

Mr Dooley on the Home Life of Janiuses.

"A woman ought to be careful whom she marries," said Mr. Dooley. "So ought a man," said Mr. Hennessy with feeling.

It don't make so much difference about him," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin a man's married, he's a married man. That's all ye can say about him. Iv course, he thinks marriage is goin' to change th' whole current iv his bein', as Hogan says. But it doesn't. Afther he's been hooked up fr a few months he finds he was married before, even if he wasn't, which is often th' case, d'ye mind. Th' first bride iv his bosom was Th' Day's Wurruk, an' it can't be put off. They're no groun's fr dissolv'n that marriage, Hinnessy. Ye can't say to th' Day's Wurruk: 'Here, take this bunch of alimony an' go on th' stage.' It turns up at breakfast, about th' fourth month afther th' weddin', and creates a scandal. Th' unforchait man tries to shoot it off, but it fixes him with its eye an' hauls him away fr'm th' bacon an' eggs, while th' lady opposite weeps an' wonders what he can see in anythin' so old an' homely. It says, 'Come with me, aroun', an' he goes. An' afther that he spins most iv his time an' often a good deal iv his money with th' enchantress.

"I tell ye what, Hinnessy, th' Day's Wurruk has broke up more happy homes thin comic opry. If th' courts wud allow it, many a woman cud get a divorce on th' groun's that her husband cared more fr his Day's Wurruk thin he did fr her. 'Hinnessy varus Hinnessy; correspondent, th' Day's Wurruk.' They'd be evidence that th' defendant was seen ridin' in a cab with th' correspondent, that he took it to a picnic, that he went to th' theatre with it, that he talked about it in his sleep, an' that, lost to all sinse iv shame, he even escorted it home with him an' intrajoiced it to his varchous wife an' innocent childher. So it don't make much difference who a man marries. If he has a job, he's safe.

"But with a woman 'tis different. Th' man puts down on'y part iv th' bet. Whin he's had enough iv th' conversation that in Union Park under th' trees med him think he was talkin' with an intelchool joyntess, all he has to do is to put on his coat, grab up his dinner pail an' go down to th' shops, to be happy though married. But a woman, I tell ye, bets all she has. A man don't have to marry, but a woman does. Ol' maids an' clergymen do th' most good in th' wuruld, an' we love thim fr th' good they do. But people, especially women, don't want to be loved that way. They want to be loved because people can't help lovin' thim no matter how bad they are.

"Th' story-books that ye give ye'er daughter Honoria all tell her 'tis just as good not to be married. She reads about how kind Dorothy was to Lulu's childher, an' she knows Dorothy was th' better woman, but she

wants to be Lulu. Her heart, an' a cold look in th' eye iv th' wuruld an' her Ma tell her to hurry up. Early in life she looks fr th' man iv her choice in th' tennis records; later she reads th' news fr'm th' militia encampment; thin she studies th' social raaygister; further on she makes herself familiar with Bradstreet's rayports, an' finally she watches th' place 'ware life preservers are hangin'.

"Now, what kind iv a man ought a woman to marry? She oughtn't to marry a young man, because she'll grow older quicker thin he will; she oughtn't to marry an old man, because he'll be much older before he's younger; she oughtn't to marry a poor man, because he may become rich an' lose her; she oughtn't to marry a rich man, because if he becomes poor she can't lose him; she oughtn't to marry a man that knows more thin she does, because he'll never fail to show it, an' she oughtn't to marry a man that knows less, because he may never catch up. But above all things she mustn't marry a janius. A fure walker, perhaps; a janius-niver.

"I tell ye this because I've been r-readin' a book Hogan give me, about th' divle's own time a janius had with his family. A cap iv industry may have throuble in his family till there isn't a whole piece iv chiny in th' cupboard, an' no wan'll be th' wiser fr it but th' hired girl an' th' doctor that paints th' black eye. But ivrybody knows what happens in a janius' house. Th' janius always tells th' bartinder. Besides, he has other janiuses callin' on him, an' 'tis business iv a janius to write about th' domestic troubles iv other janiuses so posterity'll know what a hard thing it is to be a janius an' duck. I've been readin' this book iv Hogan's, an', as I tell ye, 'tis about th' misery a wretched woman inflicted on a pote's life. 'Our hayro,' says th' author, 'at this peeryod contracted an unforchait alliance that was destined to cast a deep gloom over his career. At th' age iv fifty, afther a life devoted to th' pursuit iv such gayety as janiuses have always found nycisary to solace their avenin's, he married a young an' beautiful girl some thirty-two years his junior. This wretched crather had no appreciation iv lithrachoer or lithry men. She was frivolous an' light-minded, an' ividintly considered that cudn't be translated in to groceries.'

"Niver shall I frget th' expression iv despair on th' face iv this godlike man as he came into Casey's saloon wan starry July avenin' an' staggered into his familiar seat, holdin' in his hand a bit iv soiled paper which he tore into fragments an' hurled into th' coal-scuttle. On that crumpled parchment findin' a sombre grave among th' disinterr'd relics iv an age long past—to wit, th' carboniferous, or coal age—was written th' iver-mim-rable pome: 'Ode to Gin.' Our frind had scribbled it hastily at th' dinner iv th' Better-thin-Shakes-

pare Club, an' had attempted to read it to his wife through th' keyhole iv her bedroom dure, an' met no response fr'm th' Blystein but a pitcher iv water through th' thransom. Forchaitly he had preserved a copy on his cuff, an' th' gem was not lost to posterity. But such was th' home life iv wan iv th' gr-ratest iv lithry masters, a man indowed be nature with all that shud make a woman adore him, as is proved be his tinder varnes: 'To Carrie,' 'To Maude,' 'To Flossie,' 'To Angebel,' 'To Quocaic,' an' so forth. De Boni-poort in his cillybrated 'Mimores,' in which he tells ivrythin' unpleasent he see or heerd in his frinds' houses, gives a sthrikin' pitcher iv a scene that happened before his eyes. 'Afther a few basins iv abscenthe in th' reev gosh,' says he, 'Parnassy invited us home to dinner. Sivral iv th' bum vivonts was hard to wake up, but finally we arrived at th' handsome cellar where our gr-great frind had installed his unworthy fam-ly.

"Ivrythin' pinto to th' admirable taste fr th' thrue artist. Th' tub, th' washboard, th' biler singin' on th' fire, th' neighbor's washin' daancin' on th' clothes rack, were all in keepin' with th' best ideals iv what a pote's home shud be. Th' wife, a faded but still pretty woman, welcomed us more or less, an' with th' assistance iv sivral bottles iv paint we had brought with us, we was soon launched on a feast iv raison an' a flow iv sowl. Unhappily, before th' rraypast was concluded a mis'rable scene took place. Amid cries iv approval Parnassy read his mimrable pome, intitled: 'I wisht I niver got married.' Afther finishin' in a perfect roar iv applause, he happened to look up an' see his wife callously rockin' th' baby. With th' impetehosity so characteristic iv th' man he broke a soap plate over her head an' burst into tears on th' fure, where gentle sleep soon soothed th' pangs iv a weary heart. We left as quietly as we cud, considerin' th' way th'

chairs was placed, an' wanst under th' stars comminted on th' ir'ay iv fate that coadimned so great man to be mallaacholy a destiny.'

"This,' says our author, 'was the daily life iv th' hayro fr tin years. In what purgatory will that infamous woman suffer if Hiven thinks as much iv janiuses as we think iv ourselves. Forchaitly th' pote was soon to be mercifully relieved. He left her an' she married a boorjawce, with whom she led a life iv coarse happiness. It is sad to relate that some years aftherward th' great pote, havin' called to make a short touch on th' woman fr whom he had sacryficed so much, was unfeelingly kicked out iv th' boorjawce's plumbin' shop.'

"So ye see, Hinnessy, why a woman oughtn't to marry a janius. She can't be cross or peevish or angry or jealous or frivolous or anythin' else a woman ought to be at times fr fear it will get into th' ditch'ry iv biography, an' she'll go down to history as a termygant. A termygant, Hinnessy, is a woman who's heerd talkin' to her husband afther they've been married a year. Hogan says all janiuses was unhappily married. I guess that's thrue iv their wives, too. He says if ye hear iv a pote who got on with his family, scratch him fr'm ye'er public lib'ry list. An' there ye ar-re."

"Ye know a lot about marriage," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I do," said Mr. Dooley.

"Ye was niver married?"

"No," said Mr. Dooley. "No, I say, givin' three cheers. I know about marriage th' way an astronomer knows about th' stars. I'm studyin' it through me glass all th' time."

"Ye're an astronomer," said Mr. Hennessy; "but," he added, tapping himself lightly on the chest, "I'm a star."

"Go home," said Mr. Dooley, crossly, "before th' mornin' comes to put ye out."

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