

Let no one say we have no here whoopis among us. A lady was heard somewhat warmly asseverating in an Auckland office the other day that she would never part with her umbrella—a fairly substantial gingham. Such attachment may be natural enough under ordinary circumstances. We all value our umbrellas, however seedy they may be, but it is unusual to pronounce our affection so publicly as this good dame was doing. Some one tempted to inquire into the matter, discovered that her enthusiasm arose from the fact that the Premier had inadvertently sat on the umbrella, rendering it henceforth sacred in the eyes of its fortunate possessor.

There was a time when the rapid decay of the teeth of the community promised to make the fortunes of the dentist, and "gum-digging" was taken up as a career by scores and scores of young men. But it now appears that the ground is getting overstocked both here and in Australia. The other day Sir James Graham, speaking at a gathering of dentists in Sydney, remarked that the Dental Board, of which he was president, had had to register something like 900 ladies and gentlemen under the Dental Act, and the work of examining the credentials had been herculean.

The most wonderful thing to relate about China is the conversion of the Dowager Empress, or at least her expressed conversion, for she is a very old lady and a very astute one, and while not at all likely to change her opinions now, she is quite capable of pretending that she has changed them if anything is to be gained thereby. The cables represent her as weeping at the repentance form of Western civilisation, and throwing her jewels into the laps of its priestesses for the time being—the ladies of the foreign legations. Edicts have been issued recommending the Chinese nobility to go West and learn of the barbarian and the discouragement of foot-binding is also recommended. This last is very significant. Think what a return to simple primitive ways on the part of us Western peoples, it would argue, if an edict was to go forth forbidding corsets. Really, it is hard to believe that a few months of privation should have wrought such a change in the Dowager Empress.

A Russian named Guthman, who has just been sentenced to five years' imprisonment in Paris, has earned his living as a "convert," now becoming Protestant, now Catholic, now Jew. It was proved that he had obtained numerous sums of money from religious people of various faiths. He had been baptised no fewer than twenty times. Previous sentences of five years and four years, the latter in England, are recorded against him.

The soldiers who volunteered in the late Spanish-American war are making the usual gallant attempt to relieve the United States Government from the embarrassments resulting from a substantial surplus of income. There have actually been filed, up to date, 30,313 applications for pensions, most of which are said to be the direct result of the activity of claim agents and pension attorneys.

The Americans pride themselves on their English, believing that they have improved upon the language, as they have improved upon a good many other things that had their beginnings in the Old Country. Hence the announcement that a Mr Klein was to visit the States for the purpose of teaching the folks there to speak English pure and undefiled provoked a good deal of good-humoured comment, of which the following, from the "New York World," is a sample:—"It is true, says the 'World,' that we do not speak English in the same way as the language is spoken on the other side of the Atlantic. We have changed, enlarged, and improved the language in our usual progressive way. It is an interesting fact that the educated class in England speaks

very nearly like Americans, and it is also a fact that the dictionaries used are American."

An amusing story is told of a camping out party last week. The campers consisted of a number of school boys of various ages and two or three of their masters. In the dead of the night the head master was rudely disturbed from his slumbers by the passage of some rough material over his face, and awoke to find one of his pupils engaged in scrubbing his revered preceptor's face with a brush extemporised from the manuka scrub which formed the mattress. As can well be supposed astonishment at such an unwonted liberty deprived the master of speech for the moment and he heard the boy mutter doggedly, "It isn't fair that I should have all the hard work to do." Only then it dawned upon the master that his would be cleanser was asleep. The excitement of the outing had evidently been too much for the youngster.

The Maoris are still anxious to go to the war, and cannot comprehend why they are denied the privilege of fighting for the old flag. The six natives who managed to get into the Eighth, but had at the last moment to give up their places, being told that no Maoris can on any consideration be allowed to go to South Africa, are very sore. In India, where the same rule has excluded thousands of natives, who would have given their heads to get a chance of fighting, the brave fellows fret under the restriction. But they appear to accept the position, namely, that it is, as Kipling says, a Sanib's war, much better than the Maoris, who are not divided from us by such barriers as separate our people in India from the native race. We New Zealanders have such a high opinion of the Maoris, too, that if we had our way they would have theirs, and a magnificent body of fighters they would make.

In accordance with a promise made a little while ago, that all His Majesty's ships of war should be christened with colonial wine, Her Majesty Queen Alexandra broke a bottle of some Australian vintage at the launching of the battleship "Queen" the other day. As an appreciation of colonial loyalty the new arrangement is no doubt admirable, but as I have suggested before, it is worth very little as an appreciation of colonial wine. A much more valuable lift to the Australian wine trade than hogsheads of it split over the iron noses of warships would be one small bottle emptied into the Royal mouth.

M. de Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, is reported to have summed up the qualifications for the coming industrial struggle by saying: "Great Britain has been hard hit in the Transvaal, but is still the richest country in the world; France is without initiative, satisfied with returns on past achievements; Germany shows the greatest energy and initiative in Europe, but has travelled too fast; America has an unparalleled combination of natural resources and initiative, and will go on to greater achievements." Russia has her mission, too, but M. de Witte says nothing of it.

If Eating Were a Crime.

There was a time when Mrs. Hayes considered herself to be what she calls "a gone woman." She actually divided her clothes and other personal effects among her children. Thank Goodness—but here is her story, told in her own way; by all odds the best way.

"Three years ago," she says, "I had dreadful pains across the left side of my stomach and under the shoulder-blades. My left side swelled up fearfully. I was laid up weeks at a time, work being out of the question. While these fits were on I could neither walk, sit, or stand with comfort.

"I was really ashamed to let the neighbours see me crawling about; so I spent most of my time lying down or leaning against something to

ease the dreadful pains.

"I had been a hard-working woman all my life, but now I lost my strength and dreaded to eat anything, knowing the woeful suffering I was sure to experience afterwards; as if eating were somehow a crime against the laws of nature. And at night I rolled and tossed about instead of sleeping.

"The doctor said it was indigestion and no doubt he was right, but he was not able to relieve me.

"I considered myself a 'gone woman,' and told my husband I was sure I could not last much longer. Indeed I was so fully persuaded of this, that I actually divided my clothes and personal effects among my children.

"Thank Goodness and Mother Seigel's Syrup I have since worn out most of them myself.

"After a lot of coaxing and argument (for I was tired of trying things, and hope had about died away in my heart) I consented to take Seigel's Syrup.

"I was not quite sure of the effect of the first bottle but my husband

insisted on my going on with it. So I did go on with it, and after I had got through half the second bottle there was no doubt of the result. I was much better; I felt it, and others could see it.

"It was hardly short of a miracle, the way Seigel's Syrup brought me round. From a poor, weak, and wretched woman, unable to walk or scarcely to raise my hand to do the smallest piece of work, it gave me back health and strength, restored me to my husband and family, enabled me to go on with my work once more, and, in short, made me as well as ever. I was in my life.

"I am now upwards of 60, and have reared a large family. I have lived in the district about 37 years, and am well known here." (Mrs.) Julia Hayes, Mount Keira, Paradise, near Wollongong, N.S.W. October 14th, 1899.

Mr. John Hickey, blacksmith, at the same place, writes that he has known Mrs. Hayes all his life, and (in common with many others) knows her statement to be true. He adds that she is respected by everyone.

THE "GRAPHIC"
£25 · Photographic Competition. · £25

£25—IN PRIZES—£25.

The fact that so many specimens of excellent Photographic Work are submitted to the Editor of the "Graphic" by amateurs and others in all parts of the colony has suggested that a Photographic Competition with a wide range of subjects and substantial money prizes would not fail to be as popular as the "Graphic" Competitions in other departments have always proved.

It is also anticipated that such a Competition would put the "Graphic" in touch with the large and ever-increasing number of New Zealanders who possess cameras, and thus afford them a permanent and remunerative market for good work.

The proprietors of the "Graphic" have therefore much pleasure in inviting those interested in practical photography to send in specimens of their work for competition on the following simple conditions.

1. The picture submitted must in no case have been published previously, or be under offer to any other paper till the result of this Competition is announced.
2. The negatives must have been taken by the Competitor, though he need not have made the prints.

Competitors may send in as many pictures as they please, printed on any paper, and mounted or unmounted. Each print should bear the name of the subject and sender, with the latter's address, all clearly written in pencil on the back along the bottom edge. The print or prints should be carefully packed and addressed "Editor, 'Graphic,' Auckland," and the words "Photographic Competition" should be written on a conspicuous place on the parcel.

The sum of TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS will be given in prizes, divided as under:—

- New Zealand Scenery, Landscape or Seascape.
FIRST PRIZE, £3; SECOND, £2; THIRD, £1.
- Pictures of Colonial Life
Including Settlers' Homes, Farm and Station Scenes, Pastoral Studies, Scenes and Incidents of Bush Life.
FIRST PRIZE, £3; SECOND, £2; THIRD, £1.
- Study in Child Life
European or Native, with or without Domestic Pets.
FIRST PRIZE, £2; SECOND, £1; THIRD, 10/-
- Scenes in Native Life.
FIRST PRIZE, £2; SECOND, £1; THIRD, 10/-
- Work and Play Scenes.
These may include views of any of our industries, such as Gold Mining, Timber Felling, Gum Digging, etc.; or, Yachting, Fishing, Hunting, Shooting, Mountaineering, Camping, etc.
FIRST PRIZE, £3; SECOND, £2; THIRD, £1.

There are hundreds of New Zealanders who possess cameras, and few who do not in the course of the year come across some beautiful scene or interesting incident worth making a picture of. It means comparatively little trouble to "take a shot" on such an occasion, and the subsequent work entailed is certainly not great in proportion to the pleasure the picture gives when finished, not to mention the very great chance which a good print has of winning a substantial prize.

THIS COMPETITION WILL CLOSE ON THE 31st MAY, 1902.

NOTE.—The Proprietors reserve the right to publish any photo. sent in for competition.