

Atom Club Page.

The Editor of THE ATOM QUARTERLY, having received many requests from friends and admirers of the little Magazine for a more frequent issue of the same, has now to announce that arrangements have been made with the proprietors of the "N.Z. Graphic" whereby the Magazine will be incorporated with that journal and henceforward a page or more of the "Graphic" will be devoted to contributions from members of the Atom Club. It may be explained for the benefit of those who have not yet met with "The Atom Quarterly," that that magazine has been successfully carried on under the editorship of Miss Moor, with the idea of encouraging a taste for literature and art amongst the girls of New Zealand, and for providing an outlet for amateur talent in this direction. Stories, poems, drawings, essays, answers to correspondents, and articles by New Zealand girls will be received and published as heretofore, and should be addressed "Editor of the Atom Club Page, Graphic Office, Auckland." New members of the Atom Club will be heartily welcomed, and it is hoped that with the vastly increased publicity and the acceleration of issues by means of the "Graphic" the scope and usefulness of the Club will be much extended.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

QUERIES.

Curious. — "Are there really such sounds as 'Aerial Voices'?"

Elfrida. — Will you tell me where to find the following: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Plain Talk by a Plain Woman.

SELF ABSORPTION.



FORMS of selfishness are numerous, and most of them apparent to others around us. But perhaps the most hurtful, because the most insidious, is that on which I propose to lecture you awhile. Now, I do not blame any one of you for probing into your own character. This is one of the best means of finding out our weaknesses, as it may also be used as the means of conquering our more unworthy selves. But there is a growing tendency nowadays to become self-centred. Girls speak of themselves. The girls who say, "I am going to do this," "I did so-and-so," "I think," etc., etc., are by no means as uncommon as you may think. Reflect! Are you not always propounding your views, or are you not always judging things by your lights? Do you not often condemn actions because they are not in accordance with your opinions? Do you not often fancy that your troubles are more deserving of sympathy than anyone's? Do you ever put yourself outside of your own little sphere of thought, and judge from the point of view likely to be taken by those you condemn? Do you ever wonder how you and your circumstances may appear to those who are not particularly interested in you?

Perhaps one great cause may be the modern novel; another may possibly be the many forms of recreation open to girls; another may even be the growth of intelligence. Whatever it is, it is obvious to many that we are striving too much to win for ourselves as individuals' approbation, sympathy, pleasure. Look behind! Think! By gaining anything you wish, are you not pushing back another in the race? When you are fretting inwardly that your lot is not cast in pleasant places, are you not wearing some one else? When you are pouring out your woes in the longing for sympathy, are you not, just a little, boring the unfortunate listener? When you rush away to your tennis, your book, your outing, are you sure that you are not leaving work for others? or are you not leaving some one who will be lonely?

How much do you do for others? By how much do you lighten the burden of only one other? How much thought and consideration do you expend on any but yourself? Let me give you a thought. Whenever you find that you are talking of yourself, pause, to put yourself in the listener's place. Whenever you find your thoughts dwelling on yourself, go straight away to do some little kindness for somebody else.

When the Old Country Fought for the New.

(By M.M.B.)



I was a beautiful evening; the soft lights of the setting sun glinted through the trees and seemed to gently fondle the bright locks of the two young lovers. Jamie was ordered away to the war with his regiment, so the young subaltern had come to say good-bye to his lassie. They would not see each other again for so long, it might be for years—New Zealand seemed so far away then; but Jeanie was not to forget, she was to go on loving her Jamie just the same until he came back. Jamie would win the Victoria Cross, he would be promoted, some day all Britain would be talking of the great General James McKinnon, and Jeanie would be his wife.

The breeze blew the flaxen hair back from the eager, boyish face, and Jeanie was filled with pride. How could such a boy help being famous! There wasn't such another laddie to be found in Dalkeith, not in the whole of Scotland, as her Jamie.

They said good-bye beneath the lattice window, and Jamie went away to the war with Jeanie's "Dinna forget" ringing in his ears and her miniature lying against his heart.

It was a cold day in June. Jamie's regiment lay camped along the edge of a marsh, and from the distance came the sounds of the mad war-dance of the Maoris. Jamie longed for a battle, then he would win fame and honour. They would read accounts of his deeds in the little Dalkeith paper, and his lassie would cry out, "My brave Jamie," with tears of pride and joy in her bonny blue eyes.

The Maoris rushed down on to their foes with a wild war-cry. There was a mistake somewhere, though no one seemed to know exactly how, but the regiment was scattered wide, and Jamie? Up to his waist in the marsh mud he fought for his young life with three burly savages. It was no good; he felt the warm blood trickling down his cheek, and he knew he could not hold out much longer. With grief in his heart he held out his sword to his foes as a sign of surrender. But what was surrender to them, those wild, untaught tribes of the Pacific? With the bright, gleaming weapon they hacked the fair young form till it sank silently beneath the black mud of the marsh.

Jeanie sat at the lattice window longing for the day when her laddie would come home to her, with the Victoria Cross pinned on his breast. Oh, that would be a bonny, bonny day! Perhaps her Jamie was thinking of her now, thinking glad thoughts as he gently kissed the little portrait. But the miniature pressed against a still heart, for Jamie was lying stiff and cold in the Ngaere swamp; his life's blood clotted his flaxen curls, and only the calm, bright stars saw, but they told not.

Such things happened in the days when the Old World fought for the New.

A Good Bye.

By OLIVE TILLY, A.C.

- 1 Beloved, does the Sun of Life
Beat fiercely on thy face?
Dost thou, too, seek along the way
A shadowed resting-place?
- 2 Beloved, at the end of day
I join thee in thy quest;
For I, too, seek the hills of sleep,
I also long for rest.
- 3 Beloved, through the noon-day glare,
Go thou thy way alone,
Lift thy sweet face above, beloved,
And let none hear thee moan.
- 4 Bravely for those golden gates
That hide the hills of sleep,
Bravely forward set thy steps,
And let none see thee weep.
- 5 For this, I tell thee, my beloved,
I hear a song of rest,
A promise told at end of day,
I join thee in thy quest.
- 6 And we two, strong in faith, beloved,
Shall find the hills of sleep;
We, too, shall pass beyond the gates,
And pass beyond the deep.
- 7 So this I say to thee, beloved,
Go bravely on thy way;
I may not aid thy steps, beloved,
I come at close of day.

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