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The Week in Review.

NOTICE.

The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration Short Stories and Descriptive Articles, illustrated with photos, or suggestions from contributors.

Bright, terse contributions are wanted dealing with Dominion life and questions.

Unless stamps are sent, the Editor cannot guarantee the return of unsuitable MSS.

Pin Pricks of Railway Travel in New Zealand.

THE ease with which the dignity of a well-known type of British military officer is offended, and the facility with which the genus may be spured—all unwittingly—into a cholera almost ferocious in its intensity is proverbial. One is, therefore, not altogether astonished, but a little amazed at the passionate tone of the letters of complaint addressed by Captain Burke-Davis to the Minister for Railways, and which, with the replies of Mr. Millar, he has contrived to get published in one of the leading dailies of the Dominion. The gallant captain, it would appear, recently booked a lower berth for his wife on the Wellington-Auckland express, and by an admittedly annoying blunder, a re-arrangement of berths was made by a subordinate official, and the lady was allotted an upper, in which she was not able to travel. The natural aggravation incidental to such a mischance did not evaporate in sulphurous language, as is the case with many travellers, but found expression in a letter to the authorities, and a demand for a refund of the fare paid. This not arriving instantaneously, more letters were written, and published, and when the Minister's reply did arrive

though it will seem to the unprejudiced, both courteous and explanatory, it so far further inflamed the wrath of our visitor that he has decided to cancel all engagements in the Dominion. He writes: "I have come all the way from England for an extended tour through the North and South Islands, and to enjoy the sport and fine scenery which abounds in different parts of the country. Instead of which, the management of the railway company has forced me to cancel such an idea, by chancing a repetition of the abominable circumstances which this correspondence relates to, and as soon as my fishing tour finishes at Taupo next month I am compelled to leave the Dominion."

It is quite impossible not to smile at so complete and exquisite an illustration of the familiar figurative operation known as "cutting off one's nose to spite one's face," but at the same time the pin-pricks of railway travel in the Dominion are both frequent and hard to bear, and are the more aggravating because they are uncalled for and removable. The red-tapeism, which rules that the ticket office shall—in many cases—only open a few moments before the train is due to start, is as absurd as it is irritating. Whether this is a Departmental regulation or whether it depends on the whim of the clerk in charge is not clear to the writer, but tickets for any journey should, at any of the larger stations, be procurable at any time. The difficulty of securing the removal of luggage from the train to cab, express or other vehicle is still a grievance which cries aloud for rectification. Outside porters are not allowed on the platform, and the railway servants themselves will not, and probably cannot afford assistance. The state of things at Wellington or Auckland, on the arrival of the express beggars description, and is decidedly in the direction of checking travel amongst those who do not go through a course of preliminary athletics

and weight-lifting. The insufficient accommodation for smokers is a perennial grievance which the Department seems determined not to ameliorate, by any addition of carriages. A mitigation may, however, be suggested by the adoption of the rule in vogue on the railways of the Commonwealth, which prohibits the use of smoking compartments by children under the age of 15. This by-law, if adopted, would eliminate the family party invasion of the smoking compartments, an affliction under which most smokers have probably suffered more times than enough.

The Value of English Grammar.

Our educational experts have been discussing the value or otherwise of the formal teaching of English grammar. One speaker said that it often happened that those who knew most grammar both spoke and wrote the vilest English. Correct speaking is largely a question of ear, and an old saying reminds us that in writing the style is of the man. The Maoris, with their intensely musical nature, but have little difficulty in speaking our language fluently and correctly, though their knowledge of formal grammar is often very limited. They are by nature a nation of orators. On the other hand the Indian native works hard at his grammar, and stores his memory with choice excerpts from famous authors. Yet because he possesses no sense of style his efforts at composition often border on the ludicrous.

In the December number of "Indian Education," a Bombay educational magazine, some new and amusing examples are given of English "as she is spoke," or rather "writ," by budding Indian students. The following are some extracts from an essay on "The Town in Which I Live," set to matriculation students. One youth boldly commenced with a paragraph from G. P. R. James, "beginning, 'Towards the close of an autumn day, a well-equipped, though small cavalcade, might be seen winding down,' etc., to the boy's native village. This follows a description from a cheap guide of the Taj Mahal by moonlight applied to the village school, somewhat marred by the concluding sentence, "And we bewailed the hole permanent of heavens and stars and School sticking reflected upside down in the pond erected by our worthy Collector." The schoolmaster is described in the words of Addison, with appropriate quotations from Goldsmith and Cowper; but again the effect is marred by the concluding and original piece of composition, "He was a stern-faced peddle-gog." A more independent class of writer revels in flowery expressions, such as the student who says the trees of his village "groun beneath the weight of ripe and golden fruits, while birds of entrancing song flash like living jewels through their umbrageous foliage." This high level is not maintained when he says that a certain official, "a nice majestic gentleman, inhabits in a most pompous bunglaw." There is a strong vein of local patriotism. "My

village," says one writer, "is a blessing to India and all mankind." Others observe that "The sight of my garden transpires all miseries of soles," and "The site thunderstrikes the amazing eye of the at-looker." Here are some other specimens of undeveloped Babu English: The weather of Belgium is congenially felicitous to Europe peons.

The Municipality is good at heart, but very dirty.

This museum is full of dead corpses and such other beautiful things.

He is a well defined, stout King. Many of the buildings of Ahmedabad are never seen anywhere else.

Our collector checks the population. There are so many tanks in this place that there is never any water.

One student, who proves a false prophet, begins, "I am about to give you great delight," while another states that the inhabitants of his town are all either beggars or servants.

Interprovincial Athletic Sports.

It is very gratifying to note the revival of the Interprovincial Athletic Sports, which are to take place in the Auckland Domain on Saturday next, 26th inst., under the auspices of the N.Z. Amateur Athletic Association. This Association has been working hard to make the forthcoming meeting a great success, and keen interest is being manifested in it amongst all lovers of athletics throughout the Dominion. Otago, Wellington, and Auckland are all fully represented in the list of entries, and the fact that many new names appear in addition to the list of old favourites will excite an unusual amount of curiosity as to the capabilities of the rising generation. Both in Auckland and in the South the competitors have been in hard training for some time past, and some of the visitors are already arriving in Auckland so as to get "fit" after their journeys. The sports are in the hands of a strong committee and experienced officials, and given fine weather should prove a great success.

Concerning Personality.

"Personality is altogether too vague; it's a kind of charm." Thus, the criticism of Professor White at the School Inspectors' Conference in Wellington, when, in a new system of grading teachers, it was proposed to allot 20 marks out of 100 to this particular qualification. It would be interesting to know further particulars of the professor's contention in this matter. That personality and charm are difficult to define and describe may at once be admitted, but assuredly the possession of personality—one takes it to be a fine one in this connection—is one of the most easily identified, as it must always be the most important in the equipment of a teacher. At the bar, in the pulpit, in the consulting room, in almost every profession, and in many trades, personality is recognisable as an asset of the first magnitude, the pos-

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THE LIBERAL PREMIER OF BRITAIN.

session or non-possession of which enormously adds or detracts from a man's utility and the use he is enabled to make of his other powers. But assuredly to none is personality so vital a necessity as to those who have to win the confidence, enjoy the respect, and merit the affection of those under their care as school teachers must, if they are to be worthy of the most important trust they have undertaken in their too little honoured profession.

Youth is a keen, often a cruel critic, and unless a man really possesses the faculty known as charm or personality, no amount of other qualifications are of real avail. A man may possess teaching proficiency, for which 40 marks are to be allotted, and be able to show a surprising amount of passes on examination lists, but without personality he is useless in the turning out of good citizens and citizenesses, countrymen and country women, which is the higher aim of any teacher worth his salt. The mere book learning, much, at all events, of the teaching which, according to the ever varying syllabus, is crammed into children, is forgotten often within a few years of leaving school, but the personality of a teacher will probably leave its impress on many of his pupils—for good or evil—all their lives long. In recognising personality, therefore, even by 20 marks in the 100, the Conference did exceedingly wisely, and it is a matter for congratulation that the report recommending it was unanimously adopted.

New Zealand Direct, via Suez.

Though the somewhat adolescent exuberance of delight manifested in Auckland over the arrival and departure of the P. and O. mail steamer Malwa may provoke a gentle smile in some quarters, it will be an entirely good-natured one, and general satisfaction will be felt from one end of New Zealand to the other, at the inclusion of a Dominion port in the itinerary of so famous—and, it may be added, so conservative—a company. For though the extension of the Suez service direct to New Zealand is only experimental—and here we may mention that the duty of supporting such enterprise should commend itself both to shippers and passengers—it is an experiment which marks a distinct advance, and which will doubtless lead to very important future developments.

The Suez route, more especially for those who have never made the journey before, offers advantages in seeing the world which can scarcely be over-estimated, but there is a very large class who have a rooted antipathy to changing ship, and who at the same time dislike the long weeks of sea, with but one or two possible breaks to vary the monotony. To these the direct Suez service will come as a boon indeed, and will unquestionably be well patronised. Again, though the steamers on the Australian and New Zealand service have kept pace reasonably well with the requirements of inter-colonial passenger traffic, and certainly do not deserve to be dismissed as "practically coasting steamers," as a morning daily has ungratefully and ungraciously described them, the fact that they are good boats of respectable tonnage, and providing—when not overcrowded—good service and an excellent table, is exceedingly hard to bring home to meditating travellers in the Old Country, who have not infrequently the weirdest imaginings concerning the class of cockle-hells into which they will be required to tranship at their terminal Australian port, and who hesitate to take a trip on this account. To these, the knowledge that they can step aboard at Tilbury and disembark at once in New Zealand, seeing the East on their way, will be a strong persuasive and perhaps a determining factor, and an exceedingly profitable class of tourist will thus be added to those who annually visit the fortunate Isles. The longer sea route crossed by the superb and mammoth liners, which have served us so long and so well, will in no way suffer by the advent of the newcomers, for those who come via Suez will scarcely fail to take the advantage of the chance of returning via South America, gaining the opportunity of seeing Monte Video and (usually) Rio, which is certainly one of the most marvellous and progressive cities of the world, as it is undoubtedly the most exquisitely beautiful harbour in existence.

SOMEODDY once wrote a book about the eight Lord Roseberys. We propose to write an article about the two Mr. Asquiths. For there are two Mr. Asquiths. There is Mr. Asquith as he seems, and there is Mr. Asquith as he is. Of Mr. Asquith as he seems, there is no need to say much more than merely to call attention to the fact that he is believed by most people to be the only Mr. Asquith.

The Pseudo-Asquith.

This is a Mr. Asquith who is cold as crystal and as clever as the devil, of imagination so far from being all-comprehending that it appears to have been left out of his composition. A man whose intellect is of tempered steel, but whose heart is made of the same material. A

though he has married one of the cleverest political women in London, he is still as he has been from his schoolboy days—an enemy of the recognition of the right of woman to be recognised as a citizen, excepting by the payment of taxes and obedience to a law in which she is never to be allowed a voice in the making.

That is one Mr. Asquith. I have purposely exaggerated the harsh contour of the portrait, but in its broad outline the features are not much caricatured. Even his eulogists admit that "he does not appear to have that magnetic personality, that power of striking the popular imagination possessed in an eminent degree by Mr. Gladstone, etc. . . . There seems to rest in his nature a repressive power that paralyses the expression of his passion." As for his enemies, who has not heard the cry that the blood of the miners is on his hands? Mr. Healy's passionate out-

though warm of heart. If, in addition to their sterling virtues, they were to kiss the Blarney Stone, they would possess an altogether unfair advantage over their fellow men. But these things are on the surface. The Yorkshire tyke, like the Puritan, has the defects of his qualities, and it is impossible to combine the fighting qualities of the Ironside with the gallantries and graces of the Cavalier. That the Asquiths were of the right sort is proved by the fact that an Asquith, H.H.'s ancestor in a direct line, was a trusted leader in an attempted rebellion in 1664. England had then four years of the glorious and blessed Restoration. In Asquith's mind and those of his fellow-conspirators, and had had enough of it. So they entered into what was known as the Farnley Wood Plot to raise the country, to send the Stuarts packing, and to restore the Commonwealth. The plot failed; Charles II. did not die for twenty years, and the Stuarts did not finally disappear till 1688. But against such domination of the Evil One as the Stuart Restoration, it was better to have plotted and failed than never to have plotted at all. It is good to have a strain of the rebel in the blood, for rebellion has been the cradle of all our liberties, and no one who is not in heart "contingently" a rebel can ever govern with sympathy and justice people who are struggling, and rightly struggling, to be free.

H.H. at School.

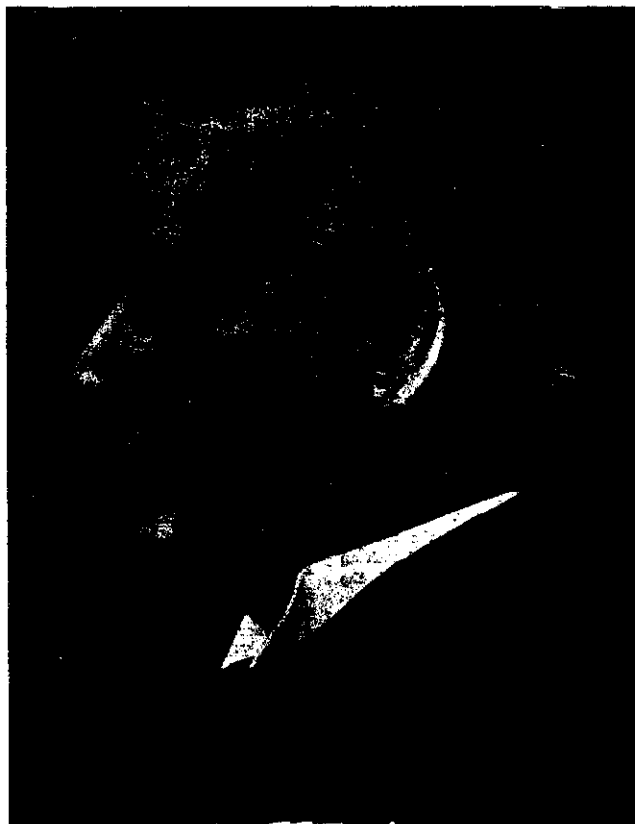
Of his early youth we gain stray glimpses. When four years old he carried a flag in a Sunday School procession which walked through the streets of Motley, singing patriotic songs to commemorate the close of the Crimean War—a curiously early initiation into international politics, the four-year-old thus taking an active part in a festival of peace. His father died when he was eight. After a couple of years at a Moravian boarding school—which, perhaps, helped to give a graver tinge to the boy's character—he came up to the City of London School. It is said he would rather spend an hour in reading the "Times" at a convenient book-stall than spend his time in football or cricket. But he also was a devoted admirer of Dickens, and developed so early the oratorical gift that Dr. Abbott could not correct the exercises of his scholars when "Asquith was up." He was, in his teens, an earnest Liberal, and even then—the young misogynist—obsessed by an antipathy to woman's suffrage, a cause which in the later sixties could hardly be said to have come within the pale even of speculative politics. He delighted his masters by his painstaking study, and when he became Captain of the School he was an invaluable assistant to Dr. Abbott in keeping up the tone of the school. Even at that early age he never got tangled in his sentences, he saw the end from the beginning, and made his meaning clear to all who heard him.

The School of London Streets.

Here is a vivid little glimpse of the schoolboy Asquith as the man remembers him:—"For my part, when I look back upon my old school life, I think not only, and perhaps not so much, of the hours which I spent in the classroom, or in preparing the lessons at night; I think rather of the daily walk through the crowded, noisy, jostling streets; I think of the river, with its barges and its steamers, and its manifold active life; I think of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey and of the National Gallery; I think even sometimes of the Houses of Parliament, where I remember we used occasionally to watch with a sense of awe-struck solemnity, the members disappearing into the inner recesses which we were not allowed to cross."

The winning of the Balliol Scholarship was to him, as late as 1906, "the happiest, the most stimulating, and the most satisfactory moment of his life." It was "a pure, an unalloyed, and an unmitigated satisfaction." This is, perhaps, more than can be said of his accession to the Premiership.

At Oxford he fell under the influence of Jowett. Those who know the real Mr. Asquith declare that in the following description of the Master of Balliol the Prime Minister unconsciously described his own character: "He had none of the vulgar marks of a successful leader, either



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The Liberal Premier of Britain.

man without a generous illusion, harsh, hard, rude, unsympathetic. One whom all respect, many fear, and no one loves. A man who repels rather than attracts, without magnetism, incapable of a generous weakness, reserved, forbidding, ruthless, ambitious.

This is the Mr. Asquith who as Home Secretary was merciless to the imprisoned dynamitards, and was ruthless even to slaying in dealing with the strikers of Featherstone. Everything that C.B. was, this other Mr. Asquith is not. C.B. was the friend of the Boers; Mr. Asquith was the friend of Lord Milner. C.B. was as zealous for Home Rule as Mr. Gladstone; Mr. Asquith was a henchman of Lord Rosebery—a vice-president of the Liberal League in whose pledges against carrying Home Rule this Parliament the Unionists place their trust. And to all these things add this above all—that all

burst at the close of the debate on Mr. Redmond's Home Rule resolution illustrates the rancour with which Mr. Asquith is regarded by the Irish Nationalists.

We now turn to the much pleasanter task of revealing the other Mr. Asquith, of whose existence millions have no suspicion, but who nevertheless and notwithstanding we shall prove to be the real Mr. Asquith, Prime Minister of England.

The Asquith Ancestry.

Herbert Henry Asquith was born of Puritan stock in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

He had stiff knees, the Puritan. That were not made for bending. The homespun dignity of man. He thought, was worth defending.

Yorkshire men are blunt of speech,

Continued on page 61.

Sayings of the Week.

Congregationalists and Missions.
ANGLICANS, with 368,065 adherents, raised last year for foreign missions £4736; the Presbyterian Church, with 203,597 adherents, £3,705; Methodists (including the Primitives), with 89,038 adherents, £2915; Baptist Church, with 17,774 adherents, £2000; and the Congregationalist Church, with 7360 members, £1500. That showed the Congregationalists in New Zealand contributed per capita more than the others.—*Rev. A. E. Hunt, Congregational Minister.*

Aristocracies and Civilisation.
 Lord Curzon quoted the saying that all civilisation has been the work of aristocracies.

for existence is outside.—*Mr J. W. Poynton, late Public Trustee.*

Sins of Commission.
 Commission is the curse of everything in Auckland.—*Mr. C. C. Kettle, S.M.*

England Shelters All.
 One of the greatest menaces to England at the present time is the alien peril. In London the foreigners are in their thousands, and there are whole streets and localities where not a single word of English is spoken. England is the safe refuge of all the nondescript refuse of Europe, in London the anarchist walks secure to plot further mischief, the thug to murder, and the pickpocket

there were a few small villages in the South. Although Auckland was one of the proudest daughters of New Zealand that day, he wanted to assure the captain that she was the most shy and most modest daughter of New Zealand.—*Hon. Dr. Findlay, at the Luncheon on P. and O. Co.'s Malwa.*

English As She Is Spoken.
 I know that New Zealand writers in Home papers and magazines have said that the New Zealand boy has no accent. These writers do not know what they are talking about. People who say that the New Zealand boy has not got an accent—that he speaks English as it should be spoken—have a want of knowledge. The tendency is not towards improvement, but rather the reverse.—*Mr. J. P. Firth, Wellington Boys' College.*

Half-Timers at Church.
 Look at this congregation. The cathedral—the only church of its kind in New Zealand—nobly built, open free to anyone that will come to worship; a true

manage to survive the evening service, and never dream of coming to Communion. Then there is the nondescript—they are not Churchpeople; they are not Christians. Goodness knows what they are, but they go to the cathedral.—*Bishop Julius, Christchurch.*

Our Old Soldiers.
 The question of the employment of our ex-soldiers is a most serious one. Day by day I receive most distressing accounts from men of good character who have served their country in the field, and are yet unable to obtain work in civil life, and I am powerless to help them. If immigration is to be the solution I would welcome it, for though the loss to the country of some of her best and most valuable citizens would be great, anything is better than that such men should be walking the streets seeking for work which cannot be found for them, while their wives and children are starving at home.—*Lord Roberts.*

Black and White.
 There is no evidence of the inferiority of the black race to that of the white. Anatomical characteristics show that all are alike. The brains of the white man average slightly larger than those of the negro, but 90 per cent of the negro is the same as 90 per cent of the brain of the white man. The weight of the brains of white women is less than that of the negro. We are only justified in saying that there is the same relation between brain weight and ability. But if a negro feels that he is lacking in social opportunity, he does not meet the problem of the times. He must recognise that prejudices cannot be met except by achievements. Distrust still exists, and the anatomical basis is of little value. Opinions cannot be readily eradicated, and so long as the present emotional state continues hope of a complete understanding is very slight.—*Professor Franz Boas, Columbia University.*

Divided We Fall.
 Do not, because we can or cannot get a coalition Government, make that an excuse to divide South Africa and revert to old party lines.—*Mr. J. W. Sauer, Cape Colony.*

A Warning to Prohibited Persons.
 I wish to warn prohibited people that under the amended Reformatory Institutions Act they are liable to be committed to a reformatory for breach of their prohibition orders. It behoves prohibited people to be very careful.—*Mr. Widdowson, S.M., Port Chalmers.*

The Song of Wales.
 The song of Wales will re-echo through its hills and dales—a song that has not been equalled since the song of Miriam after the Red Sea had been crossed.—*Mr. Lloyd George.*

Scripture and Motor Cars.
 A greater speed than 18 miles an hour for motor-cars is allowed by Scripture in the second chapter and fourth verse of the Book of the Prophet Nahum: "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings." To run like lightning is to go considerably faster than 18 miles an hour.—*Mr. J. P. Woodhouse, Dunedin.*

Political Honours.
 When the King, through his representatives, asked who in his over-sea dominions merited special honour, it was almost invariably the case for politicians and heads of governments to name themselves as most deserving of such recognition.—*Mr. J. H. Upton, Auckland.*



THE PROPOSED BOOK CENSORSHIP.
 Man with the Gun: "I have come on the scene a bit late, but I may be yet in time!"

cracies We humbly believe the carpenter's Son of Nazareth and the Galilean fishermen had far more to do with it. If I may say so with reverence, the heaviest swell among them was purely an Exciseman.—*Mr. Lloyd George.*

Vicars of Bray.
 He believed that Ministers to-day would be freeholders, or leaseholders to-morrow, free traders or protectionists. Protestants or Roman Catholics, so long as they could remain in office.—*Mr. F. M. B. Fisher, M.P.*

Feeling Its Conscience.
 Under the party system each party pooled its conscience, and anyone declining to do so was expelled, as grit hindering the oily working of the machine.—*Lord Rosebery.*

Not Appreciated.
 The Public Service, I am afraid, is not appreciated by many of its younger members. They do not know what the struggle

to steal. There they stay, a menace to the community, and a drag upon the country, as if we did not have enough trouble of our own to contend with. Of course these anarchists know full well that it pays them to do nothing serious to disturb the peace and order of the land, for if they were expelled they would have no other safe refuge to flee to, but other countries have justifiable grounds for complaint as to the action of the British authorities—England shelters all, from fleeing king to dastardly bomb-thrower.—*The Earl of Orford.*

The Protectionist Paradise.
 That Protectionist Paradise where you have got Custom-house officers lining the shores like cherubim with the flaming swords of a scorching tariff to keep out every foreign-made article from the Garden of Eden.—*Mr. Lloyd George.*

A Shy and Modest Daughter.
 Probably the captain of the Malwa thought when he came here that this was the only part of New Zealand, but

cathedral church, having no parish ties and no district work to do—the central mother church of the diocese. What of the congregation? There is a certain number who are accustomed to worship here, and many of them are workers and labourers. Then there are visitors, and I am thankful to see them here. There are a few half-timers—people who can just

Vigorous Old Age

Even ruddy-cheeked youth is not more beautiful than the mature vigour of healthy old age. This, however, is not seen so often as it should be, partly because many persons mistakenly suppose that weakness and ill-health are inseparable from ripe maturity of years.

Yet, in the majority of cases, enfeebled old persons require nothing but the simple, natural treatment afforded by

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil

which acts by increasing the appetite, aiding digestion, and putting more iron into the blood. It has neither the taste nor smell of cod liver oil, but is as pleasant to the taste as a superior table wine. It is as valuable to old persons as to young ones, and many of its most remarkable effects have been achieved with the aged. Get it at your chemist's, and be sure you get STEARNS—the genuine.

News of the Dominion.

OUR WELLINGTON LETTER.

February 19.
The Premier.

THE Prime Minister left here at the beginning of the week in the shadow of a minor operation, and all men agreed that he had at all events cheated rumour of her due. It was strange what rumour did during the few days of his brief illness, if illness it can be called. He ought to have died a hundred times of various poisonings. Was it better to escape, or would it have been better to avoid the neglect of which he was the victim at Dunedin? Without going into speculation of that kind, it is easy to see that this last was the greatest blunder ever committed in municipal history. Evidently they want to cultivate the knowledge of how to arrange public functions in the city of Dunedin. They also should learn to keep needed spaces clear, and to manage big crowds.

Kitchener's Visit.

It does one good to read of the progress of the Field Marshal through the country after landing from the Encounter. At the same time, it makes one dream historically, as other things make one dream too. With this picture of the soldier frankly stepping out on to the platforms on his way through the South Island, shaking hands with all and sundry, and talking with every well-wisher and admirer, one thinks of the men of South Africa with whom he was so intimately acquainted in the latter days of the big war. It brings another picture to the mind—the picture of the Boer delegates meeting the great general and the High Commissioner, and arranging the terms of surrender. The shadows are filled in by the memory of the debates among these Boers who had fought as stalwart champions, and were giving their views about the continuance or otherwise of the war. De Wet we remember, wanted to go on, and Botha, the better general by far, and the better statesman, too, was earnestly for peace, and both united to try and fool the Britishers into accepting strange terms, incomprehensible, difficult to make out, easy to misinterpret in the future. But the general was too 'cute' for them. In vain did the wily Stein and the polished Smuts throw dust in his eyes. They offered to surrender part of their territory, say, Swaziland, and to rule the rest without relations of any sort with the foreigners under the "supervision" of Britain.

But the general said bluntly that that the country has been annexed, the time has gone by for surrendering any part of it, and as for the word "supervision," they were not taking anything new in the way of words, as they had had enough for many years of the extremely troublesome word "sovereignty." The Boers fought the position with the same sturdiness and aliveness which they were accustomed to show on their fields of battle. But the general was as firm as he was blunt, and the Commissioner was much indebted to him for his strength. Together they stood firm, and the Boers gave way with the most charming and at the same time the most pathetic grace. It is evident they trusted the promise of a man like the General, whose strength and honesty appeared to them. He said that the treaty they made would, if they behaved well, admit them eventually to the Empire on the footing of citizens with equal rights and in every way free, except in so far as they might not deal with the stranger, who had nothing with them in common. On their side they determined, once the treaty was signed, to faithfully observe the spirit of it. This they proclaimed their intention to do, and nowhere in the resolve more clearly stated or more firmly than in the book of De Wet, the man who did not believe in compromise, but insisted on going on with the war, and had tried to get his fellow-representatives to end the negotiations and take to the field. The honour of that determination is only equalled by the fidelity with which the agreement was kept in word and in spirit. And both are equalled by the result which has brought the fine Boer race into the Empire as an integral part of the realm of His Majesty the Emperor—King. In this

result there is much honour to Kitchener.

While these others are trying, after their constitutional campaign of unification, to make a solid government, with the chiefs Botha and Jameson ruling together, for the sake of racial peace, and the papers are full of their doings, we read in the same sheets of the progress through this country of the General who ended the war with them, and is now engaged in the work in which they are engaged also—of consolidating the Empire they are as proud as he is to belong to.

The Policy of the Sword.

What has the future for this man? That is a question hard to answer. But one thing is certain: the man is strong enough and well enough to face anything that may be brought to him to do. If it is India that calls him, he will be ready for India, and there will be no delay or uncertainty when he gets there about the manner of putting down the anarchists who have taken to murder. One cannot tell how right is the surmise that if things get worse in the big peninsula, Kitchener will be appointed Governor-General. But it is correct that the surmise is just the most reasonable possible, for K. of K. will do things which will make it quite certain that the policy of the sword is the only possible policy for the retention of India. He who wins by the sword must either keep by the sword or perish by the sword. In all countries this is more or less true. But in India the country of mixed races, religious hatreds, and a hereditary love of loot kept alive by traditions of plunderous war, it is absolutely the one truth.

In the future there is, of course, for us something more nearly connected with the General. He will give us a report with recommendations. It will be as the report he has given to the Commonwealth. It is a report which absolutely settles the question of military necessity. It is besides economical, sufficient, workable, and making provision for the manufacture of small arms and ammunition of the crucial kind. It will, moreover, be full of the spirit of appreciation of the men who bear arms in the fields of the Dominion. He has seen those men at work before the enemy, and he has told them in warm terms what he thinks of them. Most of the men who heard these words of his on the field are anxious to see the stalwart soldier again, and give him the salute, and hear once more the sound of his voice.

The Kayvett Case.

The echoes of the Kayvett case are still in our ears. They came early in the week with the force of mass meetings behind them. But they convey nothing very definite by way of plan of action. That is a matter for the men to devise who are not satisfied. The politicians seem to have got it into their heads that there is a chance of appealing to the King direct. The King is, of course, accessible. Amenable to the persuasions of the politicians is another story. The likeliest thing for him to do in case he is approached with this grievance, so far as may be judged by impartial men, is to tell the malcontents that this is a self-governing Dominion, with its internal concerns of which no one outside ought to meddle. That way then nothing lies before the malcontents that has a crumb of comfort. Parliament will, after all, have to hear the complaint. But if there are no new facts, Parliament is not more likely to move than is the King's Majesty. The only possible line is the line of repentance. If it is taken it is possible to conceive that a petition for remission of sentence may be favourably considered. There is, however, no repentance—nothing but insistence on the right to do what has been declared for good reasons to be contrary to discipline. It is a sad business, with too much darkness even for the politicians to get light out of. But do the politicians seriously intend to interfere with the discipline of the forces? It is unthinkable they should.

The military are thinking of other things. They are full of the Marshal just now, and they laugh at the newspaper who declare that the mystery of Kitchener is penetrated because the orders have been given for the assembly of the troops for the inspection by the Marshal. But the mystery is what the Marshal will do with them when he sends out his midnight orders. They

will know in good time, and after they have obeyed they will be the better of it, which means that the spirit of all ranks is just splendid.

New Zealand's Bisley.

It is not the only thing on which the military mind is set at present. After the Marshal there is the New Zealand Bisley. All the ranging targets are now in order, and the talk is of the matches and the championships and the arrangements of the firing line, accommodating the maximum of marksmen, and the service conditions. There are big prizes, representing a big public spirit, and these will be won after the keenest competition. It is a bold thing to say that things point to the advance of rifle-shooting to the dignity of a national sport. There is too much cricket, too much football, and too much athletics generally for that. Alas! this is typical of the state of public opinion, and a reply to the men who declare that compulsory service is unnecessary. Their ground is that the patriotism of the young men of the Dominion will, after they have been through the cadet life, keep them in the volunteer forces, now the territorials. The answer is, of course, complete from the playgrounds. Drill, exercise of military tactics, and shooting with the rifle are at a discount comparatively. It is a comfort, therefore, that the State has stepped in and claimed some of the vigour of youth for the public defence. In this light the growing popularity of Trentham (the New Zealand Bisley) is consoling as a new religion, almost.

Education in New Zealand.

The Education Conference are making us think. We are being induced to believe in the training colleges, where the teaching is of the theory and practice of teaching. All the discussions have led us to the conclusion that nothing ought to be allowed to interfere with this most salutary, most necessary study. Judge of the general surprise when the motion was accepted to strike out in a new line of science discipline, apart from the science course of the University. A professor learned in these things, dissatisfied with the course provided at the University, declared that the training colleges must have a science course special to themselves. It was pointed out by men sternly devoted to the main question of the theory and practice of teaching, and pathetically urged by them, that nothing should be done to interfere with this main question. In vain. The mania for cramming prevailed, and the resolution was accepted in the teeth of protest. Here we are committed to forcing more stuff down the throats of the unfortunate students of the theory and practice of teaching, another subject of worry and harassment to the detriment of their future usefulness.

On the other side there is comfort in the line adopted with the resolution declaring that the certificates of the teachers ought to be reduced to three. The ground of complaint was that under the present system the object enforced on the budding teachers is not the theory and practice of teaching so much as the obtaining of certificates as many as possible in the time at their disposal. The fact has dawned on the inspectors, who ought to know better than anybody else,

that it is useless to accumulate letters of the alphabet behind a man's name each dependent on the passing of an examination. Some text there must be of fitness, of course. But let it be partly a matter of report of the training college people, and not entirely a matter of accumulating these letters, which may be no more useful for the purpose in view than the wearing of different styles of boot. The question is under review, but it has been started well, and great things may be expected. The idea is clear cut that there shall be three certificates only, and that the opinion of the colleges shall count. It is also asked that there should be scholarships special to these teachers of the future who are qualifying.

As to these two certificates, the list of things to be taken into account is enormous apparently; but that only means there are many sides to the teaching profession, all of which must be considered better than any examination in "subjects" conducted in the usual way can achieve.

A Lamentable Fiasco.

Do we talk about the Kaipara incident? We do to a certain extent. The general tendency is to think that never was such a lamentable fiasco as this. A chart that does not contain an important and most dangerous rock in a fairway—a history of important steamers, including the warship of a friendly nation, grazing the same with more or less damage, without any report; secrecy maintained with a persistency worthy of a better cause; and the final exposure brought about by the serious crippling of a magnificent liner. Public opinion is simply at a loss to understand such tremendous ineptitude. The general verdict is that the Auckland Harbour Board ought to pay every penny of the vast damage sustained by the parties interested in the mishap to the Kaipara, whose commander was unfortunate enough to trust a reputable authority.

A Bubble That is Bursting.

The Broughton disaster on the Victorian railways has found for itself as a witness of the bad management of the railways both amplification and corroboration. The first has come in a variety of details, the second is a narrow escape from a similar accident from the same cause. Of the details the worst is the evidence of a driver who has testified that he had taken the engine that broke down out on a trip immediately preceding the fatal one, and had found it hopelessly bad, from which, together with the statement of the driver who was driving at the moment of the accident that he had tried to get the thing mended, and had failed repeatedly at station after station, it may be fairly deduced that there is something rotten in the state of the Victorian rolling stock. The narrow escape of the other train again draws attention to the same rotten condition. In the same place, and almost immediately after the accident another engine runs away for want of brake power, and an accident of the same kind is averted by what seems almost a miracle. These facts require no comment. Let no one talk to us again about the superiority of the Victorian railway management. It is a bubble that is bursting. Our results may not

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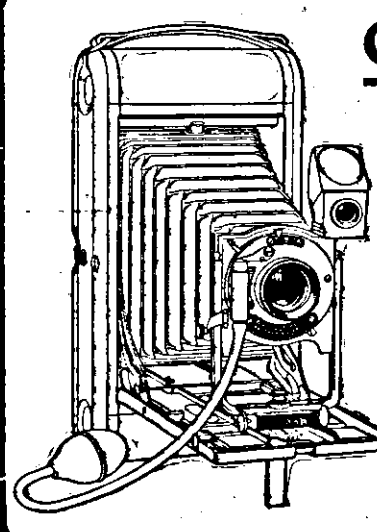
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Tesla, the Wizard.

We are electrified on reading the communication from Mr. Tesla, the magician of the electric world, who tells us that he has found a way to get power transmitted wirelessly to any part of the earth, air, and ocean he pleases. According to his own account, he makes a vast wave of power, much like the flap of a huge wing, and by a process which may be described popularly as a nod, he transmits this to any ship, motor car, flying aeroplane, balloon, factory, foundry, power house, light house, private house, street lamp, or anything else that requires light or motive force, anywhere in the wide world. He has found out how to send this power in any quantity—he talks of thousands of millions of horse power, in a moment, with unerring aim right round the globe, and what is even more wonderful, he can tune every parcel of power so that it will not be of use to any one else than the consignee. This is reducing Puck's time for putting a giraffe round the earth to form forty minutes to forty seconds. As everything is ready, but a small formality of invention in some matter of detail, we may, the imperturbable inventor tells us through the interviewers, look to see vast changes very soon on the face of the earth. By the way, he is good enough to place New Zealand well forward in the list of countries where power is to be had from the hills and the streams for the harnessing, and despatch on world journeys.

Among other things we are to do is the establishment of communication with Mars, for the energy of the new process is tremendous enough for the most sustained effort of signalling even to such tremendous distance. As yet we are not quite sure that there are any people there to signal to. Professor Lowell has written some remarkable books to prove that there are, and he has supplemented them with a fresh one, written on the nearer observations of the planet's recent proximity, proving the addition of two new canals. On the other hand, Mr. E. W. Mander, Superintendent of the Solar Department of Greenwich Observatory, told the Astronomical Society, at its last meeting in December, that Professor Hale, of the Solar Observatory of the Carnegie Institute at Washington, using a sixty-inch telescope, had "undoubtedly established the fact that the canalisation of Mars (alleged) is only an optical illusion." The mystery is too much for the local scientists; and the educational authorities are too busy about their own mysteries to solve this one, which concerns the whole world. I have not yet heard of any soldier formulating a theory that messages from Mars ought to be forbidden for fear that military secrets may be given away to the enemies of the country by the impartiality of the Martian observers.

Neither have there been any demonstrations by way of protest from any soldier lets the enormous forces wielded by the new process may be used for the disruption of this and other worlds.

Flying in New Zealand.

For the present we have a locally-invented aeroplane which has got as far as the model stage, and has been subjected to the gliding experiences which precede the art of flight. Mr. Beach, the inventor, is a young gentleman, in full possession of the absolute certainty of manner and expression without which no inventor ever can respect himself or his invention. He has studied, he tells one casually, every class and variety of aeroplane that has ever been noticed in the air, and he has found out all their deficiencies without feeling tempted to use any of their good qualities. Good qualities! My dear sir, there are no good qualities in any of these others, and as for the ideas of the inventors with which the world is making play just now by way of amusement and instruction, he has been long aware of them, and it is as long since he determined their absolute futility. All of which may be, and is, just mannerism of a young man who has long brooded on things within. Of such are most inventors, for the first quality of your inventor is independence of thought and singleness of idea.

What this one seriously claims is that he has found stability, so that his machine is independent—except for speed—on the motor. Break his motor, and his bird will come to earth as safely and as easily and as leisurely as any other bird. His explanation is simple enough. In all other aeroplanes the danger lies from the concentration

into a single focus of all the air pressures on their surfaces. This focus changes so rapidly, and the force, suddenly concentrated, by unexpected gusts and shifts, to which all air currents are liable, may be too much for any known method of control, so that your machine is always in danger of going suddenly over before you can make the necessary movement of the levers. What the bird does automatically, your aviator has to do, by mechanical process, after process of thought. Now, thought is the quickest thing we have, but the movements of air currents may be even quicker. Consequently there is in every aeroplane of the day some element of danger inevitable. This is due, according to the inventor under review, to the concentration of the air pressures. The device that distinguishes the new invention is the device which diffuses these air pressures, so that they no longer act on one spot. By diffusion over many points they are made innocuous, one neutralising the other, with the result of general safety to the machine.

The trial given to the model was declared to be satisfactory by those present at the Masonic Hall for the purpose. The inventor produced his own model, and a model of the well-known Farman biplane, which he maintained to be the most successful of all the machines at present in successful flight. That the model was in every respect correct many present were satisfied. The inventor mounted a ladder 18 feet high, and standing on the top rung launched the model one after the other into space, the fall being something over twenty feet. Both models behaved well, gliding to earth with considerable stability. But the inventor claimed that his model performed better in the air, and his claim was found good by a good many of those present; in fact, it seemed to be the general opinion that the newcomer was a more graceful and quite as sure performer. There is a keel to the car, and there are two planes, in tandem harnessed above the same with an arrangement of side wings and rudders for the diffusion of the air pressures. The machine will carry when complete, the inventor says, three passengers and much petrol. He hopes to win the £10,000 prize offered by the Commonwealth Government for the first aeroplane of Australia construction. He is therefore prepared, as soon as his syndicate finds the £1,500 he wants for the purpose, to go over to Australia for the work of construction to be done there. Finally he claims superior speed and lifting power as consequences of his device for diffusing the air pressures. Coming from the abstract to the concrete, he predicts that he will be able to cover the distance between any two of the great Australian capitals without a stop. The next thing we want to hear is the completion of the syndicate part of the programme.

Word comes from Auckland of another inventor with another aeroplane. Nor is this the only other New Zealander. We had Mr. Forrester some months ago with his aeroplane, which looked very promising, too. It was so constructed that the screw was able to act vertically for lifting her straight off her feet without any glide or run or sweep, as in all other aeroplanes, and after the lift to assume the horizontal position necessary for flight. The model performed well, but the syndicate wanted did not come up to expectations. The ingenuity was considerable, and the cost would have been very small, for the details were of the utmost possible simplicity. We will hear more of Mr. Forrester, who is a hard-headed, persevering Yorkshireman.

Spirits and Their Ways.

We have had spirits from the vasty deep. Rather we have had reasons why they did not come the last time of calling. On that occasion the seepies made a great hit against the medium Bailey, who seemed to know as much about the spirits as he did about anything else in the world, and enjoyed the special advantage of having been sent to gaol in a neighbouring State for fraud and false pretences in the matter of calling spirits from the other world. They brought out this fact during his seances while he was endeavouring to bring things from India's coral strand in the twinkling of an eye during an hour of artificial darkness. The proceedings led to much argument and challenge to a public trial. The argument never ended, the challenge never came off, and the medium retired to another country. The

local votaries, however, sent off to their friends elsewhere for corroborative ammunition for their battle. It had been said by Dr. Tudor Jones and others that the authorities depended on by the votaries were broken reeds. In particular, Lombrose and Dr. Hyslop were said to have broken down lamentably. Replies came in due course that neither had broken down, as believers in the various methods of calling up spirits. Thereupon the high priest of the cultus of spirits demanded of Dr. Tudor Jones that he should apologise for his nefarious and exploded statements. But the Doctor stood to his guns, quoting Dr. Hyslop as proving the impostures of Lombrose's medium and his grave doubts about the new science. It only proves what we all knew before, that when you call spirits from the vasty deep, and they won't come, that by no means ends their little affair. To the faithful nothing seems to matter, for the cult goes on living on puerile manifestations in spite of numerous exposures of rascality.

A New Process.

Professor Park has brought his suggestion for dumping wool in a vacuum to a practical stage, and soon we are to see here whether the dumping can be done in a vacuum chamber, just as sugar is boiled in the same. He claims that the process takes out all moisture and all air liable to heating without destroying the lustre of the wool, as the present system of dumping undoubtedly does. All of which being true, there is a fortune for the professor. There are two and a-half million bales of wool to dump every year in Australasia, half a million being in this Dominion. At a shilling a bale royalty there is enough to make the professor comfortable for life in his own country without going near those sceptical Australians at all.

Railway Employees.

The railway men, in conference, have not succeeded in knocking daylight into the question of arbitration v. classification, but in minor matters they have been brilliant. Substitution of punishment by marks for punishment by fines, betterment of the transfer system, employment of casuals, regulation of hours—all these they have talked with excellent meaning always, and sometimes with absolute fairness.

AUCKLAND.

The Famous Terraces.

A project that has been mooted more than once before is being seriously discussed again, namely, the possibility of recovering the famous terraces at Rotomahana. Guide Warbrick stoutly maintains that they were never destroyed, but simply buried, basing his belief on the fact that he has searched the whole of the ground in the neighbourhood of the lake, and never found a fragment of terrace formation. Since the eruption in June, 1886, Lake Rotomahana has filled up to nearly twenty times its original size, and is now more than 100 feet above its former level. There is no outlet, and it is still rising. Another 25 feet will cause it to overflow into its old channel, which would soon be secured out. The idea is to hasten this process by giving it a start by making a cut. The topmost layer of the terraces was originally 70 or 80 feet above water, and is therefore now submerged 20 to 30 feet. Above this is a deposit of mud, which, it is believed, could be shovelled or washed into the lake, with no great labour. If the terraces still exist, the lowering of the water, it is fondly hoped, will bring them to light again. On the other hand, one authority at least believes that, if not destroyed in the eruption, the steam confined below will, by this time, have converted the siliceous formation into pulp and destroyed the beautiful contours of these famous beauty spots. Believers in their existence contest this theory and contend that the formation is much too hard to be injured by steam.

The Malwa's Arrival.

One of the features of the week was the arrival of the P. and O. Company's magnificent ocean liner Malwa, which berthed at Queen-street wharf on Wednesday morning last. Hundreds of people welcomed the vessel while in port, and at 1 o'clock a public luncheon was given aboard the vessel to commemorate the Malwa's arrival in this port. The Hon. G. Fowlds and Dr. Findlay were present,

and the Attorney-General, in the course of an after-luncheon speech, said the occasion marked an epoch in the history of New Zealand. Captain Touque, master of the Malwa, expressed himself as highly delighted with the natural facilities and the safety of Auckland as a port, while Mr. Trilaway, general superintendent of the Company for Australasia, who paid his first visit to New Zealand on Wednesday, remarked that he considered the Auckland harbour quite as picturesque as Port Jackson. The Malwa left again for Sydney on Wednesday evening. Although only a day in Auckland, it is considered that the Malwa took away stores valued at £3000, in addition to coal.

WANGANUI.

Wreck Washed Ashore.

The Customs authorities at Wanganui were advised on Wednesday that the hull of a vessel with the afterpart broken away was seen on the beach, about a mile north of the Wanganui River. The police will visit the scene.

The wreckage found near Waingahu recently is reported by the police to be part of the schooner Uruoa, wrecked here 15 months ago.

Alleged Incendiarism.

As a sequel to the fire which destroyed the Rutland Hotel, at Wanganui, on the night of January 22, Martin Haynes and Joseph Davis, manager and proprietor of the jewellery and fancy goods shop in which the outbreak occurred, were charged, the former with setting fire to the shop in the Rutland Hotel building, and the latter with counselling Haynes to do so. The men were arrested consequent on a workman finding a quantity of jewellery and fancy goods and books, which were supposed to have been burned in the fire, near their rooms. The police ascertained that three parcels were shipped by Davis to Nelson on January 11, and inquiries made in Nelson revealed that the stock, said by Davis to be worth £300, and insured there by him for £200, had been found stored in a Nelson auction room.

Destruction of Bush.

The Wanganui Chamber of Commerce has decided to send a protest to the Minister in charge of the Tourist Department, against the destruction of bush and fern scenery on the banks of the Wanganui river. It was stated that Maoris and others were cutting down bush, and were not even sowing grass, allowing noxious weeds to spread.

SOUTH ISLAND.

Cosmic Impact.

Christchurch working men have formed a committee to assist in raising funds to send Professor Huxterton to England for further work in connection with his cosmic theories. The Committee has decided to urge the Government to give financial help.

A New Gaol.

On Wednesday, before a small gathering of representative people, the Prime Minister opened the new gaol at Invercargill, a fine structure, built by prison labour under the direction of Gaoler Hawkins. The building cost £8,050, and the site was taken by the Public Works Department for £1,250. The prison will be the first used in furtherance of the reform proposals of the Minister for Justice, and to that end has several notable features of construction. The sanitary arrangements particularly are noteworthy, and the gaol is on the one-man-one-cell principle.

Kitchener's Tour.

Lord Kitchener arrived at the Bluff on Thursday afternoon, and reached Dunedin on Thursday evening. On his journey he found assembled at every station large crowds of people, who cheered the Field-Marshal as he passed through. He was afforded a civic reception at the Dunedin railway station. On Friday he proceeded to examine the harbour defences, and reviewed the cadets. The latter ceremony was spoilt by crowds of people breaking through the enclosure and swarming over the review ground.

Reception to Mr. H. Brett.

BIG GATHERING AT THE CHORAL HALL— WELCOME BACK TO AUCKLAND

The Choral Hall was packed to the doors on Thursday night, on the occasion of the public reception tendered to Mr. Henry Brett on his return from the Imperial Press Conference in London. The gathering was presided over by the Mayor (Mr. C. D. Grey), and amongst those present were representatives of nearly every public body in Auckland, a large number of prominent business people, and a big attendance of the general public, totaling between 800 and 1000 people.

The Chairman prefaced his remarks by reading the following telegram from the Hon. Geo. Fowlds:—"As I am to leave for the South this afternoon, I regret that I am unable to be present at the welcome to Mr. Henry Brett, whose long-continued, generous public-spirited services to Auckland well merit the recognition of his fellow-citizens. Best wishes for a successful function.—G. Fowlds." Congratulatory telegrams were also read from Mr. George Fenwick, a fellow-delegate at the Imperial Press Conference, and from the directors of the New Zealand Press Association.

Mr. Grey then went on to say that there fell to his lot, as Mayor of the city, a most pleasurable duty—that of presenting to an ex-Mayor an address containing the appreciation of his fellow-citizens with the many acts of generosity which Mr. Henry Brett had performed. Before proceeding with this duty, however, he desired to preface the reading of the address with a few remarks. Mr. Brett had been a citizen of Auckland for a great many years, and they were glad to know that with the increasing prosperity of the city Mr. Brett had himself prospered, and had always been ready to use his position and means in promoting the welfare of his fellow-citizens in many ways. Mr. Brett was a retiring man. It was true he had occupied public positions, and worthily occupied them, but not the less did he prefer to shun the glare of publicity. It was, therefore, beyond the knowledge of anyone but himself how many acts of kindness, how many deeds of generosity he had done, but they knew that they were not few. The Choral Society, the Liedertafel, and the Orchestral Society all knew how very much they owed to Mr. Brett in being able to carry out the objects and aims of their several constitutions. Himself a musical man, he had never spared himself or his pocket when any opportunity arose when he could do something to further the cause of music in their midst. His gift of the Exhibition organ to the Choral Society, followed by his recent princely offer of an organ for the Town Hall, were proofs which could not be gainsaid of the truth of what he had referred to. He did not mention these things merely to praise him, for he was well aware Mr. Brett would rather be silent on these matters, but he referred to them in order that he might assure Mr. Brett that these gifts and actions did not pass altogether unnoticed, and that the citizens of Auckland were not unthankful to him for his many acts of kindness, whether to individuals or to the community. It was the feeling of wishing to show in some tangible form that feeling of gratitude and appreciation that had prompted this welcome home, and the presentation of an address, which would serve for many years to come to remind Mr. Brett that his fellow-citizens appreciated from the heart the good acts of a man, however much they may try to remain hidden. "I only wish I had the power to put into words the feelings that underlie the object of this gathering," concluded the Mayor, "and that everyone present desires to express to Mr. Brett, but if we are not able to give adequate utterance to them in words, I am sure Mr. Brett will none the less accept them in the spirit in which they are meant."

The Mayor then presented, amidst much applause, the illuminated address.

The Address.

The address is a splendid work of art. Beautifully bound, the cover contains Mr. Brett's monogram in gold. The address itself is the work of Mr. Chas. Palmer, and is remarkably well done. A musical scroll and a lyre are worked

on the top, and it is illustrated with views of the Harbour, Takapuna beach, Rangitoto, and the new Town Hall. The address has a handsome border, representing clematis, pohutukawa, roses, and violets. The wording of the address reads as follows:—"Henry Brett, Esq., Auckland.—Dear Sir,—At a representative public meeting convened by the Mayor of Auckland, a resolution was adopted, declaring that a public reception should be accorded you upon your return from the Imperial Press Conference, recently held in London. We feel that your long and prominent connection with the Press of New Zealand as journalist and newspaper proprietor, extending over a period of nearly 50 years, was worthily recognised in your selection as one of the Dominion's representatives at this great gathering of British journalists. But we think that apart from your distinguished association with the Press, your honourable and public-spirited career as a citizen demands a cordial welcome upon your return to resume your useful life amongst us. We recall the fact that in the early years of Auckland's municipal life you filled the office of Mayor of the city, and took an active part in the administration of various local governing bodies. In the sphere of music your influence and liberality have been especially conspicuous, and have assisted very materially in raising the standard of musical culture in the Dominion. Your work as President of the leading musical societies in Auckland, as donor of an organ to the Choral Society, and your efforts to secure for the society a permanent hall for the practice of music, will insure for your name a foremost place in the historical records of music in New Zealand. Your liberal gift of a great organ for the Auckland Town Hall is a crowning act of munificence, which will be a source of pleasure and an educative influence to multitudes of citizens in years to come. In recording our hearty appreciation of these eminent services to the city, we desire to express our pleasure in learning that your visit to Europe has proved beneficial to your health. We trust that you and Mrs. Brett will be long spared to enjoy the goodwill and esteem of your fellow-citizens, which you have so thoroughly deserved.—Signed on behalf of the citizens of Auckland, C. D. Grey (Mayor), H. W. Wilson (Town Clerk)."

The address also bears the City Council seal.

Speech by Mr. Mitchelson.

The Hon. E. Mitchelson expressed the pleasure it gave him to be present to assist in welcoming Mr. Henry Brett back to the land of his adoption. He had known Mr. Brett for a great many years—from the days when he was a boy, in fact. Referring to Mr. Brett's intention to give a grand organ to the new Town Hall, Mr. Mitchelson said it afforded him the very greatest pleasure to know that one of his oldest friends was making such a munificent bequest to the people of Auckland. He did not intend, however, to refer to Mr. Brett's association with music in Auckland—that he would leave to Mr. Upton. Mr. Brett was a man who had risen from the ranks. (Applause.) He was now amongst New Zealand's most esteemed citizens. It could honestly be said that no gentleman in Auckland had done more for his fellow-beings. Those who knew him were aware that his help was never refused to a just cause. No one had witnessed the growth of Auckland with greater pleasure than Mr. Brett. As a past editor and present proprietor of what was, perhaps, the finest newspaper in New Zealand, he had for many years been taking a very active part in the progress of Auckland City and district. It was really not so many years since New Zealand had been a dependency of New South Wales. It was hard to realise what remarkable progress the Dominion had made in the last 50 years, and there was no doubt that it was the most progressive of all the Australasian colonies. When Mr. Brett landed on Queen-street wharf on Wednesday morning, it was from one of the finest vessels afloat. The arrival of the Malwa had unquestionably marked an epoch in the history of New Zealand. Though the P.

and O. Company had only intimated its intention of making three trial trips, he believed that the service had come to stay. True, the population of New Zealand was not so great as that of Australia, but the population of New Zealand to-day was greater than the whole of the population of Australia was at the time when the P. and O. Company first started to run their steamers to the Commonwealth ports. In conclusion, Mr. Mitchelson said he was sure that their guest would appreciate the splendid attendance of those who had assembled to welcome him, and added that he hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Brett would be long spared to carry on the great work they had done, and were doing, in the interests of Auckland and New Zealand.

Mr. Upton on Early Musical Records.

Mr. J. H. Upton explained that he was replacing the chairman of the Auckland Chamber of Commerce (Mr. Bart Kent), who was unfortunately too ill to attend. It afforded him the greatest pleasure to participate in the welcome extended to Mr. Brett after his 12 months' absence abroad. No place could be more appropriate than the Choral Hall for the presentation of the address, since Mr. Brett had been closely identified with it from the time it was built, and even before that period. He had been one of a group of men who, when Auckland was only a town of 20,000 inhabitants, had made an endeavour to facilitate the progress of the city, and to improve the conditions under which its citizens lived. Referring to Mr. Brett's intimate association with the progress of music and musical societies in Auckland, the speaker mentioned the names of a number of the ladies and gentlemen who had been associated with Mr. Brett in the development which took place in musical circles 45 years ago. Prominent amongst these had been Judge Fenton, who, Mr. Upton laughingly asserted, filled the Native Land Court offices with clerks whose chief qualification at the time of their appointment was their knowledge of music. One such young man, whose cleverness on the violinello won him a clerical position in the Native Land Court, was the gentleman who afterwards became so widely known as a judge—the late Mr. Frank Edger. Reverting to old associations which the Choral Hall brought to mind, Mr. Upton said that the building owed its existence to an event rising out of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, in 1810. It was then found necessary to erect a ballroom at the rear of Government House, and this ballroom was subsequently transferred permanently by Mr. Fenton, of Auckland, to the Government, in exchange for the site on which the hall now stood, and which Sir George Bowen agreed should be dedicated as a Choral Hall site. Ever since then, year after year, the building in which they were assembled had been the scene of delightful musical gatherings. They owed much in this respect to their friend Mr. Brett. In the old days, he had always been "a stand-by for the bass solo," and there were many Aucklanders who remembered what a pleasure it was to listen to him. (Applause.) In every way he had been a pillar of strength in encouraging a love of good music, and in assisting the musical, choral and orchestral societies of the city. Auckland had been fortunate in having had visits from most of the prominent people of the musical world. In the earlier days these musical feasts were often provided as the result of Mr. Brett's inducement to artists of renown to visit Auckland. Many of those present would remember the exhibition held many years ago in the Metropolitan Grounds. One of the most prominent objects shown at that exhibition was the large organ in the Choral Hall, exhibited by an Auckland manufacturer. That organ was purchased by Mr. Brett, in order that it might remain where it was, and afford pleasure and delight to the people of Auckland. They now knew that before Mr. Brett left on his recent trip to England he made up his mind to give to the citizens of this city a grand organ, to be placed in the new Town Hall. He (Mr. Upton) did not know what that instrument was to cost, but he thanked Mr. Brett for the handsome gift he was making in order to further the happiness of the people of this city. Mr. Upton went on to say that he did not know that there was any association between cricket and music, but it was rather a noteworthy fact that both Mr. Fenton and Mr. Brett, who had had so much to do with music, had also been keenly interested in cricket. The securing of the present cricket ground on the Domain was largely due to the efforts of Mr. Fenton, while he (the speaker) had learnt only the

other day that when the Auckland cricketers had expressed their desire to secure the services of an English cricket coach, it had been largely due to Mr. Brett's generosity that such a thing had been made possible. There were innumerable instances of Mr. Brett's generosity and great services in the interests of the city, and he would be classed amongst Auckland's benefactors, with the Mackelvie, the Costleys, the Greys, the Knoxes and the Campbells. (Applause.) Mr. Upton, in referring briefly to the rewards for public services, said that when the King, through his representatives, asked who in his over-sea dominions merited special honour, it was almost invariably the case for politicians and heads of governments to name themselves as most deserving of such recognition. (Laughter.) Not so with the people of the country itself. They chose their best men to pay honour to. So much they realised in doing honour to Mr. Brett, and he was sure he echoed the feeling of all present when he wished him a long life, and asked him to accept their tribute of respect and esteem. (Loud applause.)

The Hon. E. Mitchelson then read, on behalf of the Orchestral Society, a letter of welcome to Mr. Brett on his return, and a request that he would accept a life-presidency in the Society. Mr. Mitchelson concluded by referring to the fact that Mr. Brett had, at the time of the Christchurch Exhibition, taken the whole of the members of the Orchestral Society to Christchurch at his own expense. (Applause.)

Mr. Brett in Reply.

Mr. Brett, on rising to respond, was received with loud applause. He said he thought those present would understand how deeply moved he was by the very kind reception they had accorded him. It was quite unexpected, but he should be ungrateful, indeed, if he did not appreciate the spirit that had prompted this large gathering of fellow-citizens. Forty-eight years had elapsed since he first arrived in Auckland. It was a small town then, and one soon became familiar with the people who thronged its streets. To-day one moved along crowded thoroughfares, a comparative stranger, and the feeling sometimes arose that many of the old friends had passed away, and that their places remained unfilled. It was gratifying, therefore, to receive such a welcome as this from friends old and new upon returning after nearly a year's absence from home. (Applause.) He noticed in the audience two or three old and dear friends. Words failed to express how gladly he returned to New Zealand. His thoughts had turned longingly to this dear land of ours wherever he had wandered. There was no place like it; and here, where the days of his youth were spent, he was content to live on till the end, doing whatever lay in his power for the advancement of the city. (Applause.) The reference in the address with which he had been presented, to the part he formerly took in municipal affairs revived half-forgotten memories. It was about 1870 that he had first taken his position in public life with such well-known men as J. M. Dargaville, Colonel Nation and others on the Farnell Road Board. He then accepted appointments on the Harbour Board and other well-known public bodies. In 1878-79, more than thirty years since, he held the office of Mayor, and when he contrasted the Auckland of that day, with the fine city which spread out before him as a lovely panorama, viewed from the Malwa on Wednesday, he could but marvel, and wonder what the future of the city would be. One felt a pardonable pride in having done something towards laying the foundation. He remembered the struggle they had during his term of office as Mayor to prevent the erection of wooden shanties on the land reclaimed by the Harbour Board on the city front, between the Waiterata Hotel and the new Ferry Buildings. It was proposed to lease the sections for a term of 99 years, and to permit the construction of wooden shops and shanties on that area. Work had actually begun when he hurried away to Wellington, and laid the position before Sir George Grey. It took that statesman about two minutes to realise the position, and within 24 hours that area was gazetted within the city boundary. "When I look at the splendid big buildings which now stand in that locality, and think of what might have been for 99 years, I can only marvel at it," said Mr. Brett amidst applause.

Mr. Brett then went on to say that

when he first entered the Council, about 1873, the people of Auckland relied entirely for their water supply upon tanks and shallow wells, and one of the most important works carried out was the introduction of a supply from the Western Springs, which served Auckland well for so many years. As Mayor, he had the satisfaction of seeing this excellent service brought to the door of every householder. The great supply was also a matter demanding attention. The old slaughter-house at Newmarket had become a pestilential nuisance, and one of the first ceremonies he attended in his Mayoral capacity was the opening of the new abattoirs at Arch Hill, which had lately given way to the more commodious premises rendered necessary by the growth of the city. The city was only partially surveyed, and property-owners were put to a good deal of trouble through the want of permanent levels. The fixing of these, the substitution of asphalt for the old scoria ash pavements, and the establishment of the salt water baths in Customs-street West were the chief improvements effected during his term. He recalled a battle royal over the transfer of the Grammar School from an old stone building on the site of the present police offices, in the Albert Park, to more commodious premises, preparatory to the erection of the present school. Monetary resources in those days were small, but it was pleasant to see that so much of what they were able to do remained, and had stood the test of time. (Applause.)

Association with Music.

Coming to the references to music in the address, Mr. Brett went on to say that his association with lovers of music in Auckland had been a perennial source of delight. Mr. Mitchelson had alluded to the visit paid by the Orchestral Society to the Christchurch Exhibition. He believed the members had a very jolly time on the occasion of that visit. Auckland had shown what its representatives could do in football and cricket, and it occurred to him that they were equally able to hold their own in the cultured arts. The result of the visit to Christchurch had justified that confidence.

"We hear a good deal about the jealousy of musicians," continued Mr. Brett, "but nowhere do I feel so much at home as in the midst of the members of these societies, and nothing could have given me greater pleasure than their presence here to-night, for which I thank the members from the bottom of my heart. Music in Auckland has never lacked ardent devotees. This building to me is peopled with the shadows of men and women whose enthusiasm and talent called it into being, and filled it with harmony. Prominent among them stands the first president of our Choral Society, Judge Fenton, and Mr. Joseph Brown, our first conductor. Their names should be ever held in reverence by Auckland musicians. Their work has lasted until our day, and if it now be outgrown, and the city calls for musical performances on a more magnificent—I will not say a purer or more excellent—scale, we must place it to their credit that they developed a spirit which has inspired our efforts." (Applause.) Mr. Brett went on to say that he was reminded some time ago by an old friend of a conversation they had had more than twenty years ago in a North Auckland settlement. They

were speaking of ideals and ambitions, at a time when the prospects of realisation seemed very far off, and he (Mr. Brett) said then that one of the strongest wishes he had was that some day he might be in a position to give an organ to the City of Auckland. That wish had at last been realised, and their kind allusion to the gift assured him that they shared his own faith in this noble instrument as an educative power that touches the heart of man and stirs within lofty thoughts and emotions. The work of construction was in the hands of eminent builders, and he felt sure that they will turn out an organ that will reflect credit upon themselves, and be an acquisition to the city. He had been assured by Mr. Lenare that the organ would be the most up-to-date of any in the Australasian colonies.

Annual Musical Festivals.

It was, Mr. Brett stated, his original intention that the organ should have been given to the people of Auckland after his death—then he should possibly have avoided the meeting he was addressing. When it was decided, however, to build a new Town Hall for the city of Auckland, he remembered how essential it was that proper accommodation should be made for an instrument of such large dimensions as a grand organ. The Wellington organ, for instance, was not procured until after the Town Hall was built, and it was lost as far as ornamental effect went. In the case of the Auckland Town Hall, however, the Mayor and City Councillors had agreed to provide ample room for the organ, and the result would be that it would look to be almost twice the size of the Wellington instrument. The authorities were also to be commended on the fact that provision would be made for as many as 300 or 400 voices in the choir, and 200 to 250 in the orchestra.

Mr. Brett then proceeded to express the hope that the day was not far distant when great annual musical festivals would be held in Auckland. (Applause.) Now that the Main Trunk line was completed, it should be possible to hold such festivals, perhaps alternately between Auckland and Wellington. Festivals similar to those held in Birmingham and other cities he had visited could, he was sure, be successfully held once a year in New Zealand, and he trusted it would not be long before this hope was realised. (Applause.)

Music and Cricket.

Mr. Upton had alluded in kindly terms to a little matter connected with the promotion of cricket which, from the personal point of view, was scarcely worth mentioning. But as the subject had been referred to, he wished to say that nothing delighted him more on arrival on Wednesday than the news of the success achieved by our cricket team. It showed the value of efficient coaching in sport, as in other things. Constant practice, wisely directed, was the high-road to success. All branches of outdoor sports, and especially rifle-shooting, which combined with sport preparation for national service, had always enlisted his most ardent sympathy. It was sometimes said that sport formed too prominent a feature of colonial life; and as regards racing this was undoubtedly true. (Applause.) But healthful, wholesome recreation like cricket could never be overdone. It contributed to the rearing of worthy sons, sound in body and

mind, to direct the destinies of a young nation.

In conclusion, on behalf of Mrs. Brett as well as himself, he thanked them for the personal good wishes which had been offered in such cordial terms. "I would that I could well express the thoughts that in me rise," added Mr. Brett, "but my heart is too full for utterance. I can only say that the goodwill of the people among whom I have lived so long is more precious than any worldly success, and that this address will be treasured by me during life, and handed on as a valued legacy to my children when I pass away." (Loud applause.)

During the evening a delightful musical programme was rendered by the Orchestral, Liedertafel, and Choral Societies.

The function was concluded with the National Anthem, and three cheers for Mr. Brett.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Bishop Lenihan went South by the *Rarawa* last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hall, of Christchurch, are staying at the Star Hotel.

Mr. E. R. Dymock, of Wellington, is staying at the Grand Hotel.

The Rev. P. T. Williams was elected Warden of St. John's College last week.

Messrs. Buick and Fisher, M.P.'s, arrived by the Main Trunk train on Friday.

The Anglican Bishop of Wellington, Dr. Wallis, arrived in Auckland from the South last week.

Mr. G. W. S. Patterson, of Auckland, has been elected a member of the Royal Geographical Society.

Mr. W. Pryor, secretary to the New Zealand Employers' Association, is in Rotorua on a holiday visit.

A Press Association cable from London announces that Mr. A. Walter, of the "Times," is critically ill.

After two years spent in the study of art in Europe, Miss Vera Jacobsen has returned to Auckland.

LONDON, January 14.

The two new Congregational ministers recently appointed here for service in the Auckland district leave by the *Rimitaka* on January 20th, and are due on March 8th in Wellington, where they will be the guests of Mr. A. M. Lewis. They are the Rev. Wm. Tanner, who is to be the first minister of the new church at Waipu, and the Rev. Ernest A. Bridger, who goes to the Mt. Roskill group of churches. Ordination services have now been held in connection with both appointments. Mr. Tanner's was held a few nights ago in the Ebenezer Church, one of the strongest Welsh Congregational Churches in Swansea. Such a service had not been held in that church for over fifty-five years. At the last occasion the Rev. Dr. Griffith John, the veteran missionary to China, was set apart for work abroad, and his name is still on the roll of communicants, of whom he is one of the oldest. Mr. Tanner, whose name stands at the other end of the roll, is one of the youngest, although he has been associated with the Church for some five years. Despite the fact that six election meetings were in progress in Swansea that evening—and nowhere in Wales is the strife keener than in that town—there was a very large attendance at the Ordination Service. The Rev. Glynn Jones, pastor of the church, presided, the Rev. Principal Jackson delivered the charge, and the sphere of labour which Mr. Tanner was about to enter was described by Dr. Burford Hooke, secretary of the Colonial Missionary Society. Mr. Bridger was ordained at Guildford, under the presidency of the Rev. Richard J. Wells, secretary to the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and having known Mr. Bridger from boyhood, he was able to bear fine testimony to his character and work. Mr. Bridger has been engaged for the past six months at a church at Guildford, and the attendance at the church has just doubled during that time. His departure is genuinely regretted by the congregation. In both cases presentations have been made to the young ministers, and on Tuesday of this week,

SUDDEN DEATH OF BISHOP LENIHAN

Tuesday, February 22.

Just as the "Graphic" was going to press, news arrived that Bishop Lenihan was found dead in his bed at Whangarei this morning, having expired in his sleep, presumably from heart disease. On going to call him this morning, Father Patterson found the Bishop lying in a natural position, but quite cold. Dr. Good, on examination, was of opinion that death had ensued shortly after retiring to rest. His Lordship did not feel well on Sunday, but seemed to recover, attending Confirmation service at Mangakarama yesterday, receiving a presentation from the parishioners yesterday evening. Preparations are being made to remove the remains to Auckland by the *Ngapuhi* at 5 p.m. to-day, when business places will close as a mark of respect. An inquest will not be necessary, as Dr. Darby has given a certificate that death was due to heart disease.

The sad tidings have caused a profound sensation all over New Zealand, but especially in Auckland, and his own bishopric, as the news was entirely unexpected, and the deceased prelate universally respected and beloved, not only amongst Catholics, but amongst all who were brought into contact with him, and in all classes of life.

King's College, Auckland.

Boarding & Day School for Boys

The College, which is built in the highest part of Remuera, is an ideal spot for a BOARDING SCHOOL. The grounds are ten acres in extent, and laid out in playing fields, lawns and shrubberies. Boarders have the use of a good SCHOOL LIBRARY, GYMNASIUM, Dark Room for Photography, Carpenter's Shop. Their comfort and well-being is made the first consideration in the house. TELEPHONE 908.

Visitor: REV. WM. BRATTY, M.A. (Vicar of St. Mark's).
Headmaster: C. T. MAJOR, M.A., B.Sc., Senior Mathematical Scholar N.Z.
VISITING MASTERS for PIANO, VIOLIN SINGING, etc.

Assistant Masters:
Upper School—F. STUCKEY, M.A., J. U. COLLYNS, B.A., H. T. RYVALL, M.A., H. B. WALLACE, M.A.
Lower School—R. H. BAYLY (C. Certif.), J. E. FAGAN, B.A., E. MOUSLEY (C. Certif.), W. F. BALHAM (Univ. of N.Z.), T. M. WILKES (Univ. of N.Z.)

The Curriculum includes all the subjects required for the UNIVERSITY AND CIVIL SERVICE Examinations. There is, in connection with the College, a well-equipped Science Laboratory. All boys, unless specially exempted, are required to play Cricket and Football, and to enter for Gymnastic and School Sports. The Religious Instruction is under the direction of the Visitor.

Prospectus from Messrs. Upton & Co., or from the Headmaster.

Sports and Pastimes.

WITH SAIL and MOTOR

NEWS FROM THE WATER

(Special to "Graphic.")

FUTURE.

February 25—Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron's Cruising Race.
 March 12—Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron's Class and Power Boat Races.
 March 12—Devonport Yacht Club's General Handicap and Power Boat Race.
 March 17—Ngāruawāhia Regatta.

THE weather was once more favourable for the week-end cruise on Saturday and Sunday last, and there were a large number of sailing and power boats afloat visiting the usual haunts in and around the Gulf.

Perhaps one of the prettiest sights that I have ever seen in the Waitemata was the lower end of the harbour on Saturday afternoon last. Just as the race for the Devonport Yacht Club was starting (in which there were 11 yachts competing), the fleet of the North Shore Yacht Club were wending their way down to Kohimarama, and the Victoria Cruising Club's boats were off on a cruising race, whilst the power boats were fitting all over the harbour, making a scene that any yachtsman would be proud of.

That some of our young yachtsmen want to go to "school," as I have before mentioned in my notes, was once more strongly in evidence last Saturday, when some of the crews of the boats engaged in racing would have been much the better of a few lessons in how to put on sail and in getting the best out of what sail they could carry.

The Motor Boats.

There was a large fleet of power boats afloat on Saturday and Sunday last, and as the weather was fairly fine, with not too much sea on, the outing was a pleasant one.

The power boat Zephyr, belonging to Messrs. Bailey and Lowe, has been sold.

Power Boat Race.

The Devonport Yacht Club held a power boat race on Saturday afternoon over the following course:—From the Cable Jetty, Devonport, round the Sandspit buoy; thence round Squadron buoy; thence round Calliope Dock buoy, finishing at the starting line; twice round. Entries and handicaps: Shadow sc, Buffalo Bill 7m, Winsome 8m, Zephyr 8m, Alice 12m, Nautilus 12½m, Halmox 23m. The times of starting were as follows:—Halmox 3 p.m., Alice 3.11 p.m., Zephyr 3.15 p.m., Buffalo Bill 3.16 p.m., Shadow 3.23 p.m. Winsome and Nautilus did not start.

The times on the first round were: Halmox 3h 36m 10s, Alice 3h 40m 29s, Buffalo Bill 3h 43m 5s, Zephyr 3h 43m 22s, Shadow 3h 45m 53s.

The finishing times were: Shadow 4h 8m 50s, Buffalo Bill 4h 9m 41s, Alice 4h 10m 15s, Zephyr 4h 11m 55s, Halmox 4h 12m. Shadow was.

The large oil yacht Karori is away cruising amongst the islands in the gulf.

The tenth champion race of the Manukau Yacht Club was sailed off last Saturday afternoon, the result being that Anahera (the present holder of the cup) was again victorious, with Heather second, Manoka third, and Edith fourth.

North Shore Yacht Club.

The members of the North Shore Yacht Club held their annual picnic at Kohimarama on Saturday afternoon. There was a large attendance of members and their friends, and as the weather was beautifully fine a most enjoyable time was spent. There were quite a fleet of yachts anchored off the bay, which lent an additional interest in the event. During the afternoon a series of sports was held, at which Mr W. A. Wilkinson was starter and handicapper and Mr A. Braund judge. The following are the results:—

Yachts' Dinghy Race, open.—F. Shaw, 1; G. Emarali, 2; J. Gordon, 3. Ten started.
 Dinghy Race, paddled canoe fashion.

—F. and R. Shaw, 1; F. Parker and S. Weston, 2. Twelve started.

Tug-of-War (in dinghies).—A team of four dinghies, pulled by F. Parker, G. Emarali, F. Shaw, and T. Bone, 1.

Dinghy Race, members only.—G. Emarali.

Amphibious Race.—T. McGlashan. Twelve competed.

Devonport Yacht Club.

The Devonport Yacht Club held a cruising race for classes A and B on Saturday afternoon, also a harbour race for power boats. There was a very good breeze from the south-west blowing, enabling the yachts to carry all sail. There were ten entrants for the sailing race, nine of which started, and 7 for the power boat event, 5 of which started. H.M. cable steamer Iris was the flagship, and Messrs. W. E. Alexander and Bartlett were the officers of the day, and got the races away well to time. The following are the details:—

Class A.—Entries and handicaps: Waione sc, Kotiri 5m, Aorere 5m, Victory 6½m. The finishing times were: Waione 4h 20m 20s, Kotiri 4h 23m 30s, Aorere 4h 23m 15s, Victory 4h 24m 20s. On time allowance the result is:

| | |
|---------------|---|
| Victory | 1 |
| Aorere | 2 |
| Kotiri | 3 |

Class B.—Celox sc, Calypso 3½m.

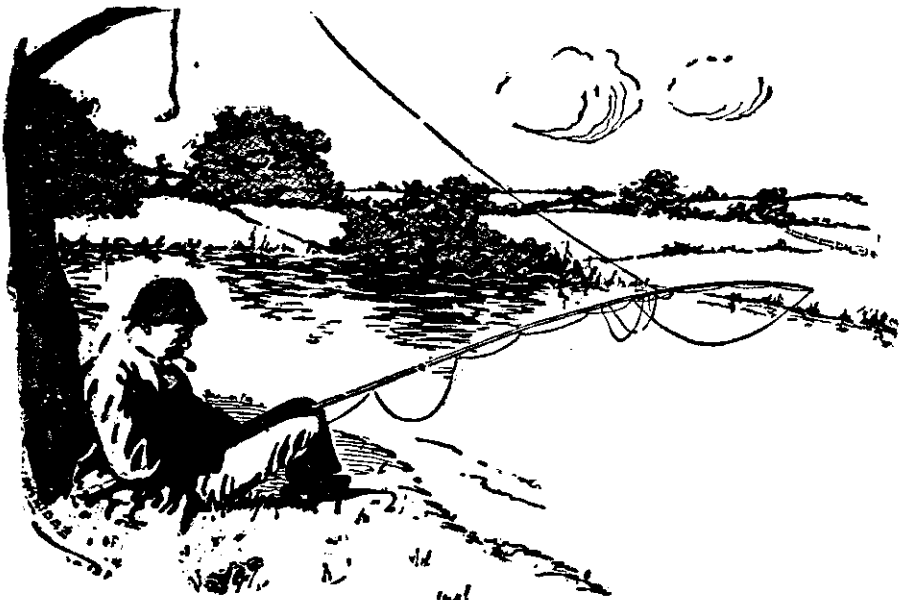
the river, for the water is gin clear, and not a fish is moving.

Flees of all patterns, shades and sizes have been offered, and offered in vain, artificial minnows of the most beautiful design and coloration, whose seductive livery of dark blue, gold and scarlet has already accounted for one victim—the angler in the tackle shop—have been spread before these unenterprising trout without exciting the slightest enthusiasm. Nay! a grasshopper, laboriously captured after an exciting hunt, and which one would have expected to be the me plus ultra of caviare at a piscatorial feast of Lucullus, has been disdainfully allowed to float unnoticed down the ripples, until much casting, combined with the action of the water, has detached it from the hook, and the stream has carried it away to seek an unhonoured and unsung resting-place. Is there anything in heaven above or in the earth beneath that will tempt these lordly trout? I fear me nay, unless it be the lowly worm which has often ere this beguiled the ringer of the pool to an ignominious end; but perish the base thought! In the words of the Surrey-side villain: "A time will come! Ha! Ha!"

The expected time is coming, but it is not yet, nor is there much prospect of the welcome pull, the bending rod and the thrill of a hooked fish until the shadows have lengthened, the sun sunk below the hill, and the hush of expectant nightfall overtaken the land; then it may be that a few quiet plops in the still reaches of the river will indicate that the long-looked-forward-to event of the angler's summer day, the

simple country pleasures which she spreads before us with no saggard hand. Here in this lovely valley we are far from the unwelcome works of man in the teeming city, there is no sound but the murmur of the stream as it dromes over its pebbly bed, the voice of the wind sighing in the grass, and its more sibilant note in the rustling leaves of the willows. Even the birds are hushed in the noonday sun, and the only indications of living creatures that strike upon the ear are the deep melodious note of a bumble bee, intermittently sipping nectar from the great magenta coloured head of a Scotch thistle, whilst from far away, modulated by distance, comes the low of an unseen cow. The sky, cloudless, save for a few ethereal morsels of ungathered cotton, is a deep blue at the zenith, and fades to turquoise at the spot where it meets the forest-clad mountains, far away in that ever-receding distance, which, travel we ever so far, we may never hope to reach.

The above reflections have been called forth by the weather at present prevalent in the Wellington district, for except occasionally in the evening with the fly, and through the night with the natural bullhead, little has been done on the local streams. The night fishing, however, on the Hutt, with the bully, has been good, and several trout of large size have been accounted for, the hour after dark and the hour before daylight being considered the best times. To be successful at night fishing requires great care, and methodical methods of procedure, for if anything goes wrong in the darkness it is not nearly so easily



TIRED FISHERMAN: "I'll give that—ah!—danged worm another half-hour, then I'll go home!"

Waterwitch 8m, Sybil 41m, Eulalie 5m, Aturere 12m, Iris 5m, Daisy 11½m. Course: From off Cable Jetty, Devonport, to Haroto Bay, Waibeke. The race was started at 2.45 p.m. The same time as class A. This was also a close race, the finishing times being: Calypso 4h 28m 55s, Celox 4h 27m 12s, Eulalie 4h 28m 30s, Daisy 4h 33m 20s, Aturere 4h 33m 50s, Iris 4h 34m 30s, Waterwitch 4h 39m 22s. On corrected times the result is:

| | |
|---------------|---|
| Eulalie | 1 |
| Daisy | 2 |
| Calypso | 3 |

WITH ROD AND TACKLE

BRIGHT DAYS AND DARK NIGHTS.

(Specially written for the "Weekly Graphic.")

(By MAJOR BOYD-WILSON.)

It is a glorious summer day on the Upper Hutt. For any other open-air pursuit the weather would be voted perfection, but as far as fishing is concerned, one might almost be forgiven for thinking there is not a trout in

evening rise, has come at length. And what an uncertain and oftentimes disappointing event is this much-talked-of evening rise. Frequently it comes not at all, in spite of the meteorological conditions being apparently all that can be desired.

On such evenings there is evidently something in the weather displeasing to the discriminating trout, which is not apparent to our grosser states, and remains still one of the unsolved problems of Nature. Whatever may be the unknown cause of trout refusing all surface food on one evening, and feeding ravenously on it the next, it affects all the fish of a river alike, for it is seldom that one or two individual trout will be found feeding whilst all their companions are fasting, and in a similar manner when the food is on all are apparently enjoying the feast, for the river at such times seems to boil with rising fish.

There is nothing for it but to wait for the food time, and to trust that the sport of the twilight hour will compensate for the time idly spent by the waterside—idly spent I grant, but I trow that the hours of sunshine, enjoyed while we wait for the pleasure of a creature uncertain in his tastes and unpunctual in his habits, are not wasted. At such times we are face to face with Nature, and free to enjoy, the

remedied as in the daytime. It behoves the angler who purposes spending the night by the riverside to make his preparations betimes. He should have his tackle all in order, and four or five traces ought to be available in case of accident or entanglement, so that a new trace may be at once put on in place of one which has got ravelled, the latter being put aside to be dealt with in daylight. The fisherman should be at the riverside at least an hour and a-half before it begins to get dark, and this time may be profitably employed in catching bullies, and reconnoitering and marking the position of any snags or obstructions in the pools which it is intended to fish. Bullheads and mangas can be easily caught by baiting a small hook with a tiny piece of worm, and throwing it into a shallow with a sandy bottom, near the margin of the stream, where these small fry most do congregate. The little fish will eagerly compete for the worm, and a gentle strike at the right moment will bring a fat, luscious bully dangling on the hook from his native element.

An Archer or a Crocodile Spinned forms a very handy tackle, which has the two-fold advantages of being easily baited and preserving the bait.

Another essential for the night angler is a small bicycle lantern, which is necessary to give light to see to per-

form the many little jobs which cannot be satisfactorily accomplished with any certainty in the dark. A moonless night is considered the best, and when day breaks, the angler will either be contemplating complacently one or more mighty fish, or else declaiming against the futility of night fishing, and vowing to have nothing further to do with such a vain pursuit.

SWIMMING.

N.Z. Championship Meeting.

The N.Z. swimming championship meeting commenced at the Auckland Graving Dock on Saturday. There was a fair attendance, and good competition for the various events. The principal events to be competed for were the 220yds, 880yds, and 220yds (breast stroke) championship; amongst the competitors were such well-known swimmers as R. Healy, Champion, Freyberg, Dodge, Manhire, Kernot, Wilson, C. Atkinson, W. Cookson, A. M. Russell, and others.

220YDS. CHAMPIONSHIP OF NEW ZEALAND.

First Heat. M. E. Champion (Auckland) 1, B. C. Freyberg (Wellington) 2, G. Seymour (Napier) 3. Murphy and Kernot did not compete. From a very even start, Champion was the first to show out, the others being close behind. For the whole length of the dock the competitors kept very well together. Champion was first to reach the end wall and turn, Freyberg being just behind him. In the return to the starting point Champion maintained his lead, and though Freyberg challenged, the Ponsonby man had no trouble in stalling the Wellingtonian off, and won by a good yard. Seymour was two yards away, third, and Bailey, of Christchurch, did not finish.

Second Heat. R. Healy (Wellington) 1, F. E. Dodge (Christchurch) 2, C. Wilson (Auckland) 3. Also started: J. Grant (Hawera), R. M. Bell (Ponsonby), C. D. Campbell (Wanganui).

From a good start, Bell was the first to show out. Turning at the distance, Wilson was the first man round. He continued to lead for some time, but in the concluding stages Healy and Dodge both challenged. Dodge shot out into the lead, approaching the last turn, but Healy, making a very good turn, put in a great finish, and beat him for first place by a yard, Wilson being close up third. Time, 2m. 45.2-5 secs.

The Final. M. E. Champion (Auckland) 1, R. Healy (Wellington) 2, B. C. Freyberg (Wellington) 3.

The final for the 220yds. championship was a great race, and resulted in a new record for New Zealand being put up. The men lined up in the following order:—Seymour, Dodge, Champion, Freyberg, Healy, and Wilson. All got away well, with the exception of Freyberg. At 50yds. the men were on even terms, but drawing up to the 100yds. mark Champion was slightly in the lead. The Auckland man was first to turn, and a fraction of a second later Healy and Freyberg were after him. Excitement was intense as Champion strengthened his position, and increased his lead to at least three-quarters of a yard. At 150yds. Healy was right out of his course, and swimming perilously close to Champion. Fortunately there was no accident, however, and Freyberg, putting in some good work, joined the issue. Within 20yds. of the home turn, Champion had Healy and Freyberg on either shoulder. The Auckland man was able to stall off the challenge, and making a splendid turn, wrested the New Zealand championship from Healy by a yard, in the record time of 2min. 44secs. Freyberg was half-a-length away, third, and Dodge was fourth.

Last year, when this event was contested in fresh water, at Timaru, Healy won in 2min. 44secs., and beat Champion by six yards.

BOYS' HANDICAP, UNDER 17. 50 Yards. First heat: H. Singe, 5s, 1; H. Goffie,

8s, 2. Time, 38s. Second heat: E. Boraard, 5s, 1; J. Stewart, 11s, 2. Time, 35s.

Final: E. Boraard 1, H. Singe 2. A good even race, the three placed men being very close together, with about three-quarters of a yard between first and second. Time, 33.2-5.

DIVING COMPETITION. G. P. Hama 1, M. Kronfeld 2. 220YDS BREAST-STROKE CHAMPIONSHIP. C. Atkinson (Opawa, Canterbury) 1, W. Cookson (East Christchurch) 2, W. B. Jarrold (Auckland) 3, F. Truscott (Opawa, Canterbury) 4.

Also started: A. M. Russell (Canterbury), W. R. Horton (Auckland). The position, when the competitors lined up, was as follows:—Truscott, Russell, Jerrom, Atkinson, Horton, and Cookson. From a good start, Atkinson was first to show out, and his position he steadily improved. At the end of the first 50yds he had a lead of three yards. At the 75yd mark he had increased it to five, and he rounded the 100yd turn six seconds ahead of the rest of those competing. Horton received a kick which disabled him at this stage, and he had to retire. When the 150yds mark was reached Atkinson had lost the rest of those in the race, and maintaining his pace, he won by 19 yards. Cookson beat Jerrom by three-quarters of a yard for second place, and Truscott was close up, fourth. Russell, last year's champion, was the last to finish. Atkinson, the winner, put up a world's record, by winning his race in 3.10.2-5. The standard time for the distance is 3.30. The previous world's record was held by P. Matson, of West Australia, who won it in 3.14. Last year's New Zealand champion was A. M. Russell, who won in 3.30. The winner of the championship to-day is only 17 years of age. The first four men get standard certificates.

NOVICE HANDICAP, 50yds. First heat: J. Johnston, 4s, 1; E. C. Griffin, 5s, 2. Time, 35s. Second heat: H. G. Somerville, 1; H. Mendost, 2. Time, 35s. Third heat: C. Little, 5s, 1; J. Stone, 4s, 2. Fourth heat: J. McQuillen, 5s, 1; W. Beard, 6s, 2. Time, 39s.

Final: J. McQuillen, 5secs. C. Little, 5secs. W. Beard, 6secs.

HALF-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP. R. Healy (Wellington) 1, F. E. Dodge (East Christchurch) 2, C. H. H. Rich (Canterbury) 3, C. Wilson (Auckland) 4. Other starters were M. E. Champion (Auckland), W. Manhire (Canterbury), J. G. Grant (Hawera), and B. C. Freyberg (Wellington).

From an even start, Champion and Healy were the first to show out. Swimming on even terms, they were together at the 100yds turn, and again at the 200yds. Both men swam beautifully, and at the 300yds mark, Champion seemed to have a very slight lead. Healy was the better man when it came to turning in the water, however, and they were again on even terms. After covering 400yds, there was nothing to choose between them, and they were out seven yards ahead of the others. Dodge was swimming in third position, and after him came Rich, Grant, Kernot, Wilson, and Manhire, in that order. When at the 475yds mark, Healy and Champion were still together, but without warning, the Auckland man was seen to stop suddenly, and Healy was left to win as he liked. Champion, who had been attacked by cramp, retired from the race. Healy by this time had a lead of fully 15 yards, and he had no difficulty in keeping up this lead for the remainder of the distance, winning in the end by 20yds. Dodge was ten yards ahead of Rich, and Wilson was a good yard away, fourth. The others finished together. The race was won by Healy in 12.41.3-5, which is four seconds better than the time in which he won the same race last year, and constitutes a New Zealand record. Both Healy and Dodge get lodges and certificates for having finished within standard time.

100YDS OPEN HANDICAP. First heat: L. Kerr-Taylor, 8s, 1; Time, 66s. Second heat: A. O'Hare, scr., L. Time 64s. Third heat: M. Murphy, 7s,

1. Time, 69s. Fourth heat: G. Harrison, 7s, 1. Time, 71s. Fifth heat: W. Derran, 7s, 1. Time, 72.1s. Sixth heat: W. T. Matthews, 5s, 1. Time, 71s.

Final: Kerr-Taylor 1, O'Hare 2, Murphy 3. A good race. Won by a yard. Time, 68s.

50YDS OPEN SCRATCH RACE. First heat: E. Marett (Auckland), 1, J. S. Emerson (Nelson), 2. Time, 27.1-5s. Second heat: L. Fristrom (Auckland), 1, G. Seymour (Hawke's Bay), 2. Time, 26.1-5s.

Final: E. Marett 1, J. S. Emmerson 2, Fristrom 3. A splendid race resulted in Marett winning by the narrowest of margins. Time, 27.1-5s.

CRICKET.

Australia v. Auckland.

The second match of the Australians' tour in New Zealand, against Auckland, resulted in a substantial victory for the visitors. Armstrong won the toss, and sent Auckland in, on a sticky wicket. The local men were all dismissed for 112 (Reif 51, Hadden 47, W. J. Whitty was the most deadly bowler, taking eight wickets for 27 runs. In their second attempt, Auckland again failed to make a stand, being dismissed for 115 runs (Anthony 21, Hadden 27 not out, Taylor 16). Australia's first innings realised 355 (Mays 138, Simpson 30, Armstrong 48, Kelleway 31, Wane 54). Australia thus won by an innings and 123 runs.

Christchurch.

The eighth round of first grade matches was commenced on Saturday. East Christchurch scored 178 against West Christchurch (100). The Linwood team made 68 and 58 for four wickets playing against St. Albans (72). Sydenham put together 373 for eight wickets (W. Hayes 112 and W. R. Patrick 201 not out) against Riccarton.

Dunedin.

Splendid weather prevailed for the cricket matches played at Dunedin on Saturday. Carisbrook B. playing against Carisbrook A, made 91 (Macartney 49) and 75 for 5 wickets (Macartney 31). The A team made 94 in the first innings (Adams 34). Dunedin made 222 against Graze (Rehbold 122 not out and White 42). Graze lost two wickets for 38. Albion compiled 138 against Opoho (Middleton 30), to which Opoho replied with 132 for three wickets. Kenny scored 39 not out and Higgins 38.

Thames.

The matches Hauraki A v Tararu B and Tararu A v Hauraki B were commenced on Saturday. In the former Tararu B made 44 in their first innings, Hauraki A putting up 79 for the loss of six wickets when play ceased. In the match Tararu A v Hauraki B the former have a lead of 69 on the first innings. In the second innings Hauraki have lost four wickets for 30.

Sports at Waihi.

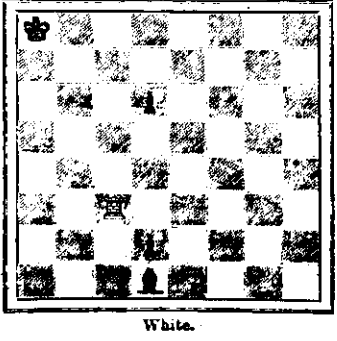
In the local cricket championships, Suburbs, in their first innings, scored 101. West lost four wickets for 30. In tennis, Waihi, 121, beat Karangahake, 62. The cycle road race was won by Robinson.

CHESS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail," Auckland.

Position No. 29.

End Game Study.



White.

White to play and draw. Notation:—K6k1p22R8p7f4. For solution to above study see end of chess notes.

Correspondence Game.

The following game was played in the "B.C.M." Correspondence Tourney—"Queen's Gambit Declined."

White, Mr. P. W. Sergeant. Black, Mr. F. D. Yates. 1. P-Q4 1. P-Q4 2. P-QB4 2. P-K3 3. Kt-QB3 3. Kt-KB3 4. B-K15 4. B-K2 5. P-K3 5. Castles 6. Kt-KB3 6. QKt-Q2 7. Q-B2 7. P-B4 (a) 8. R-Q 8. BPsP (b) 9. KtP 9. PpP 10. BpP 10. Q-R4 11. BxKt 11. KtB 12. Castles 12. B-Q2 13. P-QR3 (c) 13. QR-B 14. Q-Kt3 14. B-Q 15. B-K15 15. KR-Q (d) 16. BxB 16. RxB 17. KtP 17. BxPch 18. KxB (e) 18. Q-R4ch 19. K-Kt 19. Kt-Kt5 20. KR-K 20. R-K2 21. Kt-B4 21. Q-R7 ch 22. K-B 22. P-KKt4 23. Q-Q5 23. Kt-K4 24. Q-Q6 24. R (K2)-K 25. Kt (B4)-K2 25. R-B3 26. Q-Q5 26. Q-R4ch 27. Kt-Kt 27. P-Kt5 28. P-KKt3 28. Q-Kt3 (f) 29. R-Q4 29. Q-R3 30. Q-R (g) 30. R-KB 31. KR-Q 31. R-KKt3 32. R-QKt4 32. Q-B3 33. Kt-Q5 33. Resigns

(a) The text move is recommended by Schlechter. In a match game between Rubinstein and Teichmann last year, the latter continued 7... P-QKt3, which is not so good.

(b) Palmer v. E. G. Sergeant at Tarrasch's Wells, 1908, continued 8... P-QKt3, which seems no more satisfactory now than a move earlier. But the text move brings White's knight into a favourable position, from which it would hardly be wise to dislodge him by 9... P-K4, on account of the square then awaiting him at B-B5.

(c) P-QR3 was played chiefly with the intention of inducing Black to play QR-B before White's queen went to Kt-Kt3, so as to be able to BxB (after Q-Kt3) KtP, BxKt, BxB, QxPch, and wins. Black with his 14... B-Q3, stops this threat, because he could now answer 15 KtP by BxRxB.

(d) Relying still on BxR ch, Black discovers, when too late, that his sacrifice of a bishop only loses him a piece; while White's long contemplated KtP, when it comes off, finds Black unable to accept the loan of a knight.

(e) Black, not seeing the sufficiency of White's 20th move, probably thought that White must here play 18. K-R, whereon 18... Q-R4 would win at once.

(f) The game might have ended here; Black's strenuous efforts to obtain compensation for his piece having come to naught.

(g) To prevent P-KR4, which would have given Black the chance of a "dying kick."

Dreihundert Schachpartien.

(By Dr. Tarrasch.)

This work embodies—to quote Dr. Tarrasch's own description—three things. "Firstly, a collection of 300 games, for the most part finely played and interesting; secondly, the annotations have made it gradually a manual of chess, especially of the middle game, though one without system or order; thirdly, to all those who take an interest in me personally—and, strange to say, all chess players are not included in this category—it presents a review of my development as a player." The "British Chess Magazine" says: "Considered from either of these three aspects, the book must be pronounced a brilliant success." Dr. Tarrasch has crossed swords with all the most eminent chess duellists of the last fifty years. The details of these encounters, annotated with the leisurely, analytic, picturesque, and incisive pen of the "Praeceptor Germaniae," cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. They constitute a well of pure chess undefiled, accessible to all conversant with the German system of notation. The unsympathetic character of the book, considered as a manual of instruction, will enhance its attractiveness.

to most players, for, generally speaking, we are tasters of chess rather than students, preferring to take our instruction, if have it we must, with a maximum of pleasure and a minimum of effort. It is not for our own good, but for the other fellow's undoing, that we tolerate instruction at all. We need it because he may have it, and we want no whit more of it than is necessary to beat him every time. Most of us have an inner conviction we only require to be lightly armoured with it. If any stranger of the Dreadnought type, laden to the scuttles with the "Handbuch" and other foreign death-dealing contraptions, sail into our waters—well, we are not devoid of ingenuity; there are more combinations in the board than were ever played upon it. Even the "Handbuch" is not final. Anyway, it is a costly and top-heavy equipment. Fine as the game is, it isn't worth the scandal.

It is the third aspect of the book that will appeal most to the average chess player, for in sketching the development of his powers, Dr. Tarrasch presents us with some excellent vignettes of himself at various stages of his career. One does not need to be a devotee of chess to appreciate the human interest in the following excerpts, which we have taken the liberty of shortening here and there:—

I came into the world no ordinary being. To the horror of my parents I was afflicted with a club foot, which, however, proved no hindrance to my rapid progress. At the age of four I could read and write, and at six I read every book in my father's library that I could lay hands on, and not unintelligently, either. Even today I recall with pleasure how my teacher in the preparatory class raised his hands in astonishment when, on being told to read aloud, I did so easily and flowingly like an adult, instead of toilsomely spelling out each word like my school companions. I had less taste and talent for arithmetic, and even later, after I had grown up, I remember my mother used often to say in reproach that I could not count. In other branches, especially in ancient languages, I was nearly always first at school. Indeed, I became so accustomed to the position that it was accounted a reproach to me at home if I took a second place.

Chess first came within his purview at the age of sixteen, when he was "Obersekundaner"—an Upper Second boy. Here is the manner of it:

It is true that under the guidance of a friend I had made fantastic excursions on the chess board at an earlier age. But the real beginning of my chess career dates from the moment when a school comrade gave me the surprising information that chess, too, was a subject on which books had been written, and lent me "The Practical Chess Primer of Alphonse von Breda." This book opened a new world to me. The amazing beauty of our splendid game took hold of me irresistibly, and I immersed myself in its study with enthusiasm. "His progress was rapid." My enthusiasm spread to my school-fellows, and soon half the Upper Second was playing chess, and not badly, either. When, by practice, we had acquired some little skill, one fine day we made an excursion, five deep—singly we should not have dared to invade this sanctuary—into the confectioner's shop of Fischer and Busch, in the Königsplatz, at Breslau, where every afternoon chess was in strong evidence. We were looking on quietly and respectfully at some play in progress, when a gentleman in the circle of spectators invited me to a game. The excitement that stirred our young minds can readily be imagined. How could I come out of the ordeal—I, who was looked upon as the strongest player in the school! The excitement grew in intensity when my opponent opened the game with 1. Kt-QB3. We were all well acquainted with the amusing game in the "Chess Catechism of Portius," where the band conductor leads the Baron on to slippery ground by such disconcerting moves as 1. Kt-QB3; 2. Kt-KB3. Did my unknown opponent really think he could dispose of me in this off-hand manner? The presumption gained in probability when upon my reply of 1., P-K4, he developed his King's Knight. But his next few moves dissipated the illusion, and I saw that his opening proceeded from simplicity and not from cunning. I beat him easily several times in succession. The exultation in our circle was intense, and we became frequent visitors at the confectionery establishment. We soon found that in

chess, maturity is not a question of years; we were more than a match for the best player there.

But space prevents us from giving further extracts from the interesting narrative of his chess experiences at Breslau. He tells that at 1 p.m. the school was discharged, and "at two o'clock prompt I was at Fischer and Busch's deep in a game," where he remained till the evening, proceeding home to study chess books. Naturally, this devotion to a pastime alarmed his mother, who extracted a promise from him to forego chess till he had undergone his "Abiturienten" examination. He kept his word faithfully, and in 1880 passed his examination "more brilliantly than any pupil at the Gynasium for some decades." The illness of a girl friend, under whose fascination he had fallen, determined him to take up the profession of medicine, and in 1880, when eighteen years of age, he left Breslau to study at the University of Berlin.

(To be Continued.)

The English Champion.

Playing for Birmingham against Manchester, Mr. Atkins at top board lost to Mr. V. L. Wahlstuch—his first loss in club matches for 20 years.

Wellington Chess Club.

The Club is removed from Manners-street, and the members now meet at 9, King's Chambers, Willis-street.

South Wellington Chess Club.

The annual general meeting was held on Friday, the 11th inst., at the Club's room in the Newtown Public Library. Mr. B. B. Allen presided over a well-attended meeting. The retiring honorary secretary, Mr. G. H. Loney, submitted the fifth annual report and balance-sheet, which showed that the year (which ended on 31st December last) had been a very successful one.

The annual handicap tourney had been well contested, the first prize being ultimately won by Mr. B. B. Allen, Messrs. E. Hicks, and D. Purchas, finishing up a tie for second place. Mr. Hicks had represented the Club with credit at the Congress for the championship of New Zealand held in Auckland recently. Mr. W. H. P. Barber was elected president, and Rev. J. Walker, Rev. Jenkins, Dr. Kemp, J. P. Luke, M.P., and W. Armstrong, were elected vice-presidents; Mr. D. Purchas, hon. secretary.

The Club's 1910 programme is an attractive one; several new features are proposed, one of these being a match with Karaka Bay, which is able to muster about a dozen players at this time of the year.

Solution to Position No. 29.

- 1. R-R3, ch K-Kt2
- 2. R-Kt3, ch K-R3
- 3. R-Q3 B-B3, ch
- 4. K-R2 P-Q8-Q
- 5. R-xP, ch QxR, state mate

Other variations will also repay careful study.

BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

Messrs. H. E. Atkins, of Huddersfield, and J. H. Blake, of London, met at the Bradford Chess Club on the 3rd of January to play off the tie they had made at Scarborough for the championship. The match was the best of four games. Atkins won the first two and drew the third. There was no necessity to play the fourth.

In N.Z. Championships, one won game only, decides a tie. Would it not be a wiser plan to have it the best of four games, as above?—Chess Ed.

Add Our Illustrations

BILLIARDS.

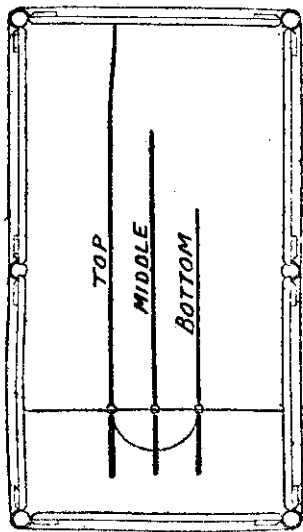
SPEEDING THE CUE-BALL.

(By H. W. Stevenson.)

There are other means of varying the pace of the cue-ball than by striking it at different strengths of stroke. It is no secret process, but just a changing of the common middle of the ball contact (or as near to that elusive little point

as the average player is able to get his cut-tip on to), above or below that mark. The one shot is known as "topping" the ball and increasing its pace, the other, "backing" or "dragging," and decreasing the pace. Both motions play a most prominent part in good billiards. They have their special ranges and uses. The better the player, the more he is able to dispense with these alterations of stroke and depend, by his nicety of touch, upon the central ball contacts to alter the force and run of his ball. But he, too, is bound to use the accelerating and retarding effects, especially if he is out of practice or out of form. The ball does for him what he cannot with any certainty do for himself.

If you and I were able—which, let me say at once, we are not—to strike a ball at one given strength, first, in the centre, next, nicely above this, and, again, at an equal distance below the centre-point, a marked difference would be noticed in its length of travel. Say you played a central or plain ball from the "D" up to the pyramid-spot (that midway mark between the centre-spot and the top cushion), with just space enough to reach there. A stroke above the centre, if you could strike the ball with exactly the same force, would carry it as far as the top cushion. But struck at its lowest strikable limit, that is, below the centre, provided the identical degree of power was put into the stroke as sent the ball to the pyramid spot and the top cushion respectively, by "plain ball" and "top" motions, it would stop as far short of the pyramid spot as the "topped" ball had exceeded that mark. This, I think, should be pretty clear. It applies to every sort of ball movement all over the table, the high striking increasing, the low striking decreasing, and the middle or plain ball striking acting as the happy medium between the two effects.



SPEEDING THE CUE-BALL.

It is in the "run-through" and every description of stroke where the cue-ball has to get up speed quickly, that the "topping" shot has its best uses. A ball struck above the centre will run further and faster than from any other contact of the cue-tip. It commences to revolve at the very moment it feels the tip against it. For this reason, there is nothing to be compared with the "topped" ball for following on after, and, as it were, "through" an object ball. Making more revolutions than if it were struck centrally, it gains the maximum of speed at the minimum expenditure of force. The "topped" ball is a headstrong, impulsive thing. It will cling to a cushion, or keep leaving and returning there in a wriggling, serpentine movement which has its especial province in the play. The curly masse arises from the same cause. But that stroke belongs to the higher flights of billiards, which we are not yet touching. There is really no limit to the eccentric revolutions that a "topped" ball may perform. (Just of all, however, to the average billiardist, is the fact of its increasing the pace and run of a ball in the more delicately played shots.

From the middle of the ball one expects power, true running, and general simplicity of detail. It is, indeed, the "plain ball"—the term which is given to

it in expert circles. And it is as good to know and appreciate as it is, theoretically, simple. In practice the average player will mostly do everything else but plant the cue-tip fully (as he should) upon the shimmering centre point of his ball. It is really not an easy thing to do, simple as the action would appear to be. The professionals vary in their styles of taking aim, some aiming direct, where they wish the cue tip to strike, and others aim at the very base of the ball, where it rests upon the cloth. These last hold to an old-fashioned theory that with the circle of ivory tapering away, as it does, to almost the pin's point that it rests upon, the centre is more easily found that aiming at the broad face of the ball. There is some truth in the contention, but what is gained in a central aim is lost in accuracy of stroke, for the cue head has to be brought upwards with the swing of the arm, an action that cannot, in the long run, compare in effectiveness with the direct aim and piston-rod swing of the cue.

A "topped" ball gathers speed instantaneously, or "gets into its running straight away" (as sprinters say), because it commences to revolve with the blow from the cue. It is just like a bicycle wheel: the nearer the driving power is to the top, the quicker and longer the turn over. A ball struck at the centre does not immediately start to revolve. It skids or slides a certain distance along the cloth, according to the force of the stroke. This sliding movement lasts only for a bare fraction of a second, but this makes all the difference to its after run. Not only that, for should the ball come in contact at all fully with an object ball during the sliding process, it can make no headway. Try a close run-through with a middle of the ball stroke, and notice how dead the cue-ball falls up against the object-ball. Then place the two balls the same distance apart, and strike the playing ball nicely and crisply above the centre. Mark the different effect now produced. Its quick revolutions carry it onwards and after the object-ball. The turning over and over reminds one almost of a screw boring its way in.

Striking the cue-ball below the centre produces a motion known as "drag." It imparts an under current that the ball does not easily shake off. Sent forward by the force of the cue, it is, nevertheless, trying to turn backwards by the reverse revolutions the under stroke intends to provide it with. Confused between the forward run it is making and the backward inclination given by the stroke, the ball does neither of these things in the first few feet of its career. It makes a comparatively extended skidding or sliding movement, which can, unlike the plain ball's preliminary skid, be seen with the eye. A slow ball with "drag" will skid or slide anything from a foot to two feet. But a fast "dragged" ball—say it is played from the "D"—will not begin to roll until it has passed the middle pocket line. All "screw," "stun," and simple "drag" shots have this same peculiarity. The three classes come within the general scope of below-the-centre striking, and each has its own particular uses, and demands upon the player. The plain "drag" shot, however, has the virtue of so decreasing the speed of a fairly strongly played ball, that it excels as a medium for long-range positions where the balls have to be moved as little as possible. It further enables the player, in some degree, to correct the deviations of an untrue ball, which only goes astray when it rolls at all slowly. Running fast, or skidding along, while the "drag" has got hold of it, the "crooked" ball must move in a fairly straight line from the cue. This is a hint which should not be overlooked.

As the alteration of the speed in strokes forms the essence of billiard-playing, these "topping," "middle ball," and "bottom" (the general term applied to "drag") striking will help the amateur a good deal if he experiments with them and gets the idea of the theory fairly planted in his head.

H. W. Stevenson

Joyes: "I tell you, Singleton, you don't know the joys and felicities of a contented married life, the happy flight of years, the long, restful calm of—"

Singleton: "How long have you been married?"

Joyes: "Just a month."

Music and Drama.

By BAYREITH.

BOOKINGS.

(Dates Subject to Alteration.)

AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S.
 February 21 to March 12—Carter the Magician.
 March 14 to 24—Harry Rickards' Company.
 March 26 (Easter Saturday) to April 16—Marlow Dramatic Company.
 April 18 to 22—Amy Casper.
 April 23 to May 14—J. C. Williamson.
 May 16 to 29—Allan Hamilton.
 May 30 to June 18—Meynell and Gunn.
 June 20 to July 6—J. C. Williamson.
 July 7 to 16—Meynell and Gunn.
 July 18 to 31—Hugh J. Ward.
 August 1 to 13—J. C. Williamson.
 September 1 to 3—Auckland Boxing Association.
 September 5 to 24—J. C. Williamson.
 September 26 to October 19—Allan Hamilton.
 October 20 to November 4—Fred Graham.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

In Season—Fuller's Pictures.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

In Season—Hayward's Pictures.

WELLINGTON—OPERA HOUSE.

Feb. 21 to Feb. 25—Black Family.
 Feb. 26 to March 5—Harry Rickards.
 March 26 to April 16—J. C. Williamson.
 April 18 to April 22—Clark and Meynell.
 April 23 to May 14—J. C. Williamson.
 May 16 to June 3—J. C. Williamson.
 June 4 to June 18—Allan Hamilton.
 July 4 to July 22—Clark and Meynell.
 August 1 to August 13—Hugh J. Ward.
 Sept. 1 to Sept. 14—J. C. Williamson.
 Oct. 7 to Oct. 26—J. C. Williamson.
 Oct. 27 to November 5—Allan Hamilton.
 Nov. 12 to November 24—Fred H. Graham.
 December 24, six weeks' season—J. C. Williamson.

THEATRE ROYAL.

Vaudeville (permanent).

TOWN HALL.

March 17, 18, 19.—Besses o' th' Barn Band.
 Feb. 19 to 26—Fisk Jubilee Singers.

The Sorrowful Fate of the World's Librettists.

HERE are many strange anomalies in the history of opera; but perhaps the strangest of these is the sorrowful role played by the librettist. For the most part unremembered and obscure, his ranks have nevertheless been recruited from the master spirits of the world of letters. Of late we have seen Shaw set to music in "The Chocolate Soldier," by Oscar Strauss, king of the operetta, melodious and delightful, while Richard Strauss, namesake of the Austrian composer, has interpreted the text of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" with his brilliant cacophonies. But we learn to our surprise from Mr. Lewis M. Isaacs that among those who have attempted the difficult art of the librettist are such unlikely names as Voltaire, Goethe, Wieland, Addison and Fielding. Calzabigi, Rinuccini, Boito and Coppee, likewise poetical adepts, have given their best efforts to this, the most ungrateful of Muses. The successful librettists are few, a mere handful out of the harvest of three centuries. There seems to be something in the task that eludes pursuit. Goethe experimenting in every form of poetic art and almost always justifying his attempt, wrote several librettos that have been consigned to limbo. The same story of failure may be told of many almost equally gifted. Yet Mr. Isaacs goes on to tell in "The Forum," literary hacks of the lowest calibre have turned out successful librettos and some of the composers themselves, without pretence to literary ability and actuated solely by musical considerations, have produced results of which the best of their collaborators might well have been proud.

The vast majority of opera-goers underestimate the importance of the libretto. The diminutive form of the word indicates that it was thus looked upon by the creators of opera. But there are too many instances of poor librettos wedded to beautiful music and carrying it down to oblivion to justify the supercilious attitude of the composer.

"How many people," the writer continues, "who have heard 'Trovatore' and are familiar with every note of it, ever heard of Cammarano, who wrote the libretto, or of F. M. Piave, who wrote 'Elgoletto,' and many others of the early

Verdi operas, or of Felice Romano, Bellini's collaborator in 'Norma' and 'La Sonnambula'?

Pugilists Pay v. Operatic Artists.

Comment, seasoned with wonder or satire, on the princely pay of favourite operatic artists or famous actors, is no longer legitimate, in view of the £20,000 and a greater sum that motion pictures will provide for two pugilists who will contest for the supremacy of white or black. And while these vigorous persons are waiting for the fray, they condescend to give mock exhibitions of "the many art" in the theatre at wages which make the pay envelopes of most real actors look like court-plaster receptacles.

A New Suffragette Play.

A one-act suffragette play, "Might is Right," introduced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, runs somewhat counter to the doings of this political party in that city. The Secret Suffrage Society kidnaps Montagu Bealchamp, a bachelor Prime Minister, and imprisons him in a house in the Adelphi. But the members of the Society, more or



"TIMES" CRITIC AND KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

Suggested headgear for musical critics in view of recent reprisals.

less charming in the play, treat him well. They dust the rooms, and feed their captive with solicitous care. The members even protect the Prime Minister from a suffragette who would harm him. The Prime Minister signs a promise to introduce a votes-for-women bill, in order that he may marry the president, and thus the play ends without dramatic complication. One of its amusing features is the appearance of the captive Prime Minister in a tea-gown lent by one of his captors in lieu of masculine negligee.

According to the foregoing, the new playlet is not nearly as funny as Mr. Shaw's "Press Cuttings," which was interdicted. It introduced Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Kitchener under barely veiled disguises. Mr. Asquith having to reach his office in the disguise of an infuriated suffragette, and discarding his attire on the stage.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys' Clever Speech.

The London O.P. Club is ten years old, and the other evening it celebrated its birthday. The speakers were A. E. W. Mason, novelist and member of Parliament, and Ellis Jeffreys. Mr. Mason said the censorship report was a compromise, and he did not see what else it could possibly have done. He had heard it stated that they were likely

to see the rise of a series of theatres given over to more or less licentious productions. That caused him no apprehension. In the music halls, where no censorship existed, the artistic and moral tone had improved in an extraordinary degree. Miss Ellis Jeffreys, responding to the toast of "The Drama," said that woman was the backbone of the drama. Her virtues and vagaries, principally the latter, formed the subject matter of the great majority of plays, and it was woman who filled the auditorium, man being a mere adjunct who had been peremptorily ordered to accompany her. The drama was, of course, "dead as a door-nail." It always had been. At one moment it was being killed by musical comedy, at another by the Censor, and again by the Budget. Every time the drama died, some one started building a couple of new theatres to perpetuate the sacred memory. Mr. Mason had shown himself inclined to bring politics on the stage, she said. The drama was woman's perquisite, and what did woman care about politics, except a few helpless ones who could not take nourishment without masculine assistance?

G.B.S.'s Plays in Germany.

Several of Bernard Shaw's plays have been well received in Germany. The tendency of his characters to talk rather than act, however, has at last stirred protest. Basing his remarks on the production in Berlin of "Major Barbara," the critic of the "Berliner Tageblatt" notes that Shaw's hero does not permit the fall of the curtain to give a period to one of his long speeches, and adds:—"Shaw has surely no objections if the pithiness of this character is explained as self-irony on the part of the author. For he has long since ceased to allow the curtain to dam his rhetoric. It oozes through beneath, forms itself into preludes, perorations and intermezzi, and nobody is any longer surprised if a comedy in three acts is preceded by an introduction of 80 printed pages. His heroes are developing a similar mania for talk more and more unobtrusively, and I am always in fear lest one of them should step across the footlights into the stalls and hand me a bulky manuscript, giving 'Explanations of My Part.'"

This is faintly malicious, but is decidedly funny, and as Shaw's most ardent admirers will admit, not without truth. It is moreover pungently put:

"The Fourth Estate"—A Realistic Play of American Newspaper Life.

The dramatic possibilities of the newspaper seem to allure our dramatists. In England, "Earth," a remarkable play of misgovernment by the Press has set the public and the critics alike talking by the boldness of its allusions. In New York, Joseph Medill Patterson, with the assistance of Harriet Ford, has achieved a pronounced success with his portrayal of judicial misrule righted by means of the fearless editorial muck-raker. "The Evening Sun" describes the play of the young American as "one of the season's real successes." "The Fourth Estate," claims a writer in the "Smart Set," "is the best newspaper play ever put on the stage."

Mr. Patterson depicts in his play the tribulations of a fearless young newspaper man, Wheeler Brand, who definitely sets himself against the tyranny of the counting room, only to be attacked by other influences infinitely more corrupting and subtle. The first act transpires in the room of McHenry, managing editor of "The Advance." McHenry, we gather, has printed a story written by Brand which reflects upon the integrity of Judge Bartelmy of the Supreme Court, and with surprising swiftness the forces of corruption come into play against the intrepid reporter, who is in love in fact, and engaged to the judge's daughter.

She visits the newspaper office and asks him to apologise for the article. Brand: Can't you see that I wasn't writing about your father, but about a United States judge who—

Judith: That's splitting hairs, Wheeler. (She moves away from him.)

Brand: Judith, please, please don't let's quarrel about this.

Judith: (Turning impulsively.) Oh, Wheeler, we were on the verge of it, weren't we? (His arms about her.) You're sorry, aren't you? And you will take back that article, won't you?

Brand: You mustn't ask me to do that. I can't.

Judith: You can't?
 Brand: No.
 Judith: Wheeler, I came here thinking only of my father, but I suddenly find myself facing a much more serious

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question, not what kind of a man he is, but what kind of a man you are.

Brand: Judith, if you only knew the truth, all of it, things I can't tell you, you'd be with me heart and soul in what I'm trying to do.

Judith: Against my father?

Brand: Yes, against him.

Judith: Oh, it's impossible. Can't you see that you're wrong?

Brand: I wish that I were.

Judith: You wouldn't do anything deliberately to hurt me, would you?

Brand: Whatever I've done or whatever I may do, I love you.

Judith: And you're more to me than my father; but, for my sake, you mustn't work against him. How could we ever be happy together if you did! You'll do this for me, Wheeler, just this! I want you to carry out your ideals and live up to your high purposes in every other way, but you must not attack him. Promise me that you'll never do it again, won't you promise me that, and you'll retract that article you had this morning, you'll do this for me, just this!

Brand: Judith, it's the truth, and, knowing that, would you have me retract it?

Judith: Yes.

"Arms and the Man."

That Bernard Shaw decidedly strikes the note of originality and get quite out of the beaten track in his treatment of his leading characters in "Arms and the Man," which is to follow "The Lion and the Mouse" at the Sydney Theatre Royal, goes without saying. His stalwart Captain Bluntschli is not at all in line with the military heroes we read about or make the acquaintance of across the footlights of a modern melodrama. Captain Bluntschli is called the chocolate soldier, from the fact that he starts out to mangle amid the horrors of the campaign with chocolates nestling away in the receptacles in which soldiers usually carry their revolvers. This Shaw hero, moreover, is inclined to take a very matter-of-fact view of things generally, and patriotic fervour in particular, and is so convinced in his own mind that his view is the right one that at last he succeeds in persuading Raina, the heroine of the story, who is also totally unlike the ordinary run of stage heroines, that he is really far more an object of admiration and regard than Sergius, the man to whom she has formerly lost her heart, and who is, after all, only one of the

word practically—and in brief they are "the best ever." Gentlemen of the management, it is as you say, I have no doubt upon the matter, but as you are strong, be merciful, do not insist on my sitting out these magnificent entertainments in order to prove to me—as one generous gentleman offered—that there is now no strain on the eyes—even in two hours of pictures. After ten minutes I admitted it, and will yet admit, so that I may go free. But I do want to know where all this picture business is going to end. If in Auckland they are able to occupy every single notable place of entertainment during a whole week or more, and further to keep two important theatres going month in and month out all the year round, ousting even vaudeville, and running full houses even when musical comedy is in opposition. When such is the case, is it not fitting that one should cry "Ichabod," for verily, indeed, the glory is departed, and what hope does there appear for drama which is dead, and for music which is sleeping. It is claimed that the pictures are educative, and if this applies to the travel and industries series, I suppose one must agree, but as the majority of the films are comic, or melodramatic, I venture to think that the effect of these last is of far greater effect, and that the balance swings on the less desirable side. The majority of comic slides are of the knock-out order. The more the victim of the "chase" picture gets cuffed, kicked, mauled about, and reduced to a wreck of humanity, the louder the yells of amusement, the more successful the film, and the bigger the house next evening. What is going to be the result of prolonged indulgence in this class of entertainment? What kind of appetite is encouraged to grow on that it feeds on in the screamings over rollings in the gutter, peltings with fish and vegetables, and the wholesale breakages of glass and china, which form the background, foreground, and middle distance of eight out of ten moving pictures exhibited to-day. If moving pictures—with occasional musical comedy—is soon to be the sole fare of New Zealanders, and there seems real danger of it, what will the word "theatre-goer" come to mean in a year or two's time. In promising one an introduction to a friend, some years back, he was spoken of as an old theatre-goer, one promised oneself an agreeable exchange of reminiscence and opinion. But in the future! What?—

No more shall we discuss plays and praise players. No longer will wivea complain that "the plays the thing" which keeps the pipes going and conversation humming in the smoking room well into the small hours. Who could discuss films, whom endeavour to arouse enthusiasm by recalling an absence of flicker? What then does the future hold? Echo—at present—answers a dreary, weary what?

Stray Notes.

In the next piece at the Sydney Palace, "Vivian's Paps," Miss Celia Ghiloni will have some straightforward singing. Miss Ghiloni hasn't let herself go as a singer since she left the Williamson Comic Opera Co.

There were produced in London and district on Boxing-night no fewer than twenty-eight pantomimes and children's plays, as compared with twenty-six in 1908, and twenty-three in 1907, while the number of dramas, comedies, musical plays, and variety performances is larger than on any previous Boxing Day.

Carter in Auckland.

The Carter season in Auckland opened most auspiciously on Monday, and the magician bids fair to repeat in the northern capital the success achieved elsewhere. This is well deserved. Carter is neat, he has many new illusions, and his manipulation of those tricks oflegerdemain which are older friends, gives them an air of freshness which makes us forget we have enjoyed something similar before. He is quiet and effective, and his patter is amusing and in good taste. Moreover he has one or two exceedingly original novelties which will quite effectually close the mouth of the inevitable bore who usually "knows," and endeavours to explain how it done.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED, "Alone in London."

Brand: I can't. (Judith begins to take off ring. Brand stops her.) You don't mean to do that!

Judith: I most certainly do.

Brand: I won't let you mean it; I can't let you go without your ring. You may be Judge Bartelmy's daughter, but you are going to be my wife. You've worn my ring for a month, and you must wear it forever. (Judith takes off ring and throws it on table.)

Judith: I'll not wear it again until you come to your senses.

Brand: Judith!

Judith: Will you do what I ask?

Brand: I can't. (Judith goes out. McHenry re-enters.)

McHenry: Well, did you settle it?

Brand: Yes, sir.

Judith has hardly shaken the dust of the editorial rooms from her feet, when Dupuy, a corporation lawyer, compels an interview with the managing editor, and in the name of powerful advertising interests demands the removal of the dauntless young journalist. McHenry finds himself cornered, and asks for Brand's resignation. Here, fortunately, the new owner, Nolan, who has a long-standing grievance against the Judge, intervenes. He emphatically endorses Brand's attitude, and even places him in the chair of the managing editor. "From now on you sit here. You are managing editor now."

romantic unpractical defenders of his country. Mr. Julius Knight may be trusted to get the full value out of the part of Captain Bluntschli, and Miss Katherine Grey, in the part of Raina, will also have plenty of scope to show her ability as a versatile actress. "Waterloo," Conan Doyle's fine one-act play, is to be added to the evening's bill.

The Moving Picture Entertainment—What of the Future?

"Ichabod," "Ichabod," and yet again "Ichabod." The word is round and full flavoured, and rolls relievingly off the tongue in such a moment of stress as this, when, and under such a non-deplume, too, one is expected to discourse of music and the drama in a Dominion whose theatres and concert halls are entirely given over to moving pictures, a magician, a musical comedy company, and a couple (I think) of Vaudeville entertainments. Auckland had no other form of entertainment whatsoever last week. The All Path Picture people taking possession of His Majesty's with at least two other similar entertainments in opposition. To save argument—which is overheating this close weather—let everything be admitted that will be claimed for these modern entertainments. They are vastly improved from what they used to be, they are now practically sicknessless—there is much virtue in the

OUR IMPERIAL VISITOR.

HORATIO HERBERT KITCHENER was born in County Kerry on 24th June, 1850—Gunsborough House, situated three miles from Listowel, was the scene of his birth—and was baptised on the 22nd of September in Aghavallin Church by the Rev. Robert Sandes, who was then pastor of the parish of Ballylongford.

Although an Irishman himself—and very proud of it he is, too—Kitchener comes from English stock. His father, Lieutenant-Colonel H. H. Kitchener, belonged to Cossington, in Leicestershire. He served in India in an infantry regiment. When he retired he came to England, and there married an English wife, Miss Frances Chevallier, a daughter of the Rev. John Chevallier, of Suffolk. Eventually they settled in Ireland, where Kitchener was born. He is the second son of a family of five, four boys and one girl.

There are very few particulars of his early life. He was renowned for getting into scrapes—as most boys are—but he generally managed to escape the consequences—which most boys do not.

His old nurse—the old woman, it has been cynically said, whom he loves—could tell some interesting tales if she wished. No matter what others may call him, to her he is, and always will be, plain "Master Herbert," and "her boy."

In 1863 the boys were sent to Grand Clos, Villeneuve, and were placed under the care of the Rev. J. Bennett. In the following year their mother died. Kitchener then, after some further travel, came to London, and lived with the Rev. George Frost, and eventually passed up to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. After remaining there a few years the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and he offered his services to the French authorities. They were accepted, and he was drafted into the Second Army of Loire, under the command of General Chanzy. But in a little time he caught

pneumonia, and was obliged to return home, where, in 1871, he was given a lieutenancy in the Royal Engineers.

Four years later there was a vacancy open for surveying for the Palestine Exploration Fund. The position was offered to Kitchener, and was immediately accepted. At two different times, while surveying, he saved the life of the officer he was with. Once, some natives, seeing the various instruments the surveyors used, got the idea into their heads that Kitchener and his party were looking for gold; so one night, when everyone was asleep, they stole to the camp, and removed some little cairns the surveyors had built for measuring purposes. Kitchener, when he found the culprits, made them rebuild them exactly where they found them. He was not troubled with them any more.

In the war against Arabi, Kitchener served as a major of Egyptian cavalry. Although successful in returning the young Khedive to the throne, it was thought necessary to leave some troops in Egypt, until matters became quieter. Those numbered some 12,000 odd. But after a little while they were recalled, and Sir Evelyn Wood was sent out to reorganise the Egyptian army. Under him were Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor and Lieutenant Kitchener, R.E. The former was first in command, the latter second. The work at first was very difficult, and needed great forbearance and patience, but they stuck to it, and their efforts were eventually crowned with success. On January 4, while this work was in progress, Kitchener was promoted to captain.

At about this time the Mahdi, or False Prophet, at the head of bigoted Mohammedans and dissatisfied subjects of the Khedive, rose in rebellion. He was able helped and advised by Abdullahi, afterwards known as the Khalifa, a son of a priest, but a crafty, vain, ambitious, and selfish creature, who would do anything to further his own interests. The British Cabinet refused to send troops against him, and the Egyptian soldiers were

Our Illustrations.

powerless to check him. Thus encouraged, the Mahdi—probably advised by Abdullahi—determined to drive every foreigner out of the Soudan. Massacres were occurring everywhere he went, and victory after victory marked his footsteps. And still the British Cabinet did not stir. On November 5, 1883, at El Obeid, the Mahdi attacked a force of Egyptian soldiery under the leadership of Hicks Pasha, and completely annihilated them; the commander himself died fighting to the last. When the news of this massacre reached England there was a great outcry, and at last the Cabinet was forced to act. In January, 1884, they sent General Gordon to Khartoum "to look into matters." In the meantime, at El Teb, one of the Mahdi's Emirs, Osman Digna, with 1000 Arabs, had attacked and almost annihilated an Egyptian force of nearly 3000 men, under the command of Baker Pasha. In June, Berber, an Egyptian garrison, was taken by the Mahdi. This was a great loss to the British, for it had been the main connecting link between Cairo and Khartoum. In July Khartoum was surrounded.

Kitchener, hearing at this time that the Mahdi of Dongola was not disinclined to favour the Mahdi, disguised himself as an Arab, and visited him. So successful was he in this mission that before he left, the Mahdi swore loyalty to the Khedive. Kitchener also visited many of the desert villages, and by his dogged determination and perseverance induced a great many of the tribes to throw in their lot with the Khedive's defenders.

While at Dongola Kitchener heard the news that the British Cabinet had allowed an expedition, under Lord Wolseley, to proceed up the Nile to Khartoum to rescue Gordon.

In October of this year he was promoted to Major, and was appointed Deputy Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General on the Intelligence Staff. On reaching Korti in December he was ordered by Lord Wolseley to join the Desert Column under Sir Herbert Stewart, Sir Charles Wilson, and Sir Roberts Butler, which was to work across to Metemma by a short cut, which everyone hoped would bring them in touch with Khartoum. After four days' travelling they reached the Gaddi Wells. Nine days later Kitchener received orders to return to Korti. At this time the officers were in great hopes of relieving Khartoum, but in a few days news arrived which dispelled such thoughts, and killed all hopes of any kind whatever. It was the news of the fall of Khartoum, and the death of its noble defender, General Gordon. On February 5 the news reached England, and the feeling it caused there can be better imagined than described. The relief expedition was recalled immediately, and Khartoum, as well as the greater part of the Soudan, was in the hands of the Mahdi.

In June Kitchener was made Lieutenant-Colonel. A few months later the Mahdi died. After the fall of Khartoum he lived in Omdurman, making it his capital. Anyone looking at the map of the Soudan will see that it is nearly opposite Khartoum, on the other side of the Nile. There, for the remaining months of his life, the Mahdi lived a singular and sensual existence. Khalifa Abdullahi buried him, and then immediately stepped into his shoes.

In 1887 Kitchener, during a skirmish with the Dervishers commanded by Osman Digna, was struck in the face by a bullet, which buried itself in his neck. The wound was so serious that he was obliged to return to Cairo, and then eventually to England, where in 1888 he was gazetted colonel. After a little time Osman Digna became so menacing that the Sirdar, General Sir Francis Grenfell, decided to put a stop to the matter at once. Kitchener (now Adjutant-General) was given command of the 1st Brigade of Soudanese, and when the battle was fought on December 20, 1888, his brigade behaved so gallantly and with such coolness that the Sirdar afterwards admitted in his dispatches that the victory was mostly owing to Kitchener's well-trained brigade. The next year, at Toski, he again distinguished himself, and for his share in the victory that followed he was made Sirdar, or Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army.

In 1894, Abbas, the young Khedive, made some cruel and unjust remarks about the discipline of some Egyptian regiments that Kitchener had trained. Kitchener justly complained to the British Government, and threatened to resign. They sided with him immediately, and conferred upon him a

K.C.M.G. for his past services. The Khedive, realizing the great blunder he had made, issued a public apology.

In 1896, Osman Digna once more began to cause trouble. So in March of that year Sirdar Kitchener, at the command of the Dongola Expeditionary Force, set out to regain Dongola, which had fallen into the hands of the enemy. It was not until September 23 that the Sirdar made his victorious entry into Dongola, but not without serious loss, for cholera had been prevalent, and had carried off about 300 troops. Kitchener was then made major-general, and received two medals, as well as a K.C.B.

In the following year it was decided to win back Khartoum. First, Abu Harwad was taken, and then a month later, Berber, the main link between Cairo and Khartoum, was re-taken. In April, the great Atbara Fight was fought and won by Kitchener, and Mahmoud, one of the Khalifa's chief allies, was captured. Kitchener, when he reached Berber, made Mahmoud march before the whole army, preceded by a huge flag, on which was written in Arabic characters: "This is Mahmoud, who said he would take Berber."

After a very severe battle, Omdurman and Khartoum were re-taken, but, unfortunately, the Khalifa, with some of his followers, escaped to El Obeid. The Mahdi's body was taken from its tomb, and flung into the river, by Kitchener's orders. And so, after nearly 14 years, Khartoum was again in the hands of the British, and General Gordon's death avenged.

When Kitchener returned to London, he was received everywhere with enthusiasm and pomp. He was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum and of Aspell, and also received, with a grant of £30,000, the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath was conferred upon him, besides being made a freeman by the City of London, and receiving a degree of LL.D. from two universities.

In December, Kitchener returned to Cairo, with an added title of Governor-General of the Soudan, but in the August of the following year, while in Atbara, he received a summons to relinquish his duties in the Soudan, and proceed immediately to the Cape. The Boer War had commenced.

As everyone knows, during that war Lord Roberts of Kandahar—the hero of Indian and Afghan wars—was the supreme commander, and Lord Kitchener's name was bracketed with his, as chief of the staff. There was a story about this time in the "Outlook," a London paper, showing the great contrast between the natures of the two commanders. It is as follows:—"Before Lord Roberts left Capetown, he called into his office a certain colonel, and charged him with a certain mission. 'Now,' said the chief, 'how soon can you put this through?' 'I know you'll do the best you can,' 'Well,' said the colonel, 'I'll try to do it in a fortnight.' 'Well,' Lord Roberts replied, 'I know you'll do the best you can,' and with a pleasant smile he dismissed the officer. Outside the door he met Lord Kitchener. 'Well,' said Lord Kitchener, with business-like abruptness, 'Oh,' said the officer, 'I have just seen the chief, and he wants me to do so and so.' 'When are you going to get it through?' 'Well,' said the colonel, 'I promised to try and do it in a fortnight.' 'Now, colonel,' was Lord Kitchener's retort, 'if this is not done within a week, we shall have to see about sending you home!' And done it was!"

There is no necessity to go into the details of the Boer war, for it is known everywhere the manner in which Lord Roberts and Kitchener, and their generals and officers, magnanimously conducted a war, that was against them from the first, but which eventually ended in a complete victory for the English. The bravery of the troops in this war was splendid. Who will ever forget the time at Eland's River, where for eleven whole days over 400 Australians clung to their rocky post, defying 2500 Boers, who vainly tried to batter them into submission with rifle fire and artillery, until at last, on August 16, Lord Kitchener came to their rescue, and the situation was saved.

Everyone knows the invaluable work which Kitchener did between 1892-9 as organizer and Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army. His latest post is that of High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean, with headquarters at Malta.

Lord Kitchener is a reserved man, and a good listener—even more so than a

talker—but is ever ready to advance his opinion when called for. In conclusion, I can do no better than quote the description that that well-known journalist, T. P. O'Connor, gives of him. It is well worth reading. "The large, strong mouth, heavily covered with the typical military and brush-like moustache, the strong square jaw, the tremendously heavy brows, the strange glittering eyes, all point to a man of indomitable will-power, determination, and perseverance." And then, later on, the same observer says, referring to Kitchener's eyes: "Their colour is quite beautiful—as deep and as clear as blue as the sea in its most azure moments—and they look out on the world with the perfect directness of a man who sees straight to his end."

"Six years ago," Mr. Balfour stated in the House of Commons, on June 6, 1902, "Lord Kitchener was a colonel in the British army. He has now the highest military rank under that of field-marshal. He has been made first a baron, then a viscount. After what I hope will be done by the House this afternoon, he will twice have been voted sums of money out of the public exchequer. He is the Commander-in-Chief designate of our Indian Empire. These are great rewards, and yet I do not think that anybody who looks back at Lord Kitchener's career will say that he is overpaid for the services which he has rendered to us." Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on the same occasion traced his career "from the early days of patient work in the exploration of Palestine; of the duties, irksome at times, which he undertook on the Red Sea littoral, in the execution of which he displayed a singular aptitude for winning the confidence of men of other races than his own and of conciliating them; through those laborious years of service in Egypt, culminating in the brilliant Soudan campaign, down to the day when, as Chief of the Staff, he set his foot in South Africa. Lord Kitchener," he added, "went to South Africa with the confidence of his fellow-countrymen. He has now (after the declaration of peace) earned their admiration and their gratitude."

A writer in the "San Francisco Argonaut," describing Kitchener's experiences during his tour of the East, relates the following incidents:—

Chinese vases are his great hobby, and while in Peking he was continually in the curio shops. Every shopkeeper in the town knew when he was to arrive, and a procession of merchants trooped into the British legation for days beforehand to beg the Chinese secretaries to

bring Kitchener to their shops. If they only would, the shopmen promised them anything they fancied for themselves. K. of K. bought even more than any one expected, spending over £5000 in fine old plates of "Three" and "Five Colours." I saw one sang de bouaf very much to the untutored eye looked very muddy and uninteresting, for which he paid £1250 alone. He is not only a connoisseur difficult to cheat with imitations, but he knows the market and what is likely to increase in value. Blue and white, for instance, he does not touch, for nearly every collector in England has plenty of blue and white already and will never want to buy any more. In fact, he buys as he campaigns, with shrewd judgment and careful thought. A comparatively poor man—including the grant that Parliament gave him for his services he can not have more than £6000 a year—he must either do that or give up a hobby which he likes better than anything else in the world.

Naturally, in his position, he has also received many presents of porcelain. Most people in the East know the story of the Jew in India who was anxious to curry favour with Kitchener—and yet anxious to do it cheap. Accordingly he bought a bowl, "Kanghai" cleverly imitated at half the cost of the original, and sent it with many protestations of friendship. K. of K. saw through his game easily—and also through the bowl, which, had it been genuine, he would not have been able to do. But he sent a letter of thanks and invited the man to luncheon. As soon as the Jew came in he saw on the most conspicuous table in the room his bowl occupying the place of honour and two magnificent genuine bowls on either side of it. Kitchener called his attention to the three pieces, admiring the imitation a little sarcastically. At last the Jew's guilty conscience detected a ring of sarcasm; he confessed on the spot that his present was an imitation which had been sent by mistake, and next morning presented Kitchener with the genuine article.


Note.—It was mentioned in our cable news of Saturday that the "London Standard" had published an Indian telegram which states that Lord Kitchener has been definitely offered the Viceroyalty when Lord Minto's term expires. The proposed appointment, the "Standard" adds, is regarded as a sound step, all shades of opinion supporting it.

This statement has since been officially denied.

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FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT H. H. KITCHENER, OF KHARTOUM. G.C.S.I., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.M.G., HIGH COMMISSIONER AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The famous Field-Marshal arrived at the Bluff on Thursday 17th, and at once proceeded to Dunedin, where he commenced his tour of inspection of the Dominion's defences. He commenced his inspection at Dunedin on February 18, and at Christchurch on February 22. The date of his arrival in Wellington is February 24, and on February 26 he leaves for Auckland, finally taking his departure from New Zealand on March 3.

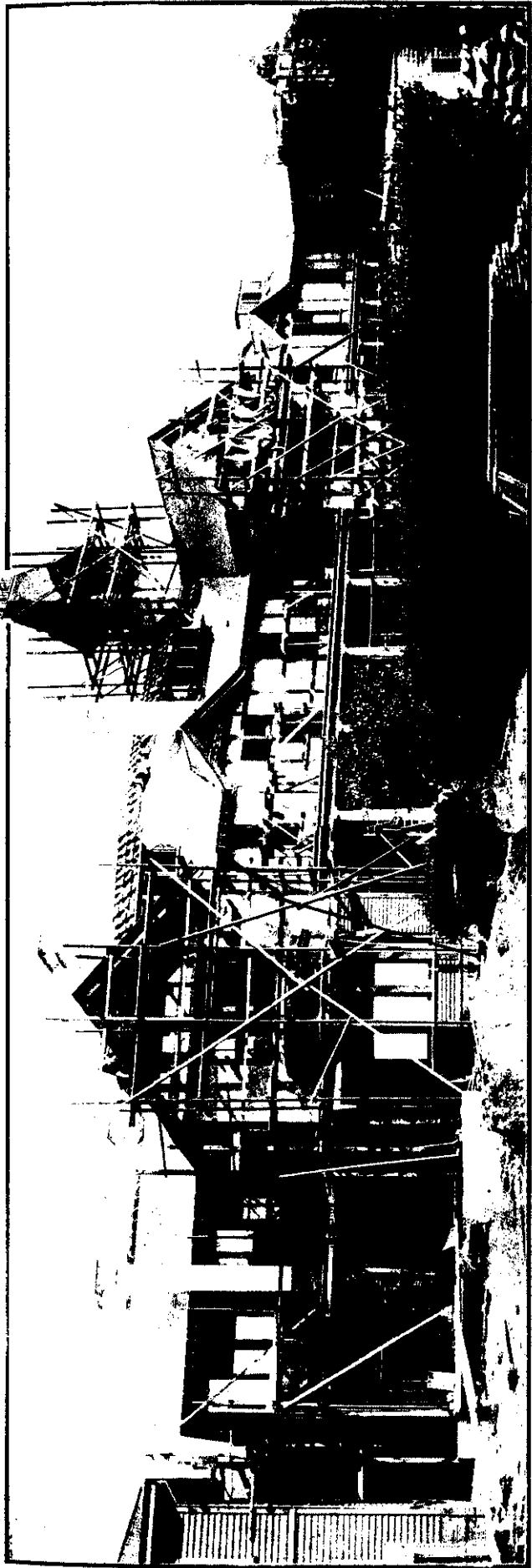


Highland Society Sports.

Napier, Feb. 16, 1910.

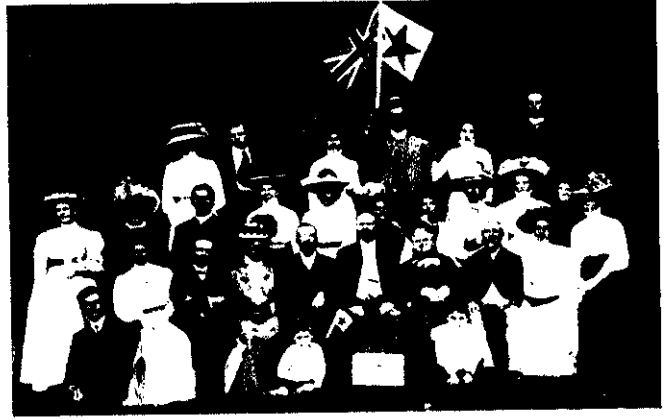
Sorrell, photo.

The Highland Society's sports, which took place at Napier on February 16, attracted wide interest, competitors coming from many parts of the Dominion. (1) Mr. J. McKechnie (South Dunedin), winner of the Highland fling, Highland reel, and other dances, besides being placed second in the sword dance. (2) Mr. J. K. Morton and Mr. McKenzie-Forbes. (3) Mr. R. McIvor (Wanganui), winner of the Highland fling and sword dance for boys under 18. (4) Misses L. and J. Moroney, dancing the Highland fling. (5) Some of the boy competitors in the Highland fling. (6) The Hawke's Bay Highland Pipe Band. (7) A group of officials of the gathering, with the Hon. J. D. Ormond and Mr. R. D. McLean (chief) in the centre.



WHERE OUR FUTURE GOVERNORS WILL LIVE.

The work of constructing the new vice-regal residence at Mount View, Wellington, is being rapidly pushed on, a large number of men being employed. It will be remembered that after the Parliamentary Buildings were destroyed by fire, Lord Plunket gave up Government House in order that it might be used as temporary quarters for the country's legislators. Those quarters will probably be required for some years, and it was then decided to provide a modern and up-to-date vice-regal residence in Wellington, with the result that the Mount View site was selected and the building shown in the photo, commenced.



ALIGINTOJ AL LA LINGVO DE LA ESTONTECO ESPERANTO.

This is not a freak of the fliotype but Esperanto for "Disciples of the Language of the Future." The photograph shows a group of the Auckland Esperanto Society, with members of Southern societies affiliated to the New Zealand Esperanto Association. The merits and uses of Esperanto have appealed to all sections of the community. In various Continental countries and many parts of the British Empire, Scientists, educationalists, tourists, commercial men, etc., are rapidly recognising its practical and valuable nature. In France it has already been added to the curriculum of many lycées and gymnasia, and is taught in the secondary schools.



THE MEN WHO ARE BUILDING THE



A NEW ZEALAND ACTRESS—MISS EVA BALFOUR.

Miss Balfour, who is in private life Mrs Lawson Balfour, of Christchurch, has been appearing in Sir Herbert Tree's Company, at His Majesty's Theatre, London, in "False Gods," and "Beethoven."



A WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH ACTOR WHO IS TO APPEAR IN AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Matheson Lang, a popular English actor, who is shortly to appear in Australia, and may come to New Zealand. His most successful parts in recent years have been as "Hamlet," Richard Dudgeon in "The Devil's Disciple," and John Storm in "The Christian."



F. A. Hargreaves, photo.

SAWMILLING ON THE EAST COAST.

This new sawmill has recently commenced operations on the road between Walpiro Bay and Minkarika Station.



A UNIQUE PARCEL OF KAURI GUM.

The above illustration shows a unique parcel of Kauri gum sold last week by Messrs Petrie and Currah, gumbrokers, of this city. The parcel consists of something between three and four tons of East Coast white gum, of the finest quality, worth somewhere in the vicinity of £250 a ton. This class of gum is exceedingly rare nowadays, and the above large quantity was only collected together over a period of many years. It is highly improbable that so large a parcel of such fine gum will be placed on the market again for a very long time to come. A noticeable feature of the parcel, apart from its size, is the bold and large size of the lumps of gum, many of them weighing several pounds.



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NELSON, FROM THE PORT HILLS.



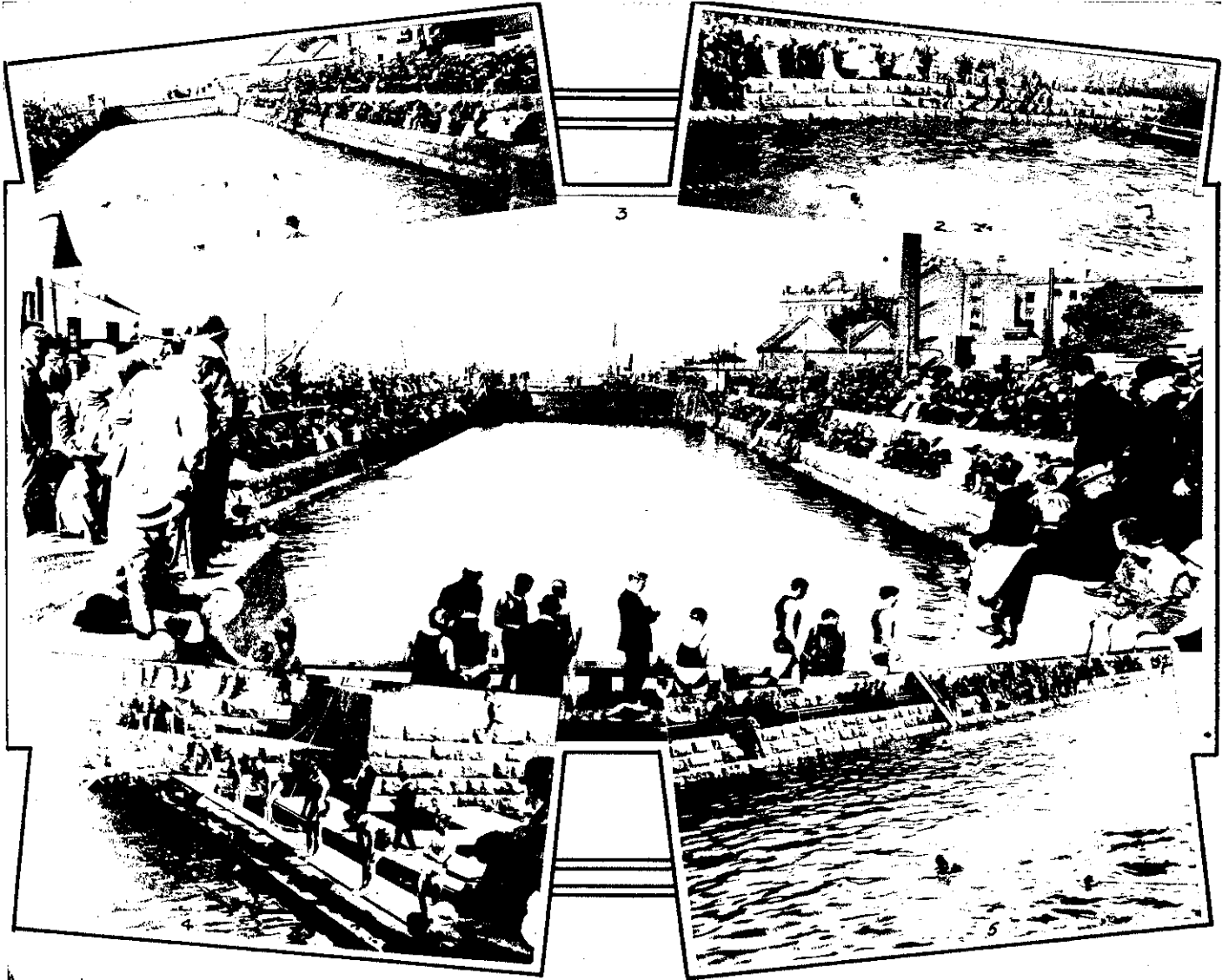
THE VICE-REGAL PRESENT TO QUEEN MAKEA AT RAROTONGA.

An interesting function took place in the presence of a large public gathering at Rarotonga, when the Resident Commissioner (Captain Smith) presented to Queen Makea a photograph of Lord Plunket in an ornate silver frame, which His Excellency had sent to Her Majesty. The native troops will be noticed in two companies, each about fifty strong. They have lately been organised by the Commissioner, and are "armed" with wooden guns with which they are greatly pleased, and have already become very efficient in their drill.



WEST COAST CHAMPIONSHIP SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

For the West Coast Championship Swimming Carnival, held at Feilding on February 12, there was splendid weather, and a very successful meeting resulted. The group on the left shows Waingaiti's victorious water polo team.—Back row: Deakall (Judge), Swan, Lorking (steward). Second row: Collins, Brown, Schofield, Spear. Front row: Bridges, Bassett (captain), Campbell. In the middle photo, the figure on the left is A. Bridges, winner of the 40yds Championship, and A. Campbell, who won the 100yds and 220yds Championships. The third group shows the Waingaiti team, which won the relay race. Back row: Payne (manager), Spear, Lorking (Steward). Front row: Bridges, Campbell, Collins.

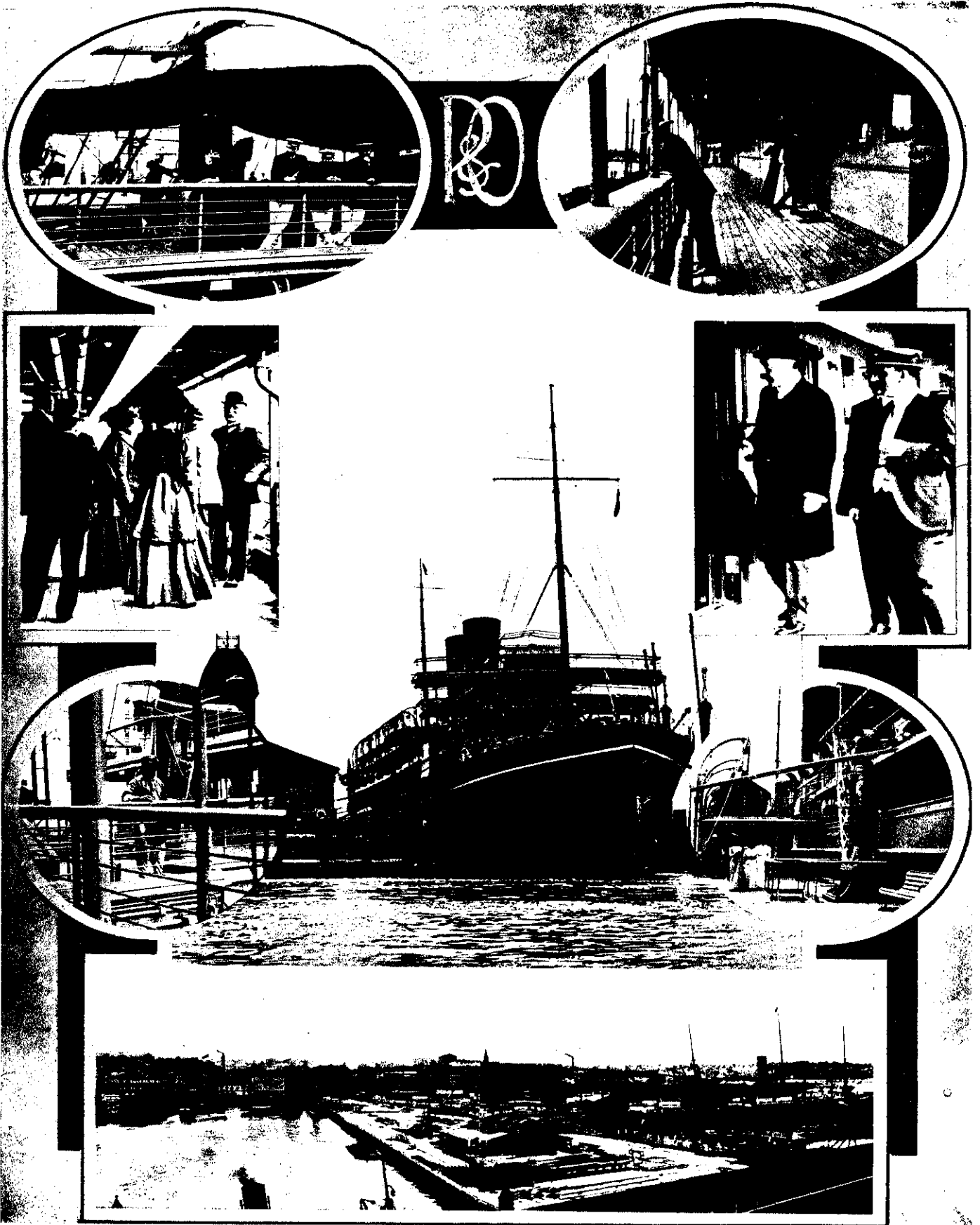


Oliver and Walker, photo.

NEW ZEALAND CHAMPIONSHIP SWIMMING MEETING.

See "Sports and Pastimes."

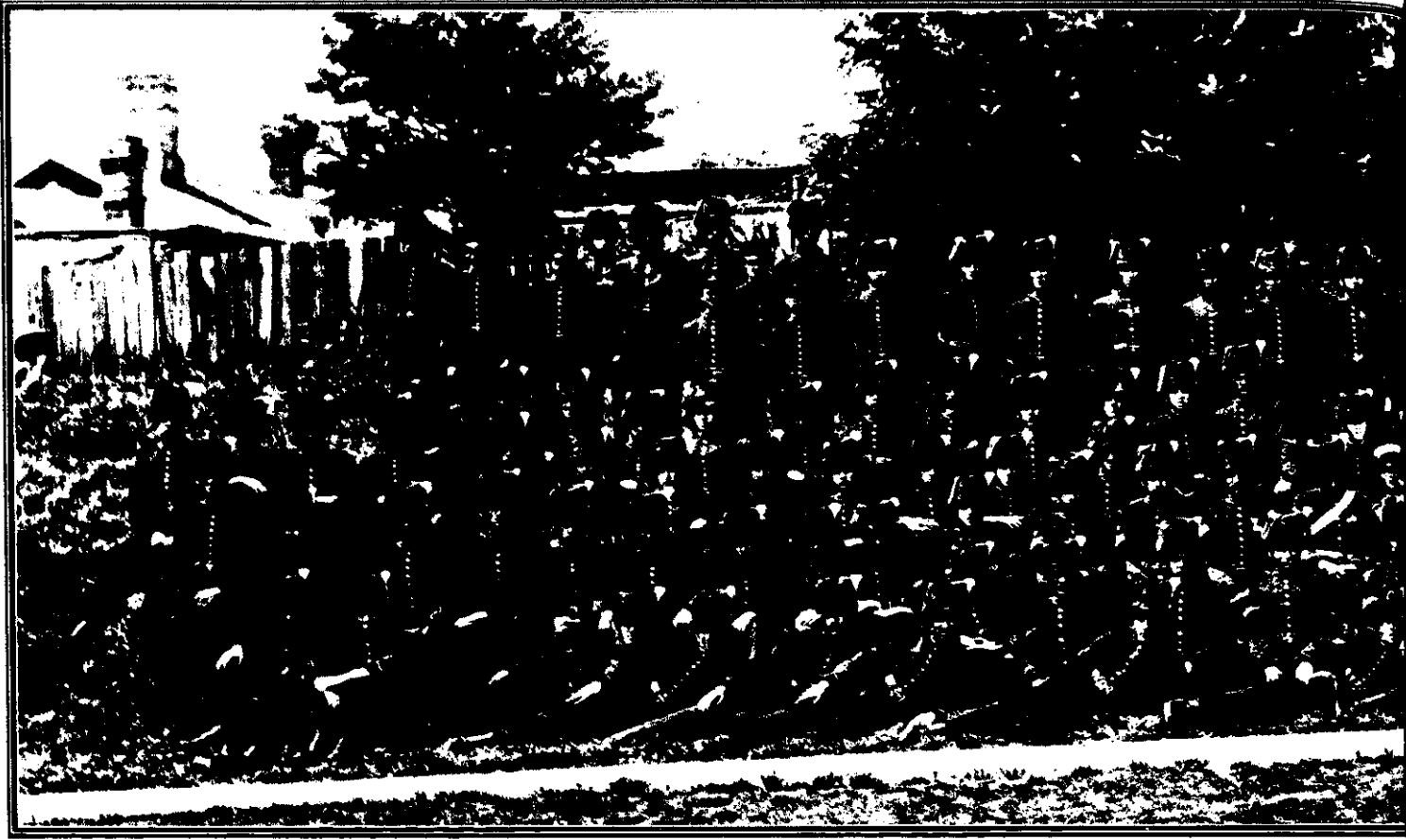
The attendance at the New Zealand Championship Swimming Meeting, held in Auckland on Saturday, was rather disappointing, but the sport was excellent. (1) Final of the 50yds Novice Handicap. (2) The splendid finish of the 220yds Championship. M. E. Champion winning by about a foot from R. Healy (Wellington). (3) Competitors lining up for the Half-mile Championship of New Zealand. (4) Competitors in the 100yds Open Handicap. (5) R. Healy (Wellington) winning the Half-mile Championship.



AN EPOCH-MARKING EVENT—THE FIRST P. AND O. LINER IN AUCKLAND.

The P. and O. Company's 11,000-ton liner Malwa arrived in Auckland on Wednesday morning, February 16. Throughout the day hundreds of spectators lined the wharf and thronged the great vessel, which presented an imposing sight from Queen-st., her bridge and boat decks towering above the buildings at the foot of the wharf, the bow and stern projecting beyond the ends of the pier. To mark the arrival of the first P. and O. steamer, a luncheon was held on board, among those present being: Hon. G. Fowlds, Hon. Dr. Finlay, His Honor Mr Justice Edwards, His Worship the Mayor (Mr C. D. Grey), Messrs W. P. Massey, F. E. Baume, F. Mandler, A. E. Glover, M.P.'s, Hons. S. T. George and E. Mitchellson, and many other representative citizens. The snapshots give some idea of the size of the vessel as she lay at the Queen-st. wharf, as well as the length and width of the decks, etc. At the bottom of the page is a view of the city taken from one of the upper decks of the Malwa, and showing the construction of the new wharf in the foreground.

Troops Lord Kitchener will see

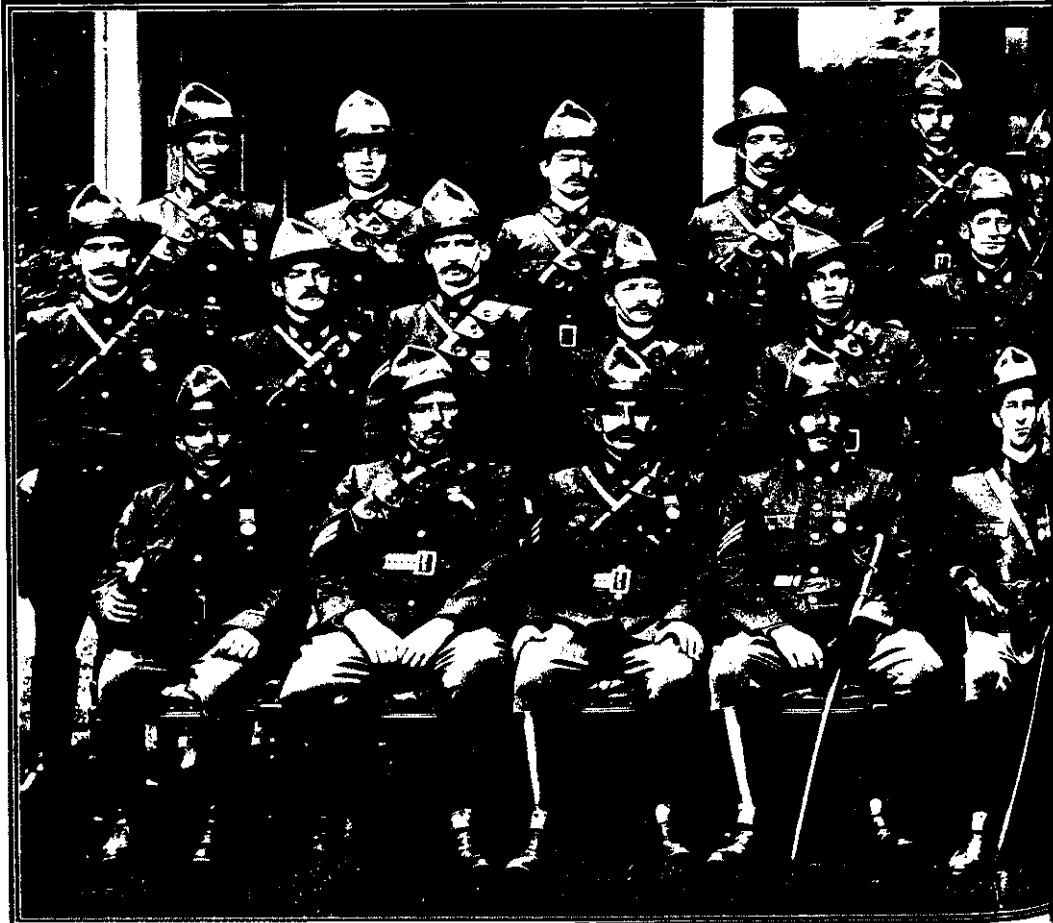


Love, photo.

NO. 2 COMPANY, AUCKLAND DIVISION G.A.M.



A TYPICAL BOY SCOUT.



Tibbatt, photo.

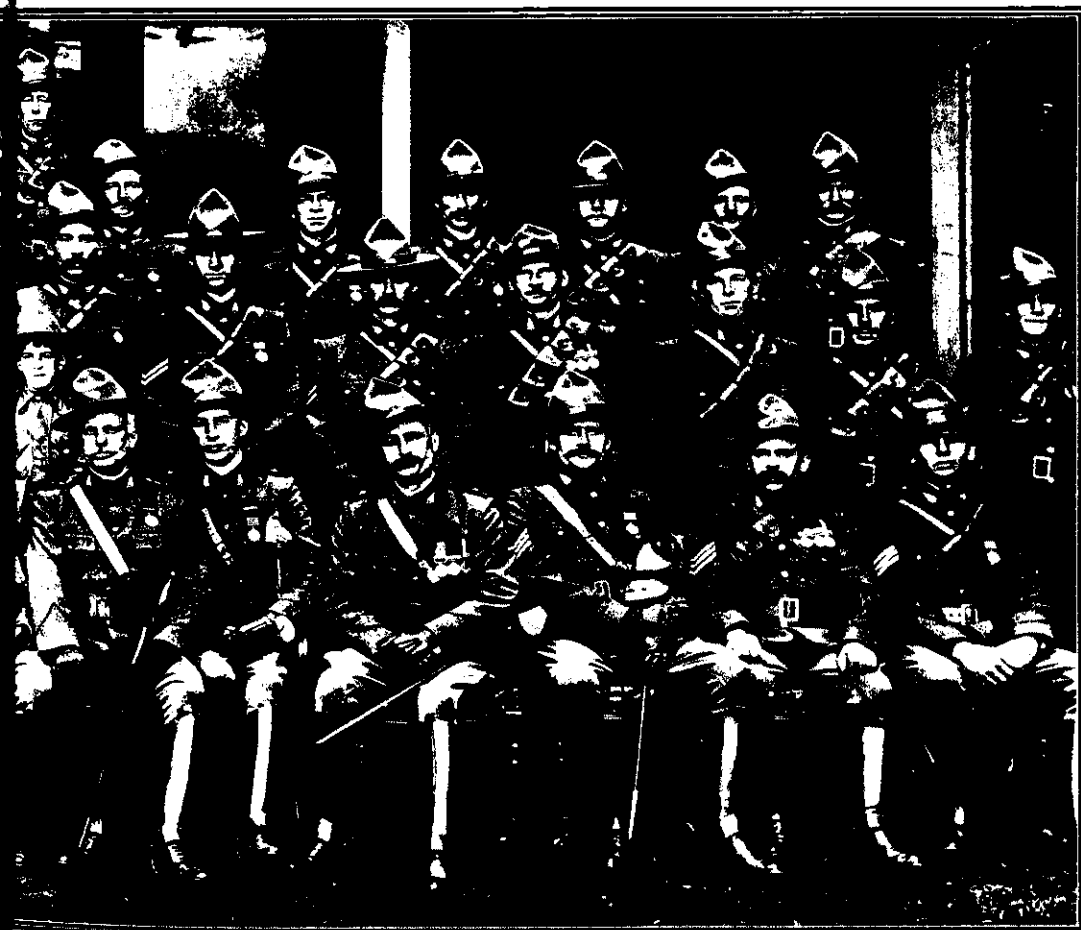
THE WELLINGTON COMPANY OF DOMINION

During Lord Kitchener's presence in the Dominion the troops will be concentrated at camps in the vicinity of the four large centres. There will be no ceremonial parades but the work of the Garrison Artillery companies and the senior and junior cadets.

Defenders of the Dominion.



UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPT. POTTER.



SCOUTS UNDER CAPTAIN DALRYMPLE.



THE FUTURE SOLDIER OF NEW ZEALAND.

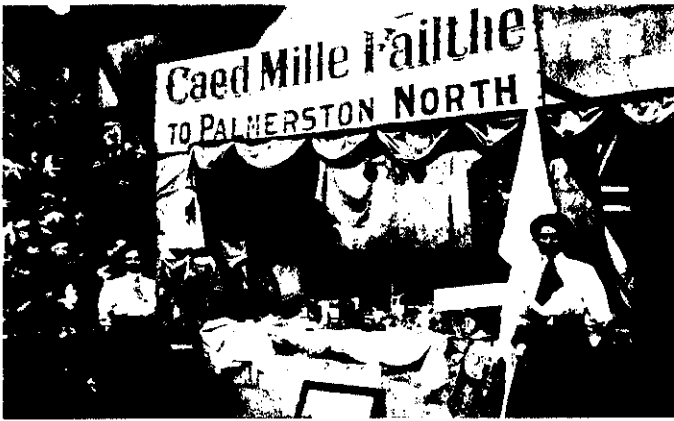
will be inspected and the various field operations and manoeuvres keenly watched and criticised by the Field-Marshal. In addition there will be an inspection of harbour defences, the
by Kitchener arrived in the Dominion on February 17, and will leave on March 3.



E. Denton, photo.

PRETTY POSTER COSTUMES AT THE ALL NATIONS' FAIR, PALMERSTON NORTH.

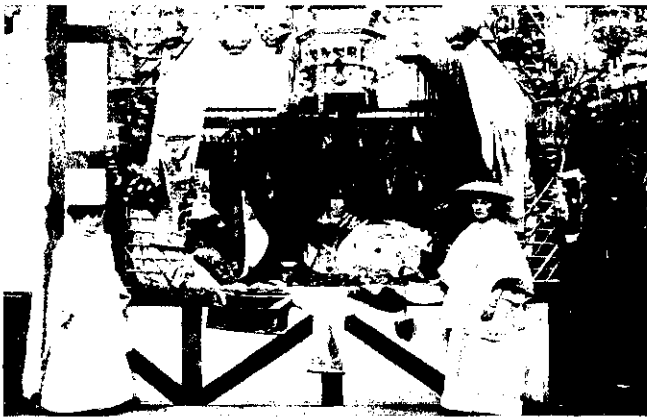
(1) Master Bruce Hunt, representing S. T. Hunt and Co. (2) Miss Rawlins, winner of the first prize for the best decorated girls' bicycle. (3) Miss May Elliott (Schlager and Cavell). (4) Miss Ivy Carter ("The Weekly Graphic"). (5) Miss Mabel Hunt (Mr Percy Robert). (6) Norman Farland (Nonpareil Cycles). (7) Miss Dora Woolhouse (Cannon and Tydeman). (8) Harriett's Milking Machine. (9) Miss E. Smith (Wolf and White). (10) Miss Eileen Grant, first prize poster, representing Denton's, Ltd. (11) Miss E. Moore. (12) M. George. (13) Miss J. Stevenson (Andrew's). (14) Miss Ruth Lush (W. Oates). (15) Master Quayle, first prize for best decorated boy's bicycle (Buchanan and Franks). (16) Miss Winnie Hubbard (Fleming's Nares). Miss Grant was instrumental in the presentation of the banner, shown in the photo. (17) Miss Rose Rush (E. Denton).



THE IRISH STALL.—MRS DEVINE AND MRS BAILEY.



THE DUTCH STALL.—MRS CLINCH.



THE CHINESE STALL.—MRS RANKIN.



A SPECIAL COCOA EXHIBIT.



THE SCANDINAVIAN STALL.



A VIEW OF SOME OF THE STALLS.



SPANISH STALL.—MISSES PERRIN AND TINGEX.

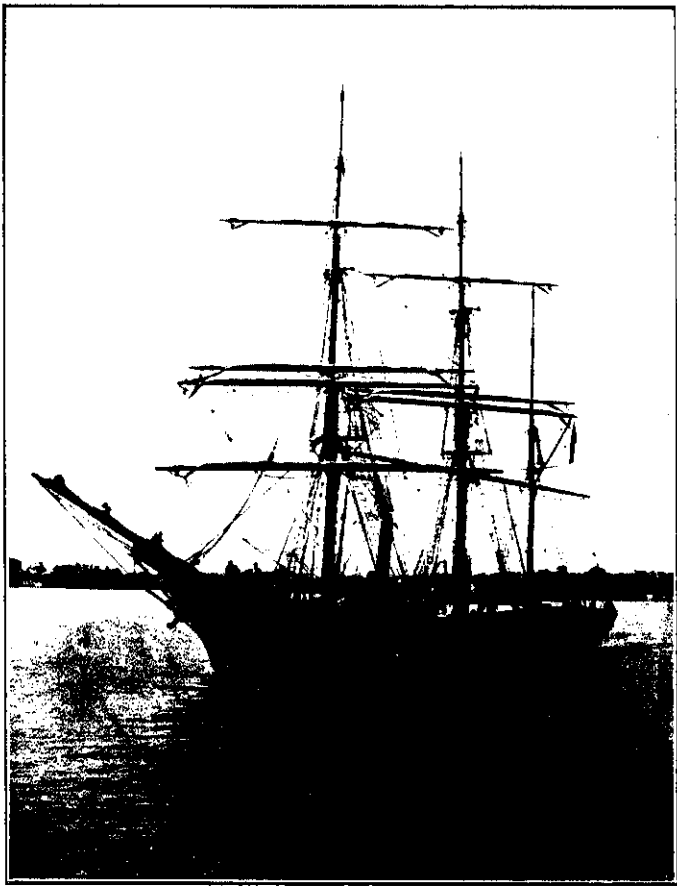


PRIZE BABY TWINS—ROSE AND MABEL BEER.

E. Denton, photo.

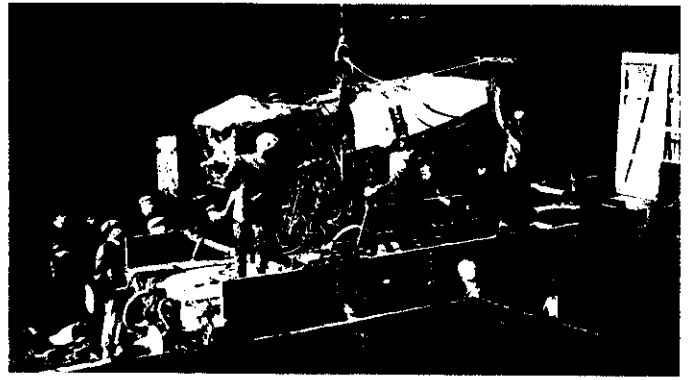
FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD—ALL NATIONS' FAIR IN PALMERSTON NORTH.

The All Nations' Fair, which was held last week at Palmerston North, was an unqualified success, and it is expected that with the Government subsidy, sufficient funds will be available to erect an annexe for convalescent women at the hospital. It has long been recognised that this was one of the wants of the Palmerston Hospital, but the raising of the necessary money was a difficult matter for the Board, until the Mayor and Magorose took the matter in hand, and helped by many ladies and gentlemen, inaugurated the All Nations' Fair. The takings exceeded all expectations, and with Government subsidy, it is estimated that about £1000 will be available.



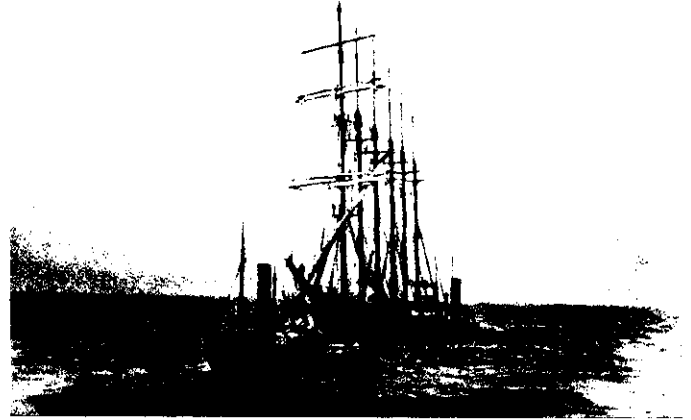
AN "OLD TIMER'S" RECORD TRIP.

The Ganymede, a barque of 523 tons register, has just completed a record round voyage. The vessel, which was built at Sunderland, England, in 1848, is owned at Invercargill. She is now under the command of Captain Oliver, formerly of the Union S.S. Co. In 45 days from the time the Ganymede sailed from Auckland, she visited Noumea, New Caledonia, where she loaded a large general cargo; thence she proceeded to Surprise Island, where a full cargo of guano was shipped, and the vessel reached Auckland on the 45th day from the time she sailed from this port. There are very few of the smart modern clippers that could beat the record of "the old timer."



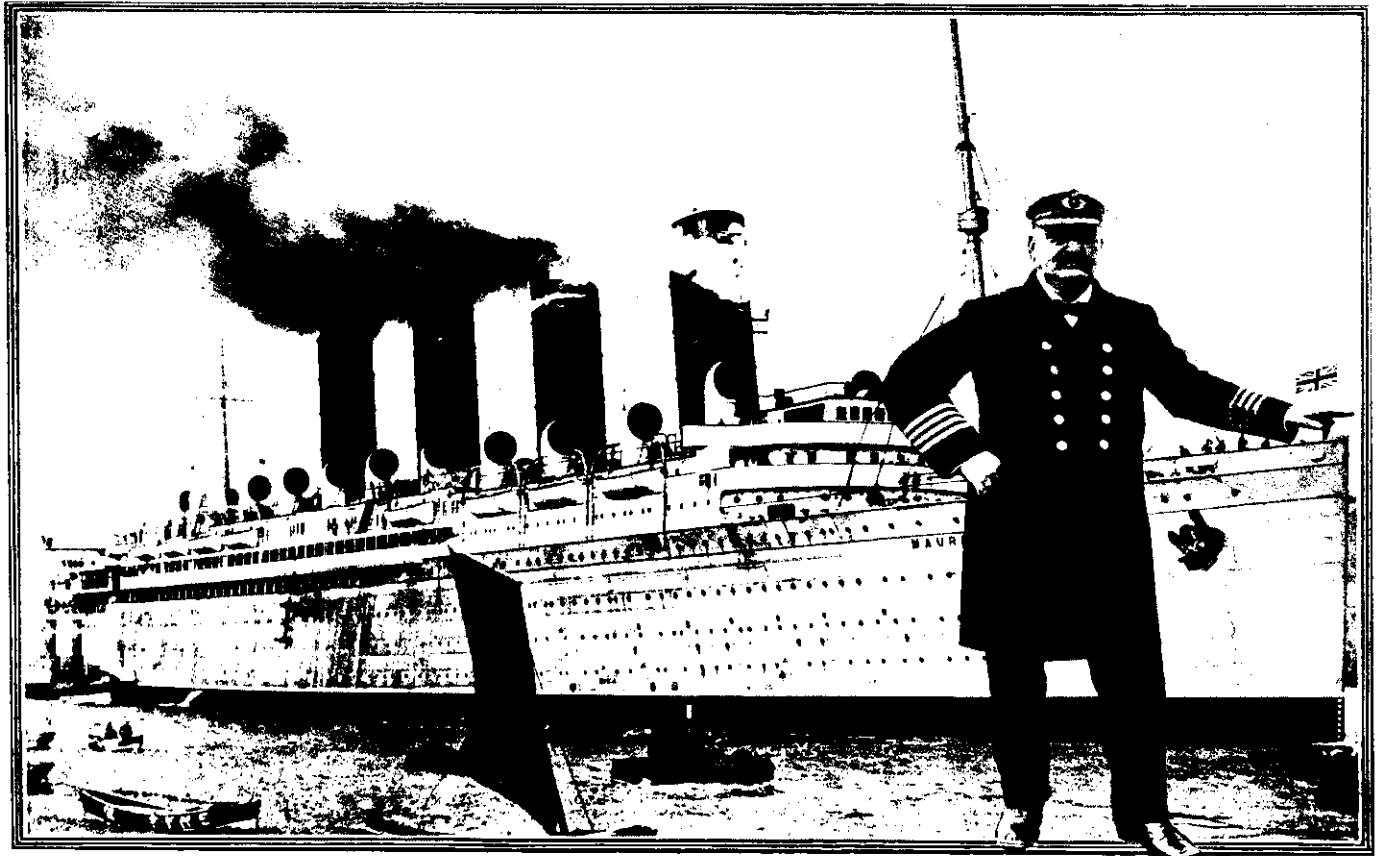
AN AEROPLANE IN TRANSIT.

The photograph shows the aeroplane used by M. Rouzler, the famous French aviator, being shipped from Grimsby after the recent flying meeting at Blackpool.



THE FIRST SIX-MASTER ROUND CAPE HORN.

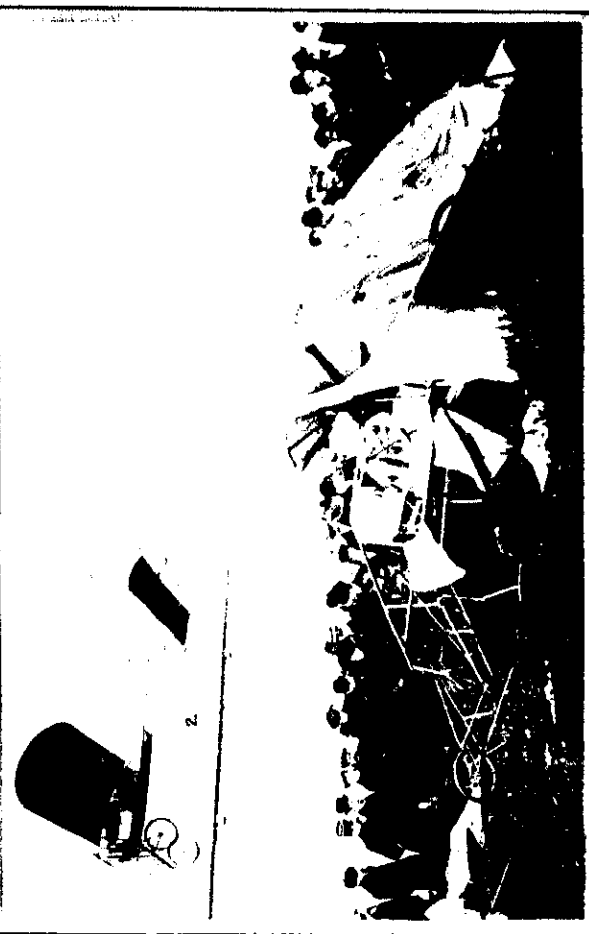
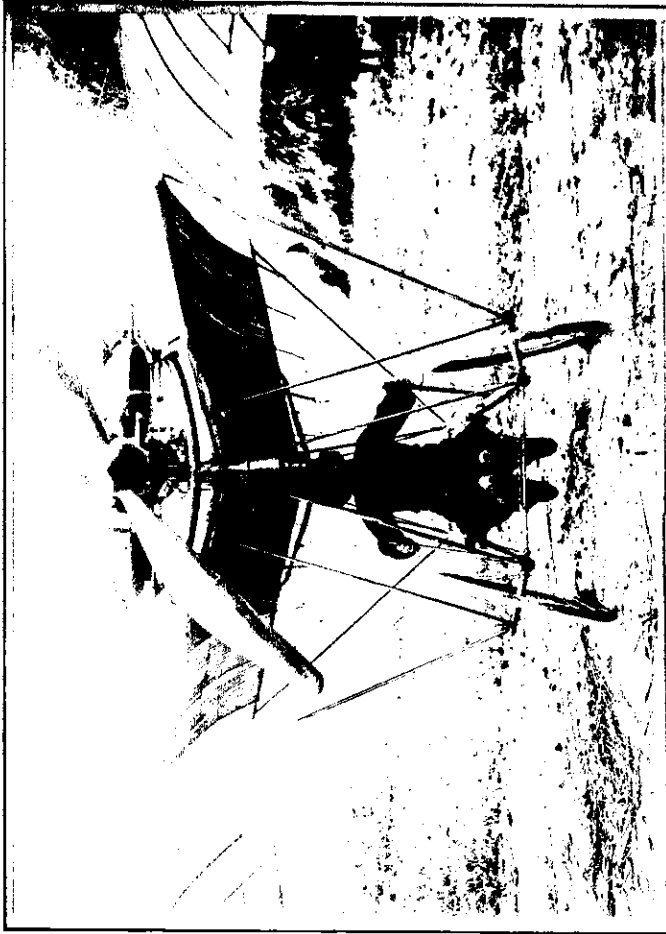
The photograph shows the six-master, Everett G. Griggs, of Vancouver, B.C., being towed into Grimsby, the great English fishing port. The vessel was the first six-master to make the voyage to England round the Horn, and she has since returned by the same route.



HALF A CENTURY AT SEA. TRANSATLANTIC VETERAN.

Captain J. Pritchard, who has been in command of the Cunard liner R.M.S. Mauretania, the record-breaker of the Atlantic, lately completed 528 voyages across the "hulk-pool" between England and New York. During that time he has safely transported 200,000 passengers, more than 1,500,000 miles, and he can say with just pride that he never lost a ship or so much as a single life. Captain Pritchard has now retired from active service, after a life of 52 years at sea.

(For Special Account see page 61.)



EVENTS IN THE AVIATION WORLD.

Topical photo.

40. Madeleine-Isabelle Alombaki, who has competed in every race for professional lady aviators, and who has just commenced her apprenticeship as an aviator on a Santos Dumont "Demoselle." She made her debut in the Casino of Paris, "hoping the loop," on a biplane in 1904, and since then has appeared in public as "The Humm Arrow," "The Living Comet," etc. 41. M. Dela-brayette in 1904, and since then has appeared in public as "The Humm Arrow," "The Living Comet," etc. 42. M. Dela-brayette in 1904, and since then has appeared in public as "The Humm Arrow," "The Living Comet," etc. 43. The death of M. Pobjaner, who was known as one of the most skillful flying men of France, occurred on a biplane in 1904. The unfortunate aviator fell from a height of 7500, and was completely crushed by the wreckage of his aeroplane.



Topical photo.
 The races of Eastern Europe which were affected by the notorious Turkish atrocities recently placed on record their gratitude to the great Liberal statesman, the late Wm. E. Gladstone, by donating his portrait in London. The Bulgarian Parliament sent a silver wreath valued at £200. Gladstone's complete an Bulgarian from 1878-1888. The wreath is being also to encourage Russia to attack Turkey, and thus get ultimately to the liberation of Bulgaria.



Topical photo.
 On Dec. 25, King Albert I, the new ruler of Belgium, entered Brussels on horseback, and dressed as a general to take the oath, there being no coronation ceremony observed.



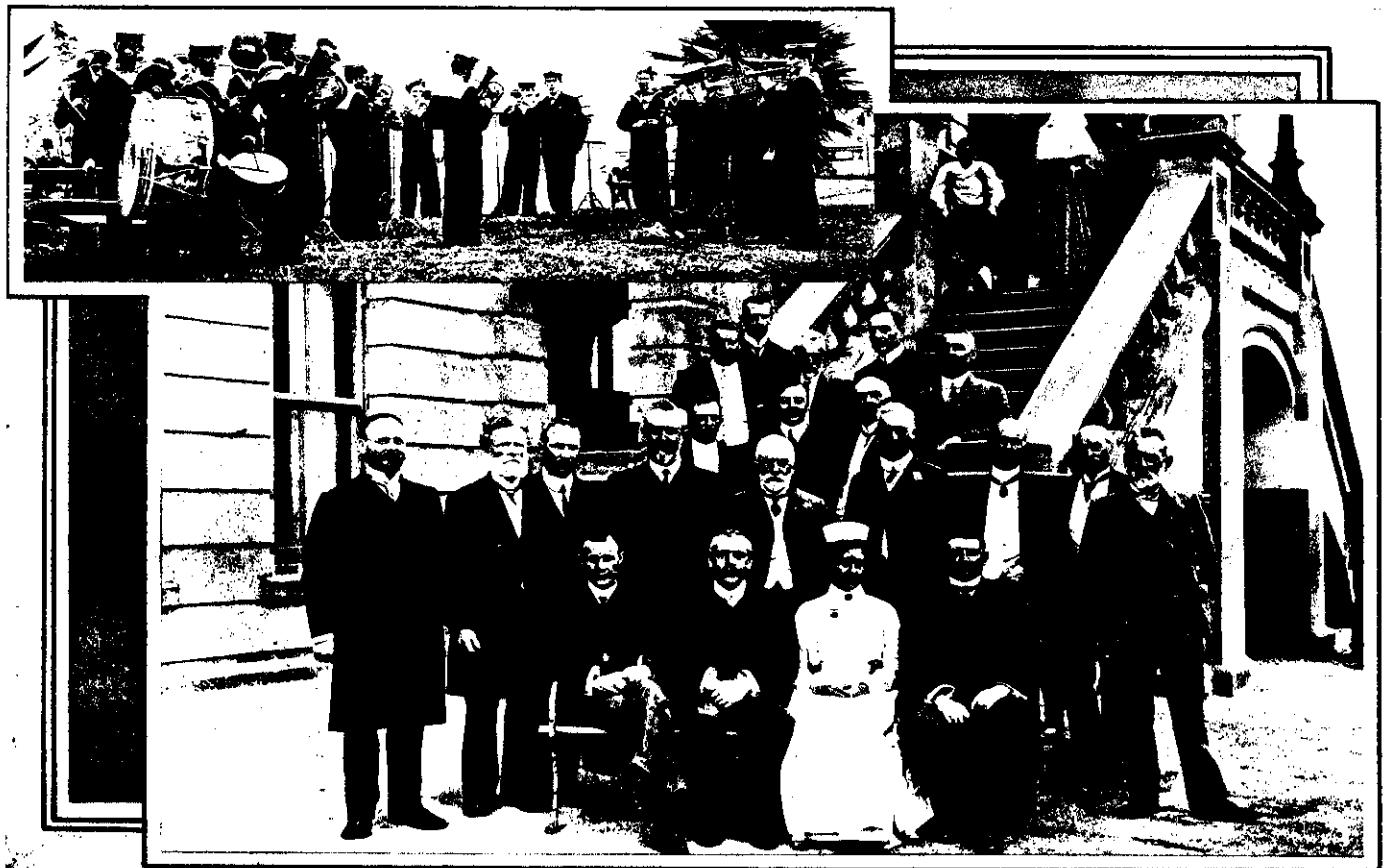
MR MASSEY WITH SOME OF HIS LIEUTENANTS.



LISTENING TO MR MASSEY'S SPEECH.

A garden party was tendered to Mr W. F. Massey, M.P., Leader of the Opposition, by his Frank in constituents at the Helvetia Ostrich Farm on Saturday. The attendance was very large, and included Messrs F. Mander, J. Phillips, F. W. Lang, D. Buick and F. M. B. Fisher, M.P.'s.

A GARDEN PARTY TO THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.



OPENING OF THE NEW BASEMENT WARDS AT THE AUCKLAND HOSPITAL LAST WEEK.

In the group are the Hon. George Fowlds, M.P., who performed the opening ceremony with hospital officials, members of the board, etc., while in the corner is the band of H.M.S. Challenger, which enlivened the proceedings.



A TREAT FOR THE ORPHANS—FORTY CAR-LOADS OF CHILDREN.

Two hundred children from the orphan homes of Auckland enjoyed a motor-car run, with a picnic thrown in, on Saturday, through the kindness of the members of the Automobile Association and a number of other motor-car owners. Forty cars participated in the run, and in the photo, they are shown lined up ready for a start on the return journey from Mangere, where the picnic was held.



Tibbutt, photo.

DELEGATES TO THE SCHOOL INSPECTORS' CONFERENCE IN WELLINGTON.



Tibbutt, photo.

THE "MEDICOS" TEAM.



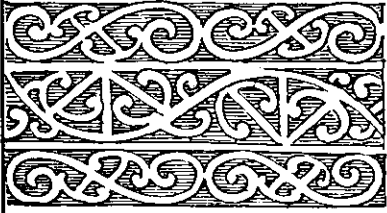
THE "THEATRICAL" TEAM.

AN INTERESTING CRICKET MATCH—DOCTORS V. ACTORS.

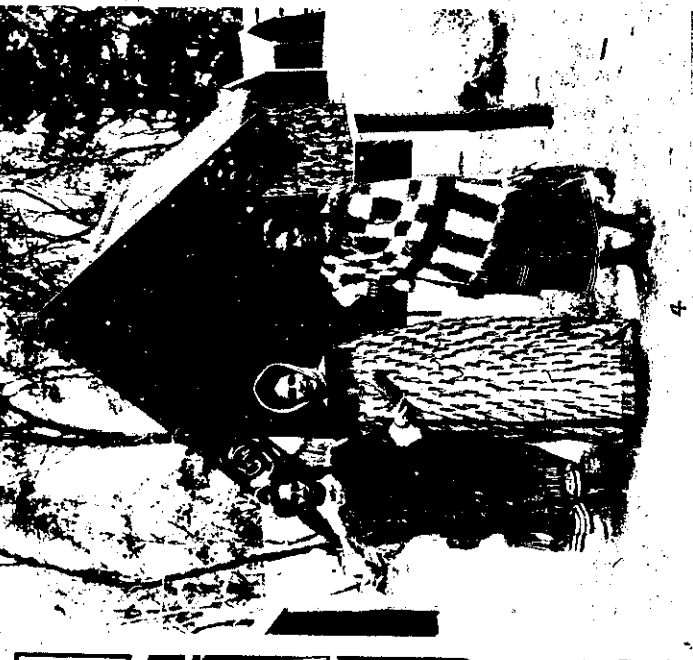
A team comprising a number of Wellington medical men played a cricket match against an eleven representing Mr J. C. Williamson's Comic Opera Company, last week. Friends of the players in both teams assembled in force, and watched the play with interest.



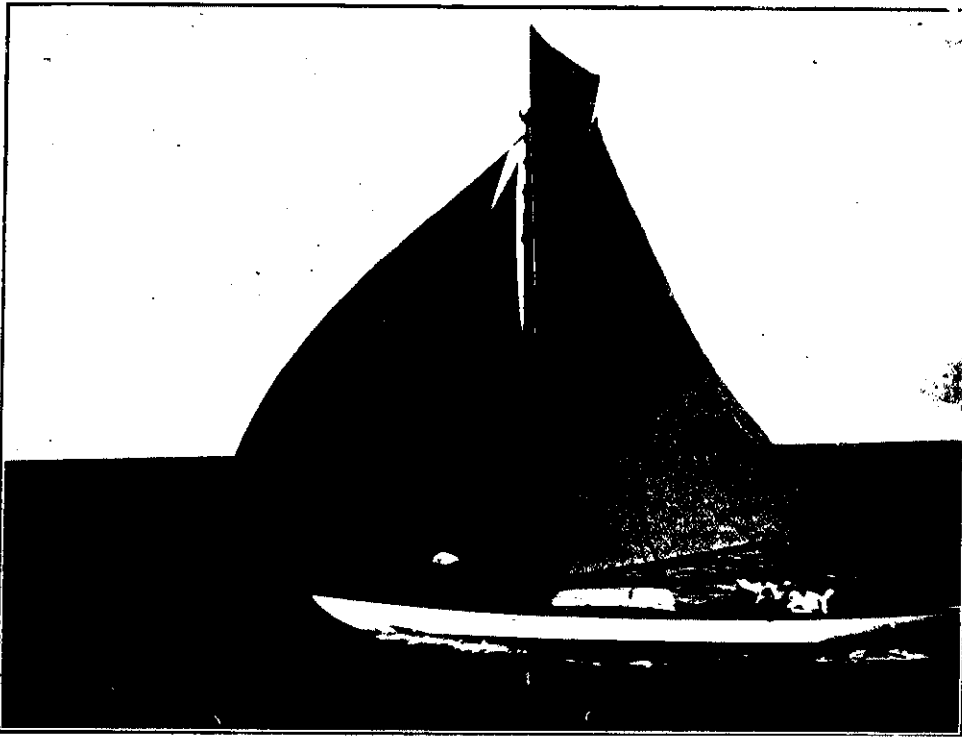
**Members of the
Tuhourangi Troupe**



The Maori in Australia



A troupe of Waikararewa natives, under the direction of Maggie Pajukara, recently spent two months at "Chateau," Middlehead, Sydney, where a Maori village was erected, and customs illustrative of the native life were given from day to day. The Maoris were a tremendous success. During their stay they drew thousands of people to the village and received at the hands of the Sydney people the most unreserved and enthusiastic hospitality. (1) The Maori meeting house at the Chateau-Bahamau Ferry Co.'s gardens, with the members of the Tuhourangi troupe under Maggie Pajukara. (2) The Maori Choir, which sing native and English songs in "All on a Sunday Morning." An English part-song was a great success. (3) The Maori cooks at the camp. (4) Fatika, or food house. In front are: Heta (teacher), Maggie (manager), Taitiana (deputy teacher). (5) Maggie Pajukara's whare in the village.



CRUISING IN THE HAURAKI GULF.

Sailing as a Fine Art. THE PHILOSOPHY OF YACHTING SEAMANSHIP.

By JOSEPH CONRAD.

THE other day, looking through a newspaper, I came upon an article on the season's yachting. To a man who had but little to

do with pleasure sailing—though all sailing is a pleasure—and certainly nothing whatever with racing upon open waters, the writer's strictures upon the handicap-

ping of yachts were just intelligible and no more.

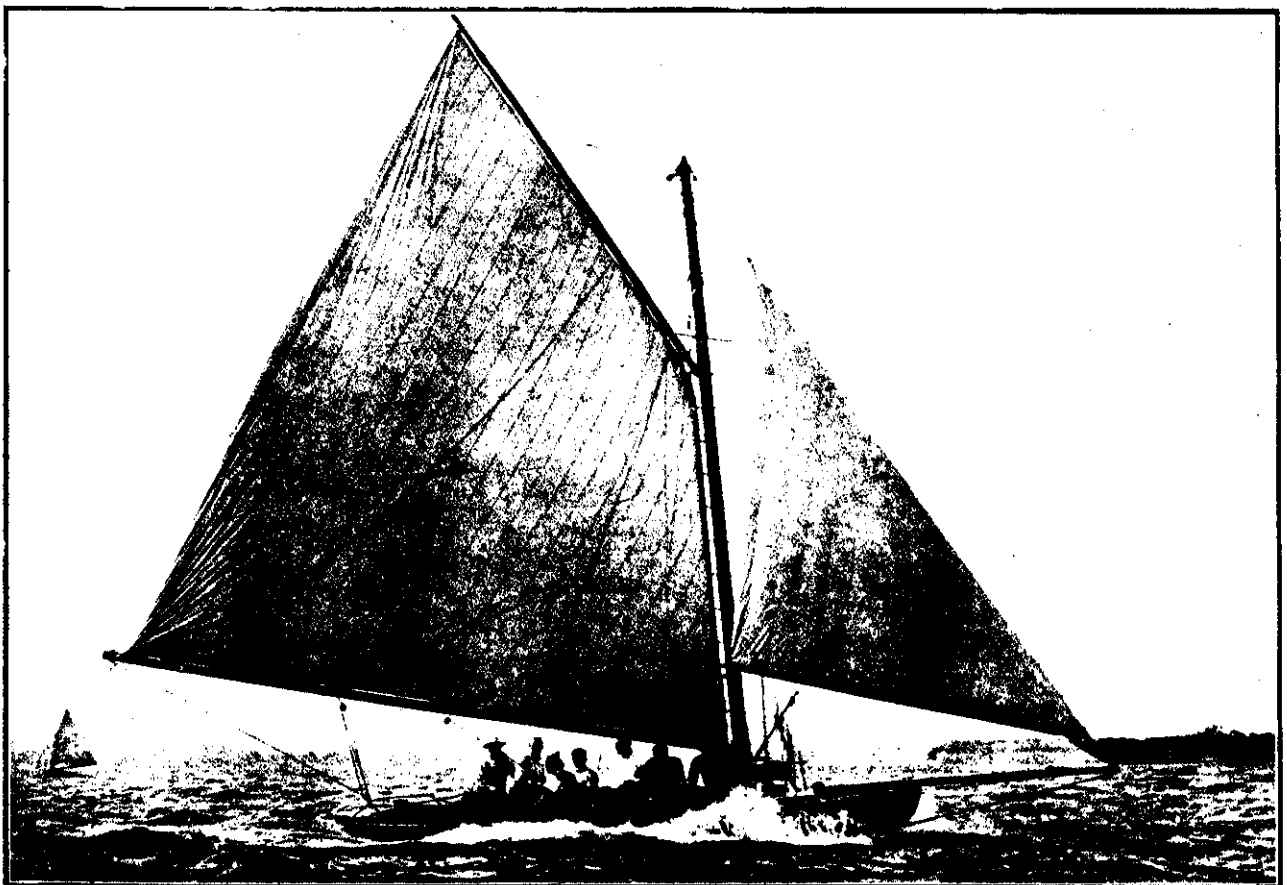
The writer praises a certain class of pleasure vessels, and I am willing to

concur in his praise, as any man who loves every craft afloat would be ready to do. I am disposed to admire and love the fifty-two-foot linear raters on the word of a man who regrets in such a sympathetic and understanding spirit the threatened decay of yachting seamanship.

Of course yacht racing is an organised pastime, a function of social idleness ministering to the vanity of certain wealthy inhabitants of the country as much as to their inborn love of the sea. But the writer of the article in question points out with insight and justice that for a great number of people it is a means of livelihood; that is, in his own words, an industry. Now the moral side of an industry, productive or unproductive, the redeeming and ideal aspect of this bread-winning, is the attainment and preservation of the highest possible skill on the part of the craftsmen. Such skill, the skill of technic, is more than honesty; it is something wider, embracing honesty and grace and rule in an elevated and clear sentiment not altogether utilitarian, which may be called the honour of labour. It is made up of accumulated tradition, kept alive by individual pride rendered exact by professional opinion, and like the higher arts, it is spurred on and sustained by discriminating praise.

This is why the attainment of proficiency, the pushing of your skill with attention to the most delicate shades of excellence, is a matter of vital concern. Practical efficiency of a flawless kind is reached naturally in the struggle for bread. But there is something beyond—a higher point, a subtle and unmistakable touch of love and pride beyond mere skill; almost an inspiration which gives to all work that finish which is almost art—which is art.

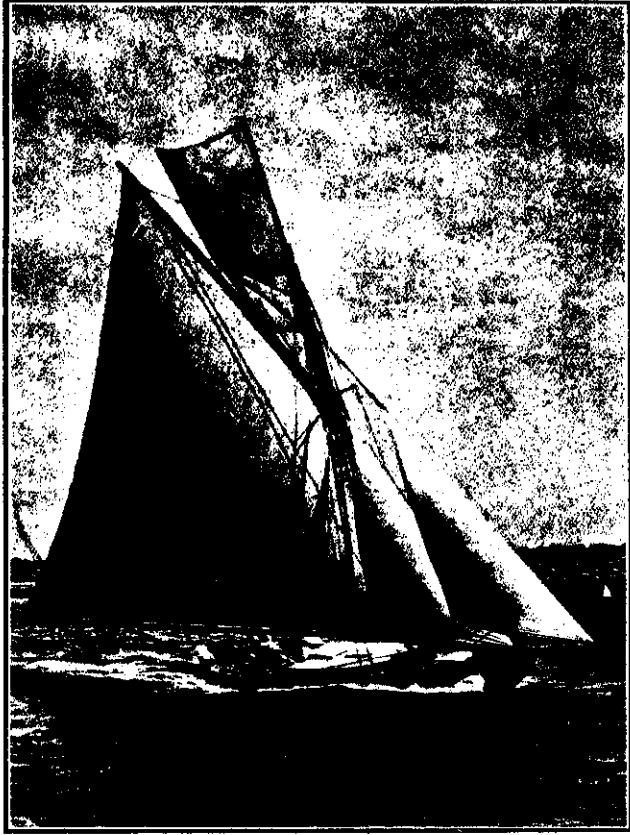
As men of scrupulous honour set the note of public conscience in the dead level of an honest community, so men of that skill which passes into art by ceaseless striving raise the dead level of mere perfection in the crafts of land and sea. The conditions fostering the growth of that supreme alive excellence, as well in work as in play, ought to be preserved with a most careful regard lest the industry or the game should perish of an insidious and inward decay. Therefore, I have read with profound regret in that article upon the yachting season of a certain year that the seamanship on board



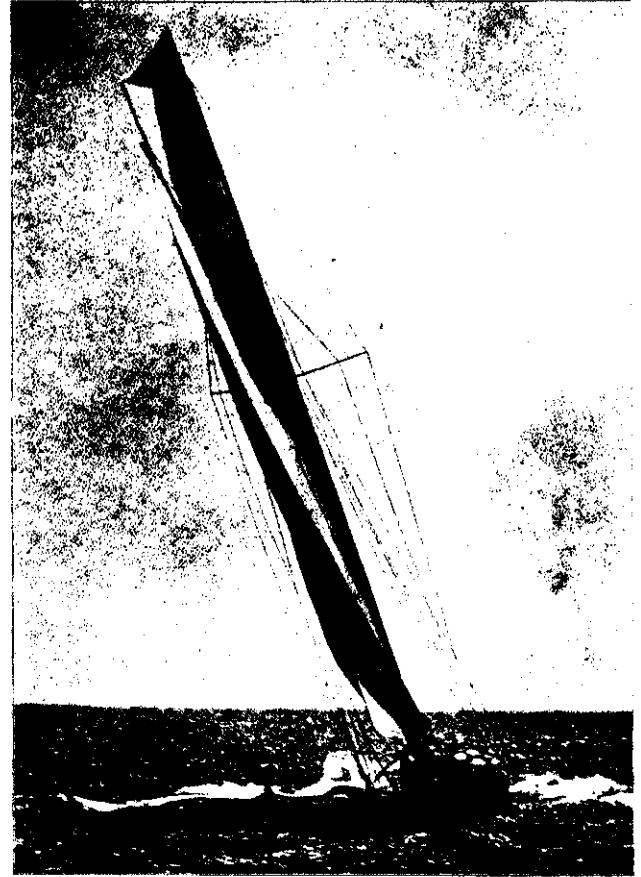
A POPULAR NEW ZEALAND PASTIME.

racing yachts is not what it used to be only a few, very few, years ago. The sailing and racing of yachts has

developed a class of fore-and-aft sailers, men born and bred to the sea, fishing in winter and yachting in summer; men to



OFF FOR A SUMMER CRUISE.



THE ENORMOUS MAINSAIL OF A CUTTER INVESTS HER WITH AN AIR OF LOFTY AND SILENT MAJESTY.



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Silver-plated Vase.
5 1/2 inch. 4/6
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H 6230
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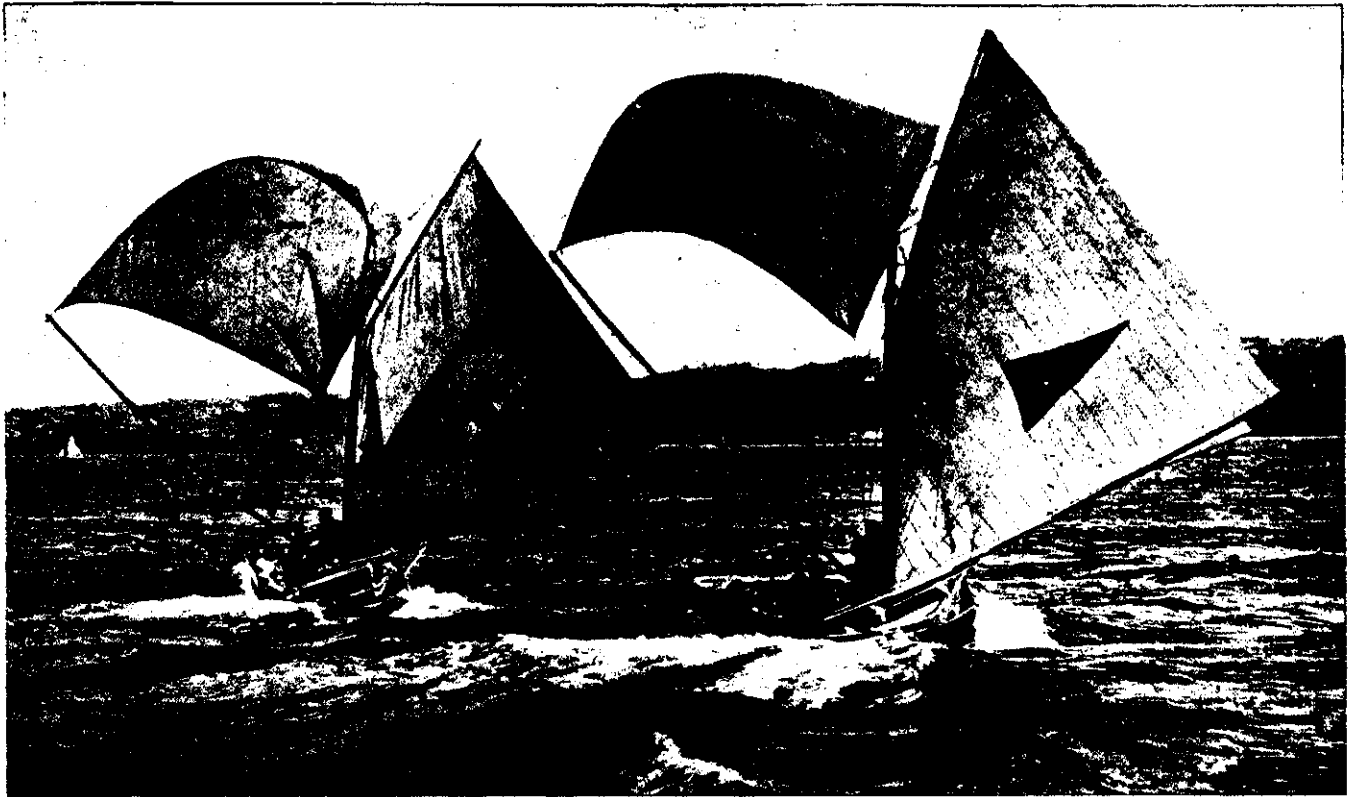
F 4344—Silver-plated Pie Dish with White China Lining.
12 inches long, 22.
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J 188—Silver-plated and Embossed Cake Basket,
10 inches diameter, 41/10/-



Y 2889—Best Silver-plated 11 inch Entree Dish.
Removable Handle. Dish and Cover make a pair.
42/6/-
Others at 52/6, 55/-, 67/6, upwards.



A COUPLE OF SYDNEY'S RACING BOATS.

whom the handling of that particular rig presents no mystery. It is their striving for victory that has elevated the sailing of pleasure craft to the dignity of a fine art in that special sense. As I have said, I know nothing of racing and but little of fore-and-aft rig; but the advantages of such a rig are obvious, especially for purposes of pleasure, whether in cruising or racing. It requires fewer hands for handling; the trimming of the sail planes to the wind can be done with speed and accuracy; the unbroken spread of the sail area is of infinite advantage; and the greatest possible amount of canvas can be displayed upon the least possible quantity of spars. Lightness and concentrated power are the conspicuous qualities of fore-and-aft rig.

A fleet of fore-and-afters at anchor has its own slender graciousness. The setting of the sails resembles more than anything else the unfolding of a bird's wings; the facility of their evolutions is a pleasure to the eye. They are birds of the sea, whose swimming is like flying and resembles more a natural function than the handling of man-invented appliances. The fore-and-aft rig in its simplicity and the beauty of its aspect under every angle of vision is, I believe, unapproachable. A schooner, yawl, or cutter in charge of a capable man seems to haul herself as if endowed with the

TUCKER'S SUNSHINE JELLONA AND CREAM

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It has surpassed for richness of flavour & beauty of colour.

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Our very latest product, the most highly perfected carpet sweeper ever made. Runs so easily a mere touch propels it; sweeps thoroughly, makes no noise, raises no dust, and reduces the labor to a minimum. This sweeper contains a brush propelling power not possible in any other construction, insuring the continuous rotation of the brush on all grades of carpets and rugs. The

End view of sweeper showing application of Ball Bearings to driving wheels, which are forced tightly against the brush pulley as slight pressure is put on the handle, insuring a positive rotation of the brush.



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- 6 Shirts, or 3 Silk and Wool Vests
 - 3 Night Gowns
 - 3 Day Gowns
 - 3 Long Flannels
 - 2 Flannel Blinders
 - 2 Swathes
 - 1 dozen Turkish Towelling Squares
 - Puff, Box, and Powder
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£2 the lot, carriage paid. Money refunded if value is considered unsatisfactory.

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- 6 Shirts, or 3 Silk and Wool Vests
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Short Clothes

- Cashmere Dresses, in Cream, Sky, Pink, and Red, 3/3 to 6/6, all are extra wide in the skirts
- Lovely Little Jap. Silk Dresses, own make, hand featherstitched skirts and yokes, 8/6
- Flannel Styles, lace trimmed, 5/11
- Dainty Afternoon Dresses in White Muslin, trimmed lace and embroidery, 2/11 to 15/6
- Cream Cashmere Petticoats, 8/11 to 42/- Some very choice ones from 12/6 to 19/6
- Infants' Silk Bonnets, lovely designs, from 2/11 to 0/11
- Infants' Pinafores, our own make, with wide full, lace edged, 1/6
- Special range of 2/11, tucked, embroidered and lace insertion, no two alike.

No extra charge for postage.

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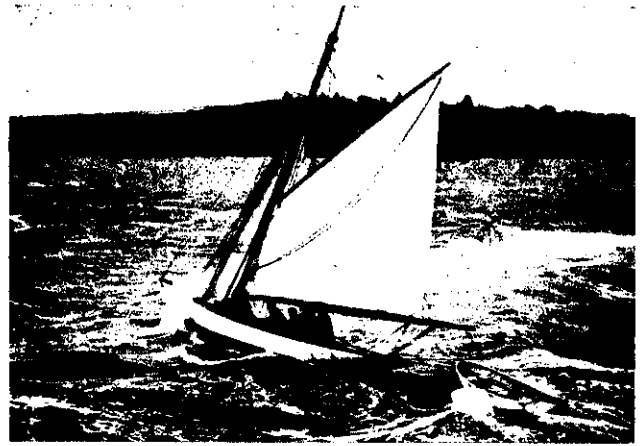
power of reasoning and the gift of swift execution. One laughs with sheer pleasure at a smart piece of manoeuvring as at a manifestation of a living creature's quick wit and precise grace.

Of those three varieties of fore-and-aft rig, the cutter—the racing rig par excellence—is of an appearance the most imposing, from the fact that practically all her canvas is in one piece. The enormous mainsail of a cutter, as she draws slowly past a point of land or the end of a jetty under your admiring gaze, invests her with an air of lofty and silent majesty. At anchor a schooner looks better; it has an aspect of greater efficiency and a better balance to the eye, with her two masts distributed over the hull with a swaggering rake aft. The yawl rig one comes in time to love. It is, I should think, the easiest of all to manage.

For racing—a cutter; for a long pleasure voyage—a schooner; for cruising in home waters—the yawl. And the handling of them all is indeed a fine art. It requires not only the knowledge of the general principles of sailing, but a particular acquaintance with the character of the craft. All vessels are handled in the same way as far as theory goes, just as you may deal with all men on broad and rigid principles. But if you want

finer, perhaps, than the art of handling men.

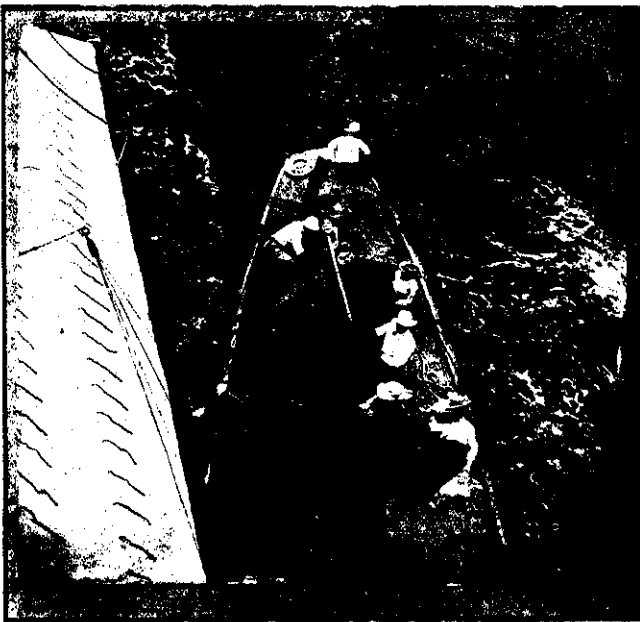
And, like all fine arts, it must be based upon a broad, solid sincerity, which, like a law of nature, rules an infinity of different phenomena. Your endeavour must be single-minded. You would talk differently to a coal-heaver and to a professor. But is this duplicity? I deny it. The truth consists in the genuineness of the feeling, in the genuine recognition of the two men, so similar and so different, as your two partners in the hazard of life. Obviously, a humbug, thinking only of winning his little race, would stand a chance of profiting by his deception. Men, professors or coal-heavers, are easily deceived; they even have an extraordinary knack of lending themselves to deception, a sort of curious and inexplicable propensity to allow themselves to be led by the nose with their eyes open. But with a ship it is not so. She is a sort of creature which we have brought into the world, as it were, on purpose to keep us up to the mark. In her handling, a ship will not put up with a mere pretender, as, for instance, the public will do with Mr. X., the popular statesman; Mr. Y., the popular scientist; or Mr. Z., the popular—what shall we say? anything from a teacher of high morality to a bagman—



A STIFF BREEZE.

seemed to have had eyes. Or else I cannot understand on what ground a certain thousand-ton barque of my acquaintance on one particular occasion refused to answer her helm, thereby saving a frightful smash to two ships and to a very good man's reputation. I know her intimately for two years, and in no other instance either before or since have I known her to do that thing. The man she had served so

well, guessing perhaps at the depths of his affection for her, I have known much longer, and in bare justice to him I must say that this confidence-shattering experience—though so fortunate—only augmented his trust in her. Yes, our ships have no ears, and thus they cannot be deceived. I would illustrate my idea of fidelity as between man and ship, between the master and his art, by a statement which, though it might



that success in life which comes from the affection and confidence of your fellows, then with no two men, however similar they may appear in their nature, will you deal in the same way. There may be a rule of conduct; there is no rule of human fellowship. To deal with men is as fine an art as it is to deal with ships. Both men and ships live in an unstable element, are subject to subtle and powerful influences, and want to have their merits understood rather than their faults found out.

It is not what your ship will not do that you want to know to get on terms of successful partnership with her; it is rather that you ought to have a precise knowledge of what she will do for you when called upon by a sympathetic touch to put forth what is in her. At first sight the difference does not seem great in either line of solution in the difficult problems of limitations. But the difference is great. The difference lies in the spirit in which the problem is approached. After all, the art of handling ships is

who have won their little race. But I would like, though not accustomed to betting, to wager a large sum that not one of the few first-rate skippers of racing yachts has ever been a humbug. It would have been too difficult. The difficulty arises from the fact that one does not deal with ships in a mob, but with a ship as an individual. So we may have to do with men. But in each of us there is some particle of the mob spirit, of the mob temperament. No matter how earnestly we strive against each other, we remain brothers on the lowest side of our intellect and the instability of our feeling. With ships it is not so. Much as they are to us, they are nothing to each other. Those sensitive creatures have no ears for our blandishments. It takes something more than words to cajole them to do our will, to cover us with glory—luckily, too, or else there would have been more shoddy reputations for first-rate seaman-ship. Ships have no ears, I repeat, though, indeed, I think I have known ships that really

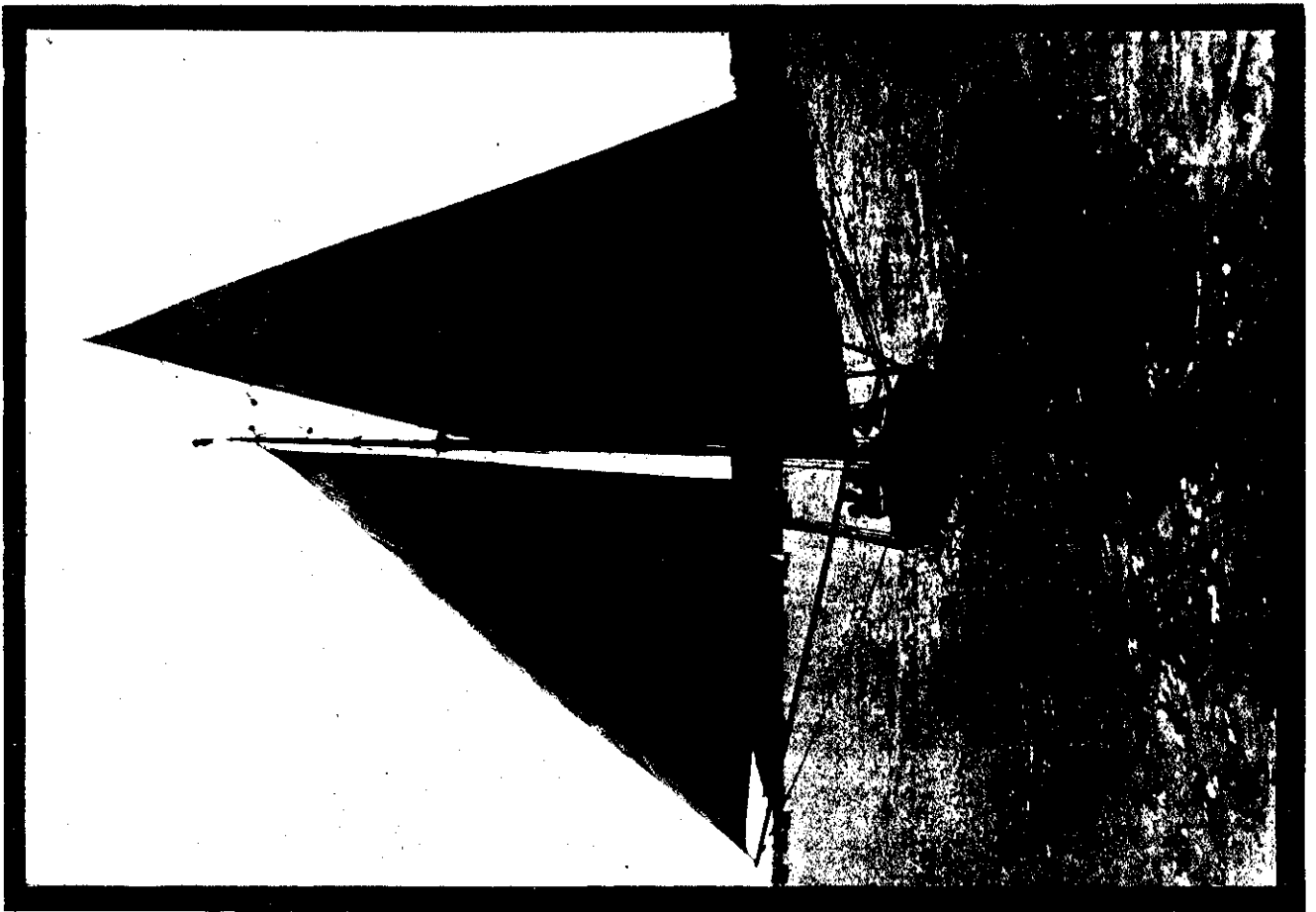


THE AMERICAN MAGICIAN, CHARLES I. CARTER, Who has been successfully touring New Zealand, and is now appearing at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland. See "Mystic and Drama."

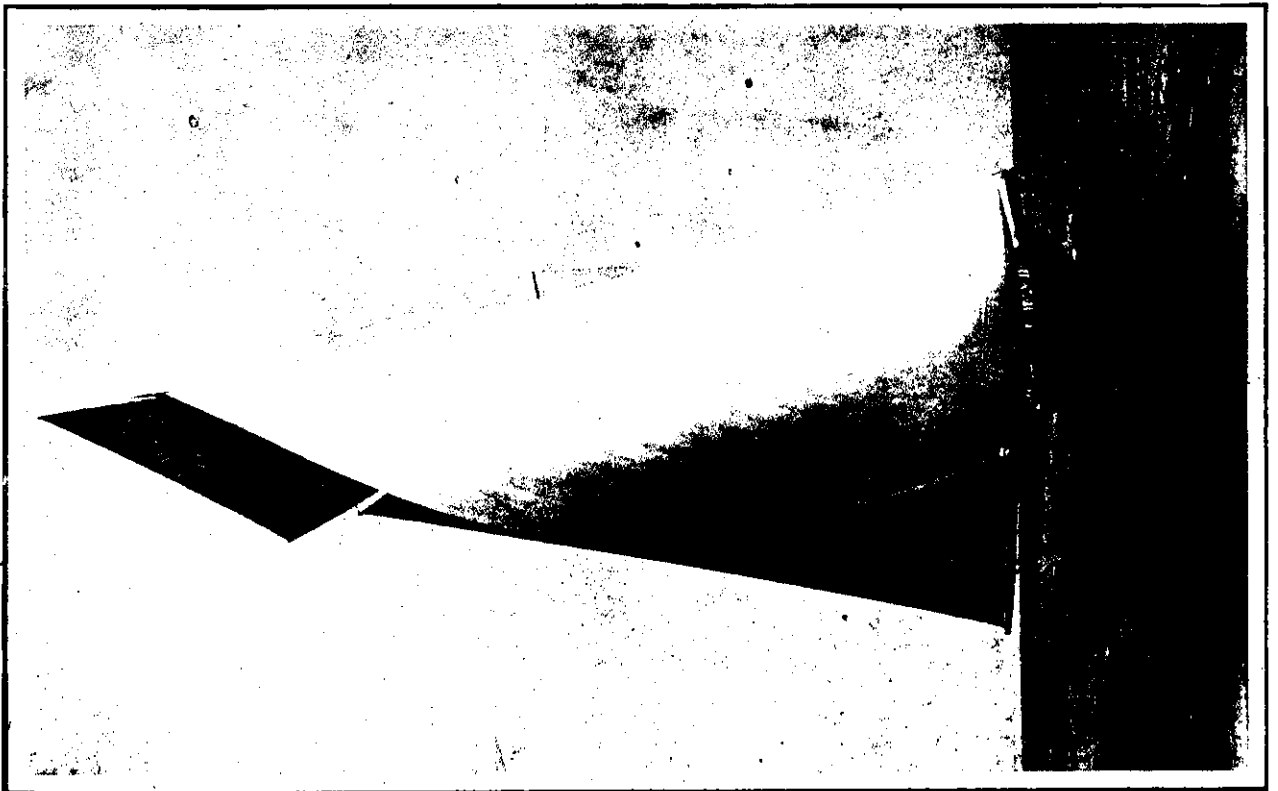
Soundness
of teeth

Odol

Fragrant
breath.



BEFORE THE WIND.



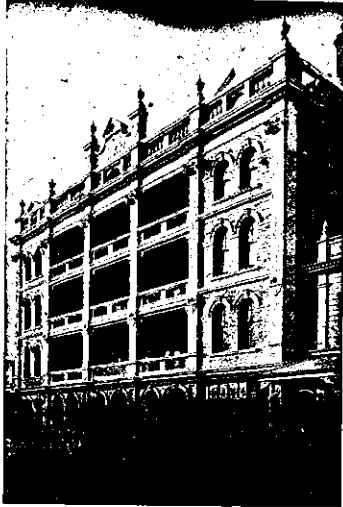
SHAMROCK II, SHOWING THE ENORMOUS JIB-TOPSAIL.

appear shockingly sophisticated, is really very simple. I would say that a racing-yacht skipper who thought of nothing else but winning the race would never attain to any eminence of reputation. The genuine masters of their craft—I say this confidently from my experience of ships—have thought of nothing but of doing their very best by the vessel under their charge. To forget oneself, to surrender all personal feeling in the service of that fine art, is the only way for a seaman to the faithful discharge of his trust.

Such is the service of a fine art and of ships that sail the sea. And therein I think I can lay my finger upon the difference between the seamen of yesterday, who are still with us, and the seamen of to-morrow, already entered upon the possession of their inheritance. History repeats itself, but the special call of an art which has passed away is never reproduced. It is as utterly gone out of the world as the song of a destroyed wild bird. Nothing

Continued on page 58.

Grand Hotel, Hastings

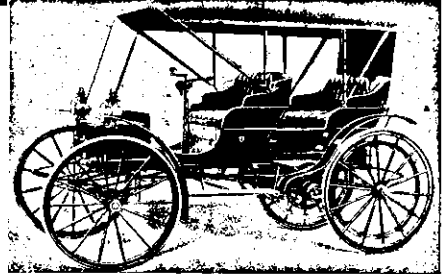


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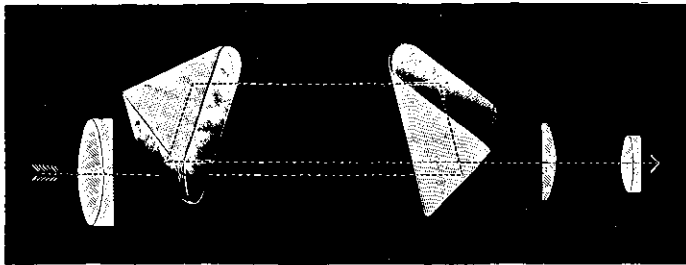
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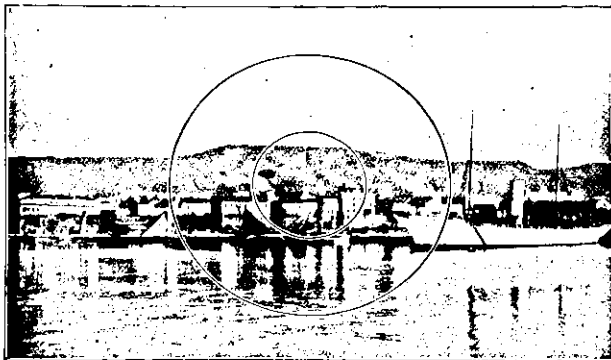
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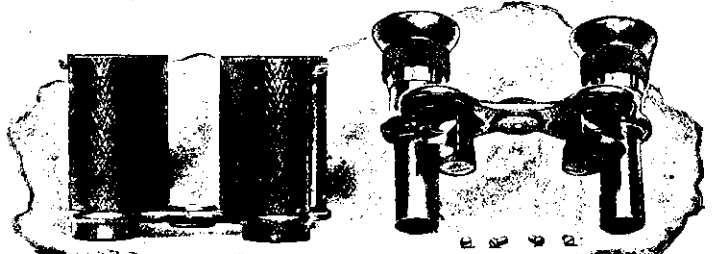
The Path of the Rays in the "Dollond" Prism Binocular.



DOLLOND'S PRISM BINOCULAR.
N 8, £6 15/- and £7 7/-; with rack, £10.
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These circles show the comparative sizes of the field of view, the smaller as seen through an ordinary Binocular and the larger as seen through Dollond's Prism Binocular, both of the same power.



Shows construction of Dollond's Prism Binoculars. Being English-made, the rate of custom duty is one third less than on German-made Prism Binoculars, and they justly claim to be the BEST VALUE in New Zealand.

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Official Organ of the New Zealand Sweet Pea Society
and Auckland Horticultural Society

CONDUCTED BY "VERONICA."

All communications for "Veronica" should be addressed to "Graphic" Office, Auckland. Secretaries of Horticultural Societies are invited to send us short reports of their proceedings, and also any items of interest to Horticulturists.

Photographs of Flowers, Fruits, or New Vegetables, or Garden Scenes, will be welcome.

SHOW DATES.

- Kaponga Horticultural Society**, February 24. W. T. McKay, Secretary.
- Franklin Show**, Pukekohe, February 25-26. John Patterson, Secretary.
- Stratford**—March 10 and 11.—W. S. Cato, Hon. Sec. pro tem.
- Auckland Horticultural Society**, April 14-15, Choral Hall, Auckland. Chrysanthemum and Dahlia Show. W. W. Bruce, Secretary.

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

Vegetable.—Kidney Beans, Runner Beans, Early Peas, Cress, Mustard, Radish, Turnip, Potatoes.

Flower.—Aquilegia, Canterbury Bells, Cinerarias, Delphiniums, Dianthus, Hollyhocks, Panstes, Stocks (Brompton, East Lothian).

Bulbs and Tubers to Plant this month.—Allium Neapolitanum, Anemones (St. Bridget and single), Freesias (white and yellow), Hyacinths (in pots, in glasses, in borders), Narcissus (early sorts), Ranunculus (Asiaticus Superbissimus), Tulips (single and double).

Plant Out Broccoli, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Lettuce, Borecole, Celery.

GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

In the kitchen garden, whenever the weather is favourable for planting, proceed to get in some more celery plants, the ground on which early potatoes have been grown may be utilised for a celery crop. Early planted celery should be earthed up. Plants of broccoli, borecole, and such like should be got in; transplant lettuce and continue sowings of saladings. The last sowing of kidney and runner beans should be got in this month. Crops of tomatoes and cucumbers require attention, such as pinching, tying up and thinning. Potato and tree onions, eschalots and garlic should be lifted whenever ripe and stored away after drying thoroughly. Attend to all growing crops and keep soil as free from weeds as possible. Any crops not making progress may be stimulated by giving liquid fowl manure or guano, taking care not to give the plants too strong a solution, especially if young or tender.

There is plenty to do in the orchard—summer pinching or pruning is now practised by some of our leading market growers, especially on peaches and nectarines. Attend to any budding where grafts have failed. Gather all moth-infested apples and give to pigs or burn them, or they can be boiled and fed to fowls in pollard.

In the flower garden, carnations and picotees may still be layered. Dahlias require attention in the way of thinning, staking, tying up and watering with weak liquid manure. Chrysanthemums want plenty of moisture, and must be kept well staked and tied, else winds will damage. Lift gladiolus bulbs as they ripen; dry thoroughly before storing away in a cool place. Get beds or

borders prepared for autumn sowing of sweet peas. Dig the ground deep and expose to the sun for a few weeks. Lawns need constant attention, as do evergreen hedges. These latter should be thinned as soon as possible, and by attending to this work during the month the plants will make fresh growth before the winter sets in, which will materially improve the appearance of the hedge all through winter. Keep down weeds by constant stirring of surface soil. Roses can be budded this month. Look over rose beds and pick off all decayed blooms or seed hips.

fruits are suspended from the bare stem and branches by short, slender stalks; dangling in the air, they readily give the impression of a chandler's shop. This impression is intensified as night falls and the numerous fireflies move among the fruits. It is not, perhaps, surprising that the inexperienced traveller should not infrequently be informed that the fireflies perform the duty of lighting up these "candles" when required by the denizens of the jungle. The fruits are fleshy and juicy, and have a peculiar apple-like odour. They are eaten by certain tribes and also by cattle. The tree belongs to the Natural Order Bignoniaceae.

The Candle Tree.

One of the most remarkable trees of the Tropics is undoubtedly the Candle Tree (*Parmentiera cereifera*), native of Panama. It grows 30 to 40 feet high, and produces from its stem and older branches a profusion of almost sessile campanulate flowers; these are followed by yellowish, cylindrical, smooth points, 12 to 18 inches long, which appear exactly like wax candles, as the botanical name implies. So close is this resemblance that travellers, seeing the tree in fruit for the first time, are liable to be temporarily puzzled as to whether the candles of shops are made in factories or grown on trees! The candle-like

Carnivorous Plants of the Future.

It is a fact recognised by botanists as beyond dispute that the carnivorous habit among plants is more widespread than it was formerly supposed to be. The specialized sundews (*Droseras*) are but the advance guard of a large army of species which depend for their existence more or less upon the absorption of animal salts through their foliage. There is no gainsaying the statement, recently put forward by more than one scientist, that the tendency to rely upon a carnivorous diet is on the increase.



AN ELEGANT PALM, COCOS WEDDELIANA, Which must not be subjected to cold draughts.

Of course, this is only in a line with the simplest evolutionary principle. It is possible to trace the steps by which the highest types of species, which seize and hold their prey, such as the Venus fly trap (*Dionaea*), have been evolved from those which merely capture their victims by the use of an adhesive fluid such as the fly catcher of Portugal (*Drosophyllum*). Still lower in the scale are the plants, such as the toadstool (*Dipsacus*), which draw the insects in strange bucket-like contrivances located at the base of the leaves. Flies which may chance to fall into the water are of course drowned, and the plant absorbs the nitrogenous elements from their decaying bodies.

It is a startling conception that in ages to come the plant world as a whole may become so advanced in carnivorous tastes as to be a real menace to animal creation. Dreadful indeed must be the sundews and the *Dionaeas* to their insect victims at the present time. The unfortunate fly which is captured by the leaf of the sundew finds itself held down by strong arms which are able to resist its violent struggles. The largest *Drosera* on earth at the present time produces leaves which are perhaps nine inches in length. Magnify this plant until the leaves are ten feet in length, and we have an exceedingly formidable specimen. Many of the palms and other tropical species have foliage which is much in excess of this measurement, so that the idea of leaves as big as this is not altogether fantastic. To be in proportion, the tentacles could scarcely be less than ten inches in length, and these would be able to grapple with birds of considerable size. We may conceive that the giant sundew would be able to hold out some special inducement for its intended victims to visit the leaves. Probably the bait would be in the form of some sweet-tasting secretion. On alighting, the birds would probably not find the adhesive fluid which the leaves would produce more than slightly annoying. The movements which they would make, in an endeavour to free themselves, would be all-sufficient to give the stimulus to the sensitive tentacles. These would rapidly close in on their prey, and in a few moments escape would be out of the question. Finally, the unfortunate birds would perish miserably, the bodies in their decay yielding to the plant the nitrogenous matter desired.



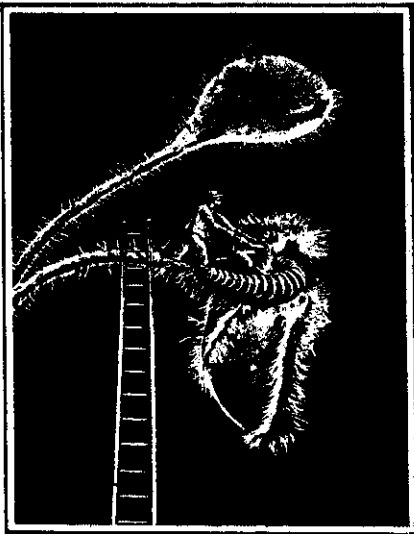
THE CANDLE TREE (*PARMENTIERA CEREIFERA*).



The great bladderwort swallowing a reptile.



A man-eating Venus fly trap.



From a giant pitcher plant a man could escape only with the help of a friend.



A goat-eating butterwort of the future.



A great sundew, millions of years hence, catching a sturk.

CARNIVOROUS PLANTS OF THE FUTURE.

The Pinguiculas or butterworts are at the present time innocent-looking plants rather attractive in appearance. These species, as is well known, find their home in boggy tracts, where they spread their foliage on the surface of the ground in the form of a rosette. If the leaves of

the butterwort are closely examined, it will be seen that they are thickly covered with two sets of glands, one set of which is plainly visible to the naked eye. This visible set resembles a miniature mushroom, while the other set is microscopic and is formed of eight cells grouped after the manner of a wart or a knob. It is the practice of these glands whenever they come into contact with any object to pour out copiously a mucilaginous fluid, which acts much in the same way as bird lime. Acid secretion is also produced, which aids the leaf in the digestion of the object—supposing that the capture should be an insect. In order to make assurance doubly sure, the edge of the leaf in certain species is seen to curl slowly inward. Now we can imagine that in the very far-away future with which we are dealing the Pinguicula will develop leaves which will hardly be less than five or six feet in length. These lying along the surface of the ground will make a special appeal to grazing animals. Perhaps as with the sundew the allurements will be in the form of some pleasant-tasting secretion which is peculiarly attractive to sheep and goats. We can imagine how these animals on first coming across the plants would start to regale themselves at the prepared feast. The strong silky substances would take a firm hold of the hairs surrounding the mouth parts of the creatures, and in their endeavour to free themselves the animals would become more entangled. Gradually, too, the sides of the huge leaves would close inward, and the fate of the victim could not long be delayed. A pitiable spectacle indeed to see these animals done to death by a plant, but the same process on a



POSSIBLE ENORMOUS ARISTOLOCHIA FLOWERS OF THE FUTURE WHICH MAY LURE EVEN MEN.



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J. R. FOSTER, Proprietor.

smaller scale is repeated thousands of times during the summer in any place where the Pinguiculae abound.

We can hardly think in this advance of vegetable life that the many species of pitcher plants which catch their prey more by allurement than by force, would be behindhand in the forward movement. Even at the present time many of these species develop processes which are several feet in length, as exemplified in the case of the *Sarracenia* and *Darlingtonia*. In one of the accompanying illustrations is pictured one of the colossal pitchers which in the course of ages may be evolved from the comparatively small *Cephalotus*—a native of Australia. There is no knowing what inducements these plants might not be able to hold out for the capturing of even man himself. Perhaps the tissue inside the pitcher would be peculiarly succulent, and we know that where there is anything worth having there will always be found men daring enough to take the risk of getting it. Once inside the pitcher of the *Cephalotus*, escape would be possible only with a friendly assistant at hand. From the bottom of the pitcher three barriers would confront the prisoner anxious to get out. First of all there is a circular ridge projecting in such a way that it is most difficult to surmount. Secondly, a stretch of wall thickly covered with processes resembling the teeth of a comb and all pointing downward. Last of all, on the involute rim round the mouth of the pitcher is arranged a fringe of recurved spines which resemble a row of formidable bayonets. Indeed, it would be a far more simple matter to get out of the average well than to make one's escape from a giant *Cephalotus* pitcher.

Although the matter does not involve death, the giant *Aristolochia* flower brings about the imprisonment of flies for quite a long time. The system is in connection with the cross-fertilisation of the blossom. The insects are induced to enter the cavernous mouth of the great bloom by an odour strongly suggestive of carrion, which is peculiarly attractive to flies. Once inside, the flies are held captive by an ingenious arrangement whereby they are lost in the tortuous passages at the rear of the flower. After blundering around for some time, the winged creatures are able to emerge again, not, however, before they have become well dusted with pollen for transmission to another bloom.

It is possible that the *Aristolochia* of years to come will assume much larger proportions, and we may imagine that the flower will be able to hold out some allurement which will tempt large animals to enter its gloomy depths. It is more likely that escape from the colossal blossom would not be such a simple matter, and there might be a danger of a creature's coming unpleasantly near to starvation before seeing daylight again.

Far more dreadful than any of the plants described above would be the Venus fly trap of the future. This plant would be a vegetable terror. As is well known, the leaves of this plant are designed in the form of a trap. On the upper surface of each half of the leaf are three hairs. To touch any of them is to cause the organ to shut up, enclosing the object which has given rise to the irritation. The bordering of the leaf is formed of sharp, fringed hairs, which, when the trap is closed, prevent escape. At the most the leaves of the *Dionaea* are not more than an inch in length, but we may get a little idea of what this plant may be in years to come, if we imagine the foliage to be large enough to grapple with a man. It is the habit of this plant to grow with its leaves half-concealed beneath the sphagnum moss in which it thrives. The leaves of the giant man-trap partly hidden by the undergrowth would form the most terrible pitfall that the world has ever seen. Any unfortunate man who should chance to stumble into one of these leaves would be speedily crushed to death by the steady pressure of the inclosing sides. One can imagine that a country in which the man trap abounded would be avoided as much as a district inhabited by man-eating savages.

The aquatic plants such as the bladderworts (*Utricularia*) would scarcely be behindhand in this forward movement among the carnivorous species. These plants capture small water creatures by means of little bladders which are attached to their stems. The entrance to these receptacles is guarded by a little door, which can be opened easily from the exterior, but may not be pushed aside from the interior. At the present time

the bladders of the *Utricularia* are small, but there is no reason to suppose that they will always remain so. It is quite likely that they may increase in size so that they are able to grapple with good-sized fish and other water animals.

In these far-away days of which we have been speculating, plants will be divided into wild and tame sorts in the very real sense of the words. The botanical gardens of the time will be far more exciting than are the zoological collections of to-day. It is fortunate that all natural changes come about with great slowness, and it may be that the condition of man himself will have changed considerably by the time he is called upon to face these aggressive plants. It is to be hoped that they may be so, otherwise the outlook for the human race is distinctly disquieting.

THE CARNATION.

(A Lecture by Mr. A. Cant, jun., as given before the Ballarat Horticultural Society, Vic.)

There is an ever-increasing and widespread interest taken in this fine old-time flower. It meets one in old books, and, especially in old portraits. A portrait of King Edward IV. by an unknown artist has a carnation in his hand. Another fine portrait of Lady Johanna Abergavenny, by Holbein, shows a pink carnation in her left hand. Evidently the pink and carnation were more popular than the rose in those days. They were mostly semi-double and fringed. By the term shows, as applied to carnations, the bizarres and flakes are generally understood. Really good bizarres and flakes were in cultivation more than a hundred years ago. Such varieties are not now in existence, and it is a question if those now in cultivation are superior to them. There is an exceedingly good coloured plate of Franklin's Tartar scarlet bizarre carnation published in the second volume of the "Botanical Magazine," 1788. It was raised by Mr. Franklin, of Lambeth Marsh. Between 1788 and 1900 thousands of very beautiful bizarres and flakes have been raised.

In America the carnation is exceedingly popular, and a recent publication stated that 100,000,000 blooms are annually supplied to salesmen in the United States. Millions of feet of glass are being used for the cultivation of them there, and the nurserymen of both England and Germany have sent their men to study their business methods of raising and disposing of them. They are mostly of the tree type, with fringed edges and scented. The stock of that now well-known American raised Carnation, Thomas W. Lawson, was sold for £30,000 (!).

[We understand that the actual price was 20,000 dollars—not pounds.—Veronica.]

We in Australia seem to be evolving a type of our own, comprising the tree perpetual like the American, with the smooth edge of the English show or spring bloomer, and the characteristic of both. The bursters, with fringed edges, are designated at some of our shows as decorative, but when judging some years ago with our old friend Mr. Ross at the Alfred Hall, he designated them as weeds, which years ago had been discarded by carnation growers, and he did not think they should have a place in our show stands.

The old type of malmesoun should be in every collection. The original bush is the parent of several sports, the best being pink Princess of Wales. As their name implies, the plants may be grown into large bushes or trees, forming tall, well-balanced specimens; or small plants in the pots will produce a score or more of handsome blossoms. This section is propagated by cuttings inserted into small pots in very sandy soil.

If you wish to supply flowers all the year round, begin to put in cuttings in May, and continue to do so at intervals of about three weeks until November. The plants from early cuttings begin to produce their flowers in March, and continue until July. By this time the late plants begin to bloom, and a profusion of flowers are obtainable until summer.

When grown under glass in the early stages, place as near the light as possible, as the more freely the air can play around them the better. Stop the shoots in the early stages of the plants' growth, and by judicious topping, nice bushy plants are produced instead of

the long, spindly things with two or three branches. From November until March these plants do much better in an open position out of doors than they do under glass.

Planting.—Either in autumn from layers, or spring from plants; winter, in small pots. Plant firmly, and as deep as the first pair of leaves, and 14 inches apart. Some of the plants may require a short stick, especially if planted in the autumn, and a slight mulching on the surface of decayed manure.

The best time to sow seed is September or October; it can be sown in almost any month. The plants will flower best if sown in the early spring. As soon as the seed leaves are fully developed, prick the young plants out into boxes, and plant out where they are to flower in November 14 inches apart. Carnations root finely and compactly, and near the surface, therefore, you should not use the hoe or trowel within 8 inches of the plants, and from 4 to 6 inches deep. Any weeds within that area should be taken out with the fingers.

December, January or February are the best times to root cuttings. The only precautions are ripened wood, moisture, and protection from the hot winds and sun.

A hybridiser must have judgment in making his crosses, also imagination, and know how to use it. It is the man with the imagination who will raise the flowers of the future.

THRIP—SPOT RUST—RED SPIDER.

It is typical of some men to make a boast that they do not belong to any society connected with floriculture, nor do they air their views upon any one subject appertaining to plant culture. Their vast knowledge, looked up for ever with sealed lips, must be a great burden to them. These wise individuals will shake their heads with a cynical smile, and inform you that they really do know how to cure stem-rot, etc., but that's their secret, and they intend to keep it so. In truth, their lips are sealed by ignorance, and they live in a small, narrow world. I believe that it is the duty of us all for the common good to make others wise in any matter that we may have had the good fortune to obtain knowledge of connected with fighting pests and diseases.

Green Fly is one of our common everyday enemies, and rarely is the progressive man to any extent troubled by it. He knows how rapidly they increase, and acts accordingly; preferring to exterminate the few rather than the many. It is the man who procrastinates that fears such enemies.

Few, if any, of the many insecticides sold fail to prove a deadly weapon to fight and destroy this little green gentleman, and almost any of the well-known home-made insecticides are equally good. There is one point which, I think, too many of us overlook, and which is of vital importance; it is quite simple for the remedy to be almost as bad and injurious as the evil. We may use an insecticide which truly kills the insects, but which also costs the entire plant with a deposit which stops up the pores of the leaves, as is the case with soft soap. This must be injurious to the plants' health; of course it can be washed off, but this takes longer than is generally calculated, particularly so on the under parts of the leaves. For this reason I would recommend nicotine. If your plants are under cover naturally you would fumigate or vapourise them.

Thrip is rather a formidable foe of the Carnation. Owing to its habits and endless numbers, he is difficult to get at. We notice deformed growths and leaves, the cause of which we know only too well. If our plants are in the greenhouse, persistency in fumigating and vapourising will eventually eradicate the evil, but out in the open spraying is the only alternative. Nicotine extract is one of the best remedies.

Another effective spray for Thrip on plants out in the open is 10oz of Paris green and 2oz of castor sugar to six gallons of water; this can be sprayed on the plant during the evening or on dull days, and should be syringed off after twelve hours, it being quite safe to treat the plants with it twice a week.

Red Spider is without doubt one of the carnation's worst enemies, and why so many people shudder at Rust, which is not nearly so deadly, and pass over Red Spider without heed, to me has always been a mystery. The best and easiest place to fight Red Spider is out in the open; dewy nights in the late summer have a very telling effect against them; persistent spraying at a high pressure

will in time rid the plants of this insect; a lot of common salt to one gallon of water is the most popular remedy. Plants should not be sprayed with the more than once each week, and the salt should be washed off after two days; several other and sundry sprays are recommended, some of which are good. If our horticultural chemists can invent a reliable remedy for Red Spider they will earn our thanks and gratitude. If the plants are indoors sulphur is the best exterminator.

PETER BARR MEMORIAL.

In accordance with a generally expressed wish, the Royal Horticultural Society's Narcissus and Tulip Committee held a special meeting at the hall on Tuesday, December 7th, to consider the question of raising some memorial to perpetuate the memory of the late Mr. Peter Barr. It was decided (1) to institute a medal to be called the Peter Barr Medal, to be given annually and in some way to be connected with the Daffodil; and (2) to use the balance of the subscriptions to provide for the maintenance of a child in connection with the Gardeners' Orphan Fund, as this was an institution in which he had taken a life-long interest. The members of the Floral and Narcissus Committees were nominated to act as a general committee, and a small sub-committee consisting of five members from each body were elected to carry out the above resolutions.

MISS WILLMOTT'S GARDEN.

Miss E. A. Willmott has given Mr. Quaritch permission to publish a selection of forty-one collotype views of her well-known and interesting garden at Great Warley (Eng.). This is the first time that any photographs of the garden have been published, and it is thought that they will prove of exceptional interest to all horticulturists. The work forms one volume folio, 16 inches by 12 inches, and was issued in December.

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MISS GIULIA MOROSINI.

She wears Princess gowns adorned with diamond buttons, and extends her love of rich garniture to her horses.

"THE LADIES' GAME."

By GERTRUDE LNCH.

"Next to the gentleman's game of hunting we must put the ladies' game of dressing. It is not the cheapest of games."—Ruskin.

CORALIE and I have been friends for years. Indeed, our intimacy began long ago in a certain New England village, when, as small girls, we occupied adjoining desks at school. That little Jennie B.—no, after all, I won't disclose Coralie's identity—should have developed into the most famous, the most successful, and, perhaps crowning distinction, the most expensive dressmaker in New York, is a fact that never fails to impress me. Not that Coralie had ever been the ugly duckling of the fairy story—far from it; but her painstaking mind and her studious industry had seemed to promise for her a future no more brilliant than the Normal School and a teacher's career. What passed for Providence intervened, however, and now our paths lie far apart. For the profession by which I exist has forced me to deal critically with those very frailties of modern life, to which it is Coralie's business to cater. Yet, sometimes, I am inclined to think that, in her shrewd way, my friend is really the better observer, the keener critic.

It was shortly after her latest visit to the shops of London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna that I accepted Coralie's invitation to dine with her at Sherry's on a Sunday evening.

We glided along Fifth-avenue in a smart little electric brougham—Coralie's latest acquisition, fresh proof of her success—past dimly-lighted houses, palaces in size and suggestion. Sharper nebule of light fell beneath the raised shades of great windows in the pretentious hotels that seemed to punctuate the street like exclamation points. Within were glimpses of gay colours, white shirt fronts, confusion and feasting. Everywhere there was a crowd; for it was the dinner hour on New York's favourite night for dining abroad.

We waited our turn in the moving line of motors and carriages that stretched along the avenue and into Forty-fourth-street, like the curve of some splendid serpent with eyes of fire. We left our brougham at the entrance of the entrance of the restaurant. The soft path of carpet brought us up the steps and within the doors, and we stood for a moment, our wraps taken from us as if by magic, to survey the kaleidoscopic groups of men and women in the great entrance hall. We threaded our way under the guidance of a head waiter to whom Coralie's is a well-known presence, past tables shining with glass and silver and crowned with rose and orchids, as if for some rite. Gay hats nodded like more splendid flowers under the drooping palms, jewels flashed in the radiance of a hundred shaded lights, and the deep

pulse of violins, played in a waltz, throbbled through the murmur of many voices.

The impression was of a very abandonment of luxury. "Extravagance, extravagance!" I exclaimed almost involuntarily, as we sat looking about. "Think, if you dare, how much money there is in this room in mere clothes! Where do you suppose it all comes from? It's overwhelming!"

"Extravagance!" Coralie picked up the word defensively. "Yes, but it's New York, remember. Here's where the wealth of the nation centres; here's where the greatest fortunes are; why not the most lavish expenditure? It's a matter of relations."

She paused to look at a group of persons about to seat themselves at the square table next to our own. There were six—three men and three women. The former classified themselves, in their well-groomed sleekness, their pride of possession, and their air



A £1,000 COSTUME.

Made for Miss Morosini. It is lavishly embellished by sequins put on by hand, and represents several months' labour.

of imperturbability, as types of the New Yorker of club and Wall-street manufacture. The women, all of them gowned with studied and luxurious elaboration, had given my companion smiles of recognition.

Dropping her jewelled lorgnette Coralie turned again to me. "I can't tell you where the money all comes from," she said, "but how much is spent on the clothes we see here—that is the subject. I know about clothes. Take these people next us, to begin with. They are all customers of mine, in a way. That woman with the grey hair, who is helping her husband to order dinner, has been coming to me for years."

I raised my eyes to a vision in Nile green crepe de chine. Panels of white chiffon, charmingly embroidered with jet and opalescent beads, followed the princess lines of the gown from throat to train. The elbow sleeves were finished with ruffles of rare Italian lace, and garnitures of pearls and opals were cunningly introduced. The gown suited its owner to perfection—a woman neither young nor old—in whom the grace of youth and the dignity of middle age had met.

"That costume came from my house," Coralie was saying. "I am rather pleased with it"—a note of professional satisfac-

tion, other great capitals, too. For there is no truth in the common notion that American women dress more extravagantly than those of any other nation. It may be that more American women dress well, but extravagance is an international characteristic, not merely national. And I believe that wealthy Russian women, at least, spend rather more on clothes than do Americans. Their furs alone, from St. Petersburg to Paris I noticed, a party of Russian women all wearing coats of sable, and not one of those coats, I am sure, could have cost less than £8000. In Berlin, the same winter, the manager of a great dressmaking house told me that he had been at infinite pains, really scouring Europe, to get an extra sable skin to match some others used in the trimming of a gown ordered by a South American. For that skin alone he had to charge his customer £600. That's not an exceptional illustration of extravagance among South American women, either. From Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres the women make their annual trips to Paris costumers. Oh, it's a mistake, believe me, to suppose that the wives of American millionaires are the sole support of the Rue de la Paix." Coralie paused, smiling at her own



MRS. ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT.

And some friends at the Hollywood Horse Show. Mrs. Vanderbilt dresses simply, and her costume, including hat and parasol, probably did not cost over £30. The gowns worn by her companions cost several times that amount.

tion coloured her tone—"and it cost Mrs. C— exactly £140. I consider her a very well dressed woman, by the way, and not extravagant—as extravagance goes. She always gets the worth of her money; and if she has the money and chooses to spend it, what matters! I don't believe her bills for clothes come to more than £3600 or £4000 a year."

"Four thousand a year! £150 for a frock!"

"Don't be alarmed," Coralie's hand waved back the interruption; "that is nothing unusual! The perfectly plain, perfectly simple, Doucet gown that Mrs. C—'s sister—the young girl nearest us—is wearing, didn't cost a penny less than £140, over here; and I'm inclined to think that the other woman—she's worth £2,000,000 in her own right, I'm told—paid rather more for her gown of point Venise; it came from Maurice Meyer's. And there are a dozen gowns of the same sort in this room. There's a woman over there—Mrs. M—, whose wardrobe, it is said, contains over three hundred gowns! She declared in a newspaper interview that she spent £40,000 a year for her clothes!"

"That seems excessive, even to me," Coralie ran on, "but I know the possibilities. For instance, I was in the house of the three Callat sisters in Paris only last year, and I saw, with my own eyes, a New York woman order twenty-five gowns for the season. I know the prices charged there, and those gowns couldn't have cost less than £60 apiece. That represents the average for such women as are here to-night much more nearly than Mrs. M—'s £40,000; yes, and the average for gatherings such as this is

earnestness in defence of her countrywomen. "But I must give you more facts," she began again, "since £140 seemed to you so astounding a sum for one frock. What will you think when I tell you that a woman who wishes the name of being well dressed, as fashion knows the term, must have at least five or six of these imported costumes; also an equal number of domestic afternoon and evening dresses and of tailor-made gowns. There must be an appropriate hat for every out-of-door gown; and these cost anywhere from £10 to £20 or £40 apiece. In summer, a fashionable woman must have forty or fifty lingerie gowns, ranging from the cobweb of lace to the simple muslin, costing not more than £30. She must have morning gowns—she will pay £25 for a simple muslin, with perhaps two yards of inexpensive lace on it. Half a dozen evening coats for winter, and an equal number of lace or silk for summer, are a matter of course. When the Irish lace crochet coat first became popular, one shop sold 450 in a month, no one of them priced less than £40. And the accessories are in proportionate extravagance; for lingerie, handkerchiefs, scarves, and fans £100 or £1200 a year is a conservative estimate. We are living in an age of luxury, indeed; but what would you have? It is good for us dressmakers, at any rate, and one must live!"

II.

Regarding the price of clothes, it is of course to Paris—the habit of the dressmaker—that we must turn for comparisons. We find that in almost every instance prices are higher here in America

than there, even when liberal allowances for the payment of customs duties are made. For instance, the French model gown sells for from one-third to two-thirds more in New York than in Paris. Indeed, the Parisian dressmaker demands a higher price from an American professional buyer than from an ordinary

whose husband or father encourages her because he regards her appearance as an asset, a tangible proof to the world of his prosperity and devotion; who haunts the houses of Redfern, Lichtenstein, Hickson, Mrs. Osborne, Miss Ward, Jacqueline, Carroll, Oaksmith, Louise, and the rest, ever gives a moment's thought to the relation of cost to value? Clothes she must have, for every place, season, climate, hour, and occasion, and she gets them where she can best please herself, her husband, her friends, or, if she live in the limelight, her public.

Above all things, as the desire for elaborate dressing grows, she feels that she must not be distanced in the race; and so, as if in answer to Kipling's plea, though for a far different object, she "buys, buys, buys"—each gown to be worn but a few times and cast aside. Of the various costly accessories, a pair of gloves is worn but once; and delicate shoes, made of imported leather to match the tint of a fabric, suffer a similar eclipse after a debut in a ball-room. For many women pride themselves on never wearing a cleaned garment. After a couple of wearings they send an imported gown to a second-hand dealer, receiving £20 for the creation that may have cost £160. The dealer sells it to an actress starting on her tour, to a society leader of a small town, or to a member of the demi-monde.

On the other hand, the woman who patronizes the cleaning establishments spends there from £300 to £360 a year. For when one pays £4 to have a lace gown cleaned after a single wearing; when gloves by the hundred and blouses fifty at a time are sent to be renovated, it does not take long to reach a sum that parallels the salary on which many a man supports a family.

A moment before, Coralie had spoken of "credit."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that an American woman who could afford to spend £10,000 or £12,000 a year on clothes would demand a favour of this kind of a dressmaker?"

Coralie's shrug was expressive. "The names of society leaders must be on the books of a successful house; and the knowledge that these debtors will not be unduly embarrassed is often the reason for their patronage. For an establishment to insist upon payment is considered an acknowledgment of weakness. Resort to litigation results in a cabal, formed by the woman sued and her friends, who withdraw their custom to place it with a rival firm whose tact and capital can better stand such emergencies. Sometimes a woman is carried on the books of an establishment to the extent of £4,000 or £6,000.

"In dealing with this question of credit,

an unlimited credit is graciously accorded. If, on the other hand, the woman in the stage comet of the season, or an actress whose extravagance is notorious, the subject of a cash settlement is broached very guardedly, so that no offence can be taken, and is suavely insisted upon."

Constant attention to dress has borne its logical fruit: the incessant desire for acquisition, the daily passion for buying has become a well-recognized form of dissipation. A woman goes into a shop with the possible intention of buying a single hat; she comes out the not wholly satisfied possessor of a dozen! Indeed, any clever saleswoman, reading the unmistakable signs of this habit in an eager and wandering eye, may dispose of almost anything she chooses to such a customer. She will tell you that it is not unusual for a woman of wealth and fashion to order ten or fifteen gowns at an establishment that the latter will declare she entered merely to "look about." Who can say that this same passion has not led her elsewhere with equally lavish results?

For it is not only the high-priced dressmakers that one must consider in discussing the extravagance of American women. In New York City alone are 4,000 firms that manufacture ready-made garments for women. Many of these are designed from imported models. Sixteen hundred gowns a day have been sold in a shop that gets its supply from one of these places.

"You mean," I questioned, "that when we buy a £10 gown in a Sixth Avenue department store, we are really buying a French gown so far as essentials are concerned?"

"Certainly," said Coralie, "for there are only a few dressmakers in this country who are daring enough to originate. Manufacturers go abroad for models. Yet, on the other hand, the French often borrow from American customers their original ideas. Years ago, when pretty Juliette Paquin appeared one famous day at Armonville in a simple white linen suit with Eton jacket, distinct among the elaborate gowns that represented thousands of pounds, she said frankly to her admirers that she had taken the idea from an American girl."

A New York woman, whose extravagance in dress is equalled by her candour, once explained—she did not seem to think an "excuse" necessary—that she regarded any criticism of her expenditure as uncalled for.

"I dress as well as my taste and my income allow, for two reasons," she is reported as saying. "The first is a woman's reason: I like to look well. And the other is this: It is the best way I know of to do good with the money that

dependent as is that of dressmakers on long credits and large surpluses of capital, it is easy enough to see that the profits go to the sharp brains, the calculating heads of the business. Certainly the little tailor on the East Side of New York who received 25% for the entire making of a suit that the Fifth Avenue tailor



MRS. HARRY BROOKS SARGEANT.

At the Casino at Deal Beach, in an embroidered gown which, with the hat, could not have cost less than £100.

French customer. There is reason in this: the dressmaker knows perfectly well that the model will be copied hundreds of times in America—that Eldorado of careless luxury—by the buyer, who will reap tremendous harvests of profit with no very great outlay.* For the model can be repeated in domestic materials; and it may even be sold again, when the exclusive dressmaker is through with it, to the wholesale dealer, who will use it as a model for his ready made stock.

Profiting by experience, and knowing the recklessness of rich Americans in the pursuit of what they want, most of the Parisian couturieres, milliners, and makers of lingerie have arranged a special scale of prices, which affects not only the professional buyer, but the casual shopper as well. For example, a gown that a Frenchman may secure for £30, £35, or £40 may bring £60 from an American.

Perhaps fewer New York women may their clothes in Paris now than in the past. It had long been the fashion to bring home a season's dresses with the mark of Parisian makers on them; it still is certainly possible to get great "value" for the money spent in some of the smaller and less well known establishments. But, now-a-days, the New York dressmakers have developed wonderfully; they display real originality; indeed, one of the real leaders of fashionable New York recently declared that she is now buying her clothes in America because it is no longer necessary to get them abroad.

Coralie admits candidly that, like most other trades, dressmaking is a game—"a game," she says, "played by cautious and skilful hands. If our rival gets a good idea, a new colour scheme, we must get a better one; we must know the tricks of our opponents; we must spend money without stint to keep ourselves an fait in the world of dress. New York is Mecca to thousands of women who come from all over the United States to buy or to obtain ideas for home consumption in the dressmaking establishments from coast to coast. Women are employed at handsome salaries by the big shops, merely to go about and glean ideas.

But what gay and fashionable lady, to whom the acquisition of clothes has become a career, their wearing an art;

*The profit on simple dresses is greater than that on elaborate ones, the profit on an ordinary shirtwaist suit being almost 200 per cent. On coats and evening gowns the profit is reckoned from 75 to 150 per cent of the cost and labour.



AN ECCENTRIC COSTUME
Made from a French model. It cost £60, while the plumes on the hat are valued at £10 each.



A HAT WORTH £20,
Which is only one of many that a fashionable woman must have. The coat, of hand-wrought imported lace, cost £400.

the Parisian is cleverer than we are," Coralie continued. "A woman who seeks to establish credit with him is met unavailingly, but she cannot obtain immediate attention. She is made to feel that an audience in a couple of days is a favour. The time is taken advantage of to find out her husband's position; if he is 'safe,'

fortune has so kindly bestowed on me!" There is, of course, a grain of truth in this last statement. The circulation of great sums of money certainly conveys a benefit at large. It makes employment possible and insures the acquirement of the necessities of life by many. But in the case of a profession so



MRS. HERMAN P. TAPPE AND MRS. E. V. HARTFORD.

A hand-embroidered linen gown such as the one Mrs. Tappe wears will cost £60, while her hat probably cost between £10 and £15. Mrs. Hartford appears in a lingerie Princess gown showing elaborate handwork, which cost in the neighbourhood of £60.

who employed him sold for £40, has small reason to be satisfied with his share of the profit! Nor can the little apprentices in a fashionable establishment, who gets from 12/- to 20/- for a week of toil, feel any particular enthusiasm for this especial manner of distribution. Indeed, the women whose energies and attention are turned to the subject of dress are seldom of the type that stops to think of reasons, economical or altruistic. So if, in their kindly and careless sowing, some of the seeds fall on good ground, why, let us be simply grateful and not ask a question that philanthropists and cynics alike have never been able to answer.

III

"Coralie," said I, when we found ourselves in the trim little brougham again, rolling almost noiselessly down town, "you have given me a strange jumble of facts and fancies. Tell me, isn't there anyone whose dress is not worth computation in figures, whose jewels are not described in newspapers, who can walk unseen and talk unheard, and who does not insist on dining in public every night of her life?"

Coralie laughed and patted my hand. "Of course there is, my dear, and there are many more than you think! There are women who rarely see the inside of Sherry's, and of whose existence the paragrapher is quite ignorant, yet who are figures of power, influence, and authority in the world of society. Only the other day, in speaking of this very subject, a woman of wealth, position, cleverness, and fashion, who is noted for the beauty of her own gowns, is said to have declared that among her acquaintances she knew of many who dressed admirably on £1,000 a year.

"But women of this sort," Coralie went on, "cannot be called typical of modern American civilization. Although they stand for the best side of it, if you will, and certainly the most conservative, they do not represent the great restless entity that we call New York.

"One thing more, Coralie," I interrupted, "before you develop some startling conclusion on these broad lines: does this extravagance in dress, to which it would seem that American women are all too prone, tend in any way to the demoralization of the American man?"

Coralie laughed. "How can it help doing so?" she cried. "It is from the American man

that the necessary money comes; it is, perhaps, largely to please him that it is spent in this way. And, if he is the source and the beneficiary, why shouldn't he, by all that is just, be sometimes the sufferer? Undoubtedly, certain bankruptcies, separations, divorces, and even suicides may be laid at the door of many a woman whose passion for fine clothes has led to desperate expedients. I remember hearing of one millionaire in the West who really was reduced to poverty by his wife's love of dress. But I do not believe that instances in which this extravagance has been the direct cause of

than many rich woman. It's all a question of degree, and if we can only hold to some just sense of proportion—in this ostentatious, fast-moving age I grant you that's not an easy thing to do—I don't believe that we shall ever find ourselves beyond the reach of remedy." From the top of the steep steps at the door of my little house, I stood a moment looking into the night. Already, with the ever lessening whir of Coralie's brougham, the impressions of the evening were taking their proper places in the background of my memory. The gorgeous room, the scent of flowers, the

itself but its good qualities, and demands the payment of an inevitable penalty. It is right that those who have much should pay much; but how about those who work that others may possess? Is there a payment for them to make, too, in this strange system of life's economy?"

And, suddenly, I was reminded of the poor little child who, working in a shop every day for a wretched wage, turned droarily from the artificial violets over which she was toiling. "I hate flowers," she said, "and I wish God had never made them, so that I needn't have to do this!"



AN EVENING COAT OF EMBROIDERED SATIN.

The ermine lining alone cost £200. The embroidery is exquisite handwork, and added £40 to the cost of the garment.



THE NECESSARY TAILOR GOWN.

The plainest tailor gown costs £30 or more. The cost is counted out so much in materials as in perfection of fit and beauty of lines.

disaster are very common. There are all too many other and larger ways," she added knowingly, "in which a man may ruin himself without the aid of our poor sex. A woman isn't necessarily extravagant merely because she happens to spend great sums of money. She is extravagant, as far as real harm is concerned, only when she spends beyond her income. I've seen wives and daughters of poor professional men who in their limited way were far more of a drain on the family resources and a far more serious menace to the family integrity

than the grace that refines even our hunger, the rhythm of violins against murmuring voices, the rosy lights that fell in splendour of form, colour, and radiance—the whole riot of luxury, at once barbaric in its splendour and ultra-modern in its manifestation, seemed gradually to crystallize into an entity.

"Ah," I thought, "it is a wonderful thing, this luxury! It means the possession of ease, comfort, and beauty. Does that imply the absence of anxiety, care, and ugliness, I wonder? I'm afraid not; for, in its excess, luxury spoils not only

The Steam-Clad Safe

The burglar or mob leader that tries to break the safe of the new National City Bank, New York, will go up against a fierce and untamable proposition. He is liable to find himself parboiling in a bath of sizzling steam, for this monster strong box represents the very latest word in vault construction and protection.

The safe itself is very simple and is bare of adornment. It stands in the centre of the great counting-room. It is fifteen feet high, twenty-five feet wide, and thirty feet long. The weight is three hundred tons. Its principal protection are the walls, which are strong enough to resist the bombardment of a battleship.

First come five inches of armour-plate. Next to this a foot thickness of concrete; then an inch of solid steel; then half an inch of electric wires connected with a dozen stations. On the outside of all this is another inch of solid steel. Just outside the walls of the vault is a grille of steel bars.

But the novel protective feature is a four-inch steam-pipe which encircles the bottom of the vault. At regular intervals are nozzles. This pipe is constantly loaded with steam. In various parts of the big building are valves connected with the steam-pipe. Should a watchman in making his rounds discover some one tampering with the big vault, he can rush to one of those valves, turn a cock, and a moment later the safe is surrounded by a flood of hissing, boiling steam.

There are other safeguards never before installed anywhere. The great vault is on stilts, and the watchman can walk under the treasure-house. At every corner of the stilts are mirrors, so that in one glance he can see all around. Scores of electric lights blaze under the safe day and night.

This is perhaps the only two-story vault in the world. The floor which divides the structure into two stories is of glass. There is an iron stairway inside, just as inside a house.

CUTICURA CURED TWO BROTHERS

One had Face Covered with Itching Eruption—Eyesight was Affected—Raw, Itching Humor Spread Over the Other from Head to Feet in a Single Day—Dreadful

SKIN-TORTURES YIELD TO EASY TREATMENT

"In 1907 my face broke out in a mass of itching sores which finally affected my eyesight. I tried several highly recommended salves that cost a good deal of money, but to no avail. A friend of mine urged me to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment as he was sure of good results from his own experience. I used the Cuticura Ointment for about six weeks, after washing thoroughly with the Cuticura Soap. My face is in perfect health now which I owe to the Cuticura Remedies. I shall always stand by them as one of the greatest blessings to the suffering thousands. Arthur D. Gridley, 532 Dear St., Brooklyn, U. S. A., April 9, 1909."

"In the middle of the night of March 30th I woke up with a burning itch in my two hands and I felt as if I could pull them apart. In the morning the itching had got to my chest and during that day it spread all over my body. I was red and raw from the top of my head to the soles of my feet and I was in continual agony from the itching. I could neither lie down nor sit up. I happened to see about Cuticura Remedies and I thought I would give them a trial. I took a good bath with the Cuticura Soap and used the Cuticura Ointment. I put it on from my head down to my feet and then went to bed. On the first of April I felt like a new man. The itching was almost gone. I continued with the Cuticura Soap and Ointment and during that day the itching completely left me. Frank Gridley, 325 E. 43d St., New York, U.S.A., Apr. 27, '09."

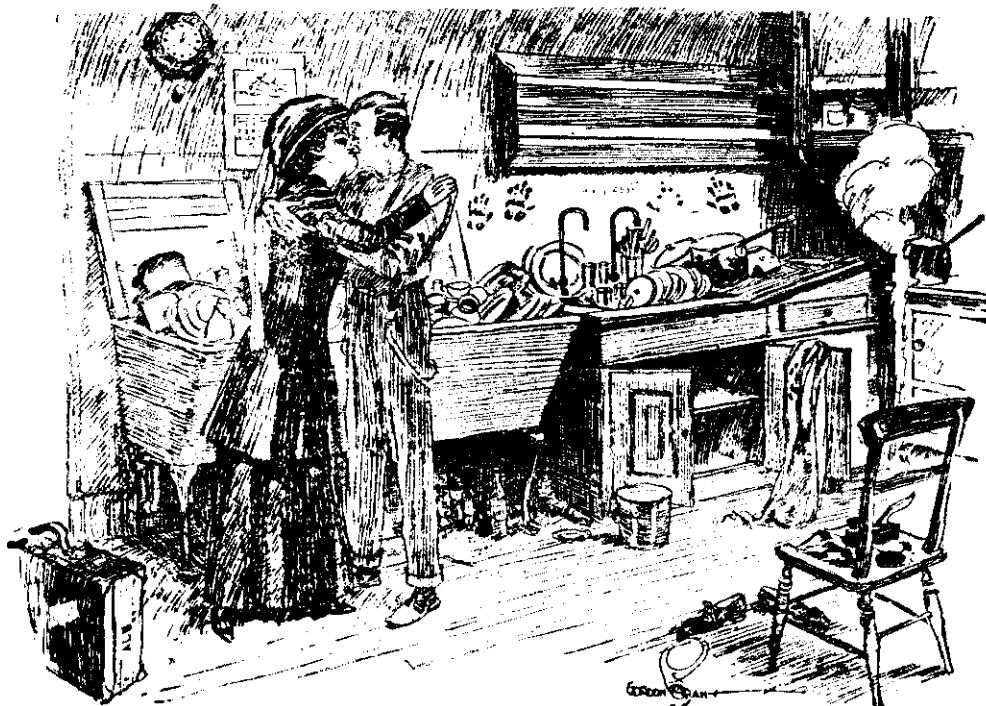
Reference: R. Towns & Co., Sydney; Cuticura Remedies are sold wherever the British Flag is seen. 21, Chateaufort St., Paris; 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Australia; R. Towns & Co., Sydney; So. Africa, Lennox, Ltd., Cape Town; J. V. Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., San Francisco, U.S.A.; Cuticura Book, an authority on treatment of Skin and Scalp Diseases.

MELLOR'S SAUCE

AIDS DIGESTION. CREATES APPETITE.

Piquant—Green Label. Mild—Red Label.

Sole Agents for New Zealand: FLETCHER HUMPHREYS & Co., CHRISTCHURCH.



"MY WIFE'S HOME FROM THE COUNTRY, HOO-RAY, HOO-RAY!"

The Standard Remedy which has outlived the Centuries SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT In use since 1856.

Cures Australian Blight, Falling Eyelashes, Weak Sight

Ask your chemist for its history, the book is free or write S. Green, 210 Lambeth Road, London, England. This famous cure is sold by Sharland & Co. Ltd. and by Kempthorne, Prosser & Co. Ltd., Auckland, Wellington and Dunedin, also by Sharland & Co. Ltd., Barnstaple & Co., Christchurch, and most Drug Stores.

Progress in Science.

Some Photographic Diversions.

By GUSTAVE MICHAUD, Costa Rica State College.

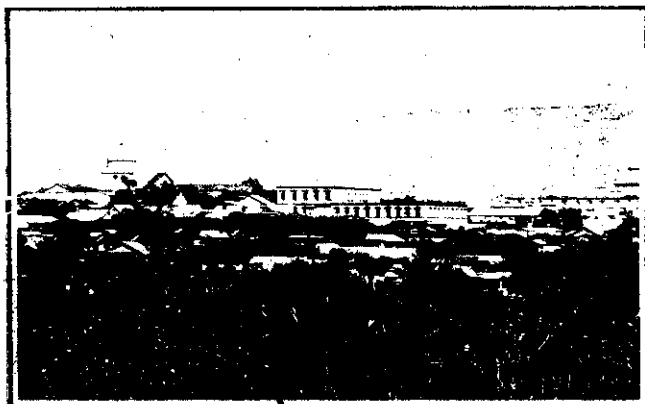
ANACHROMATIC LENSES, such as the common spectacle lens, are sometimes used by photographers who aim at the production of artistic effects. The breadth of interpretation observed in pictures made with those defective lenses is a result of the suppression of small details. The impression left by the masses of light and shade is that which is felt before crayon work or oil painting, or before the landscape itself when we enjoy it; that is, when we are not paying particular attention to some minute part of it.

Such artistic effects may be easily obtained with any objective, through the use of two implements, made once for all by the photographer himself, implements for which the names of "crayon screen" and "oil painting screen" would be appropriate.

The crayon screen breaks the uniform photographic shades into numberless and irregular dots, lines, or spots, so that viewed through a magnifying glass, they look very much like those produced by crayon drawn over rough paper. The screen may be made by copying with the camera and without reduction, a layer of crayon uniformly laid over coarse drawing paper. Better results are obtained by copying, with considerable reduction, some irregular design, made of spots, lines, and dots, on a printed fabric such as is found in every dry goods store. Herewith is the reproduction, in natural size, of the fabric used for the making of the screen with which the crayon effect in the accompanying engraving was obtained. If the screen is a film, it should be placed in the printing frame, between negative and paper. If it is a plate, it is most conveniently used in the negative holder, over the plate, and will then give, after a rather long exposure, a crayon effect negative. Most holders will take and hold in place two plates of ordinary thickness.

Photographs which look as if they were copies of artistic oil paintings may be made with any good negative and the help of the oil painting screen. This is merely a negative made from any framed oil painting, in which a piece of coarse cloth is substituted for the painting.

A print is made with this negative. It is not toned or fixed and, with peaknife and rule, the cloth central part is cut out from the print. This operation gives two upper masks, one of the cloth and one of the frame. Printing is made first with the negative of the landscape or portrait with the peripheral frame mask laid on the sensitised paper, the holder being placed about normally to the rays of the full sunlight, without ground glass but with a glass plate interposed between negative and paper. The dis-



A LANDSCAPE PRINTED IN THE ORDINARY WAY.

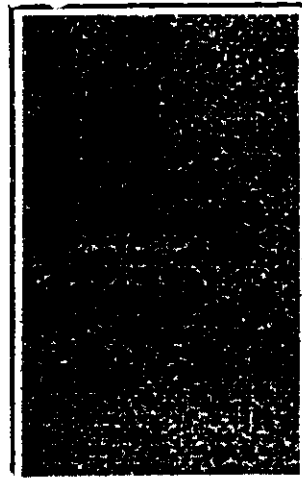
tance thus introduced destroys the small details, leaving only masses of light and shade. The oil painting screen is then used in lieu of the negative. It is placed in direct contact with the paper and frame mask until the canvas effect is clearly seen on the print. Last, the central mask is substituted for the frame mask, and a third printing gives the frame. The oil painting effect is the result of the contrast between the small details of the canvas and the seemingly broad technique of the picture over it.

Safeguarding Railway Crossings.

It is customary in Europe to place a netting under high-tension lines at railroads and important street crossings. As a further protection at such points an inventor has recently devised a safety suspension in which the line is divided into three parts at the crossings and supported on three insulators, any one of which will bear the entire weight of the line at that point in case the others be fused or broken. The German Post Office Department has approved of this system, and permits its use at crossings.

Earthquake Alarm—Important Invention.

Working on the theory that earthquakes are preceded by an electro-magnetic disturbance, an Italian scientist has devised an instrument which gives warning that an earthquake is about to occur a few minutes before the disturbance is felt. With this instrument the inventor, Padre Marcone, received warning of two earthquake shocks that occurred about ten miles from his laboratory four minutes before the earthquakes affected



FABRIC FOR THE CRAYON EFFECT.

required. In order to overcome this difficulty a German inventor has devised an induction coil which produces one sudden and very intense spark, and this makes it possible to take an instantaneous radiogram. The effect is produced by using a fuse in place of the interrupter in the primary circuit, and this is melted when the proper intensity of the current is reached, thus very suddenly breaking the circuit and producing an intense discharge. The exposure is from 1-50 to 1-20 of a second; and as it is a simple matter to replace the fuse a large number of exposures can be made in the course of an hour. The fuse consists of a small copper or silver wire.

A Ceratopsian Skeleton.

The American Museum of Natural History has acquired about two-thirds of a skeleton of a ceratopsian, a newly-discovered species of which the triceratops or dinosaur is a member. The skeleton's size is about the same as the triceratops, which it resembles generally. The discovery of this remarkable prehistoric animal was made by Barnum Brown of the museum staff, who has just returned with an expedition from Montana. The Laramie formation in which the skeleton was found is estimated at 3,000,000 years. This species of dinosaur was a herb eater and walked on four feet. Its measurements, if it is the same as a triceratops, should be about twenty-three feet long, and about seven feet wide.

Improving the X Rays.

One of the drawbacks of using Rontgen rays to photograph living subjects has been the fact that a time exposure was



SAME LANDSCAPE AS ABOVE MADE TO REPRESENT THE COPY OF AN OIL PAINTING.

DO YOU WEIGH TOO MUCH?

THE REAL REMEDY AND THE RXUIPE.

There are some stout people whom the above question does not seem to trouble very much. They are, however, wrong to be so careless, for obesity is a complaint which brings many evils in its train. There are others who have sought long and earnestly for a really reliable remedy for obesity, and to those the following prescription will be of absorbing interest, because it presents—in a simple and harmless form and sure relief—a remedy which is rapidly gaining a world-wide reputation. The reader may make up the prescription for himself (or herself) on getting the ingredients from the chemist—or the latter would do so willingly. This is the full recipe:—One half ounce of Marmola, one ounce of fluid extract of Glycyrrhiza B.P., one ounce of pure Glycerine B.P., and Peppermint Water to make six ounces in all. Take a dose of two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bedtime. This admirable and quite harmless remedy will soon take off two pounds of the offending fatty excess; and as day by day the weight decreases strength and vigour will return in equal ratio; for, be it observed, there is no fasting or exercising required. Rest, good food, regular doses—these are all that is necessary to reduce weight to normal, increase the supply of pure blood, clear the skin, beautify the complexion, and restore energy and excellent spirits.

The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

THE announcement, some weeks back, that the proprietors of the leading circulating libraries at "Home" had forwarded a circular to the leading publishers, asking that all new novels be submitted for their perusal a week before they were made accessible to the general reading public, may be looked upon as a healthy sign by those writers and readers who have truly at heart the cleansing of the Augean stable of immoral or salacious literature, which for the last few years has been increasing in such bulk as to alarm even those who have only the distribution of it, and are in no way responsible for its creation. Two things this action on the part of the librarians prove, and that is that a vigorous protest on the part of subscribers must have been made, and also that the protestants must have totalled a decided majority to have caused them to take so drastic a step, since it amounts to an unofficial censorship. It is safe, we think, to say that for every buyer of a novel there are at least fifty borrowers. We are basing this statement upon mere conjecture, and think it an under rather than an over statement. The most marked tendency of our times in the book world has been towards the sympathetic portrayal of the woman who thinks the marriage laws are antiquated and superfluous, says a writer in "London Opinion" of December 18. Some of our novelists seem to have entered into a conspiracy to prove that virtue, in its narrower meaning, is no longer an essential quality of the ideal woman; and the churches, who at least should champion the holy state of matrimony against the disrespect and ridicule which is thus incessantly heaped upon it, preserve a masterly inactivity, reminding one of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's bitter epigrams: "In mediæval times they had Christianity, which we haven't; we have only churches."

Therefore, Muriel, the typical girl of villadom, does her hour's piano practice, and then sits at the feet of the modern novelist and is convinced that the marriage ceremony is really of no importance, that it has no relation to virtue or its opposite, that passion is the greatest fact in life, and that there is no reason why those who have been guilty of the gravest irregularities should not, after all, be "happy ever after." Muriel absorbs it all readily enough. Having a fair amount of original sin in her composition, she even likes it.

Comment in foreign papers is beginning to appear about these English tendencies.

The "San Francisco Argonaut," commenting upon Mr. H. G. Wells' "Ann Veronica," says:—

Now, of course, it is very sad that young girls should do such things, and the conventional novelist of a dozen years ago would have had her snarled for them. He would have had her starving in the garret in about forty pages, and her dying words would have been a warning to her sex. Church and State had to be sustained in the good old days, and the maiden who allowed the still pursuing villain to catch her was always allowed some few pages at the end of the book for penitential homilies. But not with Mr. Wells. There are no penitential homilies about Ann Veronica, nor cause for them. Not a bit of it. She goes away with her lover, and she simply has the time of her life in Switzerland. And then comes material fortune; the wife dies, and we see this charming couple in the family circle with the father and the maiden aunt, and rejoicing in the fact that at last it will be prudent to have babies. The avenging Providence is banished, abolished, and Gewandlen, dusting the drawing-room, sees no fault in the logic of it all, and timorously wonders if she would have courage to go and do likewise. It doesn't take much courage, so long as there is enough ignorance.

Another of these extraordinary stories is "When a Woman Woos," by Charles Marriott. Here again we have a delightful girl in the shape of Audrey Tregarthen. Now Audrey is not a new woman. She has not studied these things out

like Ann Veronica or Ann Page. She lives a dreary life as a teacher in a country town, and when she meets George Fielding, a middle-aged widower, she falls in love with him, and proceeds to say so with an original candour of speech and action that is not unmaidenly simply because it is entirely spontaneous. If George Fielding had fewer moral scruples, it is dreadful to think of what might have happened to Audrey Tregarthen, because she is ripe fruit hanging from the tree, and asking to be picked. As it happens, all goes well; but the point is that the modern English novelist directs all his skill in making his heroines do the most reprehensible things, while daring us to reprehend them.

There are many other novels of a similar kind. Mr. H. G. Rowland's heroine, "Germaine," does not actually commit herself, so to speak. She keeps what we may call her virtue all the way through, but she confesses to a knowledge of vice that would bring a blush to the hardened

things printed can never be stopped. Our Jordan compares them to babies baptised. They have a soul from that moment, and go on for ever." And we take it to be the solemn duty of the sender to see to it that the soul sent forth be not a lost soul.

The "Christmas Bookman" is a splendid number, both from a literary and an illustrative point of view. Amongst its principal literary contents is an article by Helen Moxom, on "Charles Lamb's Adopted Daughter"; "An Appreciation of Morley Roberts," by Mr. Ashley Gibson; a notice of Mr. Lewis Melville's "Biography of Thackeray," by Professor Saintsbury; "Socialism on the March," by that prime favourite of ours, Dr. William Barry; and "The Incomparable Siddons," by F. G. Belfour. An article that should be of topical interest is "The Renaissance of Richard Le Gallienne," by Holbrook Jackson; and last, but not least, is presented the opinions of a baker's dozen of leading authors and book illustrators relative to the merits of the Dickens's Christmas, which proves conclusively that the Dickens presentation of Christmas is in no way an exaggerated one. Mr. Joseph Hocking re-echoes Mr. Clement Shorter's wish "that some great novelist would write some truly Christmas stories." In this connection we venture to throw out the suggestion that Mr. Hocking shall give Roman Catholicism and Ritualism a rest between now and

of Man," Mr. Chesterton deals with "Imperialism; or the Mistake About the Man," "Female Suffrage; or the Mistake About the Woman," "Education; or the Mistake About the Child," "Science; or the Mistake About the Universe," "Socialism; or the Mistake About the State," "Individualism; or the Mistake About the Individual," "Anthropology; or the Mistake About the Savage," "Criminology; or the Mistake About the Criminal," "Art; or the Mistake About Beauty," and concludes with "The Home of Man." The book is to be published by Messrs. Cassell in the Spring.

Two of the best selling books of the year, if not at the very head of the list, are "True Tilda," Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch's latest (Arrowsmith), which is already in its fourth edition, and Mr. Ralph Connor's "The Settler," which is already in its two hundredth thousand.

It is stated by a writer in the "Bookman" that there is, in America, a periodical of some kind for every three adult inhabitants.

We have received from Macmillan and Co., a copy of Dr. Sven Hedin's "Trans-Himalaya," a review of which we shall give next week.

Here are some maxims from Mr. C. E. Jerningham's brilliantly epigrammatic book, "The Maxims of Marmaduke." "It is not the mischievous that do the most harm: it is the mistaken."

"Man is the Lord of Creation; woman the Lady of Recreation."

"Genius is Nature's Millionaire."

"We never forgive those who cannot hurt us."

"Frequently the extraordinary man is only the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances."

"Cleverness without self-confidence will scarcely bleed; self-confidence without cleverness will roar so that to most it appears a lion."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss; it gathers gloss, however, which is considered to be altogether preferable in these days."

"Ability will out—in England, generally at the elbows."

"Pit cleverness against character; character wins."

"Well-bred incivility should seldom exceed the limit of delicate inattentions."

Here are two verses from Mr. Harry Graham's "Departmental Ditties" (Mills and Boon)

"My cousin John was most polite, He led short-sighted Mrs. Bond, By accident one winter's night, In to the village pond. Her life perhaps he might have saved, But how genteelly he behaved!

"Each time she rose and waved to him, He smiled and bowed and doffed his hat; Thought he, 'Although I cannot swim, At least I can do that.'— And when for the third time she sank, He stood bare headed on the bank!"

"Marie Antoinette," by Hilaire Belloc (Methuen), has received great praise from the critics. We hope later to give a review of this book, which is said to be "well worthy of being placed alongside Carlyle's immortal "French Revolution," which is very high praise indeed.

BITS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Difference.

"The first thirty years of a man's life are nearly always—preliminary; of a woman's—final."—"Golden Aphrodite," by Winifred Crispie. Stanley Paul and Co. 6/- net.

Cynicism.

"A woman always expects you to remember her birthday, but she also expects you to forget her age."

"Love is the wine of life; marriage the morning after."

"A man may try to live up to his ideals, a woman tries to live up to her photographs."

"A man and his wife are considered one, but there are apt to be frequent arguments due to an attempt to settle which is the one."

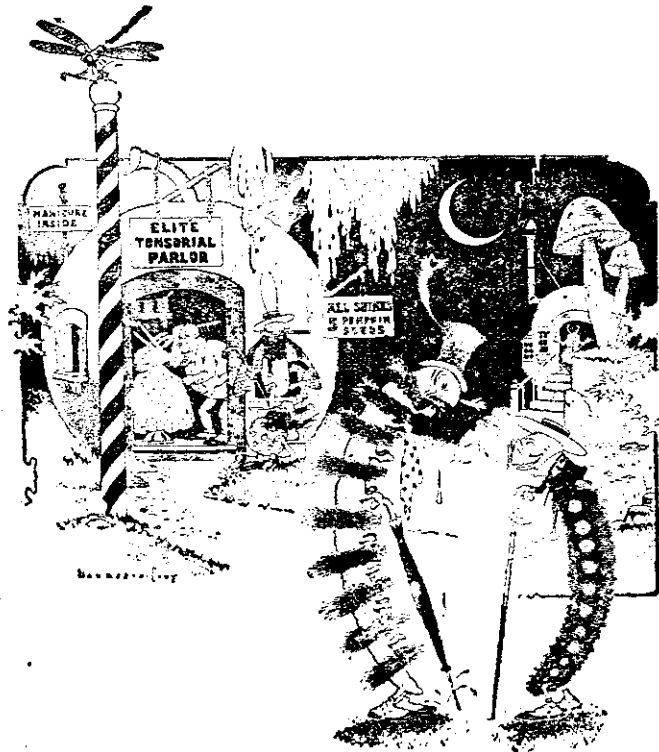
"The man who warns you that time is money, usually means his time and your money."

"Of course the bachelor should be taxed. It's worth it."

"How few people who have nothing to say, say nothing!"

"Some self-made men give the impression that they have forgotten some of the ingredients."

"When a man marries a widow he must expect her to be the captain. At any rate, he is only her second mate."



First lady-parlor: "Great heavens, did I want! What's the matter?"
Second lady-parlor: "Matter! Why, the matter was absent-minded and took me for a French prodder!"

check of a horse dragoon; and, mirabile dictu, she is none the worse for it."

Then "Ann Page," by Netta Syrett, more shame to one of her sex, harps on the same string with "patient Garsoda" effects.

"We ask with apprehension," continues this writer in "London Opinion," what these things mean, and if the conventional gods of morality have really been cast to the ground in England. We are old and seasoned and male. What about the British Jeune fille and the strong foods offered for her daily consumption? Is there trouble ahead? There can be no doubt about the "trouble ahead." Indeed, it is in our midst. The very fact of the multiplicity of this class of literature is sufficient evidence that inoculation of poisonous matter has taken effect, and the lowering of the marriage and birth rate are the first fruits. Where it will end—God knows! Could writers only be brought to realise their moral responsibility, and the enormous influence of the "printed word," we cannot but think that fewer poisoned shafts would wing forth. In this connection we quote from the late George Meredith's "Harry Richmond," who is made to declare "that

next Yuletide, and use his uncutted gift as an author of parts in emulating the late Charles Dickens as a writer of incomparable Christmas stories. But before he essays this task it will be necessary to bury the hatchet he has wielded so long and so energetically against Jesuitism. In addition to the text illustration there is presented with this number three exquisite pictures, enclosed in a portfolio, reproduced from the illustrated "Song of the English" (Kipling) by Mr. W. Heath Robinson, and also a reproduction from De la Motte Fouque's "Undine," by Mr. Arthur Rackham (Heinemann), and Edmund Dulac's splendid illustration of the following lines from the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam:—

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread; and thou,
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were Paradise now!"

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is engaged upon a work which he proposes to call, "What is Wrong." The title is suggestive, and will arouse keen interest in his large circle of admirers. Beginning with an introduction "The Homelessness

C. "Most men are as much afraid of microbes as most women are of mice."

"From a woman's point of view, suffering in silence takes all the pleasure from it."

"It may be hard for a girl to love her enemies, but she invites them all to her wedding, anyhow."—"The Cymic's Autograph Book." By "Celt." Gay and Hancock. 1/- net.

A "Sharp Reminder!"

"Frederick the Great's father, on the occasion of great Court festivities, used to lead his wife from the brilliant scene of gaiety to an adjoining chamber, where he made her lie down for a few moments in her own coffin, so as to give her a sharp reminder of the vanity and transitory nature of all human pleasure."—"The Camel and the Needle's Eye," by Arthur Ponsonby. A. C. Field. 3/6.

REVIEWS.

The Game and the Candle: Eleanor M. Ingram. (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Auckland: Gordon and Gotch.)

Though we are far from sure that this story carries a moral, we can conscientiously compliment the author on an original treatment of an old and almost threadbare theme. But we are so confident that it is never right to do evil that good may follow, that we cannot wholly approve of Miss Ingram's plot, though it is carried to a wholly satisfying conclusion from a sentimental and a fictional point of view. Surely there were avenues enough open in America to one in John Allard's position without resorting to fraud and robbery in order to win back the fortune he had lost. Books of this stamp, however ingeniously conceived and well written, only constitute additional evidence of the reputed fact that woman cannot think straight. With such a lively imagination, this writer should not lack the thread with which to weave ideal with exciting adventure and high romance. We are indebted to Gordon and Gotch for our copy of this highly-imaginative romance, which reminds us not a little of the Hope school of fiction.

Steam in the Southern Pacific: By Will Lawson. (Auckland: Gordon and Gotch.)

This book should prove to be of undoubted usefulness both to the Australasian traveller and the overseas tourist. It is the story of merchant steam navigation in the Australasian coastal and intercolonial trades, and on the ocean lines of the Southern Pacific, from the earliest time of their inception in the colonies. The book is profusely illustrated with fifty-four photographs, some of which are intensely interesting from a sentimental, as well as an artistic, point of view. A great deal of interesting information is given as to tonnage, etc., both of the early and the up-to-date lines now running to and from Australasia. A capital table of contents is given, and Mr. Lawson, in addition to his excellent compilation enlivens or points the text with apt and felicitous verse. Our copy has been received from the publishers, Messrs. Gordon and Gotch.

A Unique Career: The Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley, G.C.B. Edited by his wife, Dorothy Stanley. (Sampson Low. 2/- net.)

"What I am I owe to example, Nature, school-education, reading, travel, observation and reflection." This is one of the sayings of the late Sir Henry M. Stanley in his wonderful Autobiography, a book of which it would be difficult to speak in terms of too high praise, and for which—at least, in its present attractive form—we are indebted to his devoted and talented widow, Lady Stanley. We could wish, however, that it had been possible to issue, simultaneously, a much cheaper edition for the benefit of English and other boys, as it is a book that ought to be in the hands of every boy, especially of anyone who is entering on the battle of life under circumstances in any way resembling those of the author.

We have ventured to call Stanley's a unique career, for surely there is no record of another lad's rise from such

humble beginnings to such honours and greatness. True, the cottage in which he was born, and of which an engraving is given, outwardly resembles that in which the great McKinley, President of the United States, first saw the light, and it might also be ranked the equal of that in which the poet Burns began his separate existence; but neither of these famous persons was ever, we believe, the inmate of a workhouse, and neither, certainly, was reared in one from the age of four to that of thirteen and a-half, as was Stanley. That bare fact was generally known before, but the full story given in the earlier chapters of this book makes such an indictment of our Poor Law system as should strengthen the hands of the Right Hon. John Burns what time he decides to act upon the findings of the recent Royal Commission. It is difficult to read unmoved the account of the four-year-old child's feelings when he was left—"treacherously left," he says, although that may seem a harsh judgment on his poverty-stricken relatives—at the door of the St. Asaph Union Workhouse. He speaks of it thus:

"It is an institution to which the aged poor and superfluous children of that parish are taken, to relieve the respectabilities of the obnoxious sight of extreme poverty; and because civilisation knows no better method of disposing of the infirm and helpless than by im-

prisoning them within its walls. Once within, the aged are subjected to stern rules and useless tasks, while the children are chastised and disciplined in a manner that is contrary to justice and charity. . . . It is a fearful fate that of a British outcast, because the punishment afflicts the mind and breaks the heart. It is worse than that which overtakes the felonious convict, because it appears so unmerited and so contrary to that which the poor have a right to expect from a Christian and civilized people. Ages hence the nation will be wiser, and devise something more suited to the merits of the veteran toilers. It will convert these magnificent and spacious buildings into model houses for the poor, on the flat system, which may be done at little expense. The cruel walls which deprive the inmates of their liberty will be demolished, and the courts will be converted into grassy plots edged by flowering bushes."

It detracts not an iota from the strength of Stanley's denunciation that in his case the terrible experiences undergone in that awful abode may be held to have conducted to the formation of the fine character into which he developed. He came, like many another man who has gone through hardships, to recognise this later in life, for his wife quotes a letter in which he says: "It can be understood how invaluable such a career and such a training, with its compulsory lessons, was to me as a preparation for the tremendous tasks which awaited me."

Lady Stanley, in her preface, writes as follows: "As a key to Stanley's life, it may be mentioned that one of his earliest and dearest wishes, often expressed to me in secret, was, by his personal character and the character of his work in every stage of his career, to obliterate the stigma of pauperism, which had been so deeply branded into his soul by the Poor Law methods, and which in most cases is so lifelong in its blasting effects on those who would strive to rise, ever so little, from such a Stough of Despond. So that, when he had achieved fame as an explorer, he craved far more than this, a recognition by the English and American public of the high endeavour which was the result of a real nobility of character and aim."

That Stanley took to heart the levity with which his discovery of Livingstone was greeted by a section of the Press, and was grievously wounded by the doubts cast upon it by others, was due, no doubt, to an extreme sensitiveness that constantly shows itself in his autobiography. He lacked the plumb of Dr. Cook, and there is nothing to show that he had a keen sense of humour.

It is impossible in our space to discuss the details of Stanley's adventurous and varied life, his experiences in America, whither he went as a boy of fifteen, or as a prisoner of war in the great contest between North and South, or as a journalist, or as an explorer. But, deeply interesting as are all these, nothing has moved us like the description of his childhood and the years

rich heiress of the late Earl of Dover. Now, Sir Marmaduke de Chavasse had tried by every means in his power, fair and foul, to win wealth and high social position, but the goddess of fortune had resolutely turned her back upon him. And the thought that when Lady Sue's wardship had expired, he would again be at the mercy of the horde of creditors that had besieged his house and dogged his footsteps before he had assumed the guardianship of Lady Sue, made him set his wits to work to plan some scheme that should make him the husband of Lady Sue, and incidentally, the master of her huge fortune. So repellent was the manner and the outward appearance of Sir Marmaduke that he could not hope to win Lady Sue in his own person. So he masquerades as a Prince of Orleans, and is married in secret to Lady Sue exactly six weeks before she attains her majority. How Sir Marmaduke's sins find him out, and how his base plot is frustrated and for the manner of his awful death, and for the second love story of Lady Sue, we must refer readers to the book, which, besides containing a double love-story gives stirring pictures of town and country life under the rigid rule of the Lord Protector. To point out the flaws in this book would be ungrateful as we always make a rule when reading a romance by this author to lay aside our critical faculty and merely enjoy.



Eminent Poet (replying to admirer): "In response to your request, I beg to append my autograph, but have to reject your application for a lock of my hair."

immediately succeeding it. His sufferings at that period left an indelible impress upon his character and should be taken into account by those who are perhaps too ready to find fault with displays of impatience and other superficial defects. The book is one of the most important this year has produced—"Literary World."

The Nest of the Sparrowhawk: Baroness Ozezy. (London: Greening's Colonial Library. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. Cloth, 3/6.)

With the exception of the "Scarlet Pimpernel," this author has never written anything so good as this book. The period chosen is that of the Commonwealth, and the scenes of the book are laid in Kent, and London, respectively, where Sir Marmaduke de Chavasse lived, in tarnished splendour on the handsome but inadequate allowance granted to him by the Lord Protector, as the guardian and safe-keeper of Lady Sue Aldemarsh, the orphan daughter and enormously

"The Review of Reviews."

"The Review of Reviews" for February is just to hand. The subject of the character Sketch is Mr. Ure, Lord Advocate of Scotland, and is full of present-time interest. The Books of the Month include studies of "The Survival of Man," by Sir Oliver Lodge; and "The Story of how Old Age Pensions came to be," by Mr. Herbert Stead. The critique of the latter is a charming description of a charming book. The title does not reveal the excellence of the matter the book contains. In addition to other interesting features, there are two full-page illustrations of notable persons. One is of the young King of Portugal when on his visit to England, riding through the coverts with King Edward; and the other of Madame Steinhil, the defendant in the world-famous murder case. Another full-page illustration is the portrait of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the first Governor-General of United South Africa, and Mrs. Gladstone. The other sections of the "Review" are well edited, and the subjects dealt with are of a high order of general interest.

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Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

A NOTABLE LAWYER.

LONDON, January 7.

WITH the advent of the New Year a very notable figure has disappeared from public life. Sir Geo. Lewis, without doubt the most famous solicitor of his generation, has, after fifty-four years' practise, retired at the age of 77.

Sir George was admitted a solicitor in 1859, and he soon became famous in a small way as a remarkably good man in police court cases. The first really good case in which he put in a public appearance was the prosecution of the directors of Overend, Gurney and Co., whose sensational failure led to the memorable "Black Friday," which is still remembered with a shudder by old City men. On this occasion he, a young solicitor barely more than thirty years of age, had to stand up against the combined forces of the late Mr. Sarjeant Blandine and other leaders of the Bar of that day, and he acquitted himself with remarkable success. Still more prominent did he become in the notorious Bravo poisoning case, which aroused such tremendous interest in the public mind nearly thirty-five years ago.

Other causes celebrated in which he was intimately concerned were the Parrell Commission, Belt v. Laws, the Tranby Croft baccharat scandal, the Colin Campbell case, and the famous turf frauds of Bunson and others.

In a host of other celebrated actions Sir George Lewis played his part, chiefly behind the scenes, but these are nothing to the actions he has not fought. It is safe to say that nobody will ever know how many sensational suits he has kept out of court; how many blackmailing charges, levelled against persons of the highest social standing; how many awkward tangles he has unravelled; how much unnecessary and venomous scandal he has been able to suppress. If Sir George Lewis were to write his reminiscences it would be the book of the century. But he will not do so, and when he dies the secrets of others will die with him.

Sir George was the trusted legal adviser of nearly all the great ones of the land, and his clients trusted him implicitly. He was not only their lawyer, but their confidant and long-headed friend. "Sir George says so, so it must be so," represented the general attitude of his clients. And in his office in Ely Place—a quiet, old-world little nook off Holborn, where to this day the watchman may be heard calling out the time and the state of the weather—hundreds of "family skeletons" have been decently interred, and huge bundles of social linen washed in secret.

No man knows more about the inner social history of England than Sir George Lewis, and, happily, what he knows, he alone knows.

Although he has seen so much of the seamy side of life, Sir George Lewis is no cynic. He is an enthusiast for legal reform, and it was very largely owing to him that the Moneylenders' Act and the Court of Criminal Appeal Act became law. He also agitated strenuously in favour of admitting a prisoner to give evidence on oath, contending that in many cases the evidence of the prisoner himself was more important than that of anyone else as tending to prove his guilt or innocence. Himself of the Jewish race, he has been a deadly foe to dishonest Jewish moneylenders, whom, in an impassioned speech before the Commission, which led to the alteration of the law on the subject of usury, he denounced as unworthy of the community to which they belonged.

LONDON'S TIDE OF TRAFFIC.

London's gigantic traffic is full of marvels. A Blue Book on the subject, so far from being dry and dull, is an appeal to the slowest imagination. Perhaps because the loud continuous roar of the vehicles streaming up and down Fleet-street comes in at the windows as I write, I find the Blue Book issued this week on the changes and developments of London traffic a fascinating study.

You have to think in millions when you deal with the traffic of the world's

metropolis. Take, for example, the increase in the passenger traffic during recent years, influenced largely by the expansion of the population into the outer areas. As the following table shows, the number of Londoners who travel to and from their occupations by rail, tram, and bus is not only growing rapidly, but the number of journeys per head is steadily increasing.

| Number of passengers carried. | | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------|-------------|-----------|
| Local Trains | Tramways | Omnibuses | Journeys. |
| 1906 | | | |
| 329,321,648 | 598,700,269 | 291,568,048 | 158.8 |
| 1907 | | | |
| 356,231,996 | 589,745,792 | 275,479,000 | 180.2 |
| 1908 | | | |
| 399,898,359 | 638,013,841 | 340,000,000 | 188.1 |

Thus the total number of passengers in 1908 was approximately 1,377,680,180, as compared with 1,121,784,965 in 1906. In 1881 the total was only 269,662,649. These colossal figures do not, however, represent the whole of the travelling which takes place in London in public conveyances, since they do not include the whole of the omnibus traffic, the cab traffic, nor the very large suburban traffic carried by the trunk railways.

Think what these figures mean in human beings. Imagine the mighty swarm of humanity that pours into London every morning by train, tram and omnibus. The statistics are eloquent.

Another feature of great interest in the traffic returns is the displacement of horse-drawn by mechanical vehicles, which has worked a revolution in Lon-



CUT-UP PUZZLE.

Cut this picture up and arrange pieces to look as they did before the accident.

don traffic. Some idea of the extent of the change will be gained from the subjoined figures, showing the increases or decreases in the numbers of the various classes of vehicles in 1908 as compared with 1903.

| | Increase. | Decrease. |
|------------------|-----------|-----------|
| Mechanical cabs | 2803 | |
| Horse-drawn cabs | | 2029 |
| Motor Omnibuses | 1126 | |
| Horse omnibuses | | 1468 |
| Electric trams | 1427 | |
| Horse trams | | 820 |

It is stated that the popularity of the motor-cab is undoubtedly growing, and that the hansom is being superseded so rapidly that its complete disappearance at no distant date seems probable.

A special inquiry is in hand to ascertain the need of new and improved arterial roads in and from London. They are badly needed.

While Paris has 102 miles of boulevards and avenues, 98½ feet or more wide, London has only 8½ miles; while Paris has 42 roads radiating into the country, London, with a population twice as large, has only twenty, usually not so wide.

TALK THAT MAKES FOR WAR

We hear a great deal in certain quarters about Germany's hostile intentions. Her fleet, we are told, is being pushed on in order that she may be in a position to strike a blow to England, and strike hard. But curiously enough, as you

will see below, exactly the same sort of thing is being said in certain quarters in Germany regarding England's policy and forces.

Now we know that England's intentions are peaceful, and that if she increases her Navy and Army it is in self defence. Is it not possible that Germany's intentions have been equally misrepresented by our fire-eaters? Note the similarity of the talk heard amongst "Imperialists" in both countries.

HEARD IN ENGLAND.

Germany is preparing for war. Having crushed France, she is now ready to try conclusions with England. (Various naval and military writers, the multiplication of ordnance factories, gun factories, and the boarding-up of military and naval stores, are all in the interest of a coming Anglo-German war, in which Germany will be the unprovoked aggressor. Germany is planning an invasion of England by means of a coup de main. (See Erskine Childers' "Riddle of the Sands," various pamphlets, and articles in English reviews, magazines, and weekly newspapers.)

HEARD IN GERMANY.

England is preparing for war. Having crushed Germany, she is now ready to try conclusions with France. (England is secretly reorganising her army, and is about to establish conscription, with a view to strengthening her land forces. Why does England want a powerful army? To strike a deadly blow at Germany by land, either singly or in combination with France and Russia. (Pan-German League, German Navy League, and German publicists' allegations.)

We know very well that one set of writers (the Germans) is all wrong. What if both sets are wrong? It is a great pity both cannot be suppressed in the interests of the world's peace.

number of recipients of relief aggregated over 126,000, or rather over 28 per 1000 of population. Of this number over 81,500 were in the workhouses and infirmaries of the Metropolis, as against 68,100 in 1900, whilst nearly 44,600 were in receipt of outdoor relief as against 37,000 ten years ago.

As the average cost per head to the rates of indoor and outdoor paupers is probably nearly £27 per annum, the terrible burden London has to shoulder in this connection can easily be seen. As a matter of fact, the total expenditure on Poor Law relief in the Metropolitan area at the present time does not fall far short of £3,700,000 per annum. Over the whole of England and Wales the total number of paupers of all classes closely approximates a million, or about 1 in every 37 of the entire population, and the total cost of the relief is over 1½ millions sterling, or about 8/6 per head per annum of the estimated population.

PLATONIC LOVE.

Platonic love is a device by means of which squeamish people are brought in out of the wet, so to speak. Love (the old and original) long ago perceived the difficulty, and had an image of himself made of putty, calling it Platonic Love. Nobody, of course, is afraid of putty, and squeamish people quite readily took Platonic Love to their bosoms.

But the end was not yet. When Love (the old and original) deemed the time ripe, he quietly insinuated himself into the place of the putty image, and beheld, none knew the difference.

And so the world goes round as well for squeamish people as for others.

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The O'Connors were born to rule.

A RULER OF MEN.

By O. HENRY.

I WALKED the streets of the City of Insolence, thirsting for the sight of a stranger face. For the City is a desert of familiar types as thick and alike as the grains in a sand-storm; and you grow to hate them as you do a friend who is always by you, or one of your own kin.

And my desire was granted, for I saw, near a corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth-street, a little flaxen-haired man with a face like a scaly-bark hickory-nut, selling to a fast-gathering crowd a tool that omnigenously proclaimed itself a can-opener, a screw-driver, a button-hook, a nail-file, a shoe-horn, a watch-guard, a potato-peeler, and an ornament to any gentleman's key-ring.

And then a stall-fed cop shoved himself through the congregation of customers. The vender, plainly used to having his seasons of trade thus abruptly curtailed, closed his satchel and slipped like a weasel through the opposite segment of the circle. The crowd scurried aimlessly away like ants from a disturbed crumb. The cop, suddenly becoming oblivious of the earth and its inhabitants, stood still, swelling his bulk and putting his club through an intricate drill of twirls. I hurried after Kansas Bill Bowers, and caught him by an arm.

Without his looking at me or slowing his pace, I found a five-dollar bill crumpled neatly into my hand.

"I wouldn't have thought, Kansas Bill," I said, "that you'd hold an old friend that cheap."

Then he turned his head, and the hickory-nut cracked into a wide smile.

"Give back the money," said he, "or I'll have the cop after you for false pretences. I thought you was the cop."

"I want to talk to you, Bill," I said.

"When did you leave Oklahoma? Who is Reddy McGill now? Why are you selling those impossible contraptions on the street? How did your Big Horn gold-mine pan out? How did you get so badly sunburned? What will you drink?"

"A year ago," answered Kansas Bill, systematically. "Putting up windmills in Arizona. For pin money to buy ceteras with. Salted. Been down in the tropics. Beer."

We foregathered in a propitious place and became Elijahs, while a waiter of dark plumage played the raven to perfection. Reminiscence needs must be had before I could steer Bill into his epic mood.

"Yes," said he, "I mind the time Tom-boo's rope broke on that cow's horns while the calf was chasing you. You had that cow! I'd never forget it."

"The Tropics," said I, "are a broad territory. What part of Cancer or Capricorn have you been honouring with a visit?"

"Down along China or Peru—or maybe the Argentine Confederacy," said Kansas Bill. "Anyway 'twas among a great race of people, off-coloured but progressive. I was there three months."

"No doubt you are glad to be back among the truly great race," I surmised.

"Especially among New Yorkers, the most progressive and independent citizens of any country in the world," I continued, with the faculty of the provincial who has eaten the Broadway lotus.

"Do you want to start an argument?" asked Bill.

"Can there be one?" I answered. "Has an Irishman humour, do you think?" asked he.

"I have an hour or two to spare," said I, looking at the café clock.

"Not that the Americans aren't a great commercial nation," conceded Bill. "But the fault laid with the people who wrote lies for fiction."

"What was this Irishman's name?" I asked.

"Was that last beer cold enough?" said he.

"I see there is talk of further outbreaks among the Russian peasants," I remarked.

"His name was Barney O'Connor," said Bill.

Thus, because of our ancient prescience of each other's trail of thought, we travelled ambiguously to the point where Kansas Bill's story began:

"I met O'Connor in a boarding-house on the West Side. He invited me to his hall-room to have a drink, and we became like a dog and a cat that had been raised together. There he sat, a tall, fine, handsome man, with his feet against one wall and his back against the other, looking over a map. On the bed and sticking three feet out of it was a beautiful gold sword with tassels on it and rhinestones in the handle.

"What is this?" says I (for by that time we were well acquainted). "The annual parade in villification of the ex-slaves of Ireland? And what's the line of march? Up Broadway to Forty-second; thence east to McCarty's café; thence—"

"Sit down on the wash-stand," says O'Connor, "and listen. And cast no perversions on the sword. 'Twas me father's in old Munster. And this map, Bowers, is no diagram of a holiday procession. If you look again ye'll see that it's the continent known as South America, comprising fourteen green, blue, red, and yellow countries, all crying out from time to time to be liberated from the yoke of the oppressor."

"I know," says I to O'Connor. "The idea is a literary one. The ten-cent magazines stole it from 'Ridpath's History of the World from the Sandstone Period to the Equator.' You'll find it in every one of 'em. It's a continued story of a soldier of fortune, generally named O'Keefe, who gets to be dictator while the Spanish-American populace cries 'Cospetto!' and other Italian maledictions. I misdoubt if it's ever been done. You're not thinking of trying that, are you, Barney?" I ask.

"Bowers," says he, "you're a man of education and courage."

"How can I deny it?" says I. "Education runs in my family; and I have acquired courage by a hard struggle with life."

"The O'Connors," says he, "are a warlike race. There is me father's sword; and here is the

map. A life of inaction is not for me. The O'Connors were born to rule. 'Tis a ruler of men I want be.' "Barney," I says to him, "why don't you get on the force and settle down to a quiet life of carnage and corruption instead of roaming off to foreign parts? In what better way can you indulge your desire to subdue and maltreat the oppressed?"

"Look again at the map," says he, "at the country I have the point of me knife on. 'Tis that one I have selected to aid and overthrow with me father's sword."

"I see," says I. "It's the green one; and that does credit to your patriotism. And it's the smallest one; and that does credit to your judgment."

"Do ye accuse me of cowardice?" says Barney, turning pink.

"No man," says I, "who attacks and confiscates a country single-handed could be called a coward. The worst you can be charged with is plagiarism or imitation. If Anthony Hope and Roosevelt let you get away with it, nobody else will have any right to kick."

"I am not joking," says O'Connor. "And I've got 1,500 dollars cash to work the scheme with. I've taken a liking to you. Do you want in, or not?"

"I'm not working," I told him; "but how is it to be? Do I eat during the fomentation of the insurrection, or am I only to be Secretary of War after the country is conquered? Is it to be a pay envelope or only a portfolio?"

"I'll pay all expenses," says O'Connor. "I want a man I can trust. If we succeed you may pick out any appointment you want in the gift of the government."

"All right, then," says I. "You can get me a bunch of draying contracts and then a quick-action consignment to a seat on the Supreme Court bench so I won't be in line for the presidency. I wouldn't mind Uncle Joe, but the kind of cannon they chasten their presidents with in that country hurt too much. You can consider me on the pay-roll."

"Two weeks afterward O'Connor and me took a steamer for the small, green, doomed country. We were three weeks on the trip. O'Connor said he had his plans all figured out in advance; but being the commanding general, it consorted with his dignity to keep the details concealed from his army and cabinet, commonly known as William T. Bowers. Three dollars a day was the price for which I joined the cause of liberating an undiscovered country from the ills that threatened or sustained it. Every Saturday night on the steamer I stood in line at parade rest, and O'Connor handed over the twenty-one dollars.

"The town we landed at was named Guayamerita, so they told me. 'No! for me!' says I. 'It'll be little old Hill-dale or Tompkinsville or Cherry Tree



He and the General gave an exhibition that put Kyrle Bellew and Phil Armour in the shade.

Corners when I speak of it. It's a clear case where Brander Matthews and Andy ought to butt in and disown it."

"But the town looked fine from the bay when we sailed in. It was white, with green rufing, and lace ruffles on the skirt when the surf slashed up on sand. It looked as tropical and dolce far ultra as the pictures of Lake Ronkunkoma in the brochure of the passenger department of the Long Island Railroad.

"We went through the quarantine and custom-house indignities; and then O'Connor leads me to a 'dobe house on a street called 'The Avenue of the Dolorous Butterflies of the Individual and Collective Saints.' Ten feet wide it was, and knee-deep in alfalfa and cigar stumps.

"'Hooligan Alley,' says I, reclining it."

"'T'll be our headquarters,' says O'Connor. 'My agent here, Don Fernando Pacheco, secured it for us.'

"So in that house O'Connor and me established the revolutionary centre. In the front room we had ostensible things such as fruit, a guitar, and a table with a couch shell on it. In the back room O'Connor had his desk and a large looking-glass and his sword hid in a roll of straw matting. We slept on hammocks that we hung to hooks in the wall; and took our meals at the Hotel Ingles, a beanery run on the American plan by a Dorman proprietor with Chinese cooking served a la Kansas City. Clinton and Springfield Railroad lunch-counter table at home.

"It seems that O'Connor really did have some sort of system planned out beforehand. He wrote plenty of letters; and every day or two some native gent would stroll around to headquarters and be shut up in the back room for half-an-hour with O'Connor and the interpreter. I noticed that when they went in they were always smoking eight-inch cigars and at peace with the world; but when they came out they would be folding up a ten or twenty-dollar bill and cursing the government horribly.

"One evening after we had been in Guaya—in this town of Smellville-by-the-Sea—about a month, and me and O'Connor were sitting outside the door helping along old tempus fugit with rum and ice and limes, I says to him:

"If you'll excuse a patriot that don't exactly know what he's patronizing, for the question—what is your scheme for subjugating this country? Do you intend to plunge it into bloodshed, or do you mean to buy its votes peacefully and honourably at the polls?"

"'Bowers,' says he, 'you're a fine little man; and I intend to make great use of ye after the conflict. But ye do not understand statecraft. Already by now we have a network of strategy clutching with invisible fingers at the throat of the tyrant Calderas. We have agents at work in every town in the republic. The Liberal party is bound to win. On our secret lists we have the names of enough sympathizers to crush the administration forces at a single blow.'

"A straw vote,' says I, 'only shows which way the hot air blows.'

"Who has accomplished this?" goes on O'Connor. 'I have. I have directed everything. The time was ripe when we came, so my agents inform me. The people are groaning under their burden of taxes and levies. Who will be their natural leader when they rise? Could it be any one but myself?' 'Twas only yesterday that Zaldas, our representative in the province of Durassas, tells me that the people, in secret, already call me "El Liberator Door," which is the Spanish manner of saying "the Liberator."

"Was Zaldas that maroon-coloured old Aztec with a paper collar and unbleached domestic shoes?" I asked.

"He was," says O'Connor.

"I saw him tucking a yellow-back into his vest pocket as he came out," says I. "It may be," says I, "that they call you a Liberator door, but they treat you more like the side door of a bank. But let us hope for the worst."

"It has cost money, of course," says O'Connor; "but we'll have the country in our hands inside a month."

"In the evenings we walked about in the plaza and listened to the band playing, and mingled with the populace at its distressing and obnoxious pleasures. There were thirteen vehicles belonging to the upper classes, mostly rockaways and old-style barouches, such as the Mayor rides in at the unveiling of the new poorhouse at Milledgeville, Alabama. Round and round the desiccated fountain in the middle of the plaza they drove, and lifted their high silk

hats to their friends. The common people walked around in barefooted bunches, puffing stogies that a Pittsburg millionaire wouldn't have chewed for a dry smoke on Ladies' Day at his club. And the grandest figure in the whole turnout was Barney O'Connor. Six foot two he stood in his Fifth-avenue clothes, with his eagle eye and his black moustache that ticked his ears. He was a born dictator and czar and hero and harrier of the human race. It looked to me that all eyes were turned upon O'Connor, and that every woman there loved him, and every man feared him. Once or twice I looked at him, and thought of funnier things that had happened than his winning out in his game; and I began to feel like a Hidalgo de Oficio, de Grafto de South America myself. And then I would come down again to solid bottom and let my imagination float, as usual, upon the twenty-one American dollars due me on Saturday night.

"Take note," says O'Connor to me as thus we walked, 'of the mass of the people. Observe their oppressed and melancholy air. Can ye not see that they are ripe for revolt? Do ye not perceive that they are disaffected?'

columns and ribs together through a breakdown and sang: 'Sleep, Little One, Sleep.'

"As I passed the window, I glanced inside, and caught a glimpse of a white dress and a pair of big, flashing black eyes and gleaming teeth under a dark lace mantilla.

"When we got back to our house, O'Connor began to walk up and down the floor and twist his moustaches.

"Did ye see her eyes, Bowers?" he asks me.

"I did," says I, 'and I can see more than that. It's all coming out according to the story-books. I knew there was something missing. 'Twas the love interest. What is it that comes in Chapter VII. to cheer the gallant Irish adventurer? Why, Love, of course—Love that makes the hat go round. At last we have the eyes of midnight hue and the rose flung from the barred window. Now, what comes next? The underground passage—the intercepted letter—the traitor in camp—the hero thrown into a dungeon—the mysterious message from the senorita—then the outburst—the fighting on the plaza—the—"

"Don't be a fool," says O'Connor, in-

asked you if you thought an Irishman had any humour. He'd been doing farce comedy from the day I saw him without knowing it; and the first time he had an idea advanced to him with any intelligence in it, he acted like twelfth of the sextet in a 'Flordora' road company.

"The next afternoon he comes in with a triumphant smile, and begins to pull something like ticker tape out of his pocket.

"Great!" says I. 'This is something like home. How is Amalgamated Copper to-day?'

"'I've got her name,' says O'Connor, and he reads off something like this: 'Dona Isabel Antonia Inez Lolita Carreras y Buenacaminos y Monteleon.' 'Her father was killed in the last revolution. She is sure to be in sympathy with our cause.'

"And sure enough the next day she flung a little bunch of roses clear across the street into our door. O'Connor dived for it and found a piece of paper curled around a stem with a line in Spanish on it. He dragged the interpreter out of his corner and got him busy. The interpreter scratched his head, and gave us as a translation three best bets: "Fortune



Five barefooted policemen climbed over O'Connor and subjugated him.

"I do not," says I. 'Nor disinfected either. I'm beginning to understand these people. When they look unhappy they're enjoying themselves. When they feel unhappy they go to sleep. They're not the kind of people to take an interest in revolutions.'

"They'll flock to our standard," says O'Connor. 'Three thousand men in this town alone will spring to arms when the signal is given. I am assured of it. But everything is in secret. There is no chance for us to fail.'

"On Hooligan Alley, as I prefer to call the street our headquarters was on, there was a row of flat 'dobe houses with red tile roofs, some straw shacks full of Indians and dogs, and one two-storey wooden house with balconies a little farther down. That was where General Tumbalo, the comandante and commander of the military forces, lived. Right across the street was a private residence built like a combination lake-oven and folding-bed. One day O'Connor and me were passing it, single file, on the flange they called a sidewalk, when out of the window flies a big red rose. O'Connor, who is ahead, picks it up, presses it to his fifth rib, and bows to the ground. My carambolas! that man certainly had the Irish drama chauncyised. I looked around, expecting to see the little boy and girl in white saateen ready to jump on his shoulder while he jolted their spinal

terrupting. 'But that's the only woman in the world for me, Bowers. The O'Connors are as quick to love as they are to fight. I shall wear that rose over me heart when I lead me men into action. For a good battle to be fought there must be some woman to give it power.'

"Every time," I agreed. 'If you want to have a good, lively scrap. There's only one thing bothering me. In the novels the light-haired friend of the hero always gets killed. Think 'em all over that you've read, and you'll see that I'm right. I think I'll step down to the Botica Espanola, and lay in a bottle of walnut stain before war is declared.'

"How will I find out her name?" says O'Connor, laying his chin in his hand.

"Why don't you go across the street and ask her?" says I.

"Will ye never regard anything in life seriously?" asks O'Connor, looking down at me like a schoolmaster.

"Maybe she meant the rose for me," I said, whistling the Spanish fandango.

"For the first time since I'd known O'Connor, he laughed. He got up and roared and clapped his knees, and leaned against the wall till the tiles on the roof clattered to the noise of his lungs. He went into the back room, and looked at himself in the glass, and began and laughed all over from the beginning again. Then he looked at me and repeated himself. That's why I

has got a face like the man fighting'; "Fortune looks like a brave man"; and "Fortune favours the brave." We put our money on the last one.

"Do ye see?" said O'Connor. 'She intends to encourage me sword to save her country.'

"It looks to me like an invitation to supper," says I.

"So, every day this senorita sits behind the barred windows and exhorts a conservatory or two, one posy at a time. And O'Connor walks like a Dominecker rooster and swells his chest and swears to me he will win her by feats of arms and big deeds on the gory field of battle.

"By and by the revolution began to get ripe. One day O'Connor takes me into the back room and tells me all.

"Bowers," says he, 'at twelve o'clock one week from to-day the struggle will take place. It has pleased ye to find amusement and diversion in this project because ye have not sense enough to perceive that it is easily accomplished by a man of courage, intelligence, and historical superiority, such as myself. The whole world over,' says he, 'the O'Connors have ruled men, women, and nations. To subdue a small and indifferent country, like this is a trifle. Ye see what little, bar-footed manikins the men of it are. I could lick four of 'em, single-handed.'

"No doubt," says I. 'But could you lick six? And suppose they hurled an army of 17 against you?'

"Listen," says O'Connor, 'to what will

occur. At noon next Tuesday 25,000 patriots will rise up in the towns of the Republic. The Government will be absolutely unprepared. The public buildings will be taken, the regular army made prisoners, and the new administration set up. In the capital it will not be so easy on account of most of the army being stationed there. They will occupy the President's palace and the strongly fortified Government buildings and stand a siege. But on the very day of the outbreak a body of our troops will begin a march to the capital from every town as soon as the local victory has been won. The thing is so well planned that it is an impossibility for us to fail. I myself will lead the troops from here. The new President will be Senor Espadas, now Minister of Finance in the present Cabinet.

"What do you get?" I asked.
 "I will be 'strange,' said O'Connor, smiling, 'if I don't have all the jobs handed to me on a silver salver to pick what I choose. O've been the brains of the scheme, and when the fighting opens I guess I won't be in the rear rank. Who managed it so our troops could get arms smuggled into this country? Didn't I arrange it with a New York firm before I left them? Our financial agents inform me that 20,000 stands of Winchester rifles have been delivered a month ago at a secret place up coast and distributed among the towns. I tell you, Bowers, the game is already won.'

"Well, that kind of talk kind of shook my disbelief in the infallibility of the serious Irish gentleman soldier of fortune. It certainly seemed that the patriotic grafters had gone about the thing in a business way. I looked upon O'Connor with more respect, and began to figure on what kind of uniform I might wear as Secretary of War.

"Tuesday, the day set for the revolution, came around according to schedule. O'Connor said that a signal had been agreed upon for the uprising. There was an old cannon on the beach near the national warehouse. That had been secretly loaded, and promptly at twelve o'clock was to be fired off. Immediately the revolutionists would seize their concealed arms, attack the comandante's troops in the cuartel, and capture the Custom-house and all Government property and supplies.

"I was nervous all the morning. And about eleven o'clock O'Connor became infused with the excitement and martial spirit of murder. He gazed his father's sword around him, and walked up and down in the back room like a lion in the Zoo suffering from corns. I smoked a couple of dozen cigars, and decided on yellow stripes down the trousers legs of my uniform.

"At half-past eleven O'Connor asks me to take a short stroll through the streets to see if I could notice any signs of the uprising. I was back in fifteen minutes.

"Did you hear anything?" he asks.
 "I did," says I. "At first I thought it was drums. But it wasn't; it was snoring. Everybody in town's asleep."

"O'Connor tears out his wattle.
 "Fools!" says he. "They've set the time right at the siesta hour, when everybody takes a nap. But the cannon will wake 'em up. Everything will be all right, depend upon it."

"Just at twelve o'clock we heard the sound of a cannon—BOOM!—shaking the whole town.

"O'Connor loosens his sword in his scabbard and jumps for the door. I went as far as the door and stood in it.

"People were sticking their heads out of doors and windows. But there was one grand sight that made the landscape look tame.

"General Tumbato, the comandante, was rolling down the steps of his residential dug-out, waving a five-foot sabre in his hand. He wore his cocked and plumed hat, and his dress-parade coat covered with gold braid and buttons. Sky-blue pyjamas, one rubber boot, and one red-plush slipper completed his make-up.

"The general had heard the cannon, and he muffed down the sidewalk toward the soldiers' barracks as fast as his rudely awakened two hundred pounds could travel.

"O'Connor sees him and lets out a battle-cry, and draws his father's sword and rushes across the street and tackles the enemy.

"Right there in the street he and the general gave an exhibition of blacksmithing and butchery that put Kyrle Bellew and Phil Armour in the shade. Sparks flew from their blades, the general roared, and O'Connor gave the slogan of his race and proclivities.

"Then the general's sabre broke in two,

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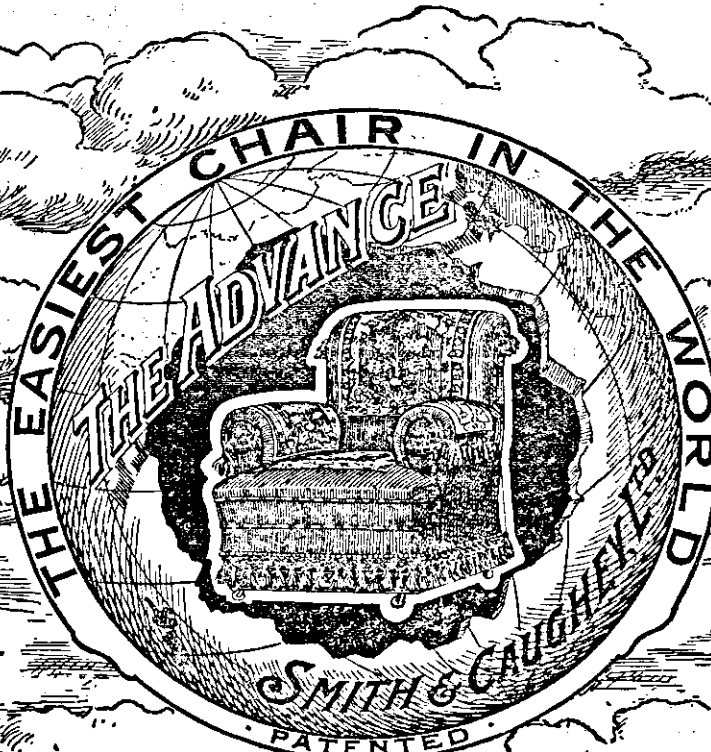
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and he took to his ginger-coloured heels crying out 'Policios' at every jump. O'Connor chased him a block, imbued with the sentiment of manslaughter, and slicing buttons off the general's coat tails with the paternal weapon. At the corner five barefooted policemen in cotton undershirts and straw hats climbed over O'Connor and subjugated him according to the municipal statutes.

"They brought him past the late revolutionary headquarters on the way to gaol. I stood in the door. A policeman had him by each hand and foot, and they dragged him on his back through the grass like a turtle. Twice they stopped, and the odd policeman took another's place while he rolled a cigarette. The great soldier of fortune turned his head and looked at me as they passed. I blushed, and lit another cigar. The procession passed on, and at ten minutes past twelve everybody had gone back to sleep again.

"In the afternoon the interpreter came around, and smiled as he laid his hand on the big red jar we usually kept ice-water in.

"The ice man didn't call to-day," says I. "What's the matter with everything, Sancho?"

"Ah, yes," says the liver-coloured linguist. "They just tell me in the town. Verree had art that Senor O'Connor make fight with General Tumbola. Yes. General Tumbola great soldier and big mans."

"What'll they do to Mr. O'Connor?" I asks.

"I talk little while presently with the Juez de la Paz—what you call Justice with the peace," says Sancho. "He tell me it verree had crime that one Senor Americano try kill General Tumbola. He say they keep Senor O'Connor in gaol six months; then have trial and shoot him with guns. Verree sorree."

"How about this revolution that was to be pulled off?" I asks.

"Oh," says this Sancho, "I think too hot weather for revolution. Revolution better in winter-time. Maybe so next winter. Quien sabe?"

"But the cannon went off," says I. "The signal was given."

"That big sound?" says Sancho, grinning. "The boiler in ice factory he blow up—BOOM! Wake everybody up from siesta. Verree sorree. No ice. Mucho hot day."

"About sunset I went over to the gaol, and they let me talk to O'Connor through the bars.

"What's the news, Bowers?" says he. "Have we taken the town? I've been expecting a rescue party all the afternoon. I haven't heard any firing. Has any word been received from the capital?"

"Take it easy, Barney," says I. "I think there's been a change of plans. There's something more important to talk about. Have you any money?"

"I have not," says O'Connor. "The last dollar went to pay our hotel bill yesterday. Did our troops capture the Custom-house? There ought to be plenty of Government money there."

"Segregate your mind from battles," says I. "I've been making inquiries. You're to be shot six months from date for assault and battery. I'm expecting to receive 50 years at hard labour for vagrancy. All they furnish you while you're a prisoner is water. You depend on your friends for food. I'll see what I can do."

"I went away and found a silver Chile dollar in an old vest of O'Connor's. I took him some fried fish and rice for his supper. In the morning I went down to a lagoon and had a drink of water, and then went back to the gaol. O'Connor had a porterhouse-steak look in his eye."

"Barney," says I, "I've found a pond full of the finest kind of water. It's the grandest, sweetest, purest water in the world. Say the word and I'll go fetch you a bucket of it, and you can throw this vile government stuff out the window. I'll do anything I can for a friend."

"Has it come to this?" says O'Connor, raging up and down his cell. "Am I to be starved to death and then shot? I'll make those traitors feel the weight of an O'Connor's hand when I get out of this." And then he comes to the bars and speaks softer. "Has nothing been heard from Dona Isabel?" he asks. "Though every one else in the world fail," says he, "I trust those eyes of hers. She will find a way to effect me release. Do you think you could communicate with her? One word from her—even a rose would make me sorrow's light. But don't let her know except with the utmost delicacy, Bowers. These high-bred Castilians are sensitive and p. out."

"Well said, Barney," says I. "You've given me an idea. I'll report later. Something's got to be pulled off quick, or we'll both starve."

"I walked out, and down to Hooligan Alley, and then on the other side of the street; As I went past the window of Dona Isabel Antonia Concha Regala, out flies the rose as usual, and hits me on the ear.

"The door was open, and I took off my hat and walked in. It wasn't very light inside, but there she sat in a rocking-chair by the window smoking a black cheroot. And when I got closer I saw that she was about thirty-nine, and had never seen a straight front in her life. I sat down on the arm of her chair, and took the cheroot out of her mouth and stole a kiss.

"Hullo, Izzy," I says. "Excuse my unconventionality, but I feel like I have known you for a month. Whose Izzy is oo?"

"The lady ducked her head under her mantilla, and drew in a long breath. I thought she was going to scream, but with all that intake of air she only came out with: 'Me like Americanos.'

"As soon as she said that I knew that O'Connor and me would be doing things with a knife and fork before the day was over. I drew a chair beside her, and inside of half an hour we were engaged. Then I took my hat and said I must go out for a while.

"You come back?" said Izzy, in alarm.

happy, as she should be, as Mrs. William T. B.

"All at once I sprang up in a hurry. I'd forgotten all about O'Connor. I asked Izzy to fix up a lot of truck for him to eat.

"That big, oogy man?" says Izzy. "But all right—be your friend."

"I pulled a rose out of a bunch in a jar, and took the grub-basket around to the gaol. O'Connor ate like a wolf. Then he wiped his face with a banana peel and said: 'Have you heard nothing from Dona Isabel yet?'"

"Hist!" says I, slipping the rose between the bars. "She sends you this. She bids you take courage. At nightfall two masked men brought it to the ruined chateau in the orange grove. How did you like that goat hash, Barney?"

"O'Connor pressed the rose to his lips. "This is more to me than all the food in the world," says he. "But the supper was fine. Where did you raise it?"

"I've negotiated a stand-off at a delicatessen hut downtown," I tells him. "Eat easy. If there's anything to be done I'll do it."

"So things went along that way for some weeks. Izzy was a great cook; and if she had had a little more poise of character and smoked a little better brand of tobacco, we might have drifted into some sense of responsibility for the honour I'd conferred on her. But as time went on I began to hunger for the sight of a real lady standing before me in

"I sent for you, Mr. Bowers, to let you know that you can have your friend Mr. O'Connor now. Of course we had to make a show of punishing him on account of his attack on General Tumbola. It is arranged that he shall be released to-morrow night. You and he will be conveyed on board the fruit steamer Voyager, bound for New York, which lies in the harbour. Your passage will be arranged for."

"One moment, judge," says I; "that revolution—"

"The judge lays back in his chair and howls. "Why," says he presently, "that was all a little joke fixed up by the boys around the court-room, and one or two of our cut-ups, and a few clerks in the stores. The town is bursting its sides with laughing. The boys made themselves up to be conspirators, and they—what you call it?—stick Senor O'Connor for his money. It is very funny."

"It was," says I. "I saw the joke all along. I'll take another highball, if your Honor don't mind."

"The next evening, just at dark, a couple of soldiers brought O'Connor down to the beach where I was waiting under a cocoanut-tree.

"Hist!" says I in his ear; "Dona Isabel has arranged our escape. Not a word!"

"They rowed us in a boat out to a little steamer that smelled of table d'hôte salad oil and bone phosphate.

"The great, mellow, tropical moon was rising as we steamed away. O'Connor leaned on the taffrail or rear balcony of the ship and gazed silently at Guaya—at Puncoville-on-the-Beach. He had the red rose in his hand.

"She will wait," I heard him say. "Eyes like hers never deceive. But I shall see her again. Traitors cannot keep an O'Connor down forever."

"You talk like a sequel," says I. "But in Volume II, please omit the light-haired friend who totes the grub to the hero in his dungeon cell."

"And thus reminiscing, we came back to New York."

There was a little silence broken only by the familiar roar of the streets after Kansas Bill Bowers ceased talking.

"Did O'Connor ever go back?" I asked.

"He attained his heart's desire," said Bill. "Can you walk two blocks? I'll show you."

He led me eastward and down a flight of stairs that was covered by a curious-shaped, glowing, pagoda-like structure. Signs and figures on the tiled walls and supporting columns attested that we were in the Grand Central station of the subway. Hundreds of people were on the midway platform.

An up-town express dashed up and halted. It was crowded. There was a rush for it by a still larger crowd.

Towering above every one there a magnificent, broad-shouldered, athletic man leaped into the centre of the struggle. Men and women he seized in either hand and hurled them like manikins towards the open gates of the train.

Now and then some passenger with a shred of soul and self-respect left to him turned to offer remonstrance; but the blue uniform on the towering figure, the fierce and conquering glare of his eye, and the ready impact of his ham-like hands glued together the lips that would have spoken complaint.

When the train was full, then he exhibited to all who might observe and admire his irresistible genius as a ruler of men. With his knees, with his elbows, with his shoulders, with his resistless feet he shoved, crushed, slammed, heaved, kicked, flung, pounded the overplus of passengers aboard. Then with the sounds of its wheels drowned by the roars, shrieks, prayers, and curses of its unfortunate crew, the express dashed away.

"That's him. Ain't he a wonder?" said Kansas Bill, admiringly. "That tropical country wasn't the place for him. I wish the distinguished traveller, writer, war correspondent, and playwright, Richmond Hobson Davis, could see him now. O'Connor ought to be dramatised."

"Oh, sit down, Mr. Bowers," says he. "I spent eight years in your country in colleges and law schools. Let me mix you a highball. Lemon peel, or not?"

"Thus we got along. In about half an hour I was beginning to tell him about the scandal in our family when Aunt Elvira ran away with a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. Then he says to me:



I began to hunger for the sight of a real lady.

"Me got bring preacher," says I. "Come back twenty minutes. We marry now. How you likee?"

"Marry to-day?" says Izzy. "Good!" "I went down on the beach to the United States consul's shack. He was a grizzly man, eighty-two pounds, smoked glasses, five foot eleven, pickled. He was playing chess with an india-rubber man in white clothes.

"Excuse me for interrupting," says I, "but can you tell me how a man could get married quick?"

"The consul gets up and fingers in a pigeonhole.

"I believe I had a license to perform the ceremony myself, a year or two ago," he said. "I'll look, and—"

"I caught hold of his arm.

"Don't look it up," says I. "Marriage is a lottery, anyway. I'm willing to take the risk about the license if you are."

"The consul went back to Hooligan Alley with me. Izzy called her ma to come in, but the old woman was picking a chicken in the patio and begged to be excused. So we stood up and the consul performed the ceremony.

"That evening Mrs. Bowers cooked a great supper of stewed goat, tamales, baked bananas, friteseed red peppers, and coffee. Afterward I sat in the rocking-chair by the front window, and she sat on the floor plunking on a guitar and

a street-car. All I was staying in that land of milk and money for was because I couldn't get away, and I thought it no more than decent to stay and see O'Connor shot.

"One day our old interpreter drops around, and after smoking an hour says that the judge of the peace sent him to request me to call on him. I went to his office in a lemon grove on a hill at the edge of the town; and there I had a surprise. I expected to see one of the usual cinnamon-coloured natives in congress gaiters and one of Pizarro's cast-off hats. What I saw was an elegant gentleman of a slightly claybank complexion sitting in an upholstered leather chair, sipping a highball and reading Mrs. Humphrey Ward. I had smuggled into my brain a few words of Spanish by the help of Izzy, and I began to remark in a rich Andalusian brogue:

"Buenas dias, senior. Yo tengo—yo tengo—"

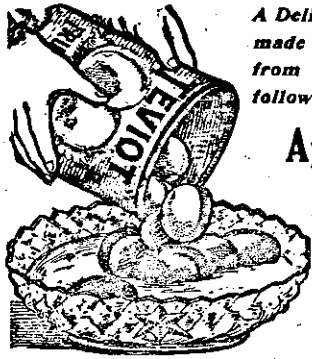
"Oh, sit down, Mr. Bowers," says he.

"I spent eight years in your country in colleges and law schools. Let me mix you a highball. Lemon peel, or not?"

"Thus we got along. In about half an hour I was beginning to tell him about the scandal in our family when Aunt Elvira ran away with a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. Then he says to me:

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Copyright Story.

The Eleventh Hour

By J. M. JACOBS.

SURELY mortal feelings were never more mixed than Philip Gower's, as he bade the cabman drive at full speed to his uncle's house in Westburne-square. It was not many minutes since the last post had brought him from the other end of the world the news that had aroused all the best and the worst elements of his nature in strange association. For all his instinctive antipathy to the dashing Australian who was to lead his cousin to the altar on the morrow, never in his wildest dreams had he conceived him half so base as this. But, thank Heaven, the truth had come to light at the eleventh hour!

Wild joy and fierce anger, shame-faced triumph and wounded pride, struggled for the mastery. Fortunately, indeed, that it should have fallen to his lot to unmask the villain; although he reflected uneasily, messengers of ill-tidings have never been the more welcome for having been themselves the prophets of the evil. He pictured vividly in his mind's eye his Uncle's wrath, his Aunt's lamentations, Helen's despair. He shuddered to recall his previous rebuff, when he had but ventured to hint that, after all, they really knew very little about their precious Captain Alstone. Helen was lost to him in any case; and what concern of his was the welfare of the folk, whose house he had vowed to set foot in no more?

But all that was selfish in his love for Helen joined forces with all that was not selfish, instantly to sweep away the unworthy thought. He called himself harsh names for his timidity; to keep silence now would be nothing short of a crime. And must not Helen, once the first shock over, needs be grateful for his timely intervention? Would she not—the treacherous interloper once ignominiously dismissed—of a surety return to her old liking, her old love, for the friend of her childhood?

Yes, his course was clear; he must seek out his Uncle at once. Together they would concert the best means of putting off the invited guests; together they would offer the vile scoundrel the choice between instant flight and public horsewhipping; together they would contrive to hush up the affair and to assuage poor Helen's sorrow. And it was with a lighter heart than he had entered, that he sprang out of the cab and rang the bell.

He was glad it was old Martha who admitted him, and that—trifling though it was—she did not remark on the lateness of his call. Could she manage, he asked her in confidential tones, to get him to see Mr. Gower without letting the others know? "They will hear of it soon enough," he could not refrain from adding.

"I see, Mr. Philip," beamed the old servant fussily, "a little surprise for the happy couple! But won't you wait in here?" and she opened the door of the cosy smoking-room, that gave upon the hall. Then she bustled upstairs with an air of mystery plainly showing on every feature.

"Yes, a surprise for the happy couple!" repeated Philip to himself with a mocking laugh. "A nice, pleasant, little surprise!"

Up and down the room he paced in restless impatience, his eyes continually straying towards the charming portrait of Helen, that smiled upon him from the wall. And at last came the sound of a quick step in the hall, the handle turned a sharp click, the door opened abruptly, and with a martial tone upon his lips there gaily entered—Captain Alstone!

Tall, erect, with the ruddy stamp of an outdoor life glowing from a face upon which the frank expression and the long, fair moustache equally impressed one at the first glance, the Captain appeared delighted to welcome his cousin that was to be.

"How do you do, Mr. Gower?" he cried cordially. "It must really be some kind fairy that sent you round—I was just off to my hotel in sheer despair."

Philip retreated a step or two with ill-disguised repugnance.

"I wish to see my uncle particularly," said he, frigidly, "and if you'll excuse me I'll go upstairs."

The other looked disappointed at this brusque damping of his cheery advances, but only for a moment. After all, Philip's manner towards him had even been cold and uninviting; and he had often regretted to Helen that he could not hit it off better with her favourite cousin. And to-night he felt friendly to all the world.

"I'm sorry," said he, after a slight pause, "but you'll hardly be able to see Mr. Gower to-night"—Philip started—"for after dinner he complained of one of his usual headaches, and by common consent of the ladies was bundled off to bed. I really think," he laughed, recovering his good-humour, "they'd have liked to do the same by me; for her mother, two aunts, and a dressmaker have taken possession of my little girl for the past two hours."

"But I must see Mr. Gower," cried

the man's impudent sang-froid; but now with a provoking rise of the eye-brows, the Captain regarded him curiously.

"You're a nice Job's comforter," said he, in a puzzled tone.

"Captain Alstone," went on Philip with tantalising deliberateness, "what if this marriage were never to take place?"

The other's calmness vanished in a moment. With a righteous indignation Philip traced in his features astonishment—anger—alarm.

"And pray, Mr. Gower," he exclaimed, defiantly, "who is going to prevent it?"

"I am!" cried Philip, excitedly. "I!"

With a menacing look the Captain took a step forward. But as he did so he caught a glimpse of Helen's portrait with the corner of his eye, and checked himself with a mocking laugh.

"I don't quite see the joke," he said, with cutting irony; "nor, indeed, what right you have to play it. But I assure you, even an inquest on your remains wouldn't alter our arrangements now, for our passage is already booked."

"I don't care if you've booked your passage to the Devil," retorted Philip, hotly, "so long as Helen Gower doesn't go with you."

"Oh, is that all?" queried the other, in tones which made his rival writhe. "Why, of course she won't—but Helen Alstone will!"

Philip's patience was completely exhausted. "Enough of this fooling, Captain Alstone!" he cried with set teeth. "I, at least, have never been the dupe of your pretence of bonhomie!"

I'm not yet too late—you villain, you heartless, mercenary scoundrel!"

A hoarse cry escaped the lips of the other. "Steady, man, steady!" he gasped in tones of deadly warning. "Any other place—any other time—"

"Where did you leave your wife?" broke in Philip point-blank.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the other's feet, he could hardly have looked more astonished, more utterly confounded. He swayed to and fro with a nervous trembling; and for the first time he seemed abashed and at a loss for a reply.

At length he spoke in strangely subdued tones. "What—did—you—say?" he stammered, almost humbly.

"Yes," cried Philip in relentless scorn, "your wife, you brute, your Australian wife!"

The other's momentary calmness vanished as if by magic. With darkening face he glared savagely at his accuser; then, utterly losing self-control, sprang wildly towards him. In another instant the two men would have been locked in a deadly struggle; when suddenly the door opened and the sound of an eager, laughing voice caused their hands to fall helplessly by their sides and each to endeavour to compose himself as best he might. For that slight figure, that pretty child-like face, those smiling lips that a charming breathlessness kept apart, belonged to none other than Helen herself.

"Will, Will," she panted, running up coquettishly to Alstone, "I've been look-



THE FAITHFUL COMPANION.

Philip fiercely, noting towards the door, "and at once, too!"

The Captain shrugged his shoulders and made way.

"As you please, my dear fellow. You know his room, I daresay—and also what sort of a reception you're likely to get while these attacks are on. But, I say, can't I be of any use? Won't I do?"

With a maddening sensation of being played with, Philip glared furiously at the display of such ill-timed levity. But a little more and, regardless of consequences, he must have hurled himself upon the smiling ruffian. And then suddenly a new idea seized upon him. What need of his uncle after all? Why not himself deal with the adventurer? Yes—he set his teeth—he would. And so, looking his enemy squarely in the face and raising his voice to shrillness in his excitement, he cried out: "Yes, you'll do! By God, Captain Alstone, you will!"

The prospective bridegroom started back in amazement at this unlooked-for vehemence; but, apparently, did not dream that it was any act of his which had called it forth.

"Take my advice, my dear Gower," he went on amiably, unconscious of the sting that lurked in his every word, "and never get married. Matrimony is a fine thing, but weddings are a nuisance."

"There's many a slip—" quoted Philip with marked significance, wondering at

"Well," rejoined the Captain, bluntly, "if you're sober enough to understand"—his auditor started indignantly at the word—"I must confess that, had you not been Helen's cousin, you'd have been the last person in the world upon whom I'd have wasted any 'bonhomie,' as you call it. But come, come, man; what is it you do want? I'm sorry if I don't meet with your approval, but your veto comes a bit too late in the day—better go home, Gower, and sleep it off!" he ended, abruptly.

"Thanks for your kind advice," answered the infuriated Philip, "but I only received this from Australia an hour ago!" And taking from his pocket the momentous letter, he brandished it accusingly at Alstone.

"Can I help the delay in the post?" queried the latter, in mock commiseration. "Blame it on the Postmaster-General!"

"This is from Perth!" cried Philip, threateningly. "Ah, you wince, do you?"

"I'm not at all interested in your private correspondence," disclaimed the other with a sneer.

"But you will be in this," shouted Philip triumphantly, "for it's about yourself—and now I know your secret!"

"The device you do!" cried Alstone in undignified surprise.

ing for you everywhere, you naughty boy. How do you like my new travelling costume? Isn't it a love? I made them let me run down to show it you, so as to make sure you'll know me in it to-morrow. And, Philip, too!" becoming aware of his presence—"I've been dying to see you. You wicked creature to decline our invitation—I never dreamt you'd be absent from my wedding!"

"Nor did I!" said her cousin with a sigh.

"Why, what's the matter?" she went on, looking from one to the other with wide-opened eyes. "You both seem hot and flushed, for all the world as if you've been having a great big quarrel!"

The two men looked sheepishly aside and neither could trust himself to speak.

"Oh, I know!" she continued coaxingly. "Philip has come round to say we shall see him to-morrow after all—now isn't it so, Philip?"

Her cousin made a poor attempt to hide his embarrassment.

"I'm very, very sorry, Helen, but I was just trying to explain to Mr. Alstone,"—and he looked almost pleadingly at his hated rival—"why I could not possibly be present."

"Yes!" confirmed the other, setting his teeth hard. "It's no use, I fear, trying to persuade Mr. Gower."

"But I won't have it!" declared Helen with a pretty pout. "Phil must

come—unless, of course, I'm not worth so much trouble!"

"My darling girl," said the Captain, tenderly stroking her hair, at sight of which the other could have killed him there and then, "if you will leave me alone for a minute or two, I think I can find a way out of the difficulty."

Wondering at her lover's serious tone and her cousin's averted look, Helen suffered herself to be coaxed from the room with moistening eyes; and the two men confronted each other once more.

"I owe you a debt of gratitude for keeping silence before her," said Alstone hoarsely, "and now in Heaven's name what is it you want me to do?"

"What I want?" replied Philip sternly. "That you leave the house with me at once and never enter it again."

"Ah!" cried the Captain strangely. "And then?"

"You will sign a written confession of your knavery," pursued Philip, amazed to find himself calmly parleying with the rogue, "and I will book your passage to any part of the world you choose."

"And suppose," replied the Captain with an enigmatical expression, "suppose for a moment I don't choose to agree to these terms?"

"Then," said the other with flashing eyes, "I will expose you publicly, and you'll hardly escape with a whole skin."

"Just one thing more," asked Alstone reproachfully. "Suppose I deny the whole thing?"

"Deny it?" repeated Philip scornfully.

"Yes, suppose I say your charge is false—we may as well play with cards on table—what proof have you? Come!"

"Are you mad? Will it not suffice for me to publish the fact that you have a wife already?"

"But you may publish—and I may deny! You have no proof?"

"Have I not?" replied Philip grimly.

brain he scanned the fatal words once more. God in Heaven, it was true! Not a syllable was there to give the lie to the fellow's impudent explanation; indeed, did not his very coolness show he felt himself secure? His past treatment of his wife,—there was nothing to indicate that she was still living; nay, was not the very contrary implied? Perhaps the wretch could legally marry Helen after all; and the thought drove him to despair.

"We will see what Mr. Gower says," he faltered, catching at the last hope, "whether he will still be content to entrust his only child to the care of such a man—even if you have succeeded somehow in getting rid of your unfortunate wife."

"My dear fellow," replied Alstone, with spirits rising as the other's fell, "had you shown him this letter a month ago, I grant you that he might have hesitated. But now, at the eleventh hour, are you simpleton enough to dream he would take action on a document obviously got up for the occasion! Especially when I deny every word of it!"

Philip listened in a stupor of consternation. He was crushed, he had no more to say. While a groan he staggered to a chair and covered his face with his hands.

The Captain regarded his enemy's collapse with a curious expression of countenance. "And so you see," he pursued remorselessly, "the best thing you can do is to let well alone and welcome your new cousin with open arms."

Philip pulled himself together at the sneer. "You must be the Devil in person!" he cried bitterly. "But at whatever cost to myself I will do my duty. I will show this letter to my Uncle and you can tell him whatever lies you choose. But I dare say you are right. No doubt it is too late and you have

to say—to do! A thousand wild conjectures darted confusedly through his brain. The moments seemed hours until the other returned with a paper in his hand. Without a word he passed it to Philip, only pointing to a brief paragraph, headed, "A Colonial Tragedy." It was a cable from Perth and read as follows: "A notorious resident of Western Australia, known as Captain Alstone, was shot dead outside the Town Hall to-day by his wife, whom his brutality had driven out of her mind."

"What does it all mean?" stammered Philip, striving to collect his scattered thoughts.

"Forgive me, Mr. Gower," said the Captain penitently, "but it seems I have—or, rather, had—a blackguard unclesake, to whom, no doubt, your letter also referred. I was so annoyed at your absurd suspicion—when I did begin to realise what you were driving at—that I didn't tell you your Uncle had been chaffing me unmercifully over dinner about this very paragraph. I thought you, I confess, an impudent meddler, and so I led you on. It was cruel, it was wicked, and now that I understand you better, I humbly beg your pardon. Come, won't you shake hands?"

At this unexpected dispelling of the clouds, Philip experienced a whole world of conflicting emotions. He felt—he knew—it was true, and the Captain's every word carried conviction with it. What an ass he had made of himself! And yet how immeasurable the relief to feel that Helen was not to marry a scoundrel after all!

"Can you forgive me?"—he grasped the proffered hand—"I wish you every happiness!"

Could Helen have chosen a more opportune moment for her return! She was delighted beyond measure to witness the good understanding between the two men.

"I'm so glad!" she cried, gleefully clasping her hands. "So you've managed to persuade Philip at last! And yet—I'm not surprised!" she ended with a whisper and a blush.

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And producing once more the letter he had hastily concealed on Helen's entrance, he read out the damning passage with due emphasis:

"Your inquire whether I know anything of a Captain Alstone of these parts. Well, rather! Who doesn't, out here? There may be bigger scoundrels in the Colony, but so far I haven't come across one. Why, his past treatment of his wife alone would suffice to ensure him a good horsewhipping, if he ever dares to show his face in the neighbourhood of Perth again. But what makes you ask about the fellow?"

As he read, he had the satisfaction of seeing the baffled fortune-hunter's face turn all colours; and the singular smile that seemed to lurk at the corner of his mouth only confirmed Philip's opinion of his utter heartlessness.

"All this is very fine, I admit," was his comment, submissive enough, apparently, yet not entirely free from a suspicion of insolence. "But isn't there a little flaw in your piece de conviction?"

Philip could but stare at the speaker in vague disquietude.

"Assuming, entre nous, that I have been married before—"

"Ah!" interjected the other in disgust. "It doesn't by any means follow my wife is still alive—"

"What?" cried Philip, aghast at this unreamed-of possibility.

"And, as a matter of fact, she isn't!" resumed Alstone with brazen effrontery. "So, pray, why shouldn't I marry again if I choose?"

"It's a lie!" cried Philip fiercely. "I don't believe it—no, not one single word!" But the blood flying from his cheeks betrayed him.

With bewildered eyes and swimming

nothing to fear—nothing," he added half to himself, "save one thing."

"And that is?" bantered Alstone.

"If," cried Philip, rising and looking the other unflinchingly in the face, "if you are going to wreck the life of a pure and innocent girl; if, whatever you may have been guilty of in the past, Helen is to be sacrificed too, after the same fashion—then I will follow you even to the other end of the world—"

"Thanks!" interjected the Captain, ironically.

"—and shoot you like the dog you are! And this I swear, so help me God!"

At this he raised his right hand solemnly and for an instant let it rest lightly, not menacingly—upon the other's shoulder; then turned aside with a catch in his throat.

"In the name of all that's sacred," cried the Captain in amazement, not unmixed with respect, "what is this business of yours?"

"It is my business," exclaimed Philip with unconcealed emotion, "for I love Helen, and I have loved her all my life. Now you know!" And he gazed defiantly at the other.

Then to his astonishment he saw a change creep over the Captain's features; saw him, too, deeply moved, and filled with undisguised remorse. "By heaven!" cried this one, feelingly. "How I have misjudged you! You are a far better man than I. Can you forgive me?"

Philip could hardly believe his ears, and stared at the Captain distrustfully.

"Wait but a moment," resumed the latter, earnestly, "and I will show you what will save you the trouble of disturbing Mr. Gower at all." And he hastily left the room.

Philip gazed after him with his head in a whirl. What was the Captain going

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To Our Young Readers.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of cousins, by writing to

COUSIN KATE,
"The Weekly Graphic,"
Shotland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. Their letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic" in the Children's Pages.

All cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our cousins some who have passed out of their teens.

A badge will be sent to each new cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Pahiatua.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I would very much like to become one of your "Graphic" cousins. I always take great interest in reading the "Graphic" letters. My home is in Pahiatua, but I am attending St. Patrick's College, Wellington, although just now I am home for the holidays. We return to school this week. I am 14 years old, and this year am going up for the Civil Service examination. I am going to study to become a doctor. My father has a motor car which I have learned to drive, and during the holidays we have done a good bit of touring in the country. As the weather here is very hot I spend most of my time swimming and trout fishing. I have got a very nice horse, and when the weather is not too warm, I go out riding. I enclose envelope for badge. I would like a blue one please. With love to all the cousins.—From your affectionate Cousin OSCAR.

[Dear Cousin Oscar.—I heartily welcome you as a cousin. I have sent off your badge. What delightful holidays you seem to have had. Swimming and trout fishing are ideal pastimes for this hot weather. Now you will be back at work, and I trust will be successful at your examination. I am glad you are going to be a doctor. It gives one so many opportunities of helping others.—Cousin Kate.]

Otakau.

Dear Cousin Kate.—My big sister is writing this letter for me. I am four years old. Will you please send me a red badge? With love.—From Cousin JACK.

[Dear Little Cousin Jack.—We are all very pleased to have you for a cousin. Your red badge is posted to you. What a kind big sister you have, to write such a nice little letter for me. Will you love you any pets? With love.—From Cousin KATE.]

Otakau.

Dear Cousin Kate.—My little brother Jack saw my badge yesterday, and he said he wanted one too, so I am going to write a letter for him. I hope you had a happy Christmas, and will have a bright New Year. We had a few presents off our trees a few days ago. When the fruit is ripening the birds have "festiva" every day. With love.—From Cousin KATIE.

[Dear Cousin Katie.—I was glad to hear from one of our far-away cousins again. Thank you for your good wishes. I had a very happy Christmas, and hope you had also. How do you spend Christmas in Africa? Do you have many festivities peculiar to the country, or do you try to keep up in the old English style.—Cousin Kate.]

Tokomaru.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I take great interest in reading the "Graphic" letters, and should be delighted if you would accept me as a

cousin. I shall be counted as a senior cousin, as I am over fourteen. The weather is very hot and dry here. I am not very fond of reading, not unless I get hold of a very interesting book. I like Nelson's books very much. I have read several of them. I have been to several picnics this season. We have a nice bush, and a water-fall creek, and we spend many a pleasant day in the bush. We often go fishing for small fish, and go into the bush and gather ferns. The flower garden is looking very nice at present. But would look better if we had a good rain on it. Please, Cousin Kate, will you write to me and let me know if you will accept me as a cousin? Please send me a blue badge. Best love to all the cousins, not forgetting yourself.—From Cousin GLADYS.

[Dear Cousin Gladys.—Welcome as a cousin. I am glad you have been enjoying the "Graphic" letters, and that you are now giving them an opportunity to enjoy yours. How many varieties of ferns have you found in your bush? It would be delightful if the water-fall in this hot weather.—Cousin Kate.]

✠ ✠ ✠

Tokomaru.

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins? I am eight years old, and I am in the first standard. My sister and I ride two and a half miles on a little black pony. I have been wishing to become one of your cousins. My uncle takes the "Graphic" every week. I have two sisters and one brother. We have got a parrot, which only talks at night, and a cat, two pet lambs, two dogs. I would like a red badge, please, Cousin Kate. Well, I must bring this letter to a close now, as it is getting late. Best love to all the cousins, not forgetting yourself.—From Cousin IRIS.

[Dear Cousin Iris.—I am very pleased to write to you. What a fortunate little girl you are to have a little black pony to ride to school on, and a sister to go with you and take care of you. What a funny parrot to prefer talking at night. You have a nice lot of pets, but I suppose the lambs will soon be too big to be petted. With love, from Cousin Kate.]

✠ ✠ ✠

[My Dear Cousins.—I fear the holidays have made some of you a little bit lazy. There have been very few letters the last week or two, except from cousins wishing to join our society. I hope you have all had a happy, healthy holiday, and that those of you who have been away have found all your pets well when you returned home. I knew one family who were away for three weeks. When they came back their poor little fox terrier (although left in good care) was nearly starved. He fretted so, he would not eat, but used to spend most of his time running about the roads to look for his young masters. He is happy and well now, and sometimes wants to go with the boys when they go to school, but only has to be told, "Boys going to school, poor puppy would be whipped if he went." Then he gives a funny little whine, lies down on the verandah, and watches them away.—Cousin Kate.]

Old Lady (in a shoe shop): "Have you felt slippers?"

Small Boy Assistant (solemnly) "Yes, ma'am; many a time."

Sailing as a Fine Art.

Continued from page 38.

will awaken the same response of pleasurable emotion or conscientious endeavour. And the sailing of any vessel always receding from us on its way to the overshadowed Valley of Oblivion. The taking of a modern steamship about the world—though one would not minimise its responsibilities—has not the same quality of intimacy with nature, which, after all, is an indispensable condition to the budding up of an art. It is a less personal and more exact calling; it is less arduous, but it is also less gratifying in the sense of close communion between the artist and the medium of his art. It is, in short, less a matter of love. Its effects are measured exactly in time and space as no effects of an art can be. It is an occupation which a man not desperately subject to sea-sickness can be imagined to follow with content, without enthusiasm; with industry, without affection. Functuality is its watchword. The incertitude which attends closely every artistic endeavour is absent from its regulated enterprise. It has no great moments of self-confidence, or moments not less great of doubt and heart-searching. It is an industry, which, like other industries, has its romance, its honour, and its rewards; its bitter anxieties and its hours of ease. But such sea-going has not the artistic quality of a single-handed struggle with something much greater than yourself. It is not the laborious, absorbing practice of an art whose ultimate result remains on the knees of the gods. It is not an individual, temperamental achievement; it is simply the skilled use of a captured force. It is merely a step forward upon the way of universal conquest.

III.

Every passage of a ship of yesterday, whose sails were filled eagerly the very moment the pilot with his pockets full of letters had gone over the side, was like a race—a race against time, against an ideal standard of achievement outstripping the expectations of common men. Like all true art, the general conduct of a ship and her handling in particular cases had a technic which could be discussed with delight and pleasure by men who found in their work not bread alone, but an outlet for the peculiarities of their temperament. To get the best and truest effect from the infinitely varying moods of sky and sea, not pictorially, but in the spirit

of their calling, was their vocation, one and all; and they recognised this with as much sincerity, and drew as much inspiration from this reality as any man who ever put brush to canvas. The diversity of temperaments was immense among those masters of the fine art.

Some of them were like Royal Academicians of some sort. They never startled you by a touch of originality, by a fresh audacity of inspiration. They were safe, very safe. They went about solemnly in the assurance of their consecrated and empty reputation. Names are odious, but I remember one of them who might have been their very president, the P.R.A. of the sea-craft. His weather-beaten and handsome face, his portly presence, his shirt-fronts and broad cuffs and gold links, his air of bluff distinction, impressed the humble beholders—stevedores, tally-clerks, tide-waiters—as he walked ashore over the gangway of his ship lying at the Circular Quay in Sydney. His voice was deep, hearty, and authoritative—the voice of a very prince among sailors. He did everything with an air which put your attention on the alert and raised your expectations; but the result somehow was always on stereotyped lines, un-suggestive, empty of any lesson that one could lay to heart. He kept his ship in apple-pie order, which would have been seaman-like enough but for a flinching touch in its details. His officers affected a superiority over the rest of us, but the boredom of their souls appeared in their manner of dreary submission to the fads of their commander. It was only his apprenticed boys whose irrepressible spirits were not affected by the solemn and respectable mediocrity of that artist. There were four of these youngsters; one the son of a doctor, another of a colonel, the third of a jeweller—the name of the fourth was Twentymen, and this is all I remember of his parentage. But not one of them seemed to possess the smallest spark of gratitude in his composition. Though their commander was a kind man in his way, and had made a point of introducing them to the best people in the town in order that they should not fall into the bad company of boys belonging to other ships, I regret to say that they made faces at him behind his back, and imitated the dignified carriage of his head without any concealment whatever.

This master of the fine art was a personage and nothing more; but, as I have said, there was an infinite diversity of temperament among the masters of the fine art I have known. Some were great impressionists. They impressed upon you the fear of God and Imminence—or, in other words, the fear of being drowned—with every circumstance of terrific grandeur. One may think that the locality of your passing away by means of suffocation in water does not really matter very much. I am not so sure of that. I am, perhaps, unduly sensitive, but I own that the idea of being suddenly spilt into an infuriated ocean in the midst of darkness and uproar affected me always with a sensation of shivering distaste. To be drowned in a pond, though it might be called an ignominious fate by the ignorant, is yet a bright and peaceful ending in comparison with some other endings to one's earthly career which I have mentally quaked at in the intervals or even in the midst of violent exertions.

But let that pass. Some of the masters

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The "Allenburys" DIET

This DIET is recommended in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, etc. Whilst acceptable to all as a light nourishment it is particularly adapted to the needs of Dyspeptics and Invalids.

The "Allenburys" DIET is readily digested by those who are unable to take cow's milk and is particularly serviceable in convalescence and as a light supper diet for the Aged.

The "Allenburys" DIET is made in a minute by simply adding boiling water.

The "Allenburys" DIET is for ADULTS and is quite distinct from the "Allenburys" Foods for Infants.

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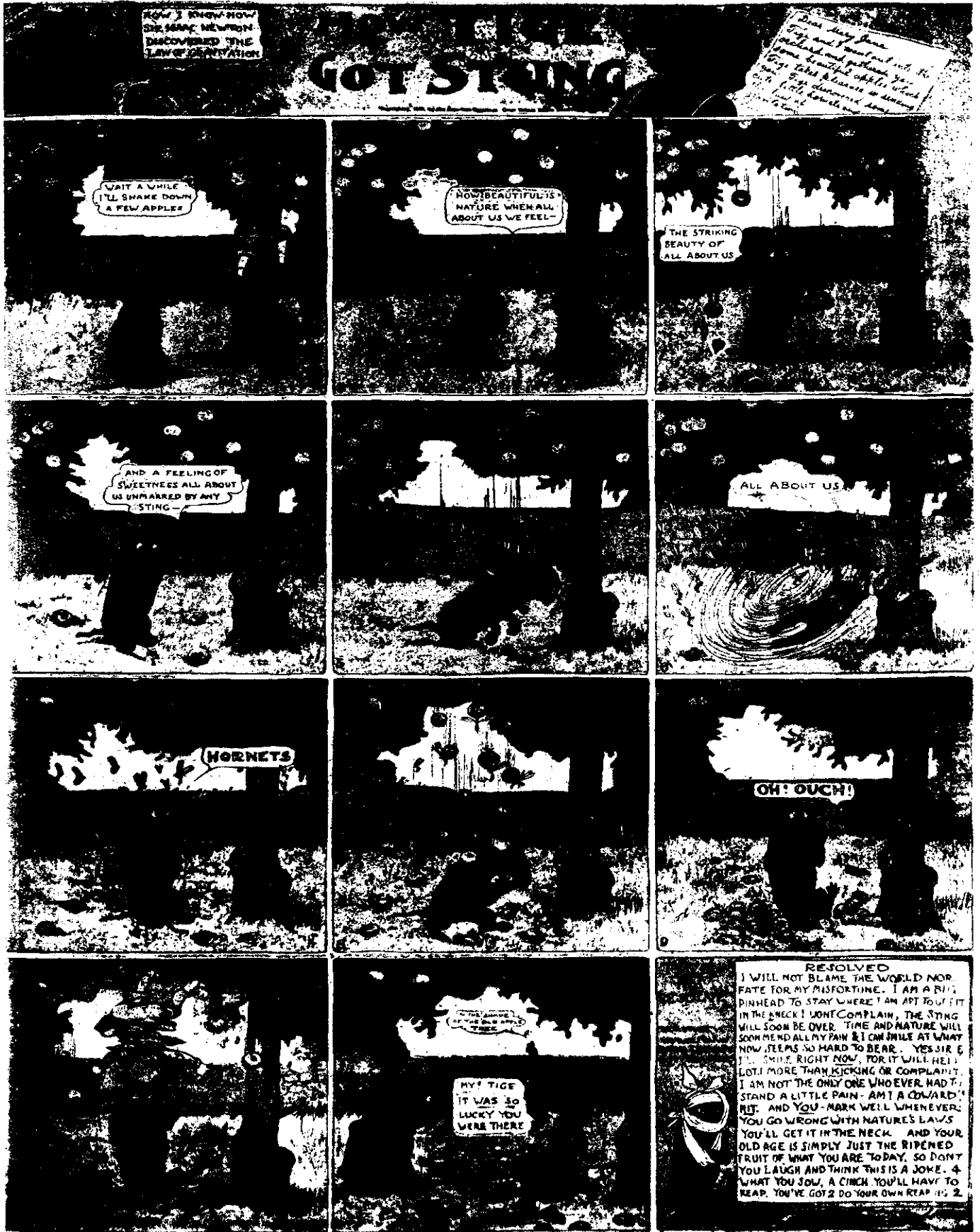
whose influence left a trace upon my character to this very day combined a fierceness of conception with a certitude of execution upon the basis of just appreciation of means and ends which is the highest quality of the man of action. And an artist is a man of action, whether he creates a personality, invents an expedient, or finds the issue of a complicated situation.

whose very art consisted in avoiding every conceivable situation. It is needless to say that they never did great things in their craft; but they were not to be despised for that. They were modest, they understood their limitations. Their own masters had not handed the sacred fire into the keeping of their cold and skillful hands. One of those last I remember specially, now gone to his rest from that sea which his

temperament must have made a scene of little more than a peaceful pursuit. Once only did he attempt a stroke of audacity, one early morning, with a steady breeze, entering a crowded roadstead. But he was not genuine in this display which might have been art; he hankered after the meretricious glory of a showy performance.

As, rounding a dark, wooded point bathed in fresh air and sunshine, we

opened to view a crowd of shipping at anchor lying perhaps half a mile ahead of us, he called me aft from my station on the fore-castle-head, and turning his binoculars over and over in his brown hands, said: "Do you see that big, heavy ship with white lower masts? I am going to take up a berth between her and the shore. Now do you see to it that the men jump smartly at the first order." I answered "Aye, ay, sir," and verily



believed that this would be a fine performance. We dashed on through the fleet in magnificent style. There must have been many open mouths and following eyes on board those ships, Dutch, English, with a sprinkling of Americans, and a German or two, who had all hoisted their flags at 8 o'clock, as if in honour of our arrival. It would have been a fine performance if it had come off; but it did not. Through a touch of self-seeking that modest artist of solid merit became untrue to his temperament. It was not with him art for art's sake, it was art for his own sake; and a dismal failure was the penalty he paid for that greatest of sins. It might have been even heavier, but, as it happened, we did not run our ship ashore, nor did we knock a large hole in the big ship whose masts were painted white. But it is a wonder that we did not carry away the cables of both our anchors, for, as may be imagined, I did not stand upon the order to "let go" that came to me by a quavering, quite unknown voice from those familiar lips. I let them both go with a celerity which to this day astonishes my memory. No average merchantman's anchors have ever been let go with such incomparable smartness. And they both held. I could have kissed their rough, cold iron palms if they had

not been buried in slimy mud under ten fathoms of water. Ultimately they brought up us with the jib-boom of a Dutch brig poking through our spanker—nothing worse. And a miss is as good as a mile.

But not in art. Afterward the master told me in a sort of mumble: "She wouldn't luff up in time, somehow; what's the matter with her?" And I made no answer. Yet the answer was clear. The ship had found out the momentary weakness of her man. Of all the living creatures upon land and sea it is ships alone that cannot be taken in by barren pretences, that will not put up with bad art from their masters.

Deserting Firemen.

Reference to the unprecedented number of desertions that occur during the summer months while home trade vessels are on the New Zealand coast was made by Capt. Clifton Mogg, of the Shaw Savill and Albion Company's direct liner Karamea, in the course of conversation with a "Post" reporter last week. Firemen in particular are said to be most troublesome in this respect. Almost every ship that has left Wellington for London dur-

ing the last few months has wanted two or more firemen or trimmers before starting on the voyage. "There are a number of firemen," said Capt. Clifton Mogg, "who desert from no other motive than the prospect of deriving advantage from the comparative scarcity of their special kind of labour at the present season of the year. Men know that their services are a good deal in requisition; they know, moreover, that a steamer waiting with a full cargo will eagerly snap them up whether they have their discharges or not (for the excuse may easily be alleged that they have lost their discharges), and their demands are accordingly large. Frequently firemen have been signed on practically at their own terms, because the only alternative would be detention of the ship at an hourly loss in pounds sterling. Since we left Liverpool for Australia and New Zealand no fewer than seven firemen have decamped, two at Melbourne, three at Auckland, and two at Oamaru. So far as I am aware these men had no grievance with the conditions under which they work, nor any complaints about the accommodation or food supplied on board. Some of them may have had a mistaken idea about the ease of obtaining highly paid employment in

the colonies, but others, I am sure, had no other motive but that of joining another ship willing to pay them an increased wage. What is now required, said Capt. Mogg, is a wider recognition of the seriousness of desertion, and more efficient police action in tracking and apprehending deserters. Too often in the past has the decent fellow, the man who works on the British contract wage, been made miserable and an object of contempt by the bullies who have eluded the police and taken advantage of a temporary scarcity of their labour." This remark was heartily endorsed by Capt. Holmes, of the *Matatus*, who suggested a possible means of coping with the evil. "It would be a good thing," he said, "if all ships when leaving London for New Zealand should sign on more men than are actually required for the run out, to be discharged on arrival in New Zealand. Supposing an extra number were brought to New Zealand and discharged we would experience no difficulty in getting a full crew at a reasonable rate when ready to leave for England; a few months of this would put a stop to the present comparative scarcity. The process would involve expense at first, but would be economical in the long run."

START RIGHT TO CURE ANAEMIA.

BEGIN TO INCREASE THE
BLOOD SUPPLY.

The complaint is readily cured if
the proper treatment is taken.

"I was never very robust as a girl, and some time back I began to fall away in health. I got quite run down," said Mrs Rosina Coom, Freshwick-st., Bienenheim, N.Z. "My appetite failed bit by bit, till at last I couldn't fancy anything. Some days I'd bring up everything I'd swallowed. I had attacks of indigestion, and only got relief that way, as my food would lay so heavy on my chest. For hours after eating, it gave me burning pains right through to my shoulder blades. I dared not touch a bit of new bread or potato, my digestion was so weak. I'd get a choking feeling in the throat as if I could hardly breathe, and I'd wake up at night sometimes gasping and trembling all over. My heart would thump at odd times as if it was pounding away in my chest. I dared not hurry if walking or doing any housework, or I'd get a bad turn. I became very thin and quite fallen away in flesh; when I took a trip to Wellington my friends hardly knew me. Each morning I'd wake up with a coated tongue and a most unpleasant sour bitter taste. I'd be a martyr to sick headaches in the temples, such a dull heavy pain pressed down on my eyes as if some weight were closing the eyelids. I'd get so dizzy sometimes I'd have to sit down till I felt better. There were specks and motes dancing before me, and queer flashes of light, so that my eyesight would be quite hazy. All through my head I'd feel as if bells were jangling. I had to manage my housework somehow, but I'd have to stop and rest sometimes, as I had no briskness or strength, least thing tired me. All the time I felt dragged out and weary. I got no good rest at night, I'd toss about and dose off and wake up in the morning fit for nothing and very low spirited. I seemed to be getting no better, in fact worse, till I started a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am thankful I tried this remedy, it has done me all the good in the world."

HARDLY ANY BLOOD.

"I was always inclined to be delicate," said Mrs Southall, corner Vauxhall-st. and Burgess-st., Devonport, Auckland. "My appetite was never good. Sometimes I couldn't keep down what food I had taken. My hands were clammy and my feet cold. I could not stand for long, my ankles and feet felt so weak and puffed up. I had nervous shooting headaches that nearly distracted me. They lay in the temples and on the top of my head mostly. Sometimes I had attacks of indigestion. My eyes would go unusually bright, and my mouth

was always parched. The least surprise brought on hysterical fits. I hadn't the strength to do any housework. I'd be tired out in a few minutes. I was just nervousness itself. The least sound would start me trembling. My circulation was very feeble. From any cut in my finger, for instance, the blood would be light and watery, and hardly run at all. But all these troubles yielded to a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I tried them three years ago. After the third box I felt so much better that I left them off and took three more boxes later on. They toned up my system wonderfully. I feel quite a different woman now and am glad I tried them."

GRADUALLY FADING INTO A DECLINE.

YOUNG WELLINGTON GIRL
WASTING AWAY WITH
ANAEMIA.

Her case appeared hopeless when
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were
used. They cured her.

"Anaemia attacked me when I was about twenty-one years old," said Mrs A. Humphrey, 17, Kent-terrace, Wellington, N.Z. "I gradually obtained quite a taste on my system. I faded slowly. My appetite got very poor. I didn't care whether I ate or not. Some days I would be ravenous, and yet as soon as I sat down to a meal the craving would go. I wanted vinegar on everything I ate. My skin became quite transparent. I was deadly white in lips, hands, and cheeks; I hadn't a trace of colour, and under my eyes were dark rings. My feet were always so cold, and my hands damp and clammy. I could never do much in the day. I was always so utterly weak and tired before the day began, and after a little spell of work I'd feel quite frightened, and I would have to press my hands to my sides and stop for breath. I would feel as if I were choking. Severe headaches of a nervous nature used to come on, and then I would have to go straight to bed. The pain would dart right through from the inner corner of the eyes to the very nape of my neck. I was so low in spirits that I never wanted to speak to anyone. I would laugh and then cry hysterically for nothing at all. At night I would wake up after a light doze in perspiration, and the clothes would be quite damp. I lived mostly on milk foods, and even these at times lay heavy on my chest and would not digest for hours. Sometimes the sight or the smell of food cooking would upset me. I never went anywhere to any amusement; I hadn't the heart. I went to two doctors, and had tonics and medicines, but I didn't get cured. I was ailing for about two years when a friend told my mother to get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for me. Little by little the signs of Anaemia disappeared. First of all I began to feel brighter and then my appetite began to pick up. I took at first three pills a day, and then I doubled the dose. Everyone began to remark on the change in my appearance. My people and myself were overjoyed. The colour came back to my face and the languid feeling wore off. I took four boxes straight off and a little later I took some more at intervals. I could feel my blood getting much richer as I took the course. The headaches lessened and finally disappeared. My heart was much stronger, and I shook off the depression and could get through the day like an ordinary healthy girl. I am glad to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they thoroughly set me up."

Correct Treatment For Anaemia.

Anaemia is simply a lack of blood. It follows that the correct treatment for Anaemia is one that increases the blood supply. In fact that is the only treatment that can be successful. The symptoms of Anaemia are easily recognised. Paleness, listlessness, indigestion, and failure of food to nourish, headaches, and often in women and girls, backaches. The vitality being very low, renders anaemic people liable to contract influenza, fevers and other acute diseases. They have not the power of resisting attack. To restore the blood supply to its normal quantity, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People can be recommended with confidence. Firstly because they are known to have cured a host of Anaemic people—that's the highest possible recommendation. Secondly because they actually contain ingredients that will combine with food and oxygen to make red blood corpuscles. The cases given in adjoining columns well illustrate the advantage of treatment with them in cases of bloodlessness.

You can judge the shopman's opinion of you if he tries to sell you anything else when you ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Those "just as good" remedies are never offered unless he thinks the customer easy to gull. The price is 3s per box; six boxes 16s 6d of all dealers or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Australasia Ltd., Wellington.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

BACK TO OFFICE.

Continued from page 2.

of thought or of action. . . . But to us who knew him, and saw him in daily life, the secret of his power is no mystery. . . . We cannot hope to see again a character such as his—a union of worldly sagacity with the most transparent simplicity of nature, ambition keen and unsleeping, but entirely detached from self, and wholly absorbed in the fortunes of a great institution and its members, a generosity upon which no call could be too heavy, and a delicate kindness which made the man himself, always busy in great and exciting studies, always ready to give the best hours, either of the day or night, to help and advise the humblest of those who appealed to him for aid."

At Oxford.

The picture which the President of Magdalen gives of him in his Oxford days—to which he adds a sketch of him when as one of a reading party he first visited the ancient Kingdom of Fife, which he was hereafter to present in Parliament—is that of a youth able, alert, direct, confident of his powers, capable of arousing and forming strong attachments, but to the outsider not exactly "half fellow well met." He played at quoits, but was remembered in boats only as a passenger. He never played at cricket, football, fives or racquets. He was no physical athlete, but he was more human than John Morley, who has never known any physical recreation but walking. He quaffed the cider cup, loved his pipe, was fond of bathing, and at least once surprised his companions by appearing on the outside of a horse. He was a good companion, full of talk about everything from Gibbon to Swinburne.

After Mr. Asquith left Oxford he devoted himself to the law. He was called to the Bar in 1870, and, when still an almost briefless barrister, he married his first wife at the age of twenty-five. The real Mr. Asquith did that. It was a triumph of the heart over the head of which the imaginary Mr. Asquith could never have been guilty. This early marriage, like his later successful pursuit and capture of Miss Margot Tennant, his second wife, are outstanding facts utterly irreconcilable with the popular misconception of his character. He is a man capable of ardent affection, of romantic devotion to the woman he loves, an affectionate father, and a devoted husband.

Success came but slowly, as is not unusual with young barristers. But Sir George Lewis got his eye upon him, and recognised him as a coming man. Then he became junior to Sir Charles Russell, and his fortune was made.

His Defence of John Burns.

There was one occasion in which he did good service at the Bar. He defended Cunningham Graham and John Burns at the Old Bailey for their gallant attempt to vindicate the right of popular meeting in Trafalgar-square. It is an interesting reminiscence. John Burns in the dock, defended by Asquith at the bar, and defended in vain. For John Burns was packed off to Prison. How little he dreamed in 1887, as Black Maria was carrying him off to Coldbath-in-the-Fields, that in twenty years time he would be President of the Local Government Board and his talented young counsel Prime Minister of the King!

So much for Mr. Asquith as student and as barrister. We now turn to Mr. Asquith's political career.

Home Rule M.P.

Mr. Asquith entered Parliament in 1886. The raison d'être of his candidature was Home Rule. He went down to East Fife to defend the Gladstonian cause "as a member of the advanced section of the Liberal Party." That Mr. Asquith was a Radical and a Home Ruler from the start has been forgotten by so many Radicals and Home Rulers that it is worth while insisting upon the fact. He was certified as sound in the faith by Mr. Gladstone, and elected over his Liberal Unionist opponent in order to vote for Home Rule to Ireland. That was the mandate he asked for, that was the mandate he received.

Re-elected in 1892.

In 1892 he was re-elected for East Fife. His election address has a genuine Radical ring. He was still a convinced Home Ruler:—

"The supposed difficulties in the way of reconciling local autonomy with Imperial supremacy are academic cobwebs which do not trouble practical men, and which will yield to good sense and good faith."

On the question of social reform, he was equally outspoken:—

"New wants, of which the people have long been half conscious, but which are now for the first time finding articulate expression, have to be faced and dealt with. I am one of those who believe that the collective action of the community may and ought to be employed positively as well as negatively, to raise as well as to level, to equalise opportunities no less than to curtail privileges, to make the freedom of the individual a reality and not a pretence."

The electors responded once more to his appeal, and Mr. Asquith, returned a second time to Parliament, was selected to move the amendment to the Address on which the Unionist Administration was turned out. When Mr. Gladstone came in he appointed Mr. Asquith Home Secretary, and the "Spectator" ruefully declared that he was selected because he was "the chief mover in the agitation for Home Rule all round, and as the leader of the advanced Liberals."

Up till now Mr. Asquith's Radicalism was unimpeached. As a Home Ruler he was second only to Lord Morley in his zeal for the cause. This was the real Mr. Asquith. How was it, then, that after his accession to office the real Mr. Asquith began to be obscured?

It is not difficult to answer this question. He preserved in the House the downrightness and directness of speech and uncompromising attitude towards opponents already noted as his characteristics at Oxford. Three questions came up during his tenure of office which tempted him to indulge in this uncompromising vein.

Trafalgar Square.

The London Radicals asked him to restore Trafalgar-square to the people as their meeting ground. He had defended Graham and Burns at the Old Bailey for asserting this right. He replied that the state of things that grew up in 1887 constituted an intolerable public nuisance, and "so long as I am responsible for the peace and good order of the metropolis it shall not be permitted to recur." Only on Saturdays, Sundays, and bank holidays, and only then after fitting notice had been given to the police, might meetings be held in the Square. The compromise might not be the best possible, but it was a compromise. Asquith's fault at Oxford, said a young Balliol don, "was that he would never do a thing at all better than would just suffice: he had no uncalculating idealism."

The second question was the release of the dynamitards. They were regarded by the Irish as political prisoners, and Mr. Redmond asked for their liberation. Mr. Asquith refused, and not only refused, but declared with uncompromising severity that dynamitards were outside the pale of mercy. They "are persons who deserve and will receive no consideration or indulgence from any British Government."

Featherstone.

The third and most abiding cause of the disappearance of the real Mr. Asquith was the action which he took with regard to the strike riots at Featherstone Colliery. The facts are now almost forgotten. The idea prevails in some quarters that Mr. Asquith called out the troops and ordered them to shoot down the men on strike. What really happened was this. There was a strike at Featherstone Pit. The strikers, instead of contenting themselves with refusing to work, attacked the pit, destroyed property, and attempted to burn down the colliery buildings. The local authorities telegraphed the Home Office that they could not answer for law and order unless they were allowed to call out the troops. If Keir Hardie had been at the Home Office he could not have refused his assent. The troops were called out. They were a small company, and they stood on the defensive. A savage mob pelted them with stones and refused to disperse. The Riot Act was read, full and fair warning was given, and at last a volley was fired. Two men who had no part in the disturbance were killed, and the riot was at an end. Mr. Asquith

ordered a searching inquiry into all the circumstances. The Commission unanimously decided that no blame attached to the local authorities or to the troops. A fortiori Mr. Asquith could not be blamed. I do not believe that any honest man, be he Socialist or Anarchist, who examines the facts for himself, can say anything else but that Mr. Asquith not only acted as he ought to have done, but that no one in his position could possibly have acted otherwise, without failing in the first duty he owed society.

A Great Home Secretary.

These incidents, however, somewhat caused the good in Mr. Asquith to be evil spoken of. They would, however, have been speedily forgotten in the enthusiasm aroused by his administration of the Home Office. He was the first great Home Secretary of modern times. He made the Secretary of State the tribune of the sweated workman. By legislation reforming the Factory Acts and by administration he exhausted every available resource for improving the conditions of labour. He appointed women factory inspectors—notwithstanding his prejudice against women who leave the sphere of the home. He introduced an Employers' Liability Bill which was wrecked by the Lords; he improved the prisons, and, in short, revealed himself as a beneficent reformer. Those who saw him at work—like Mr. Massingham, for instance—were almost ecstatic in their admiration and devotion.

The Precedence of Lord Tweedmouth.

As Home Secretary in the Gladstone-Rosebery Administration of 1892, he admittedly enjoyed the affectionate confidence of his chief, Mr. Gladstone, and was so much appreciated by his colleagues that on Mr. Gladstone's retirement at least one of them, the present Lord Tweedmouth, was strongly in favour of making him Prime Minister instead of Lord Rosebery.

Of one thing we may be sure—that if the Cabinet had held together and agreed to accept the leadership of Mr. Asquith, the later years of that Cabinet would not have been marred by the bitter personal feud which raged between the then Prime Minister and the leader of the House of Commons.

As an administrator Mr. Asquith was admittedly the most successful Home Secretary of our time. Himself supremely loyal to his chief, he succeeded in inspiring equal loyalty on the part of those who served him. His advent was the signal for a revolution in the whole spirit of the Home Office administration. His quiet, resistant, but resolute personality infused a new enthusiasm into the ranks of the Government inspectors.

His career as Home Secretary was distinguished by three things. Firstly, his firm administration of justice; secondly, his intelligent but compassionate administration and amendment of the factory and industrial legislation; and thirdly, his heroic attempt to disestablish and disendow the Church in Wales. Mr. Asquith, it must never be forgotten, is a Liberationist. The Liberation Society has of late somewhat receded into the background, but when it was more powerful than it is to-day, it found in Mr. Asquith one of its most vigorous champions.

In Opposition.

When Lord Rosebery resigned, and Mr. Asquith, with the rest of his colleagues, took his seat on the front Opposition Bench, he went back to the Bar for the necessary but prosaic object of earning his living. It is difficult to combine a large practice at the Bar with active attendance in the House of Commons; but Mr. Asquith, thanks to his robust physique, his great power of work, and his almost uncanny quickness of appreciation of questions under discussion, either in the Law Courts or in the Legislature, was one of the two ex-Ministers who improved rather than impaired their position. Lord Rosebery resigned, and shortly afterwards his example was followed by Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Morley. Sir Edward Grey, who had not the excuses of Mr. Asquith for slackness in the discharge of his Parliamentary duties, almost disappeared from public life. Hence, when the Liberal Party met to choose its leader, there were only two possible candidates, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith. The Party rallied round the older man, and Sir Henry became leader of the Opposition, with a title to the next Premiership. Mr. Asquith showed no trace of disappointment or resentment, but served his new leader as loyally as he had served all his predecessors.

During the Boer War.

It was not until the Boer War that Mr. Asquith strained the confidence which he had up to this point been regarded by the whole of the Party. As it is the only fly in the ointment of the apotheosis, it may be worth while to trace its origin.

If the Liberal Party had done its duty and had fearlessly probed the Jameson Conspiracy to the bottom, the confidence of the Boers in the integrity of the British Government would have been established, and the war would have been averted. To Mr. Asquith's credit may be put the fact that he publicly condemned the action of the Committee in refusing to insist upon the production of the suppressed telegrams.

The second contributory cause to Mr. Asquith's mistake was the personal devotion with which he regarded Lord Milner. The third was his belief that when once your country goes to war, whether the war is right or wrong, just or unjust, you must buck it to the last.

Affairs came to a head when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was invited to the famous banquet at the Holborn Restaurant, at which he made the momentous speech condemning the "methods of barbarism" in South Africa, which proved the turning-point in the fortunes of the Party. Mr. Asquith was not invited to that meeting, nor were any of his colleagues who sympathised with the war. He begged Sir Henry to remain on the fence, and to abstain from identifying himself either with the pro-Boer or the anti-Boer section of the Party. Sir Henry listened to his lieutenant's appeal with the courtesy and respect which he always showed to Mr. Asquith, but the shrewd political instinct and the warm heart of the older man were proof against Mr. Asquith's arguments. He went to the dinner, and at that dinner pronounced his famous phrase concerning the "methods of barbarism," which precipitated the breach with Lord Rosebery, but secured South Africa for the Empire.

That result, however, which is now obvious to all men, was at that time hidden behind the veil of the future. The immediate consequence of the speech was the formation of the Liberal League, under Lord Rosebery's leadership. Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Haldane became vice-presidents of the League, while Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was left with what was regarded as the pro-Boer minority in a condition of comparative impotence. In that condition he remained until the time of the General Election, when a change came over the spirit of the scene.

C.B.'s First Colleague.

When Sir Henry formed his Administration, the first man to whom he offered office was Mr. Asquith, and it was Mr. Asquith's prompt acceptance of the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer which paralysed an abortive cabal which it was attempted to organise on behalf of the Liberal-Leaguers. Nor did Mr. Asquith do anything by halves; he became, as Sir Henry afterwards said, "the most loyal colleague a Minister ever had," and their personal relations were characterised down to the very last by the most affectionate intimacy. If anything could have reconciled Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to the resignation of his high post, it was the knowledge that he was to be succeeded by Mr. Asquith.

On foreign affairs Mr. Asquith has always been on the right lines. He has confessed, more strongly than many English statesmen, his anxiety to maintain the closest and friendliest of relations with the United States. Speaking during the Spanish-American War, he said: "My sympathies are, and have been from the first, entirely and heartily with the United States." In liberating Cuba, he said, the American nation were responding to the demand of humanity and liberty, and were setting a worthy example to the great Powers of the world. Speaking later in the same year, he rejoiced in the drawing together of the two great English-speaking races, "not in a mere gust of transient enthusiasm, but by a strong and durable bond." A better understanding between the two peoples, he rejoiced to believe, which had formerly been a dream, had been consolidated and crystallised by the pressure of events, until it was now a firm and vital reality.

His Foreign Policy.

On another crucial question he has spoken with no uncertain sound. He has never pondered to

Russophobia, and has always supported the efforts that have been made to establish good relations between St. Petersburg and London. On general principles of foreign policy his best-remembered speech is that in which he asked "what the people of Great Britain had done or suffered that they were now to go touting for alliances in the highways and by-ways of Europe?" Mr Asquith, we may depend upon it, will be true to the tradition of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's leadership. While holding by the entente cordial with the French, he will regard it but as the first step towards a series of other ententes in which Germany will find her place. A Prime Minister as active, energetic, and resolute as Mr Asquith can do a great deal towards promoting more friendly feelings between England and her neighbouring nations than has yet been attempted by any Government.

In the Cabinet.

The position of Mr Asquith vis-a-vis with Mr Lloyd-George curiously reproduces the position of Mr Gladstone vis-a-vis with Mr Chamberlain in the Cabinet of 1880. But Mr Lloyd-George has in the Cabinet a much more powerful and trustworthy ally in Mr Winston Churchill than Mr Chamberlain was ever able to command. There is no reason at present to anticipate that between the new and the late Chancellor of the Exchequer there will be any antagonism. Mr Chamberlain was loyal enough to Mr Gladstone as long as the Cabinet of 1880 lasted, and it is not likely that Mr Lloyd-George will prove less amenable than Mr Chamberlain when he was President of the Board of Trade.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. We need not prolong our speculations into the dim and distant future. It is enough that the real Mr Asquith is likely to be a much more powerful Minister than the pseudo Mr Asquith, who unfortunately has too much dominated the public imagination.

LADIES' GOLF.

This paper has been appointed the official organ of the Ladies' Golf Union, New Zealand branch.

Secretaries of ladies' golf clubs are invited to forward official notices, handicaps and alterations, results of competitions, and other matters of interest, to reach the publishing office not later than the Saturday prior to date of publication.

Christchurch.

The Christchurch Ladies' Golf Club's annual meeting was held at the Chamber of Commerce yesterday afternoon, February 17th (Thursday). Mrs Vernon presided, and there was a good attendance of members.

The annual report showed that the membership of the club last year totalled 109. The Shirley Links Company had purchased and leased to the Christchurch Golf Club 24 acres of land beyond "Land's End," and it was hoped that this would soon be fit to be included in the course. The championship meeting for both men and ladies would be held at Shirley this year. The work of the committee had changed considerably during the year, for it was now their duty to see the English Golf Union rules were understood and administered. The balance-sheet showed that the club had a credit balance of £19 2s. 11d. The report and balance-sheet were adopted.

The treasurer stated that the club had purchased 50 shares in the Shirley Golf Links Company, making 150 in all. The following officers were elected:—President, Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes; vice-presidents, Mesdames Boyle and Wigram; committee, Mesdames Vernon (captain), Heals (treasurer), Campbell (secretary), Cowlishaw and Day, and Misses Simms, Campbell and Cowlishaw.

HORATIUS, UP-TO-DATE.

"Let one man stand at my right hand," Horatius quoth, quoth he. "Let one abide at my left side and keep the bridge with me. Three men, I wot, can make it hot for caillif loes like these; and when we write about the fight, we'll share the royalties."

Saphigh: "Bah, love, you know, an idea has occurred to me—"
Miss Pert (interrupting): "Pardon me, Mr. Saphigh, isn't that more than a mere occurrence? I should call it an event."

ENGAGEMENTS.

No Notice of Engagements or Marriages can be Inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person, with Full Name and Address.

The engagement is announced of Miss Dorothy Payze, youngest daughter of Mrs Payze, Matamata, Waikato, and of the late Mr Raymond Guy Payze, to Mr Sefton Banks, of Matamata, third son of Mrs Joseph Banks, of "Gwynnelands," Cambridge.

The engagement is announced between Miss Valentine Petrie Simson, granddaughter of the late Hector Norman Simson, Charlotte Plains, Carisbrook, Victoria, and second daughter of Ian T. Simson, Gisborne, to Mr. Frank Wylds, of the Bank of New Zealand staff, Gisborne.

The engagement is announced of Miss Dimant (on the secretarial staff of the Hon. T. Mackenzie) to Mr. George Morris, who is manager of the Union Company's Picton branch.

What We Eat.

"Soup, fish, and roast," said one of the great modern maitres d'hotel in London, "make dinner enough for an emperor." It is not to be taken too literally, for your maitre d'hotel, like other great artists, is fond of talking paradox. Doubtless he would add to his ideal dinner of three courses several little matters of vegetables and sweets to clothe the austere dignity of its form. He would probably decorate it for the taste of the general with an entree or two. But the mere fact that the modern academicians of the art of the kitchen talk in this strain shows that gourmandise is out of date. The gourmand has yielded to the gourmet. It is a far cry to the time when the skilled epicure could detect three appetites during the dinner—the first a brutal appetite which would devour anything with enthusiasm, the second an appetite less impatient but not less keen, which demanded delicacies; the third an appetite which had to be excited and titillated by piquancy and novelty. We enjoy simpler emotions. But it would be foolish to argue that we enjoy them less. There is an old story of a briefless barrister, who, wishing to propitiate a wealthy epicure, gave him a dinner of mutton chops grilled before a sitting-room fire, plain boiled potatoes, and beer; and at the end the epicure confessed, with pathos in his voice, that he had never known so alluring a meal. The change of taste in the last half-century has followed the moral of that virtuous tale. Yet the simplest dinner boasts a variety unknown to the great days of old. We have at least begun to understand the importance of vegetables. They rank now with the greatest delicacies of fish, flesh, and fowl. We command countless treasures of fruit, once unknown to any but the wealthiest table, and there held in small honour. And naturally we are far less carnivorous than of old.

DON'T TRUST HIM.

"Algernon is very interesting," said the stockbroker's daughter.
"What does he talk about?" inquired the father.
"Why, he's ever so well posted in Shakespearean quotations."
"Young woman," said the financier, sternly, "don't let him deceive you. Don't you let him make sport of your ignorance. There isn't any such stock on the market. I ought to know, for I've been on the Exchange long enough."



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Society Gossip.

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NOTICE.

The Editor desires to draw the attention of occasional contributors of any items to the Society Gossip columns that name and address must be given with copy, otherwise any such communication cannot be recognised.

AUCKLAND.

February 21.

The Malwa's Departure.

THE "seeing-off" of the Malwa was quite an important social function. So many well-known Aucklanders were leaving, either for Australia or the Old Country. Although there were over a hundred passengers embarked here, the huge vessel looked almost empty. The lucky people who saw over the Malwa were simply delighted with the beauties and spaciousness of the ship. The feature which seemed to strike so many people was a smoking and card-room—no less, for ladies. The wharves were simply packed with people, and I think the English passengers on board must have been very much struck with the well-dressed and happy-looking crowd. There was quite a family party of the Georges, the Hon. Seymour Thorne-George, Mrs. and Miss Seymour Thorne-George, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Waller. A large number of their friends were there to wish them bon voyage. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Baume, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Miss M. Whilson, Miss A. Stevenson, and many others from Auckland, each had large parties of friends seeing the last of them, and as the Malwa glided away from the wharf a cheer was given for all those on board. A large number of Lascars were grouped on deck, and looked quite picturesque in their snowy white clothes and scarlet turbans.

Tennis Parties.

Tennis parties are about the only things being given this very hot and trying weather. Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield gave two last week, one on Monday and one on Thursday. The lawn at "The Pines" is most charmingly situated at the foot of the hill with terraced banks, which makes it delightful for the on-lookers, who are sitting above the lawn. Mrs. Bloomfield's lawn is in splendid order—one of the few which has not been baked up by the heat. On Monday there were present: Mrs. W. R. Holmes, Mrs. A. J. Edmunds, Misses E. Martin, E. Hull, P. Gorrie, M. Frater, M. Walker, M. Abraham, Parson, and Mrs. James (Masterton), who came with Miss Martin. Mrs. Bloomfield was wearing navy blue Shantung, large green hat with black grapes; Miss Bloomfield, white linen skirt, cream silk blouse, large burnt straw hat draped with a white scarf. There were some very well contested games, and a jolly afternoon came all too quickly to a close. Thursday's party was in honour of Miss Roie Nathan. Mrs. A. Nathan was present, and wore a cream cloth coat and skirt, and an amethyst blue hat; Miss Roie Nathan wore white linen, and a large old rose straw hat wreathed with flowers; Mrs. Prickett, navy blue and white furlard; Miss Prickett; Mrs. Duthie, white cloth frock and large floral toque; Miss Marjorie Towle, natter blue Shantung with Irish lace revers, large black hat; Miss Beale (England) wore a molish moic-coloured frock; Miss Browning, white; Miss Mavis Read looked charming in white, large black hat wreathed with roses; Miss Vera Duthie wore white; Miss M. Dargaville, Miss Miles, Miss I. Clark; Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield wore white linen and a Tuscan straw hat with bows of black taffeta; Miss Hilda Bloomfield, pale blue crepe frock, a large white straw hat with black velvet drape. Some of the men present were: Captain Cornwall, Mr. S. George, Vickeman, J. Duthie, and R. Towle.

PARNELL TENNIS CLUB.

The lady members of the Parnell Tennis Club gave a very jolly progressive tennis afternoon on Wednesday in honour of Mrs. W. R. Holmes, who is leav-

ing shortly for a trip to England. The players were divided into two classes, A's and B's. The tennis was not of a very serious nature, but judging by the peals of laughter there was lots of fun going. A horrid drizzle came on during the afternoon, which the players simply ignored. The result was that those playing got rather draggled looking. There were six ties in the A class—Misses Walker, T. Cook, Basley, Steel (2). The play off resulted in Miss H. Steel coming first, and winning a pretty silver frame, and Miss M. Walker, second, also received a similar frame. Four tied in the B's—Mrs. Keith, Misses Denniston, Atkinson, and M. Cook. Miss Cook gained first place, and Miss Atkinson second, each securing the same prizes as the other winners. A delicious afternoon tea was enjoyed, and after this Mr. Stevenson, with a few well-chosen remarks, presented Mrs. Holmes, on behalf of the lady tennis players, with a handsome travelling rug. Very hearty cheers were given for Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, who have been such very active members of the club for so many years, and who will be very much missed indeed. Miss Basley must be congratulated upon the arrangements for the afternoon, everything going without a hitch.

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To Bid "Bon Voyage."

Mrs. W. Colbeck gave a small farewell party to her sister (Mrs. Fred Walker) on Tuesday night, on the eve of her departure for the Old Country. Mrs. Colbeck was wearing a beautiful frock of palest blue charmeuse; Mrs. F. Walker looked dainty in white satin with an overdress of embroidered net and touches of pale blue on the bodice; Mrs. Hope Lewis, dark green satin with handsome Oriental trimming; Mrs. E. Bloomfield wore a lovely peacock blue frock with corded trimming; Mrs. J. Bloomfield, a black jetted robe with touches of emerald green on the bodice; Mrs. H. Bloomfield wore a mole-coloured frock; Mrs. Rathbone was wearing a black toilette; Mrs. Browning also wore black; Mrs. W. R. Holmes, a pink and white pompadour silk; Mrs. H. Tonks; Miss Buckland; Miss Browning, soft white satin Princess robe with pearl trimmings; Miss Marjorie Towle, natter blue charmeuse; Mrs. A. Clark wore black; her daughter (Miss I. Clark) was in white; Miss Lusk.

Mrs. J. Bloomfield is chaperoning a party of young folk down to Waiwera for the week end. Some of those going are: Miss H. Bloomfield, Miss I. Clark, Miss S. Payton, Miss Vera Duthie, Miss Eva Cumming, Miss Marjorie Towle, Miss Eunice Saunders, Miss M. Reed, and Messrs. S. George, J. Toie, N. Duthie and Mowbray (2).

At Polo.

Somehow or other polo seems to be rather a "back number" these days. I can't think why, because the polo ground is so well situated and so very pretty, and there are always some good games to watch and delightful afternoon tea to drink. Mrs. Hellaby gave tea last Saturday, and was assisted by her daughters. The Misses Corrie and Cotter were among those present. The coming Polo Tournament is to be held in the Waikato this year, and is being eagerly looked forward to.

The Victoria League.

The Victoria League should receive a great impetus from the coming visit of Miss Talbot, the London Organising Secretary, who is expected here early in March, and who will be the guest of Mrs. Hope Lewis, wife of the President (Dr. Hope Lewis). A number of social functions had been arranged in honour of Miss Talbot, but owing to a sad family bereavement Miss Talbot has had to cancel all social engagements. Of course, all those interested in the work of the League will have ample opportunities of hearing Miss Talbot's views on this subject.

Tennis.

An American tournament on the Mt. Eden lawns, given by the Misses Udy, proved a most enjoyable function. After some keen tennis, Misses Martin and Davies were victorious; Mrs. Mahon and Miss R. Walker being the securers of second place. Dainty afternoon tea and fruit salads were served in the club's new pavilion, and were very much appreciated. Mrs. Udy wore black and white muslin, black hat; Miss Udy, mauve linen; green hat; Miss Daisy Udy, white frock, black hat; Mrs. Coates, blue coat and skirt; Miss Holmes, white linen, black hat; Mrs. James, black gown, black hat; Mrs. Eustace Coates (Wanganui), green frock; Mrs. Stewart Milne, white muslin, pink toque; Mrs. Alan Brown, pale blue Sicilian coat and skirt; Mrs. Mair, white linen, burnt straw hat; Mrs. MacWilliam, cream dress, cream hat swathed with black silk; Miss Stephenson, white muslin embroidered, violet hat; Miss Buttle, green frock, burnt straw hat; Miss E. Milne, white, black hat with pink roses; Misses Dawson, white; Miss Rice, brown holland frock, tennis hat; Miss Hall, white; Miss Abraham (Palmerston North), grey, erise hat; Miss G. Gorrie, white muslin, tennis hat; Miss Nicholson, white; Miss Bertha Oxley, white embroidered muslin, grey and pink hat; Miss Walker, green frock, black hat; Miss Pearl Gorrie, white linen dress, and white hat; Misses Walker, white dresses and black hats; Miss Fraser, white frock, natter blue hat; Miss Nina Crowther, white dress, blue hat; Mrs. Kidd, cream gown, green and white hat; Miss Martin, green frock; her sister wore white; Miss Davies, white; white hat; Miss Muriel Blades, heliotrope tennis frock; Mrs. Mahon (nee Blizard-Brown), white, white hat.

Personal.

The appointment of the Rev. P. T. Williams to the Wardenship of St. John's College is announced. Mrs. P. T. Williams (nee Miss May Pierce) will be welcomed back to Auckland by her many friends.

Mrs. Pierce and Miss Ethna Pierce have been out at Lake Takapuna since their return from England, and, sad to relate, Miss Pierce has been in the throes of influenza ever since. We hope she will make a complete recovery before the golf season starts, as we look to her to uphold the honour of Auckland in the golfing world.

Archdeacon Cole, Mrs. Cole, and their family and Miss Hamilton have returned from a delightful Northern tour, and are at present staying at the Esplanade Hotel, Devonport, afterwards taking up their quarters at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Williams and their children left on Sunday night for their home in Masterton. Mrs. Guy Williams was the guest of her mother (Mrs. Hope Lewis). Part of the visit was spent at Lake Takapuna.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reed left on Friday night for the South. Mrs. Reed hopes to go as far as Dunedin.

The Misses Ross, who many years ago used to reside in Auckland, but now live in Sydney, are paying a round of visits. Miss H. Ross is at present the guest of Mrs. Runciman, Parliament-street.

Miss Beale (England) is visiting Mrs. Towle, Owen's-road, Epsom.

The early departure of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Nathan and their family on a prolonged sojourn in the Old Country, will take place next month. Their absence will leave a huge gap in the ranks of entertainers.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Williams have taken Mr. Alfred Nathan's house; so every one will be delighted to know that this charming house will not be closed.

Captain Cornwall has been showered with congratulations after his triumphant acquittal in the Kaipara inquiry.

Mrs. James (Masterton) is visiting Mrs. Martin, Epsom.

Miss M. Abraham (Palmerston North) is staying with her aunt, Mrs. Hull, Epsom.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clark have been on a delightful motor tour down South.

Miss Alice Walker has not gone to London in the Malwa, as was reported, and is not at present thinking of doing so.

Great sympathy was felt for Mrs. W. Elliott losing so much beautiful jewellery, and there seems little hope of its recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Prickett and Miss Prickett, who for the past twelve months have resided in Mr. G. Dunnett's house, have taken up their abode at Miss Firth's, Mountain-road.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Myers are expected back in Auckland next month.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Brett have returned home from their travels, and were welcomed back at a huge gathering at the Choral Hall, the musical societies of Auckland giving a delightful programme, which was much enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Virtue, of "The Anchorage," Whangarei Heads, and Miss Jean Virtue, of Auckland, are staying at Kamō on a short visit.

PHYLLIS BROCK.

WELLINGTON.

February 18.

A Distinguished Visitor.

It is seldom we have so distinguished a visitor as Miss Mary Hall, who is the only woman to make the overland trip from the Cape to Cairo. Moreover, as you know, she was accompanied by no white people, her escort consisting entirely of natives. Knowing this, one might suppose Miss Hall to be of severe and forbidding demeanour, and it is a delightful surprise to find a pleasant, middle-aged lady, with a genial, friendly manner and no trace of "side." Miss Hall is revisiting New Zealand after an absence of fifteen years, and is at present staying in turn with her relations (Mrs. Leonard Reid and Mrs. Henry Hall). Next week she leaves with a party to make the overland trip to Milford Sound. Mrs. and Miss Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. Godfrey Knight (Australia) and the Misses Knight, Miss Booth (Nelson) are accompanying her. Later on Miss Hall intends to go North to Rotorua and other places of interest.

At Home.

On Wednesday Mrs. Reid gave an "At Home" in honour of Miss Hall. The pretty rooms were gay with flowers, and the view from the wide, shady verandah was beautiful, with its panorama of blue bay and hills set in a foreground of green trees and red-roofed houses. Mrs. Reid wore black and white striped chiffon taffetas with a guimpe of net; Miss Reid, a white lingerie robe, embroidered and inserted with lace; Miss Hall, a smart gown of ninon, the yoke being of tuckered net and lace. Among the guests were: Mrs. Knight, Mrs. and Miss Young, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Reid, the Misses Halse, Mrs. Morrison, Miss Morrison, Miss Tollhurst, Mrs. Head.

The following day Miss Hall was the guest of honour at a tea given by Mrs. Henry Hall. The hostess wore ciel bleu chiffon taffetas with soutache in same shade, and a net guimpe; Miss Hall was wearing a black ninon with a chine design of roses, and a black hat. Pale pink sweet peas, set in silver vases, decorated the tea tables; in the drawing-room were ceropepsis, asters, while the heat of the day made the big, cool study a pleasant retreat, more especially as ice creams were there obtainable. The guests included Lady Ward, wearing a white poplin coat and skirt, with lace appliques, picture hat of mole with pale pink roses; Miss Coates, a grey tailor-made and a green hat; Mrs. Leonard Reid, black and white striped Sicilienne, and black toque; Miss Reid, white embroidered muslin and hat with roses; Mrs. Hend, biscuit striped taffetas and black toque with gold roses; Mrs. Edwin, navy taffetas; Miss Edwin, amethyst linen coat and skirt, and hat with hydrangeas; Mrs. Finch, green Sicilienne and dark green hat; Mrs. Salmon, purple linen with embroidered plastron, black hat with plumes; Mrs. A. Young, blue linen tailor-made and black hat; Miss Tollhurst, white lingerie robe and burnt straw hat with roses; Mrs. Ward, sapphire colienne, blue and brown hat; Miss Ward, blue Shantung, black hat; Mrs. Degg, electric blue poplin coat and skirt with cordings of material, and a black picture hat; Mrs. Firth, pale blue and white foulard and burnt straw hat; Miss Hannay, white linen and hat with roses; Miss Young, white lingerie robe and black hat; Mrs. Robertson, mole ninon over vieux rose chiffon with brassiere of mole embroidery, outlined with vieux rose charmeuse, mole picture hat; Mrs. Chatfield, white muslin and black picture hat; Mrs. MacTavish, electric blue tailor-made and black hat; Miss Reid, pale green ninon with guimpe of tuckered net; Mrs. Van Haast, fraise cloth with wide insertions of ceru lace, black picture hat; Mrs. Logan, black crepe de chine and black bonnet; Mrs. Samuel, dull blue cloth and blue hat with flowers; Mrs. F. Kemp, white broderie Anglaise and black hat; Mrs. Ewen, amethyst linen and black hat; Miss Ewen, coral pink Shantung, mole hat with pink flowers; Miss Paucourt, natter blue chiffon taffetas, net guimpe, and natter blue beehive hat; Miss Kane, white broderie Anglaise and black picture hat; Mrs. Palmer, white linen tailor-made and hat with roses.

Among passengers for England by the Rimutaka is Mrs. Martindale Kendall, who is taking her two young daughters home. Mrs. Kendall holds the Royal Red Cross for nursing under fire during an Indian campaign. She is also the Founder and President of the Nurses' Hostel here.

A Capital Flower Show.

The Hintt people had a capital little Flower Show on Wednesday, a string band and an afternoon tea department being added attractions. Quite a number of people went out from town, and the Show was opened by Lady Ward, who made a capital little speech. She was presented by little Miss Jolliffe with a bouquet of tea roses and sweet peas. Cactus dahlias, asters and begonias were the main features of the Show, but there were, in addition, some startling novelties. Lady Ward wore a graceful ninon dress in hydrangea tones, the corsage enriched with aluminium embroidery; her mole-coloured hat had shaded roses to match; Mrs. Jolliffe wore marine blue taffetas, relieved with white, black picture hat. Also present were: Mrs. Findlay, in dull blue poplin tailor-made, faced with black moire, dark blue hat; Mrs. Duncan, mole Sicilienne, smartly braided, mole hat; Mrs. Chapman, a Princess gown of yellowish-brown charmeuse, black picture hat; Mrs. Bunny, elephant grey Shantung, and hat with plumes; Mrs. Izard, green and white

linen and black hat; Mrs. Wylie, dull blue tailor-made, much braided, black hat; Mrs. Chatfield, mauve linen and black hat; Miss Duncan, amethyst

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Shantung and violet hat; Mrs. Hughes, striped linen tailor-made and black hat.
 New arrivals in Wellington are: Mrs. and Mrs. Leonard Tripp, who came out from England in the *Malwa*. It will be remembered that Mrs. Leonard Tripp was formerly Miss Geraldine Henry, and her marriage with Mr. Tripp was celebrated in England a few months ago.

The Medical Conference.

Apparently there is no end to the entertainments which are to relieve the hard work at the Medical Conference next week. The Wellington centre is giving two "At Homes"—one at Day's Bay on Tuesday, and the other at Trentham on Thursday. There is also to be an official reception by the Mayor, and another by the President (Dr. Purdy). Then Dr. and Mrs. Young are giving a dance, preceded by amateur theatricals—the latter being got up by Miss E. Watson and Miss R. Simpson. In between there will be sandwiched various private affairs, the visiting ladies being particularly well looked after. A special "At Home" will be given for them by the members of the Pioneer Club.

Victoria League.

Next Monday week the Victoria League are having an "At Home" to enable people to meet Miss Talbot, the London secretary. A few days later there will be another gathering, this time with His Excellency the Governor in the chair, when Miss Talbot will explain the aims and objects of the league. The meeting will be a public one, and has been arranged by Miss Talbot's express desire. Miss Olive Godwin was hostess at a very enjoyable little tea on Tuesday, when several members of the Williamson Company were among the guests. Miss Godwin wore a Princess lingerie robe with elaborate appliques of lace, big black hat with plumes; Miss Dorothy Court was wearing lotus blue Shantung smartly braided, and a blue hat; Mrs. Frank Greene (Miss Lottie Sargent), pink linen tailor-made and black hat with roses; Mrs. Bert Gilbert, grey Siellienne and black hat; Mrs. Tewsley wore pale blue Siellienne, the long coat having more revers, pale blue hat with plumes; Miss Tewsley, striped linen tailor-made and black hat; Mrs. Corliss, grey Shantung and hat with roses; Mrs. Findlay, blue voile with guimpe of broderie Anglaise and a blue hat.

Engineers' House-warming.

There were about four hundred guests at the Marine Engineers' Institute on Tuesday, when the members gave their house-warming party. A very fine building it is, and the furnishing is both artistic and comfortable, while the view from the promenade roof is excellent. Tea tables up there were greatly appreciated on the opening day, and to many of the guests it was quite a novelty. The library was used for refreshments, the decorations being of red sweet peas. The Hon. J. Millar, who performed the opening ceremony, was accompanied by Miss Millar, the latter wearing a lingerie robe of lawn and lace and a hat with roses. Mrs. Darling wore peacock blue charmeuse, the yoke of fine black Chantilly lace, and a black hat; Mrs. A. R. Hislop was in black and white ninon, and a black toque.

Educational Conference.

Various entertainments have been given in honour of the visiting delegates of the Education Conference, which has been sitting here this week. An "At Home" by Mr. Hogen (Inspector-General of Schools) and Mrs. Hogen was followed a few days later by an evening party at the residence of Mr. W. Gray, who is head of the Training College here.

NEW ZEALAND IN LONDON.

SUCCESSFUL "CINDERELLA" DANCE.

(By Our Lady Correspondent.)

LONDON, January 14.
 The annual "Cinderella" dance of the New Zealand Association took place last night in the Crown-room of the Holborn Restaurant. About seventy couples were present—many well-known New Zealanders among the number—and the entertainment was a splendid success.

Mrs. Hall-Jones, wife of the High Commissioner, very kindly acted as hostess, and received the guests in the reception-room at the entrance to the Crown-room.

Mr. C. Wray Palliser made a capital host, and the unadoubted success of the evening was due to his unremitting attention to all the guests.

Mrs. Hall-Jones wore a gown of cream lace over eau de nil silk with pearl and greenstone ornaments. She was accompanied by Miss Hall-Jones, who looked very charming in a beautiful frock of shell pink charmeuse, veiled in chiffon of the same shade, and trimmed with black iridescent trimming and Limerick lace.

Mrs. Palliser, accompanied by her two daughters and her young son, was in black glace, with an overdress of net embroidered in sequin, with which she wore diamond ornaments.

Miss Palliser wore a white satin Empire dress with a silver overdress, and had a silver turban ribbon; her sister was in an ivory satin Princess frock with a yoke garniture of crystal and gold, and wore a gold tissue bandeau in her hair.

Other New Zealanders present were: Dr. and Mrs. Parkinson (late of Christchurch), and their midshipman son. Mrs. Parkinson wore a graceful gown of black crepe de chine trimmed with sequins and jewelled net, and with a bandeau of gold tissue in her hair.

Miss Lizzie Shand, of Dunedin, in pale pink crepe de chene, the bodice trimmed with aluminium lace and insertion; Miss Simpson, of Christchurch, in pink charmeuse, the bodice draped with real lace, turquoise ornaments; Miss Berry, cream charmeuse, with a wide berthe of Irish lace; Miss Herrick, rose-pink satin trimmed with Limerick lace; Miss Laing and Miss Mollie Laing, of Wellington, were both in white silk, one wearing a rose velvet bandeau, the other a silver tissue ribbon; Miss Dall (Dunedin), in white charmeuse, trimmed with lace, she wore a belt spray of crimson roses; Mrs. Mason, in bright flame colour chiffon, with a Princess tunic of black sequins, a hair bandeau of flame-coloured velvet; Mrs. Witt, of Auckland, in black silk, with a white feather boa; Miss Ivy Witt, in white ninon over white silk, with trimmings of pale blue; Mrs. Michael (Dunedin) in a black spangled frock; Mrs. Abbott, a charming gown of black and white lace, the bodice jewelled with iridescent embroidery; Miss Davis, white crepe de chene, with silver bugle trimming, silver cord and tassels in her hair; Mrs. Foden (Timaru), pink and white foulard, handsomely trimmed lace; Mrs. Hector Nelson, in a white satin Princess gown, with a garniture and deep yoke fringe of silver beads with pink roses, beautiful pearls; Miss Easton, pale pink charmeuse; Mr. C. W. Saunders (Dunedin), Mr. Sutherland Ross, Mr. Tweed (son of Dr. Tweed, of Dunedin), Mr. E. M. Kennaway, Mr. Mason, Mr. Hector Nelson, Mr. Boak (Dunedin), Mr. Jno. Ross (Christchurch), Mr. Samuel, Mr. Foden (Timaru), Mr. Bridge, Captain Oliver. Supper was charmingly arranged boulevard fashion in the restaurant, an excellent band playing all the time, and soon after midnight "God Save the King" brought a very successful and enjoyable evening to a close.

HAMILTON.

February 18.

Croquet.

The Hamilton Croquet Club sent a representative team to Cambridge on Saturday last, to try conclusions with the local players. The laws were in very good order, and a most enjoyable time was spent. The following are the match games:—Miss Wallnutt and Mrs. Home were beaten by Mrs. Richardson and Mr. Norman Banks; Mrs. Bennett and Mr. Kavanagh beat Mrs. Earl and Mrs. McDermott; Messrs. Gillet and Ackerman were beaten by Messrs. Marshall and Henley—the Hamilton players being mentioned first in each case.

Tennis.

On Saturday last some of the members of the Hamilton Tennis Club journeyed to Te Aroha to play the local and Morrinsville team. By some mistake, arrangements had not been made very definitely, which resulted in a good deal of lost time, which is somewhat deplorable after coming so far. It would certainly seem advisable to start play in Singles with those arriving by an earlier train, leaving the courts free for the Doubles when the full team had mustered by the train arriving later. No doubt this course will be followed in succeeding times, for experientia docet in match arrangements as well as other things. The following are the scores, the Hamil-

ton players being mentioned first in each case:—Dodson and Jolly (2) v. Morpeth and Whitaker (9); Fabling and Shand (9) v. Bryers and Maingay (5); Ward and Sare (5) v. Farron and Payne (9); Miss Hunter and Jolly (5) v. Miss Cooke and Morpeth (9); Mrs. Ward and Dodson (5) v. Miss Hara and Whitaker (9); Miss Wilkinson and Shand (9) v. Miss Taylor and Maingay (1); Mrs. McCarthy and Fabling (9) v. Mrs. Seville and Bryers (4); Teresa Tompkins and Ward (9) v. Miss Neville and Farron (6); Mrs. McCarthy and Miss Wilkinson (7) v. Mrs. Seville and Miss Taylor (0); Mrs. Ward and Miss Hunter (3) v. Misses Hare and Cook (6); Dodson (8) v. Whitaker (9); Shand (9) v. Maingay (6); Ward (6) v. Payne (9); Jolly (3) v. Morpeth (6). Total—Hamilton, 89; Te Aroha and Morrinsville, 88.

ZILLA.

CAMBRIDGE.

February 18.

Bowling.

A party of Hamilton bowlers visited the Cambridge Bowling Club last Wednesday, when a most enjoyable day was spent. The greens played well, and the games were keenly contested, the match ending in a draw, the score in the aggregate being 57 all. The local first year players won their games by one point. Refreshments were provided by the local players.

Croquet.

There was a large attendance on the local Croquet Club's lawns on Saturday afternoon, on the occasion of a visit from the Hamilton Club. The lawns were in splendid condition, and some enjoyable games were played. Afternoon tea was dispensed by the members of the local club. The following were the games played. Hamilton being mentioned first:—Messrs. Gillett and Ackerman were defeated by Messrs. Marshall and Henley; Miss Walnutt and Mrs. Horns were defeated by Mrs. Richardson and Mrs. N. Banks; Mr. Kavanagh and Mrs. Bennett defeated Mrs. Earl and Mrs. McDermott.

Tennis.

The matches for the trophies presented to the Cambridge Lawn Tennis Club for competition have caused keen contests in the first and second rounds. Matches played so far include:—

Combined: Miss R. Nixon and R. J. Roberts (received 35) defeated Miss E. Reese and A. Reese (received 45), 75—68.

Men's Singles: Roy Roberts (received 40) defeated C. Simpson (received 5), 75—71. L. Isherwood (received 25) defeated C. P. Stone (scratch), 75—61. A. Nicoll (received 20) defeated J. Cox (owe 30), 75—56.

Ladies' Singles: Miss K. Swayne (received 25) defeated Miss Cox (owe 30), 50—33. Miss F. Cox (received 25) defeated Mrs. Isherwood (received 10), 50—44. Miss E. Reese (received 25) defeated Miss I. Stone (received 5), 50—44.

Personal.

Archdeacon Willis and family have returned to Cambridge from their annual holiday to St. Helier's Bay.

The many friends of Mr. Frank Willis, son of Archdeacon Willis, will be pleased to hear he has gained a "Maria Blackett" scholarship, which entitles him to enter St. John's College to continue his studies. He has been for the last three years a pupil at Christ's College, Christchurch. ELSIE.

GISBORNE.

February 17.

A Successful Dance.

A most successful dance, given by Mrs. John Murphy, took place at H.M. Theatre on Monday night last, when a large number of Mr. and Mrs. Murphy's friends were arranged. The stage, arranged as a drawing-room, and supper-table was beautifully decorated with profusions of yellow daisies, whilst Vita Bros.' band supplied very excellent music. Masks and dominoes were worn by the ladies up to the third dance when, owing to the warmth of the evening, they were discarded. Mrs. J. Murphy, the hostess, received in a gown of beautiful cream satin charmeuse, corsage of pearls, and carrying a lovely bouquet of tuber roses. The hall presented a most artistic appearance at the commencement of the evening, the dominoes worn being of all hues. Amongst the guests present were Mrs. Bennett, wearing white satin covered with Chantilly lace; Mrs. R. Booth,

black chiffon velvet; Mrs. R. Murphy, gray satin and lace; Mrs. W. Sherratt, pale mauve satin; Mrs. Jex-Blake, white chiffon over ninon, silver sequin trimming; Mrs. T. Sherratt, black taffeta and white hat; Mrs. R. Sherratt, white net over old rose; Mrs. C. Thomas, pale pink taffeta; Mrs. Willock, mauve velvet, berthe of Tuscan embroidery; Mrs. H. de Lantour, pale pink satin; Mrs. C. Sainsbury, pink crepe de chine; Mrs. O. Sainsbury, soft white satin; Mrs. Gillingham, white crepe de chine, trimmed with gold and silver; Mrs. McKeachie (Hawke's Bay), white ninon trimmed with silver; Mrs. Russell (Hawke's Bay), black satin trimmed with jet and silver; Mrs. K. S. Williams, pale pink satin; Mrs. Sherwood, deep mauve silk; Mrs. J. Williams, pale green taffeta; Mrs. Mann, pale pink satin relieved with vieux rose velvet; Mrs. R. Barker, Saxe blue satin trimmed with Oriental braiding; Mrs. S. Rutledge, rose-figured chif-

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Feb. Mrs. Max-Jackson, black Chantilly lace over satin; Mrs. Monkton, black taffeta; Mrs. Gardiner, white silk gowna paulo of white net, trimmed with rose colours; Mrs. S. Barton, cream satin; Mrs. MacLean, black lace over white silk; Mrs. Kennedy, pink taffeta; Mrs. Humphries, white taffeta; Miss Bennett, pale blue satin; Miss Scott, green taffeta; Miss Dunlop, black silk; Miss Faulkner, a debutante in very dainty white satin; Miss R. Rees, cream satin; Miss Lusk, (Napier), pale blue chiffon; Miss McLean, yellow satin gown; Miss Ferguson, pink silk nino; Miss Nolan, black nino de soie; Miss Payne, white net, bands of green; Miss Davis, mauve silk and lace; Miss Williamson, pale blue taffeta; Miss M. Sherratt, black, glace silk; Miss H. Sherratt, pale blue satin; Miss K. Sherratt, white mouseline de soie; Miss Worthington, black net gown; Miss de Lautour, white net; Miss Gray, white net over dress; satin slip; Miss E. William (Ruakaka) soft cream satin; Miss C. Williams (Frimley), gown of mauve eolienne; Miss Wachsmann, white silk; Miss Loiset, pale blue chiffon; Miss Seymour, pink taffeta; Miss Carter, black and white spotted chiffon gown; Miss Ensor, reseda green taffeta; Miss B. Black, pale pink satin and gold; Miss E. Busby, white satin; Miss T. Busby, black silk; Miss L. Busby, white net and lace; Miss Coleman, white taffeta; Miss Murray, green satin; Miss Chrisp, white nino de soie; Miss Bright, white silk, mauve touches; Miss Cameron, pale blue silk; Miss Graham, pale blue nino over satin. Amongst the men present: Messrs. Reynolds, Willock, Williams, Murphy, Black, Nolan, Russell, Max Jackson, Nairn (Hawke's Bay), Symes, Bennett, Sherratt, Johnson, Monkton, Gillingham, White, Graham, Smith, etc., etc.

Polo Tournament.

The Annual Tournament under the auspices of the East Coast Polo Association opened at Makauri on Monday last in perfect weather, five teams taking part. The ground was in capital order, and the arrangements well carried out by the very able secretary (Mr. R. G. Black), assisted by his committee. A large number of ladies were present on the opening day, afternoon tea being dispensed by Mrs. R. J. Reynolds. The tournament closes on Saturday, when the Polo Sports take place. Given fine weather, a large number of people intend being present.

Personal.

Messrs. Bloomfield (5), from Auckland, are at present staying at their station, "Te Hau," Whatatutu. Mrs. G. Bloomfield, returning from a tour of the Southern lakes, joined her husband here, and is also staying at "Te Hau."
Mr. and Mrs. S. Williamson went South on Wednesday evening last.
Archdeacon Williams went North on Wednesday last.
Mr. C. A. de Lautour left on Wednesday for Melbourne, purposing returning about the second week in March.
Hon. Jas. Carroll returned to Wellington by Wednesday's boat.

ELSA.

HASTINGS.

February 17.

A Juvenile Party.

A juvenile party was given by Mrs. Jas. Landels at the racecourse on Saturday. The day was intensely warm but the large overhanging willows afforded plenty of shade and made the racecourse an ideal spot for a children's party. Refreshments were handed round, and before dispersing each child received a small paper basket of sweets. During the afternoon races were held for the little ones, and arranged so that each child won a prize. Mrs. Landels (hostess) was wearing a brown linen, and hat to correspond, and her little daughter Joan, a white linen. Among the young children I noticed Misses Beamish, Lean, Gregory (2), Miller, Douglas (2), Johnson (2), Lindsey (2), Dellwood (2), Scott, White, Lawlor, Woodward, Halse, McLeod, Messrs Douglas, Miller, Gregory, White, Lindsey, McLeod.

The Theatre.

Pullard's Opera Company paid Hastings another visit on Monday and Tuesday evening. Among those present I noticed: Sir Wm. and Lady Russell, black silk taffeta gown; Mrs. Nairn, dove grey gown, trimmings of cream net and lace; Mr. Holderness, Mrs. Holderness, soft pale blue silk gown, trimmings of heavy cream lace; Mrs. Goring, black silk, cream lace; Mr. Evans, Miss

Evans, white silk, scarlet flowers in corsage; Mr. J. Beamish, Mrs. Beamish, black silk taffeta gown, silk embroidery trimmings; Mrs. Tipping, saxie blue silk taffeta blouse, black trimmings, black skirt; Mr. Mackersey, Miss Mackersey, white silk frock, bandeau of blue silk ribbon in hair; Mr. Tanner, Miss Tanner, saxie blue silk gown; Mrs. Braithwaite, black and white gown; Miss Braithwaite, white silk gown, lace trimmings; Mrs. De Lisle, cream silk voile, trimmings of net and lace; Miss Nairn, cream silk gown.

Personal.

Mrs. Duff (Keruru) has gone south for a holiday.
Mrs. Watt is visiting Dannevirke.
Mrs. Macdonell is visiting Wellington.
Mrs. Newbiggin and children have returned from Wellington.
Miss Mason is visiting friends in Dannevirke.
Mrs. and Miss Mackersey have returned from Dannevirke.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Cado have returned from Dannevirke.
Mrs. A. Lean has gone South for a few weeks.
Dr. Copland is leaving shortly for the South Island.

SHEBA.

FEILDING.

February 21.

Garden Party.

Mrs. Barton gave a most enjoyable garden party at her residence, Monmouth-street. The weather was glorious, and the garden was in perfect order, and looked so pretty and bright with flowers and foliage. The lawns were like velvet, and some very good games of tennis and croquet were enjoyed. Mrs. Barton received her guests in a white dress, and a very pretty violet hat; Miss Webster (Wellington), white dress, Tuscan hat; Mrs. Miles, blue and white linen coat and skirt, Tuscan straw hat, with pink and white clovers; Mrs. Clayton, a very pretty frock of stone-grey, and stylish black hat; Mrs. Halliday, blue linen coat and skirt, trimmed with black buttons, floral loque; Mrs. Stewart, white muslin dress, black hat with pink roses; Mrs. Montgomerie, white muslin frock, mole-coloured hat; Mrs. Gillespie, Empire coat and skirt of grey, white hat with pink roses; Mrs. Campbell (Wanganui), a pretty dress of periwinkle silk, brown toque; Mrs. Walpole, grey dress, black hat; Mrs. Wheeler, stone-grey silk frock, pretty black hat; Mrs. Walker, blue Empire gown, trimmed with buttons, black hat; Mrs. Carr, crushed strawberry silk dress, black hat; Mrs. Long, dress of black silk taffeta, black hat trimmed with feathers; Miss Long, heliotrope silk frock, Tuscan straw hat with pink roses; Miss Livesay, white muslin frock, white hat with brown roses; Mrs. Hill, black chiffon taffeta frock, white lace yoke, black hat; Mrs. S. Fitzherbert, white linen coat and skirt, black and white hat; Mrs. Horrocks, pretty dress of blue foulard, black and white hat.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Horrocks are spending a few days in New Plymouth.
Mrs. Woodward is the guest of Mrs. Gillespie.
Miss Prior and Miss J. Bruce have gone to Rotorua for a holiday.

TUL.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

February 18.

The Races.

The Taranaki Jockey Club held their autumn meeting last Wednesday and Thursday. The weather being glorious, all the pretty frocks showed to great advantage. The first day I noticed: Mrs. Davey, saxie blue costume, trimmed with brown, hat en suite; Miss Carte, white muslin, green hat to match; Mrs. Walker, prune silk gown, cream hat trimmed with green leaves and pink roses; Mrs. Claude Weston, pale blue Directoire gown, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs. Paul, green eolienne, green toque with pink; Mrs. Keibell, cream cloth coat and skirt, black revers, burnt straw hat, pink roses; Mrs. Quilliam, brown striped silk voile, rich brown insertion, cream lace, white feather boa, brown hat; Mrs. Leo Horrocks (Feilding), white embroidered muslin, black hat; Mrs. Percy Webster, heliotrope check silk, trimmed Maltese lace insertion, black hat; Miss Cunningham, black striped muslin black and white hat;

Mrs. Clark, green and white striped taffeta, black and white hat; Miss Clark, pale heliotrope embroidered frock, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs. A. D. Gray, blue voile, black hat; Miss Faulder (Auckland), black taffeta, black hat; Mrs. Penn, pale heliotrope striped silk muslin, mole-coloured hat with roses; Misses Penn (2), heliotrope and white respectively; Miss Brewster, white embroidered muslin, blue and black hat; Miss Hanna, white muslin, trimmed with embroidery and Val. insertion, brown hat with green ribbon and pink roses; Mrs. F. Ross (Cambridge), white linen coat and skirt, heliotrope hat; Mrs. Harry Clarke (Auckland), pale pink coat and skirt, pretty black hat; Mrs. C. Webster, cream lustre, cream hat trimmed with pale blue forget-me-nots; Miss V. Kirkby, white muslin, burnt straw hat with roses; Mrs. A. Goldwater, black eolienne, rich black insertion and glace silk, black plumed hat; Mrs. Hart (Auckland), handsome black taffeta gown, black hat; Miss S. Capel, green frock, green hat; Miss M. Robinson, pale pink nino over glace, burnt straw hat with shaded roses; Mrs. Paget (Stratford) looked very dainty in blue and white muslin tastefully trimmed with net and insertion, blue hat; Mrs. Hall, black and white striped silk; Miss K. Hall, pale blue silk cream insertion, cream hat; Mrs. Russell, black and white Princess robe, white and black hat; Mrs. Harle (Wanganui), pretty heliotrope spotted silk trimmed with insertion and heliotrope chiffon, extremely pretty black hat with pale pink Banksia roses; Mrs. Nathan, black and white striped muslin over heliotrope, cream insertion, and black lace, black bonnet; Miss McKenzie; Mrs. Avery, black taffeta trimmed with black insertion, black bonnet; Miss A. Avery, cream frock, galon trimming, pale blue hat; Miss Snowball, white linen coat and skirt, blue hat; Mrs. Fraser, plum-coloured frock, black hat; Miss F. Penton, white muslin, embroidered, white hat; Miss Fitzherbert, brown and white striped crepe, trimmed with cream insertion, brown hat; Miss L. Fitzherbert, white silk, vieux rose chip straw hat with black velvet; Miss S. Fitzherbert, white embroidered muslin; Miss Keelling (Palmerston North), brown striped muslin, black hat; Miss Winnie Alexander (Auckland), white linen, black hat; Mrs. F. Wilson, Miss L. Webster, Miss S. Thomson, blue and cream striped coat and skirt, saxie blue hat.

On the second day I noticed: Mrs. Harry Clark (Auckland), royal blue coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Paul, black voile, white vest, black and white toque; Mrs. Davey; Miss Carte, white linen coat and skirt, green hat; Mrs. Keibell, dainty white embroidered muslin, burnt straw mushroom hat with black velvet; Miss Hamra, white muslin; Mrs. Percy Webster, white embroidered muslin, black Empire sash, black plumed hat; Mrs. Leo Horrocks (Feilding) was much admired in a fawn cloth Newmarket coat and skirt, large black hat; Miss S. Capel, white coat and skirt, black hat with pink roses; Miss A. Avery; Miss N. Capel, black and white striped silk, black hat; Mrs. Avery, black net over glace, touches of pink, black bonnet; Mrs. Paget (Stratford) wore a very handsome gown of cream Maltese lace over glace, pretty black hat trimmed with shaded roses; Mrs. C. Webster; Mrs. V. Kirkby, cream striped linen coat and skirt, burnt straw hat trimmed black velvet; Mrs. Budge (Stratford) looked well in a pale blue striped frock trimmed with cream insertion, black hat with large black ostrich feather; Mrs. Clark, black taffeta, black and white insertion, black hat; Miss Clark, brown linen coat and skirt inset with Oriental insertion, cream hat with tulle; Mrs. Harle (Wanganui), black and white check Empire gown braided with black, cream vest, burnt straw hat, with black velvet ribbon and pink roses; Miss Bayley, white semi-Empire embroidered muslin, threaded with heliotrope ribbon, heliotrope hat; Mrs. Penn, cream shantung silk with touches of black, black hat with pale pink roses; Miss Penn, white Empire frock, white hat; Miss R. Penn, pale blue muslin cream hat; Mrs. Nathan, grey costume, black lace coat; Miss McKenzie, cream, burnt straw hat with black velvet; Miss Messenger, white muslin, cream hat with pink roses and autumn leaves; Mrs. F. Wilson, white lace over glace, black hat; Miss Thomson, heliotrope muslin; Mrs. A. D. Gray, brown voile trimmed with cream insertion; Miss L. Webster, black voile, trimmed cream insertion, black hat; Mrs. Hall, black silk, black and white hat; Mrs. Ginnson, pale blue silk, cream hat; Miss Hoskin, pale pink silk trimmed cream insertion, cream hat; etc., etc.

Visit of H.M.S. Pegasus.

We have been very gay in our pretty town this week during the visit of the officers and men of the warship. His Worship the Mayor officially received them on Monday, and after a visit to the oil wells and Pukekura Park, entertained them at afternoon tea at the Kia Ora rooms. The members of the Navy League invited the officers to a dance at the White Hart, and in the evening and next day the committee of the Taranaki Club and the Sports Ground entertained the visitors at the golf links, fishing parties, and an electric light night football and fireworks exhibition in the Recreation Grounds. As a graceful return to our efforts to entertain them, the ship was thrown open on Tuesday and Wednesday to the public, and in the evening the warship was brightly illuminated with electric and search lights. We are anxiously looking for-

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ward to the next visitor from H.M. Navy.

Personal.

Miss Winnie Alexander, of Auckland, is the guest of Mrs. Fitzherbert, of New Plymouth.

Miss Loris Fitzherbert, who has been visiting Mrs. Alexander in Auckland, has now returned to her home in New Plymouth.

Miss S. Fitzherbert, after spending an enjoyable holiday in Hamilton, has returned to New Plymouth.

Mr. Kerr, S.M., of Wanganui, is at present visiting New Plymouth.

Mrs. Len Horrocks, of Feilding, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Quilliam, of New Plymouth.

NANCY LEE.

WANGANUI.

February 16.

The Theatre.

Sir Ernest Shackleton's Antarctic pictures, which were shown at the Lyceum for four nights, drew large and appreciative audiences, amongst them being Mr. and Mrs. H. Sarjeant, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Stewart, Mrs. and Miss Moore, Mr. Palmer, Mrs. and Miss Anderson, and many others.

Croquet.

There were a large number on the croquet courts on Saturday, when an American tournament was played for prizes presented by Mrs. Moore. Mr. Russell Stevenson was the winner of the first prize, and Mrs. H. Sarjeant the second prize. Afternoon-tea was provided by Mrs. H. F. Christie and Mrs. R. Jackson. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. Moore, in a brown and cream striped linen costume with insertion yoke, fawn straw hat with rose, and foliage toned to brown; Miss Moore, pale grey and cream striped cambric, cream hat with ribbons and pink roses; Miss Hardscastle, embroidered white muslin frock, pretty electric blue hat with black silk and quills; Mrs. O. Lewis, white embroidered muslin, white hat with scarf; Mrs. Sarjeant wore a smart frock of white, muslin, with bands of embroidery on the trained skirt, and motifs of the same on bodice, cream straw hat with tiny roses in tones of old rose; Miss Gresson, blue and white striped linen frock, white hat with scarf; Mrs. Goodwin, pale blue and white striped muslin gown, with fine cream lace on the bodice, and touch of black velvet, large black hat, with plumes; Mrs. J. Stevenson, white muslin frock with medallions of lace on the skirt and bodice, very smart, cream straw hat with double rows of tiny pink flowers on the crown; Miss Stevenson wore an Empire gown of white muslin with insertion and lace, large burnt straw hat with large pink shades, roses, and brown tulle. There were also present—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Sarjeant, Mrs. Lomax, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Harper, Mrs. James Watt, Mrs. Fairburn, Mrs. J. Anderson, Miss W. Anderson, Miss Northcote, Miss McDonald, Mrs. Barnett, Miss Knapp, Mrs. Stewart, and others.

Tennis.

There were very few at the tennis courts on Saturday. Afternoon tea was provided by Miss McIntosh and Miss Jaxford. On that date a number of our local members motored and went by train to Marton—some to play, and others to watch the match. Amongst them were:—Dr. and Mrs. Christie, Miss D. Christie, Miss O'Brien, Dr. M. Earle, Mr. Harold, Mrs. Izard, Miss McIntosh, Miss Hawken, and others. Although our team was beaten, a very enjoyable day was spent, in spite of the great heat.

Personal.

Miss D. Christie, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to friends in the South Island.

Mrs. J. Post, of Wellington, has been staying in the Wanganui district for a short visit.

Mrs. Rochford, of Eltham, is staying in Wanganui with Mrs. Arthur Lewis. Mr. and Mrs. Van Asch, of Waitotara, who have been staying in Wanganui for some time, have returned to their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Paterson, of Wanganui, are staying up the Wanganui River.

Mrs. Jethburgh, of Wanganui, left last week for a visit to friends in the South Island.

Mrs. A. E. Allison, of Wanganui, is staying in Canterbury with relations.

Mrs. Barnicoat, of Wanganui, who has been spending some weeks in Wellington with her daughter, Mrs. Eric Riddiford, has returned to Wanganui.

Miss Watson, of England, is staying in Wanganui with her niece, Mrs. Atkinson.

Miss P. Jones, of Wanganui, is staying in Rangitikei and Wellington with friends.

Mrs. Colin Campbell, of Wanganui, is the guest of Mrs. Justin Aylmer, in Feilding.

Dr. and Mrs. Earle and Mr. and Mrs. H. Good, of Wanganui, have returned from their motor trip to Rotorna.

HUIA.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

February 18.

Tennis and Croquet.

Last Saturday the Patea tennis team played a match against Hawera, Hawera winning by games, not matches. All the local ladies suffered defeat. Patea were represented by Miss Lucy Powdrell, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Arthur Powdrell, Messrs Powdrell, Martin, Jones, Gilbert, Swainson, Tovey; Hawera by Misses Caplen (2), B. Nolan and Baird, Messrs. Jennings, Caplen (2), Chalmers, Sellar, and Gibson. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. Caplen, who wore brown and white muslin, the bodice trimmed with cream insertion and brown silk, brown hat with brown flowers; Misses Caplen wore white embroidered muslins, burnt straw hats with green velvet ribbon; Mrs. Stewart, white muslin frock, saxe blue hat with black trimmings; Mrs. Bell, pink cambric, hat with black velvet; Mrs. Bramwell (Auckland), grey Sicilian cloth dress, black hat with white osprey; Mrs. Sutton, green and white striped cambric, cream hat; Mrs. McDiarmid, heliotrope linen, with embroidery yoke, cream straw hat with black velvet band; Mrs. Webster, navy blue serge skirt, blue shirt blouse, burnt straw hat with black velvet band; Mrs. Wallace, violet linen coat and skirt, cream hat with black velvet; Mrs. Hawken, cream serge frock, brown hat with blue flowers; Mrs. Page, black and white striped cambric, white hat with violet flowers; Mrs. Parkinson, black crepe cloth frock, black hat; Mrs. Campbell, white linen shirt dress, brown hat; Miss Glenn, green and white check cambric, hat with grey scarf; Miss Q. Glenn, cream serge skirt, white silk blouse, white motor cap; Miss Williamson, white muslin frock, brown hat with white rosettes; Miss Baird, white linen shirt dress, burnt straw hat with scarf; Miss B. Nolan, blue and white striped linen, burnt straw hat with brown band; Miss Burr, tussore silk frock, brown hat; Miss Clapcott, green cambric hat with two shades of green ribbon; Miss Pratt, white linen, cream hat with black velvet; Miss Turton, white embroidered muslin, white motor cap; Miss Hill, pink linen, black hat; Miss White, white embroidered muslin, cream straw hat with blue roses. The following ladies, Mesdames Hawken, Campbell, Webster, Misses Clapcott, Turton, Pratt, journeyed to Stratford to play croquet last Wednesday, and succeeded in beating their opponents by 138 points to 93.

Afternoon Tea.

Mrs. McLean gave an afternoon tea on Thursday for Mrs. Riddiford, who is visiting Hawera. Those present were: Mrs. and Miss McLean, Mesdames Riddiford, Tonks, McDiarmid, Henrick, White, Skinner (New Plymouth), Williams, Welch, A. Good, Goodson, Nolan, Misses G. Good, Baird, Tonks. On the same day Mrs. O. Hawken gave a small afternoon tea for Miss Queenie Glenn, who is leaving for England next week.

Personal.

Mrs. Bramwell (Auckland) is visiting her daughter, Mrs. M. Bell.

Miss Caplen has returned from an enjoyable holiday spent in the Waikato district.

Mrs. A. Good, who has been visiting Wanganui, has returned to Hawera.

Mrs. Skinner (New Plymouth) is the guest of Mrs. White.

Mrs. Major is spending a short holiday in Wellington.

Mr. C. Goodson left this week on a holiday trip to Australia.

Mr. Brown, a recent arrival from England, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Page.

Miss Brett has returned to Hawera after an enjoyable holiday spent in Auckland.

JOAN.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

February 18.

The Theatre.

The Scarlet Troubadours played a short season here at the beginning of the week to very large audiences. I noticed, amongst others: Mrs. Harold Cooper, wearing an old rose silk toilette, with same shade of ribbon in hair; Miss Levet (Bulls), black crepe de chine with old rose ribbon in hair; Miss Riddiford, cream net frock; Mrs. Broad, cream silk and lace, belt of saxe blue silk; Mrs. F. Pratt, black net with touches of silver; Miss Stephens, cream silk and lace; the Misses Bell, white muslin frocks; Miss Preece, black crepe de chine and cream lace; Mr. and Mrs. Bennett (Hamilton), Mr. H. F. Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. C. Adams, Mrs. and Miss Valentine Smith, Mr. L. A. Abraham, Miss Nybil Abraham, Miss Tweed, the Misses Margaret and Dorothy Waldegrave, Miss Warburton, Dr. and the Misses O'Brien, the Misses Park, Mrs. Hoben, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sutherland, Miss McLaggan, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Sylvia Abraham, Miss Cobbe (Otaki), Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Miss Scanlon, Mrs. W. Keeling and Miss Nae-line Keeling, Mr. R. N. Keeling, Mr. and Mrs. Permain, Mr. and Mrs. Jounnaux, the Misses Porter (2), Smith (2), Collins (2), Graham (2), Tinjez, Mrs. and Miss Holben, Mrs. McKnight and Miss A. McKnight, Messrs. Bagnall, Keeble, Hankins, Bond, R. Abraham, Wither, P. Smith, and many others.

Social Gathering.

The Rev. Isaac Jolly and Mrs. Jolly were entertained at a social gathering on Monday night in the Municipal Hall prior to their departure for their new home at Ponsonby, Auckland. Mr. J. E. Vernon, M.A., B.Sc., occupied the chair, and there were also on the platform the Revs. G. W. J. Spence and G. K. Aitken and Messrs. Gore Graham, D. W. Law and the Mayor. Speeches appropriate to the occasion were made by Mr. Vernon, Mr. A. V. Burnard, The Rev. G. K. Aitken (of Foxton), the Rev. D. Hird (President of the Ministers' Association), and the Rev. G. W. Spence. Four presentations were made, the members of the congregation presenting Mr. Jolly with a gold watch and Mrs. Jolly with a double silver cake dish. The Ladies' Guild presented Mrs. Jolly with a silver and cut-glass epergne; and the Bible Class gave Mr. Jolly a dressing case. Musical items were contributed by Miss Catherall and Messrs. Pierard, J. Rodgers and J. Bett. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Miss Innes, Mr. and Mrs. Opie, Mrs. and Miss Coombes, Mr. and Mrs. Bett, the Misses Pegden, the Misses Glendinning, Mr. and the Misses Gardiner, Mrs. and Miss Astbury were a few present.

Personal.

Mrs. and Miss Holmes left on their return journey to Wellington on Monday.

Mrs. Bell and Miss Kathleen Bell returned from Rona Bay on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Kennell have gone to Feilding for two months.

VIOLET.

NELSON.

February 17.

The Governor's Tour.

Lord Plunket arrived in Nelson on the 15th instant, and proceeded the same day on his tour of the Nelson district. His Excellency, who was accompanied by Captain Shannon, A.D.C., Mr. H. C. Waterfield (Private Secretary) and the Hon. R. McKenzie (Minister for Public Works), drove in a four-in-hand through Richmond and the Motueka district, en route for Collingwood. The Reception Committee of Richmond consisted of: Rev. Mr. Carr, Dr. Hamilton, Messrs. W. D. Harkness, W. R. May, H. Buttle and E. Cowles. A banquet in honour of the Vice-Royal visit will be held in Motueka, tendered by the Waimoa County Council and the Borough of Motueka. On his return to Nelson the Governor will be entertained at luncheon, followed by a conversation. In the evening a Masonic banquet will take place, and on the following day a garden party will be held at Bishopdale by the Bishop of Nelson and Mrs. Mules.

Bridge.

An enjoyable bridge party was given by Mrs. Harrison for her guest, Mrs. Worthy (Christchurch). Some of the players were: Mrs. C. H. Cootie, Mrs. Denwick, Mrs. and Miss Booth, Mrs. Dodson, Mrs. Harris, Miss Gibbs, and Mrs. Fowler.



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Afternoon Tea.

Miss Stevens gave an afternoon tea at the "Haeremai" as a farewell to her sister, Mrs. W. Wratt, of Dunedin, and her guest, Miss Fines-Clinton, also of Dunedin. Miss Stevens wore a pretty Empire gown of cream collienne, striped with black, and a bonnet shaped hat trimmed with pink roses and black velvet. Among others present were: Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Wratt, Miss Fines-Clinton, Miss Webb, Miss Fitzgerald (Wellington), Mrs. S. Gibbs, Miss Gibbs, Miss Ledger, Miss Jaggleden, Misses Maginnity, Miss Booth, and Miss Bamford.

Personal.

Miss Fraser (Toowomba, Queensland) is the guest of Mrs. G. G. Macquarie. Mrs. W. de Castro has returned from Wellington. Mr. and Mrs. A. Pearce, of Wellington, are paying a visit to Nelson. Mrs. J. P. Kempthorne has returned from Auckland. Mrs. and Miss Cuthbertson have gone to Invercargill. Dr. and Mrs. Andrew have returned from their visit to the Empire City. Mr. and Mrs. J. Blechynden have gone to Wellington. Mrs. H. Hunter-Brown, of Palmerston North, intends residing in Nelson. Miss Langley-Adams has returned from her visit to Christchurch.

DOLCE.

BLLENHEIM.

February 15.

Afternoon Tea.

On Friday afternoon the Misses Marsh entertained a number of their girl friends in honour of their cousin, Miss Macpherson (Dunedin). During the afternoon a jumbled word competition caused considerable amusement, and Miss Decima Horton was successful in winning first prize for guessing the most words. Music was also much enjoyed. A dainty afternoon tea was tastefully arranged and dispensed in the dining-room. Mrs. Marsh received the guests in a pretty white linen dress relieved with purple belt; Mrs. Macpherson (Dunedin) wore a handsome black chiffon taffeta relieved with cream lace; Miss Marsh, pale blue muslin; Miss Olive Marsh, pretty white muslin; Miss Macpherson (Dunedin), handsome pale blue Shantung skirt and pretty white net blouse. Others present were: Mrs. Lambie, heliotrope muslin, hat with flowers; Mrs. Broughton, white muslin, hat with pink; Misses Anderson, white dress, brown hat with flowers; S. Rogers, striped muslin dress; E. Mowat, white dress, black hat; N. Mowat, white dress, pretty white hat; Neville, white silk Empire dress, hat with shaded flowers; Urquhart, pink coat and skirt, black hat; Amy Neville, creme embroidered delaine, hat with blue scarf; Decima Horton, green linen coat and skirt, hat with sweet peas; Connie Greenfield, white embroidered dress, blue hat; Connie Clouston, white dress, hat trimmed with hydrangeas; Loey Clouston, white dress, white hat; O'Meara, white dress, black hydrangeas; Loey Clouston, white dress, white hat with ostrich feathers and green velvet ribbon; Metcalfe (Auckland), white dress, white hat relieved with black; Belle Griffiths, white linen dress, white hat with wreath of flowers; Smith (Nelson), vieux rose dress, braided hat to match; Vere Brittain, white embroidered dress, hat with roses; Cheek, creme dress, creme hat.

Tennis.

Last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Walker provided and dispensed a dainty afternoon tea at the Marlborough Lawn Tennis grounds. Some of those present were: Mesdames McCallum, Reid, Scott-Smith, B. Clouston, Orr, Wolfestran, Innes, Bennett, Greenfield, Misses Scott-Smith, Bell (2), Neville (2), C. Clouston, Anderson, Smith, Marsh, McLaughlan, Nerien, Ewart, Fuiton, Messrs B. Moore, A. Bell, Davey, Borek, W. Grace, Hulme, Tuke, Scott-Smith, F. Clouston, G. Griffiths, M. Wilfen, Dr. Anderson, and Bennett.

Personal.

Mrs. W. Clouston and Misses Maud and Deanie Clouston have returned from a short visit to Wellington. Mrs. G. Richardson, "Meadow Bank," has returned from a visit to Wellington. The Hon. C. H. and Mrs. Mills (Wellington), accompanied by Mr and Mrs K. Neville, are visiting Mr and Mrs I. Mills at Eli Bay. Mrs. R. Adams is visiting friends in Nelson. Mrs and Miss Macpherson (Dunedin),

who have been visiting relations in Blenheim, have returned.

Miss Smith (Nelson) is at present staying with Mr and Mrs J. Mowat at Springlands. Mrs. Simpson (Wellington) is the guest of Mr and Mrs T. Hall at "The Pines." Mr C. Goulter (Wellington) arrived on Wednesday evening to spend a few days in Blenheim. Mrs. Borek (Christchurch) and her two daughters are staying at the Criterion Hotel.

JEAN.

PICTON.

February 18.

Picnics.

During the warm weather nothing but picnics are on the tapis. One to Double Bay on Saturday last was very enjoyable. Four ladies went off fishing all by themselves, while the only men of the party went off by themselves, also some of the ladies bathed, while the rest sat on the beach and laughed at the mermaids, and prepared the fire ready for tea. The party consisted of Mesdames Riddell, Allen, Vickers, Wilkin (Christchurch), Haslett, Maitland, Le Coeg, Haughey, Tripe, Madsen, Lucente, C. Philpotts, Misses Speed, Scott, Allen, Tripe, Seymour, Moynihan, Easther, Godfrey, Kenny, Philpotts, and Messrs. Stocker, Haughey, and Crompton-Smith.

Personal.

I am glad to say that Dr. Patterson, who is suffering from an attack of scarlatina, is progressing favourably. Her many patients will be glad to see her again, when her term of isolation is over. Mrs. Stuart Greensill has gone to Wellington, where she awaits a cable message from Siam. She expects to start off to join her husband in Siam at any time. Miss Kippenberger (Christchurch) is staying with Mrs. Cawte at Mahakipawa. Marlborough boys appear to be affected by the fascination of adventure. Several fresh ones have joined the second expedition of whalers to the Campbell Islands, and the Blenheim crew left last Wednesday to try their luck at Tasmania. Both parties were heartily farewelled in Picton. Mr. Scott-Smith, S.M., was also given a hearty speeding by the members of the Bar, Mr. B. Crompton-Smith voicing their regrets at the Monday sitting of the Court.

Many people here are grieved to hear of the untimely death of Mr. Tukey, of Clouston and Co., Blenheim.

The weather is not so favourably inclined to-day as it has been during the week. This is unfortunate, as several excursions and private picnics are being held, as well as a fete for the Methodists, who are doing doughty deeds in the way of raising funds for their new church.

BELLE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

February 18.

Farewell Tea.

A farewell tea was given by Mrs. Beals at the Golf House, Shirley, in honour of three of the members who are shortly leaving for England, Mrs. Borthwick, Mrs. J. C. Palmer, and Miss Ogle. A golf match, over thirteen holes was played, and won by Miss Wood, Mrs. Allan Campbell coming second. It was a lovely afternoon, and a delightful time was spent. Amongst the guests present were: Mrs. and Miss Molineaux, Mrs. and Miss Elworthy, Mrs. Arthur Rhodes, Mrs. Roycroft (England), Mrs. Rice, Mrs. and the Misses Burns, Mrs. and Miss Loughman, Mrs. Boys, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Wilding, Mrs. and Miss Nakararrow, Mrs. Westera, Mrs. Wigram, Mrs. Palmer, Miss Lee, Miss Fisher, Mrs. and Miss Boyle, Mrs. Allan, Miss Ogle Miss Anson, Mrs. H. Acland, Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, Miss Cowlishaw, the Misses Humphreys, Miss Symes, the Misses Secretan, Mrs. Borthwick, Mrs. Wardrop, Miss Milne, Mrs. G. F. Ronalds, Miss Campbell, Mrs. W. Day, the Misses Wood (2), Miss Wilkin, Miss Anderson and Miss Reece.

Children's Party.

On the same afternoon (Friday) a small children's party was given by Mrs. Archer, at Fendalton, in honour of her daughter's birthday. A right merry time was spent by the little guests in the hayfield. Mrs. Archer gave "A Farewell Tea" on Saturday afternoon for Mrs. C. C. Cook and the Misses Cook (2), who are leaving Christchurch for Marion.

Some capital games of tennis were played, and tea was served in the garden. The guests included: Mrs. and the Misses Cook, Mrs. John Deans, Mrs. Wilfred Hall, Mrs. and Miss Butterworth, the Misses Grosson, Professor and Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. A. Murray-Aynley, Mrs. and Miss Robinson, Miss Park, Miss Gerard, Mrs. Westera, Messrs Hamilton, Deans, and Robinson.

Afternoon Tea.

An afternoon tea was given on Monday by Mrs. Carey-Hill at her residence, "Turihana," Merivale, to introduce Miss Talbot, the secretary of the Victorian League, England, who is the guest of Mrs. Carey-Hill. Miss Talbot gave a most interesting account of the aims and objects of the Victorian League, and succeeded so well in interesting her audience and enlisting their sympathy that nearly all present became members of the league during the afternoon. Miss Talbot wore a white voile dress, made in tunic style, edged with bands of white silk, Peter Pan collar and cuffs; Mrs. Carey-Hill, gown of royal blue Shantung and cream lace. The guests included: Mrs. Elworthy, who wore a black and white spotted costume and small black feather hat; Miss Reeves, navy blue dress, pink hat; Mrs. W. Reece, mole coloured costume, hat to match, with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Isaac Gibbs, white linen coat and skirt, white hat with shaded roses; Mrs. Frank Graham, a black costume and hat; Mrs. McBride, leaf-green Shantung, hat en suite; Mrs. Walter Stringer, Princess gown of heliotrope satin charmuse, high-crowned heliotrope hat and feathers to match; Miss Way, white muslin frock, floral hat; Miss J. Way, cream muslin, heliotrope hat; Mrs. Cross, Directoire gown of pale green silk, green hat with white feathers; Mrs. George Hauner, white embroidered linen costume, hat with roses; Mrs. Waymouth, tweed skirt, white embroidered blouse, mauve hat with long ostrich feather; Mrs. Guthrie, black corded silk coat and skirt, black picture hat; Mrs. Tonks, grey spotted coat and skirt, small black hat; Mrs. Appley, black and white striped dress, black and white hat; Mrs. Wanklyn, dark blue skirt, white muslin blouse; Miss Bullen, a brown costume and hat; Miss McClatchie, blue silk dress, hat to match; Mrs. W. Wood, dark grey costume, black and white hat; Mrs. de Vries, white embroidered linen dress, white hat with flowers; Mrs. Hewitt, black dress and hat. The Misses Wilson, Mrs. Crossley, and several others were also present.

Farewell Afternoon.

Mrs. Henry Acland (Park Terrace) gave a farewell afternoon tea for Mrs. and the Misses Cook and Mrs. Borthwick. The guests were: Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, Mrs. Gower-Burns, Mrs. Blunt, Miss Maling, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. C. Reid, Mrs. and Miss Nakararrow, Mrs. and the Misses Cook, Mrs. Borthwick, Miss Elworthy, Mrs. Rice, Mrs. Beals, Mrs. Goulburn-Gibson, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. W. Stringer, Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Lester and Mrs. Morton.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Triggs (Christchurch) are leaving shortly for a trip to England. Visitors to Christchurch include: Mrs. W. Barton (Featherston), Miss H. Moorhouse (Wellington), Miss Hawdon (Woodbury); Mrs. Reyecroft (England) is the guest of Mrs. Arthur Rhodes (Merivale); Mrs. Maitland Rich (Wairona); Miss Winter (South Canterbury) is the guest of Mrs. H. P. Hill (Papanui); Mrs. W. Buchanan (Timaru) is staying with Mrs. Elworthy (Merivale). Mrs. G. G. Stead has returned to Christchurch from the North Island. Miss Julina (Christchurch) is staying with friends in Timaru. Mrs. Borthwick (Christchurch) left for Auckland, where she intends staying for a short time before leaving for England. Mrs. and Miss Lee have returned to Christchurch from the Rakuia, where they have been fishing. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair-Thompson (Dunedin) have returned from their trip to England, and are spending a few days in Christchurch. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rutherford (Mondip Hills) and their three daughters will leave Christchurch at the end of this month on an extended tour, which will include visits to France, Spain, Germany, Italy, England, Ireland, Scotland, and America, lasting about 1800 years.

DOLLY VALE.

HEALTH OF THE HAIR.

WONDERFUL FORMULA MADE KNOWN, WHEREBY A TRUE HAIR-RESTORER MAY BE PREPARED AT HOME WITHOUT TROUBLE.

The enviable possession of a beautiful head of hair may be any woman's who knows the right way to "nurse" her tresses. Unless the delicate hair follicles are destroyed by disease—which fortunately rarely occurs—none need despair of growing a luxuriant crop of healthy lustrous hair and of preserving it through middle age onward, free from the "whitening touch of Time." The chief causes of the falling of the hair are malnutrition, the use of the curling tongs, and the abuse of alleged hair tonics which often contain poisonous wood, alcohol and other noxious matters. Our grand and great-grandparents generally had in middle age finer hair, and more plentiful, than we of this generation, chiefly because they prepared their own hair restorers.

The formula we have the privilege of reproducing here is of a "true" hair restorer, discovered by a lady who once despaired of making her scanty, greyish, rusty hair look presentable again. She now glories in her splendid hair, and has given us the benefit of her cleverness. Our readers should profit thereby.

FORMULA.

Menthol Crystals, 1 dr.; Lavona de Composee, 1 oz.; pure Bay Rum, 3 oz.; French Fon Fleur perfume, 1 tea-spoonful.

PREPARATION.

Get your 3 oz Bay Rum in a four-ounce bottle, add the Menthol Crystals, wait till these are entirely dissolved, then add the Lavona de Composee from the sealed 1 oz bottle, and finally the French Fon Fleur perfume. Let the mixture stand thirty minutes.

APPLICATION.

For stopping falling hair, removing dandruff, and relieving scalp diseases, apply mixture once a day; for stimulating hair growth or promoting a new growth, and for restoring grey hair to its natural colour, apply twice a day, rubbing well into the scalp. In two or three days the improvement in the condition of hair and scalp is amazing.

We would add a word of warning to our friends who intend to make up the prescription we have given. The ingredients must be of the best quality and exactly as we have specified them in name and quantity. Do not consent to any alteration suggested, or your preparation will be rendered useless. It is perfect as we have given it. Ladies' publications are permitted to copy the formula with directions.

We are permitted to publish the above formula by the courtesy of Madame Meta, the well-known Parisian Beauty Specialist, of 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C., who will be pleased to answer any inquiries in respect to "The Care of the Hair."—Beauty Editress. —(Ad.)

Lovely Complexions.

The real cause of all low, dull complexions is stagnation of the skin. ICIEMA FLUOR CREAM, the celebrated English face cream, is the only thing known that prevents this stagnation and keeps the skin in health and beauty and ensures lovely complexions.



Icilma Fluor Cream

is unlike anything else in the world. It is fragrant, foamy and ABSOLUTELY GRIBASILL'S; thus it cannot grow hair nor does it need powder. More than this—it contains Icilma Natural Water, the great natural tonic which is so good for the complexion. For preventing roughness and redness, for softening and cooling the skin and for curing insect bites Icilma Fluor Cream is supreme. Excellent after shaving. (Icilma is pronounced eye-silma.)

Obtainable from A. Eccles, Chemist, Queen Street, N. O. Wiles, Red Cross Pharmacy, Queen Street, and Ralph H. Perinham, Chemist, North Shore. Fluor Cream, 1/6 per pot.

THE **COLOSSAL**
CLEAN SWEEP SALE
FOR GENUINE REDUCTIONS.

GREAT BARGAIN DISPLAYS

In Every Department.



MILLINERY.

Ready-to-Wear Models.

A very smart and stylish model, beautifully swathed and trimmed in the very latest styles.

Usual Price, 25/6.

Colossal Sale Price, only 9/6.

Linen Hats,

In all shades.

Usual Prices, 10/6, 12/6, 15/6.

Now all being cleared at One Price, 4/11.

Children's Cream Silk Hats.

Beautifully made, and nicely finished. Suitable for a child of about 6 years.

Usual Price, 10/6.

Colossal Sale Price, 2/11.

White Muslin Blouses.

Plain Sleeves, and beautifully embroidered fronts.

Usual Price, 3/11.

Colossal Sale Price, 2/6.

Silk Shirt Blouses.

All shades in stripe and check designs, detachable collars. A very smart blouse, and nicely made.

Usual Price, 11/6.

Colossal Sale Price, 6/11.

Holland One-Piece Frocks.

Very smart, with collar and belt attached.

Usual Price, 15/6.

Colossal Sale Price, 6/11.

Linen Skirts.

A splendid line in Linen Skirts, all shades, and a Real Bargain.

Usual Prices, 19/6 and 22/6.

All being cleared at 6/11 each.

All-over Insertion Coats.

Charmingly made, and only a few left. Marked at less than half price.

Usual Price, 42/.

Colossal Sale Price, 19/6.

UNDERCLOTHING.

Glace Silk Underskirts.

A very special line in assorted colours, beautifully made and nicely frilled.

Colossal Sale Price, only 9/11.

Batiste Underskirts

In Nil Green.

Usual Prices, 1/11 2/6, and 2/11.

All being cleared at 1/ each.

Corsets.

In various Makes and Shapes. Size 19 only.

Usual Prices, 4/11, 5/11, and 6/11.

All going out for 1/ pair at the Colossal Clean Sweep Sale.

INFANTS' DEPT.

Linen, Galatea and Drill Sailor Frocks.

All Reduced to Half Price.

Usual Prices, 7/6, 8/6, 9/6, 11/6, 12/6

Sale Prices, 3/6, 4/6, 3/11, 5/6, 6/11

White Muslin Frocks.

To fit children from 4 to 12 years. All reduced to Bargain Prices.

Usual Prices, 5/11, 7/6, 8/6, 10/6

Sale Prices, 2/11, 4/6, 5/6, 7/6

JOHN COURT, Ltd.
3 SHOPS QUEEN STREET.

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

The Picturesque Coiffure.

NATURALLY the braid or twist must be pinned to the rest of the hair, but wire hair-pins are used to do this invisibly.

Occasionally ornamented shell pins are thrust in each side of the twist, or perhaps one is worn either directly in the back or in the front.

Velvet bands are very smart and pretty in the hair, and are, in fact, almost a necessity in the new flat coiffures, both for keeping them tidy and for giving them that air of distinction that Fashion insists upon.

Sometimes the knot of hair is made broad and full and posed rather high on the head. The sides of the hair are flat and undule, and the tresses brought down well over the ears.

This is a very becoming mode if one possesses well-cut features, but woe betide the maiden who tries it whose profile is not attractive, for this arrangement will most assuredly bring out all the bad points in the face.

In addition to the ribbon bands worn in the hair, there are many ribbon flowers and bandeaux, having gilt and silver tinsel and other tassels suspended from the ends.

These are worn in many different ways, but the most popular arrangement seems to be with the band tied in a small bow and the tassels suspended at or about the centre of the front of the crown.

Combined with some of the most recent forms and modifications in women's hairdress, the bang style, which had

its heaviest reign about twenty years ago, is again in evidence.

Not the severely plain bang entirely covering the forehead and trimmed along the brow line, but a frizzy, scattered fringe of curls, hanging loosely along the top of the forehead.

The hats of the moment are in nearly every case guileless of bandeaux, and are worn well down on the head. They are smaller in size, and infinitely more becoming, and in every way distinct improvements on those of a year ago.

Embroideries are a good deal used on some of the toques, some of which are almost capotes. These capotes I strongly advocate for those whom they may suit, though let it not be thought that they suit all.

Hats for children cannot be too simple, but a smart touch can be given by a vivid touch of colour in a well-tied knot or bow. A light make of felt is the most serviceable for winter, and the new stitched velveteen hats are inexpensive and generally becoming, besides being beautifully light. Long-haired beavers, too, are much worn for young people, as well as their elders. Coats are not here illustrated, but that they may be generally useful they should be simply made of half or three-quarter length, double-breasted, with velvet or plainly-stitched collars and revers. Velveteen will also be worn for smart occasions.

Long and severe lines dominate the clothes designed this season for school wear. The vogue of the plain tailor-made, three piece suit is everywhere strongly emphasised, the plainer suits being much more popular than the fancy trimmed types. Serge is the favourite material for these suits. The two toned serges are particularly smart.

Though it is too early to predict autumn styles with real accuracy, the ma-

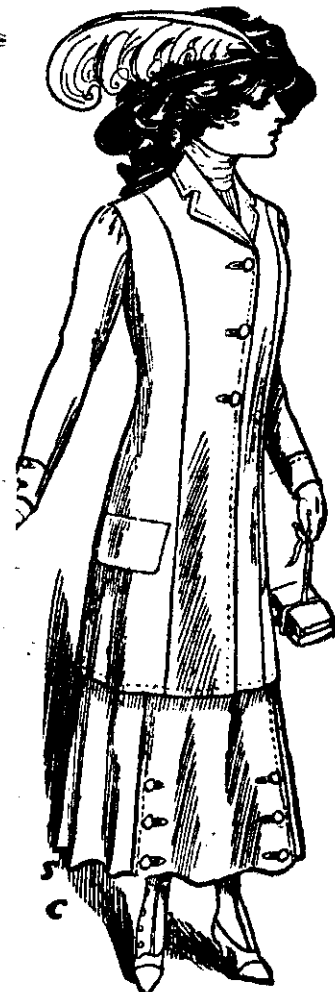
great increase noticed in the flare and the amount of material employed in the newest models, and, on the whole, the plaited skirt is the more in favour than the one too severely cut.

There is the most varied assortment of designs among these plaited models, some giving a panel effect front and back, formed of two three-inch box plaits, which are opened out just below the knees, while again there are displayed many of the long, familiar full skirts, with plaits an inch or so apart, fastened down to a little below the knees. From there the material is permitted to flare out widely.

Most frequently, however, the upper part of these skirts is composed of a plain-fitting yoke, while at the knees is



A SMART CREAM SERGE FROCK WITH SPOTTED NET YOKE.



A SCHOOL GIRL'S COSTUME.

terials and lines show that there will be a courting of the simple, the conservative and inexpensive. It looks as if women were satiated by the extreme and costly and longed for the modest and easy old style of garments. This does not mean that every suggestion of the Directoire and Empire style is fading, but it is handled more conservatively. Even my own country women are dressing simpler than they did six months ago.

Tailor-made shirt waists are wonderfully popular for morning wear, and also are worn afterwards for shopping and walking. Linen in white and white with coloured stripes is used for the finest of the waists, while Madras, cotton, and messaline also are fashionable. The less expensive tailored waists are made of soft cashmeres, albatross, and challis.

Pretty blouses are fashionable with young misses and children. Though made in a number of attractive models those intended to slip over the head are especially in vogue. These are seen in a half dozen colours and are made of serge, Panama, and similar materials.

The yoke skirt which has occupied such a prominent place in women's garments is just as extensively worn by schoolgirls. While many plain, scant tailored skirts are to be seen, there is a



A PRETTY EVENING GOWN.

Of pearl-white muslin, with cuirass of satin bordered with blister pearls.



P. D. CORSETS

give the figure the ideal poise and swing. With perfect support, they give perfect gracefulness. Modelled on true hygienic principles, they conduce to perfect health. The P. D. is the modern Corset par excellence, alike for the working woman and the woman of fashion.

a plaited flounce under a bias band or fold of the cloth put on to hide the joining. In fact, there is no limit to the vagaries of the walking skirt of the moment, and the more ingenious the combination of flat effects about the hips with fullness below the knees the more desirable. All these skirts are made four inches from the ground.

All exaggeration in regard to the



GIRL'S FROCK.

This figure shows the plaited tunic for a girl in a fine scarlet or white serge, with cream kid waistband; the gimpes is of washing linen, and made to take in and out.

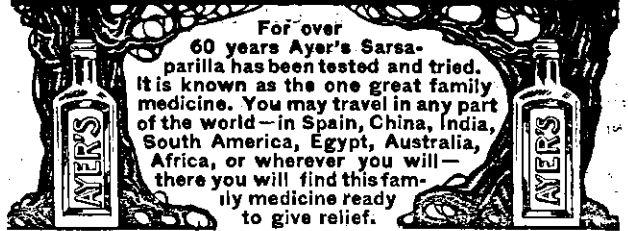
A STYLISH GOWN FOR A WEDDING.

The figure shows us a charming novel gown of palest pink charmeuse. The skirt is prettily looped up to show an under-dress of mousseline de soie in the same shade of pink. The front drapery is caught effectively with a bow of black velvet, which appears again at the side of the waistband, finished with fringed ends. The gimpes and sleeves are of palest pink filet net, lightly embroidered in silver. This smart toilette is worn with a hat of pink Tagal straw, arranged with a full crown of black velvet.

length of the line above the natural waist line has disappeared, and on many strictly tailor-made skirts there is a return to the one-inch belt, the waist line always being in the normal position.



THE OLDEST STRONGEST & BEST



For over 60 years Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been tested and tried. It is known as the one great family medicine. You may travel in any part of the world—in Spain, China, India, South America, Egypt, Australia, Africa, or wherever you will—there you will find this family medicine ready to give relief.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

removes all impurities from the blood, at the same time making the blood rich in life-giving properties. It restores the appetite, strengthens the digestion, and thereby enables one to obtain full benefit from his food.

Accept no cheap and worthless substitute. Be sure that you get AYER'S Sarsaparilla—as now made, it contains no alcohol.

Take Ayer's Pills with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One aids the other

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

GROWING HAIR BY THE CALENDAR.

ALL THE MATERIAL AND INSTRUCTIONS NECESSARY FOR CARRYING OUT THIS VALUABLE TOILET TEST SENT FREE BY REQUEST.



A week's trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill" convinces everyone of the almost magical effect of the new method in growing new hair upon bald or thin patches, in restoring the lustre and colour to grey or faded hair, in removing scurf, in increasing the lustre and glossy luxuriance of "Woman's crowning glory."

In one week "Harlene Hair-Drill" grows beautiful hair.

Practise the rules for "Harlene Hair-Drill" as drawn up by Mr. Edwards, the eminent Royal and Court Hair Specialist, and discoverer of "Harlene-for-the-Hair," and you can literally watch your hair growing thicker and longer and more beautiful. You can grow hair by the calendar—a claim no other seven-days long.

A SEVEN DAYS' FREE TEST.

Hundreds of men and women are doing this at the present moment. Troubled with Thin or Falling Hair, or attacked by Scurf or Premature Greyness (and all greyness is premature, seeing that Hair-Drill enables the hair to retain its colour up to old age), they have obtained one of the free "Harlene Seven Days' Hair-Drill Trial Outfits"

(you can obtain one of these outfits yourself free of all charge, by means of the coupon at the foot of this article), and at the end of a week their friends have congratulated them upon the marvellous improvement in their appearance. You can do the same yourself. Get one of these Trial Outfits—it will cost you nothing—and practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" for a couple of minutes every morning. You begin directly you receive your outfit (full directions will be sent with each), and all the rest of the day you will be conscious of a healthy and pleasant influence at work on your scalp and at the roots of your hair.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" only takes a couple of minutes of the day, but its effect takes years of your appearance. As soon as either the man's head or you will desire to continue this successful method of Hair-Culture and Preservation, you may like to know that further supplies of "Harlene" may be obtained from any ordinary enterprising chemist or stores all over the world, or it will be sent direct on receipt of 10/- per order (to include postage) from the Harlene Co., 85-87, High Holborn, London, W.C., in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles.

FREE TRIAL COUPON.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 85-87, High Holborn, London, England.

Dear Sir,—Having read your article on "Growing Hair by the Calendar," I should like to accept your offer to send me the week's Trial Outfit for "Harlene Hair-Drill" free of charge. I enclose 10/- in stamps for postage (to my part of the world).

NAME

ADDRESS

110



W. J. RAINGER,

308 VICTORIA ARCADE, Auckland,

Is Showing a Fine Assortment of WEDDING and BIRTHDAY GIFTS, Sports and Club Prizes of Every Description.

The 6/- Fox Watch. Still a few in stock. TAKE ELEVATOR.

If you want the very best

FLANNELETTE

the Old Country Produces

buy HORROCKSES'

GRAND PRIZE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION 1908

SEE HORROCKSES' NAME ON SELVEDGES and decline all substitutes. Sold by all First-Class Drapers and Storekeepers.



HOYLE'S PRINTS

The most durable and best material you can buy for a washing dress. These Prints are thoroughly satisfactory, and stand

THE TEST OF THE TUB

HOYLES PRINTS are world-famous for their wearing quality and permanency of colour. Hoyle's reputation guarantees satisfaction. See that the trade mark shown above is on the outside of the piece.

The Fabric that rivals silk—

"SILVASHEEN."

It looks as well, wears very much better, and costs less. Especially suitable for BLOUSES, UNDERSKIRTS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, SKIRT AND BODICE LINING, CUSHION COVERS, ETC.

In Fast Black and all Colours.

The Queen says: "Silvasheen is a capital lining; it lasts where silk does not, and has all the sheen of a silk."

See SILVASHEEN name on selvedge.

Verse Old and New.

A Thought.

NCE, looking from a window on a land
That lay in silence underneath
the sun,
A land of broad, green meadows,
through which poured
Two rivers, slowly widening to the
sea,
Thus as I looked, I know not how
nor whence,
Was born into my unexpected soul
That thought, late learned by anxious-
witted man,
The infinite patience of the External
Mind.
—Richard Watson Gilder.

The Marriage Act.

The fools that are wealthy are sure of a
bride;
For riches like raiment their nakedness
hide;
The slave that is needy must starve
all his life,
In a bachelor's plight, without mistress
or wife.
In good days of yore they ne'er troubled
their heads
In setting of jointures, or making of
deeds;
But Adam and Eve, when they first entered
course,
E'en took one another for better or
worse.
Then, pr'ythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to
be great;
Let love be the jointure, don't mind the
estate;
You can never be poor who have all of
these charms,
And I shall be rich when I've you in my
arms.

The Miller of Dee.

The moon was afloat,
Like a golden boat
On the sea-blue depths of the sky,
When the miller of Dee,
With his children three,
On his fat, red horse, rode by.
"Whither away, O miller of Dee?
Whither away so late?"
Asked the tollman old, with cough and
sneeze,
As he passed the big toll-gate.
But the miller answered him never a
word,
Never a word spake he.
He paid his toll, and he spurred his
horse,
And he rode on with his children three.
"He's afraid to tell!" quoth the old toll-
man,
"He's ashamed to tell!" quoth he,
"But I'll follow you up and find out
where
You are going, O miller of Dee."

The moon was afloat
Like a golden boat
Nearing the shore of the sky,
When with cough and wheeze,
And hands on his knees,
The old tollman passed by.
"Whither away, O tollman old?
Whither away so fast?"
Cried the milkmaid who stood at the
farm-yard bars
When the tollman old crept past,
The tollman answered her never a word—
Never a word spake he.
Scant breath had he at the best to chase
After the miller of Dee.

"He won't tell where!"
Said the milkmaid fair,
"But I'll find out!" cried she,
And away from the farm.
With her pail on her arm,
She followed the miller of Dee.

The parson stood, in his cap and gown,
Under the old oak tree.
"And whither away with your pail of
milk,
My pretty milkmaid?" said he;
But she hurried on, with her brimming
pail,
And never a word spake she.
"She won't tell where!" the parson cried.
"It's my duty to know," said he.
And he followed the maid who followed
the man
Who followed the miller of Dee.
After the parson came his wife,
The sexton he came next.
After the sexton the constable came,
Troubled and sore perplex.
After the constable, two ragged boys,
To see what the fun would be;
And a little black dog, with only one
eye,
Was the last of the nine, who, with
groan and sigh,
Followed the miller of Dee.

Night had anchored the moon,
Not a moment too soon,
Under the lee of the sky;
For the wind it blew,
And the rain fell, too,
And the river of Dee ran high.
He forded the river, he climbed the hill
He and his children three;
But wherever he went they followed
him still,
That wicked miller of Dee.

Just as the clock struck the hour of
twelve,
The miller reached home again;
And when he dismounted and turned—
behold!
Those who had followed him over the
wold
Came up in the pouring rain.
Splashed and spattered from head to
foot,
Muddy and wet, and draggled,
Over the hill and up to the mill
That wet company straggled.
They all stopped short; and then out
spoke
The parson, and thus spake he:
"What do you mean by your conduct
to-night,
You wretched miller of Dee?"

"I went for a ride, a nice cool ride,
I and my children three;
For I took them along, as I always do,"
Answered the miller of Dee.
"But you, my friends, I would like to
know
Why you followed me all the way?"
They looked at each other, "We were
out for a walk,
A nice cool walk," said they.
Eva L. Ogden.

"And Were That Best."
And were that best, Love, dreamless,
endless sleep!
Gone all the fury of the mortal
day—
The daylight gone, and gone the
starry ray!
And were that best, Love, rest se-
rene and deep!
Gone labour and desire; no arduous
steep
To climb, no songs to sing, no pray-
ers to pray,
No help for those who perish by
the way,
No laughter 'mid our tears, no
tears to weep!
And were that best, Love, sleep with
no dear dream,
No memory of anything in life—
Stark death that neither help nor
hurt can know!
O, rather, far, the sorrow-bringing
gleam,
The living day's long agony and
strife!
Rather strong love in pain; the
waking woe!
—Richard Watson Gilder.

Anticipation.

It's seven weeks till Christmas
And sister's making ties
While mother talks of puddings
And thinks of rich mince pies.
The air is tinged with mystery,
We hear the whispers low;
The girls are making fancy work—
But father's making dough.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

Fitted for the Task.

HOW do you get your hair arranged
so beautifully?" asks the ad-
miring friend.
"I'll tell you," candidly an-
swers the owner of many switches, braids,
puffs, ringlets, etc. "Every maid I had
simply wore herself out with the heavy
work of dressing my hair, until last sum-
mer I found a sturdy Swedish girl pitch-
ing hay on a farm near our cottage. I
engaged her at once."

A Modern Hero.

He evidently had the making of a hero
in him, but he was discovered helpless,
floundering in a water-trough, and had
it not been for the timely advent of a
policeman he assuredly would have been
drowned. When the policeman seized him
by the slack of his trousers, and his
coat collar, however, and attempted to
lift him from the trough, he resisted
vigorously. "Shay, offisher," he splutter-
ed, "you save the women and children;
I can look after myself."

Trouble Enough.

Robert W. Chambers, the novelist,
often tells of a lady, who, on the way
back from her husband's funeral, stopped
with her supporters at a house of re-
freshment. Gin was chosen as the beverage
best suited to the occasion, and a
liberal quantity of the transparent fluid
was poured into the bereaved lady's
glass. "Any water, Min?" one of the
other ladies asked her, holding out the
pitcher. But she did not deign to lift
her face from her handkerchief. "Water?"
she sobbed. "Water! Good heav-
ens, ain't I got trouble enough as it
is?"

Too Much Luxury.

A man who had been three times mar-
ried and as often left a widower was re-
ported to be thinking a fourth time of
entering into the blessed and comfort-
able estate of holy matrimony.
A friend ventured to ask whether
there was any truth in the rumour, and
received this sagacious reply:
"Na, na; what w' marryin' them,
and what w' buryin' them, it's ower ex-
pensive."

Get As Possible.

Mrs. Smith was engaging a new ser-
vant, and sat facing the latest applicant.
"I hope," said she, "that you had no
angry words with your last mistress be-
fore leaving?"
"Oh, dear no, mum; none whatever."
was the reply, with a toss of her head.
"While she was having her bath, I just
locked the bathroom door, took all my
things, and went away as quiet as pos-
sible."

A Yearly Visitor.

Our birthday comes around pretty regu-
larly.
At first we welcome this gentleman
with considerable elation. We hurry
him up, and when he comes—as he al-
ways comes on time—we boast about
him to our friends, as if he were a visitor
to be doubly proud of, because each visit

seems to mark an advance on the last
one.

This goes on for some time, until—
The truth must finally be told. The
year comes when we endeavour to for-
get him.

With a curious assumption of his im-
portance, we endeavour to ignore him.
Our friends know that he is coming as
usual. Those who are more intimate
with us may even joke us gently about
him. We take it in good part—on the
surface. Inwardly, we struggle within
ourselves to appear calm under this
affliction.

We would not have him miss his visits.
Secretly, after a while, we begin to
pride ourselves on the number of them,
and the fact that we are able to receive
him with so much ceremony—even if it
is just between ourselves.

And yet we continue to treat him
more gingerly. We want him to come,
and yet the fact that he does come seems
to add a new pathos to life.

Some day, doubtless, he will not find
us at the old place. And yet even then,
in response to his kindly inquiry, may
those who answer for us be able to say,
as usual:

"At home."

The Only Way.

Whistler once undertook to get a fel-
low-painter's work into the autumn
salon. He succeeded and the picture was
hung. But the painter, going to see his
masterpiece with Whistler on varnish-
ing day, uttered a terrible oath when he
belied it. "Good gracious," he growled,
"you're exhibiting my picture upside
down." "Hush," said Whistler. "The
committee refused it the other way."

What Is It Now?

The woman of the future was about
to start downtown, when her husband
placed his arms around her neck and
kissed her. "Darling, light of my life,"
he whispered softly, "I love you more
than word can tell."
"Oh, you do, eh?" she responded, sus-
piciously. "Well, what is it now, Henry
—a new silk hat or a pair of trousers?"



IN THE ARCTIC REGION.

"Wall, young man, do you expect to stay here all night? You have been here thirty-eight days already."



TO FUN IN IT.

Stubbs: "What's the trouble, old chap? You look angry enough to fight."
 Penn: "Oh, I'm sizzling. It took me an hour to button my wife's waist in the back, and then I told her a joke and she laughed so much the buttons all flew open. What's the use in telling a woman a joke, anyhow?"

TRUE LIBERALITY.

"She is very liberal in her charities," said one woman.
 "Yes," answered the other; "liberal, but not always practical. For instance, she wanted to send alarm clocks to Africa to aid sufferers from the sleeping sickness."

MUCH CHEAPER.

"Is it so that you used to call regularly on that girl?"
 "Yes; she always sang a song to me that I loved."
 "Why didn't you marry her?"
 "I found I could buy the song for half-a-crown."

HYPNOTISM AND MARRIAGE.

A Georgian complains that his wife "has hypnotised him." That is a habit women have. Otherwise there would be no marriage.



IN DANGER OF A COLD.

"You're right, Mirandy, there certainly is a draught coming in somewhere."



"Do you love me, Kitty?"
 "No."
 "But all the world loves a lover."
 "I'm not all the world."
 "You're all the world to me, Kitty."

PERILS OF TO-DAY.

"I was nearly killed yesterday."
 "What happened?"
 "I was having tea in the garden when an airship passed over with one of those didn't-know-you-were-underneath fools in it!"

TACTFUL CHARLIE.

Bessie: "I gave Charlie on Christmas a beautiful necktie of my own make."
 Tessie: "Was he pleased?"
 Bessie: "Immensely. He said it's beauty shall be for no other eyes but his own. Wasn't that lovely of him?"

EXPLICIT.

The Conversationalist (to well-known authoress)—I am so delighted to meet you—it was only the other day—I saw something of yours—about something or other—in some paper!

Mrs. Henpeck: "Who were the three wise men, Job?"
 Mr. Henpeck: "Bachelors."



DOWN TO BEDROCK.

THE STRONG WILL.

He: "So your husband has given up smoking? It requires a pretty strong will to accomplish that."
 She: "Well, I'd have you understand that I have a strong will."

NOT THE FIRST TIME.

Sister's Young Man (at the celebration of the engagement): "Now, Karl, wouldn't you like to taste some champagne?"
 Karl: "Oh, I know what it's like. This isn't the first time she's got engaged."

A RECOMPENSE.

Torke.—Your daughter's musical education must have cost a lot of money?
 De Porke.—Yes, it did, but I've got it all back.
 Torke.—Indeed!
 De Porke.—Yes. I'd been trying to buy the house next door for years and they wouldn't sell. But since she's home, they sold it to me for half-price.



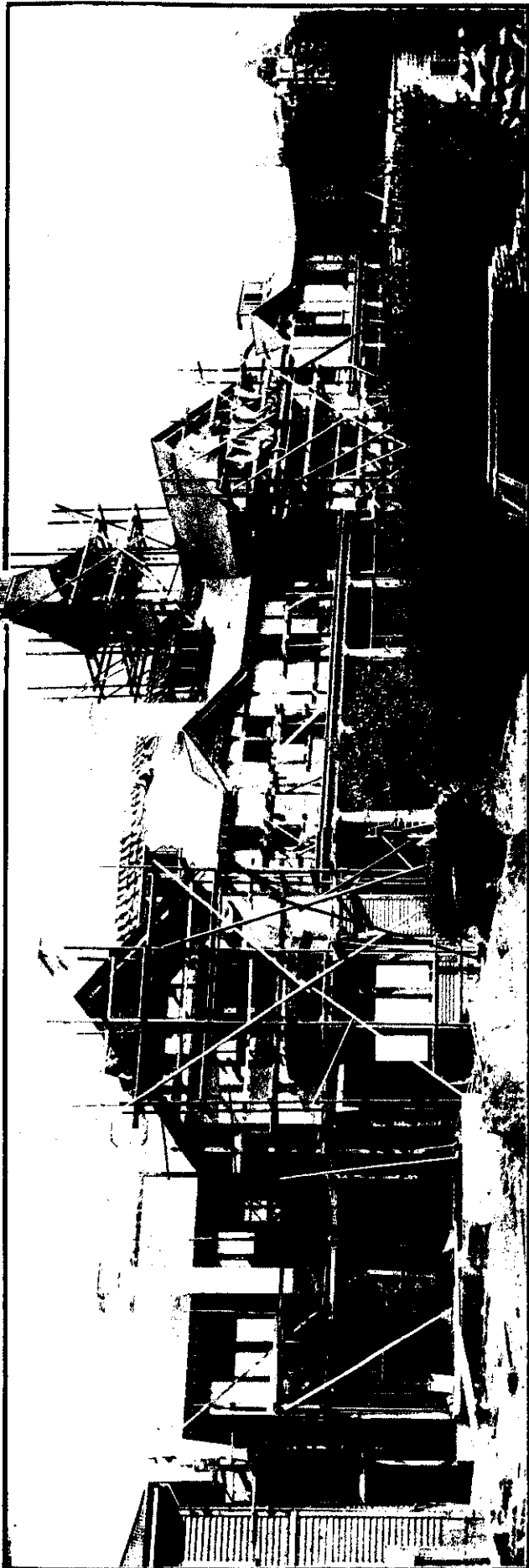
NOTHING IF NOT CORRECT.

Side-Show Announcer: "Here, ladies and gents, we have the famous original Bearded Lady. But, as beards are not in fashion at the present moment, the lady is very particular to shave every morning."



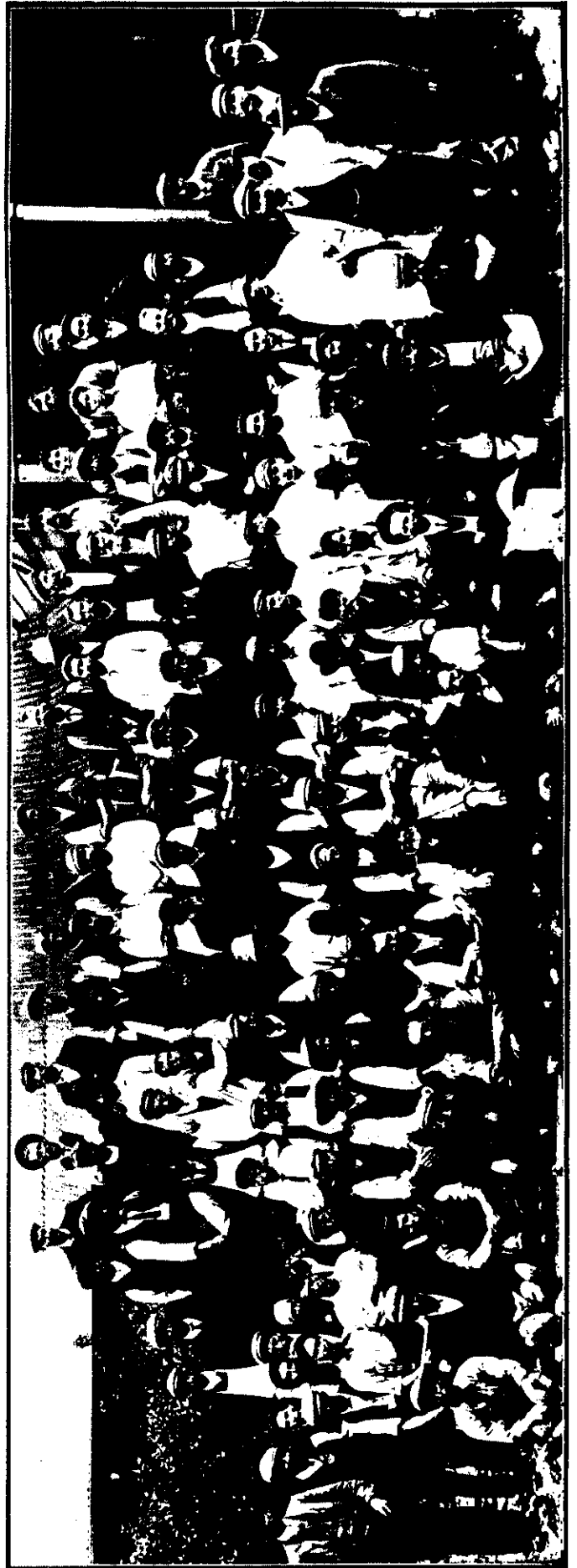
The Late Right Rev. Dr. Lenihan, R.C. Bishop of Auckland.

Born London, 1858. Died New Zealand, 1910.



WHERE OUR FUTURE GOVERNORS WILL LIVE.

The work of constructing the new vice-regal residence at Mount View, Wellington, is being rapidly pushed on, a large number of men being employed. It will be remembered that after the Parliamentary Buildings were destroyed by fire, Lord Plunket gave up Government House in order that it might be used as temporary quarters for the country's legislators. These quarters will probably be required for some years, and it was then decided to provide a modern and up-to-date vice-regal residence in Wellington, with the result that the Mount View site was selected and the building shown in the photo. commenced.



THE MEN WHO ARE BUILDING THE NEW GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT WELLINGTON.