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Royal Visits.

Our Governor has written a letter to the "St. James' Gazette" describing the Royal visit to Australasia as of inestimable and far reaching value, and adds that more frequent visits are desirable. While we would not seem to deprecate Lord Ranfurly's hospitable expressions, we would modestly suggest that Royal visits, if too often repeated, might become somewhat serious visitations. Like those Royal progresses which in some countries leave empty larders and hungry stomachs in their train, if we had to entertain Princes every year or so it would come to be a rather heavy item in our expenditure. No one grudges the money we spent on arches, decorations, fireworks, reviews, etc., when the Prince of Wales was here, though a good deal of it was badly spent, but if we had to do the same sort of thing periodically it might really affect our loyalty, while it would certainly interfere with the everyday work. Besides, I am not at all so sure that a Royal visit does not gain more than it loses by being, like angels' visits, few and far between. We appreciate most what we see least. But it is probably quite unnecessary to discuss the matter, for the fact is that however cordially we might invite or entertain the invited, Royalties are not likely to be seen a great deal in this part of the world. More urgent duties and pleasures that are duties too keep them nearer home, and if they wish the rest and relaxation which their peculiar position rarely allows them they can find it incognito in some foreign country. A visit to Australia must almost necessarily be a formal State affair, invested with all the publicity, pomp and circumstance which the weary Prince is anxious to escape. The beau ideal of an Australasian tour, if Royalty could only accomplish it, would be for His Majesty King Edward, or His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to drop down "promiscuously like" an Australia, as the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid used to do in Baghdad's back streets. As plain Mr Smith or Mr Jones they would probably have a much better time and get to know a great deal more of the country than now, when their going forth and coming in, sitting down and rising up is trumpeted all over the land. But such a trip, open to the meanest of his subjects, is denied a Prince nowadays. He can't escape from the shadow of the Throne, which must occasionally be rather trying, even to one born under it.

Who's to be Next?

Why the earthquake should have singled out innocent little Cheviot as the special object of its fury not even the geologists can tell us. No one presumes for a moment that the people of McKenzie on whom the chimneys and roof trees fell were more deserving of such treatment than all they that dwell in the cities of that coast. It might fall to the lot of the proudest of our centres to suffer in the same way with a thousand times more disastrous results, for the very humbleness of Cheviot was its salvation. It is the old story of the sapling and the oak. The simple treatments of the township succumbed to the rude shock of the earthquake without doing any great harm to anyone. Had a Christchurch or a Dunedin or an Auckland stood on the same place consider the terrible havoc which would have been caused by the topping brick edifices. Cheviot's fate reminds us of our instability. Whoever dreamt of an earthquake on the Cheviot estate? The most unlikely places may be among the first victims. Now if it had been Auckland the world would not have been so much surprised, for of all likely positions the northern city would seem to have taken up the likeliest as far as any chance of terrestrial disturbance is concerned. She deliberately sat down in what was undoubtedly one of the hottest corners

of the planet in bygone days. A hundred volcanoes look down upon or towards her. She snuggles under their arms, builds her villas beneath their noses, and disembowels them to make her roads. Where the hot issues fell and the streams of molten lava rolled she grows her flowers and vegetables and cuts the stone for her houses. The timid stranger asks of the Aucklanders does he not feel nervous in close proximity to such things. But he pins his faith to that one word "extinct." If one knew as much in regard to what is going on a thousand or two feet below the ground, as of what is happening on the surface, that faith would be worth a good deal more than it is. The old folks in Pompeii and Herculaneum regarded Vesuvius in the same way, for history contained no record of its ever having been in eruption. It was as peaceful as Mt. Eden, Mt. Albert, or Rangitoto all the hundreds of years that Pompeians dwelt under its shadow. And then with comparatively little warning it played up, to the terrible astonishment and consternation and destruction of the place. Now I don't wish to disturb the harmony of Auckland by suggestions, but I would like to know if there is any scientific grounds for believing that neither Mt. Eden nor Rangitoto could follow the example of Vesuvius. There is none, and for aught we know or can do to prevent it the colony might waken one day to hear that half a dozen volcanoes were concentrating their fire on Queen-street, and lava streams were wandering over the country.

Mora Anglonobis.

Why this recrudescence among the Germans of long-tongued hatred against Great Britain? We know that we are the worst hated nation in Europe, for we have abundant evidence of the fact. But we do not understand such intermittent demonstrations of passionate enmity among certain sections of the people as we hear of from Berlin. If our German cousins are determined to hate us, we are sorry; but what can we do? But we would prefer that they went on hating us in a quiet gentlemanly sort of way, instead of filling the Fatherland with shrieks that wax hysterically loud and vehement on no particular occasion. As a nation we are much more self-respecting in our hatreds. We do not get frantic and foam at the mouth. We hate decently. But perhaps we wrong the Germans in attributing to them as a people an agitation that has its beginning among the student class, and no doubt among the beer drinking, swaggering, duelling section of that. Youth is proverbially rash and irresponsible, university students from China to Peru are peculiarly so; and probably for rashness and irresponsibility the German student is as bad as the worst. A harder worker, when he is a worker, than his brother students of Edinburgh or London, he is also a "harder" character generally than the latter, when he takes to mischief. Student escapades generally take the line of most resistance; when authority is to be defied, the typical freshman defies it. There is so much political freedom in Great Britain that British students are rarely a dangerous element in politics. There is so little political freedom in Germany or Russia that the universities very frequently become a hotbed of revolt against existing conditions. Thus the Continental student is nursed in a political atmosphere of a rather unhealthy kind; and while the Edinburgh boys give vent to their high spirits by wrenching off door knockers and making night hideouts, the German burche consume the rawest of politics with their beer. They are impressionable lads, with an ear for any demagogue, and a sword for anybody's quarrel. The Poor emi-

series, one can easily believe, found them the most tundry of material, and hence all this commotion. There, I warrant, is the secret of it all. But, as the "Times" insists, it is the duty of the German Government, if they do not actually mean to countenance these demonstrations of hatred, to put them down. The leniency they show them is their greatest encouragement. No foreign State would suffer such internal exhibitions against itself to pass unchecked; and in the same way it should not allow them against any other State with whom it professes to be on friendly terms.

A Timely Loan.

It is not very complimentary to the Government's finance that the public generally should have attributed the dismissal of the men from the North Island Main Trunk Railway works to the Treasury chest running low, and should have felt relieved by the announcement of the floating of the million and a-half loan in London. The public are evidently quite persuaded that we are living in a very hand-to-mouth way, in spite of Mr Seddon's assurances of plenty of cash; and the wonderful thing is that they accept the position with the utmost equanimity. There is nothing to equal the easy-going indifference of the average New Zealander in this respect. It is in vain you try to alarm him by pointing out the mountain of debt rising higher and higher. He rejoices in the flow of ready money, and takes no count for the morrow, when the loan will be spent and the interest on it still remains to be met and the principal to be repaid. Mr Seddon flatters himself that this contentment is the sign of an absolute confidence in his administration. But he is entirely mistaken. If it springs from confidence of any particular kind, it is confidence in the country itself and its resources. But our attitude is mainly one of indifference. We do not trouble ourselves about the cost, but deliver the matter into the hands of our rulers to do as they see fit. It rests with them whether we are an economically or extravagantly managed colony. If good men get into power, it is well with us; if bad men, then the reverse is the case, but to a much smaller degree, for the country will thrive even despite bad management. If Mr Seddon is extravagant, if he is autocratic, if it is our indifference that is chiefly to blame. In another community he might have been a very different individual; and in yet another he might never have been heard of. We are not fools; we are not deceived. It is the Premier who is the fool if he thinks we are. We are just a careless, happy-go-lucky colony, spending while we have the money to spend, and hastening to borrow again when the last loan is exhausted. That million and a-half which comes in the nick of time to replenish a depleted Treasury will go just as the other millions went, and not go very far. Then we shall lie us to the lender once more. How long this sort of thing will go on depends precisely on how long the lender will lend. Our ability to pay the interest does not necessarily affect the position, for we can borrow the wherewithal to pay that. I suppose there must be an end to it some time, but before that time there will have been an end of Mr Seddon, the King, and us, his obedient servants.

The Business Cabinet.

I am not surprised to see that someone in political authority has taken exception to Lord Rosebery's ideal Cabinet - one composed of business men of the Sir Thomas Lipton and Andrew Carnegie class. Sir M. Campbell-Bannerman pronounces a Cabinet of business men impracticable, and my own opinion, be it worth little or nothing is the same. Nor do I believe that Lord Rosebery seriously meant what he said. Probably his remark was merely a bit at what he regards as unbusinesslike in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. The noble Lord, when himself head of an Administration, was once called "The Butterfly Premier," and the impression that he