

Et's bakin' tarts and pies,
An' shinin' up th' knives,
An' feelin' 's if some days
Was worth a thousand lives.

It's watchin' out th' door,
An' watchin' by th' gate,
An' watchin' down th' road,
An' wonderin' why he's late.

An' feelin' anxious like
For fear there's somethin' wrong;
An' wonderin' why he's kep',
An' why he takes so long.

It's comin' back inside
An' sittin' down a spell,
To sort o' make believe
You're thinkin' things is well.

It's gettin' up again
An' wand'rin' in an' out;
An' feelin' wistful like,
No knowin' what's about;

An' flusbin' all at once,
An' smilin' just so sweet,
An' feelin' real proud
The place is fresh an' neat.

An' feelin' awful glad,
Like them that watch'd Silom
An' everything because
A man is comin' Home!

Could the sum of marital anxiety and happiness be more subtly, or more simply or clearly expressed!

we hope in a future issue to give a further selection from this dainty volume, which ought to find a place on the bookshelves of every lover of poetry throughout the poetical world of Australasia.

"Australia — The Making of a Nation." John Foster Fraser. (Cassell and Co., Ltd., London and Melbourne.)

John Foster Fraser has written an interesting book about the social and industrial aspects of Australia, and though he finds much to admire, he does not hesitate to point out frankly many shortcomings, and this boldness on the part of a mere visitor has roused the ire of some people in Australia. The author expresses very forcibly his opinion—by no means a novel or strange one—that the crying need of Australia is population, and that without a greatly-increased population, Australia, with its vast undeveloped resources, and its position so close to the mainland of Asia, must fall a prey to some Asiatic horde, or some great world Power, or combination of Powers, strong enough to hold the British Navy at bay. The hostility of the Labour party and of the working class generally to immigration is suicidal, and, added to this are the facts that a large proportion of the population in each Aus-

tralian in speaking of foreign countries often display an absurd want of proportion, and even a overwhelming conceit of themselves. Adelaide struck Mr. Fraser as not only the most charming of Australian cities, but the best educated city he had ever visited. This is surely high praise for such a new city from one who has visited so many cities of the Old World. One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that in which the author depicts the work of Sir John Forrest, that sturdy pioneer and explorer, in bringing a water supply to Kalgoorlie and the surrounding district from Perth, 400 miles away. An equally striking example of Australian energy and determination is the subjugation of the Mallee country and its conversion into a vast wheat growing area. A feature of the book is the abundance of good photographs, many of them supplied by the various provincial authorities.

The Affair of the Envelope: By Eirene Wigram. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Grey. 2/6, 3/6.)

The political novel, once so much in evidence, is getting to be something of a rarity. And so we welcome "The Affair of the Envelope," which has evi-

BRIEF AND BRIGHT.

Hope springs eternal in the patient husband's breast,
Wife always is to be but never is quite dressed.—"Life."

No man has any right to paint as well as Raphael if he is not Raphael, especially if his handwriting is indistinct.—"Black and White."

The world is full of people who are miserable when the sun does not shine, and who, when it does, complain that it is spoiling the carpet.—"Globe."

Laziness is not the brother of stagnation; laziness lies passive, and lets life, life within and without, play upon him; perhaps it is only in moods of laziness we grow.—"World."

Perfectly groomed, exquisitely polished in style and manner, the woman of forty-five is a thing of beauty in a very real sense of the word; and she knows her power.—"Gentlewoman."

In school we learn the rule of three; in courtship the rule of two; in marriage the rule of one.—"Judge."

Many a charming actress is a charming wife, and many a charming wife is a charming actress.—"Lippincott's."

In sport, the next best thing to winning is losing. Unless you realise that sport for you is a word without significance.—"Sunday Chronicle."

Polite tolerance surely should be our attitude towards the week-end weather that our ungraceful summers bring. The only decent thing is to say nothing about it.—"Daily Sketch."

The fact that Korea has one hundred and sixteen paying gold mines goes a long way towards explaining why the rest of the world is taking such an interest in civilising it.—"Denver Republican."

If we had less deep-rooted ideas about the "sacredness of property" drummed into us by our older political economists, we might be all the more easily led to think more about the sacredness of life.—"Co-operative News."

America spends a lot of money on its daughters, but it gets a vast amount of entertainment out of them. From her babyhood until maternity sets her also in the audience, the American daughter is on show.—"Daily Sketch."

Greek philosophy and logarithms are not potent enough to make girls indifferent to a man's tonsorial attractions, or blind to the fact that he has unmatched his tie and his socks to a shade, and chosen a suiting that "goes with his eyes."—"Lady's Pictorial."

What in youth is passion, in old age is vice.—Joubert.

The basis of good manners is self-reliance.—Emerson.

God created the coquette as soon as He had made the fool.—Unidentified.

To rise in the world, veil ambition with the forms of humility.—Confucius.

It's what you are that counts—not what you are going to be.—Hugh Leslie Dobree.

The original and primitive being with in is ever trying to make itself manifest, and to usurp the place of conventionalism.—D. McLymont.

There are two unparadonable sins in the world—success and failure. Those who succeed can't forgive a fellow for being a failure, and those who fail can't forgive him for being a success.—G. H. Lorimer.

London is the only place in the world where neighbours do not trouble one too much.—"Daily Mirror."

The man whose affections fluctuate according to finery is but a poor creature, of whom emancipated woman takes no account.—"Gentlewoman."

Lawn tennis is a curious game. You may play it in a backyard, with a clothes-line for a net cord, and the week's washing for a net—and a very good game it is.—"Morning Leader."

Marriage upsets a woman's morals; she takes a new code on her wedding day. Man is capable of preserving friendship, and, at the same time, entertaining love. Woman not so.—"Daily Dispatch."

Unless the very rich give to the body of the people all that the people would have had if no privilege had been given to a few, they have not paid their fair share or their honest dues to the public.—"New York American."

We shall never abolish the evils of poverty and unemployment and the moral evils they inevitably involve until we earnestly set about the business of organising getting-a-living for every member of the nation.—"Clarion."



THE OBSTINATE JUROR.

As he seems to the other eleven.

Here is the condensation of a masculine appreciation of the "one woman," as conceived by this author, which is tender, ardent, and apposite:—

Oh! the voice of her, and the face of her,
The heart of her, and the grace of her,
And the throat of her, and the mouth of her—

And my heart a-thirst for drouth of her,
And the ways of her, and the pride of her,
And the clinging hands beside of her—

But, Oh! the love, the love of her,
So far surpassing all.

Here is a charming scrap descriptive of the mother worship of the baby:—

Kissin', kissin', kissin'!
Lordy! ain't he sweet!
Rosy roun' d' mouf,
Rosy roun' d' feet.

Jes' tuk out of water,
Fresher 'n d' rice—
Kiss him little fls,
Kiss him little toes.

Ain't no baby like him—
Couldn't nebbber be—
Him dat all is mine,
Him dat's kissing me!

Though our space is exhausted, our keen desire to quote still further from this delectable book of poems, which describes woman in every possible relation of life as regards love, marriage, and maternity, is by no means exhausted, and

tralian State is centred in a large city where the influences that bring about race degeneration are already in evidence, and, last, but not least, the disquieting state of the birth-rate. The Australian colonies may have to fight for life against invaders, and from such a great struggle a nation may arise great and noble, disciplined, and self-reliant. If Australia is to continue in her march of triumphal material progress, so that the people become more and more engrossed in the pursuit of wealth and pleasure, it may be that her sons will come to think "the meat is more than life, and the raiment than the body, will look to the earth as a stable, and to its fruit as fodder, hevers of wood and drawers of water, who think that it is to give them wood to hew and water to draw that the pine-forests cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and the great rivers move like His eternity." Even the question of coloured labour may yet divide North from South, for in the South it is unpopular, whereas in Queensland it is absolutely necessary if the sugar industry is to hold its own. Foster Fraser admires the Australians for the strenuous efforts they have put forth for the education of the race and the facilities they have provided to enable the poorest to pass from primary school, through the secondary school, to the university. He deprecates the neglect of the teaching of history and geography in primary schools, and he

dently been written by a writer who is perfectly at home in diplomatic circles, and is perfectly acquainted with the recent trend of Turkish affairs. "The Affair of the Envelope" tells of the leakage of the terms of an unsigned treaty submitted by England to Turkey for final consideration and ratification. It describes also that this leakage came about by desire of woman on the part of the most capable and efficient military member of the diplomatic corps attached to the British Embassy in Constantinople, who became so infatuated by a Delilah, half Irish and half Bulgarian, who, ostensibly holding the position of governess in the family of the late Sultan's heir, was a spy in the pay of both Turkey and Germany. The story is a forceful, and a fascinating, as well as a strong argument in favour of Rudyard Kipling's asseveration that—

"East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently
At God's great judgment seat."

That's as may be, but we cheerfully concede their appositeness in this case, and cordially recommend "The Affair of the Envelope" as a novel above the average merit and furnishing extraordinarily interesting reading. We have received this novel through the courtesy of Methuen and Co.