

AUCKLAND SAVINGS BANK.
MONEY TO LEND.

The Trustees are prepared to make Advances in Sums of £50 and Upwards, on Approved Freehold Securities, with Option of Paying Off by Instalment.

R. CAMERON, Manager.

THE SOUTH BRITISH FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND.

Notice is hereby given that the Ordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders of the above Company will be held at the Head Office of the Company, Queen-st., Auckland, on WEDNESDAY, the 8th day of October, 1902, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

BUSINESS:

To receive the Report and Balance-sheet for the year ended 31st August, 1902
To Elect two Directors in place of Thos. Peacock, Esq., and C. C. McMillan, Esq., who retire in accordance with the Articles of Association, but offer themselves for re-election
To Elect two Auditors in place of W. B. A. Morrison, Esq., and G. M. Kinsling, Esq., who offer themselves for re-election
The Transfer Books of the above Company will be closed from the 24th September to the 8th October, 1902, both days inclusive.
Dated at Auckland, this 2nd day of September, 1902.
By order of the Board of Directors.
JAMES KIRKUP,
General Manager.

"The New Zealand Graphic."

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Cheques, Drafts, etc., and all Business Communications to be addressed to the Manager.

Literary Communications, Photographs and Black and White Work to be addressed to the Editor

Society Notes and Correspondence relating to matters of special interest to ladies to be addressed to "The Lady Editor."

The Editor will carefully read all manuscripts submitted to him, and all communications will be regarded as strictly confidential by him.

All unsuitable MSS., Sketches or Pictures will be returned to the sender, provided they are accompanied by the latter's address and the requisite postage stamps, but contributors must understand that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the preservation of the articles sent us.

Topics of the Week.

Fashion in Disease.

It is asserted by an English journal that since the King's recovery from his illness, perytiphlytisis, the disease from which he suffered, has been alarmingly on the increase, or, more correctly speaking, the number of folks who admit to being victims of the disorder has greatly increased. This curious circumstance we must attribute rather to the loyalty of His Majesty's subjects than to any special physical weakness in the region of the vermiform appendix, and chiefly to the tyranny which a desire to be in the highest fashion exercises over sick and hale. The fashionable seek to be fashionable in their diseases as well as their dress and manners. But even the unfashionable in most things conform to the prevailing mode in the matter of sickness. Of course in the case of infectious maladies such conformity is not always a matter of choice; but non-contagious diseases acquire a vogue, just as a certain shape of hat, or a certain cut of coat does. New ailments our grandmothers never heard of come rapidly to the front, like new patent medicines. Half a century ago there was a great run on the liver, as the seat of disease, and no medicine in the market could vie in popularity with the blue pill. Few of the rising generation ever heard of blue pill, and the centre of physiological interest has shifted from that organ of which in the sixties one used to hear so much. No doubt the world suffers just as much from biliousness as in the days of yore, but we don't take special medicines directed against it—and are we much the worse? Fashions are proverbially changeable however, and it is quite possible that before we die we may penitently return to the faith of our fathers in the matter of a liver. Rheumatism, a most favourite ailment with our grandfathers, was laughed at by our fathers, and made a subject of jokes, but I notice a growing tendency among the young to take up the homely old trouble again. Of recent years heart complaint has been much to the fore. A great deal of it is merely flatulence, otherwise wind, and our fathers called it by its true name, but we prefer to call it heart disease, and attribute it to the rush and worry of modern life, and take sedatives. There is only one conclusion one can draw from this change of fashion in disease and in remedy. It is that we know very little about our internal economy, and that the poor organs go on doing their duty, to the best of their power, whether we make them the subject of our special care or rigorously leave them alone.

Maori Antiquities.

There is a proposal on foot in Wellington to establish there a National Maori Museum, in which shall be preserved such antiquities of the Polynesian race as are procurable. It is well that the fullest provision should be made, and that as soon as possible, for the collection of those native articles of art and industry in which the history of the dying races around us is most indelibly chronicled. A very great number of these things are of a perishable character, and exposed to the ravages of the weather, as they are most likely to be while in native custody, they will disappear in time, even if they are not earlier snatched up by the curio hunter or some agent from the European museums. This proposal that the Government bestir itself in the matter of their collection and preservation is, therefore, an excellent one. But the suggestion seems to ignore what has already been done in this respect by the authorities of the Auckland Museum. The promoters cannot be unaware of the valuable collection of Polynesian antiquities which the Auckland institution

shelters, nor, on account of that large nucleus alone, of the claims Auckland has to the site of such a museum as is contemplated. Yet how does it come about that not a word is said about the Northern city in the matter? It is to be a national museum, and it is to be in Wellington. Here, again, surely, is the monopolising spirit of the Empire City, which is to have £15,000 for a fine new institution, and £3900 a year for carrying it on, and the honour and glory of having the museum within its own gates. Now, the Auckland collection of native antiquities, and the place in which they are housed, might be improved upon; but that would be a very easy thing to have accomplished long ago had there been a grant of £15,000 cash, and a £3900 annual grant, at the disposal of the authorities. As it is, with that sum now the Auckland Museum would speedily be possessed of a building and a native collection almost unrivalled. The advantage the Northern city possesses over Wellington as the home for such a collection lies in the fact that she already has a collection of value to start with—a collection which of itself would be indispensable to any collection of a national character. So unless the Aucklanders were to be robbed of their treasure to enrich the capital, the latter's museum must remain an incomplete affair. Naturally, Auckland would not submit to such robbery. She has the right of possession, in the first place, and, in the second, she can claim to be first and last, the city which of all others, by virtue of her past history and present position, is the centre of native interest in the colony. If New Zealand is to have such a national collection as is proposed Auckland is the city where it should be kept.

Modern Taste in Theatre-Going.

In a leading article inspired by the Brough farewell in Sydney the "Daily Telegraph" of that city, devotes somewhat over a column to the subject of the theatrical outlook in these colonies. It should have been pleasant to quote did space permit, for the article contains an excellent panegyric of the Broughs, but this being impossible, it is instructive to note that the dominant note struck by the writer is the change in public taste from pure drama and high comedy to musical farce and variety entertainments, and it is positively staggering to find that so responsible and representative an organ as the Sydney "Daily Telegraph" accepts the decadence, if not contentedly, yet with cheerful resignation, and without one word of sorrow or condemnation. Surely, it is not wise to view a position really somewhat serious with such careless equanimity, for assuredly the choice of amusements is a serious matter. As certainly as you can tell a man's character by the company he keeps, you can assess his mental and intellectual vigour by the books he reads and the entertainments he patronises most freely. And here is the fact that serious plays, and high-class comedy are not wanted in the colonies at present, and that we force fine artists, such as the Broughs, Titheradge, Houcault, Anson and others, to seek for fresh fields and pastures new, and yet are prodigal enough with our money to enable variety managers to engage a strong man at £250 a week and trick dancers at about half that sum. Musical comedy—so-called—involving huge expenditure on extravagant dresses, and the splendid staging to which we have become accustomed, pays handsome dividends on the capital invested, while any play which makes the smallest call on our attention—intellect is too strong a word—spells bankruptcy, or something ap-

proaching thereto. If you dare to complain of this you are promptly set down with the remark, "We go to the theatre to be amused." To quote the immortal Mrs Gamp, "Who deniges of it, Betsy?" But is it good or healthful that we should derive more amusement from the voluminous lingerie and freely displayed charms of allegedly dressed ballet girls than we do from the characters of Pinero, Chambers, Grady, and Henry Arthur Jones? Is it a thing to be proud of that we will fill the theatre to applaud and guffaw over the insane gags and stale jokes of the musical farce comedians, which never vary outside half a dozen or so pet subjects (drunkenness, conjugal infidelity, underclothes, torn trousers and mothers-in-law being amongst the prime favourites), and leave empty benches when the brilliant dialogue of high comedy takes its place? Surely it is an evil thing and to be deplored that the cheap sentiment, tawdry appeals to crude emotions, and thinly disguised indecencies of "The Sign of the Cross" should attract vehement approval; while it does not pay to stage such true and beautiful pictures of human nature as are to be found in, say, "The Village Priest," "The Sowing of the Wind," "The Idler," "A Pair of Spectacles," and half a score more. But such is the case, and this being so, the outlook which the "Telegraph" accepts with such mildly cheerful resignation seems to this writer dark indeed. What Robert Brough, with his fine companies, has failed to do in the last ten years is not likely to be done by anyone else. We have had the chance of choosing good from evil in things theatrical, and we have, figuratively speaking, deliberately chosen the evil. There is no real harm in the one eternal musical comedy which mansplunders under a score of titles with the same old characters, the same jokes, and the same situations, redressed, retwisted and rearranged. It never achieves the dignity of vice, only, as was wittily said of something else, "It's worse than wicked—it's vulgar"; and it is not altogether pleasant to realise that as a community we greatly prefer vulgarity to thought, culture or refinement. We have, of course, still left the modern farce, in two or three acts instead of one. It depends almost entirely on the number of doors which can be crowded on to the stage and the complications to be derived from mixing up ladies' and gentlemen's bedrooms, etc., etc. It is usually innocent and inoffensive, and briskly played supplies amusement. But it cannot be said to compensate for such plays of its own class as "Dandy Dick," "The Amazons," "The Schoolmistress," and others of a type which for us is apparently about to become as extinct as the Dodo. It is, of course, useless to continue this inglorious complaint; it is wiser to take it smiling about the fashion of our Sydney contemporary. "But, oh, the pity of it, Iago! The pity of it!"

Wanted—Dead Chinamen.

The Chinese question has developed a rather curious phase in the colony recently. The difficulty this time is not over the exclusion of the living Mongolian from our shores, but has to do with allowing the dead ones to be removed hence to the Flowery Land. A good many months ago a movement was made among the Chinamen of the West Coast to get all their dead friends sent home, and the bodies, to the number of over 150, were exhumed ready for shipment. But the shipping arrangements fell through, and the bodies, instead of quietly reposing by this time in their native soil—a consummation devoutly wished for by every Chinaman—nay, one without which his future is imperilled—are now lying stored in a shed at Grey-nouth. As the shed is not very far removed from the houses of the residents, objection has been taken to the presence of the corpses; and as there does not at this moment appear to be much chance of getting them away,—it isn't a cargo vessels lay themselves out to carry—and the hot wea-