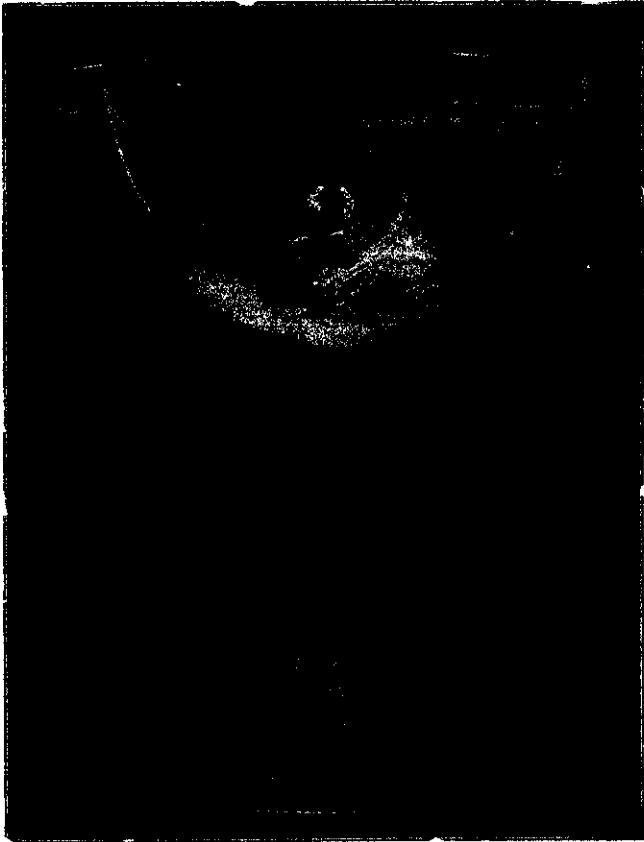
After a long rest I slid down from the table, and, seeing an open door, crawled over the sill and travelled through a long hall into another room.

Near by was the elaborately carved pilaster of an upright piano. This I climbed quite easily. I recognised the huge white and black keys, though the latter had every aspect of covered scows uniformly anchored in a sea of frozen ivory. By jumping vigorously upon the

keys I found that I could produce a fine rumble of sound away back somewhere in the cavernous black box.

While I was thus amusing myself I heard a swish of feminine skirts, and clambered off the keyboard behind the drop cover, where I might safely view the plump woman-giant who came straight toward the piano. Seating herself, she struck a vibrant chord upon the keys, which nearly split my ears. It was like a clap of thunder intermingled with the varied shrieks of a dozen sirens. I knew the awful vibrations would kill me if I did not escape at once, and I made a headlong dash down the end of the keyboard. I fully expected to hear a woman's shriek of fear, but my fair pianist must have been too much engrossed in her music-making to see me.

After landing on the carpet, panting and dishevelled, I scurried over the door-sill, and out in the long hall. Keeping close to the wall, I groped my way to the front door of the Hospital, which had been left ajar by a careless attendant, and in a few fearful minutes was out in the open. Dropping from stone step to stone step down the broad front stoop, I found myself on the side-walk, and moved toward the curb. As I stood speculating upon the size of the paving-blocks, there descended upon me out of nowhere, it seemed, a



I struck out for a side of the glass, swimming valiantly

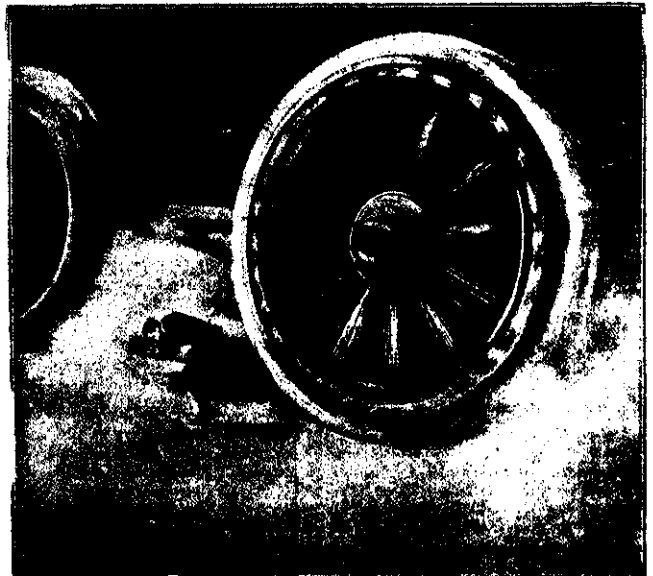
huge foot and a trousered leg rise high in the air and swing over the floor with the force of a flying mountain, to be immediately followed by the other leg performing a like miracle. And when a human foot came down upon the floor, it was like a crash of thunder in my Lilliputian ear-drums. My curiosity in this novel exhibition of walking came near costing me my life. I had ventured out from the safe shelter of a chair-leg to pass under a distant table, when from another part of the room a man started hurriedly in my direction, walking with long strides. Run as I might, the monster feet came crashing toward me, nor could I find any convenient object near at hand under which to dodge. In an instant I saw the shadow of an enormous foot and felt a rush of air. Instinctively I dropped to the floor and flattened out upon it. The great mass of creaking leather passed completely over me. I escaped being crushed into pulp only because the heel and sole of the Broddingnagian boot had struck the floor directly in front and back of me, and I sprawled in the hollow of the sole which arched for an instant above.

The passing of my recent danger had no further effect, when I was fully recovered, than to embolden me to test my diminutive powers. Accordingly, I essayed the climbing of a table-leg which loomed in my path like the trunk of a California redwood. How I reached the top I scarcely know, but reach it I did. The wood of the table was far rougher on the surface than it probably appeared in the

eyes like polished knobs of brass. On the other side of the giant ball was a case-knife of the kitchen or tool-box variety, and this seemed as large as a steel girder. The great sphere I recognised after closer scrutiny as an orange.

Noticing a champagne-glass standing like a Crystal Palace some distance away, I made for it and wondered if it were possible to scale its slippery sides. No sooner the thought than I threw aside my coat and made an attempt to reach the edge. After many discouraging efforts, I at last grasped the smooth, round brim at the top, and sat astride of it, balancing in mid-air. For some purpose the glass had been filled with water; it had the appearance of a rather muddy lake as seen from my uncertain perch. How it happened I never precisely knew, but of a sudden I was floundering around in this sluggish pool, more wet than frightened. I think I was blown into the water by the onrush of air from a near-by door that had been flung open. I struck out for the side of the glass, swimming valiantly enough, but finding it more difficult with each attempt to get a firm hold on the slippery side. Suffice it to say that, like a drenched rat, I finally made my way from what threatened to be a watery tomb.

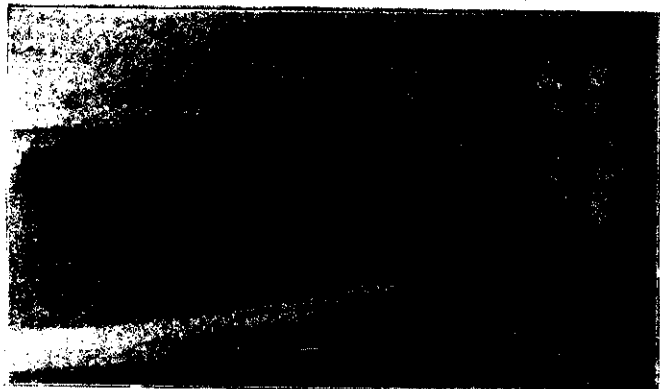
Since I seemed doomed to hairbreadth escapes that day, I no longer shrank from any object, no matter how unfamiliar or repulsive a front it presented to my new line of vision. Naturally, therefore, when I saw at a far corner of the table an ugly mass of dark stuff



A tornado that lifted me off my feet and flung me headlong to the pavement.

tornado that lifted me off my feet and flung me headlong to the pavement. I had barely time to catch sight of two enormous wheels, rubber-tyred, and revolving with lightning rapidity, and I knew that I had been caught in the breeze and dust of a passing motor-car. Surely the street was no place for me if I valued the tiny spark of life that was mine, and I ran for a small restaurant down the street.

The pangs of hunger were keen within



I gazed over into a crumbling formation of hot ashes.

me when I reached the restaurant door, and the smell of food, though overpowering, was good in my nostrils. The place was one of the cheapest and of uncleanly character. I saw a hulking German drayman at a table near the kitchen entrance; he was eating something soft with a spoon, half closing his eyes with each satisfying mouthful. Clambering up the leg of his table, I reached the edge of his platter and leaned forward to taste some of the mushy food with which he was gorging himself, when my foot slipped and into the slimy mess, heels over head, I plunged. At the very moment I tumbled, the hungry Teuton thrust his spoon into his food just under me, and I felt myself lifted swiftly into the air. Before I could realise my position, the man's wide-open mouth gaped before me. I felt his hot breath beating down upon me, saw his fanglike teeth, and shrieked aloud in a soul-gripping agony of terror, when—

"He will be as sound as a dollar in a few days," said the blonde-bearded surgeon. "A very easy and successful operation," he continued. "Put him to bed, and keep him quiet. The ether may leave a slight headache, but otherwise he's as good as new."

I saw my wife's brightening face bending above me. "Oh, Bob! I'm so glad it's all over," she exclaimed, with a little whimper in her voice.

"So am I, girlie," I replied, feebly. "I wouldn't go through another such experience for twenty troublesome verminiform appendices."



I felt his hot breath and saw his fang-like teeth.

King Peter the Silent.

(By PERCIVAL PHILLIPS.)

They call him "the Silent King" in Belgrade, and "the King who does not care." He is the loneliest monarch in all Europe, this man without friends or amusements, whom other monarchs will not know, and whose personality and very thoughts are impenetrable.

I saw him at his bedroom window

looking structure. But after a King and Queen were murdered there one June morning nearly seven years ago, and their mutilated bodies thrown into the forecourt, the building was razed to the ground, that the sight might not conjure up unpleasant memories for King Peter when he looked out his front windows. Hence the stretch of cool, green lawn, with the curious raised mound in the centre, which marks the site of the old palace cellars.

Like most of his subjects, King Peter rises early, usually with the sun. Then, at six o'clock he rides or drives for perhaps an hour with two or three equestrians. He remains indoors the rest of the day. Sometimes his ordinary programme is disturbed by a religious festival or a State ceremony, but at the earliest possible moment he hastens back to his seclusion.

Coffee and Cigarettes.

He continually sips black coffee and smokes strong Servian cigarettes and scans the latest editions of the newspapers. He eagerly reads every line of criticism about himself, but he never shows anger or amusement, no matter what may be said about him. Some time ago, when an unusually outspoken journal pilloried his Majesty in a series of most scorching articles, demanding that he relinquish a throne which he ascended through assassinations, King Peter never gave any sign of resentment. Neither did he express surprise when the unfortunate editor, an earnest and patriotic Serb, was arrested for lese-majeste. A few days later the editor was murdered in the police station, within a stone's throw of the palace. The King "regretted" that the police had made a mistake. The police were never punished.

The King has no marked tastes in any direction. He reads very little. Few members of the Court dine with him. The officers in attendance are wearied almost beyond expression by their palace duties. His Majesty is never cross, never excited, never talkative. His con-

versation is confined usually to amiable monosyllables.

Greatest Trial.

One of the greatest trials in the life of this colourless King is to attend a State ball. Eight hundred guests arrive at the palace on a given night, and King Peter, resplendent in full dress—he is fond of changing his general's uniform from day to day—greet his guests with a set smile on his parchment-like face, and distributes little sentences in a somewhat asthmatic voice.

At the earliest possible moment the King goes to bed. Intense amusement was created by the manner of his withdrawal from a recent ball. A gorgeous lackey passed down the corridor solemnly bearing—a large tin of hot water. Then there were cries of "The King!" and as the guests drew back against the walls, a solemn little procession came through the corridor towards the royal bedchamber, with the King bowing mechanically right and left. A moment later he disappeared after the tin of hot water.

Sometimes, during the war fever, he rose at four in the morning to drive into the country, and review a regiment or two. He was always back in Belgrade before six, shut up in his cream-coloured prison by the time the capital was awake. He is not over-interested in military matters. A man who has spent so many years among tourists in Switzerland cannot be expected suddenly to rise to the dignity of a War Lord at the age of sixty.

The way it was long, and the road it was dark, and the wayfarer fell in the pond in the park. And it filled him right up to the Flimsoll mark. And not only filled but chilled him! He contrived to get home all a shiver and shake. He'd a terrible cold and had swallowed a lake. But Woods' Peppermint Cure they induced him to take. Or the cold that he caught would have killed him.

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Progress in Science.

Some New Aeroplanes.

THE peculiar aeroplane illustrated on this page is that of M. Givaudan. It is of the multicellular type, and consists of two concentric drums mounted near the ends of a body framework that passes through the centre of each, and carries at its forward end a tractor screw. These drums are united by small planes spaced uniformly apart, thus forming a cellular structure. The front cell thus formed is movable in every direction, while the rear one is stationary. There are no rudders, the movement of the front cell both sideways and up and down being used in place of these to direct the machine both laterally and in a vertical plane.

The machine rests on four wheels, the front pair of which can be turned in order to steer the machine. The wheels are fitted with suitable springs to absorb the shock when landing. The propeller is 2.4 meters (7.87 feet) in diameter, and is driven from the motor through reduction gears. The motor is a special eight-cylinder V engine of the air-cooled type. This motor, notwithstanding its light weight and the fact that it is air-cooled, has been run several hours consecutively.

This new aeroplane is very interesting, but it is doubtful whether a freakish machine of this kind can be made to operate satisfactorily.

is placed upon a four-wheeled chassis, to enable it to run along upon the ground. The chassis is left behind when machine rises. In all probability, however, a larger engine will have to be installed before the triplane can be made to soar.

The other American aeroplane, which we illustrate, is that of Mr. Wilbur M. Kimball, the secretary of the Aeronautic Society. In constructing his biplane he has made use of eight of these propellers, and has arranged them in a line between the two planes, the idea being to give a propulsive effort throughout the entire width of the machine. It has also been proven that a number of small propellers will give a greater thrust per horse-power than one or two large ones.

The main features of the Kimball aeroplane are the use of multiple propellers and fitting of quadruple vertical rudders close to the main planes, near their extremities. If the inventor can run his propellers at a high enough speed to obtain from three hundred to four hundred pounds thrust, he will probably be able to get in the air; but at the present writing he has made only one attempt, which was unsuccessful in this respect.

Automobile Kitchens.

A Berlin journal states that an international understanding is to be set on foot for supplying all the leading cities of the Continent with automobile

the vehicle is stopped. In the front part of the car is mounted an ice-chamber of large size, which will contain the raw meat principally, besides non-alcoholic drinks. The latter will be supplied as well as the food. It is stated that the first trial of this novel system will be carried out simultaneously at Berlin, Paris, and Moscow.

Electric Lights for Mexico.

A company has been incorporated in Canada to develop the water-power of the Conchos River in Chihuahua, Nor-

Equine Statistics.

In spite of the rapid increase in the number of automobiles and trolley cars, the horse continues to more than hold his own. According to figures published in the last report of the Department of Agriculture, the number of horses in the United States increased from 13,537,000 in 1900 to 19,992,000 in 1908, the total value of the same having risen from 603,000,000 dol. to 1,867,000,000 dol. The fluctuations in the average price of horses have been remarkable. In 1893 it was 61 dol.; in 1897, 37 dol.; 44 dol. in 1900, and 83 dol. in 1908.



THREE-QUARTER REAR VIEW OF THE BOKOR TRIPLANE.

The double V-shaped tail and swinging aviator's seat (which warps the lower plane) are this machine's main features.

thern Mexico. It has been estimated that 25,000 horse-power can be developed, but at the start only 15,000 horse-power will be used. The current generated will be employed for light and power purposes in the surrounding towns and cities of the State, and also in the neighbouring mines. Many large and important mines are located within 50 miles of the plant.

Preserving the American Forests.

As the result of a proceeding brought by the Forest, Fish, and Game Commissioner, the Public Service Commission has ordered the railroads which operate in the forest preserves of the Adirondacks to burn oil in place of coal, through the months of the year from April 15th to November 1st. The complete installation of oil burning is to be effected by April 15th, 1910. At least four locomotives fitted with oil-burning apparatus are to be placed in service on these roads this summer, for the purpose of familiarizing the men with the new fuel.

965 Hours in 967 Minutes.

A special train on the New York Central system recently made a run from New York to Chicago which is worthy of being placed on record. Leaving New York at midnight, eastern time, or 11 o'clock central time, Buffalo was reached at 6.39 in the morning, Cleveland at 9.27, Toledo at 11.23, Elkhart at 1.23, and Chicago at 3.07, the total distance of 965 miles being covered in 967 minutes. The train consisted of three empty cars and one private car, and six changes of engines were made on the trip.

A New Explosive.

M. Turpin, the inventor of melinite, the first of the high-explosive shell fillers, has invented a new powder which he has offered to the French Government. The new explosive is more stable than that now used by the Government, and the inventor claims that the number of accidents will be greatly reduced by its introduction into the army and navy.

An Electric Candle.

The use of candles in dining rooms of hotels and restaurants makes a very pleasing decoration. However, the ordinary paraffin candle is entirely unsuited for the purpose, owing to its unsteady light and the drip of the paraffin wax. The ideal candle would be an electric one, but the objection to the use of electricity heretofore has been that it required connecting wires running to the source of power. Recently an electric table lamp has been devised which carries its own storage battery. This little lighting device is rather more ambitious than a candle, being set in a vase in which cut flowers may be placed. The light passing through the flowers and water contained in the vase gives a very soft, pleasing effect.



THE GIVAUDAN CIRCULAR AEROPLANE—A NEW FRENCH MACHINE OF NOVEL DESIGN.

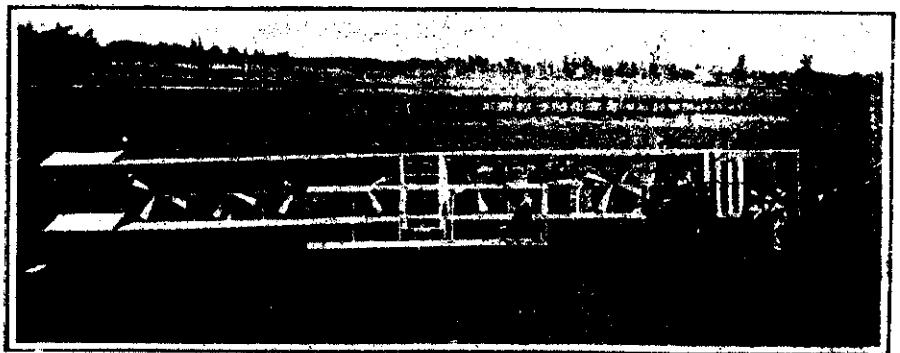
Recent activity by members of the American Aeronautic Society has resulted in the production of several new aeroplanes, one or two of which have already been given their first trials. At the present time there are completed or under construction upon the society's grounds a monoplane, four biplanes, and one triplane, as well as a new helicopter.

One of the novel machines now completed, and which has already undergone several tests, is the triplane of Morris Bokor. This machine is shown in one of our illustrations. Its three planes have a spread of 26 feet and a width of 6 1/2 ft., making a total surface of 507 square feet. A 14 by 21 ft. horizontal rudder has 70 square feet additional supporting surface, while the tail, consisting of two pairs of surfaces at a sharp dihedral angle, is 14 ft. long and has 72 square feet. The total weight of the machine, with water, oil, and gasoline, and with Mr. Bokor on board, is 1181 pounds.

The main feature of the Bokor aeroplane is the use of a pendulum seat for the aviator, which is connected by cables to the ends of the lower plane at the rear. The outer rear parts of this plane are supported upon flexible trusses running along it, and which are in turn carried upon hinged rods extending back from the vertical uprights at the ends of the planes.

When the machine tips to one side or the other the aviator's seat remains horizontal and exerts a pull upon the flexible rear edges of the lower plane, thus giving it the proper inclination to cause the machine to right itself again. Another feature of this aeroplane is the tail, consisting of two large tetrahedral-like cells, which should aid in giving the machine stability. In starting the whole machine

kitchens or open-air cooked food supplies. This will be a new use for the automobile, and the vans will circulate mainly in the lower quarters of the cities and in the outlying districts. At a very moderate price they will give a supply of cooked food. On the first trial of the new system, the vehicles will be fitted with two kinds of ranges, or heaters, one of which will use a gas flame, and the other will be an electric heater. Each automobile is manned by two persons, one of which is the driver, and the second the cook. The latter will also act to sell the food when



FRONT VIEW OF THE KIMBALL BIPLANE.

The notable features of this machine are the multiple propellers and rudders between the planes at rear of the wing tips.

The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

Kinglake's Centenary.

ALLEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, whose centenary will be celebrated on August 5, is one of the most striking examples of patient, intellectual industry ever furnished in English history. Born on August 5, 1809, at Taunton, he belonged to that brilliant and remarkable galaxy of intellectual giants who were contemporaneous during the Victorian era. His father was a respected and highly-successful solicitor, who willed that his son should succeed him in the practice of the law. To this end he was sent first to Eton and then to Trinity, Cambridge, where he matriculated in 1828. At Trinity he had for contemporaries Alfred Tennyson, William Thackeray, and Arthur Hallam. In 1832 he took his B.A., and in 1836 his M.A. degree. After leaving Cambridge, he joined Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the Bar in 1837. Before graduation, in 1835, he travelled throughout the East, and so strong was the impression made upon him by that tour that he was inspired to writing an account of his impressions and experiences. This record of Eastern travel, which he named "Eothen," was a most minute and fascinating one, and made its author a considerable reputation. So impressed was he, however, by the difficulties of his task, that he took seven years to write and elaborate it. Indeed, it is said that it was re-written three times. In 1854 he went to the Crimea, and was present at the battle of Alma. During the campaign he made the acquaintance of Lord Raglan, who was so much attracted by his talents that he suggested an elaborate history of the Crimean War, and, more than this, placed the whole of his private papers at the writer's disposal. For thirty years Kinglake devoted the whole of the time not necessarily devoted to his duty as a private citizen, and as the member for Bridgewater, in Somerset, which constituency he represented from 1857 to 1868, when the borough was disfranchised, to this stupendous monument of industry, which runs into eight volumes, and is declared to be the most picturesque, most vivid, and most accurate piece of historical narrative in the English language. The "History of the Crimean War" has been avowed by critics to be in scheme and execution too minute and conscientious to be altogether in proportion, and also that it is not free from the errors of partisan

ship. Nor can its criticisms and eulogies be accepted in full. But there can be no doubt of Kinglake's skill in the selection of the most suitable material out of the vast bulk of dispatches placed at his disposal, for the compiling of a history that should be as accurate an account of that disastrous war as was humanly possible. To be written down as an authentic historian is often to be written down as prosy. But Kinglake's most critical readers cannot lay the sin of prosiness to his charge, as his history is not only well nigh accurate, but absorbing and interesting. In his earlier days, Kinglake, as seems to have become traditional with those who read for the bar, worked at journalism, for we find him, in Sir Alfred Lyall's "Life of Tennyson," quoted as having severely criticised Tennyson's earlier poems. Though not altogether fair, as Kinglake, while discovering the blots, had failed to mark the beauties of these early poems, the criticism was, we are told, salutary, and led to passages in the poems criticised being revised until perfection was reached. Kinglake reached a ripe old age, dying on the second of January, 1891, in his eighty-second year.

Tennyson's Centenary.

Whatever divergence of opinion may be held as to the respective merits of the following poems, there can be no doubt but that "In Memoriam," "The Idylls," "Locksley Hall," "Crossing the Bar," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and the songs that have been set to music are the works of Tennyson that have most appealed to popular favour. Alfred Tennyson was born on August 6, 1809, exactly a day after his less famous contemporary and critic, Alexander William Kinglake. His father, Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, was rector of Somersby, Lincolnshire, and a man of great ability, both as a poet, painter, architect, and musician. His mother was famous only for goodness and piety. Dr. Tennyson possessed a remarkably good library, to which his children had free access, and in which was laid the foundation of their education. Tennyson's birthplace was Somersby, Lincolnshire, a place we are told that had neither historic nor romantic interest to recommend it. But within Tennyson lay imagination, romance, and historic interest, enough to, later, flood the whole poetic and intellectual world. In person,

Tennyson was unusually tall, and so dark of complexion, and hair, as to be often taken for a foreigner. That he looked what he was, an eminently distinguished person, is shown both by Watts and Millais' fine portraits of him. Unusually strong, too, were all the Tennysons. "The Tennysons never die," said the sister, who was betrothed to Arthur Hallam. At eight, Tennyson was familiar with the contemporary poets. He knew Pope, too, and wrote hundreds of lines in Pope's measure. At 12, he composed an epic of 6000 lines, in Scott's manner. At 14, a drama in blank verse issued from his pen. A too intimate acquaintance with Byron made him blase at 14. Then Byron died, and for Tennyson temporarily the end of things had come. Later he considered Byron's poetry "too much akin to rhetoric," and at 17, "he put him away altogether." Tennyson went to school at Louth, and received the usual ragging doled out to school-boys more gifted, intellectually, than their fellows. In 1826 he and his brother Charles published some poems which are said to have nothing really Tennysonian about them. "The Lover's Tale," written at 19, was not published until 1879. To Andrew Lang, as well as to many other readers of Tennyson, this poem seemed imitative of Shelley, but if Tennyson had never read Shelley, *cadit quæstio*. In his old age Tennyson declared that he had written it before he had ever seen Shelley. And we see no reason, taking into consideration Tennyson's extraordinary versatility of style, diction, and knowledge of metres, to doubt this statement. In 1828, Tennyson went to Cambridge, and matriculated at Trinity. Though thoroughly well read in the classics, and the winner of the prize poem of his first year, Tennyson did not take high honours at Cambridge, nor, indeed, did he stay long enough to take a degree. As is well known, the road to high honours at Cambridge is through the realms of mathematics, for which Tennyson had no particular aptitude. Yet Tennyson was the most scientific of poets. At one time, in common with all deep-thinkers, he was unable to reconcile science with religion. But the period of doubt passed, and though Tennyson continued to take the keenest interest in science he never allowed it to conflict with his religious convictions. In 1845, a rash speculation, joined to an increasing dissatisfaction with his work, began to work havoc upon Tennyson, and Hallam wrote to Sir Robert Peel, calling attention to his merits and slender means. Peel offered a totally inadequate pension, which Hallam rejected. "Soon afterwards Carlyle's solemn warning to Mönckton Milnes, who had already been moving in the matter, that his eternal salvation would depend at the day of judgment on his ability to answer the question why he did not get a pension

for Tennyson, appears to have been effective, for in 1845 we find an annual grant of £200 was communicated to him by Sir Robert Peel as "a mark of royal favour to one who had devoted to worthy objects great intellectual powers." It was the reading of *Ulysses* by Milnes to Peel that determined Peel to award the £200 to Alfred Tennyson, rather than to Sheridan Knowles, who was aged and had done his work. Tennyson's attitude on accepting this pension was scarcely compatible with good feeling or gratitude. "I feel the least bit Miss Martineauish about it," he wrote to a friend. Miss Martineau, it will be remembered, refused a pension on the ground that it would be robbing the people, who did not bestow these grants themselves. "If these things went by universal suffrage," continued Tennyson, "what literary man ever would get a lift, for it is notorious that the mass of Englishmen have as much notion of poetry as I of fox-hunting." Which, as Sir Alfred Lyall justly observes, does but scant justice to the taste of a nation that has produced so many great poets. And nature is not usually prodigal of gifts likely to be unappreciated. It was not, however, until Tennyson was 41 that he was enabled to marry the lady that he had been engaged to for over ten years. The wedding took place in June, 1850, at Shiplake Church, on the Thames. The honeymoon was spent in the West of England, at Glastonbury, and a pilgrimage was also made to Hallam's grave at Clevedon. With characteristic generosity, Mr. Mönckton Milnes offered permanent residence in an unused wing of his own house, but this offer was refused, and the Tennysons took a house at Warminglid, in Sussex. But a storm blew a hole in the wall of this house, and they departed hastily to find at last a fixed habitation at Chapel House, Twickenham. Here, in 1851, their first child was born, who died at birth; after which they travelled into Italy, meeting the Brownings in Paris on their return homewards. This journey was commemorated in "The Daisy," "in stanzas of consummate metrical harmony." In August, 1852, a son (the present Lord Tennyson) was born at Twickenham. By this time Tennyson had become the foremost poet of his day. His genius had been saluted by the applause and admiration of his contemporaries, and was now under the glow of its meridian. Canon Dixon, writing of Oxford in 1851-53, says:—

"It is difficult to the present generation to understand the Tennysonian enthusiasm which then prevailed both in Oxford and in the world. All reading men were Tennysonian; all sets of reading men talked poetry. Poetry was the thing, and it was felt with justice that this was due to Tennyson. He had invented a new poetry, a new poetic English; his use of words was new, and every piece that he wrote was a conquest of a new region. This lasted till 'Maud,' in 1855, which was his last poem that mattered." This latter expression we take exception to, and regret that our space is too limited to more than record our objection. In November, 1850, Tennyson had been offered, and had accepted the post of Laureate. Four names were submitted to the Queen, viz., Leigh Hunt, Sheridan Knowles, Henry Taylor, and, last on the list, Tennyson. The Prince Consort's admiration of "In Memoriam" determined Her Majesty's choice, which might seem easy enough to the verdict of the present day. Tennyson's first task in his capacity of Laureate was to write an ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington. "The keynote of heroic character is finely given in the lines:—

"Not once or twice in our rough island story,

The path of duty was the way to glory." In 1853, the Tennysons' circumstances had so much improved that they bought Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, even afterwards Tennyson's favourite habitation. Of "Maud" Jowett wrote that "no poem since Shakespeare had shown equal power, or equal knowledge of human nature, nor had any verse out of Shakespeare been written in which the ecstasy of love soars to such a height." Though during a friendship of twenty-five years Edward Fitzgerald and Tennyson only met once, they were in constant communication. But Tennyson—and this is why, there are so many gaps in any biography of him that cannot be filled in—was not given to profuse letter writing. In an early letter, Fitzgerald, after reading "The Dream of Fair Women," wrote:—"It is in Tennyson's best style, no fretful epithet, not a word too much." Which was high praise indeed from Fitzgerald,



THE ANIMALS THAT NOAH KNEW.

"Higher criticism" has decided that they could not have been modern types.

who was a captious critic, in Fitzgerald's judgment Tennyson reached the great climacteric of his poetry in 1842, for the "Idylls," and the later moral and didactic strain of verse were not to his taste, though he wrote to Tennyson in 1873, saying that he admired many passages in the "Idylls." Of Tennyson's plays Sir Alfred Lyall tells us that "The Cup" enjoyed by far the longest run on the stage. While not in possession of data to dispute this, we can only aver that "Queen Mary," "Harold," "Becket" and "The Falcon"—unless, as is possible, there has been a revival of "The Cup"—must have had exceedingly short runs. We were present, a quarter of a century ago, on the second night of the presentation of "The Cup," and though we thought the play superbly staged and acted, we felt confident that it was too classic to take hold of the average theatre-goer. A month later, if we remember rightly, though, as an after-piece, was presented that fine old comedy, "The Belle's Stratagem," and the play was withdrawn, as its continuance would have spelt ruin to Irving. No greater contrast can possibly be imagined than Miss Terry in the roles of Camma, the priestess of Artemis, and the village hoyden of Mrs. Crowley's delightful comedy. In 1878 Lionel, Tennyson's youngest son, was married to Miss Locker, and in 1885 they journeyed to India. Then came to Tennyson one of his greatest sorrows, for Lionel Tennyson died on the homeward journey of a fever contracted in India. Tennyson's beautiful lines to the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava were written in recognition of that distinguished diplomatist's kindness to his invalid son in India—

"But while my life's late eve endures,
Nor settles into business grey,
My memories of his brifter years
Will mix with love for you and yours."

In 1883 a peerage was offered by the Queen, and, on the advice of Gladstone, accepted. In 1884 Tennyson took his seat in the House of Lords as the first representative of a purely literary qualification. He voted for the franchise, upon receiving a pledge from Gladstone that the constituencies should be redistributed. Though Tennyson is said to have had a great affection for Gladstone personally, he detested his politics. In 1892 "The Death of Oenone" and "Akbar's Dream," and a few minor pieces, closed the long series of poems that had held two generations under their charm. On the whole, Tennyson's later work falls short of the perfection shown in his prime, which is only to be expected, owing to the profound melancholy that overclouded his later vision. That a remnant of the Divine spark of genius was left is shown by the writing of "Crossing the Bar," which shows clearly, too, that at the last, his soul was in tune with the Infinite. The final chapter of the "Memoir" gives briefly some of his latest sayings, and describes a peaceful ending. He found his Christianity undisturbed by contentious sects and creeds, but he said: "I dread the losing of forms; I have expressed this in my 'Akbar.'" On October 6, 1892, at midnight, with his hand resting upon his beloved Shakespeare, he "crossed the bar" with the tide that "moving seems asleep." For Tennyson it may be claimed that he not only purified and raised the tone of English poetry from the decadent, artificial, pseudo-romantic, and conventional depths into which it had fallen after the death of that brilliant and illustrious group who, in the first quarter of the century, raised English poetry to a height far above the classic elegance of the eighteenth century, and beyond the domestic, Nature-loving verse of Cowper and Crabbe," but gave it a standard higher than had been hitherto reached since Shakespeare. That Swinburne has, in some ways, overtopped it only shows how high was the standard raised. Of Tennyson's title to immortality, time will show. We are greatly indebted to Sir Alfred Lyall's "Life of Tennyson" for a great deal of the information that has gone to the compilation of this centenary notice.

BOOKSHELF NOTES AND SHORT REVIEWS.

August 20, 1900, marks the centenary of the American poet and essayist, Oliver Wendell Holmes, author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and other genial essays and poems. Though born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, he pursued, for love's sake, the art of literature. He was born in Cambridge (U.S.A.), but made his home

in that hub of American intellect and culture, Boston. Some idea of the innate humility of this whimsically humorous writer may be obtained by the perusal of a letter written by him to Tennyson in 1890, in which he says:—"I am proud of my birth year, and am humbled when I think of who were and who are my coevals—Darwin, the destroyer and creator; Lord Houghton, the pleasant and kind-hearted lover of men of letters; Gladstone, whom I leave it to you to characterise, but whose vast range of intellectual powers few will question; Mendelssohn, whose music still rings in my ears; and the Laureate, whose 'jewels five words long'—many of them a good deal longer—sparkle in our memories."

Those readers who remember Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," and her "Sense and Sensibility," will be delighted with Mr. A. C. Benson's paper on Jane Austen at Lyme Regis, which is to be found in the current number of the "Cornhill."

Apròpos of the Tennyson centenary, the "Girls' Own Paper" has a good article on the "scenery that influenced Tennyson." The article is profusely illustrated with photographs of scenes in the New Forest, Haslemere, Mablethorpe, the Needles, Freshwater, and other localities in which Tennyson either lived or visited.

Mrs. Steele, whose knowledge of Indian life and character may be said to be expert, contributes to the "Windsor" a very clever character study of the Babu. Parrot-like, the Babu learns quickly, but digests so slowly as to make perfect assimilation very rare indeed.

Professor Stanley Jevons, who, by the way, must be getting quite a veteran, as we remember him over a quarter of a century ago as a full-blown Professor of the Victorian University, Manchester, has a paper in the "Contemporary" on "The Causes of Unemployment," which should prove interesting at this juncture. He thinks the primary cause is the false pride of men who prefer idleness to a low wage, though a low wage is as much as their services are worth. Imperfect education, says a writer in the "Literary World," is a truer cause. And in this we concur.

A really full and instructive handbook for lady motorists has been compiled by Miss Dorothy Levitt, who is an accomplished automobilist. It is published by the Janes at the modest price of 2/6 net.

We have had "God's Good Man" from the pen of Marie Corelli, and we found it farce. "God's Good Woman," however, by Eleanor S. Terry, is not only eminently readable, but has some distinctly original situations, though it reminds us of the story of Potiphar's wife.

We are indebted to Messrs. Wildman and Arey and George Robertson and Co. (Melbourne) for copies of "The Quest" (Justus Miles Forman), "Special Messenger" (R. W. Chambers), and "The Letters of Jennie Allen to her Friend, Miss Musgrove" (Grace Donworth). Reviews of these books will be given in our next issue, as space forbids the notice these books undoubtedly deserve.

Set in Silver: C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (London: Methuen and Co., 36 Essex-street, W.C.)

The kind of dashing novel that these two clever collaborators turn out, is too familiar to readers to need particularising. Indeed there is such a sameness about them that were it not for the constant change of locale and scenery, they would be intolerable by repetition of plot. As in the Botor-Chap-eron, we have a love romance, a false impersonation, and a record of travel. But the trip taken by the Williamson's, in an automobile through rural England, is the trip we have planned ever since we learned to plan and which we fear will never eventuate. And so we are grateful to these writers for the exceedingly graphic description of the country traversed, some of which we are familiar with, and for the beautiful photographs which serve not only to embellish, but illuminate the text of the book. To those lucky owners of automobiles who have leisure, and the wherewithal to pay hotel, garage, insurance charges, purchase petrol, and the silence of the rural Robert's, and who also possess the temperament that knows no fear, we say—go thou and do likewise. We must not, however, forget to express our unqualified approval of the "Dragon" and the heroine, who, a purely Williamsonian creation, is as lovable, unaffected and loyal a damsel as ever graced the pages of a motor novel.

Brothers All: Maarten Maartens. (London: Methuen and Co., 36 Essex-street, W.C.)

There are many novelists, but only one Maarten Maartens. "Brothers All," is the text as well as the title of this book of short stories which are primarily studies of Dutch life. Tragedy is rarely absent from these pages, but where it is, it is replaced by a grim saturnine humour that is only a little less intolerable than tragedy. Of the solidity, precision and thriftiness of the Dutch character we thought we knew something, but of the patient endurance, deep-seated loyalty, and tenacity of purpose of this primitive people, we find we know nothing. But when we come to think of the people who founded the Dutch Republic, and drew together the threads that united the Netherlands, then do we understand that there is nothing that is overdrawn in these studies of a people, who if a stolid, and a primitive, have always proved themselves to be a sturdy and an heroic race.

EPIGRAMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Mind and Work. Luther Gulick, M.D. (Cassell, April, 1909, 3/6 net)

A good resolution may be treated as a sort of labour-saving device. Its usefulness lies in the fact that it deals with certain practical issues in advance of actual presentation.

Every time you take hold of a thing, meaning to keep hold, and then let go because you can't help it, you are worse off than you were before. You are simply getting practice in failure; and failure is a vicious habit.

I once asked a man who stands to-day in the forefront of contemporary thought, how he managed to get as much accomplished as he did. I knew him well; I knew he was normally lazy. He said: "I load my wagon at the top of the hill, then I get in front of it, and we start down. I have to keep ahead, that's all."

Some of the most successful people have no more than average mental power, but they have more than average driving power—the power for hanging on.

SOME PLAY EPIGRAMS.

Fenelope: By Somerset Maugham Comedy Theatre. May, 1909.

She is a great friend of mine—and I hate her; I always knew she was a cat. The whole of life is merely a matter of adding two and two together and getting the right answer. . . . During the last few years I have seen you adding two and two together and making them come to seventy-nine.

I notice that when a woman discovers that her husband has been unfaithful to her, her male relations invariably try and console her by confessing how shockingly they treated their own wives.

I have been a perfect angel, I simply worshipped the ground he walked on. I have loved him as no other man was loved before. . . . No man could stand it!

If a man falls in love with a pretty woman he falls out of it—but if he falls in love with a plain woman he'll be in love all his life.

Very nice fellow—quite a gentleman. No one would think he was a solicitor.

It's a great mistake to think that gout is a mark of good family. The porter at my club is a martyr to it—perhaps he's the illegitimate son of an earl!

A doctor says that it's only out of people who've got nothing the matter with them that they get a living. The people who are ill either get well or die, and that's the end of them.

A wise woman never lets her husband be quite sure of her. The moment he is, Cupid puts on a top-hat and becomes a churchwarden.

Your mother, with her unrivalled knowledge of heathen races, will tell you that man is naturally a most polygamous animal.

That's where women have such an advantage over men—their conscience never troubles them until they have lost their figure and their complexion.



SIGNALLING TO MARS.

Why spend £2,500,000 as Professor Pickering proposes, when it can be done so much cheaper?

The Real Japan—Her Role in the Future

FRENCHMAN'S PROFOUND STUDY

By Norman MacMunn B.A.

NEUCHÂTEL, June 10.

I HAVE the advantage of being able to place before New Zealand readers at the earliest possible moment the salient contents of one of the most important and enlightening books ever written about modern Japan. The author is M. Ludovic Naudéan, and the book is entitled "Le Japon Moderne." In the words of a French contemporary M. Naudéan "is the man who, of the whole world, knows the most of Japan in its present development."

Sent to Manchuria—we are not told by whom—to follow the operations of the Russo-Japanese war, M. Naudéan was taken prisoner by the Japanese, and sent with a convoy of other Russian captives to Tokio, where he remained for upwards of a year. Left completely at liberty by the Japanese authorities, he profited by his enforced residence to see everything and to report everything of interest in the capital at a time when it was possible to receive vivid and valuable impressions. And so in the book before me I find a marvellously vivid account of national institutions, the Japanese army, the magistrates, the politicians and the people. And above all the author is a man of calm reason, keen insight, and profound judgment. Perhaps it is his mental adaptation to his task far more even than the quantity of his material, that has made his work so peculiarly enlightening.

Passing over the old, old question of whether Japan is in reality original or imitative (and which, like so many others, he finds himself unable to solve), he passes to the interesting theme of "the psychology of Japanese heroism." And here is his solution:

(This heroism takes its origin in the first place in the fact that the islands of Japan, with their volcanic, their seismic perturbations, and the uncertainty of Nature generally, have habituated the Japanese to contemplate death as a possibility at any moment. Secondly, it springs from the circumstances that the Japanese are constantly accustomed to the idea of death by the necessarily large mortality which follows from its teeming population.)

The author, to develop his argument in detail, draws a harrowing picture of the ravages of famine in Japan. He shows us that since the era of Meiji, the consumption of rice has become increasingly general in that country. But all the rice that the islands can supply would not suffice to keep more than 25 million persons. Thus to-day, as in days gone by, the Nippons sell abroad the greater part of their rice (which is excellent, but dear) and they buy in China and Indo-China a rice of which the quality is inferior. But these means have not been sufficient to preserve the country from appalling suffering. At the close of the recent war in 1906 and during the whole of 1907, Japan underwent a terrible famine, in which many a young girl (to the certain knowledge of the author), sacrificed her honour to her need. Other scourges rage in Japan, and cause a fearful mortality—cholera, plague, dysentery and beri-beri. In 1899 one epidemic of dysentery attacked 45,000 persons, and caused the death of 9000. But meantime the birth-rate is maintained at such a figure, that while life is more precarious than in Europe, it is held more cheaply. "There is a great circulation of life among prolific peoples, as there is a great circulation of capital in nations in full commercial vigour."

"They see many die; death surrounds them always, threatens them always. They are brave because each of them counts less than we upon the continuance of his separate existence. They pass away without lamentation, because they are habituated to the idea of passing away. But do not believe that the Japanese soul is never possessed by fear. The soul of the Japanese is, as much as ours, accessible to fear. They are more afraid than we of earthquakes. At the least tremor they rush headlong from their houses. I have seen them show without shame an emotion which seemed to me incomprehensible. One day, while I was living in Tokio, some savants, or pretended savants, predicted an imminent earthquake. Immediately the public schools were emptied, and the children were seized by

the panic-stricken mothers, who cried: 'If we must die let us die together!' A Japanese proverb says: 'Fear your father, fear fire, fear earthquakes!' The Japanese Year-Book states that the mortality during earthquakes has generally been caused by the consequences of panic.

No less do the Japanese fear sickness. Since primary education has spread in the masses some notions of elementary science, they live in perpetual fear of microbes: "I remember that after the battle of Mukden we saw advancing northwards immense Japanese convoys of ambulance wagons. Now all the officers and all the men who accompanied these convoys had their nostrils and mouths covered with green gauze. . . . Courageous when they have to submit to surgical operations, the Japanese are on the contrary, demoralised by an illness. The moment that he believes himself seriously ill, the Japanese remains prostrate, manifests no desire to struggle, to cling to life."

Are the Japanese a religious people? M. Naudéan replies with a question: "Of which Japan do you speak? If you speak of the mass of the nation, I reply that it is profoundly imbued with all the superstitions of Buddhism, and that it has a profound veneration for the innumerable deities of Shintoism. Not only is this people religious, but it is the most religious of all peoples." He gives instances, on the other hand, of the growing free-thought of the ruling classes. Half the men who at present direct the political affairs of Japan have been formed by the celebrated Fukuzawa, who, from 1860 to 1890, exercised an incessant tutelage over the mind of the young Samurai (nobles). Fukuzawa was by turns diplomat, reformer, moralist, pedagogue and sociologist. His publications, which treated with clearness and courage the political questions and the organisations of European countries, had a success without precedent in the intellectual classes. Fukuzawa was a populariser, a sort of encyclopaedist, a utilitarian philosopher, like Benjamin Franklin. His private school had more vogue than the Imperial university. His energetic mind profoundly impressed a whole generation of the ruling class. Above all, he parted absolutely, and with disdain, from all the religious systems existing. "For him religion could only have one utility—to conserve peace in society in keeping the ignorant under its yoke."

The author compares the Japanese army of 1904 to an army of French "Chouans," but of disciplined Chouans who were willing to obey officers who were themselves instructed and less credulous.

'But what is particularly admirable in the history of Nippon is that the warrior aristocracy of the country has found it possible to be also an intellectual aristocracy, an element of progress, of social renovation. At the beginning of the war between Russia and Japan, it was constantly repeated in Europe that the triumph of the islanders was the triumph of science, of democracy, of knowledge over obscurantism and superstition. In point of fact, the soldiers engaged in Manchuria, whether yellow or white, differed little enough, if we consider their intellectual development. The Japanese rankers had received more primary instruction than the Russian, but this rudimentary knowledge had left intact their deep-rooted superstitions. Icons for the Russians, amulets preserving their bearers from death for the Japanese." The author, in the following pages, gives many examples of Japanese superstition, including individual beliefs in a special dispensation. "Russian peasant, Japanese peasant; equal superstition. It is the Japanese aristocracy which is, if not superior to the Russian aristocracy, at least better intentioned, more patriotic and more disinterested." He instances the profound self-abnegation of the Japanese aristocracy on the eve of, and during the war, in staking the whole of their fortunes on the successful issue of the conflict.

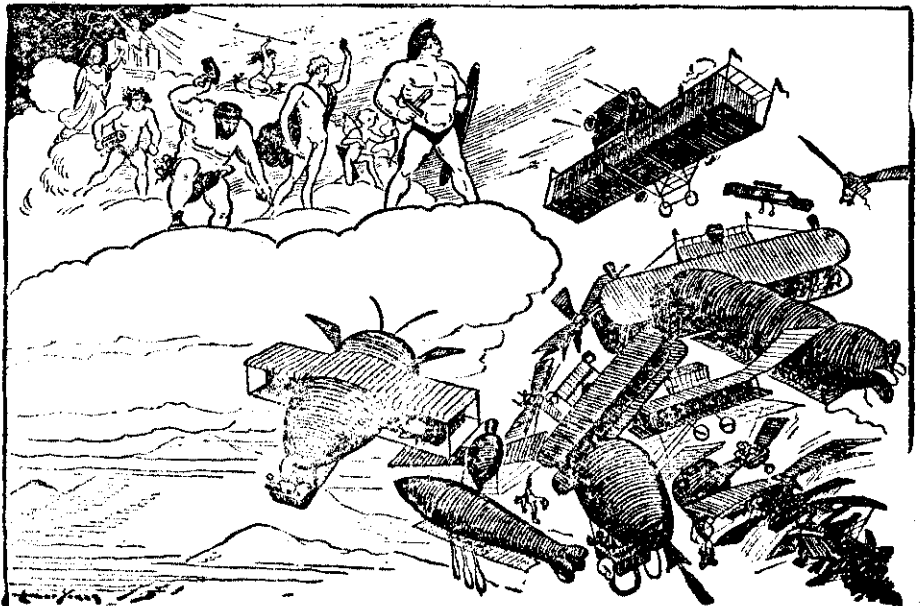
Another picture awaits us in the dreadful revelations of Japanese pauperism—in which the author proclaims his complete divergence from English and other writers, who have painted the social conditions of Japan in "coulour de rose." Let me quote M. Naudéan in his own words: "We, who arrived in Japan in 1894, we have seen in this country a terrible pauperism which other Europeans have ascertained, studied and depicted at the same time as ourselves. What we have to realise is that militarism is undermining Japan. The victories of 1894, gained over the Chinese, and the victories of 1904, gained over Russia, have brought with them a harvest of glory and a recrudescence of misery." The increasing cost of her armaments is literally ruining Japan.

An evolution of profound importance, as seen by M. Naudéan, is the gradual self-emancipation of women. But he adds that the triumph of feminism is not imminent. The resistance is obstinate, and for a long time to come will be invincible. And from this point the author derives another series of conclusions, which I hastily pass over in order to reach the supreme question, in dealing with which, I shall quote M. Naudéan verbatim: "The Japanese, who will make this war against their own customs, traditions and superstitions, will perhaps be those who through travel or reading have clearly informed themselves upon the real conditions of European and American society. They know into what a pitch of moral debliquescence, into what effeminacy may fall nations which have no religion, but the apotheosis of woman, apotheosis of luxury and of ostentation. They know that these nations are with out prolific families, and that in conse-

quence they could not pretend to any preponderating role in the universal conflicts of the future. . . . In the true Japan—in the Japan of the Japanese—there are organised neither balls nor receptions, nor banquets, few formal visits are paid, and people ignore those diversions which absorb the days and nights of so many Europeans, and render their existence so onerous and so complicated. And it is this that explains in part why the Japanese family is so much more fecund than the French. The resources of Japanese housekeeping are not exhausted by the imperious necessity of keeping up appearances. Japan is a country in which . . . anyone who chose to adopt an ostentatious appearance would be accounted grotesque."

But the apparent pessimism of the author is relieved a little in his last pages, where he assumes that the Japanese will be obliged, in the necessary process of making money, to adopt more and more the habits, the tastes and the appetites of Europeans. He thinks that the worship of the golden calf and of the ancient Japanese deities can hardly co-exist. "The divinity of the Mikado is a myth which the death of the present Sovereign will obliterate. The gods of the Shinto Olympia are fading away; already they are less visible, hidden by the smoke of the factories. All the framework of society is falling out of joint. For how long will ancestor-worship maintain its force and maintain its discipline over the individual? The thinkers of Japan ask this capital question with profound anxiety. If the Japanese were to lose these beliefs which have bound and associated them together in spite of everything, for centuries, what would remain to them? Where would they find the new bases of a moral system?"

The crux of this most fascinating book lies, I think, in these last pages, which constitute a mild intellectual rebuke to those who, while rightly seeing that the unlimited development of Japan on present lines would present a grave menace to Western civilisation, fail to see that those lines cannot be permanent. In short, by the time Japan has grown to full stature as a world-power, she will be hampered by the same internal problems of economics as her western rivals. She will have lost that inestimable advantage of the power of underselling—dependent on the simplicity of her social institutions—which is her chief danger at present. She will have been Europeanised to her loss as, until now, she has been Europeanised to her gain. Whether after being pessimistic enough to satisfy the most ardent preacher of the "Yellow peril," M. Naudéan has passed to an excessive optimism, it is not for me to say. His book is, at least, stimulating in the highest degree, and I only hope that it will find a translator to do fuller justice to it than I have been able to give it in this hurried summary of its most salient contents. But at least you have an inkling of the contents of a book, of which the first French reviews predict a great vogue—and that before its fame has reached London.



YE GODS! The Invasion of Olympus

CAELUM NON ANIMUM

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA

MRS. STORY sat in the oscillating cabin under the skylight, and drove her machine in a race against the falling light. Mrs. Story enjoyed economising oil, and even down here at fifty degrees south latitude in December, she did not find the days long enough. After all, her thread broke with a snap, and she must call on Jim Alden to light the swinging lamp.

Jim had been coiled on the sofa, straining his eyes over a Clark Russel novel; under the lit lamp he showed for a sailor-like lad, husky and handsome, a dark ruddy chap, well set off by his blue dungaree jumper, the bright tip of his sheath knife showing below it.

Jim was rated as an ordinary seaman by a fiction he was trying to turn into fact, and he was a passenger by facts that were satisfactory as they stood. Thus he was an anomaly anywhere on the ship, but anomalies bothered no one aboard the Sea Reaper.

Mrs. Story had named her that because she said one half of the name at any rate would remind her of Christian doings. It was Mrs. Story's theory that she always had and always would pine for life on the farm up in the State of Maine.

Jim Alden was a cousin indefinitely removed of Captain Story, and had come aboard at Seattle. Brooklyn was his home, and as he had gotten so far afield by rail, he was gratified to go back more adventurously.

When the swinging lamp's yellow light was playing hide and seek with the little cabin's contracting and expanding shadows, and Mrs. Story had retreated her needle, she turned to another person coiled up on the other end of the sofa. "Petrel," said she, "you go right out on deck and get some exercise before night. A growing girl like you snoozing around like an old woman!"

"I wasn't snoozing, ma," Petrel protested, perfunctorily, as she went to her stateroom.

"Might as well have been. Wrap up good. Jim, hand me those gussets—yes, that's what I want. I wish you'd go for'ard before supper and see if Amos has kept that bandage tight, though I don't know as I fix it again to-night whether he has or not."

When the youngsters were gone, Captain Story made his appearance. A long clothes-pin of a mariner was he, and finding his wife temporarily detached from the machine while she basted something, he awaited himself of the chance for a little domestic chat. After an interchange of speech about wind and weather, he spat carefully into a cuspidor and calculated that Jim Alden might make a sailor yet if he'd only stick to it. "He's spryer now getting round in the rigging than that fool Amos." (Amos had "busted his head open just stumbling over his own feet," according to the Captain.)

"I suppose you're trying to spoil that boy for any decent life ashore," said the wife of his bosom. "Maria ought to get damages out of you if you do. But he doesn't know anything about navigation, and I don't see that he's in any hurry to learn—I'm thankful to say."

"Petrel ought to be teaching him," said the captain. "She don't seem to act very hospitable to Jim. I should think she'd be glad enough to have some young company aboard."

"Petrel's backward with young folks. I get real out of patience with her sometimes, but the child's had no chance to get used to any Christian ways."

Mrs. Story bent again to her machine, with womanlike turnings of wheels and adjustment of treads, and the ensuing buzz drove the perturbed captain hence.

Up above Petrel and Jim were walking the quarterdeck, and even now making some advance in their singularly delayed comradeship.

Jim had shown little interest in making friends with a backward girl. Fellows of his age rarely do, so an all-adjusting Providence usually sees to it that the girls are more feet-patting than they. Petrel was seventeen and Jim twenty-two. But for the helmman they had the quarter-deck to themselves.

A sullen daylight lingered in the vast gray hollow of the sky, and in the west a sullen red was fading fast. The sea ran in those long swells that roll for ever around Cape Horn. A few black-winged sea birds flew wide around the ship. Against that background the little figures on her deck looked pathetic with all the pathos of the human race. Petrel was expressing herself pathetically, too, not to so large a tune but as to her own proportionately microscopic affairs.

"I wish we'd taken a girl on board," said she as they turned their tenth lap, not rudely, but as if in a wistful confidence that ignored the other person's human egotism.

"A girl! Do you wish I was a girl?" Jim's incredulity seemed almost fearful, as if perchance his manhood might suffer some sea change from such an unholy idea.

"You see, I never get any chance to be like other girls"—Petrel was intent on her own thoughts—"and if I had one to watch through a whole voyage—"

"Why don't you go to boarding school?"

"I'd hate it. I'd hate the girls, silly, stucky things! I'd hate staying ashore, too. I know more than most of them do. I've had history, and geography out of a book, besides the kind I'm getting going round the world, and pa's taught me navigation, and I can make knots and hitches, and there's not a rope in this ship I don't know."

"Well, then, what do you want to be like other girls for?"

"I don't."

"You said you did."

"Yes, I do! If I were like them I could say it all out so you couldn't take me up—they're so glib. Saying things don't say them at all when I talk."

Jim pondered. "I don't believe lots of the glib ones do any better, really. You want to learn to talk more without trying to say much of anything; that's how they turn the trick."

"I will," said Petrel firmly. "But then I don't know how to do my hair either."

"What's wrong about it? Your hair's pretty"; that was the emphasis, yet Petrel brightened gratefully.

"Is it really? I'm afraid about it sometimes, it's so straight and smooth, and I

haven't much else to go on." Also, it was as thick in its braid as Jim's wrist, and was the colour of brown sand, and as charmingly responsive to sun and spray. But Jim did not mention these facts, he only said:

"Why do girls bother so much about looks? I'd be willing to look like a monkey on a stick if I knew as much about navigation as you do."

Petrel turned an unseen side glance upon him, broad-shouldered, thin in the flank, his compact, dark head and straight, blunt nose were shown up against the sky as the ship swung high.

"You can learn navigation without losing any of your good looks," said Petrel.

It was Jim's turn to give the sidewise glance; was she poking fun at him?

No, poor Petrel's honesty was dense, but the flattery was tempered by an abstraction that showed all her real attention centred upon herself.

After supper, with the captain's urgent approval, Jim persuaded Petrel to undertake his education in navigation.

"All right," said she, "but I'd a good deal rather be learning something myself."

"I'll teach you to be like other girls," said Jim mischievously—now how much did he mean by that? At any rate Petrel paid it no more tribute than a depressed and sceptical shake of the head. Sailormen are supposed to be a simple lot, but here was a sailor-girl that carried the tradition to a point that might have challenged a dead man.

But Jim was a boy, and, as has been already suggested, these are not the ways that entice boys. Jim dropped badinage and took up his studies with the simple good faith that Petrel's honest efforts merited.

From this time forth they got on together better than before, that is up to the day they caught the albatross; whether that occasion brought an advance in friendliness or the other thing, remained for a time in doubt.

It was a day of blue sea and blue sky, cold, but sparkling and sunny. They stood on the quarter-deck, reeling away at lines that stretched astern to where an albatross and some cape pigeons were riding the water; other pigeons flew about the ship, and with them one snowy albatross shining in the sun, marvellous in beauty and power.

"I don't seem to catch on," said Jim; "the bird didn't, sure. That old pirate's gotten away with my pork three times running."

"You can't expect to learn how the first time trying," said Petrel. "I was a big girl before I quit drawing in too soon and jumping up and down with excitement."

She certainly was doing neither now, but the sport had brightened her eyes and reddened her cheeks. Petrel's features were all good, but though she was as strong as a young tree, for the last

year or so she had been often dull in colour and expression. She laughed aloud when, with a well calculated twist of the line, she secured the hook firmly in the bill of the same old pirate that had outwitted Jim. She hauled in the line hand over hand, and the great bird bent the water into clouds of foam and spray. Jim helped her pull him on deck, where he could only snap his bill and stagger about helplessly on his weak legs, an object lesson on the doctrine that beauty lies in the adaptation of means to an end.

"He feels the way I do on shore," said Petrel; "we must tie some message on his neck and then set him free, quick."

"We might keep him and stuff him," said Jim, dead to the warning of the Ancient Mariner.

"You shan't! he's my bird; you shan't."

"Hello, Stormy Petrel! Of course not, if you say not, Stormy Petrel."

"Oh, well, I didn't mean to be cross, but—I catch them like this, but I wouldn't have one killed; not an albatross, nor a petrel. They both—I feel as if they all belonged to me somehow, because I was born down here, you know, and perhaps I'm the only human being that ever was born way out here on the ocean among them."

"Oh, I say! Say, that's great. Perhaps you are! I never heard about that!" Jim looked at her as if he saw her in a new light. "Let's put something about that around his neck."

"All right. You fix it up while I go get some cloth and the indelible ink." Petrel glowed under Jim's appreciation of her birth story.

Jim frowned over notebook and pencil, and when she returned he was ready to read her, with a pride that aped humility, this production:

"I was captured and freed by Petrel Story,

Who ever had the much prized glory Of being born upon these waters."

Petrel listened as one who felt immortality hovering over her.

"It seems to me it very wonderful and interesting," she murmured; adding, "Of course you can't say everything just as it is in poetry. Well, I was thinking it reads as if boys might have been born here off and on though no other girl was; and, of course, though at first it seems more probable about boys, it isn't ready when you come to think of it."

"Right you are," said Jim with a twitching smile. "Wait now, I guess I can fix that." Then, after a brief consultation with the muse, "How's this?"

"I was captured and freed by Petrel Story,

Who alone has the glory, Among all men's sons and daughters, Of being a native of these waters."



"Is this your bargain counter?" Floorwalker—Yes, sir. "I'm looking for my wife." "Well, sir, take your pick."

When this gem was carefully (with only one blot) inscribed on a piece of linen, Jim signed it, Petrel witnessed the signature, the name of the ship, its latitude and longitude, and the date were added, and the document was tied on the captive. When the great bird was thrown over the side he was instantly transformed from a grotesque failure to a flying glory winged like an angel.

Jim and Petrel watched him with something of poetic exaltation in their faces, though after Jim's literary effort you may be surprised to hear it. Poetic feeling does not necessarily produce poetry.

But such an uplift enjoyed in common does bring human beings nearer together; so it seemed natural enough when Petrel asked:

"Jim, how did you come to be tramping around the world like this?" She knew that he had gone West to see a relative and attend to some family business, but that she evidently and correctly viewed as not a fact to forestall her question.

"The real truth of it is that Aunt Maria wanted to break up a little love affair that was worrying her." Was Jim a shade complacent over this disclosure? He was assuredly light-hearted.

"Your love affair?" Petrel's voice was hushed.

Jim said, yes, his, and remarked on Aunt Maria's hatred for love affairs in general.

"Were you engaged?" asked Petrel, still in that awestruck and abashed voice.

Jim's answer was singularly unsatisfactory:

"Why," said Jim, "I don't consider that I was."

Theory is always clear-cut against the ambiguities of actualities. "You must have been, if you don't know that you were not," said Petrel.

Jim continued unsatisfactorily under this firm statement of sound doctrine.

"Anyway," said Petrel presently, and her voice vibrated with feeling, "you are going to be true to her, ain't you?"

It was as if she plead the very cause of Romance.

"Oh, I say! Why —" then rather sulky, "I haven't thought very much about it lately."

"You have a woman's heart in your keeping," Petrel's eyes were fixed on the horizon and her voice sank low. These be strange, shy things to talk about for the first time with a living man; but Petrel had read a good many novels, and evidently she had sized this matter up with a rapidity possible only in the light of literature. "Fickleness," she went on, "that's a thing I just can't bear."

Jim glowered in silence till Petrel asked, eyes still afar, "Is she pretty?"

"Yes, she is."

"Why did your Aunt Maria object?"

Jim referred her to what he had previously said of his relative's attitude towards matters amatory.

"And anyhow," he added, "I guess your own relations always object, unless you're not straight, and they want someone to reform you."

"I can't see anything in that then, to make you forget her and throw her aside (I'm going below); I know it's not my business, but Jim, I don't believe you are really inconstant; you don't want to find out too late that you've— you've been untrue to your deepest feelings."

Petrel was moved enough now to lift to him a transparent gaze, fit to inspire a cloud with aspirations after the high things of the heart.

For the next week no one aboard the Sea Reaper seemed to contribute anything toward building this story.

Petrel got interested in making a new dress, a blue dress she had had cut and fitted in Portland, Oregon, for wear in Portland, Maine.

Mrs Story congratulated herself on this industry, which she chose to treat as exceptional, but it made the ship a more humdrum place than it was before.

Petrel at the machine was disqualified for conversation, and when she was not at the machine she was still deep in basting or buttons or something else sartorial.

Even Mrs Story said she did not know why Petrel must always run everything into the ground—this was a wonderfully exotic metaphor for that world of waters, but Mrs Story never changed her metaphors with her changing skies.

In the evening Petrel gave what attention she could spare from her sewing to Jim's navigation; but she seemed to really see him only in a few long looks that speakingly called on him to be true, not to stray Romance.

Jim ignored these pleas, made no fur-

ther confidences, and no reference to past ones.

When the new frock was at last finished and at last tried on for the final and fifteenth time, Mrs Story, after scanning and twitching and turning her daughter about like a lay figure, gave it her approval, and the daughter such a word of laconic praise as from her bespoken bursting maternal pride.

"And now," said she, "you take it off, and go right up on deck; you've had hardly any air for a week, and you know we're more than likely to run into dirty weather anytime now. You're not going to keep that dress on? What for? You're altogether too childish for your age, Petrel. If you go wearing it on ship-board, you'll get it all rubbed out before anybody sees it; but as you made it yourself I suppose you'll have to have your way to-day."

Before she went on deck Petrel put her hair on top of her head like a young lady, and for all her lamented lack of skill made a good job of it.

This new, smart young lady emerged on a scene where everyone had grown so accustomed to everyone else that such novelty as this struck the eye like a blazing bonfire. Jim said that the welcome she received was her coming-out reception. Even Briggs, the taciturn old mate, limped up and doffed his hat to her with a gallant sweep of announced, pronounced tribute, a piece of play-acting manners which you would never have believed possible in Briggs.

Petrel grew so merry you might have imagined she had forgotten she had a mission, that she was making Jim a proper knight; you would have done her a grave injustice.

Dirty weather was due, and dirty weather came that night, and very dirty it was. The gale shrieked, the ship's timbers groaned, the waters assailed, and everything that could fetch loose did it, and added its clattering quota to the indescribable uproar, just as has been described thousands of times in thousands of stories.

But it was all as real aboard the Sea Reaper as if it were a literary novelty, and before eight bells a landsman would have been frightened out of hope of ever seeing land again. Aboard the Sea Reaper even the women took the storm as all in the day's work; they knew the ship's peril as the landsman could not have known it, but they had lived through many perils.

When Jim came into the cabin at two bells, he found Petrel standing, feet well apart, over a chart, moving the dividers as calmly as if all were calm.

Jim made no sensation when he mentioned that he had been on the royal topsail yard, furling sail. Yet to go on the royal topsail yard that night was no mean feat, and perhaps he thought so.

Most certainly it was an experience to stir young blood; the conservation of force is a scientific principle perhaps inadequately studied in its psychological aspects; excitement of one kind passes into action of another, and the confusion of much reasonable expectation as to what people will and will not do.

"Come here and I'll show you our last year's course," said Petrel. Petrel in her new gown, her blue gown; Jim's glistening yellow oilskins threw up its bluesness, and his own glowing face and wet black hair as well.

"You see those miserable little days all crowded together in a bunch"—the dark head bent close above the fair one—"every day it was head winds, and we were one hundred and twenty-six days coming round."

She seemed absorbed in this reminis-

cence, conscious of Jim only as a half-realised listener. On such a night was a man fresh from the royal topsail yard to be thus overlooked?

Jim turned his head five inches and kissed Petrel full on the lips.

Petrel's petrified amazement could have showed no deeper had a bird flown out of her mouth, had a law of nature been broken instead of fulfilled; then the amazement was drowned out in a blush that began in a heavenly soft shyness, but, alas, while you'd be saying one, two, the blush became an indignant flush, and Petrel, fleeing to her room, cried over her shoulder:

"You're engaged, you're engaged to her!"

Jim followed, shouting combatively, "I'm not, I'm not, I tell you!" fetching up against the closed door. With an utter change of inflection, he roared as gently as a sucking dove (roar he must to stand any chance of being heard), for Petrel to come out and speak to him.

There was no sound audible behind the door, but the slopping and thumping and rattling prevailed everywhere.

Jim turned and rushed on deck.

There the limitless ocean and the storm and the night made little of this chip of a ship and its clinging ants, but Jim was not the person to let them bluff him into indifference to his own affairs.

The chip and the ants were gallant all, but it is to be believed that the bravest absurdity in these waters that night was Jim, Jim recurringly recalling a kiss, and considering the ways of a man with a maid.

They were all like enough to go to the bottom before the sun rose, but life is not lived nor livable on a reasoning basis. Jim was under the great spell that keeps the ants everywhere "onto" their stupendous and inexplicable job.

As you doubtless infer from the levity of this narrative, the ship did not go down.

All night Mrs Story was in and out of the cabin, not to make any fuss of inquiry or lament, but to boss the steward in his coffee making and her husband in his coffee drinking, to get dry clothes airing, and such wet ones as she could grab a-drying, and to keep the place, if you please, amid all this, "tidied up." In a wonderful befowered dressing gown that had once been the captain's, she was an angular, a singular, and an effective angel of mercy.

Sometimes when the Sea Reaper all but stood on her nose and hung and quivered desperately before she could gather herself for her incredible climb up a mountain of water, Mrs Story would cast an anxious eye on Petrel's door; but that young lady kept her room, though, we have more reason than had Mrs Story to doubt if she slept. Probably nothing less than a sinking ship would have driven her mother to show such solicitude as to open the door.

In the morning, before day, there was a crash that thundered through the uproar of the storm as if on silence, and the ship that had been before demonstrating every kind of motion, invented still another and jarred in a new fashion.

At last Petrel sprang into the cabin, where water was streaming beneath her feet. Almost as quick came Jim from the deck. With a bound he lifted the girl on to the table.

"You'll catch your death with wet feet," he cried; at the same time, take notice, his hands left her sleeves soaking. He jerked up a crocheted "afghan," and wrapped it around her. She was passive as an idol.

Mrs Story was mopping up water and issuing commands to her steward.

"I'm not engaged to that girl," howled Jim. "I won't have such a thing put on me. She don't think I am. She wouldn't have me if I asked her. She was just playing me to string another fellow, and I put up a job on Aunt Maria, so as to break away from home."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" shrielled Petrel. Jim bent his ear, and she said it again.

"Because I was an ass, and because till to-night I didn't know how much I was in love with you."

This last came perforce in the same loud blare as the rest, but it made Petrel's eyes fall for an instant, and when she raised them again, for another instant, they were very beautiful.

The table canted anew and seemed to shunt her straight, parti-coloured afghan and all, into Jim's oil-skinned arms. Simple luck that the steward was out. Mrs Story turned around from the stove.

"Jim Alden, put her down. Are you crazy?"

"No, only engaged to be married," and, obeying the order, he sprang for the companionway, while Petrel gained her room.

On the moment appeared Captain Story, looking like a big black beetle.

"We've sprung a leak!" he croaked hoarsely and cheerfully. "It's now for the pumps, but the gale's going down."

"Petrel and Jim Alden say they are engaged to be married."

"What?" And after another hearing, "By thunder! I thought you said Petrel was backward and didn't like him? When did they do it?"

"Drink your coffee. Far as I can make out they did it just now under my nose."

"Well, I've got to hear more about this, but—" He stopped an instant at the foot of the companionway, "I'll say this: any man that can find time to court a girl and do the rest he's done to-night would be thrown away ashore."

Plato says poets are wise without knowing it. Poets are not alone in this.

Petrel was as honest as an all-wise Providence ever thinks fit to make a woman, but that new gown, that woman-coiffured hair, that backing and filling in friendliness (a stimulant as old as Eve, that), yes, and that chart offered for such close scrutiny—all these, and many an unrecorded turn in the pretty game, show that for girls as well as water-fowl—

—There is a Power whose care Teaches a way along the pathless coast."

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Studies in Thrilling Lives

The Locomotive Driver

By WILLIAM ALLEN JOHNSTON

WHO is there in all the civilised world who cannot recall a railroad accident?

Everything that human brains and hands can devise has been added to railway equipment for the greater safety of the travelling public—the block system, for instance, that close succession of railway lighthouses, which almost guarantees a constantly free track and makes collisions next to impossible.

So much for the public, and so much for improvements. But what of the locomotive driver? Is his occupation less hazardous?

In a way, it is; and yet again it is not. All these added safeguards are for his protection, too; and a certain new product of the times has arisen to double the chances of life and death. Day and night it rides the cab with him, a haunting spectre of delight and distress; now laughing, rollicking, tempting, then suddenly mendacious, cruel, destructive, and then—

"That's speed!" said a superintendent, grimly. "Speed! Speed!—and more speed!"

"The American people are speed crazy. Every day, every week our schedules are subjected to the compelling outside pressure. Our entire organisation is geared up to it—these offices and clerks, that train shed, the yards and trainmen, from the fireman down to the wiper; all our equipment, from the man who drives the wheels down along the line—and a great line it is—to the melter that made the silicon in the drivers.

"Give us speed—more speed!" That's the constant cry from commuters and capitalists, shoppers, clerks, office boys. Down in the waiting-room you'll find people scanning schedules with anxious faces. They are picking out the fastest trains. A slow time-table is worse than useless to them and to us.

"It matters not what they will do with their time when they get to their destination; but get them there quickly! That's the great demand.

"In a way it's funny—or, rather, it would be if it were not so desperate a problem.

"This morning one of our Philadelphia expresses was four minutes late. Think of it, man! Only four minutes lost in a fog and drizzle! But a big financier on board came up here and wasted twenty minutes putting in a complaint. Do you see?

"Commuters will save eight minutes by a new schedule which we have shortened by an almost superhuman effort, and then waste an hour gossiping with the grocer on the way home. Haven't you seen them—how they'll step off a fast train with happy faces, and then grow immediately lazy and don't-care-like, stopping to pet dogs, and looking earnestly around for some foolish means of relaxation? The further the city pushes them out the nearer they want to get to it. And it's up to us."

"Where will it end?" I asked. "I don't know," he said, sharply. "I'm not here to philosophise."

Hoping for More Speed.

"I will say this, however," he added, "it is possible to increase the speed of a locomotive. Already we have them at ninety miles an hour and at a pinch they'll make a hundred. We are studying speed constantly, and it is purely a matter of mechanical achievement to raise it to, say, one hundred and fifty miles an hour. All right, but—and that's a big 'but'—where will you find men to run such cannon balls, to drive 'em without blinking an eyelid for an hour or more, to watch a dozen things all at once, the track ahead when you're eating it up at two miles a minute, the steam gauge, the water column, the air brake dial, the time, the target overhead when signal lights flash by you like a string of fireflies? How many men in a million could stand that strain?

"Some of them," he added grimly. "can't stand it now. Go out and see them and talk to them—our drivers," and with something of an air of pride of possession he gave me letters to three "crack" men—"Pat" Doyle, "Wes" Alpaugh and Martin Dobbs.

This same pride was reflected, I found, in the face of every man to whom I showed the letter and asked for directions. And finally, as an American, I began, too, to feel it.

scrap of conversation between the two younger engine drivers reached my ears.

"No. 583," said one, "pulled out of Bound Brook yesterday six minutes late—short of steam—poor coal. But you couldn't hold her. She got up on her hind legs, made 518 take a siding, and rode in here right on the heels of 583, just half a minute late."

"Who's that?" asked a young fireman.

"Wes' Alpaugh?"

"Sure!" said the two in one breath.

"Who else?"

And while we were talking the railroad chief of police strolled by. "No. 80!" he yelled. "Ninety miles an hour!"

Alpaugh chuckled. "He's kidding me" he said. "Some years back I brought a special over from Easton—a marriage party—with No. 80, an old freight locomotive. She didn't go ninety miles an hour, but she made over eighty. I was called up and suspended three days."

"You've had narrow escapes?" I suggested, when he told me he had never been in a bad accident.

"Every engine driver has," he said. "But we don't speak of them. What's the use? They make every driver better, you know. Once," he began, and stopped. "No, I'd rather not tell any."

fed and watered. As he talked, he walked up and down and around her, tapping a nut here, testing a valve there, listening keenly as she purred and talked to him. "Gentle as a kitten," he said proudly; "and look at her wheels—eighty-five inches high!"

"Is it hard to make up time?" I asked.

"You bet it is—and easy to lose it. Oh, it's all right on a clear day, with tangent tracks and trailing switches, but wait till a fog settles down or you're driving against wind and sleet.

"And, again, when everything is running fine the fireman comes crawling over the water-board and yells that the flues are leaking, or suddenly the ejector becomes hot, or the eccentric gets crazy, and then it's slow down; and, mind you, if you slip the throttle back once you're two minutes out anyway.

"On the other end you're up against that schedule. Already they've squeezed it down until there isn't a loose second in it. But, still, you've got to catch up some way. It's a rip-roarin' slide here, and a chance on a slow curve there, and an extra notch on an up-grade that gives you another second.

"Do you mind the last six-day bicycle



So you're never dead sure what's ahead.

Why? Because of the engine driver's constant danger? Yes. And more. Because of his constant responsibility.

I was talking with "Wes" Alpaugh, a big man with grey hair and boyish eyes. There's a constant light of daring in those eyes, and the love of a race—he couldn't give up the life, he says, and his nerves are as strong as ever; but that full sense of responsibilities has shaped his life and character, and the lines of his face show it. He is quick as a cat and he'll take every necessary chance without blinking an eyelid; but he's sober, industrious, sure, dependable. Like other "cracks," he is just the stuff out of which long training makes the express engineer.

Making 90 Miles An Hour.

He is speedy. Everyone knows that, from the president down to the engine-house boys. Just before I found him, a

"Ever kill people—on the track?"

"Lots," he said cheerfully. "But it's hard. A man with a heart in him never gets used to that.

"I've had 'em step suddenly right out of the bushes on a moonlight night, and walk straight into me. Generally they hold up one hand, like they would ward off a blow of a hundred tons goin' a mile a minute.

Many Are Suicides.

"They're suicides—mostly; and lots of 'em are, I believe, when the public doesn't know it. Once I hit a wealthy contractor just out of Spring Lake. He was walking along with his back to me, and though the whistle must have split his ears he never budged. I managed to slow down, but the breast beam struck his head and split it." Alpaugh's flyer, No. 590, stood ready for her day's run, all slickly groomed,

race where two riders lost a single lap the first day and couldn't make it up in several thousand miles? I felt sorry for those fellows. Then I remember when the Lake Shore tried to beat the New York Central's record between Chicago and Buffalo—436 miles at 62½ miles a minute. They did beat it—by 26 seconds. Think of it! That's what a fast schedule means.

The Bigness of a Minute.

"You can see now what a big thing a minute is to a railroad man," he said, snapping his watch. "A whole lot can happen in it, and a whole lot can be lost. Well, I'm off." He made some pantomimic gestures to the fireman, notched his throttle, pulled his cap down, and rolled gently out. "One more!" I shouted. "Could you run a hundred-and-fifty-mile-an-hour locomotive?"

He grinned back through the hissing steam. "I'd like to try," he yelled. "So long!"

The Americans Are Speed Mad.

Back in the shed I found that same keen-faced surgeon moving sharply about, and as he walked out I followed him into a little office set in the middle of the railway village, near the battery of engines.

I will say freely of this man that he was the most difficult to interview I have ever met—though for that matter most railroad men are similar in this respect. His eyes and red face showed that he did not talk; his lips proved it. For fully twenty minutes he eyed me politely and absently—and said nothing.

Then something unlocked his taciturnity and he talked—for a few brisk minutes, but how he did talk; Hissing out his words and biting them off in short, sharp sentences, thumping the desk and bending savagely forward as he scored a point. It was that same rattling story of speed—speed—speed!

"Son, it's hell!" said he. "Just that!" And he gave me a quick vivid picture of a vast organisation hitched up to the heels of a single fast locomotive.

The whole schedule of four hundred trains a day must be unscrewed and re-tightened to sandwich in that flyer. A small regiment of clear headed men in the towers of the block system must give her a clear track despite the claims of a hundred other trains, give her free way for a hundred and more miles, so that she will split the air and nothing else. A small army of switchmen all along the flying route must give her locked or open switches as she demands them. Telegraph operators must flash a streamer of clicking orders before and behind her; and as the system grows and intensifies—finer, finer.

Let that big driving rod snap and a half ton finger whizzing eighty miles an hour will swing up from beneath and cut him in two. Let one man blunder and that tissue order he takes so smilingly as he jumps in his cab is a plain out-and-out death warrant.

"So you take a chance every time you start out, don't you?" I asked an engine driver.

Taking Big Chances.

"Oh, sure!" said he, and his eyes lit up with the excitement of the thing. "But you musn't think about it," he added seriously. "If you do it will get you."

"It gets some men?" I suggested.

"Very often. There's Clapp, my running mate some years ago. He had a hard run of luck with one of the fast 'Phillies'—three accidents right hand running, two of which turned his engine right around. After that he was looking for more, and I guess you know what that means when you fly around curves so fast that the track seems to jump off into space and you having no idea of what may be ahead."

He grinned. "No. 900 caught a bakery wagon in a grade crossing the other day, cutting her in two with a noise like a rip saw. She was running ninety-three and a-half miles an hour. And in the same run she caught a handcar loaded with scrap iron. Funny thing, the handcar never left the rails, but she went spinning a half mile down the track, the bundles going so fast you couldn't see them, while the scrap iron broke every window in 900. That's the observation engine, you know."

"So you're never dead sure what's ahead. And in a day or so Clapp came to me shivering like a cat out of cold water. 'I've got to give her up,' he said. 'I've got to give her up.'"

"He did; and he ran a local then. He kept at it for one, two, three years, and then one-day he came in smiling and said, 'I'm all right now.' And to-day he's running a 'Phillie' again. He doesn't think about what's ahead now."

A Railway Village.

Have you ever entered a railway village? It is worth while, if only to get an idea of the fast age we are living in.

There's the great cavernous train shed, with its gleaming tracks, impatient trains, clean cemented aisles, reverberating cries, its hurrying, jostling crowds of commuters and express travellers. They handle a city of people here every day—70,000 speed maniacs in all—and over 400 long trains whirl them in and out of the station.

Back of the shed spreads out an interminable maze of tracks and trailing switches, and with a warning, "Look sharp, now, every time you cross a

track!" you thread your way along the broad labyrinth of steel and cinders.

"Whrr-r-r-r!" The fast Atlantic City express, "Pat" Doyle at the throttle, rushes by, swings its seven cars gracefully over a succession of switches, and disappears in a cloud of dust and steam.

Back in the shed this engine driver was chatty and agreeable as he pointed out his valves, levers, and pistons, and how, piggy though he was, he had the speedy monster under him subservient to his finger tips; but suddenly he snapped his watch and threw his throttle lever on the second, and you had to run along the front of the big boiler and yell "Good-bye!" in the act of jumping.

Now he looks grim and taciturn as he flies by, his mind concentrated upon two things—speed and its antithesis, safety. One hand is hovering over the brake lever, and another is nocking up the throttle, coaxing her, forcing her faster, faster, till soon the seven feet drivers under him will be leaping a hundred feet along these little steel rails, for seconds count with him from the very moment his watch was snapped, and one second lost now means one to be stolen on the run—somehow, somewhere. He is gripped in the tension of that stern schedule, gripped fore and aft. It is speed—speed—speed.

What It All Means

Back on a long bench on the sunny side of the surgeon's office I listened secretly to the conversation of a row of engine drivers—they won't talk to you otherwise—and I heard thrilling stories of engines stopped within six inches of their pilots; of breast beams just grazing a train in a flying switch, of a semaphore arm that played false one day because the heat inside melted a bit of solder and let down a white light when it should have been green; of a driver ploughing through a tunnel every day with a cracked steam chest and the steam clouds obscuring his signals (they pulled him out of a wreck one day, and with his dying breath he said, "It's my fault," though it wasn't).

And inside the office, later, my friend the grim surgeon gave me the best definition of an engine driver and his lot. "To my mind," said he, "they are super-human. They do dare, and are damned for it. And you push them to it, son—don't forget that—you and your bunch of heel-clicking, foot-wriggling, watch-crazy Americans, with your clamour of speed, speed, speed!"

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The case of Mr. G. Parkinson, of the Maylands Dyeing and Cleaning Works, North Avenue, Maylands, Perth, W.A., is proof of the efficacy of Zam-Buk in getting down to the seat of pain and joint-stiffness, and speedily effecting a cure. When interviewed, Mr. Parkinson said:—"I suffered from rheumatisms and stiff joints for a number of years, especially in the winter. I was hardly able to get about, and resorted to the usual remedies in the way of hot baths and rubbing with sundry liniments and embrocations, but all to no avail. Some eighteen months ago a friend recommended me to give Zam-Buk a trial, which I happily did. I derived great benefit from the first three or four applications, the wonderful soothing and easing effect being very gratifying. Persevering with Zam-Buk, I am glad to say the pains and stiffness disappeared. People wonder what I have used to get rid of my trouble; simply Zam-Buk, without a pot of which no home is complete."

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"Gentlemen, this is the first time we ever knew you to make a mistake in our order. You are well aware that we buy the very best country eggs. The last you sent are too poor for our trade. What shall we do with them?"

The fair fame of the house for never making an error seemed to be at stake, but the bright mind of the junior partner found a way out of it. He wrote:

"Gentlemen, we are sorry to hear that our last shipment did not suit you. There was, however, no mistake on our part. We have looked up your original order, and find that it reads as follows: 'Rush fifty crates eggs. We want them bad.'"

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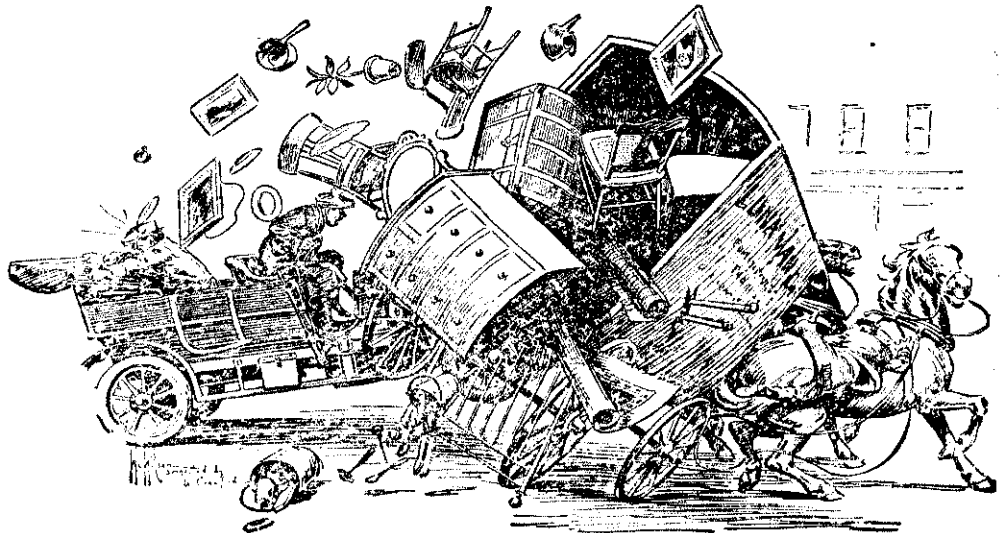
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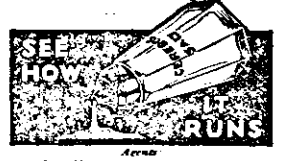
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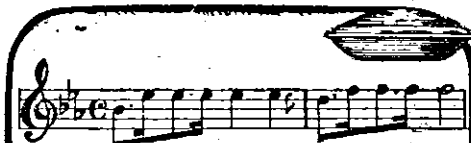
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Copyright Story.

The Surrender of Lady D disdainful

By EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD

Author of "Phra the Phoenician," Etc.

DEEP down in the stubborn heart of Miss Jeannie MacDonald, the heiress of as noble a stretch of purple Scotch heather and nut-brown salmon river as any one could wish to look upon, abided an over-whelming pride of race. The very College of Heraldry turned pale at the length of her pedigree, laid-down which, scoffers said, the incident of the flood had occurred, and Jeannie held her chin high and gloried in those serried ranks of progenitors! It is true the line began with a mythical hero of piratical habits whose misdeeds a hundred generations of bards had failed to soften, and it is not less true that those who followed were gentlemen whose profession was fire and sword, and whose sense of right and wrong was something more than capricious.

But Jeannie, with a woman's liberality overlooked all that. Was it likely, that charming lady argued, that she, the latest of all those MacDonalds, would consent to share with an outsider "A man of grey shirrings and brown sugar," as she bitterly said, the splendid if unprofitable territory they had passed down to her from hand to hand through the centuries? In truth her friends wanted her to marry a gentleman from Chicago, and Mistress MacDonald's russet curls were fiercely shaken, and the old red pirate blood sprang again into those dainty cheeks at the bare suggestion.

Jeannie would not look at him! It did not matter that the match-makers called the merchant-princeling handsome, pleasant of speech, uncontaminated by his geographical origin. It did not matter that the fine Sutherlandshire territory he had just bought overlapped her ladyship's patrimony on nearly every side, shutting her acres off from sea and cities: she would not listen when her best friends whispered that he was captivated by her alone, and might be, if she were only willing, the golden solution of many difficulties,—but, strong in her feudal pride that lady again shook her head and would not even let them finish, calling the luckless stranger "A Son of the City of Pigs" with many hard things besides, and having declared her unaltered intention of avoiding him by all possible means—fate brought them together.

It happened in this way. The bustle and glitter of the season was over, and Jeannie, with her attendant friends, had gone back to her stronghold, the infatuated but so far unsuccessful American also going north to the newer shooting lodge on her borders. Here the conspirators about them set kindly little traps for the lady of the heather and dangled the wooer from over the water many a time before her eyes ere chance came to their assistance in its own unaccountable fashion.

A picnic had been arranged upon a rocky island half way across a neighbouring estuary of the sea. It was a wild, picturesque spot, a knoll in the expanse of waters far out of the ken of any dwelling on shore, with a few acres of ragged pine trees growing out of its deep heather, and the highest point crowned by the ruins of an ancient watch tower. A charming place in the daytime but singularly lonely when darkness came on, with a tradition of being haunted, moreover, and thither two boats were to rendezvous on the appointed day. One of these came from the MacDonalds' side of the water, with half a dozen of Jeannie's friends and kinsmen, while the other arrived from the opposite shore bringing a pleasant company, and amongst them young Mr. Jonathan Smith himself! It was no good to be angry or rude. Jeannie decided two things in her heart when the parties had met: firstly, that she would take ven-

geance on those whom she guessed had prepared this meeting, and secondly that Mr. Smith was more charmingly mannered and better looking than she had ever thought him before! Then, having made these concessions to her feelings, she laid herself out to be pleasant, all things went delightfully, and picnic kettles were boiled, the picnic wasps were duly killed on the outskirts of the cheery tart, and after a merry afternoon, just as the sun was going down in many coloured blazonry in the west, and the evening breeze began to creep in freshly from the Atlantic, the guests reassembled round the fire in the shadow of the ruined tower to drink their tea and say goodbye to each other.

Here began the chapter of accidents which ended as all accidents should. There were amongst those who were going to the stranger's side of the water some cousins of Jeannie's, and these young women had been trying to persuade their kinswoman to accompany them, in order that she might attend on the morrow a Highland gathering near their house. But Jeannie refused, and so they had parted, the cousins and their party going off through the darkening pine woods to the one boat, while the heiress and her friends, with the gentleman from Chicago, stood talking for a space. Five minutes afterwards, behold, Jeannie had exercised the privilege of her sex! Yes, she suddenly declared she would change her mind and go to her cousins after all to see the Highland sports. A few words with her companions settled the matter. The friendly dry-goods princeling was dispatched across the island to detain the cousins' party, while Miss McDonald went down to the near shore with her own friends, and saw them off.

"Do not send the boat for me to-morrow unless I write for it," she called to them. "I may be away a day or two—perhaps even more."

"Very well," they cried back, while

the skiff pushed off. "We will not send until you write—be careful of the night air." And as the boat pulled away and was quickly lost among the deepening shadows, the girl turned back, and with a last wave of her hand, sauntered towards the heather-covered crest of the island.

She was well accustomed to being waited for, and did not hurry. On the top she stood for a moment and looked about with silent delight. Behind all was purple in the shadows of the hills, save where the casements of her own far-away castle caught the eastern blaze and shone in that dusky setting like points of living gold. And all in front the black sea stretched away to where in the west it seemed to beat in golden waves on the edge of another world—a world that rose sudden and splendid out of that sombre plain, a fairy region where pale sapphire estuaries ran deep into an amber-coloured land; and great limpid bights, whereon no ship had ever sailed, bore on their pellucid bosoms whole archipelagoes of rose-coloured islands; a magy sunset realm that faded gently into pink and turquoise as you looked upon it, and broadened and deepened till all the real world was but a dark framing through which one stared into the lurid splendour of that silent territory! Jeannie seemed as though she were some fair statue as she stood against the dark heather in the glow of that great western window, and it was only with an effort she brought herself back to prosaic things when presently the sun went down in earnest and the grey curtain of the night dropped slowly over land and sea.

But at last she turned into the wooded path leading down to the far beach, and was stepping lightly over the fragrant carpet of pine needles under the firs, the air full of scent of juniper and resin, and the last red rays bringing the tree stems out golden against the shadows beyond, when she met Mr. Smith coming hurriedly up the path. This, the lady thought, was to be regretted. She had liked him better than she had ever expected to do that day, and since she feared some keen eyes amongst the women might have guessed so much—she did not want solitary walks with him even of the most trifling extent—placed as they were people would talk if they were a moment alone together, and while this was passing through her mind the gentleman from Chicago, looking very handsome and concerned, came up.

"My dear Miss MacDonald," he said, "I carried out your errand with the utmost despatch; but to my surprise and regret, when I got down to the beach—the boat had gone!"

"Had what?" gasped Jeannie, scarcely realising his meaning for a moment.

"Very unfortunately, the boat had gone. They must have set sail at once, and, with a fair wind, by this time may be nearly home. I shouted and waved, but the island is right in the eye of the sun, and the breeze was against me—I fear," he added, with courteous interest, "you will have to postpone your visit for a time—may I take you back to your own boat?"

But her ladyship's only answer was to lean back against a tree and stare with incredulous horror at her companion. The boat gone! Why, her boat had gone, too; she was alone with this man she had shunned, the very man of all others she least desired to be alone with; and not alone for a moment, but for hours—for nights and days, indefinitely, perhaps, it seemed to her excited fancy, while their mutual friends pictured them each happily paying visits!

It was too dreadful. Oh, what could Fate mean by thus stranding her with him whom a month ago she hated; and for whom she was now beginning to feel an even more embarrassing tenderness, the very man of all others she had been setting herself to avoid? She fled like a startled deer back to the highest point of the island, Smith following her wonderingly; and there, when he guessed what had happened, and they saw the sea absolutely deserted and bare all about them, proud Jeannie sank down upon a rock in a storm of anger and tears, while her fellow prisoner shrugged his shoulders as he slowly took in all the awkwardness of the situation.

Her ladyship recovered presently, and turned on the luckless stranger with all the fury of a trapped wild cat in its native woods, said such cruel and reckless things that he who was in fact a very excellent and well-meaning young man, with nothing against him but the accident of birth, winced beneath them, wondering where so beautiful and slim a girl had learned the skill to hurt so much. At last she asked angrily, "Could he swim?" and when he answered that he could, "Why, then," she said, "if he were half a man he would not stand silent and sag-headed before her, but would make an effort—doing something to show Chicago could now and then breed a gentleman!" and with those words she flung away, while he, half hurt and half admiring, walked down gloomily and despondent to the water's edge.

Yes! he thought to himself, there was nothing for it but to make the effort the girl had suggested. That day had put him deep in love, and there was nothing else to be done!—it was perhaps little better than suicide, for he was but an ordinary swimmer, and the black water spread out wide and cold before him. Yet it was his bare duty,



THE FREEHOLD INSTINCT.

Heated Native—'Wot 'arm are yer doin'? Why, you're on my property! 'Ow would you like me to come and sketch in your drawing-room!

he said, as he took off his coat and shoes, and mechanically removed the diamond sleeve-links from his cuffs, he could do her no good by staying—even harm, perhaps—while by going there was just a chance that he might get help for her. And so he went, and when Jeannie came down to where he had sat a few minutes later, to say soft things and prevent the folly her bitter words might tempt him to do, she found his coat upon a rock, and nothing else.

An hour later, as miserable and lonely, the lady of many manors was wandering about in the darkness, seeking for a corner in which to spend the night, the wind sighing through the trees, and the first few drops of a coming storm beginning to fall, a light appeared on the path below. Who could be there at this time of night, when all decent folk were safe in bed? Was it the ghost of the murdered old fisherman who haunted the island? Was it lawless smugglers or pirates? This was worse than ever, and the wretched girl was just turning to fly when rough but friendly voices hailed her, and with desperate courage—knowing, moreover, how futile hiding was—she waited, and presently recognised two fishermen, and heard, when they had drawn near, with a delight which may be imagined, that their boat was down below, and “the gentleman” in it, alive but spent. They had come across him by chance while taking in their long-lines, and had got Mr. Smith on board with scarce breath enough left in him to gasp out the story of the lady’s plight, and send them, rowing for all they were worth, to her rescue.

“Dear Mr. Smith,” were the first words that gentleman heard, as presently he came to, and found himself in the same boat with Jeannie, homeward bound, and his hands being diligently chafed by that charming nurse. “I am so sorry for what I said, so sorry you took it amiss, and went—but very glad, very glad, indeed, that you are safe, and have taken no hurt—if you had I should have been more grieved than I can say,” and here the girl dropped her voice and blushed unseen in the darkness.

What else could that fortunate son of Chicago wish for? The infection of her tone did him more good than all the warm blankets and cordials of the castle presently. They were the beginning of an end, which satisfied even the schemers whose plot had nearly turned out so disastrously, and later on united two broad territories, to their mutual advantage, under one happy rule!

The Mosquito's Trail.

ENGLISH SCIENTISTS FEAR OPENING OF PANAMA CANAL WILL SPREAD TROPICAL AILMENTS THROUGH INSECTS.

How scientific detective work traced many diseases to the mosquito, what measures were being taken against the depredations of the wicked insect, and the danger of mosquito ailments spreading through the civilised world were told the other day by Sir Patrick Manson in an address before the Authors' Club in London. The well-known scientist declared that unless precautions were taken in time the opening of the Panama Canal and the development of Africa would result in a wide extension of tropical diseases. There is no yellow fever in Asia or East Africa, and many islands of the Pacific, as well as continental lands, are free from malaria. Both of these mosquito-borne diseases are likely to spread to the regions where they are now unknown. A representative of the Zoological Gardens in London told of a novel means of warring on the mosquito by breeding a fish which devours the eggs of the insect. This fish is about an inch long, is short-lived, but prolific, and its presence in enormous numbers in Barbadoes waters accounts for the freedom of those islands from buzzing pests.

Elephantiasis, the most hideous of mosquito-borne diseases, was a mystery that interested Sir Patrick Manson during his residence in Formosa, and on the coast of China. He came to the conclusion that it was caused by an organism in the blood called filaria—“a microscopic animalcule, eel shaped and inclosed in a loose

sac or sheath within which it wriggles about in the blood very actively.” Sir Patrick found that in some districts of China the parasites were present in 10 per cent of the population, while elsewhere 50 per cent of the people were infected with them. Since the filaria showed no evidence of growth while in the blood, it was inferred to be the young of some other animal, and at last Sir Patrick proved this to be the case, along with other scientists. The parental worm, three or four inches long, and of the thickness of fish gut, dwelt in the lymphatic vessels. It did not leave its retreat, where its presence caused the destructive effects of elephantiasis. The question was how it could pass from one human being to another. Sir Patrick argued that some insect which sucked human blood, ingesting the microscopic off-spring of the filaria, must be responsible for the transmission. The most likely insect in the premises was the mosquito.

The Hypothesis Confirmed.

An odd confirmation of this hypothesis soon occurred. The scientist had trained two Chinese medical students to examine the blood of one thousand Chinese, so as to get reliable data. One student found it convenient to work at night, the other in the daytime. The night worker found plenty of filaria in his specimens, the other very few. These contrary observations, dictated by pure chance, suggested that night specimens of blood had most filaria because the mosquitoes were busy at night. To clinch the theory, a Chinaman was hired for a small amount to let himself be attacked liberally by mosquitoes. He was put to bed in a netted compartment in which a large number of insects had been admitted. In the morning the blood-gorged mosquitoes were captured for dissection.

“I shall not easily forget the first mosquito I dissected,” said Sir Patrick. “Placing the blood the stomach contained under the microscope, I was gratified to find that, so far from killing the filaria, the digestive juices of the mosquito seemed to have stimulated it to fresh activity. And now I saw a curious thing. The little sac or bag inclosing the filaria, which hitherto had muzzled it and prevented it from penetrating the walls of the blood vessels in the human body, was broken through and discarded. I ultimately succeeded in tracing the filaria through the stomach wall into the abdominal cavity, and then into the thoracic muscles of the mosquito. More than that, I ascertained that during this passage the little parasite increased enormously in size. From measuring about one-one-hundredth of an inch in length it grew to about one-sixteenth of an inch, and was just visible to the naked eye. It developed a mouth, an alimentary canal and other organs. Manifestly it was on the road to a new human host.”

Later on microscopic sections of in-

ferred insects made in London clearly demonstrated that the filaria, after it leaves the stomach and reaches the thoracic muscles of the mosquito, continues its journey towards the proboscis; that for a time it lies in the head of the insect; that then it creeps down the labium or sheath of the proboscis, where, in properly prepared sections, it can be seen lying outstretched and evidently waiting an opportunity to escape. This opportunity doubtless occurs when the mosquito next proceeds to feed on the human subject. The sections prepared from the skin which the mosquito actually in situ display the filaria in the act of passing through the proboscis of the mosquito, and actually entering the body through the little hole made by the biting parts of the mosquito's proboscis.

Disseminators of Malaria.

Becoming interested afterwards in the study of the malaria parasite, and believing the mosquito to be guilty of transmitting this disease also, Sir Patrick Manson was unable to carry on a personal investigation, and suggested the subject to Professor Ronald Ross. The latter, on his return to India, took up the study, and lacking human subjects investigated the malaria of birds. He demonstrated clearly that the malaria parasite went from bird to mosquito, and back from mosquito to bird. It seemed unnecessary to carry this proof direct to human beings, yet people were sceptical. Sir Patrick obtained a grant of money from the British Colonial office to clinch the case. He sent from London two or three healthy individuals to the notoriously malarious region of the Roman campagna, and guaranteed that they would not contract the fever with which all the inhabitants were afflicted, since they would be housed in mosquito proof cottages and would not go out after sunset, when the insects abound. At the same time Roman mosquitoes that had fed on malarious patients were sent by mail to London, and allowed to bite persons who were never troubled with the disease, and the scientist announced that these persons would surely develop malaria. The double experiment was successful and conclusive. The Englishmen sent to Italy lived in the fever district for months without getting malaria, while the Londoners bitten by the imported insects speedily developed the disease.

Sir Patrick referred to the newly gained immunity of Havana and the Panama Canal Zone from yellow fever through the elimination of the mosquito. He feared, however, that the opening of the canal, with its extensive rapid communication between ports, might spread tropical diseases. The development of Africa may have the same effect. Among the many disease conveying insects are the tsetse fly of Africa, the tick which causes Texas fever among cattle, and another tick responsible for relapsing fever among human beings.

CHRONIC INDIGESTION.

A New Zealand Housewife's Gratitude to Bile Beans.

When your arm gets tired with nursing baby, carrying a bag, or doing any work in the office or the home, you “change hands.” If you didn't your arm would become useless. Indigestion means “jaded stomach.” You can't “change stomachs,” and you can't stop eating. Do you see how serious, therefore, indigestion is? An overworked organ is crying out for rest, and every meal you are obliged to take throws upon it more work. All you can do is to give it help to do the work, and that's just what Bile Beans do. They help feeble, overworked stomachs to digest food, and when they have toned up the stomach to its full strength, you leave them off.

Mrs. F. Gough, of 23, Argyle-street, Mornington, Dunedin, N.Z., says: “For years I have suffered from indigestion and heartburn. I was afraid I had become a chronic subject. I tried numerous so-called remedies, and consulted medical men, but I remained un cured. A little while ago a neighbour strongly recommended me to try Bile Beans, as she had derived great benefit from them. I acted on her advice, and purchased a box of the Beans, and I have, and still am obtaining, great relief from their use. My case being of so long duration, I cannot expect Bile Beans to remedy the mischief of years in a day, but they are giving me more relief than anything I have ever tried, and I intend to persevere with them in the hope of arriving at a thorough cure.”

You should never be without a box of Bile Beans, which speedily cure indigestion, biliousness, headache, constipation, nausea, spasms, heartburn, female ailments, bad blood, and all liver ailments.

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DOCTOR Emulsion, saying that it was splendid

for building up the constitution. She liked SCOTT'S and in a short time became quite well and rosy; appetite improved and she put on flesh wonderfully.” (Mrs.) AGNES JARRETT, 112 Buckingham Street, Sydney, N.S.W., 1/9/08. The

ORDERED doctor ordered SCOTT'S in preference to any other emulsion because doctors know that SCOTT'S Emulsion always contains precisely the same quantities of precisely the same pure and powerful ingredients, manufactured into a delicious cream by the unchallenged SCOTT process.

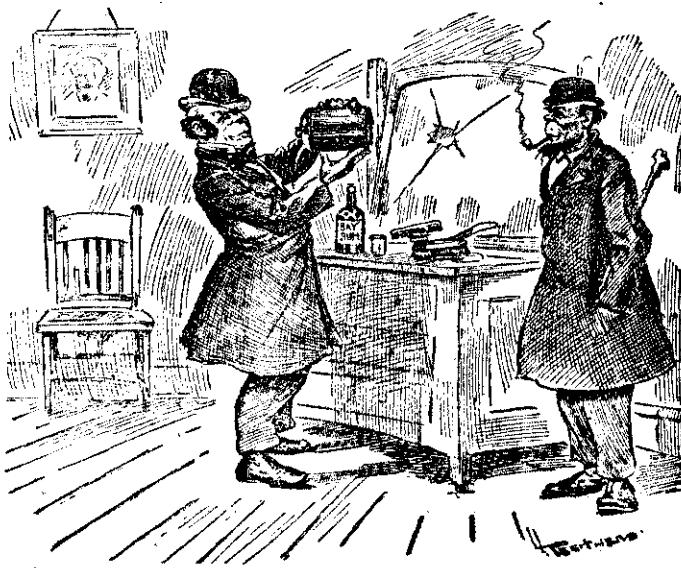
From this it follows that diseases and conditions which SCOTT'S has been proved to cure (as above) will be cured just as surely in other cases, your own child's for instance.

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EMULSION

Look for SCOTT'S “fishman” on the package. Of all chemists and dealers in medicines.



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O'Rourke—Jist for a bluff, O'Brien. If ye can't own a auty-mobile it don't cost much to himmel tolke one.

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Children's Page

To Our Young Readers.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of cousins, by writing to

COUSIN KATE,
"The Weekly Graphic,"
Shortland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever it interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. Their letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic," on the Children's Page.

All cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our cousins some who have passed out of their teens. A badge will be sent to each new cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—Has not the sea been rough lately? I have been unable to go to school this last day or two, as I have a leg which came in rather severe contact with the ground. My interest in the cousins' letters has in no wise flagged. I do not think Essie is going to write any more. She has been spending the summer in the South Island. She met her new Cousin Winnie while in Christchurch. She went for a short visit to a station on the Southern Alps. While there she experienced a good snow storm. She says the Alps presented a magnificent sight. When, after the storm had cleared, the sun shone out brightly, showing up their white glittering peaks against the clear, azure blue of the sky. I remember the gay time we had at school in Christchurch, when, after a snow storm, we went out into the sun and snowballed our mates. The Auckland boys and girls have to forfeit this pleasure, but they don't have to suffer with the bitter cold. Up until next Saturday I will have been a junior cousin, but after that I will be a senior one. I saw in one of the "Graphic's" that your birthday was in January. A banner is to be held in September in Pounonby Hall. The children are being trained for the parts they have to take. My brother and I are among them. (The girls are to be dressed as fairies, and the boys are to be dressed as Jack Frost or snow balls. The mistake the little girl made in taking the nutton bones for her beloved kittie's bones made us laugh very much. We once had a lovely cat. One sad day she seized one of the boys of snowballing, and died off it. The pigeon was a beautiful fantail, and with its mate had taken a prize, so you can imagine how we felt. We have not had a cat since. Love to all the cousins, from Cousin GWEN, Pounonby.

[Dear Cousin Gwen,—I was so much interested in your nice long letter, and I am very sorry that I have had to cut it down. But the truth is, I have a lot of cousins writing, and it is not possible to give each one as much room as I should love to give. I have to cut down my answers to. I am so sorry about your leg. I hope it is better by now. I am always pleased to be assured of the unforging interest of my old friends. Cousin Essie must have had a grand time. I hope she will change her mind, and send us some accounts of her travels. I quite agree with you as to the joys of snowballing. The "fairies" will make a good contrast to the "snowballs," and "Jack Frost." My birthday is in January, Cousin Gwen. Your pummy must have been like Mrs Curly's cat, "a most immoral brute."—Cousin Kate.]

thought I would like to become one. We get the "Graphic" every week. I am 12 years of age, and I am in Standard V. I think I would like you to send me a red badge, because I am getting a gun hat, and I want to put it on my hat, as the girls at school have red bands on their hands. I will write to you every week.—Love from Cousin MAY, Auckland.

[Dear Cousin May,—Yes, you are very welcome to join our "Cousins' Society." I hope you will find reading your own portion of the correspondence makes you feel yourself to be more really in touch with us than just reading the other letters could do. Is it not remarkable how "gem" hats never go out of vogue? I really don't see how we could do without them, do you, Cousin May? I wish a law could be passed prohibiting the wearing of anything larger for church, at any rate. I heard a gentleman tell his sister, the other day, when she asked him if he liked her new blouse, that he hadn't noticed it; but he noticed her hat, because it got in his line of vision in church. I hope you will like my badge.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Please may I join the cousins' circle? I like reading the cousins' letters. Will you please send me a blue badge, as I like blue best? I am now 13 years of age. I have one sister and two brothers. Our holidays are ended, and school starts to-morrow. My sister and I have some cats, and a dog called Glen. We also have four pet lambs. We once had two pet seagulls, but they ate some of our chickens, so we had to have them killed. We have had a good many pheasants this season. I will close now. Give my love to the other cousins.—From Cousin ALLISON, Napua.

[Dear Cousin Allison,—Welcome to our cousins' society. You are two pigeon pairs, you and your sister and brothers. I wonder if you each have a favourite brother. Though favourite brothers are something like favourite hymns and favourite flowers

in that one likes them all. I have noticed that in the country people do have several cats at once. There is more room for them, I suppose. How is it that lambs look so much more sensible than sheep? Chickens look much more sensible than hens, too, don't they? I do not blame your seagulls for being wicked, not one scrap. If I were a seagull and anyone tamed me, I should think of the most wicked thing I could imagine, and go straight and head it. I should any day prefer having my neck cut off to having my wings cut. Pheasants are very nice, aren't they?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very much pleased when I saw my letter in "The Graphic," and so was my sister. We waited for "The Graphic" the first week, and when we were coming home I saw up on the shop windows that "The Weekly Graphic" was now ready, and so we ran all the way home, and as soon as we got inside the door my mother said that our letters were not in, and I was very disappointed. You were quite right when you said that you could picture my sister and I sitting by the fire reading "The Graphic," because Maggie and I always sit by the fire and read it. My father makes us such a lovely big fire. My father is a captain, and we do not see him often, but when he comes home we have a nice time. Maggie and I dance and sing, and my sister Etile plays the piano. I have two brothers, and a dear little baby sister. She has two lovely big teeth. She can say "Mamma," "Dada," and "Baby," and she can laugh like anything. I saw a girl in the car with a navy blue badge with a kind of light blue mark on it. Is it the kind the seniors have? I am going up for a scholarship at Christmas. —Your loving Cousin MOLLIE, Pounonby.

[Dear Cousin Mollie,—I don't always guess right, but I guessed right that time, about you and your sister and the fire. That pretty picture of your "nice time" when your father comes home from sea is a very pleasant reward for my good guess. I am sorry you were so disappointed. I

have often felt just the same. But it is jollier to be one of a crowd than one in solitary grandeur, even if it means duty. What a jolly little girl your baby must be. No, that is not our senior badge. We have just the red and the navy badge, and both are of the nice design you mention. P.S.—I hope you get the scholarship.—C.K.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you are well. I got your nice letter in "The Graphic," and also my nice red badge. I am going to a birthday next week, and I will tell you how I like it in the next letter. I think this is the best letter I have ever written, and I hope you will like it, as I am writing it very slowly.—Your loving Cousin MAGGIE, Pounonby.

[Dear Cousin Maggie,—I am very well, thank you. I am glad you liked my letter. Like you, I take pains with my letters. This one you have sent me is very nicely spelled and written. Do not forget to tell me about the party.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? We get the "Graphic" every week, and I take great interest in reading it, especially the letters. I am over 14, so I suppose I will be a senior cousin? I live in sunny Nelson, but at present it is raining. Will you please send me a dark blue badge, as I like that colour best? I will now close with my best love to all the cousins and yourself.—Cousin MELO, Nelson.

[Dear Cousin Melo,—I am glad you find such special interest in our correspondence column. Yes, you will be one of our senior cousins, Cousin Melo. You are to be congratulated upon living in Nelson. It is still very here, even when there is rain about. But in the spring it is very exquisite.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—There is a new bridge building, and while it is being made the people go through our place. We are going to have a Band of Hope, and Cousin Lucy (with the help of someone else) is getting up the programme. Did you go to hear Haydn Beck? Cousin Lucy's cat caught two mice the other morning and ate both. There is to be a bazaar in October in aid of a piano for the hall. I have finished those sweet peas, and started another picture. At the concert a week or two ago there were some good tricks given. The men had a wand, which they waved over everything they did, or else it was a failure.—With love, from Cousin RUTH, Buckland.

[Dear Cousin Ruth,—How does it feel to have the whole of Buckland peering through your preserves? It must seem "more like London every day." Tell me the result of Cousin Lucy's enterprise. No, I did not hear Haydn Beck. But I should like to have heard him. Cousin Lucy's cat evidently considers killing for the sake of it a crime. Prosperity to the new piano scheme—also to your new picture. By the way, Cousin Ruth, you have a splendid chance to paint direct from life—the one way to paint supremely well. The magic of that wand seems to me to have been a trifle apparent.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you for the badge. I was pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic." I went to Hawera for my winter holidays, and stayed with my grandparents. I like Hawera very much. Have you ever been there, Cousin Kate? My mother has been taking the "Graphic" for

HE ROSE TO THE OCCASION.



Mr. Simian: "If I were only as tall as you, Miss Giraffe, I would offer you my umbrella."



Miss Giraffe: "In this neck of the woods one has to resort to all sorts of expedients."

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your "Graphic" cousins? I am very fond of reading your children's letters, and I

Dear Cousin Kate.—Please may I join the cousins' circle? We get the "Graphic" every week, and I take great interest in reading the same. I am ten years old, and am in the 3rd standard. Will you please send me a pink badge. We have got 3 cats, 4 sheep, 1 dog, 1 cow, and 1 calf, and 1 horse. The horse is very nice, and I like to catch the flies. I wanted to catch him to haul some posts. When they had nearly caught him, he swam into the swamp. We have a bagatelle board, and we have lovely fun with it. I have two brothers and one sister. We can all swim, ride, and row a boat, except the baby. With much love to all the cousins.—From Cousin EVA, Mahuna.

[Dear Cousin Koa.—What a jolly time you must have all together. I am very pleased to have you for one of my cousins. I suppose the dog is the greatest favourite out of all that crowd of pets. That was very cunning of your horse. We used to have a grand time with our own special bagatelle board when we were children. You and your sister and brothers must be very fond of outdoor sport.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I hope you will receive me for a cousin. I am ten years of age, and am in the 5th standard. I live in a pretty town called Motueka. It is famed for its fruit-growing, and we spend our summer holidays in raspberry and strawberry picking, which is very healthy and profitable. I have a dog, whose name is Toro. Our examination will be about at the end of the month, and, with industry, I hope I will pass.—From your loving cousin, GORDON B. MACKENZIE.

[Dear Cousin Godfrey.—I will certainly accept you as a cousin. Your pretty account of Motueka and its summer holiday industry is most interesting. The children up here pick strawberries, but that is becoming scarce, and the grow-up people it is. What a good name for your dog. I also hope that you will pass.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins? I live in the country in the South Island, at a very pretty little place. Our examination is in two days, and I hope to pass. I will be in the 5th standard if I do. Will you please send me a blue badge? We have had rainy weather, and it seems very dull. I learn cooking at the technical school. We are to have a new school built soon. We have two nice little pussies.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin JOAN, Wakefield.

[Dear Cousin Joan.—You certainly may become one of my cousins. I wonder what you are like. I always think of "Joan" as a very concurring sort of name. I have about I hope that you have passed. The children seem to me to get through the standards nowadays at a tremendous rate. Do they teach you to make ice-cream? It is like an influenza visitation, few houses escape.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—We have been having a good many concerts lately. The first was on July 7. It was first rate; there was music and comedy and a very interesting 14, the Progressive League's opening social. There is to be another meeting on the 30th, and I think Cousin Ruth is going to sing. The roads are very muddy. The new bridge is going to be of two spans, and I hope to have a new run, and at feeding time the kittens come and try to share the food, and are so disappointed when there is none. Last Saturday we made some fudge, and tried to make some fruit confection. Good night, Cousin Kate, with love.—Cousin LUCY, Buckland.

[Dear Cousin Lucy.—You must be a very unusual folk at Buckland. Do tell me how Cousin Ruth's item goes off. I had no idea your bridge was to be of ferro-concrete. I think that is very enterprising of you Bucklanders. How comical it must look to see the kittens so disappointed. I wish I had been there last Saturday. But I had a sister, who came from your direction to spend a holiday with me. She brought some taffy—perhaps she caught the fever from you.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become a cousin? I have a pet dog named Maori, a black curly retriever; and a lovely black cat named Jim. I have cousins in Australia, and they think that is a snake sleeping under their verandah. I am a native of Wellington. I thought that picture called "A Hopeless Dawn" very pretty. I go to the Newtown school. I am learning to play the piano and to play the violin. I have a lamp-lighter? It is lovely. Love to all.—From your affectionate cousin, JESSIE.—Wellington.

[Dear Cousin Jessie.—Welcome to our society. When you send me an envelope with your full address, I will send you a badge. I think curly black retrievers are not very common. Ugh! Just fancy having a snake coiled up comfortably under the verandah. A tiger purring outside the window would not be much more horrid, as very concurring sort of name without delay. I am sorry you think "A Hopeless Dawn" pretty. I thought it very sad. I am sure "The Lamp-lighter" must be good. I have often heard of it.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am very sorry to say this is my last letter to the younger cousins' column; I have always taken an interest in their letters, and always will, but I have been reading, and have been unable to play tennis. We are being taught the "Ribbon Dance" for the children's fancy dress ball, which is to be held on the 27th August. I will bring this letter to you close. Wish all the younger cousins good-bye, but not yourself, Cousin Kate, as I am going to join the older cousins.—Cousin JESSIE, Greymouth.

[Dear Cousin Jessie.—I sympathize with you. I shall never forget being told that I must wear my dresses longer now that I was getting older. It was melancholy. Life is never the same again after one gets to long dresses. But do not take yourself too seriously, Cousin Jessie; it is better on before. I don't suppose it is had being even dirtier, when it comes to that. I am very glad you are not proposing to farewell me.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Will you please have me for one of your cousins? My father takes the "Graphic" every week, and I do like reading the cousins' letters. Buster Brown is funny yet, but I don't like to have two bantams, a little rooster (just like a pheasant) and a little black hen with a red neck. I will have a nice lot to sell this year. You will find my photo in the Takaka High School. I have a white jersey on, and am on the left-hand bottom row. My age is eight years. I would like a red badge.—Your loving cousin, MAX, Takaka.

[Dear Cousin Max.—We shall be most pleased to have you for a cousin. If you will send me a fully-addressed envelope, I will send you your badge. I cannot seem to get just to "Max" with any certainty of its reaching you. Your bantams must be very interesting. Thank you so much for telling me where I can see your picture.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Thank you very much for the badge. I have not seen my letter in the "Graphic" yet. We are getting up a concert in aid of the Sunday-school. There are to be three dialogues. I am in the last one. There are to be songs, recitations, and pianoforte solos. I will tell you more about it when it is over. At school we have sewing for six months and cooking for six months. I like the cooking; we have some very nice recipes. With love.—From Cousin MESSIE, Carterton.

[Dear Cousin Messie.—I am so sorry that you have had to wait for your letter. There are so many writings that waiting is sometimes unavoidable. You must be sure to tell me how you got on at the concert. The programme sounds very interesting. It is such a good thing that they teach such useful subjects at school now. I know you have good recipes; I have tasted some of the cookery.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I did not write to you last week, because there was nothing to say. Did you go to Chang Leng Soo? I did not go, but all our family went. Every wet day at our school we have a half-holiday. I have a pet brown hen, and I call her Brownie. When ever we go to feed her we have to put her under our arm so we have fed the others, because she pecks holes in our stockings. With best wishes to you and all the other cousins.—From Cousin MESSIE.

[Dear Cousin Essie.—Who can write when there is nothing to say? It takes public speakers to do that kind of thing. I did not go to Chang Leng Soo. I hope someone in your family told you what it was like. I used just to love "two o'clock days." We once had a pet pullet, and we called it "Stakey." It used to peck at my sister's teeth. I am afraid it ended in the same way. Would you mind signing your full name, please, Cousin Essie, so that I shall know which Essie you are without having to consult my register.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I received my badge safely, and thought it was very pretty. Our examination is on the 21st July. If I pass I will be in the fifth standard. My cousin Flora Gibbs is going Home next week. My sister Dorothy went down to our friend's place on Saturday, and came home Monday. The 25th August is my birthday, and I will be 12 years old.—Cousin OLIVE, Wakefield.

[Dear Cousin Olive.—I am pleased to hear from you again, and glad you liked the badge. I send you my best wishes for your examination. You will miss your cousin. How nice for your sister to have that change. Many, many happy returns of the day, Cousin Olive.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I would very much like to be one of your cousins. I have a sister, Gwendolyn, eight years old, and we have a pet dog named Spot. We often go out for walks, and take our dolls out in the pram. We had a dear little grey kitten, but it is dead. I am very sorry. I live near to St. Alban's Church. Last Sunday a lot of naval cadets came to church, and I filled up nearly one side. Last Monday I went to a concert called Blue-beard, and I am going to a concert in August called "Beauty and the Beast." Do you like concerts, Cousin Kate? Father

took me to the art gallery, and I like the pictures very much. From Cousin EDITH, Auckland.

[Dear Cousin Edith.—Welcome to our Society. You are rich in toys, are you not? Is it not lovely taking out one's dolls in a nice perambulator? I do think kittens very nice. How nice it must have seemed to have so many of the cadets at church. We have a lot of Maoria at our church. What a lot of outings you have. I am extremely fond of a good concert. I love pictures almost, if not quite, as much.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins? My sister takes the "Graphic" weekly, and like reading the cousins' letters. I am in the 3rd standard, and am ten years old. Please will you send me the colour of your badge? With much love.—Cousin NINA, Takaka.

[Dear Cousin Nina.—I shall be very pleased to have you for one of my cousins. You have a chance of being a junior cousin for ever so long yet, and after that you can be a senior cousin as long as you live if you like. Our badges are red silk and navy silk, and both colours are relieved with gold lettering.—Cousin Kate, F.R.—When you write, please give me your full address, so that I shall know which Nina you are. I will keep your envelope until you say which colour you wish.—C.K.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am sending you a snap of my little pony Babette and my dog Spot, also my brother George. Thank you very much for that very nice long letter you wrote me. Hope this reaches you. Hope you like it. Mother is in Cambridge. She says it is such a pretty place. I suppose you have been there.—From Cousin BEVIE, Wanganui.

[Dear Cousin Bevie.—Thank you very much for the snap. I am very much interested to see the group. Babette is a pet I can see. Her head is lovely. I do not wonder that you prize her. Spot looks a dear old fellow. If it will not do for me to pay your brother any compliments, he might not like it; boys are shy about things like that. But I am glad to have a look at him, and would much like a photo of you also. Cambridge is indeed charming. I am so glad you liked my answer to your nice letter. But do you know, Cousin Bevie, I am obliged to cut down my letters now, because there are so many to get in on the page.—Cousin Kate.]

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Orange Blossoms.

GOVER—SMALL.

A VERY pretty motor wedding was solemnised on the 4th August at St. James' Church, Kaikora

North, Hawke's Bay, the contracting couple being Miss Nellie Small, fourth daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Small, of "Fernside," and Mr. Sidney Ashwin Gover, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gover, of "Farnridge," Mt. Eden, Auckland, and late of Masterton. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion by girl friends of the bride. The bride was given away by her brother (Mr. James Small), and was very winsome and sweet in her trained Princess gown of ivory satin charmeuse, the corsage swathed with folds of chiffon and pearl embossed lace; the sleeves were of ruched chiffon, and the yoke transparent. With this she wore a handsome tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried an exquisite bouquet of white cyclamens, primulas, and maidenhair. The bridesmaids were the Misses Kate and Alice Small (sisters of the bride), and two tiny nieces (Misses Winnie and Eileen French). The first two bridesmaids wore Princess gowns of mauve satin charmeuse, the yokes of tuckered net, finished with silver embroidered lace; their large black hats were wreathed

with mauve roses. The little maids wore dainty white muslin frocks with mauve sashes and wreaths of rosebuds, and carried muffs of violets. The presents from the bridegroom were gold brooches set with pearls, sapphires and rubies. Mr. Small attended the bridegroom as best man, and Mr. Oscar Krogh as groomsmen. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. P. Cowx, and was fully choral. The bride's mother was attired in a handsome gown of black taffeta and black and white bonnet. The bridegroom's gift to his bride was a handsome brooch with pearls and rubies, and the bride presented the bridegroom with a gold watchchain. After the ceremony the guests motored to "Fernside," and were entertained by Mrs. Small. The bride's going-away gown was a tailor-made of brown striped tweed, and she wore a smart beehive hat en suite. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Gover travelled to Auckland, where they are to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gover at Mt. Eden. Their future residence will be in Gisborne.—(Napier Correspondent.)

EDLIN—HEMMINGSON.

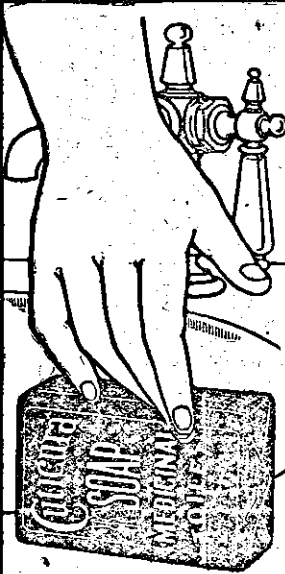
A very pretty wedding was celebrated at the Wesleyan Church, Wanganui, on July 28, the contracting parties being Mr Seymour Edlin, sixth son of Mr Joseph Edlin, of

Petone, to Miss Evelyn Hemmingson, third daughter of Mr Hans Hemmingson, of Shakespeare's Cliff. The Rev. Mr Laxford was the officiating clergyman. As the happy couple left the church the wedding march was played by Mr Stewart Austin. The bride looked charming in a cream chiffon taffeta, trimmed with silk insertion and ribbon, and a sash of ribbon with silver tassels. She also wore the usual orthodox veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Ada Edlin, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Isabelle Hemmington, sister of the bride. They both looked becoming in dresses of cream silk muslin, with silk tassels trimmings. They both wore handsome brooches (the gift of the bridegroom). Mr H. Flynn acted as best man. The bride's travelling dress was a green tailor-made costume and hat to match. She also wore a set of furs, the gift of the bridegroom.

CATO—BURRIDGE.

The marriage of Mr James Watson Cato, second son of the Rev. Anson Cato, of Auckland, to Miss Ethel Levinia Burrige, second daughter of Mr and Mrs John Burrige, very old settlers of Napier, was celebrated in St. John's Cathedral on August 3. The Rev. Canon Mayne was the officiating minister, and the church was crowded with friends and well-wishers of the interested parties. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very winsome in a dress of white crepe de chine, trimmed with white lace and an embroidered panel of pearls. She also wore the orthodox wreath and veil, and carried a sheaf of arum lilies. The bridesmaids were Misses Annie Burrige and Gertrude Cato, sisters of the bride.

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YOU ARE NEXT!

and bridegroom respectively. They were attired in cream serge costumes, with emerald green hats, trimmed with ostrich feathers. Mr Anson Cato was best man, and Mr H. Burrige groomsmen. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome set of stone marten furs, and the bride's present to her husband was a gold sovereign case. Each of the bridesmaids wore gold cable bangles, the girls of the bridegroom. The bride's going-away dress was a green and brown tweed costume, with Saxe blue hat.

BUTLER—WELLS.

A very interesting wedding was celebrated at St. Mark's Church, Clive, on July 30, by the Rev. J. Hobbs, of Hastings. The contracting parties were Mr. J. E. Butler, of Sydney, and Miss Lily Wells, eldest daughter of Mr. G. Wells, of Clive. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming attired in a cream Princess robe with floral trimmings, and wearing the orthodox wreath and veil. She also carried a handsome spray bouquet. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss E. Wells, who wore an Empire gown of cream silk trimmed with insertion and pale blue, and carried a cream spray bouquet. Her hat was of white felt trimmed with wings. Mr. J. Wells officiated as best man. The bridegroom's present to the bride was an emerald and pearl pendant, and the bride's present to the bridegroom a gold scarf pin set with pearls. The bridegroom presented the bridesmaid with a silver-mounted prayer book. Mr. G. C. Thornton played the "Wedding March."

GIDDY—CROWE.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Mark's Church, New Plymouth, on August 4, in the presence of a good congregation, the contracting parties being Mr. Arthur Giddy and Miss Amy Crowe. The service was choral. The vicar of Waitara performed the ceremony. The bride, who was becomingly attired and looked very nice, was attended by Miss Giddy as bridesmaid, and was given away by her brother, Mr. J. W. Crowe, of Stratford, Mr. Ernest Giddy acting as best man.

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 engagement is announced of Miss Ivy Hart, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs Woolf Hart, of Hopetoun-street, Ponsonby, Auckland, to Mr Joseph Hyman, third son of Mr and Mrs M. Hyman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

The engagement is announced between Miss Rosie Luxmoore, only daughter of Mrs. Luxmoore, of "Westmount," Feilding, to Mr. W. T. Banks, of Colyton.

The engagement is announced of Miss O. Anderson, eldest daughter of Mr. P. Anderson, Marjoribanks-street, Wellington, to Mr. Henry Ready, of the Defence Department.

Miss Lucie Ehrenfried, of Auckland, who is visiting Christchurch, has lately become engaged to Mr. Cecil Louisson, son of the Hon. Charles Louisson, of that city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Stuart, fourth daughter of Mr. D. T. Stuart, of Wellington, to Mr. Alan Latter, of Greenhills, Kaikoura.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Mr. Victor E. Harman, dentist, of Palmerston North, to Miss Pascall, of the same town.

Said Darby to his old wife, Joan, "We, side by side, have aged and grown, But here I tell you plump and plain, You shall not poultice me again! There's something now to cure you faster of cough or cold, than mustard plaster, No more these blisters 'I'll endure, I'll purchase Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

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Society Gossip.

Special to the "Graphic."

NOTICE.

The Editor desires to draw the attention of occasional contributors of any items to the Society Gossip columns that name and address must be given with copy, otherwise any such communication cannot be recognised.

AUCKLAND.

August 9.

Children's Party.

MRS. MAHONEY gave a large children's party on July 30th at her residence in Market-road, Remuera. Dancing and progressive games were the order of the evening. The prizes were won by Miss Gerty Douglas 1st, and Miss Hilary Vaile 2nd. The garden and verandah were gay with Chinese lanterns. The table was prettily decorated with bon-bons, daffodils, and ferns. Mrs. Mahoney received her guests in a handsome black velvet Directoire gown, trimmed with cream lace; Miss Edna Mahoney, pretty pink silk, and her sister Sybil wore a dainty white silk; Miss Carrie Wallnutt (Hamilton), in a cream silk blouse and black taffeta skirt; Mrs. Winstone, pale blue covered with white net; Mrs. Walklate, white embroidered gown; Miss Sheath, black silk gown, with white lace; Mrs. Herald, black; Miss C. Wallnutt, old rose silk ninnon de soie; Mrs. Edward Mahoney, handsome applique net over black satin; Miss Austin, white; Miss Sheath, pretty pale pink dress; Mrs. Bayly, handsome black silk taffeta; Mrs. Suggate wore a black Directoire gown, with old lace and roses; Miss Metcalfe, black net; Miss Herald, black taffeta skirt, yellow blouse; Miss E. Mathias, white muslin; Miss Lizzie Wallnutt, black, with red roses; Miss Myra Cussen (Hamilton), pink silk; Mrs. Bruce, white gown; Miss Effie Sheath, white muslin and silk; Miss Herald, black and white; Miss Evelyn Mahoney looked pretty in white, with pale blue bows; Miss Buckleton, dainty white silk, trimmed with net and ribbon; Miss Hilary Vaile, white silk; Miss McLeod, pale blue; Miss Marie Dufaur, black and white; Miss Eileen Baker, white chiffon; Miss Gerty Douglas, white silk; Miss Vinerman, white; Miss Ball, white silk; Miss Dolly Stopford, pretty green silk; Miss Rachel Suggate, dainty cream lace, with net yoke and sleeves; Miss Burton, white ninnon de soie; Miss Payton, pale blue; Miss Eileen Bosworth, pretty white silk; Miss Jessie Niccol, white; Miss M. Buckleton, white silk with lace; Miss Cumming, floral silk; Miss Bessie Watt, white muslin frock, with blue ribbons; Miss M. Colegrove, white chiffon; Miss C. Colegrove, pink silk; Miss Doris Wallnutt, white silk; Miss Wallnutt, silk, with lace insertion; Miss Dorothy Pavitt, pretty white muslin; Miss Surtees, white silk voile; Miss Ziman, pretty blue silk; Miss D. Ferguson, pale blue; Miss J. Ferguson, pretty pink; Miss J. Tole, blue silk; Miss I. Devore, white muslin; Miss Boak, blue chiffon; Miss Dunning, white.

Moana Hockey Club's Dance.

The Foresters' Hall, Devonport. was the scene of a gay gathering on Wednesday evening, when the Moana Ladies' Hockey Club entertained their friends at their annual "At Home." All branches of Auckland hockey devotees were well represented. Presidents, secretaries, referees and both sexes of players met on common ground, or, to be more correct, a well-polished floor, and forgot all differences in the mazes of the dance. The hall was gaily decorated with flags of all nations and festoons of Chinese lanterns, white on the walls were hockey-sticks, crossed and tied with the club colours (blue and green). The stage formed a cosy drawing-room, carpeted and furnished in wicker, while clumps of arum lilies bloomed in most unexpected places. The music was in the able hands of Burke's Orchestra, and dancers are unanimous in voting it the best. At half-time the daintiest of suppers was served. The table was decorated with a profusion of violets and narcissi, while the centre-piece was a perfect pyramid of smilax, from which trailed clematis. The Moana ladies, who were recognised by their long

streamers of club green, worked with a will to give their guests an enjoyable time, and their efforts were crowned with success. Among those present were: Mrs. Napier, who wore black satin; Mrs. Pilkington, black Oriental satin, blonde lace scarf; Mrs. Foster, black silk and lace, handsome red cloak; Mrs. (Dr.) Guinness, handsome black sequined lace over white satin; Mrs. Rainger, black chiffon taffeta with cream net sleeves; Mrs. Wynyard, black satin; Mrs. Bennett, black silk with touches of white; Mrs. Mathias, dove grey silk with point lace; Mrs. Earle, white organdie muslin with silver sequins; Miss Wynyard, white Oriental satin Empire gown; Miss Goudie (debutante), white chiffon taffeta with tucked panels, Princess; Miss L. Goudie, white book muslin with red shoes; Miss Macindoe, white muslin, gold tissue; Miss Ansenne, cream satin Princess gown; Miss May Ansenne, pale pink; Miss Mathias, white muslin with pretty spray of violets; Miss K. Mathias, pale green and gold; Miss Gittos, blue silk muslin semi-Empire; Miss Alison, cream satin with roses on décolletage; Miss E. Alison, pastel blue silk; Miss Rees George, claret-coloured velvet, relieved with cream net; Miss Daisy Slaton, pretty black charmeuse; Miss Perrett, soft white silk, silver scarf; Miss Mary Bennett, white chiffon taffeta with handsome lace; Miss Nellie Bennett, pink Directoire gown with embroidered bands; Miss Mavis Clark, eau de Nil glaze with passementerie; Miss Clematis Cooke, blue Empire gown with black; Miss Olsen (Wellington), blue silk muslin Empire gown with guipure bands; Miss Wrigley, pretty white satin Princess with broad panels of fllet applique; Miss Daisy Carter, pale green silk muslin; Miss Robinson, pale pink crepe de chine; Miss Philcox, pale green silky; Miss Gladys Philcox, pale pink; Miss Henriksen, pale pink brocade; Miss Jackson, tangerine chiffon over white silk; Miss Poseniskie, cream satin; Miss M. Patterson, white ninnon lace and pink

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esses. Amongst the gentlemen were: Messrs. Gresham, Capt. Pilkington, Rogers, Bush, Earle, Dr. Atkinson, Wynyard, Goudie, Kallender, Hobbs, Philcox, Prime (2), Price, Foster, Dr. Pope, Madden, Barry, Sheriffs, Phillips, Bennett, Hudson, Good, Gittos, Kempton, Clay, Marks, Clark, Philson, Bennett (2).

At Home.

Professor and Mrs. Dettmann were "at home" on Saturday afternoon to a number of the lady students of the Auckland University College. Afternoon tea and light refreshments were served in the dining-room, the tea table being artistically decorated with daffodils in silver vases.

Enjoyable Flower Tea.

The Misses Oliphant received their girl friends at a flower tea on Friday afternoon, several brides being among the guests. Each guest wore a badge representing a flower, many very clever ideas being carried out on cards and otherwise. The most successful in the guessing competition was Mrs. Dettmann, who won the first prize, the second being won by Mrs. Hugh Owen Jones. Mrs. J. Frater, Miss Rita Moritzson, and Miss Margaret Oliphant contributed to the musical part of the afternoon, and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent. Mrs. Oliphant received in a dress of oyster grey brocade, handsome trained skirt, and lace-trimmed bodice; Miss Oliphant, in pale pink crepe de chine; and Miss Margaret Oliphant in cream silk. The tea table was beautifully decorated with pink roses and asparagus fern, and the two reception rooms in scarlet anemones, snowflakes, and white lilies. About 60 guests were present, amongst whom I noticed: Mrs. Dettmann, royal blue silk, green and brown toque; Miss Hazel Lindsay, in brown cloth coat and skirt, becoming hat with roses; Miss Nelson, navy blue, white hat; Miss K. Nelson, Miss Madge Peacocke, Miss Magn Douglas, Miss Runciman, Miss Baghall, Mrs. Dryden, Mrs. J. Frater, Mrs. Milnes, Miss Kempthorne, Miss Corns, Miss Moir, Mrs. J. Donald, Miss Cumming, Mrs. Richmond, Miss Gorrie, Miss Pearl Gorrie, Miss Workman, Miss Dickenson, Miss Ziman, Miss Ralph, Miss Devore.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

The annual fair, in aid of the above, took place in the Choral Hall on the 5th inst. in the presence of a large crowd. In the unavoidable absence of Lady Plunket, who had been obliged to return to the South, His Excellency performed the ceremony of declaring the bazaar open. Mr. Mayers (director of the Homes for Australia) presented his Excellency with a copy of the "Work and Biography of the late Dr. Barnardo," which had been subscribed for by "The Young Helpers' League" in New Zealand. In the course of his remarks Mr. Mayers stated that King Edward had said: "The work of Dr. Barnardo ought to be perpetuated." It was sometimes urged that New Zealand did not take much interest in countries outside of the Dominion, but he thought the generous help given by the New Zealanders some years ago to this noble work, disproved that statement. The Auckland branch of the Young Helpers' League was the most progressive at a distance from headquarters, and has raised £1100 for the Homes. The present campaign was for the purpose of establishing hospitals for sick children in the Barnardo village, in which he hoped Auckland would establish and maintain two cots. He urged the national duty of bringing up children. Three cheers each for the Governor and Lady Plunket were given, and his Excellency then made a tour of the stalls, and presented the Secretary with a cheque. Musical items were contributed by the boys at intervals during the afternoon, and trade at the stalls was brisk. The flower stall was particularly beautiful, being enclosed in a high trellis of white lattice-work, entwined with branches of peach-blossom. Clumps of bamboo graced the corners, and hanging baskets of narcissus and fern, with bunches of golden jonquils and sweet-smelling violets, made up a charming ensemble. The prevailing tone of the decorations and stalls otherwise, was yellow and white, interspersed with greenery. The tea-room, which was excellently managed, was patronised to its fullest extent. The stalls are always served by members of the Young Helpers' League, many of the articles being made by them, and their youthful appearance prettily emphasised the nature of the appeal: "The Cry of the Children." The presidency of the Homes in New Zealand

land is filled by Lady Plunket, with Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Harrop as treasurers, and Mrs. MacTier secretary. The stallholders were as follows:—Plain work, No. 1, Meadams, Gray and Hayden and Miss Utting. Plain work, No. 2, Mrs. Rimmer and Miss Smith. Fancy work, No. 1, the Misses Randle (2). Fancy work, No. 2, Mrs. Cockcroft and Miss H. Jones. Flower kiosk, Misses H. Craig, N. Hellaby and K. Main. Boys' stall, Misses Rimmer, Turner, Gray and Dr. Barnardo's boys. Toys and dolls, Misses Buchanan, Rimmer and Johnson. Fairy well, Mrs. Harrop, Misses Snow and Boylan. Japanese kiosk, Mrs. Grimwade and Miss Seaman. Sweet stall, Misses Brook, Hughes and Gray. Afternoon tea, Mrs. J. L. Wilson, Misses MacTier (2), Gillingham and Porter.

Social Evening.

The delightful evenings arranged during the winter by the Auckland University College Athletic Club, to augment their tournament expenses fund show no signs of waning popularity, and the last one, which took place in the Training College Hall on Saturday evening, was, if anything, more enjoyable than those that have already been held. The first part of the evening took the form of a concert, the following being the performers: Miss Majorie Lushie, piano solo; Mr. Montague, recitation; Mrs. Phillips, vocal solo; Mr. Atkinson, vocal solo; Mr. Hall, solo; and Miss Carter, solo. Supper was daintily served in one of the upstairs rooms, after which dancing was indulged in in the reception hall; and large vestibule. The dance music was supplied by Mr. Chitty. Mr. H. A. E. Milnes, Mr. Kavanagh (the energetic secretary), and a committee of ladies, all worked hard, and their efforts to make the evening pleasantly enjoyable were most successful. Among the ladies there were Mrs. H. S. Dettmann, who looked handsome in white trained taffeta silk, with Limerick lace, and panel of raised white silk pear blossoms; Mrs. Gollan Newton, white chiffon taffeta gown, and lovely silver scarf with raised pink roses; Mrs. H. A. E. Milnes wore a black silk evening toilette; Miss Nelson was in a blue striped crystalline gown, handsomely worked in pink roses; Miss K. Nelson, white and pink floral chine silk, with a cluster of pink roses on corsage; Mrs. Phillips, pale green silk; Miss Mona Hay, pink floral muslin over pink silk; Mrs. Lusher, cream ninon de soie, with buttercup centure; Miss Gwen Lusher was in maize-coloured silk; Miss Majorie Lushie, azure-blue silk Empire frock; Miss Miller was gracefully gowned in electric-blue Louisiana silk; Miss Oliphant, pale blue silk; Miss Margaret Oliphant, pale green silk; Miss Partridge, white silk and lace; Miss O. Clark, black gown, silver braid in coiffure; Miss Kennedy, cream charmeuse Empire gown; Miss B. Watt, white muslin and lace, blue sash; Miss Speight, white silk; Miss Ella Dickinson, maize silk frock; Mrs. Montague, black toilette and fawn cloak; Miss Sloman, dainty white silk gown, wreathlet of violets in her hair; her sister wore pale blue silk; Miss Eva Dickinson, delicate blue silk; Miss Dunlop, white silk; Miss Bertha Jackson, white silk gown with tangerine centure; Miss Heath Spencer, pale pink silk. Among the gentlemen present were Mr. H. A. E. Milnes, Professor Dettmann, Messrs. G. Newton, Shangahan, Graham, Montague, Ellis, Jacobsen, Bach, Fawcett, Speight, Kavanagh, Campbell, Philcox, Pattison, Woodward, Oliphant, etc.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

HAMILTON.

August 6.

Waikato Eisteddfod.

Quite an unusual amount of interest has been created by the Waikato's first musical and elocutionary competitions, which opened on Wednesday last. Two concerts a day, for three days, is rather a record for a country place, but the attendance, particularly in the evenings, has been exceptionally good, the special trains run for the occasion by the Railway Department bringing crowds from the surrounding townships to augment the town music-lovers. The judge for the musical division of the competitions was Dr. Thomas, whose decisions have been given clearly and impartially. A very popular item was the test anthem for choirs, in which four church choirs competed. The large number of singers on the stage, with the ladies in uniform dress, had a very pleasing appearance, and that they all threw their hearts into their work is shown by the very slight difference in marks obtained by the prize-winners. St. Paul's Methodist choir (Cambridge) came first with 86

points, St. Andrew's Anglican (Cambridge) second with 85, and the Baptist Church, Hamilton, third, with 83. The judge for the elocutionary sections was Mr. J. F. Montague, of Auckland, who had to decide between a goodly number of the 150 entries which composed the various classes. Careful judging has been the rule here, too, for in the popular class of recitations no less than three

competitors won the same number of marks, 116 each, so a further test was imposed, and Miss Gladys Jenkin, Messrs. G. Newsome and W. Millane have on Friday night to recite an entirely new piece, "The Globe and the Lions." Space forbids me to mention many pleasing items, but it is interesting to note that at the time of writing Cambridge heads the list with four firsts and four seconds,

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Hamilton having gained three firsts and seven seconds, and Waikhi three firsts and one second.

Welcome Social.

On Thursday evening the parishioners of St. Peter's welcomed home the Rev. Cowie, who for the last four months has been invalided at Rotorua. We are glad to see he has almost completely recovered his usual health, though forbidden to ride for some few weeks. Mr. English, as people's warden, made a warmly welcoming speech, which was replied to by the Rev. Cowie, who assured them he would never forget the helpfulness and kindness shown him while laid aside, only one service having been missed during the whole period. Musical items were given by different members of the audience, and a pleasant evening was spent.

Hockey Match.

A match took place on Saturday last between the two sides of the Ladies' hockey team, the reds and the blues, in competition for the possession of the silver cup, presented to them by Mr. Howden. The weather was very disagreeable, it being cold and rough, and resulted in both sides being short of players, particularly the reds. After some very exciting play, the game was won by the blues with the score of 4 to 3, goals having been scored by Misses M. Taylor, Alice Bond, and Gladys Tompkins for their respective sides. Mr. Fox kindly acted as referee.

ZILLA.

ROTORUA.

August 3.

A Novel Dance.

Quite the affair of the month took place in the Parish Hall, on Friday, the 30th ult., in the form of a perfectly delightful and novel little dance, which was given by a small committee. All the girls invited were asked to call upon a certain dressmaker to be measured for dominoes, and, as may be imagined, this caused no small amount of conjecture, and a delightful air of mystery pervaded the whole affair. On the afternoon appointed each girl received a neat parcel containing a pink or blue domino (according to choice), a black velvet mask, and dainty black fan. The night was gloriously moonlight and fine, and at eight o'clock a bus was sent round to "gather" its load of excited pink and blue masqueraders. Doctor Endletzberger, on behalf of the other members of the committee, who were all in dominoes, received the guests at the door of the hall. There another surprise awaited us. A huge screen hid one corner, and instead of being allowed to exercise their powers of observation, in the choice of partners for the first dance, all that "mere man" was allowed to see was a show of hands over the top of the screen, and the resultant choice in most cases caused a good deal of fun for the girl, and bewilderment for the man. Early in the evening each fair domino was presented with a dainty bouquet of narcissus and violets by an attentive and delightful host, Dr. Endletzberger, a charming idea, and one that commended itself tremendously to the girls. The hall was prettily decorated, and looked quite cosy with its red curtains screening off the stage, which did duty as a supper room. Excellent music was provided by Mr. Parkins' orchestra (Mr. Munson played an extra), and the floor was particularly good. The unmasking took place just before supper, when those (they were few) who had managed to preserve their incognito had the best of the fun. At the close of the evening all joined hands and sang "For he's a jolly good fellow," and three cheers were given for Dr. Endletzberger. The dominoes and fans will serve each girl as a souvenir of a charming and novel little dance. Those present were:—Mrs. Maxwell, Miss Pownall, Miss C. Smith, Miss Donne, Miss Jowitt, Miss Empson, Miss S. Empson, Miss Malfroy, Miss Davey, Miss Lyons, Miss Hawkesworth, Miss Grace, Miss Osmond, Miss Beck, Miss Tenney, Miss Wylie, Miss Cecily, Miss Cranwell; Messrs. Wanless, Grace, Hawkins, Munson, Hawley, Davis, Hampson, Melville, Empson, Graham, Rutherford, Clay, Wylie, Penney, Purcell, Algie, and Doctors Endletzberger and Bertram.

Personal.

Mrs. (Dr.) Morice, of Greymouth, has been visiting Rotorua lately. Mrs. F. Perry, of Napier, has been staying at Waiwera House for some weeks. Mrs. W. A. Carter, of Rotorua, is

about again, after her serious illness.

Mrs. A. E. Braithwaite has returned to Rotorua after a holiday spent amongst her relations in Auckland.

RATA.

GISBORNE.

August 6.

The weather during the past week has been beautifully warm and spring-like, and a great many golf players have been out each day on the links, some of them practising for the match against the Napier players, which is to take place next week.

Enchre Party.

Last Friday evening a very pleasant enchre party was given by Mrs. Mann at "The Rancho." The hostess was wearing a becoming gown of soft pink satin. Amongst those who were there I noticed: Mrs. Williams, wearing white satin charmuse; Mrs. W. Barker, white satin with overdress of sequined net; Miss Williams, black chiffon taffeta; Miss Williamson, pale pink silk; Miss Nixon (Dunedin), white mousseline de soie; Miss E. Barker, shrimp pink silk; Miss M. Barker, white taffeta; Miss de Lautour, white China silk; Miss Whitson, cream silk; Mrs. F. Barker, pink satin, relieved with lace; Messrs. W. Barker, H. Barker, Barron, F. Barker, and Dr. Williams.

Cards and Dancing.

Another enjoyable evening was given by Mrs. F. Barker at her home, "Te Hapara," on Saturday, when cards and dancing were indulged in. Mrs. Barker received her guests in an Empire gown of cornflower blue chiffon, the corsage being trimmed with gold embroideries and tassels; Mrs. W. Barker wore a gown of heliotrope chiffon, and with it a handsome Oriental scarf; Mrs. Mann, pink satin with touches of crimson velvet; Mrs. MacLean, white silk with overdress of black lace; Mrs. J. Murphy, pink satin, trimmed with chiffon; Miss B. Barker, pale blue chiffon taffetas; Miss F. Barker, crimson silk with overdress of cream lace; Miss L. Barker, white taffeta with trails of pink and green, roses forming the trimming; Miss Donner, striking dress of soft cream silk; Miss Bennett, pale blue silk; Miss Whitson, white charmuse; Miss Nixon (Dunedin), very pale pink silk; Miss Nolan, handsome dress of cream satin; Miss Williamson, cream taffeta; Miss White, pink merveilleux; Miss MacLean, cream satin; Miss B. Bradley, pink silk; Miss Reynolds, pretty Empire gown of black taffeta; Miss R. Reynolds, black lace, relieved with cream lace; Miss de Lautour, soft white. Amongst the gentlemen present were: Messrs. W. P. and H. Barker, MacLean, Donner, Barron, Mann, Smith, Curtis, and Murphy.

Personal.

Mrs. R. Barker's sister (Miss Ferguson), from Ireland, is at present her guest.

Miss Williams, who has been visiting friends in Hawke's Bay, returned by the Talune on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clark have gone for a trip to the South Sea Islands.

Mrs. J. Murphy has been in town for a few days.

ELSA.

NAPIER.

August 6.

Skating Carnival.

Ice skating in Napier this winter, and a fine rink is provided. A private club held a most enjoyable and amusing fancy dress carnival on Tuesday evening last, when there were some very good character costumes. Miss Kettle, in a green Pierette dress, won first prize for the best fancy costume. Miss Heath, as an old woman, with an unprepossessing mask, was the best humorous representation, and annexed the prize. Mr. Ching, as an Indian chief, won first in the gentlemen's division for best fancy dress; and Mr. G. Rabant was first as an old woman in the humorous class. Some other good fancy dresses were: Mrs. Kettle, in a black Pierette dress; Miss Broderick, as a sailor girl; Miss Hamlin, old woman; Miss Sandtman, "Folly"; Mrs. Henley, flower girl; Miss Millar, "Pompador"; Mr. S. Sunderland, nigger; Mr. Dudley Kettle, suffragette; Mr. Home, black domino; Mr. Thorburn, "Kia Ora Tea Rooms"; Mr. Hindmarsh, motor lady; Mr. Ronald Williams, housemaid; Mr. Basil Cotterill was a very glorified Indian chief; Mr. Matheson, Oriental gentleman; Mr. Frank Logan, young lady

of 19th century. Amongst others present were: Mrs. Coleman, Miss Simcox, Mrs. George Morris, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Sandtman, Mrs. Bowen, Mrs. Russell Duncan, Mrs. Tyle, Mrs. McKay, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. A. Brown, Mrs. Broderick, Miss Searle, Miss Lanauze, Mrs. J. McLean and Miss McLean, Miss Dinwiddie, Miss Moorcroft, Mrs. F. Donnelly, Miss Fanning, Mrs. Bernau, and Misses Simcox. During the evening musical chairs and a potato race were indulged in, and caused much amusement, and the evening finished with dancing. Mrs. George Morris presented the ladies' prizes, and Mr. C. D. Kennedy the gentlemen's.

Golf Match.

Golf is indulged in with great enthusiasm in Napier, and the fine, cold weather is eminently suitable for this pastime. On Saturday especially, and shall I say Sunday, the vicinity of the Waohoki links is a busy scene, and vehicles of every description, from motor cars to bicycles, line the entrance to the grounds. On Wednesday last some very exciting games were played and the Napier Ladies' Club competed in the third round for the Donnelly Vase. The best cards handed in were Miss Hindmarsh 90; Miss Hamlin 104; Mrs. Bernau 108; and Miss Newbold 113.

Aerialitis.

Here, as elsewhere, some people have been attacked with aerialitis, and have been infected rather badly. Even though the nights for the past week have been very cold and uninviting, it has been a favourite pastime with some residents to walk a long way to the hills about the town to secure a good view of the airship that might pass in the night. One enthusiast, on whom the germs of this latest fashionable disease have evidently taken a very strong hold, was at very close quarters with the mysterious visitors. He declared there were three men on board—or should I say on the wing—and they called to him in an unknown tongue.

Hospital Ball.

A Hospital Ball is being organised in Napier and promises to be a big success. A strong ladies' committee has been

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Personal.

Mrs M. Myers, of Wellington, is visiting Napier.
Mr and Mrs Paul Hunter, of Parangahau, were in town last week.
Mr and Mrs A. M. Smith, of Ponkawa, are in town for a few days.
Mr and Mrs Guthrie Smith, of Tutira, are on a holiday visit to Napier.
Mr J. Wilson, of the Melbourne branch of the Union Bank, who was married last month in Auckland to Miss P. Hobbs, of Napier, is on a visit here with his bride.
Mr and Mrs C. B. Pharyryn, of Featherston, were in town last week.

MARJORY.

DANNEVIRKE.

August 6.

High School at Home.

The High School "At Home" was held at the Parish Hall this week. There was a large attendance of parents and friends. The particular attraction was a series of scenes from "Alice in Wonderland" and from "The Merchant of Venice," in which the scholars took part, dressed and gowned to simulate the actual characters. "The Mad Tea Party" was the first scene staged, in which Alice, who was personated by Miss Gertrude Pringle, has an animated debate with the "Mad Hatter" (Bert Monteith), the "March Hare" (Fred Stafford), and the "Dormouse" (Frank Price). The next scene, "Humpty Dumpty," found an excellent representative in Master Wilson. "The Merchant of Venice" was then attempted. The characters represented were as follows: Portia, Ivy Bingham; Nerissa, Hilda Ross; The Duke, Thomas Grant; Antonio, Norman Paulsen; Gratiano, Russell Cook; Shylock, Harold Barker; Bassanio, Royden McDowell. The bulk of the work fell to Miss Ivy Bingham, who is to be warmly congratulated upon the success which she achieved. During the evening the guests were supplied with refreshments by the teachers and scholars. The costumes worn by the performers were designed and made under the supervision of Miss Barr, who is to be commended upon her artistic skill.

LORIS.

HASTINGS.

August 5.

An Enjoyable Afternoon

Was spent on the Twyford Golf Links, Hastings, on Saturday, when some good mixed foursomes were played. Delightful afternoon tea was dispensed by Mrs. Newbegin. Among players and onlookers I noticed Mrs. Newbegin, Mesdames Halse, Cameron, Stronach, Miller, Banks, Misses Wellwood (2), Baird (2), Braithwaite, Rainbow, Beatson.

A Farewell Social

To the Rev. and Mrs. Kayll was given in St. Matthew's schoolroom on Monday night. In spite of the wet evening quite a number of friends and well-wishers gathered to bid farewell. Mr. Kayll was the recipient of an illuminated address and purse of sovereigns from the parishioners, a case of hair brushes from the teachers and scholars of Mahora Sunday school, a handsome fitted travelling case from the St. Matthew's Hockey and Cricket Clubs, and a purse of sovereigns from the sporting community, in recog-

nition of the interest he had taken in the racing side and his work in connection with St. Matthew's Pastime Club. During the evening songs were sung by Messrs. Hamilton and Evans, Mesdames Miller, Murray and McKibbin, and recitation by Mr. Hobbs. Supper was handed round at the conclusion of the speeches. Amongst those present I noticed Mesdames Kayll, Hobbs, Miller, Murray, McKibbin, Beilly, Gascoyne, Halse, De Lisle, Stronach, Martin-Smith, W. H. Smith, Newbegin, Mackersey, Misses Russell, Evans, Wellwood, Kelly, Smith, Hobbs.

Personal.

Rev. and Mrs. Kayll and family left Hastings on Tuesday for Palmerston North, en route to Wellington, where Rev. Kayll has been appointed advisor to the Prisons Department.

Dr. and Mrs. Copland are leaving Hastings for the South.

Mrs. Murray has returned from Palmerston North.

Mrs. Jack Faulkner is staying in Napier.

Mr. G. P. Donnelly has gone to Sydney for a trip. He has been in indifferent health for some time.

Mrs. Frank Perry has returned from Rotorua much benefited in health.

Mr. Luckie left on Tuesday for Christchurch.

SHEBA.

WANGANUI.

August 5.

Golf.

On Friday a golf match was played on the Belmont links between the Manawatu Ladies' Golf Club and the Wanganui Ladies' Club. Drags left town about 10.30 for the links, and, after an early lunch, play was started, the Wanganui Club winning by 3 games. The players for Wanganui were: Miss Cave, Miss Cowper, Miss Stanford, Miss Good, Miss Bates, Mrs. Sarjeant, Mrs. Imlay Saunders, Mrs. Lomax, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Nixon, Miss A. Cowper, Miss B. Taylor, Miss Gresson. The Manawatu team were: Mrs. Innes, Mrs. Mellsoop, Mrs. Seifert, Miss Munro, Mrs. Warburton, Miss McLennan, Mrs. Seifert, Miss Abraham, Miss S. McLennan, Miss O'Brien, Mrs. Macpherson, Mrs. Sim, Mrs. Fitzherbert. Amongst those present on the links were: Mrs. Barnicoat, Mrs. Phillips (Canterbury), Mrs. Dove, Mrs. Lomax, Mrs. W. Anderson, Miss C. Anderson, Mrs. Paterson, Mrs. Lomas, Mrs. Meldrum, Miss Hawken, Mrs. R. Jackson, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Mackay, Miss W. Anderson, Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Howarth, Mrs. Tewsey, Mrs. Izard, Mrs. Fairburn, Miss Bates, Miss Frankish, Mrs. John Anderson, and others.

An Enjoyable Dance.

A very enjoyable little dance was given on Friday evening by the members of the Bridge Club as a finale to the junior tournament that has been played during the winter months. The dance was held in the Assembly Rooms, and the floor was perfect. The supper table was very prettily arranged with masses of yellow spring bulbs and deep crimson anemones and streams of yellow ribbons, all the candles having artistic little crimson shades. Mrs. H. Sarjeant wore a smart gown of cream eolienne, made in Empire style, with floral silk sash, the decollete banded with motifs of embroidery and lace; Mrs. John Mason, rose pink and cream striped chiffon taffetas with cream net and lace on her

corsage, the sleeves having trelia work of old rose silk, and the same on the skirt; Miss J. Mason, pale blue chiffon taffetas, made in Empire style, with panel on the skirt, bordered with French knots and bolero of Honiton lace, in her coiffure she wore a pale blue chou; Miss Moore, becoming gown of salmon pink charmeuse, made in Empire style, with sleeves composed of cream net and lace, and the same on her decollete, with trelia work of the charmeuse; Miss C. Anderson, pale pink striped chiffon taffetas with the overskirt coming to a point in the front, the sleeves were short, and composed of tiny frills of cream lace, and vest of the same with silver tassels and cream chiffon flowers on her corsage, in her coiffure she wore a coronet of tiny pink roses; Miss Willford wore a smart frock of cream striped ninon over silk made in Empire style, the corsage had silver sequin net on it, and in her coiffure she wore violet-shaded ribbons; Miss W. Anderson, cream satin with overskirt of silver sequin net; Miss Brettargh, soft pink silk Empire gown with cream net and lace on her corsage and pink ribbons in her hair; Miss D. Brettargh, cream charmeuse directoire frock, with net on her corsage and silver trimming, in her coiffure she wore white ribbons; Miss Brewer, handsome black silk gown with wide berthe of cream lace, in her hair she wore a spray of deep crimson berries; Miss G. Anderson wore a white silk frock with net and lace on her corsage; Miss E. Anderson, pale pink silk gown with folded chiffon on her corsage; Miss Gresson, pretty white silk with wide tucks on the skirt, and sash of pale blue silk, in her coiffure she wore a spray of silver leaves; Miss Stanford, black chiffon taffetas with berthe of cream lace; Miss Stevenson, beautiful cream charmeuse Empire gown, with sleeves of lace, net and chiffon ornaments on her decollete, a band of gold tissue in her coiffure; Miss K. McBeth, black chiffon taffetas gown with berthe of cream net and lace; Miss McBeth (Feilding), wore a becoming Empire gown of cream chiffon taffetas, square yoke with silver sequin on decollete; Miss P. Jones, black chiffon taffetas with medallions of cream lace; Miss Kerr, turquoise blue velvet gown with folded bands of the same on her square-cut corsage, elbow sleeves; Miss Heaps wore pale blue ninon over silk with cream net and lace on her corsage.

Personal.

Miss McBeth, of Feilding, is the guest of her cousin, Miss K. McBeth, in Wanganui.

Mrs Innes, of Palmerston North, has been staying in Wanganui with Mrs Liffiton.

Miss O'Brien, of Palmerston, has been staying in Wanganui with Mrs Willford.

Dr and Mrs Earle, of Wanganui, have returned from their visit to Wellington.

Mrs Mellsoop, of Palmerston N., has been staying in Wanganui with Mrs John Anderson.

Mrs Rochfort, of Eltham, is staying in Wanganui with her mother, Mrs A. Lewis.

Miss Munro, of Palmerston North, has been staying in Wanganui with Mrs Dove.

Mrs Imlay Saunders, of Wanganui, left this week for a trip to England.

Miss Spencer, of Wanganui, who has been in England for some years, returned to New Zealand last week.

HUIA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

August 6.

Personal.

Mr. Sydney Bacon, Inspector of the British Dominion Marine Insurance (London), paid New Plymouth a short visit last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons and family left New Plymouth last Monday night for their future home in Auckland.

Miss F. Hamerton, who has been visiting her relatives in New Plymouth, left last week for her home in Ingleswood, where she stays for a few days prior to her return trip to England.

Mrs. and Miss Ruth Horrocks, who have been visiting their friends in New Plymouth and Wellington, have returned to their home in Auckland.

Mrs. I. Skinner has returned to New Plymouth after her pleasant trip to Wellington, having journeyed there with her sister (Miss Lucy Skinner), the latter leaving by the Ionic for England.

Miss C. Macklow (Auckland) is visiting Mrs. D. Teed, sen. (New Plymouth).

Mrs. Quilliam (New Plymouth) is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Leo Horrocks (Feilding).

Mr. J. Merton, of the Telegraph Office, New Plymouth, has gone on a three weeks' holiday to Wellington.

Mrs. Vera Brett, of the Telegraph Office, Auckland, has been visiting her friends in New Plymouth, but has now returned to Auckland.

Miss L. Devore (Parnell) is visiting her sister, Mrs. Collins (New Plymouth).
NANCY LEK.

FEILDING.

August 7.

A Dance.

The third of a series of Cinderella dances was held at the Oddfellows' Hall on Wednesday, August 4. It was, unfortunately, a wet night, but this did not affect the attendance. Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs. Wheeler, grey silk; Mrs. Montgomerie, pink silk; Mrs. Johnson, white; Mrs. Walker, grey velvet; Mrs. Long, black; Mrs. Mason, black; Mrs. Atkinson, black lace over moirette; Mrs. Glasgow, heliotrope with white lace; Mrs. Francis, pale green silk; Mrs. Roberts, black; Mrs. Millar, black; Mrs. Stewart, pink with white net; Mrs. Sandilands, black; Mrs. Luxmoore, black with lace; Miss Cutfield, cream silver trimming; Miss Wyatt, green satin with handsome lace berthe; Miss Prior, green silk shot with yellow; Miss F. Haybittle, red velvet Empire; Miss Hare, blue; Miss M. Levien, green silk; Miss C. Wheeler, blue silk Princess robe; Miss Sandilands, blue; Miss O'Halloran, white chiffon taffetas; Miss J. Bruce, blue satin, pearl trimming; Miss Kitchin, blue silk; Miss Luxmoore, white crepe de chine, with chiffon trimmings; Miss Long, white taffeta, gold trimmings; Miss Levett, pale blue silk; Miss Campion (Fordell), blue satin; Miss Sexton, white; Miss M. Ray, white; Miss V. Sandilands, soft silk, white chiffon trimmings; Miss McBeth, white taffeta; Miss Tudor (Wanganui), white silk; Miss Kirton, pink velvet Princess robe; Miss Chase-Morris (Wellington), black satin, with sequin trimming, black in hair; Miss W. Walpole, black lace over satin; Miss Haybittle, blue; Miss Moore, black satin and silver trimming; Miss E. Bruce, green; Miss Walker, soft cream satin; Miss Mallory, cream taffetas; Miss Blackmoore, red velvet; Mesdames

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Personal.

Miss Chase-Morris (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. Carr.
Miss Tudor is the guest of Mrs. H. Stewart.
Miss M. Campion (Fordell) is the guest of Mrs. Walker.

TUL.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

August 8.

Bridge.

The Misses Glendinning, Fitzherbert-street, gave a small bridge party last Tuesday night in honour of their guest, Mrs. Minter, of Wanganui. Miss Glendinning wore a black Ottoman silk toilette, with white lace fichu; Miss R. Glendinning, grey floral silk, cream lace trimming corsage; Mrs. Minter, crimson silk, with black and silver sequin trimming; Mrs. Coombs, black satin, with lace and black silk fringe; Miss Coombs, blue chiffon taffeta, cream tucked net yoke finished with bands of gold embroidery; Mrs. Rennel, cream voile and lace, pale blue ribbon threaded through hair; Mrs. Rutherford, black silk.

A small bridge club has been formed here, the members meeting once a week. The first night was at Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave's, when Mr. and Mrs. Morrish, Mr. and Mrs. C. Waldegrave, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Waldegrave, Mrs. and Miss Coombs, Mrs. Tripe, Mrs. Bell, Mr. E. Bell, and Mr. Armstrong enjoyed several hours' play. Each member pays a small subscription, which will provide prizes for the two top scorers at the conclusion of the season.

Mrs. R. K. Reed, Broad-street, entertained a few friends at bridge on Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. C. Waldegrave, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rennell, Miss Randolph, Miss Lord, and Messrs. Reischer and Eggart were present. Mrs. Reed wore a black toilette, with cream lace vest; Miss Reed, primrose silk and cream lace; Miss Dora Reed, cream voile skirt, and cream silk blouse finished with lace; Mrs. C. Waldegrave, black spotted silk net over white lace; Mrs. Rennell, white muslin and lace; pale blue silk belt and ribbon threaded through hair.

On the same evening Mrs. Coombs, Featherston-street, also had bridge. The players were Mrs. and Miss Coombs, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Waldegrave, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Tripe, Mr. Armstrong, and Mr. Fuller.

Golf.

A ladies' team of local golfers journeyed to Wanganui last Thursday, and played a match with that club. They suffered a rather decided defeat, but, notwithstanding their non-success, they thoroughly enjoyed the outing, being most hospitably treated during their stay. The local club was represented by Mrs. J. P. Innes, Mrs. L. A. Abraham, Mrs. Mellisop, Mrs. A. Seifert, Miss Munro, Mrs. Warburton, Miss McLennan, Mrs. L. Seifert, Miss O'Brien, Miss S. Abraham, Miss E. McLennan, Mrs. Sim, Mrs. Macpherson, Mrs. Fitzherbert.

A team of men came up from Wellington, and played a match on Saturday, defeating the Palmerston club by six games to three. The visiting players were: Messrs. A. Duncan, A. Abbott, W. Reid, C. Gore, R. Kirkby, F. G. Dalziel, P. C. Fretsch, R. Duncan, H. Frost, J. H. B. Coates. Palmerston team: Messrs. A. Barraud, A. D. Fryde, A. Strang, W. Straug, V. Harman, H. Cooper, L. Seifert, P. McHardy, A. Stedman, L. A. Abraham.

Personal.

Mrs. Minter, who has been staying in Palmerston, has returned to Wanganui. Mr. Morrish, Bank of Australasia, is spending a holiday in Hawke's Bay. Mrs. R. K. Reed has gone to Wellington for a week.

VIOLET.

SOUTH TARANAKI

Hawera, August 8.

Hunt Club Ball.

Most successful was the Hunt Club Ball, held in the Opera House last Fri-

day evening. The music was supplied by Mrs. George's Orchestra (New Plymouth), and extras were played by Mrs. Sutherland (Wanganui), Mrs. O'Callaghan, Misses Clarke, and Mackay (New Plymouth), Brett, Russel, and Mr. Treweek. The supper-table was prettily decorated with red and white flowers. Amongst others present were—Mrs. T. Alexander (Wanganui), black chiffon velvet, relieved with white lace; Mrs. A. Alexander (New Plymouth), blue floral chiffon with opal blue trimmings; Mrs. B. Symes (Waverley), pink satin; Mrs. Pearce (Patea), pale blue taffeta, corsage trimmed with silver sequins; Mrs. Sutherland (Wanganui), black silk; Mrs. W. Glenn (Wanganui), pretty white taffeta with opal and silver trimmings; Mrs. W. Hamilton (Opunake), cream paillette satin, cream lace berthe; Mrs. Walkington (Waverley), cream satin; Mrs. F. Fantham (Wanganui), black silk; Mrs. D. E. Fantham, white trimmed with silver braid; Mrs. Coulters, grey crepe de chine, relieved with black velvet; Mrs. Wallace, white satin Empire gown; Mrs. J. Buchanan, cream taffeta, with silver-spangled trimming; Mrs. Koch, white silk, corsage trimmed with green velvet and lace; Mrs. R. McLean, pretty blue spotted gace Empire frock; Mrs. Holder, cream taffeta trimmed with lace embroidered in silver; Mrs. O'Callaghan, pink mousseline de soie with black velvet trimmings; Mrs. Washer, grey satin de chine trimmed with white and silver sequins; Mrs. Cowern, mauve velvet with lace berthe; Misses Gibson (Patea), handsome white taffetas, with silver trimmings; Miss Simmons (Patea), blue taffeta; Miss Peat (Wellington), very pretty cream lace frock; Miss Brewer (Waverley), lemon coloured taffeta; Miss Honeyfield (Patea), heliotrope silk; Miss —, Honeyfield, pale blue silk trimmed with cream lace; Miss Mackay (New Plymouth), cream lace frock; Miss Wake (Stratford), pink charmeuse satin; Miss Hamilton (Manutahi), white satin and silver embroidery; Mrs. Bramley (Feilding), pale blue crepe de chine; Miss Reeve (Gisborne), pink; Miss Clarke (New Plymouth), ivory satin Directoire gown with lace panels; Miss Reilly, emerald green Princess robe, corsage trimmed with point lace; Miss O. Glenn, blue taffeta skirt trimmed with wide cream insertion panels; Miss Brett, dainty blue Empire gown, with cream insertion on corsage; Miss V. Brett (Auckland), pale blue ninon, with touches of silver; Miss Coulters, blue charmeuse satin trimmed with lace, and blue tassels; Miss Moore, pale pink satin de chine with silver on corsage; Miss Caplen, green silk trimmed with lace and a darker shade of velvet; Miss E. Caplen, cream paillette satin; Miss Douglas, pale pink taffeta with touches of rose velvet; Miss Young, tangerine silk; Miss Stringer, white silk; Miss W. Stringer, white Louisiana silk, corsage trimmed with chiffon; Miss Jackson, red velvet; Miss Whitcombe, black silk, Limerick lace berthe; Miss Russell, pale blue taffeta, floral sash; Miss McLean, pink floral gace trimmed with cream insertion and touches of black velvet; Miss Stevens, white taffeta; Miss Turnbull, pink charmeuse satin with silver sequin trimmings; Miss Newing, very handsome cream brocade, corsage trimmed with violet velvet and insertion embroidered in heliotrope; Miss Koch, cream net frock; Miss Greaves, prune coloured velvet; Miss White, eau de nil taffeta trimmed with a darker shade of velvet; Miss Alexander, black velvet with touches of silver; Miss Winks, white taffeta; Miss Morrison, primrose silk; Miss Seaton, white trimmed with gold braid and tassels. Amongst those in the dress circle I noticed—Mrs. Honeyfield (Patea), Mrs. Symes (Waverley), Mrs. Birdling (Waitara), Mrs. Glenn, Mrs. and Miss Nolan, Mrs. Hain, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. C. Bayly, Miss McRae, etc.

Bridge.

The last of the club bridge parties was held this week at the residence of Mrs. Glenn. These little parties, which have proved so enjoyable all the winter, will be greatly missed by those who attended.

JOAN.

BLENHEIM.

August 4.

Spinsters' Ball.

The Spinsters' Ball, which was held in St. Patrick's Hall on Friday evening,

was in every way a great success, and is declared by many to have been one of the most enjoyable dances held in Marlborough for a number of years. Everything was just as it should have been—a perfectly prepared floor with excellent music for those who went to dance, card-room, and a billiard table for non dancers, and a tasty and appetizing supper. The supper was arranged on three tables, each decorated with spring flowers (violets, snowflakes, jonquils, and primroses), with the necessary foliage to give the desired effect. The ball-room itself looked really pretty, decorated as it was with tree ferns, strands of lycopodium overhead, and Chinese lanterns and camellias intermingled. I need hardly mention that some magnificent gowns were worn by many of the ladies, and it would be hard to describe each in detail. There were five debutantes, all of whom looked charming. Miss K. Scott-Smith, handsome white charmeuse satin Empire gown, with pearl trimmings; Miss E. Goulter (Timaru), pretty white chiffon taffeta, lovely lace trimmings; Miss N. Goulter (Hawkesbury), lovely white charmeuse satin gown with pearl trimmings; Miss H. Williams (Renwick), pretty soft white silk gown handsomely worked with tucks and fine Valenciennes lace; Miss Perrett (Renwick), white silk voile relieved with white lace. Others present were—Mrs. Rutherford (Kekeranui), handsome cornflower blue chiffon taffetas, beautiful lace trimmings; Mrs. R. Thomas (Tirohanga), cornflower blue silk gown with cream lace trimmings; Mrs. Dampier Atkinson (Corea), white charmeuse satin with silver trimmings; Mrs. Howard, rose coloured taffetas; Mrs. Bennett, lovely white charmeuse satin gown, Empire style; Mrs. R. Adams, white-satin with luxurious lace; Mrs. Adams (Langley Dale), grey silk; Mrs. Scott-Smith, heliotrope silk with velvet trimmings; Mrs. B. Clouston, green taffetas; Mrs. R. Bell, black silk, lovely lace; Mrs. C. Mills, pale green taffetas; Mrs. Pen-treath, pink silk; Mrs. Strachan, pale green silk; Mrs. F. Redwood, coral pink taffetas; Mrs. R. McCallum, white charmeuse satin; Mrs. D. Chaytor (Marshlands), pale grey merv.; Mrs. H. West-

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Closes SATURDAY, August 14

It is our rule to have a definite closing date for our sales, and this sale is fixed to terminate on SATURDAY, AUGUST 14. There can and will be no extension of the sale period, and it is for you to decide whether you will take advantage of our great bargain offerings or pass them by. If you must make purchases be prompt with your orders.

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DAMASK TABLECLOTHS—

Slightly damaged in weaving, marked from 25 per cent to 30 per cent below usual prices—
Size 2 x 3 yards—SALE PRICES, 7/6, 9/6, 12/6, 15/6, 21/6 each
Size 2 x 2 1/2 yards—SALE PRICES, 6/11, 8/11, 9/6, 13/6, 16/6, 23/6 to 25/6 each
Size 2 x 3 yards—SALE PRICES, 8/11, 10/6, 13/6, 16/6, 19/6, 23/6 to 35/6 each
Size 2 1/2 x 3 yards—SALE PRICES, 12/6, 15/6, 18/6, 21/6, 25/6, 29/6 to 42/6 each
Size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 yards—SALE PRICES, 15/6, 21/6, 25/6, 35/6 each
Size 2 1/2 x 4 yards—SALE PRICES, 25/6, 32/6, 35/6, 39/6, 42/6 each

HEMSTITCHED DAMASK TABLECLOTHS—

At 15 per cent off usual prices—
14 x 14 yards—SALE PRICES, 11/6, 12/6, 25/6 each
2 x 2 yards—SALE PRICES, 15/6, 18/11, 23/6, 29/6 each
2 x 2 1/2 yards—SALE PRICES, 11/11, 23/6, 27/11, 36/6 each
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VERY SPECIAL—20 HEMSTITCHED DAMASK CLOTHS—

In two sizes only—
12 size 2 1/2 x 4 yards—Usually 48/6; now 23/6 each
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DAMASK SUPPER CLOTHS—

With red or blue borders—
Size 53 x 55 inch—Now 4/6
Size 64 x 80 inch—Now 5/6, 8/6 each
Size 72 x 100 inch—Now 8/6 each
Size 84 x 64 inch—Now 6/6 each
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130 DOZEN TABLE NAPKINS—

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Small size, from 2/11 to 15/- dozen
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arn, black velvet; Mrs. Redman (Picton), white satin gown; Mrs. Le Cocq (Picton), black silk; Miss Goulter (Hawkesbury), blue merr.; Miss Chaytor, pale blue charmeuse satin gown; Miss F. Chaytor, pale pink charmeuse satin; Miss Rutherford, white satin with silver trimmings; Miss Anuri Neville, white silk with tinsel trimmings, Empire style; Miss Dene Clouston, cream chiffon taffetae; Miss Clouston, yellow silk; Miss Neville, blue chiffon taffetae; Miss Horton, black taffetae; Miss Rogers, blue chiffon taffetae; Miss M. Bell, black silk; Miss J. Bell, pink silk; Miss O'Meara, pale pink merr.; Miss E. Mowat, white chiffon taffetae; Miss E. McDonald, scarlet silk taffetae; Miss Seymour (Picton), cream brocade; Miss E. Bell, pale blue chiffon taffetae; Miss Rene Horton, pink silk; Messrs. Rutherford (Kekerangui), Goulter (3), R. McCallum, Bell (3); Adams (Langley Dale), Hargreaves, Clouston (2), Parsons (Waiperi), Thomas (Tirohanga), Col. Chaytor, Townsend, Le Cocq (Picton), Hon. Townshend, Coleman, Brittain, Sclanders (Wellington), S. Fell (Picton), Mills, Horton (2), Perrett (Renwick), Barker, Richmond, Hursthouse, Waddy, Woods, Menlove, Griffiths, B. Moore, Mowat (5), Stace, Drs. Pentreath, Adams, Bennett, and Redman (Picton).

Surprise Party.

A very pleasant little surprise party was held at Dr. and Miss Anderson's (Maxwell-road), on Tuesday evening. Progressive euchre was the amusing element of the evening. First lady's prize was won by Miss Neville, and first gentleman's by Mr. A. Bell; and the booby prizes by Mrs. Pentreath and Mr. B. Lucas. Some of those present were: Mrs. Pentreath, Mrs. Tennent, Misses Smith, Anderson, Grace (2), Farmer, Neville (2), McGee, Clouston, Messrs. Bell, Davey, E. Reid, Tidy, Mowat, McShane, Clouston, Tennent and Dr. Anderson.

Personal.

Mrs. Mascfield ("Manaroa") is the guest of Mrs. W. Clouston, at St. Andrew's.

Mrs. J. Bell ("Hillersden") has returned from her visit to Nelson.

Mr. R. Bell and Mr. S. Neville have gone to Wellington to attend the Agricultural Conference.

Mr. W. Brittain left on Wednesday for Gisborne.

Mr. R. Walker (Waipapa) is spending a few days with Dr. Walker, Maxwell-road.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Parsons ("Waiperi") have been spending a few days with Mrs. T. Redwood, Hawkeshaw-street.

Mr. B. Lucas (Christchurch) is on a visit to Blenheim.

JEAN.

NELSON.

August 5.

A Lecture.

Dr. Marshall, of Otago University, gave a very interesting lecture, in the School of Music, on Friday, Mr. A. T. Maginnity was in the chair and introduced the speaker, who was listened to with much attention. To illustrate his subject, "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," Dr. Marshall exhibited some remarkably fine lantern slides. Among others in the audience were:—Mr and Mrs Cook, Miss Cook, Mr and Mrs C. Y. Fell, Miss S. Fell, Mrs Atkinson, Mrs Ledger, Misses Ledger, Miss Gibbs, Mrs Kempthorne, Miss Mules, Mr and Mrs Mackie.

A Social.

A social was held at the Cable Station, Wakapuaka, on Saturday evening, when the staff of the Eastern Extension Company, bade farewell to the staff of the Government Offices, who are leaving the Bay for their new stations.

Golf.

Monday, being a holiday, matches were played all day. The winner of the men's match was Mr Squires. The successful players in the mixed foursomes were: Miss Glasgow and Mr H. Cook. The runners-up were: Miss D. Bell and Mr Williams.

Personal.

Mr and Mrs John Oldham, of Wakapuaka, Nelson, celebrated their golden wedding on August 4th. Their marriage took place at St. Luke's Church, Cheltenham, England, on August 4th, 1859.

The many friends of Mrs Robert Levia

will regret to hear of her death, which occurred last week. Mrs Levia was a resident of Nelson for more than forty years, and greatly esteemed by all.

Mr and Mrs F. H. Richmond have returned from Blenheim.

Mr and Mrs McKie (Bank of New South Wales), are to be moved to Timaru.

Mrs and Miss Trolove, have returned from their visit to the North Island and Blenheim.

Miss N. Mules has returned from Wellington.

Dr. Walker (Blenheim), is visiting Nelson.

Miss L. Hunter-Brown, is back again, after a long stay in Wellington.

Herr Lemmer (Nelson School of Music), has been appointed judge at the Marlborough musical competitions.

A presentation of a gold watch and chain, with greenstone pendant, was made to Mr J. D. Beuke, of Upper Moutere, on his retirement from the Waimea County Council, after twenty-one years' service.

DOLCE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

August 6.

College Dance.

A dance was given on Wednesday by the Director and students of the Agricultural College at Lincoln. The hostess (Mrs. Alexander) received the guests, numbers of whom had journeyed out from Christchurch in motors and drags. She wore a charming Directoire gown of pale blue chiffon taffeta and lace; Mrs. Wanklyn, black satin and net; Mrs. F. Robinson, soft grey silk gown with white lace; Mrs. Weir, black chiffon, spangled with silver sequins, and worn over black lace; Mrs. Cooke, black satin charmeuse, relieved with touches of white lace; Miss Ina Prins, white embroidered muslin; Miss Knight, pale pink silk and chiffon; Miss D. Bowden, pale mauve mousseline de soie; Miss Cook, blue satin char-

meuse; Miss N. Knight, heliotrope satin with gold tissue and embroideries; Miss Mathias, black silk and net desprit; Miss Jameson, pink silk and chiffon; Miss Hamner, pale blue chiffon and pink roses. Others present were: Misses Bruce, Notan, Thompson, Turnbull, Marks, Robinson, Fisher, Murray and Williams, Messrs. Carroll, Chambers, Cook, Beamish, Murray, Rich, Blakene, Barnes, Westera, Elliott, Martini, Fisher, Hartgill and Ormond. The corridors and ballroom were artistically draped and festooned with flags and evergreens, and the supper tables looked lovely with early spring flowers.

At Home.

A small "At Home" of quite a novel character was given by Mrs. Andrew Anderson at her charming residence in Opawa. Most of the evening was spent in discussing subjects of Imperial interest, the principal speaker being the Rev. Elliot Chambers, of Lyttelton, who impressed on his hearers the vital necessity of maintaining the supremacy of the British navy. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Wilding, Mr. and Mrs. Borthwick, Dr. Anderson, Mr. Alan Campbell, Dr. Guthrie, Mrs. Fowler, Mr. and Miss Anderson, Mrs. and Miss Denniston, and Messrs. Kitson, Hesse and Moore.

Small Bridge Parties.

Mrs. Henry Wood (Avonside) gave a small bridge evening on Tuesday, the players being: Miss Nedwill, Dr. Nedwill, Miss Denniston, Mr Dewar, Miss Wilson, Mr. Nancarrow, Miss Campbell and Mr. B. Wood.

On Saturday evening the players at Miss Cowlshaw's party included Mrs. T. Cowlshaw, Mrs. Beswick, Mrs. J. Turnbull (Methven), the Misses Reeves, Mrs. Williamson (England), Mrs. Boys, and the Misses Murray-Aynsley.

Other bridge hostesses were: Mrs. Wigram, at Park Terrace; Miss Campbell (Avonside); and Mrs. Denniston (Armagh-street).

Afternoon Tea.

An afternoon tea was given on Tuesday at The Cadena Tea Rooms, Cashel-street, by Mrs. Wardrop. The guests included Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. T. Cowlshaw, Miss McMaster (Dunedin), Mr. Cowlshaw, Mr. A. Humphreys, the Misses Humphreys, Mr. and Miss Denniston, Miss Thomas, Mr. E. Harper, Miss Cracroft Wilson, the Misses Moore, Mr. Palmer, Miss Fisher, Miss Symes, and Mr. Sharland.

Golf.

The prizes won in the recent tournament were presented to the winners on Friday afternoon at the Shirley Links. Miss Cowlshaw (the champion) received a handsome bridge box, and Miss Rutherford (runner-up) a pretty pair of candlesticks. Other prize-winners were the Misses Wood (2), Humphreys (2), Harley, Mrs. Reid and Mrs. Vernon.

On Wednesday afternoon the Monthly Medal Match was played at Shirley, and was won by Miss Dora Wood.

Personal.

Mrs. Julius has returned to Christchurch from Timaru, where she has been visiting her daughters, the Mesdames Elworthy.

Mrs. Lewin and Mrs. Fowler (Ceylon) have left Christchurch for Mrs. Lewin's home at Methven.

Mrs. Russell Grace (Pahiatua) is the guest of Mrs. G. G. Stead, at Strowan Park, Christchurch.

Mrs. Denniston and Miss Boyle (Christchurch) have returned from Wellington.

Miss Trolove (Christchurch) has left for Auckland, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Hanna (Parnell).

Miss Pyne (Christchurch) has been staying with Mrs. H. Knight at Racecourse Hill.

Miss Denniston (Christchurch) left for Wellington on Tuesday, August 3rd.

DOLLY VALE.

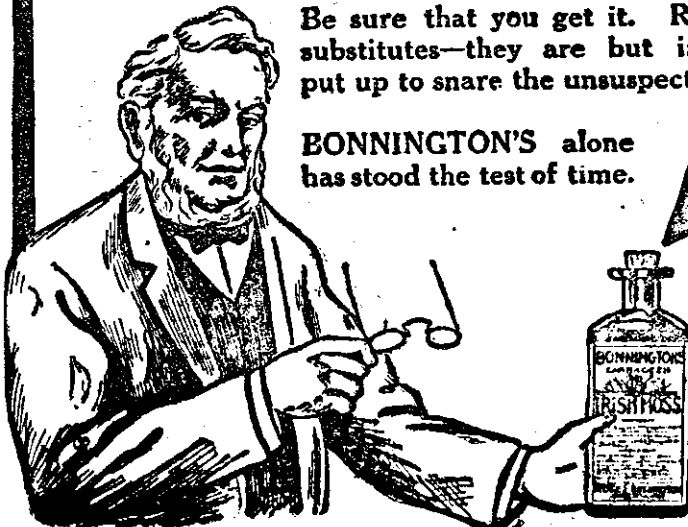
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BONNINGTON'S CARRAGEEN IRISH MOSS

Be sure that you get it. Refuse all substitutes—they are but imitations put up to snare the unsuspecting.

BONNINGTON'S alone has stood the test of time.



Mr. A. M. Grant, Te Whaiti, Rotorua, writes:—"For years now I have used your Irish Moss for coughs and colds. For children it is the best medicine in the world; easy to take, and safe."

Mr. William Neighbours, of Waimangaroa, writes:—"It gives me great pleasure to recommend your Irish Moss for coughs and colds, or any lung complaint, having used it in my family for over twenty years."

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

Characteristics of the New Sleeves.

MODIFIED PUFFS INTRODUCED BELOW THE SHOULDER.

DECLINE OF THE NECK RUFFLE.

One is content with last year's models nowadays. During the past few years—three at most—there has been a subtle and almost indefinable change taking place. One sees it in the London streets in the increasing number of well-dressed women one meets among those who have obviously only a moderate amount of money to spend on their clothes. The sleeves of their coats are, not the sleeves of a twelve-month ago, the cut of the skirt is usually an enlightened and modern cut, and the shape of the collars is "right." The great London emporiums are in such close touch with Paris and throw off their stock at such frequent intervals by means of bargain sales, that dresses and hats have no time to allow themselves to become back-numbers, and the Englishwoman who pays a rare visit to Paris no longer feels like Rip Van Winkle among his descendants.

VANITIES IN CUT AND STYLE.

Even elderly ladies have ceased of late to have their bonnets and dresses and mantles built on the same plan. Time was when it was the usual thing for those who had reached the shady side of fifty to give up all their little vanities in the matter of cut and style. Our great aunts kept a standing order with some conservative and old-established firm to supply them with so many dresses or so many bonnets a year. "Miss — knows just how I like my bonnets trimmed" was an oft-repeated observation, and Miss — grew grey in the knowledge, and instructed generations of apprentices in the perennial adjustment of flowers and feathers, and the slight changes demanded in weight with the change of the seasons.

TORTURE CAUSED BY ILL-BONED COLLARS.

One of the alterations which has, however, come too quickly upon us is the decline of the neck ruffle. The new dresses are being made without this becoming adjunct, although the less voluminous species of frilling is still permitted. The high collar has, however, by no means lost its popularity in spite of the fact that, where young girls' frocks are concerned, the wide Cromwell collar tied with a tiny bow of gold lace or ribbon will be adopted con-



A CHARMING EVENING GOWN.

The novelty that is taking the place of the fish tail train is one of much greater width, that slopes gracefully away from the sides of the skirt. Even the trains made for the Courts that were held at Buckingham Palace recently showed a tendency towards rounded corners, and in the latest trousseaux I have seen the idea distinctly developed. A noticeably pretty evening gown forms the subject of this sketch, and provides me with a text upon which to enlarge respecting the use of shawl draperies, for which there is certainly a future. A bright rose is the chosen colour of the crepe de chine that forms the frock, left plain as regards the underskirt, but embroidered with tiny silver wheatears upon the shawl drapery. Fringe that is partly silver and partly satin is the salient feature of the said drapery, and is of a particularly handsome effect. I like, too, the little fine cream lace modeste, with its sprinkling of silver beads that is a feature of the bodice and the twists of pink satin that stimulate a waist belt. The pink net sleeves are latticed with satin fastened by silver buttons, and in the hair silver wheatears are worn, attached to twists of silver satin ribbon.

more for the summer. A well-boned collar, no matter how high it is, has nothing to condemn it, but the "little dressmaker" who has adjusted her whalebone as carelessly and unscientifically as an amateur gardener pegs up her rose trees has caused her victims an amount of torture during the past months, which will drive them to adopt the more recent innovation with a thankfulness which cannot be measured by words.

TRANSPARENT BANDS OF TULLE OR CHIFFON.

Modified bishop sleeves are high in favour where some of the new gowns are concerned. The latest and one of the most successful manches, however, consists of a little tight sleeve over the

upper part of the arm fashioned of the same material as that which comprises the gown, and which gives place to a rather full but very soft and limp poof of nylon or chiffon, a little cuff of the material being introduced below it. Many of the sleeves are still slit up the middle, but instead of being joined together again with a row of buttons there is a narrow inserted and tucked transparent band of tulle or chiffon running down the centre, which is no longer bridged over with a lattice-work of straps hung with quivering boules or tiny tassels, but is left quite plain as though the material of the sleeve was not sufficient to meet in the centre. This is adopted in the case of the gowns which are fashioned of cloth or serge as well as those of a more ephemeral description.

The closely clinging evening toilette is certainly all-victorious at present for receptions.

Upon a recent evening a very splendid full dress toilette of smoke-blue satin charmeuse was worn by a lady, with a long dalmatic over it of chiffon of a darker shade of smoke, a shade in which the grey predominated instead of the blue. It was so heavily embroidered with burnished gold and smoked tubes and beads that the background was scarcely visible, though that it was made of finest chiffon one could easily perceive.

The bodice fitted the figure closely in front and was covered with embroidery to match that upon the dalmatic, but the hard line of the decolletage was softened by a drapery of smoked tulle and the sleeves veiled the arms nearly as far down as the elbows, where the gauze was



A PRETTY DINNER GOWN.

Of pearl grey satin, worked in pale mauve and silver embroidery, with underbodies of aluminum net edged with fringe.



EVENING GOWN.

Of pale pink nylon, worked in pale mauve silk and worn over an underbody of lace.

bought into bands of embroidery wrought upon chiffon.

Serpent scales and bugs hung frocks, and dresses that are a glittering trellis-work of sparkling tubes and beads, are being worn, in black and white, green and a wonderful moonlight blue. They do most certainly cling and look very handsome on the elegant figure.

New Hats and How to Wear Them.

How to wear the new hat is agitating the minds of many women nowadays. Our difficulties have by no means come to an abrupt conclusion when we have parted reluctantly and yet hopefully with far more than we intended originally to invest. It has been said that the Englishwoman presses her hat too low down on her head, covering her eyes with the voluminous brim and more or less eclipsing herself in it. The Frenchwoman, on the contrary, has invariably an all-round bandeau cunningly concealed to give it the correct poise, and she places it lightly on the crown instead of the front of her head, tilting it a little upwards on one side—dressing the hair in such a manner as to support and keep it in the right place.

A LESSON FROM THE MILLINER.
Many a woman nowadays takes a regular lesson in the right adjustment of her hat before she leaves the milliner's showrooms. The attempt should be made on one's own head over and over again under the careful aegis of its creator, who, to do her justice, is as anxious to see her hat worn at the proper angle as she is to sell them. The ordinary hatpin is, besides, of little or



A FASHIONABLE CUIRASS AND KNOTTED SCARF,
Made of a meshwork of crystals, posed upon an orange-coloured frock.

no use with colossal headgear, and nowadays the new hatpins, which measure eleven and twelve inches in length instead of the seven and a half to eight inches which suffice for ordinary headgear, are a great assistance to modern adjustment, and resemble an instrument of warfare which might well strike terror into the heart of a housebreaker, and render any traffic with the fire-irons wholly unnecessary. Another important item is the double-width veil which is likewise easily procurable nowadays, and is the only means of covering the large hat adequately.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF FEATHERS.

Feathers are more popular than ever on the new hats, and the new and very pale greenish ostrich plumes which are worn on the Paris models have the merit of according with almost any colour. Three long and very full examples are not considered too much for the great erections of Tagal or crinoline, the present idea being that the feathers shall start from the centre of the front, sweeping away to the back. The ends of the stems are carefully cut down so as to show nothing but the soft, curling fronds, while they radiate en masse from this point, the two at the sides curling over the brim, while the centre one covers the middle of the crown. No additional adornment in the matter of trimming, except, perhaps, the long velvet streamers, is required for a hat of this kind.

There is, besides, the lining of the crown to be taken into consideration. This is one of the most important points, the coloured doublures having been revived again with great enthusiasm this season. In some cases straw of a different make and colour is employed for the lining, but in the majority of cases the softest of silk is used instead. Pale rose-pink casts a lovely glow over the face and can always be used with advantage where a dark woman is concerned, while it is invariably kind to those who have passed the barrier of youth. Coral is a very trying shade, which only the perfect complexion can stand, and pure white requires a young face to carry it off successfully. As a matter of fact, most women know their own colour and any incursions into the realm of untried shades should be made very warily in such a case as this, when

the colour is worn is such close proximity to the face and forms a species of halo all round it.




FULL DRESS GOWN

In deep cream mousseline de soie, with draping of rose-coloured velvet, and embroidery of rose-brown and silver.



PRETTY EVENING GOWN.

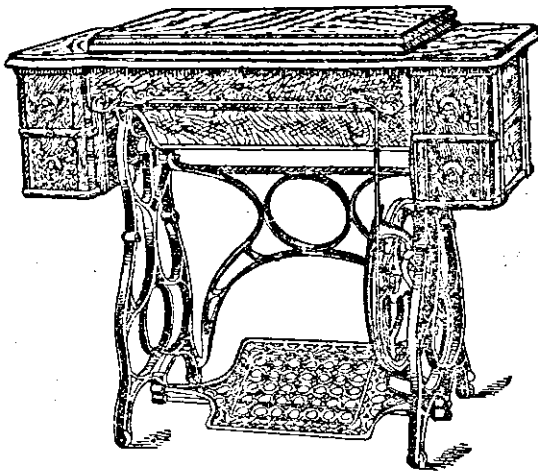
Of bronze satin, with embroidery of bronze thread, strewn with spangles.



P.D. CORSETS

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.

A High-Grade Sewing Machine



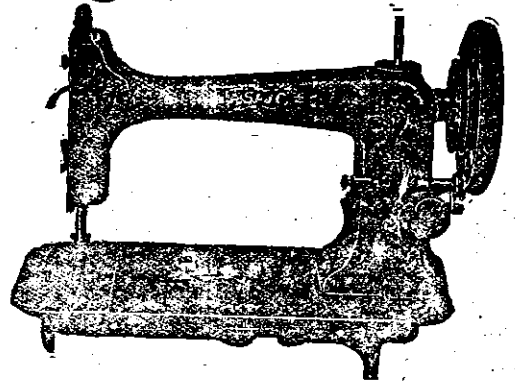
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This splendid machine is made not only to look well, but to wear well and give lasting satisfaction. The price at which it is sold is small, but the machine is essentially high-grade. We Guarantee it **ABSOLUTELY AND UNCONDITIONALLY** against defects of Material or Workmanship for **TEN YEARS**. We use it in our workrooms, where constant use on all classes of material gives the most severe test a machine could have.

The "S. & C." Machine has all the adjustments for doing the most delicate and intricate work, and it is **ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE** for it to get out of order. **WE STOCK ALL PARTS AND SUPPLIES**, so that any requisites are promptly available.

We will be pleased to send Catalogue and full particulars of this splendid machine, or it may be inspected in our showrooms.

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Beauty's Favourite

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PEARS

MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Verse Old and New.

Omnis Somnia.

DAWN drives the dreams away,
yet some abide.
Once in a tide of pale and
sunless weather,
I dreamed I wandered on a bare hill-
side,
When suddenly the birds sang all to-
gether.

Still it was Winter, even in the dream;
There was no leaf nor bud nor young
grass springing;
The skies shone cold above the frost-
bound stream;
It was not Spring, and yet the birds
were singing.

Blackbird and thrush and plaintive wil-
low-wren,
Chaffinch and lark and linnet, all
were calling;
A golden web of music held me then,
Innumerable voices, rising, falling.

O, never do the birds of April sing
More sweet than in that dream I still
remember;
Perchance the heart may keep its songs
of Spring
Even through the wintry dream of
life's December.

The Joy o' Life.

Oh, the Joy o' Life goes singing through
the highway,
Oh, the Joy o' Life goes swinging
through the green,
And the form of her is slight as a crescent
moon at night,
And her face is some strange flower
none hath seen.
She beckoned me, and what could I but
follow!

(Oh, I have seen the glamour of her
eyes!)
Through the winding o' the ways, through
the hundred night and days,
Must I follow where she lures me,
woman-wise.

My plough—I left it idle in the furrow—
My harvest lies for other eyes to scan,
For it's fare ye well to loam, to hearth-
stone and to home
When the Joy o' Life is calling to a
man.

Oh, the Joy o' Life she calls me from the
valley.
Oh, the Joy o' Life, she calls me from the
height,
And her voice is like the thrill of the
thrush when noon is still
And her laughter is the lilt of de-
light.

I follow through the sunshine and the
moonshine—
(Oh, I have seen the waving of her
hand!)
In the paths that know the fleet, flying
touches of her feet
At the music of her mocking of com-
mand.

My friend—I left him fasting at my
threshold,
My sweetheart is another man's to
wife,
For it's fare ye well my own, and it's
laugh and turn alone
When a man has heard the voice of
Joy o' Life.

When He's "It."

The farmer's life has cares and joys,
His work is long and hard and rough;
He slaves from dawn till after dark,
To raise and grow and own enough,
But there's a bright side to his life,
His sorrows he can always drown
When, with his team, he's hired to haul
A busted auto back to town.

The Song of the Vine.

Poet—
O Vine along my garden wall,
Could I thy northern slumber break,
And thee from wintry exile disenthral,
Where would thy spirit wake?

Vine—
I would wake at the hour of dawning in
May in Italy,
When rose-mists rise from the Ma-
gra's valley plains
In the field of maize and olives around
Pontremoli,
When peaks grow golden and clear
and the starlight wanes:
I would wake to the dance of the sa-
cred mountains boundlessly
Kindling their marble snows in the
rite of fire—
To them my new-born tendrils softly
and soundlessly
Would uncurl and aspire.

I would hang no more on thy wall a
rusted slumberer,
Listless and fruitless, strewing the
pathways cold;
I would seem no more in thine eyes an
idle cumberer,
Profitless alien, bitter and sore and
old.

In some warm, terraced dell, where the
Roman rioted,
And still in tiers his stony theatres
heaves,
Would I festoon with leaf-light his
glory quieted
And shade thy thrones with leaves.

Doves from the mountain bellies
would seek and cling to me
To drink from the altar, beating the
fragrant airs;
Women from olived hillsides by turns
would sing to me,
Culling the olives or stooping afield
in pairs;
On gala evenings the gay little carts of
labourers,

Swinging from axles their horns
against evil eye,
And crowded with children, revellers,
pipers, and taborers,
Chanting, would pass me by.
—Herbert Trench, in "McClure's
Magazine."

Anne.

Her eyes be like the violets,
Ablow in Sudbury-lane;
When she doth smile, her face is sweet
As blossoms after rain;
With grief I think of my grey hairs,
And wish me young again.

In comes she through the dark old dose
Upon this Sabbath day;
And she does bring the tender wind
That sings in bush and tree;
And hints of all the apple boughs
That kissed her by the way.

Our parson stands up straight and tall,
For our dear souls to pray,
And of the place where sinners go,
Some gruesome things doth say;
Now, she is highest Heaven to me;
So Hell is far away.

Most stiff and still the good folk ait
To hear the sermon through;
But if our God be such a God,
And if these things be true,
Why did he make her, then, so fair,
And both her eyes so blue?

A flickering light, the sun creeps in,
And finds her sitting there;
And touches soft her lilac gown,
And soft her yellow hair;
I look across to that old pew,
And have both praise and prayer.

Oh, violets in Sudbury-lane,
Amid the grasses green,
This maid who stirs ye with her feet
Is far more fair, I ween!
I wonder how my forty years
Look by her sweet sixteen!

—Lizette Woodworth Reese, in "A
Branch of May."

The Pup.

Upon my coatsleeve is a hair
Which doth a story tell.
It proves a head hath rested there
And proves it pretty well.
I'll trump up no excuses fine
For I admit, you see,
I just can't keep that pup of mine
From climbing up on me.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Sure Sign.

MARK TWAIN, at a dinner at the
Authors' Club, said: "Speaking
of fresh eggs, I am reminded of
the town of Squash. In my
early lecturing days I went to Squash
to lecture in Temperance Hall, arriving
in the afternoon. The town seemed very
poorly billed. I thought I'd find out if
the people knew anything at all about
what was in store for them. So I turned
in at the general store. 'Good after-
noon, friend,' I said to the general store-
keeper. 'Any entertainment here to-
night to help a stranger while away his
evening?' The general storekeeper, who
was sorting mackerel, straightened up,
wiped his briny hands on his apron,
and said: 'I expect there's goin' to be a
lecture. I been sellin' eggs all day.'"

Trouble Averted.

A Washington man, much given to long
foot tours through Virginia, once came
upon an unkempt and melancholy-looking
person stretched under a tree, who, upon
the approach of the pedestrian, immedi-
ately executed a "hurry touch" for a
dime.

Now, the Washington man had, a short
distance back, been talking to a prosper-
ous farmer, who had complained of the
difficulty of obtaining labour; accordingly
he said to the hobo as he handed him the
coin:

"About half a mile down, my friend,
there's a farmer looking for men to help
him in his fields."

The melancholy looking person bowed
as politely as possible, considering his
sitting posture, and replied:

"Thanks. I might er strolled down
that way, accidental like."

The Unconscious Slater.

A slater who was engaged upon a roof
of a house in Glasgow fell from the lad-
der and lay in an unconscious state upon
the pavement. One of the pedestrians in
the street who rushed to the aid of the
poor man chanced to have a flask of
spirits in his pocket, and, to revive him,
began to pour a little down his throat.
"Canny, mon, canny," said a man looking
on, "or you'll choke him." The "uncon-
scious" slater opened his eyes and said
quizzily: "Pour awa', mon, pour awa';
ye're doein' fine."

Identifying the Lump.

When Jerome B. Fisher was county
judge of Chautauqua County, New York,
a damage suit came before him. The
plaintiff sued for a large sum because he
was injured by a street car. He was,
apparently, in good health, but it was
shown he had been injured, and two of
the items of proof presented were a spot
about the size of a man's hand on his
back and a lump the size of a walnut on
his shoulder. The plaintiff's lawyer said
a great deal about these evidences of the
terrible injuries his client had received.
At summing up time the lawyer for the
street-car company arose.

"If the court please and gentlemen of
the jury," he said, "we have heard a lot
of talk here about this spot on this
plaintiff's back and the lump the size of
a walnut on his shoulder. Do not be de-
ceived, gentlemen of the jury, by the
specious conversation of my friend. That
spot on this man's back is no more nor
less than a birthmark, and as for that
lump the size of a walnut on the plain-
tiff's shoulders, that, gentlemen of the
jury, is his head."

Same Again.

In a hospital of one of the large cities
of Central France, the physician-in-chief,
in the course of his round of inspection,
approached a cot, and after feeling the
patient's pulse, remarked: "Hum—he is
doing very nicely; his pulse is much bet-
ter." "It is as you say, doctor," replied
the nurse; "but it is not the same man.
Yesterday's patient is dead, and this
one has been put in his place." "Ah,"
said the doctor, "different patient, eh?
Well, same treatment." And he walked
on.



"I can't hear you! There must be
somebody on the wire!"

Hebrews xiii. 8.

According to Miss Ruth St. Denis,
whose dancing is attracting such huge
audiences to the London Coliseum,
there is not much to choose between
the fifth-rate American provincial lan-
d lady and her English sister. In con-
nection with this she tells an amusing
story of an early experience on the road.
She was staying at a lodging-house in
a small town of some three thousand
people. The landlady insisted on giving
her breakfast. She protested, but with
no result. On the occasion of her leav-
ing, the old lady produced the inevitable
visitors' book, and requested a contribu-
tion. Miss St. Denis wrote, "Read He-
brews xiii. 8." The passage runs,
"The same yesterday, and to-day, and
for ever."

Meredith Letter of Praise to a Typist.

One of the last letters which George
Meredith wrote was to a typist, earning
her own living in London, who, as an
admirer of his books, had written her
congratulations on his birthday. It is
reproduced in the "Pall Mall Gazette."
"Dear Miss—," wrote George Mer-
edith, in reply, "the 'poor typist' has one
of my first answers to the innumerable
letters. I like to think of young women
winning an independence, for that is one
way to solve the problem of their position
in the world—better than a marriage
that is not founded on the love enfolding
knowledge and respect.

"May such love come to you, and
without loss to your sense of indepen-
dence.

"We will hope that the days of the
parasite woman are passing, however
much they may delight a certain body
of your sex, and the greater number of
mine."

The Height of Insolence.

The famous English divorce lawyer,
Cresswell, afterward Sir Cresswell Cress-
well, was a most pompous man. His
manner once so irritated Justice Maule,
before whom he was arguing, that the
latter at last burst out with: "Mr. Cress-
well, I wish you would remember that
I am a vertebrate animal. Your man-
ner to me would be insolence from God
Almighty to a black beetle."

Too Late to Pray.

A High Street small boy, about five
years old, was taken to an entertain-
ment by his mother the other evening.
It was 10.30 o'clock when they reached
home and the little fellow was very
tired and sleepy. He undressed quickly
and hopped into bed. "George," said
his mother sternly, "I'm surprised at
you." "Why, mamma?" he asked. "You
didn't say your prayers. Get right out
of that bed and say them." "Aw mam-
ma," came from the tired youngster,
"what's the use of wakin' the Lord up
at this time of night to hear me pray?"



"NAMING THE BRAIN CHILD."

Artist—"Could you think of any suitable quotation to go with my picture?"
 Friend—"Well, what about Shelley's lines!"

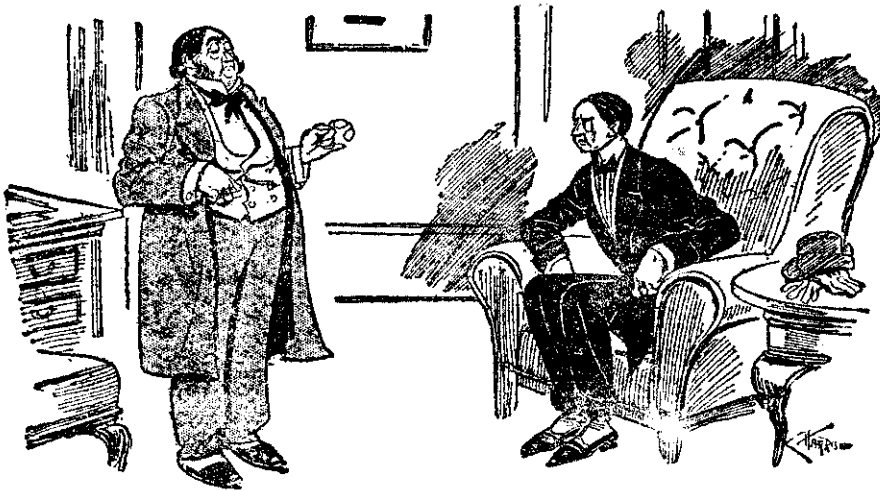
"Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
 Bird thou never wert!"

AMOUNTS TO THE SAME THING.

Kinks: "Do you mean to say you have the advantage of a college education?"
 Blinks: "Yes."
 Kinks: "But you never went to college."
 Blinks: "No matter; my wife did."

FABULOUS.

It happened one day
 On a street-car, they say,
 And the man came from Mount St. Elias,
 He stood on his feet,
 Gave a lady his seat,
 And "She thanked him." (3:16, Ananias.)



Patient: "I'm an awfully unlucky Johnny. I've had bicycle knee, tennis elbow, golf wrist, motor face—what's wrong now?"
 Doctor: "You've got aeroplane lungs!"

JEWELLER'S LAST CHANCE.

Bride (soon after the marriage): "The jeweller who sold you the wedding-ring sadly overcharged you."
 Groom: "The rogue! And I have bought four engagement-rings from him!"

WHEN TO ACT THE PART.

"Are you afraid of thunder and lightning?"
 "Depends upon whether I have male company in the parlour or not."



"Say, Ma, are you reading 'Household Hints'?"
 "Yes, dear."
 "Well, would you mind turning to where it says how to take ink spots out of carpets?"

DOULDN'T LET THE CHANCE SLIP.

Mother: "Johnny, Johnny, why are you slapping little sister?"
 Johnny (sullenly): "Auntie made me."
 Auntie: "Why, Johnny, how can you bell such a falsehood?"
 Johnny: "Well, you did. You said you'd never kiss me again if I hurted my little sister."

OFFENSIVE ADVICE.

"Madam," said the medical man, gravely, "you must practice filling your lungs with deep breaths of pure air."
 "An' bust the smithereens out of my new Directry gown," sniffed the lady.
 "I think I see myself!"

MONEY AND THE LADY.

Checkers: "Years ago I had money to burn, and I burnt it."
 Neckers: "How?"
 Checkers: "On an old flame of mine."

THE NEW TUBE GOWN.

She: "How do you like my new dress?"
 He: "Huh! it reminds me of a popular theatre."
 She: "What do you mean?"
 He: "Standing room only."

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE DESTRUCTION.

Professor (coming from his club, holding up triumphantly his umbrella to his wife): "You see, my dear Alma, how stupid are all the anecdotes about our absent-mindedness. You see, I haven't forgotten my umbrella."
 Mrs Professor: "But, my dear, you didn't take your umbrella with you; you left it at home."

LABOUR WASTED.

"What is the matter with Rimer, these days?"
 "Why, his fiancée has turned him down."
 "Is that so? I thought she was quite stuck on him. He wrote a sonnet on her arms, a ballad on her face, a rondeau on her nose, a triquet on her grace."
 "Yes; and then stepped on her toes."

DOING WELL.

"Young man," said a rich and pompous old gentleman, "I was not always thus. I did not always ride in a motor-car of my own. When I first started in life, I had to walk."
 "You were lucky," rejoined the young man. "When I first started, I had to crawl. It took me a long time to learn to walk."



Old Mrs. Fly: "I told you, Mary, you'd get caught if you kept on buzzing around that old bachelor."

A REGULAR CUSTOMER.

He was out with his best girl, and as they strolled into the West End restaurant he tried to put on an I-do-this-every-evening kind of a look. When they were seated at a table a waiter approached them.
 "Will monsieur have a la carte or table d'hôte?" he asked.
 "Both," said the young man; "and put plenty of gravy on 'em."

FAR AS HE GOT.

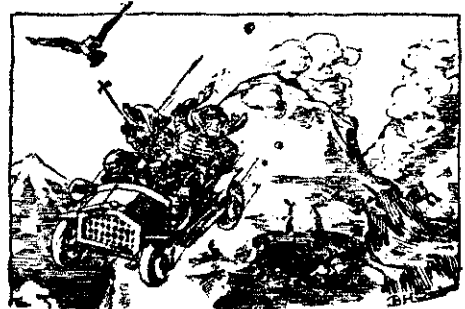
Helen: "Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him!"
 Myrtle: "Perhaps he wasn't yawning. He may have been trying to say something!"

TWO AWFUL.

Tommy: "Pop, a man is a bachelor until he gets married, isn't he?"
 Tommy's Pop: "Yes, my son."
 Tommy: "And what does he call himself afterward?"
 Tommy's Pop: "I'd hate to tell you, my son."

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"All right behind there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.
 "Hold on," cried a shrill voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on!"
 The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.



A MOUNTAIN FASTNESS