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The Week in Review.

CONTENTS

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.

Morbid Curiosity.

MR JAMES ROWLANDS has asked the very pertinent question; "Why do English people take more interest in the Crippen case than in the Inter-Parliamentary Conference?" When we read of there having been over 4,000 applications for the 100 seats available at the trial, of all the streets being thronged wherever there was a chance of seeing Crippen, of music hall managers competing for Miss Le Neve's services, of the elaborate precautions taken by the police to guard their prisoners and prevent a popular outburst, we cannot help feeling that public interest in this very sordid tale completely eclipses public interest in momentous affairs of State. The London "Times" supplies the following answer to Mr Rowland's question:—"We cannot, nowadays, look on at bodily torture; but there is a large public that will go to any trouble to witness mental torture, and that cares nothing how much it may increase that torture by its curiosity. To this public the Crippen case is a godsend. They hail it as children hail a Punch and Judy show or a circus procession. They will wait for hours to catch a glimpse of the accused, and they will add to the excitement of the spectacle by hissing and groaning. It matters nothing to them that the case has not yet been tried. They have come to see a murderer, and their pleasure would be spoilt if they doubted that Crippen was one. So they do not doubt; and they hiss him as they would hiss a villain in a melodrama, indulging their sense of righteous indignation as well as their curiosity."

A Modern Scoop.

Lamentable as this tendency on the part of the public may be, it is still more lamentable that certain papers, for the sake of gain and notoriety, should exploit the sufferings of this unhappy pair. "Answers" has recently made what it calls a "scoop" by publishing Miss Le Neve's life story, as told by her father. When "Answers" was first started, it confined itself to the usual type of harmless paragraphs telling its readers how long it would take an express train to get to the moon, and how many men in different professions had bald heads. It increased its circulation by competitions into which the element of luck largely entered, and for which large prizes were offered. A pound a week for life was

offered, for instance, to the person who guessed most correctly the balance at the Bank of England on a certain date. Every copy also carried a railway insurance for £1,000, which was advertised in the couplet, "When you travel by the train, stick to 'Answers' might and main." It professed to be a paper for the home, and doubtless served a fairly useful purpose in providing reading for those who like snippets, and have no taste for anything serious.

Pure Bathos.

But the laying bare the secrets of the home life of an unfortunate family is pandering to the worst and most vicious tastes of mankind. The utter bathos of the following declaration by Miss Le Neve's father is simply nauseating, especially in view of the fact that the main purport of the declaration is to be found in the concluding sentence that "Answers" has secured the sole rights of publication. The declaration is addressed "To the readers of Answers," and runs as follows:—

"I have chosen 'Answers' to be the medium of publication for the life-story of my unfortunate daughter Ethel because it is essentially a home paper, and the sad and pathetic, but intensely dramatic narrative I have to unfold is essentially a story for the home. It is because I ask the great British public to refrain from judging too harshly the daughter in whose innocence my belief has, from the first, been unshaken, and because I crave, with all a father's yearning, a little sympathy for my daughter, my wife, and myself in this our bitter hour of trial, that I have, after long and earnest consideration, decided to publish the story of Ethel's life in 'Answers.' And I certify that my story has been given to 'Answers' and 'Answers' alone."

The Mission of Journalism.

That Mr Le Neve has been well paid for the exclusive rights of his "sad and pathetic, but intensely dramatic narrative," we can well believe; that any good purpose has been served by its publication, it is impossible to imagine. It is almost inconceivable that any father could so far forget parental instinct as to drag to light the intimate relations of home life; but having done so, he might well have omitted the clap-trap about a "Father's yearning for sympathy." Journalism has a high mission as a teacher and leader of public opinion. It occupies the position of the drama and the pulpit of other days. That it should lose sight of this mission in a desire to pander to man's morbid curiosity, is nothing less than deplorable, and must in the end react disastrously on papers that lend themselves to such things. We are, perhaps, a little prone in New Zealand to consider we lead the world in everything. But there is one thing on which we can rightly congratulate ourselves, and that is that with one or two exceptions, we have a clean Press. In nothing does the Dominion stand so high as in the quality and tone of its newspapers, and this shows more than anything else that our people are of a healthy and wholesome mind.

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A Sharp Frost.

In October we begin to look for spring weather, and feel that we are getting on towards summer, and we do not look for sharp attacks of frost. It came, therefore, as a great surprise when Hastings was visited with eleven degrees of frost, and all the fruit crops were damaged in consequence. The peach crop was swept completely out of existence. In Hastings district alone the ripe peach crop is worth £10,000, and every penny of it vanished as completely as if fire had swept the district. On the great Kaiapoi orchard, where stone fruits are grown almost exclusively, the crop would have been worth £3,000, and now it is not likely to be worth as many pence. The plums grown in the district, worth about £3,000, are also mostly destroyed. It is estimated that about £10,000 damage was done, and all the orchards on the Heretaunga Plains were affected. Everybody will sympathise with the Hawke's Bay fruitgrowers in the serious loss which they have sustained by reason of this unprecedented freak on the part of Jack Frost.

The Poignancy of Poverty.

Mr. Lloyd George, addressing the Liberal Christian League at the City Temple, indulged in some vigorous criticism of the English social system, and declared that for the causes of the destitution, unrest, and discontent common to free trade England and the protectionist continent, we must look beyond mere fiscal questions.

"Mr. Chamberlain's tariff reform," Mr. Lloyd George said, "has rendered an outstanding service by calling attention to the crying evils festering amongst us. I never realised the poignancy of poverty until I administered the old age pensions. Out of 420,000 adults who died annually five-sixths had no property. Of the £300,000,000 passing annually at death, half belongs to under 2,000 people, a fact which betokens the organic diseases of the British system." The speaker went on to refer to the fact that the civilised countries spent £500,000,000 annually upon the machinery of war, and said that if Britain's burden were removed, she could pay the wage-earners four shillings more weekly without interfering with the profits of capital. He condemned the devoting of millions of acres to the pro-

servation of game, and the habits of the idle rich who lived only for amusement. His counsel to the people was to enlarge the purpose of their politics, and then adhere to their purpose until the redemption was accomplished.

Professor Haslam and the University.

Professor Haslam, of Canterbury College, has expressed dissent from the views of the professors and educationalists who recently signed a petition to Parliament, stating that the University administration and education in the Dominion are unsound. In the first place, the professor contends that no proof has been brought forward that University administration is bad, and the fact that many students go Home to study medicine is due to the difficulty of obtaining hospital experience rather than to any defect in the university teaching. The petition to Parliament laid special stress on the fact that sound learning was not promoted for the development of professional training in medicine, education, law, and applied science. Professor Haslam shows how the first defect can only be remedied by the growth of population, and the last defect is probably largely a question of finance. It is an open question as to how far it falls within the scope of university work to provide strictly professional training in law and education, nor is it very clear what the phrase professional training means. Really practical training can only be obtained in the office and the actual schoolroom.

English Examiners.

The system of English examiners finds an enthusiastic supporter in the Canterbury professor, who urges that New Zealand should have the best examining talent that can be obtained. He points out that many persons had contended that the present method of examination was expensive and cumbersome, but, when the subject was inquired into by the senate, it was shown that it would be at least as expensive to have the examining done in the Dominion, and there was no doubt that it would be much more cumbersome. There would have to be a board of examiners—one examiner from each college in every subject. They would have to meet together for a considerable time at great inconvenience. At

Cambridge, perhaps three or four examiners lived in the same street, and they sometimes took several days dispensing the proper place for the results of one student's examination. That kind of thing occurred in connection with every subject. He might also have pointed out that our present system secures absolute impartiality and that the high position of the English examiners adds prestige to our degrees. Defects there doubtless are in our university, but we doubt if the defects are as serious as the framers of the petition to Parliament would have us believe. At any rate our students seem able to more than hold their own against students from other lands.

The Big Hat.

The case in which Miss Blanche Eardley, the novelist, sued Mr. Frank Curzon for refusing her admission to the theatre owing to the size of her hat has had a strange sequel. Mr. Dunn, a Press agent, and his wife are suing Mr. Curzon for £152, including Miss Eardley's fees, in pursuance of an arrangement made to secure a big advertisement for Mr. Curzon by arranging the whole incident. This second suit has probably secured for Mr. Curzon more advertisement than he desired. Large hats are not so modern as many people suppose. Late in the eighteenth century the feminine coiffure became portentous. The whole history of the century was reflected in the lady's head-dress, which became a rebus. Everyone has read of the coiffure in a circumstance which mourned the death of Louis XV., with a cypress behind and a cornucopia resting on a sheaf of wheat before; of the bonnet à la Belle-Poule, which exhibited a frigate under full sail in honour of a naval engagement with the English; of the coiffure à la Mappemoude, which displayed on the wearer's head the five divisions of the known globe; and of the bonnet au Parc Anglais, with shrubberies and lawns, rivulets, shepherdesses and sheep; and of the coiffure à l'Inoculation, which represented small-pox by a serpent, medical science by a club, and the result of their encounter by a rising sun and an olive tree in fruit. We have not quite come to that extreme yet, but we are approaching it. The frigate in full sail could easily be converted into a Dreadnought, and the idea of turning a hat into a representation of some public garden offers great scope for the milliner's talent. The advertising possibilities of the big hat have been demonstrated by Miss Eardley, and there seems no reason why spaces should not be let for advertisements. The hat could thus be made to pay for itself—a consummation devoutly to be wished in the interest of long-suffering husbands and fathers.

A New Luxury for the Criminal.

One of the quaintest things in the last "English Review" is the plea put forward by Mr. W. S. Blunt for public executions. He thinks the prisoner himself prefers a public to a private execution. This is how he maintains this singular position. "I must," he writes, "add a word of protest against the modern practice of executing prisoners condemned to death within the precincts of our gaols. My experience of a prisoner's feelings after he has been kept for even a short period in the solitary confinement of his cell leads me to be sure that it is a great aggravation to the penalty of death that he should be denied the right, always extended to sentenced men in former times, of dying in the open air and in the presence of his fellow-men. Like many often so-called humanitarian reforms, the abolition of public execution was brought about very much less in the interest of the condemned man than to spare the feelings of those who condemned him, the soft-hearted public which, while it consented to his death, was shocked at being forced to see him die. To the man himself, shut in for weeks by the four walls of his prison, with nerves unstrung by solitude and that perpetual longing for a sight of trees and fields and contact once more with the busy life he formerly enjoyed, it must surely have lessened by a great deal the pang of death to be set for one last half-hour in the light of day outside those walls, and thus get a breath of the open air of heaven and with it the courage to endure his pain, even were it in the presence of an angry mob rejoicing to see him hanged." Mr. Blunt seems to think that it would be cruel to deny the man the pleasure of figuring in the limelight for once in his life.

The Woman's Vote in New Zealand.

What It Has Done for Women: Lady Stout

From "The Review of Reviews."

WHATEVER the Woman's Suffrage movement may or may not have done for women, it has certainly made political life much more interesting, and has given a new zest to the discussion of public questions. It has also done women the incalculable service of revealing to them the utter contempt for womanhood, except as an indispensable machine of reproduction in the stud farm of the world that underlies the anti-Suffrage movement. Last month, for instance, brought to light the invaluable manifesto of Mr.

that, if she expends large measures of nervous energy in political and kindred undertakings she will eventually become a physiological bankrupt who will either be sterile, or will bring forth mental, moral and physical degenerates. That is the anti-Suffragist argument, stripped clear at last of all wrappings. There you have the ultimate argument of the case against woman's suffrage in a nutshell, and the Suffragists have only to pass it round to make every decent, self-respecting woman a Suffragist.

There are no women upon whom heav-

weaker than men is not disputed, but the absurdity of using this as an argument against allowing them any opportunity of redressing that natural handicap by protective legislation would appeal irresistibly to our sense of humour: were we not so accustomed to see the law in operation—To him that hath shall be given, while from her that hath not shall be taken even that which she hath. The "complicated cyclical process" has never seemed to the dominant male a reason for relieving the cyclical one of the most disagreeable part of the work of the world. The lordly savage who basks in the sun while his industrious wives are harnessed to the plough is no worse than the anti-Suffragist who parades his females on platforms, or works them night and day as canvassers, while he reserves to himself the exclusive right to perform the arduous labour of marking a ballot paper.

Lady Stout, who did me the honour of calling upon me last month, was mightily amused at Lady Tree's description of the Suffragists as "terrific specimens of humanity, who, in her eyes, degraded themselves by assuming the attitude of female free-eaters."

Lady Stout is as much like a terrific specimen as she is to the physiological bankrupt of Dr. Williams' imagination. She is a wife and a mother of a large family who, so far from being degenerates, seem likely to achieve the highest honour in Dr. Williams' own profession: Lady Stout is full of enthusiasm for woman's suffrage—not only on theoretical grounds. She has seen it at work, and she pronounces it very good. Some foolish Colonial society fine lady now enjoying herself in England has, it seems, dared to say that the suffrage had done harm to home life in New Zealand. Challenged to produce her proofs, this false witness declined to draw upon the meagre margin left her by the cyclical process by subjecting her nervous energy to the intellectual demand for evidence. She wrote to Lady Stout: "The facts I stated I know to be accurate. . . . I decline to enter into any discussion on the suffragette question." Lady Stout produced several letters on the subject from competent authorities, from which I am sorry to be unable to do more than quote a few extracts.

Mr. Robt. McNab, a near neighbour of Dr. Williams, in Harley street, says: "I have had experience of seven contests (in New Zealand), in which women played their part as electors. Giving votes to women has given political power to the home instead of the tent. . . . The wandering man stands alone; but the women of the family, grouping themselves around the home, send forth from there a political power which goes for all that is best in public life. . . . In New Zealand the men would not allow the women to give up the vote, even if the latter desired to do so, as such action would permit the floating nomadic to menace the stationary home vote."

W. A. Chapple, a close observer of the working of woman's suffrage in New Zealand for sixteen years, is amazed beyond measure at the active propaganda by women in Britain against a reform based upon justice counselled by wisdom and justified by experience. "The enfranchisement of women in New Zealand has enlarged woman's outlook, deepened her interest in public affairs, discovered to her mind the great and important part that politics and social reform play in the betterment of conditions that directly and indirectly affect her home, and with these advantages none of the prophecies of evil which were hurled at the reform by its enemies has been realised. The home is not neglected; domestic infelicity does not result."

The president of the New Zealand Women's Christian Temperance Union has written to Lady Stout, indignantly repelling the accusation that the suffrage has done harm to home life in New Zealand. She asserts that it has promoted temperance, advanced social reform, passed measures for the safeguarding of the home, raised the standard of personal morality among legislators, and banished riot and disorder from elections. "Women of all classes of society place high value on the right to vote, and no man in public position would dare to suggest that the woman's vote and political influence were not of real value to the State."

As for Dr. Williams' argument as to



LADY STOUT.

Leonard Williams, of 133, Harley Street, published in the "Times" of July 23rd, which, if the Suffragists are wise, will be circulated by the million as the most effective instrument of appeal to women. Here we have the bedrock truth about the whole question. Therein they will find it laid down as scientific truth that women ought not to be allowed to vote at a general election once in four years, because by an unalterable law of Nature, "the entire nervous system of women is disorganised at certain periods." Dr. Williams wraps it up in a periphrastic allusion to "the complicated cyclical process" which uses up all the vitality of women in preparation for motherhood. "This cyclical process leaves such a scant margin to woman for 'intellectual work,' the demands of which are so much more exacting and exhausting than those of muscular work."

ier intellectual demands were made, or who expended more nervous energy upon political and kindred undertakings—to name three only—than Queen Victoria, Mrs. General Booth, and Mrs. Pankhurst. In neither case did the use of their brains prevent motherhood. Nor were their large families conspicuously degenerate. (As much be said about all the female allies of the anti-Suffragists whose public performances demonstrate that their foray into politics has not made any exhaustive intellectual demand upon the scant store of nervous energy left to them by the cyclical process? Many of these women have no children. Some have one or two. It was an evil day for the anti-Suffragists when they set up the Standard of the Brood Mare in order to deny citizenship to women.

The fact that women are physically,

Continued on page 7.

Sayings of the Week.

The Resourceful Maori.

YOU cannot do better than train the Maori. You must remember that the Maori has got a head on his shoulders. I can assure the Council of the capabilities of the Maori when it comes to warring. He can fight in the bush and in the open, without a gun, without a rifle, and without powder. If necessary, indeed, he will waylay an enemy, take his gun from him, and supply his necessities in that way.—*The Hon. W. Pere.*

Vital Questions.

How would New Zealand trade be affected in the years to come by the opening of the Panama Canal, and how would the canal affect the trade with the South American countries and the United States and Canada? Also, how are we going to open up trade with China and Japan? These were questions which were of the utmost importance and must be faced if New Zealand was to progress commercially as she ought to.—*Dr. McDonnell, Auckland.*

Spelling and Matrimony.

The sentimental idea of marriage so prevalent to-day—letting marriage come about of itself, so to speak—that idea seems to me as shiftless and foolish and lazy as the old lady's idea of spelling. This old lady, as she sat on an Atlantic City pier writing letters, drew a line under a word and said, "You know, my dear, when I don't know how to spell a word I underscore it, like this. Then if it is spelled wrong it passes for a good joke, and if it is spelled right it doesn't matter.—*Professor Riley.*

Suspending Judgment.

Personally I am a believer in results, and to judge of the work of the present session, every fair-minded person will agree with me in saying that the only way to estimate it is to wait until the work of Parliament has been completed.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

Mind and Body.

Athletics are a grand thing, but in these days there is a tendency to dwell too much upon them. While in England, I was told that whatever degree a man might hold he could not hope for a place in some of the great schools if he were lacking in athletic qualifications. Besides having a body I would remind you again that you have a mind which is equally in need of training.—*Dean Harper, Sub-Warden of Christ College.*

The Three D's.

Government advertisements should be given irrespective of the political views of the journals. No doubt all the members knew of the case of "The Dominion." There was also the "Dannevirke News." Another paper which was penalised was the "Dairymen." This paper had on one occasion adversely criticised the Government and its Government advertising was withdrawn immediately. It was a singular fact that all the papers were D's, and they had all been d—d by the Government.—*Mr. Massey, M.P.*

Long Hours.

The hours worked by asylum attendants are simply outrageous. They total 76 a week and that such a condition should be allowed to continue is nothing short of disgraceful.—*Mr. D. McLaren, M.P.*

Sir J. Campbell.

To Auckland people, and especially to an Aucklander by birth, the name of the "Father of Auckland" aroused a constant feeling of admiration and veneration.—*Dr. McDonnell.*

The Use of Leisure.

If the modern strenuous curriculum of work and games had abolished the loafer, it had also abolished leisure, and had, therefore, removed one of the opportunities that used to exist for the cultivation of literary and artistic tastes and pursuits by those to whom they were congenial.—*Professor H. R. Myers, M.A.*

More Water Power.

We never deery the North Island, but if you are relying on the development of the electrical energy for making a great country, you had better migrate to the South Island, where we can offer you 3,200,000 horse-power. If you remain in the North Island you can only get 500,000 horse-power under the scheme suggested by Mr. Hay.—*Mr. J. Allen, M.P.*

The Northern Territory.

Population, like water, flows along the line of least resistance. To-day that line runs to the great empty lands of tropical Australia. In the far Northern Territory the white population is less than it was ten years ago, and the blacks have diminished by a third. If we fail to colonise this land, how can we dam out any flood of aliens forced by hunger to leave the overcrowded East?—*The Bishop of North Queensland.*

Sticking to Their Guss.

If the Government thought it wise that there should be no Government House at Auckland they should have stuck to their guss, and not have given in.—*Mr. Herdman, M.P.*

Selfish Niggardliness.

Britain's was a hard climate for poverty. Millions of acres were devoted to those who preserved game, while the avarice and selfish niggardliness of other people perpetuated the congestion in cities, resulting in 50 per cent of recruits for the army being rejected as unfit.—*Mr. Lloyd George.*



THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

The Kaiser: Curse the fellow! He gets all the applause—I always get the hisses!

A Man's View.

There have been moments in which I have declared that woman ought not to have a vote until she has the sense to wear a dress that she can fasten up herself.—*Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money.*

The Maori Pawn.

It seems a pity if the party game is to be played with the Maori as one of the pawns.—*Mr. T. E. Taylor, M.P.*

Horses and Immigrants.

He would like to know whether the veterinarian was employed to look after the horses of the staff, or to examine immigrants.—*Mr. A. W. Hogg, M.P.*

The Coming Wave.

There were in China 400,000,000 people, and that vast population was rapidly increasing. The Chinese were an intelligent and industrious race, and already they had moved out into Cochinchina, Burma, Siam, and the Indian Archipelago. That great wave of foreigners was already beginning to wash upon the shores of Australia, and it was only a question of time until it would sweep over New Zealand as well.—*Mr. Opie, Chairman Canterbury Board of Education.*

Ecclesiastical Canutes.

In spite of ecclesiastical Canutes, the incoming wave would not stop. Criticism was an assertion of the right to understand the Bible. Understanding could only lead to deeper and more intellectual appreciation of all that was vital, and permanently true.—*Rev. P. Sinclair, Auckland.*

The Drift of Population.

In 17 years of unexampled prosperity the population of Auckland had increased by 93,000, Wellington by 96,000, and Canterbury by only 36,000. In Canterbury the increase had been mainly in the towns. Akaroa County in 10 years had decreased by 261. Ashley by 607, while Geraldine had increased by 403, the total net increase being only 236 people. Such a condition of affairs as obtained in Canterbury was a scandal, and only a drastic land policy could cure it.—*Mr. Laurensen, M.P.*

The Best Referee.

You can keep to the trail so long as it is clear, but, when you cannot distinguish the false scent from the true, appoint your honour referee, and be sure it will show you the right and honourable trail.—*Sir R. Baden Powell.*

Australia Leads.

Those regarding Socialism and Labour as offensive to the Empire overlooked the fact that Australia was much in advance of Britain in Labour and Socialism.—*Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.*

The Lawyer and the Mine.

I can honestly say that I have never had any satisfactory dealings in mining shares.—*Mr. Skerrett, K.C.*

Business Care brings Nervous Wear

The petty cares of business life wear away nervous strength, and this applies as much to the clerk at the desk as to the manager in his luxurious office. A thousand little details of duty requiring attention exhaust the nervous energy and cause one to fret over trifling things that would not receive a second thought under conditions of perfect health.

Nervous, fretful persons of either sex are usually poorly nourished, and in all such cases the surest and quickest permanent relief is to be had by the use of

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Extract

which first quickens the appetite and aids the digestion and enriches the blood, thus providing the tired nerves with the nourishment they need. This condition banishes the wakefulness that so many nervous people suffer from, and permits them to enjoy sound, restful sleep. Get Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Extract at your chemist's—and be sure you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

News of the Dominion.

OUR WELLINGTON LETTER.

WELLINGTON, October 22.

That Coronation Trip.

M.P.'s and M.L.C.'s and the public generally are wondering who the lucky Seven will be who will accompany Sir Joseph Ward to the Coronation next year. Although no precise invitation has yet been received by the Government, it is understood that the inquiry made by the Imperial authorities amounts to the same thing. The British Government, it is stated, does not issue invitations on these occasions unless acceptance is assured. The preliminary form of the invitation is something to this effect: "If your country is asked to send a certain number of representatives, will that number go?" Eight has been mentioned as the number of New Zealand's representatives, and it is regarded as extremely probable that that number will go. The question now is as to the personnel of New Zealand's delegation to the big Imperial gathering. As there is to be an Agricultural Conference in England, to which all Ministers of Agriculture in the Empire have been invited, it is expected that the Hon. Thomas Mackenzie will accompany the Premier. The Hon. Dr. Findlay is also mentioned as one likely to go. Then as to non-ministers. It seems to be a pretty general opinion that the Leader of the Opposition will be invited by the Premier to form one of the party. This will be establishing a new precedent for New Zealand—but no matter; we are used to making our own precedents by this time. That makes four. The rest of the delegation, it is rumoured, will probably consist of three Government members and one Opposition. Some of the papers are making a to-do about the dislocation of business that will happen if so many leading members go to the Coronation. But a lot of people, including some members themselves, are inclined to think that it would be the best thing out for the country if next year's session were very considerably shortened. And if Sir Joseph induces both Mr. Maasey and Mr. James Allen to accompany him to England—and the chances are that they won't need much coaxing—Parliament's work will go on much more smoothly, and the country will be the gainer.

Those Trivial Returns.

One source of the continual waste of time in Parliament is the habit members have of asking for returns on all sorts of trifling matters. The question paper is full of extraordinarily trumpery questions; many members apparently simply ask them for the purpose of advertising themselves. Yet it is hard to say what credit or fame Mr. R. A. Wright, M.P., is likely to get for the latest question. He moved in the House yesterday for a return "showing the prices paid for uniforms supplied to the orderlies and messengers of the House." Why on earth Mr. Wright wants to know is a mystery; unless he is a tailor—and I understand he is not, but is a printer or something of that sort. But members never seem to see the absurdity of wasting the House's time on such trivialities. Next sitting day we'll have some other Wellington member asking for, say, a return showing (a) the exact weight of the Queen's Statue in Post Office-square; and (b) the exact circumference of the waist of her late Majesty, as per statue.

Shifting the Queen's Statue.

Touching that statue of Queen Victoria, it is to fall from its high estate. The City Council has gone down and inspected it where it stands in Post Office Square, and has inspected also the unclean "deadbeats" who roost on the steps of its pedestal. And the Council has decided that the statue must move on. Exactly why wasn't explained at the Council meeting this week, but it is understood that the big bronze effigy is regarded as an obstruction to traffic in its present position, and that it is undignified to see Her Britannic Majesty's feet made the gathering-ground for loafers and stump-orators. There is another reason, too, which is not publicly voiced, but which exists all the same, and that

is that the statue as a work of art is not a beautiful one; that, in fact, it burlesques Queen Victoria, or, at any rate, does not flatter her; that there is nothing idealistic about it, and that, in short, it isn't the sort of effigy to keep in such a prominent position, at the city's front gate, as it were. The City Fathers have heard visitors poke fun at the ungraceful, Sairey Gamp-like figure, and ask whether it wasn't turned out by some local monumental mason. And they're very sensitive fellows, our City Fathers; criticism, especially in the sarcastic vein, makes them very mad indeed. So the end of it all is that Her late Majesty must move on.

Where is she to go? That is what puzzled the Council. Some suggested that she should be dumped down opposite the Town Hall, but Councillor Fletcher objected, because she would be in the way of the Fire Brigade station. Others thought so, too, so Her Majesty must go further afield. And then Kent Terrace was suggested. Happy thought! The Councillors agreed that Kent Terrace would be an excellent place. It is about a mile away from the Post Office—well out of the way, in fact. It would do splendidly. Very few tourists would be likely to see the statue there, and if they did they would most likely take it for some suburban memorial, and wouldn't be harsh upon it. So to Kent Terrace Her Majesty goes. She is to find a resting-place at the north end of the Terrace, close to the Courtenay Place tram-car junction, where the Oriental Bay and Newtown electric lines diverge. Let's hope she will rest in peace there, and be cheeved on no more.

Trafalgar Day.

Flags everywhere, on public buildings and shipping and private flagstaffs, reminded everyone that yesterday was Trafalgar Day. The steamers in port made a fine display, with all the flags of the international signal code flying in rainbow coloured strings from their masts. The big liner Rushine was particularly well "dressed."

We have an interesting local link with Nelson's grand old flagship, the Victory. Mr. R. Lee, chairman of the Wellington Board of Education, who addressed a number of scholars at the Hut School yesterday on the subject of the Battle of Trafalgar, served in his youth on the Victory, and about fifty years ago sailed across Trafalgar Bay in her.

Swimmers and Their Costumes.

The recent decision by the Wellington City Council to enforce the wearing of the "Canadian" costume by bathers at Lyall Bay and other seaside resorts, is arousing a good deal of opposition amongst swimmers and surf-bathers. Local swimmers claim that the City Council's view of "proper" costume may be all right for promenading the beaches, but that it is entirely unsuitable for swimming in the breakers, and may even be dangerous. It has been ascertained that the regulations for surf-bathing at Manly, Sydney's great seaside resort, provide for a neck-to-knee costume, without any restriction as to make or shape. The principal objection to the Canadian costume at Manly is its weight when wet. The Wellington Swimming Club has decided to send a deputation to the City Council at its next meeting, and to endeavour to get that body to change its mind. The swimming men propose dressing a couple of their members in the rival swimming rigs, to demonstrate the superiority of the close-fitting neck-to-knee costume for bathing purposes.

The Elusive Huia.

Our enthusiastic naturalists have by no means given up hope of catching that rare bird, the huia. Another Government expedition in search of the shy forest creature is to be organised for the coming summer. Mr. John Stevens, M.P., of Manawatu, came to town this week to interview the Hon. D. Buddo (Minister for Internal Affairs) and Mr. A. Hamilton (Director of the Dominion Museum) on the question of forming a Maori expedition to hunt huia on the western slopes of the Ruahine ranges. Mr. Stevens believes that the huia is still likely to be found in the thick bush about the head waters of the Kawhataua (a tributary of the Rangitikei) and the Managharariki and Pohangina rivers; the latter runs into the Manawatu, near Ashhurst. He suggests that a party of two or three Maoris, accompanied by a

European appointed by the Government, should search around the head waters of these rivers and then along the foothills of the Ruahine and Tararua range. It would not be any use capturing a single bird; a pair, or pairs, are needed, to be placed on the Government native bird sanctuary—the Little Barrier Island.

On top of this suggestion by Mr. Stevens as to the best locality in which to go huia-hunting, comes the news from Pipiriki, on the Wanganui river, that three huia were seen a few days ago on the coach road through the bush between Pipiriki and Raetihi, at a spot known as "The Dress Circle." This, if true, is very interesting news to naturalists, for the huia was believed to have totally disappeared from this district. But there is always the chance that a mistake was made in the identity of the bird, especially if the discovery was only made from the box-seat of the coach.

Wi Pere's Tarpaulin.

The Honorable Wi Pere, M.L.C., has been livening up the Lords again. His latest bon mot takes the form of a suggestion for the improvement of Parliament House. Wi says the draughts in the House give him fits, or words to that effect; the cold worries him some. Wherefore he thinks the outside walls of the building should be covered with what he calls "tarporena," i.e., tarpaulins, as in the case of a Maori whare he lately saw up-country, which was covered with canvas tarpaulins to keep out the draughts! Just stick a tarpaulin on, and it would do the trick. It certainly would be economical. And if that "tarporena" were decorated by a good theatrical scenery painter it would add enormously to the attraction of Parliament House. Excursions could then be organised by the Government to see the most wonderfully adorned Parliament House in the world. There are a lot of possibilities in the Honorable Wi's suggestion.

The Defence Department Criticised.

There was a very sharp discussion on the Defence Department Estimates in the House yesterday. The debate on the Defence Department, in fact, continued till one o'clock this morning, and some of the officers and their doings and their salaries were keenly criticised. Two officers in particular—the staff officer to the Chief of the General Staff, and the Adjutant of the Nelson district (Major J. G. Hughes) had some pretty severe things said about them. The Government got an unexpected set-back, for a motion to reduce the former officer's salary (£225) by £25 was carried by a majority of one, on the motion of Mr. T. E. Taylor. The general point of complaint Mr. Taylor and Mr. Allen and Mr. Herdman and other Opposition members emphasised was that some of the Defence Department officers were more ornamental than useful, and some were receiving promotion and increases of pay without passing their examinations. Mr. Hogg had a gibe at imported military ornaments. Little Major Hughes had some particularly caustic things said about him. Some time back he was appointed Adjutant of the Nelson defence district, but he hasn't got there yet. He has been away for two years, in fact; he is still in England on leave of absence, drawing full pay. Mr. Allen moved that the Major's salary (£300) be reduced by £10, as an indication that the officer wasn't doing the right thing by the country. The Government Whips, however, rounded up all their flock, and the reduction proposal was defeated by 39 to 22. An incident which occurred during the debate showed that Mr. Tommy Taylor didn't quite approve of the behaviour of some of the Defence Department officials who were in the House, seated behind the Speaker's chair. He said they were "grinning like Cheshire cats," and mistaking themselves like schoolboys. They should show more respect to the House. Mr. Colvin (Chairman of Committees) ruled that Mr. Taylor must refer to the officials. Mr. Taylor said he hoped his protest would make the Defence officers remember their positions, and "behave as such." And it did, for they grinned no more, and had the doubtful pleasure of hearing more uncomplimentary things said about their Department by various other Oppositionists.

"Too Awful for Words."

Speaking on behalf of the Home Mission last week, at the meeting held under the auspices of the Anglican Synod in the Choral Hall, the Rev. G. O. Criswick shank gave a lurid description of life in

the co-operative camps on the railway construction works. He said he had worked in alums in England, some of which were what was termed "pretty hefty," but although in the railway camps here he had met some of the finest of men, still, generally speaking, he had never seen lives so degraded in the alums of England as he had in these back-block co-operative railway camps. Really, the condition of these railway camps was too awful for words. Sometimes he felt that the poor beggars had a good deal of excuse. They lived in small tents, and had nothing to do from 4 p.m. to 6 o'clock the next morning but twiddle their thumbs, as it seemed to him in Taranaki about 3844 days in the year. (Laughter.) Men had told him they read the advertisements on the jam tins backwards in order to pass the time. He asked would not half of those present want to get drunk if compelled to live under such circumstances? He considered it scandalous these men should have to live such lives without some provision for their recreation. (Applause.) One of the biggest curses a man could have was a remittance. He saw that plainly in the life of the co-operative camps. Referring to a home missionary's life, the speaker said he went about his work in a costume that was a cross between a third-rate groom and an undertaker—(laughter)—and every day was either a feast or a famine. He had 1210 square miles of country to look after, which gave an idea of what a home missionary's life was. In conclusion, the speaker earnestly appealed for more men and money for the Home Mission work in the back blocks.

Newmarket Workshops.

In the House of Representatives last week, Mr. C. H. Poole again urged on the Minister for Railways the need for a searching inquiry into the conditions obtaining at the Newmarket workshops. There was, he said, grave dissatisfaction in connection with the administration. There must be some reason for the state of unrest which prevailed. The men asked that their identity should not be revealed, because it would mean trouble to them, but he received numerous letters that the greatest dissatisfaction existed.

The Hon. Mr. Millar replied that he did not know what reason there was for discontent at the Newmarket workshops. There had been complaint some time ago that the men were being driven too hard, but there was nothing in that at all. Mr. Poole's statement was news to him, but he would instruct the Engineer-in-Chief to have inquiry made on his first visit to Auckland. The manager in charge of the workshops was one of the best officers in the service, and was a man who got the full measure of work out of his staff. That had been characteristic of him in other places where he had had charge before going to Newmarket. Perhaps he had succeeded in getting a little more out of the men than they had previously given.

Mr. Poole: The men do not protest against work.

Hon. Mr. Millar: We will have inquiry made into the complaints and ascertain if anything is wrong.

The Puhanga Canal.

A commencement has been made on the work of cutting the big Puhanga canal, opposite Kerepehi (or Hauraki Plains). The canal will be 40ft wide, and, when completed, will bring the two points within a mile and a-half of each other, instead of as at present five and a quarter miles.

Two Thames contractors, Walter Oulton and William Duffy, secured the work, the price being £2900. It is anticipated that this large cut will prove an important factor in preventing the river backing up in the rainy season and flooding the land.

Splendid progress is being made with the drainage works, under the supervision of Mr. J. B. Thompson, engineer-in-charge.

Graduated Income Tax.

The measure providing for the levying of the graduated Income Tax, introduced in the House of Representatives last week, makes large increases in existing taxation. The Act passed last year (the usual annual measure) simply provided for two grades of Income Tax, exclusive of companies' taxation. "On every pound sterling derived or received from business, from business employment, or emolument,"

As emolument, as follows:—From £200 to £1,000, 6d. in the £; over £1,000, 1/6 in the £. To clearly appreciate the change proposed, the present and proposed rate of Income Tax may be set out as follows:—

Income, £	Present Tax in £	Proposed Tax in £
£00 to 400.....	6d.	6d.
400 to 600.....	6d.	7d.
600 to 700.....	6d.	8d.
700 to 800.....	6d.	9d.
800 to 900.....	6d.	10d.
900 to 1000.....	6d.	11d.
1000 to 1250.....	1/6	1/6
1250 to 2000.....	1/6	1/6
Over 2000.....	1/6	1/2

It will also be noticed from the summary of the bill that companies will be liable to graduated tax if the bill be passed. The increases on the present duty are 1d. in the £ where the income exceeds £1,150 but is under £2,000, and 2d. increase where the income is over £2,000.

The bill harks back to the Budget of last year. "It cannot be denied," remarked the Prime Minister in his financial statement of 1909, "that the all-important matter of the defence of the country cannot be allowed to remain in its present position, and the necessary improvement must entail additional expenditure." The increased expenditure under all headings is the interest upon the cost of the Dreadnought, £70,000; 4 per cent per annum for extinction of Breadnought loan, £80,000; contribution to railway superannuation fund, £25,000; additional cost of internal defence, £100,000; additional armament and equipment, £50,000; total, £330,000.

To meet this expenditure, Sir Joseph proposed to get £150,000 from the altered system of death duties, £100,000 from increases in long-distance railway passenger rates, £80,000 from readjustment of Income Tax, £38,000 from an increased tax on receipts of racing clubs, £30,000 from banks, and £50,000 from Customs surtax. This would furnish £448,000, leaving a balance of £118,000, which, in the Prime Minister's opinion, was "not too large a sum to provide for unforeseen expenditure." There was not an opportunity last session to get the new Income Tax schedule passed.

£10,000 Lost in a Night.

"Jack" Frost visited Hastings last Monday week 9deg strong, and swept the peach crop completely out of existence.

Not during the last fifteen years has such a disaster smitten the district.

Orchardists are thunderstruck. In Hastings district alone the ripe peach crop is worth £10,000, and every penny of it has vanished as completely as if fire had swept the district.

On the great Kaiapo orchard, where stone fruits are grown almost exclusively, the crop would have been worth £3000. The manager remarked this morning that he would give £5 for every case of peaches that was likely to ripen there. The plums grown in the district, worth about £3000, are also probably mostly destroyed.

The usual preventive methods for warding off frost by means of smoky fires (known as smudging) were carried on all night, but were utterly futile to check such a severe frost.

It will give the district a serious setback.

It is now estimated that the damage done by frost on Monday night amounts to £20,000. The famous Frimley and Kaipoi orchards will be practically fruitless this year, and their losses alone are expected to reach £10,000. Mr. Thomas Horton estimates his nursery losses at £4000, and in addition the majority of the orchards on the Heretaunga Plains are affected. The Harelock Hills were not visited by the frost to any extent, and the damage there is mainly confined to orchards on the lower slopes, which suffered severely.

"Let Us Have Cheap Beer."

Great stress was being laid by Mr. T. E. Taylor last week upon the fact that the true remedy of trusts and monopolies lay along the lines of State competition. Enlarging upon his remarks, the member for Christchurch North asserted, with his wonted decisiveness, that breweries were earning 300 per cent profit. "If we are to have beer," he added, "let us have cheap beer." This announcement was received with much laughter. When the merriment had subsided, Mr Taylor pro-

ceeded to reply to an interjection from the member for Napier. "The State had no right, he contended, to engage in a business that degenerated everyone it touched, and that bred crime and social discord. It was the duty of the State to extinguish it."

Sailor's Serious Allegations.

In the Supreme Court, Wellington, Olaf Anensen, a Norwegian, pleaded guilty to escaping from lawful custody. Prisoner was a member of the crew of the German ship Martha Boekahn, from which he deserted at Westport. He was subsequently arrested, and later walked out of the police yard. Prisoner made serious charges against officers of the ship, alleging general ill-treatment of the crew, and declared he would not go on board again, as he knew what he would get. He asserted that while at Westport, he had been kept in irons for three days and nights in a pig-sty, and that he was strung up by the heels, and left hanging until his face was black. He would rather do six months in gaol than go back. The Judge ordered Anensen to be confined in gaol for five weeks. Counsel for the Crown, at his Honor's suggestion, said he would communicate with the German and Norwegian Consuls.

A Police Raid on Bookmakers' Offices.

A flutter was caused in Auckland among men who follow racing by the news that the offices of two of the best-known bookmakers in the city had been raided by detectives, and that everybody found therein had been apprehended and taken into custody. There were races at Wellington, too, and things were happening in racing circles.

The law does not allow bookmakers to ply their trade away from race-courses where races are actually being held, and, therefore, it does not allow them to do their betting business in offices. It is no uncommon thing, however, for bookmakers to have offices in which they profess to do business as house and land agents, financial agents, wool brokers, or cigar merchants, and it is alleged by the police and others that the offices are used by them for the purpose of carrying on their betting transactions, and that the places are betting houses or gaming houses. It is further alleged that bets are taken and paid on totalisator odds, which would constitute a double breach of the Act. It was to ascertain what were the real facts about these allegations that the raid was made.

At shortly after half-past two on Wednesday Chief-Detective Marsack, with some of his men, visited the offices of Messrs. Ryan and De Groen, who are alleged to trade in Durham-street as wool brokers; and Detective McMahon, with another band of plain-clothes men, went to the office of Messrs. Adams and Philpott, house and land agents, in Ranfurly Buildings, Queen-street.

In Ryan and De Groen's office the police found a clerk named Nicholls and two other men not connected with the management or control of the place. De Groen came in shortly afterwards, and later there came other men, who were admitted at their own request. A thorough search of the place was made, and everything which appeared to be a record of a betting transaction was appropriated. While the search was being made, Mr Marsack answered the telephone several times, and always the man at the other end of the wire wanted to know something about the Wellington races, or asked to have a bet booked for him on a certain horse. All the persons who were found in the place, or who entered it while the police were there, were placed under arrest and taken to the Watchhouse. Mr Ryan, who is probably the best known bookmaker in Auckland, did not appear during these proceedings, and he was not apprehended.

Detective McMahon and his men had a similar experience at the other office. They found both principals and a clerk named Keven on the premises, and they arrested them and made a search. Other people came to the office, but finding strangers in charge, they beat a retreat.

Later in the afternoon at the Police Station the men in custody were brought before Mr. M. J. Sheehan, J.P., and released on bail until this morning, when they all surrendered themselves in the Police Court.

Alfred De Groen (Mr. A. L. Denniston) was charged that he was the occupier of a common gaming house, and that

on the 11th and 13th October he made bets at totalisator odds with one W. J. Jones. Henry M. Nicol (Mr. J. A. Quinn) was charged with having assisted in the management of the same common gaming-house, and with having made a bet at totalisator odds with one J. R. Richards. Charles Philpott and Altrad Adams (Mr. J. R. Landon) were charged with being occupiers of a common gaming-house, situate in Queen-street, and George Keven, also represented by Mr. Landon, was charged with having assisted in the management of the gaming-house. Three other persons were charged that they were found in a common gaming-house. All the defendants were remanded for eight days. In the cases of the defendants charged with being concerned, as principals or assistants, in the management of a common gaming-house, bail was fixed at one surety of £50 in respect of each charge. The bail was forthcoming. The other defendants were released on their own recognisances of £25 each.

State Colliers.

"Will the Government, with a view to reducing the cost of State coal to consumers, procure the necessary steam colliers to make the State coal mines independent of the present coal carrying steamship monopoly?" asked Mr. T. Taylor. The Hon. R. McKenzie replied: "Sea carriage of State coal is always let by contract, and for this there is always very fair competition, consequently there is no monopoly so far as sea carriage is concerned. The Government are, however, considering the advisability of procuring two steam colliers to deal with the carriage of State coal."

A Rudderless Ship.

The steamer Strathclyde, which left Newcastle on September 16 with a cargo of coal for Coroull (Chili), arrived at Lyttelton on Sunday, having been adrift for three weeks with a broken rudder. The vessel managed to crawl back to the New Zealand coast with the aid of a jury rudder.

The Strathclyde was sighted off Lyttelton Heads on Saturday night, showing signals that she was not under control.

The day after she sailed she ran into heavy weather, seas breaking constantly aboard. She passed through Cook Strait on September 22. Next day a south-west gale overtook her, lashing her with hail and sleet, and sending huge green seas over her.

The life-boats were lifted out of the chocks, and the rails were damaged.

Oil was freely used to 'break the force of the sea, but the weather grew worse, and on the night of September 27 the vessel was hoisted in a hurricane.

Next day the gale moderated, but when the ship was put on her course again it was found she would not answer the helm. Examination showed that the rudder stock had been broken right through the trunk.

The ship was now uncontrollable, and heavy seas banged the broken rudder about with great violence.

The vessel went ahead slowly, a big coil of rope being put overboard and towed with a stout cable to steady her.

The wind again increased to a hurricane, and oil had again to be resorted to. This calmed the waters marvellously.

ly, and all hands set to work rigging a jury rudder.

On the afternoon of October 1 the steamer shipped an enormous sea, which ripped the tarpaulin from one of the hatches, stove in a portion of the cover, and swept through the deck-house, cabins, and storeroom.

The men were up to their necks in water.

So she worked slowly southwards, but on October 3 the weather was so bad that the stern drag had to be cut adrift.

One big sea, sweeping the decks, tore the cover off the steam-pipes, and twisted the ironwork badly.

With the object of trying to head the vessel to the northward, a jib and stay-sail were rigged, but the wind blew the jib away almost at once.

On October 5 the jury rudder was got over the stern and rigged, but, as another heavy gale was encountered, the rudder had to be abandoned.

A second rudder was made, and lasted four days, the sea finally smashing it. The weather moderated, and, with the assistance of a third jury rudder, the vessel made some progress.

On Friday the ship was 43 miles from Cape Palliser, and on Saturday she made her way down the coast to Lyttelton.

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Wanted—A Searching Inquiry.

"There has been going on something in connection with the kauri gum trade that wants a searching inquiry," was the announcement made to the House on Friday by Mr. Stallworthy. He explained that an effort had been made to obtain a better price by selling in London. The Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, when they tried to sell kauri gum in London, found it quite unprofitable. Messrs. Mitchellson had also found themselves unable to obtain a fair price in London, and they had actually brought back to Auckland some cases of gum, for which they obtained a better price in Auckland. The Nerehana had only recently brought 40 cases back to New Zealand to get a fair price. The digger on the field was only able to obtain 32/- to 35/- per cwt., whereas the man in Auckland could get 60/- on the average during the past few years. It showed there was something wrong, and that there was a big robbery of the fruits of the toil of the diggers.

Early History.

Mr. Robert McNab read a paper at the Palmerston Philosophical Society's meeting dealing with his recent researches in Europe and Australia into the raid of Rauparaha upon Akaroa. In 1830, and alleged race for the declaration of sovereignty over the South Island at Akaroa in 1840. He gives extracts from materials regarding these two incidents, which are to be published in a new edition of "Murihiku." With regard to Rauparaha's raid, Mr. McNab said very little material was found in Sydney, though an investigation was held there at the instance of a Sydney merchant named Bannie, by order of Governor Darling, but every effort to punish Captain Stewart, of the big Elizabeth, and his accomplices was frustrated by influential people who were alleged to have been interested in his flax-trading venture and the payment in flax he was to receive for transporting Rauparaha and his 120 warriors to massacre Tamarahamu. Sydney papers of that time were silent on the subject, but at Hobart he found files of papers full of it, and in London he found from the archives full accounts, showing that the hands of the Treasury had done their best to secure and punish Stewart, and condemn the colonisation of his crimes by Sydney interests.

With regard to the alleged hoisting of the British flag at Akaroa by Captain Stanley, of B.M.S. Britomart, by order of Governor Hobson, in anticipation of Captain Lavelli, Mr. McNab showed from the Britomart log, which he had searched in London; from Hobson's dispatches and papers, and from Capt. Lavelli's confidential dispatches to his King, which he found in the archives of the French navy, that no such incident had occurred as is recounted on the monument at Akaroa, and that the story of Magistrate Robinson is a myth. Captain Stanley's log shows that Captain Lavelli was actually anchored at Akaroa before the date alleged on the monument of British sovereignty being declared, the Britomart's boat, having assisted to tow him in; that he had no intention of declaring French sovereignty, or Captain Stanley of declaring British, which had been declared at Cloudy Bay some time previously. There was no race and no historical incident as is taught in New Zealand history.

Colonel Davies' Appointment.

The Minister for Defence (Sir Joseph Ward), in the House of Representatives last week, presented papers relating to the appointment of Colonel Davies to the command of a brigade at Aldershot. The letter of the High Commissioner showed that the appointment is one for four years only. Colonel Davies made application that he should be allowed to continue his payments to the New Zealand superannuation fund, just as Colonel Godley would continue his payments to the Army Pension Fund during his stay in New Zealand as commandant.

Mr. Jas. Allen said it was gratifying to know that Colonel Davies' appointment was only a temporary one, and that his services would not be lost to New Zealand. He would like to know whether the Government proposed to accede to the request of Colonel Davies to be allowed to remain on the superannuation fund.

Sir Joseph Ward said the matter had not yet been considered by Cabinet, and he could not give an off-hand answer. He was not prepared to say that New Zealand could keep open high-salaried positions for any officer for a period of

four years, nor was he prepared to say that Colonel Davies would be selected to fill Colonel Godley's position when he retired. In this country there had been an outcry from the "North Cape" to the "Bluff" against a colonial officer holding the position of commandant of the forces. The position, as far as he knew, and the request made were unique. When a decision on the matter had been arrived at he would inform the House.

Ngauruhoe Eruption.

Mr. A. Peters, of Wairoa, who witnessed the eruption of Ngauruhoe on Sunday evening, says: "At about 7.5 p.m. Ngauruhoe emitted dense black clouds of smoke, huge columns ascending to a height of about 3000ft to 5000ft above the crater, and about 7.14 p.m. fork lightning appeared, darting in and out of the columns of smoke above the crater. This was followed, in quick succession, by a magnificent display of fire, the glare of which resembled a huge furnace, as viewed from a short distance. The fire or glare appeared 200ft or more above the crater. No one here has witnessed a similar sight before. Heulen Tukino, the great Tokaana chief, was an eye-witness along with me to the whole occurrence, and when questioned if ever he had witnessed a similar explosion, he stated: 'Yes, about 1868 or 1872.' At 10 p.m. the whole display was all over. On and off since Ngauruhoe has more or less been emitting dense volumes of smoke and steam. These outbursts appear intermittent."

Human Skeleton Found.

While cutting scrub in the vicinity of Maunukia river, on Thursday, a bushman found a human skeleton, near which lay a leather wallet and remnants of clothing. The remains were subsequently taken to Otaki. They are believed to be those of Panama Ihaka, who disappeared four years ago, his brother having committed suicide a few days previously.

Workers' Homes.

Plans are at present being prepared by the architect to the Labour Department (Mr. Woburn Temple) of residences which those who have applied for and obtained loans for building workers' homes under the Advances to Settlers Act will be required to adhere to. It has been felt that there has been a tendency for those who propose to build homes for themselves to send in "any old plan"; and, moreover, the materials used in some of the houses erected by clients of the Department have not been up to the mark. In order to prevent costly incongruity in design, and to ensure the durability of materials, especially timber, applicants for loans will be required to accept one of the sets of plans prepared, and builders will be required to adhere to the specifications drawn up by the Department. There is a wide choice of design offered to intending builders, plans being for two and three rooms, up to six rooms, and there are several designs for each class of house. It is understood that there is nothing odd or bizarre about the designs, which follow the usual lines of the smaller domestic architecture of New Zealand.

Shocking Fatality.

A shooting fatality occurred at Moonlight, near Blackball, on Sunday. When two lads were out shooting, one of them, Noonan, accidentally shot his companion, John Turner, aged 17, through the head. Death was instantaneous. The parents of the deceased are well-known and greatly respected throughout the Blackball district.

Who Were Her Friends?

When one follows a deceased friend to the graveside out of respect, reward for such action is not usually looked for, but by the will of the late Mrs. Jane McGlashan, who died at her residence, Matukau-road, Parnell, on the 12th inst., aged 72 years, such provision is made.

In deceased's last will, which is of a stout and simple nature, she states, "I give, devise and bequeath to my executor, hereinafter named, all my property and estate, upon trust as to one-third share therefore for my friend, Mrs. Susan Price, Parnell, in recognition of her kindness to me, and as to the residue of my estate upon trust, to divide the same equally between such of my friends, other than my executor, who

shall, in the opinion of my executor, attend the funeral service at my grave, being moved so to do by a desire to show respect for my memory, and I direct my executor within one week from my decease to sign a certificate setting forth the names of the friends whom they (she) shall consider to be entitled." Mrs. Susan Price was made the executrix, and the word "they," altered to she in the will.

The value of the estate is about £1,200, and the number who attended the funeral was about eight.

The deceased lady had one daughter, who died a number of years ago, and her husband pre-deceased her by a considerable number of years. She had no relatives alive, and evidently made the will to test the value of her friends. Mrs. McGlashan had resided in Parnell between 20 and 30 years.

The Wrong Commandment.

The following is by "Civis" in the "Otago Daily Times" of Saturday week:—

From a correspondent—

A Theatre Programme (book form), bearing the "Daily Times" imprint and on the cover "Mr. J. C. Williamson presents 'Aladdin,'" contains the following advertisement: "There is an excuse for breaking

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT when you see your Motoring Friends driving

A VULCAN CAR.

So-and-so and So-and-so

Are Sole Agents."

Why the Seventh Commandment?

Because none of the parties to the advertisement—the "Daily Times," Mr. J. C. Williamson, the motor-car people—knew any better. They didn't know the difference between the Seventh Commandment and the Tenth. The "Daily Times" will get out of it by disclaiming responsibility; Mr. J. C. Williamson, if aware of the facts, would regret that so risky a joke wasn't got on to the stage; the motor-car people will lament that they never had the advantage of Bible-in-schools. It will hardly recommend their car to serious persons, heads of families, and the like, that the use of it may have an injurious effect on public morals: Of course, mere shakiness in Bible quotation may be excused. People have searched the Scriptures for "Faint heart never won fair lady"; others have been confident that chapter and verse might be given for "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb." And we know that excellent a man as Captain Cuttle believed that he had the authority of Solomon for "Train up a fig tree in the way it should grow, and when you are old sit under the shadow of it."

Strike at Horahora.

Last Wednesday afternoon about 20 men came down from the Waihi Company's works at Horahora, having demanded an advance in wages, which was not given, plenty of labour being available.

Tempestuous Voyage.

The Norwegian barque Glenshee which arrived in Wellington from Liverpool had a tempestuous voyage, especially after crossing the equator. When between Cape of Good Hope and Port Elizabeth she encountered a strong north-west gale, which developed into a hurricane, and huge seas swept the vessel from end to end. Next day at midday a following sea broke aboard and completely buried the barque.

The mate (B. Knudsen), who was in the main rigging, was washed along the deck, but he managed to grasp the ratlines and saved himself.

Two men who were lashed to the wheel were completely submerged.

Six boats were smashed to atoms, and were washed away.

Forty feet of the starboard bulwarks were also destroyed, stanchions were bent, and a boat skid and beams were carried away.

The crew had a very trying time.

The Glenshee is one of the Gracie Beasley line, and is commanded by Captain A. Aslaksen. She was 105 days on the voyage. She has part cargo for Dunedin.

Area of Building Sites.

A judgment of great importance to local bodies, and of special interest in Auckland at the present time, owing to the extensive subdivision of suburban land, was delivered by Mr Justice Sim

Death of Canon Pollock.

LONDON, September 16.

With regret I have to record that your recent visitor, Canon Herbert Charles Pollock, died on Saturday at his country house, Cobham, Kent. He was fifty-eight years of age.

The eldest son of the late Baron Pollock, Canon Pollock was himself called to the Bar in 1877, but six years later he retired from the law, and took Holy Orders. He was successively curate of St. Mary's, Ilkley, and St. Michael's, Nottingham; vicar of St. Leonard's, Newark, and rector of West Hackney, Middlesex. For the last eighteen years he had been a canon residentiary of Rochester Cathedral. His services were in great request as a mission preacher, not only in the diocese of Rochester, but throughout the kingdom.

Soon after the conclusion of the Boer war, Canon Pollock was one of a party of English clergymen who responded to

at the Auckland Supreme Court last week, in reference to the application made by the Islington Estate Company, Ltd., for a declaratory order determining whether a provision in the building by-law, made by the Mount Roskill Road Board, was valid.

The by-law, made in 1903, declared that "no person shall erect a new house in the district upon a site of a less area than one quarter of an acre, and unless such site shall have a frontage of at least 50ft. to a road." A further clause provides exceptions in the case of sections shown on any public plan lodged at the Deeds Office before the coming into operation of the by-laws, or in the case of a site owned at the date of the by-laws by a person not owning any adjoining land, or to prevent the erection of a shop, with dwelling rooms attached, upon any site having frontage to the main Auckland-Onehunga road.

Applying the principles laid down in the case of Kruse v. Johnson, a recognised authority affirming that by-laws made by a local body ought to be benevolently interpreted and ought not to be readily condemned on the ground of supposed unreasonableness, his Honor gave it as his opinion that the by-law in question was invalid on several grounds. The effect of the by-law was to prohibit absolutely the erection on any area less than a quarter of an acre (save in the cases mentioned in the exceptions); of any dwelling-house of any kind, whether the site had always been vacant or had been previously occupied by a building. The by-law also prohibits the addition to or raising of any existing dwelling-house on such an area, for these operations are included in the definition of a new house. "The necessary result of such provision," said his Honor, "is to decrease seriously the value of all building sites, of less than the specified area. This involves, in my judgment, an oppressive and unreasonable interference with the rights of the owners of such building sites."

The by-law was also invalid, he said, by reason of the provision that a new house was not to be erected on a site having less than 50ft frontage to a road. The Act authorised the regulating or prohibiting the erection of buildings not having a frontage to a public or private street; but that did not empower the local authority to fix 50ft arbitrarily as the minimum frontage in every case. It would be proper to fix a minimum so as to secure that in every case there should be more than a mere nominal frontage to a street, but it appeared to be unreasonable and oppressive to fix 50ft as an absolute minimum without regard to the circumstances of any particular case. The effect of the exceptions was to make the by-law partial and unequal in its operation as between different classes of property-owners. If the building site was shown as an allotment on any public plan lodged before the by-law came into force the owner could erect a dwelling house on it; however small it may be; so also could the owner of a site, however small, when the by-law came into force, if he had not land adjoining. If the real purpose of the by-law was to prevent overcrowding of land with buildings, why should these exceptions have been made? Their effect was to make the by-law partial and unequal in its operation, and on this ground it was invalid.

An order was made declaring clause B1 of the by-law invalid, and plaintiffs were allowed costs on the lowest scale.

Dr. Bamford appeared for plaintiffs and Mr. Baxter for defendants.

the call to conduct a mission of help in South Africa. Last November he went to New Zealand to organise a general mission. He visited every part of the Dominion, travelling by night, and often preaching three times on a Sunday. He returned to England in the middle of June, and after a few months of hard work was seized with an internal malady, from which there was no hope of recovery. He leaves a widow and two daughters. Touching references to his death were made last Sunday at the Cathedral and in various churches. A muffled peal was rung on the bells of the Cathedral and the Dead March was played on the organ.

Canon Pollock was a High Churchman, and his best work at Rochester, perhaps, was done during the time that the late Dean Hole was the head of the cathedral chapter. The relations between the dean and Canon Pollock were most cordial, and his letters to the canon, whom he was wont to address affectionately as "Dear Herbert," show how highly he appreciated his labours. Once, indeed, the canon felt bound to protest against a sermon preached in the cathedral by the dean on "Temperance Sunday." The dean was always ready to defend the moderate use of beer and wine, and on the occasion referred to he not only again took up this attitude, but admonished somewhat severely upon the intemperance of temperance advocates. Canon Pollock thought the sermon was unwise, having regard to the self-sacrificing efforts which many in the Church of England were making to stem the tide of drunkenness. The protest was put in a very delicate and tactful way, and the dean received it in the best possible spirit, and he never preached in that strain again.

White Slave Traffic.

LONDON, September 16.

Two foreigners, who called themselves Aldo Antonius Cellis, aged 29, clerk, and Alexander Berard, aged 25, motor-car fitter, were indicted at the Old Bailey on Monday for having conspired together to procure, and for having actually procured, Mireille Laparra, aged 17, Marguerita Besancon, 18, and Victoria Briot and Doris Williams, 17, to lead an ignominious life. They pleaded "guilty" to the charge of conspiracy in the case of Laparra.

Mr. Bodkin appeared for the Director of Public Prosecutions, and Mr. Huntly Jenkins defended both prisoners.

Cellis, although calling himself a Swiss, was born in Italy, Mr. Bodkin said, and Berard was a Frenchman. The girl, who was called Doris Williams, but whose real name was not mentioned in consideration for her parents, who were respectable people in New Zealand, was induced by prisoners to go from New Zealand to Australia, and thence to Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, and finally to London. The girls Laparra, Besancon, and Briot were all brought over from Paris. Neither of the men had been previously convicted of an offence of this kind, but Cellis had been found guilty of larceny on five different occasions—in Sydney, Adelaide, and Port Adelaide—and Berard had also been convicted of larceny, both in Belgium and in England. Documents found on Cellis showed that he was in possession of £1,147, and that he recently received from the River Plate Bank a draft for £360.

The Common Sergeant said, although some of the foreign women whom prisoners had induced to come to this country had probably been leading loose lives before, there was certainly one case in which it was not so. "Both of you," continued his Lordship, "have very bad characters; you are both foreigners, and it cannot be tolerated that foreigners of bad character should come over to England, and pursue their criminal courses here." He sentenced each prisoner to six months' imprisonment, adding that he had no power to order hard labour; and he further directed that each of them should be recommended for deportation as an undesirable alien.

Gradually there had been an evolution in training. At one time receptive faculties only received attention, then it was realised that reflective faculties should also be developed, and later still the importance of embracing the executive faculties was recognised; hence they had the kindergarten school.—Mr. J. K. Milgan, Chief Inspector of Schools, Auckland.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Professor M. Richmond (lecturer in law at Victoria College) announces that he will not seek reappointment.—(Press Association.)

Mr. W. Dibble, manager of the Rukura experimental farms, who returned by the Corinthian from a holiday visit to the Old Country, is at present in Auckland. It is probable that Mr. Dibble will take over the position of inspector of fields and inspector in ensilage.

A recent cable conveyed the information that an English professor, Mr. Pogson, had died of heart failure while ascending Mont Blanc. Professor Pogson was a former resident of Nelson, having lived there with his family for some years. At Nelson College, Frank Pogson, the deceased, had a brilliant career from 1884 to 1898. Going Home, Mr. Pogson won the Casberd scholarship at St. John's College, Oxford, in 1904, and he also gained further honours in 1906. Subsequently he became Professor of Philosophy and Theology at Oxford, a position he retained till his death.

The death of Captain William Philip Hargrave, which occurred at Coromandel at the age of 75 years on Saturday week, removes another old identity from our midst. Captain Hargrave arrived in Auckland in the year 1868, having come over from Sydney, where, attracted by the spirit of adventure, of which colonial life of those days partook, he deserted ship. On arrival here he entered into the lightering business, plying between ships in the fairway and the shore. The landing-place, by the way, was then on the site where the present post office in Shortland-street stands. When the Thames goldfield rush broke out he shipped on the steamer Duke of Edinburgh as mate and subsequently commanded the small steamer Mania, trading to Coromandel. About the year 1870 he went into the West Coast trade in the capacity of a mate and after about five years returned to Auckland, where he set up as a hotel proprietor in Newton. When the disastrous strike of 1890 occurred he gave up the hotel business and went second mate in the Union Company's service. Retiring from the sea about 16 years ago he acted as a tally clerk for the company at Auckland until about 12 months ago. Deceased leaves a grown-up family of sons and daughters.

Lieutenant Cooper, R.N.R., and Mrs. Cooper, of Wellington, returned home last week from a visit to Auckland.

Mrs. M. Lindsay, wife of Captain Lindsay, left Wellington for India at the end of last week, together with her cousin, Captain Hewitt, who is returning to his regiment after six months' furlough spent in New Zealand with his people.

Mr. C. R. Searle, purser of the Ruahine, was for eight years on the Aorangi when she was engaged in the London-New Zealand direct mail service in company with the old Ruapehu, Tongariro, Kaikoura, and Rimutaka. There was rivalry between the old Arawa and Aorangi in the record runs Homeward. The death occurred at Rangiohia last week of Mr. Jas. Cottrell, aged 87.

The Hon. E. Mitchell and Messrs. David Goldie, J. H. Upton, J. J. Holland, and W. Thorne have been re-elected as the city sinking fund commissioners for a further term of three years.

Mr. R. S. Walton has relieved Mr. C. Ferguson as chief officer of the Aorangi, the latter officer having been transferred to the Maitai in a similar capacity. Dr. J. J. Bartholomew is surgeon on the Aorangi.

Word has been received by this mail, both from Lady Stout and her daughter, of the delightful visit they are enjoying in Scotland. Lady Stout says: "Scotland is a blaze of purple and green and gold just now, the heath is so beautiful." She writes from Oban, and is going to Glencoe, Fort William, and Glasgow.

A Capetown student named Jan Hendrick Hofmeyr has just established a record which is probably without parallel in modern times. Although he is only 15 years of age, he has graduated B.A. at the Cape University, with first-class honours in classics. He has been awarded a Rhodes Scholarship, but will not proceed to Oxford until 1912.

Mr. G. J. Marriott, at present manager of the Waimate South Gasworks, has been appointed manager of the Eltham Gasworks. There were 10 applicants.—(Press Association.)

At the end of next month the Union Steam Ship Company will lose the services of one of its oldest employees in Lyttelton, Mr. George Lancaster, who has held the position of night watchman

The Woman's Vote in New Zealand.

Continued from page 2.

the necessity for shielding women from the strain of the rough and tumble of life, it is found to that extent. Lady Stout pointed out that this is just what men refuse to do, but what women, when enfranchised, at once proceed to do. The Society for the Protection of Women and Children says that the power to vote has made it easier to secure the passing of laws improving the conditions of life for women. Of this there is no doubt. "Here," said Lady Stout, "are some of the humanitarian enactments passed since women were enfranchised in New Zealand:—

- Equal pay for equal work in the Factory Act.
- Equal treatment of husband and wife in divorce.
- Economic partnership of man and wife in municipal franchise.
- Law against white slave traffic.
- Legalisation of adoption of children.
- Act for protection of infant life.
- Act protecting interest and health of work girls.
- Legitimising of children born before marriage.
- Equal rights in technical schools.
- Women admitted to the practice of law, etc.

"There are many other laws passed, and many others we are going to pass. But these will suffice for the present."

for the Company at Lyttelton for fourteen years, being about to retire. Mr. Lancaster came to New Zealand forty years ago, when the wooden barge Marope made her first trip from England.

Mr. Ernest Gerard, who has occupied the position of Official Assignee at Auckland for several years, and is severing his connection with the Public Service in order to enter into business on his own account, was born on the Continent, and was a stockbroker before he arrived in Australia about fifteen years ago. He was in the Victorian Customs Department for some time, and afterwards came to New Zealand. Before he went to Auckland he was clerk to Mr. James Ashcroft, late Official Assignee in Wellington, and showed such marked ability in the discharge of his duties that he was promoted to the position of Assignee at Auckland when Mr. John Lawson retired in 1903.

Mrs. Joseph Kilgour (widow of the late Mr. Joseph Kilgour, one of the founders of Greymouth) died early on Saturday morning.—(Press Association.)

Mr. P. J. O'Regan, according to a Nelson correspondent of the "Buller Miner," is stated on very good authority to be a likely candidate at the next Buller seat, mostly in the interests of Labour.

News was received in Auckland on Saturday of the death at Napier at 6 a.m. of Mr. C. C. Mann, London representative and buyer for the firm of Messrs. Arch. Clark and Sons, Ltd. The deceased gentleman was a native of Auckland, his father having been in business in this town in the early days, but for over 40 years past he has been resident in London, although during that period he has paid several visits to New Zealand. At the time of his death the late Mr. Mann was on his way again to Auckland, having made the journey from London for the especial purpose of being present at the opening ceremony next week in connection with the removal of the firm's business premises to the splendid new block of buildings recently erected in Wellesley-street. On the way out by the Corinthian he contracted ptomaine poisoning at Tenerife, and the trip being an exceedingly tough one, complications afterwards set in. With the hope of recovering his health before coming on to Auckland he went to stay with his brother-in-law, Mr. Cornford, of Napier, but he gradually sank in spite of every effort on the part of his medical attendants to save him. Mr. Mann was accompanied to New Zealand by Mrs. Mann, daughter of the late Rev. P. H. Cornford, Baptist minister in Auckland years ago, and also by his daughter. General regret will be felt in Auckland, where the deceased was well known and held in very high esteem for his many excellent personal qualities. Mr. M. A. Clark was a passenger by the Tarawera on Saturday to attend the funeral.

NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LONDON, September 16.

Mr and Mrs G. Tattle, of Wellington, and their daughter, Miss Edith F. Tattle, who arrived by the Morea on June 4th, spent two delightful months in Scotland, afterwards touring North Wales and various parts of England. They are now on a visit to Devonshire, but will return in a few days to London, and leave here on September 23 by the Moldavia, outward bound. They are on a pleasure trip, and intend to spend some time in Melbourne and Sydney on the return journey.

Miss M. Hartley, the clever Dunedin artist, has been awarded a Teacher-Artist certificate by the Royal Drawing Society. This society was founded by Mr. T. R. Ableth some ten years ago for the encouragement of drawing, painting and modelling, as a means of general education and for preserving and developing in children the spontaneous pictorial memory. So successful have its methods been that already its certificated teachers are to be found in many of the modern schools and colleges in England.

Miss Hartley is making unusually good progress at the Parisian studios. Most of her vacation she has spent in sketching excursions in the provinces; at the time of writing she is at Aylesbury, Bucks, one of the most charming old-world towns in this country.

Mr. F. K. Hartley, who has for the past 18 months been studying at the Royal Academy of Music, intends to return to New Zealand early in the New Year. Last month he was relieving the organist and choirmaster at the Enfield Parish Church.

Miss Ethel Irving, who is at present touring with "Dame Nature," is to go to Australia next year. She will appear there in "Lady Frederick" and "Dame Nature."

Mrs. Wilcox, of Banks Peninsula, who has been absent from New Zealand about seven years, spent chiefly in Germany. Left London to-day by the Arawa on her return to the Dominion. Her daughter, who is married to Professor Hamelius, of Liege University, Belgium, is at present on a visit to London with her husband.

Mr. Jas. Aiken, of Wangaimi, who has just returned to London from an interesting tour in Spain, intends leaving for New Zealand on October 21 by the P. and O. liner Morea. He will spend the intervening month in and around London.

On behalf of the overseas delegates to the Journalists' Institute Conference, Mr. W. H. Triags, of Christchurch, New Zealand, on Wednesday presented to Mr. H. Cornish, the secretary of the institute, a handsome solid silver teapot in the Georgian style, with chased border. "In recognition of his many kindnesses and courtesies to them at the conference of 1910."

Mr. Wm. E. Caddow, of Wellington, who has been visiting England on business and pleasure, leaves London next Sunday for Marseilles, to join the Orsova there on the 22nd inst. Mr. Caddow arrived in London on the 14th May, and after spending a few weeks here visited some of the manufacturing towns, viz., Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Sheffield, and spent some considerable time in each place. The month of August was spent in touring the English Lakes and Scotland, and he returned south to be present at the performances of "Elijah," "Messiah," and "The Dream of Gerontius" during the Gloucester Festival week. He is due in Wellington on November 2.

The Hon. W. Pember Reeves, the first High Commissioner for New Zealand, and now head of the London School of Economics, is chairman of the Executive Committee of the Universal Races Congress, which is to be held in London towards the end of next July. The object of the Congress will be to discuss the general relations subsisting between the peoples of the West and those of the East, with a view to encouraging between them a fuller understanding, friendlier feelings, and a heartier co-operation. Arrangements are completed that China, Japan, India, Egypt, Turkey, and Persia, besides the negro race in America and Africa, should be represented by eminent speakers of their own kith and kin. No less than a dozen Governors of British colonies, eight British Prime Ministers, and over four colonial bishops are to be found on the list of sympathisers, which also included nearly 30 Presidents of Parliament, 130 Professors of International

Law, and the majority of the members of the Hague Court and of the Second Hague Conference. The Rt. Hon. Lord Wear-dale is the President of the Congress.

Mr. James Allen, of Auckland, is in London again, and has been visiting during the past few weeks many places of interest, including Oxford, Cambridge and St. Albans. He has also been visiting friends in Cheshire and in Staffordshire, near Litchfield. Just now he is making preparations for returning to New Zealand. He has booked his passage by the Orient R.M.s. Orviato, and leaves London in the course of a few days for Paris. He will spend a fortnight in Switzerland, and two or three weeks in Italy, joining the Orviato at Naples on November 5. He therefore hopes to arrive in Auckland some time before Christmas. Mr. Allen was pleased to see New Zealand so very well represented at the Japan-British Exhibition, and thinks the publicity given to our products and manufactures will result in an increased interest being shown in the Dominion by the people of England.

Several New Zealand journalists were among the guests at the luncheon given by the Government last Saturday at the House of Lords to the overseas delegates to the Conference of the Institute of Journalists. They included Mr. W. H. Triggs (editor of the "Christchurch Press"), Mr. G. H. Scholefield (New Zealand Associated Press), Mrs. Henry Cooper and Mr. J. P. Whitelaw (New Zealand Press Agency), Mr. E. G. Honey ("Daily Mail"), Mr. H. T. B. Drew (Wellington), and Mr. G. P. Armstrong ("Opanake Times"). Mr. Triggs, as chairman of the overseas delegates, was given the post of honour on the right hand of Lord Beauchamp, who presided.

Mr. H. B. Irving, the well-known actor, who is about to visit Australia with his wife, Miss Dorothea Baird, was a guest of the Institute of Journalists at their annual dinner this week. He humorously claimed that the actors' profession was the most modest of all, and that it was only the journalists who seduced them from their modesty by the extreme trouble they took to get copy. "If," said Mr. Irving, "we break one of the ten commandments, it seems to cause an interest in the newspapers that no other class can command. However, I am going to a country, I am told, where the ten commandments can be broken without attracting much attention."

Mrs. Edith Searle Grossman, well-known in New Zealand as a scholar and writer, gave an enjoyable tea at her residence, 33, Regent's Park-road, on Friday afternoon, at which several New Zealanders were present, among them being Dr. Jessie Scott (of Christchurch), Miss Dougherty (matron of Palmerston North Hospital), Madame Hamelius (nee Miss Dora Wilcox, of Banks Peninsula), Dr. Paul Hamelius (of the University of Jiege), Mrs. Wilcox (Banks Peninsula), Mrs. May (Christchurch and Auckland), Mrs. Henry Cooper (Waikato), Miss Davy and Miss Harriet Davy (Wellington). The hostess received her guests in a gown of tussore silk.

On the recommendation of the Council of the Institute of Journalists, the following overseas vice-presidents were appointed by the annual conference of the Institute in London this week:—Sir Hugh Graham, LL.D., Canada; Mr. Geo. Alured Laurence Green, South Africa; Mr. T. W. Honey, Australia; Mr. William Graeme St. Clair, Straits Settlements; Mr. William Henry Trigg, New Zealand; Mr. John Evans Woolcot, India. The following overseas secretaries were also appointed:—Mr. Kennedy Crone, Canada; Mr. Digby, India; Mr. W. Sholto Douglas, New Zealand; Mr. E. F. Jenkins, South Africa; Mr. R. McMillan, Australia; and Mr. A. W. Still.

Sir Daniel Gooch, Bart., and Lady Gooch, of Hylas, Essex, are about to leave for Australia and New Zealand on an extended holiday tour.

Mr. Laurie Aukhams, of Auckland, who arrived here last week by the Ruanpu, intends remaining until November 24 when he will leave on his return to Auckland by the Turakina. During his visit to London Mr. Aukhams is staying with his parents.

Mr. Henry St. George, who was examiner at the Trinity College musical examinations in New Zealand last year, is at present performing similar duties in Australia.

Mrs. Percy Dufaur, of Auckland, is visiting England, partly on pleasure, but chiefly in pursuit of health. Accompanied by Miss Dufaur, she arrived on August 28th by the White Star liner Svevia from South Africa, where she had spent some weeks, mostly in Cape Town. She proposes visiting Paris this month, and on her return will pay some visits to relatives in the Midlands. From there she

goes to Scotland for about a month before returning to London for the winter. Mrs. Dufaur may return to New Zealand in March or not until July; she has not settled her plans definitely.

Mrs. E. M. Kilgour of Auckland and Wellington, left London this week for Oberammergau to see the Passion Play. She will visit Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and France, returning to London from Paris. Since her arrival here from New Zealand on a pleasure trip, Mrs. Kilgour has visited many parts of the United Kingdom, and thoroughly enjoyed her holiday.

Lord Plunket (late Governor of the Dominion), paid a visit to the New Zealand Pavilion, White City, on Friday, and expressed himself as "very pleased with New Zealand's excellent exhibit."

Among the passengers by the Arawa, which left London to-day for New Zealand, are Dr. and Mrs. A. McArthur, of Wellington, who have been spending the summer on holiday in the Old Country.

CONSIDER YOUR RHEUMATISM.

The only Way to Permanent Cure the Complaint.

If you have Rheumatism, it is worth while considering how you can be cured. The Rheumatism doesn't exist without a cause; there's something in your system to make the aching, swollen joints and hot burning pains. Now if you could clear that cause right out of your system, wouldn't the Rheumatism be cured? Well that is the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills way. Although many doctors differ as to what is the real cause of Rheumatism, the greater number agree that it is acid in the blood. Most treatments aim to "keep down" the acid in the blood. The tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills builds up the blood to a point that enables it to cast out the poisons through the regular channels, the bowels, the kidneys and the skin. When this is done the Rheumatism is cured, and as long as the blood is kept pure and rich there will be no further attacks.

"I caught Rheumatism through living in a damp house, and gradually it spread to every joint," said Mrs. Marian Wilson, Belmont-street, St. Peter's, Sydney. "It appeared first in my knees, and the pain was so intense I had to have them bandaged in fannel. The joints would swell terribly, wrists, fingers, and elbows. My fingers would go quite knotted. The shoulder blades and ankles got it as well. I tried liniments and acetic acid and salicylate of soda, but could not find any relief. I had great difficulty in walking. It was more like hobbling, acute pains would dart through me, and I would feel fairly crippled. On a cold or windy or wet day, I would feel worse than ever. I dreaded to get my feet damp, and if I put my hands in cold water I would feel the cramp like pains. At night, too, I would be kept awake for hours with the attacks and be afraid to move. The warmth of the bed always made me suffer worse. I would be so stiff in the mornings I could hardly get about till the middle of the day. I might be free practically from pain for a few days at a time, but the attacks always returned. I had to wear easy fitting boots and much larger than usual, my feet would swell so. I was in great trouble for years, but a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills drove the poison right out of my system. I used to be afraid of anyone coming near me or touching me. I used to break out into a perspiration with the pain. My appetite was very poor, too, for I was pulled down in every way. I had not the heart to enjoy a meal. I had no colour, but all the symptoms passed away as I took the pills. After a little perseverance I noticed that the pains were certainly less. My joints became more supple. I could raise my arms more freely and get about the house better. I gladly kept on and after a good trial every symptom left me, and though it is some time ago, I have not had a trace of it since."

When you want Dr. Williams' Pink Pills don't be put off with anything else said to be just as good. If you have trouble in getting them send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia, Ltd., Wellington, who will send them by return, post free, 8/- for one box, six boxes 16/6.

Sports and Pastimes.

WITH SAIL AND MOTOR

NOTES FROM THE WATERFRONT.

(By RINGTAIL.)

AS there are a number of new motor yachts coming out this season, we should see some very good racing. The general public can understand a motor boat race better than they can a sailing race, as, unless one is acquainted with the competing yachts, it is difficult to tell which one is ahead, time allowance having to be taken into consideration. Not so with the motor boats, as they generally take their handicap from the start, so the first one over the line is the winner.

Messrs. Hoiland and Gillett are turning out a number of new engines for this season, and have already fitted an 18 h.p. in a 38 ft. boat for Mr. H. Kirby, of the Thames, a 44 h.p. in a 23 ft. pleasure launch for Mr. J. Teddy, of Hamilton; a 3 h.p. for Mr. N. W. Naylor, of Havelock; a 9 h.p. for Mr. A. C. Symons, of Rawene; a 44 h.p. for Mr. A. Clements, of Rawene; and a 3 h.p. for Mr. F. H. Partington, of Ouehanga. The same firm have also on hand orders for a 12 h.p. for Stillwell and Oldbury, of Northcote; a 5 h.p. for Mr. P. Louis, of Omaha; a 44 h.p. for Mr. F. Jackson, of Whangarei; a 3 h.p. for Mr. Knaggs, of St. Helier's Bay, and a number of others.

Some considerable interest has been shown lately by the engineering and yachting fraternities in a new type of engine called the "Silent Rotor," built by Messrs Arthur and Dormer, engineers, to the order of a Wanganui patentee. This engine, which is of the four-cycle type, dispenses with all the usual tappet valve gear, its place being taken by a slotted rotor outside the water jacket of the cylinder. This rotor, which is driven by gearing from the crank shaft, has slots opposite the ports in the cylinder, and the length of these slots regulates the time at which the ports are opened and closed. Further particulars are not available at present, but Messrs Arthur and Dormer are so satisfied with the practicability of the idea that they have decided to build under royalty for the New Zealand market. A syndicate, composed partly of Auckland and partly of Wanganui residents, is securing a world's patent. Messrs Arthur and Dormer are now getting out designs for a commercial type of engine, and expect to have one constructed in a few weeks. The silence of the running and simplicity of construction of the motor should commend it to the attention of yachtsmen and motor boat owners.

The high spring tides came in very handy last week, enabling all yachts and launches that were ready to go down. It is not often that we get such smooth water with the spring tides, but the clerk of the weather seems to have smiled on yachtsmen this time.

Mr. J. Hodgson's launch, Tahutu, was launched at the end of last week, also Mr. Cooper's Winsome, both from St. Mary's Bay.

Mr. Whitley's Matariki was also launched, and together with Tahutu made a week-end cruise to Rocky Bay, Waiheke. Fish were found to be scarce.

Mr. E. Davis' yawl, Matangi, was launched on Wednesday afternoon. This is the first of the large yachts to take the water.

Mr. A. Braund's new steam yacht was launched from St. Mary's Bay last Saturday. On her trial trip she showed a good turn of speed, the 15 h.p. engine, which were built by Mr. Braund himself, running smoothly, giving her a speed of about 8 1/2 knots. The hull was built by Mr. J. Reid, of King's Drive, and the boiler by G. Fraser and Sons.

Messrs Bailey and Lowe launched from their yards on Thursday a very handsome 32ft. launch for Mr. Vigor Brown, of Napier. The builders have spared no pains in bringing the little craft as near perfection as possible. The hull is painted a dull red, with a gold streak. The cabin is very tastefully decorated, while the cabin top is grained to represent bright teak. She is fitted with a 15 h.p. Holiday engine, and should give a good account of herself when she gets

into Napier waters. On Saturday she made a trial trip to Kawau in company with Mr. Martin's boat, Zealandia. The newer boat proved much too fast for her escort.

The auxiliary schooner built for Mr. A. F. Jagger and others was launched from Messrs Bailey and Lowe's yard on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. The launching, which was watched by a number of interested spectators, was carried out without a hitch. As the vessel glided down the ways she was christened Huanui by Mrs. A. Benn, who broke a bottle of champagne over her bows and wished her good luck. This handsome schooner is intended for general trading purposes. The following are her dimensions:—90ft. overall, 24ft. beam, 6ft. 6in. depth. The framing is pohutukawa and kauri, the planking is of selected heart of kauri, below the water-line sheathed with totara. She has cabin accommodation for ten people, and will carry 180 tons of cargo under hatches. She is fore-and-aft rigged, and is fitted with a 45 h.p. Union engine by Messrs W. A. Ryan and Co.

The new delegates of the Auckland Yachting Association will hold their first meeting in the R.N.Z. Yacht Squadron's committee room on October 25th, at 8 p.m.

CHESS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail," Box 764, Auckland.

The Auckland Chess Club meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, at No. 24, His Majesty's Arcade, Queen-street (2nd floor).

Answers to Correspondents.

G.A.T.—Glad to hear from you. The solution you give to Position No. 62 is quite correct.

F.K.K.—Thanks for communications. News of your club's doings always acceptable.

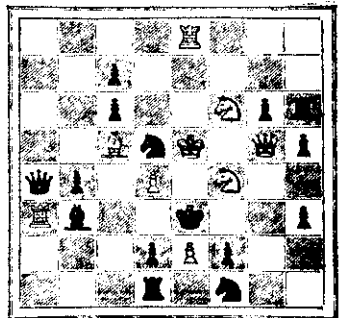
A.M.—You may take back any move provided that your hand has not left the piece, but if a move is made and check declared, then you cannot retract the move, even though your hand be on the piece.

A.G.F.—Report of Association's meeting duly received, with thanks.

G.W.—A pawn and two moves is not considered as heavy a handicap as a knight, although practically it is. Many players would prefer giving the piece.

Position No. 64.

(By G. Heathcote.)
Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two.
Forsyth Notation—4R3: 2p5: 2p2KtP2: 2BktK1Qp1: qP1Pkt2: Rb2k2p1: 3pP2: 3r1k2.

Searborough Congress.

The following interesting game was

played August 16th, 1910, in the seventh round of the First-class Amateur's Tournament:—

- "Ruy Lopez."**
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>White.</p> <p>Mr. W. Regan.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P-K4 2. Kt-KB3 3. B-Kt3 4. Kt-B3 5. P-Q3(a) 6. Castles 7. PxB 8. B-Kt5 9. BxKt 10. Kt-R4 11. P-KB4 12. RxP (c) 13. KtKt 14. B-Bch 15. PxB 16. QK2(e) 17. QR-KB 18. K-R 19. Q-Q2 20. B-Kt3 21. P-B4 22. P-B3 23. PxB 24. Q-Kt3(g) 25. KxR 26. RxR 27. Q-R3ch 28. Q-K7ch 29. Q-B8ch 30. P-B5 31. B-Kt8ch 32. B-B4ch 33. Q-Kt8ch 34. BxB 35. P-R4 36. Q-R mate. | <p>Black.</p> <p>Mr. Waterman.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P-K4 2. Kt-QB3 3. Kt-B3 4. B-Kt5 5. P-Q3 6. BxKt 7. Castles 8. Kt-K2 9. PxB 10. P-KB4 11. KPxB (b) 12. Kt-Kt3 13. BxKt (d) 14. K-Kt2. 15. BxP 16. P-B3 17. Q-Kt3ch 18. QR-K 19. P-Q4 20. P-KR4(f) 21. P-Q5 22. P-B4 23. PxB 24. BxP 25. RxR 26. KxR 27. K-Kt2 28. K-R3 29. K-R2(h) 30. Q-B2 31. K-R 32. K-R2 33. K-R3 34. Q-B3 35. P-Kt3 |
|---|--|

WITH ROD AND LINE

THE OPENING SEASON

(By Major Boyd-Wilson.)

AS winter gradually merges into spring, and the tender green shoots on the willows and Hawthorns begin to clothe the bare branches with their summer garb, and the song of birds rises more and more insistent from the bushes, as if they, too, were rejoicing in the new birth that is stealing over the country-side, there arises in the angler's breast a desire for babbling brooks and running waters, and a longing for the time once more to arrive when he may ply his craft, and pit his skill and watercraft against the shyness and cunning of the trout. With the ardent fisherman this longing is ever present, but, by a beneficent arrangement of Nature, it lies dormant during the winter months, and requires some trivial incident to awaken it to its full vigour. Anything may do this, a chance sight of an old fly book when rummaging through a drawer, the accidental meeting of an old waterside orony; even the sweet spring smell of newly-turned land will serve to send our thoughts straying to bygone springs when, with rod and line, we hurried to the waterside, intent upon the capture of the first fish. This year it suddenly leapt into virile life, summoned by the clicking of a reel, upon which a mischievous small boy had laid sacrilegious hands, and in a flash it was borne in on the angler's mind that for months and months he had not cast a line or listened to the music of the waters as they tinkled over their pebbly bed, filling the air with melody, and the ever-optimistic heart of the fisherman with hopes of sport.

In an instant it was realised that the season was upon us, and that there were a hundred and one tasks to be performed ere the riverside could be visited with all the gear complete, and ready for the undoing of Salmo fario. A searching kit inspection was at once ordered, and the whole paraphernalia of miscellaneous items which goes to form the angler's equipment, and which is so dear to the heart of the enthusiast, was passed in review. Rods were taken out of their cases, and carefully scanned, and the head solemnly shaken over the broken ring, the tying that had worked loose, and all the little mishaps which had, at the end of last season, been consigned to the winter evenings for repair. Years ago, we struggled to express, in the best copperplate that our unready pen could form, the admirable sentiment that "Procrastination is the thief of time"; but the lesson has been forgotten, and now all the minor repairs are simply shouting for attention. It is always thus. At the end of every season the rods, etc., are put away with the firm intention of attending to them in the leisure of the close season; but the good resolutions are invariably forgotten, or, at least, our conscience is soothed with the assurance that plenty of time yet remains, and the work is still undone. There may be, doubtless, there are, methodical souls who never put off till tomorrow what may be done to-day; but it is feared that the majority of poor humanity must plead guilty to an occasional lapse into the fatal Spanish habit of manana.

All, however, is now bustle and hurry; silk and wax are hunted up, and the wear-and-tear of last season, as far as possible, made good. New coats are knotted together, and old ones tested to see if the gut still remains sound. One old cast is discovered tucked away in a forgotten pocket of the fly-book, which looks as if it had just returned from an exciting tussle with all the powers of earth, air, and water, in which it had come off decidedly second best. It is tangled and ravellid to an extent that would hardly be believed possible, and the sight of it recalls a melancholy episode of the past season. The monarch of the stream, a veritable Triton, had been observed, apparently on the look-out for tit-bits, in some thin water just above a pool where he undoubtedly had his lair. The noontday sun was high in the heavens, the sky was azure, the water like crystal, and the trout wary. With excessive care, the fisherman had stalked his

quarry, and had at last edged himself into a position whence with a long line, if all went well, he might delicately drop his fly on the water, and perchance beguile that mighty form into rising at the tiny black gnat with which the end of the cast was garnished. Vain hope! a false cast was made in the air to judge if the distance had been correctly estimated, and now came the supreme moment. Then it was that the line elected to play a merry game of "here we go round the mulberry bush," only it was a blackberry of uncompromising thorniness that was chosen as the pivot round which the game should be played. The angler groaned in spirit, said something that the "Weekly Graphic" would certainly refuse to print, ineffectually tried the pill persimmon and the jerk judicious, and, finding that the cast still stuck to that base-born blackberry as if it loved it, began to try and creep back without rousing the suspicions of his would-be victim. Alas! a badly-judged step, a slip, a splash, and the Leviathan had detected the plot that was being weaved about him. Sending a wave from his bows that would not have disgraced an ocean-liner, washing to either shore, he hurried through the shallow water and sought sanctuary in the depths beyond. Eight pounds if he was an ounce! The irony of it!

Reminiscences come thick and fast as we turn the pages of the fly-book; some have a satisfactory ending for the angler, others for the adversary, but all are pleasant, even the defeats, for the kindly hand of Time has effaced the chagrin we felt at the moment when some sockdologger escaped, after all the science at our command had been ignominiously baffled. The lapse of months has broadened our horizon, and made us more dangerous in giving that word of praise to a doughty opponent, which, when smarting from defeat, we had grudgingly withheld. And the triumph they are still with us; and may the coming season bring to all good fishermen many of them!

CRICKET.

The South Africans.

CALLING UP THE "OLD GUARD."

It would be infinitely better for the good repute of South African cricket if the governing body transacted all its business in public, as does the South African Rugby Board and the S.A. Football Association (says a writer in the "Cape Times" of August 31). At present the many rumours that are current regarding the difficulties which are being met with in the organisation of the team to visit Australia do not strengthen the idea that the party is likely to be a happy one. Even the tolerant Rand critics, who waxed indignant when it was suggested, several years ago, that an allowance of 8/6 per day, in addition to travelling and out-of-pocket expenses, constituted an act of professionalism, now accept the position with philosophy, and urge that South African cricketers should drop, once and for all, the mask of hypocrisy and pseudo-amateurism. This remark-

able change of front is due to the developments of the past few weeks, for, reading between the lines, it is not difficult to see that some of the stars expect a higher remuneration than others, and that 12/ per day will not tempt them to forsake the golden, glittering Rand. No one can blame any amateur player for refusing to embark on a tour of this nature if it prejudices his prospects in life. When, however, he is willing to accept a quid pro quo, contrary to the amateur laws, and in excess of the liberal allowance made to his fellows, the time has arrived when it is necessary to point out that the triangular scheme and the Australian tour can only be carried through by the elimination of the amateur definition from the constitution of the S.A. Cricket Association, and a departure from the true sporting spirit that has characterised undertakings of this nature in the past.

South African cricket is paying a very heavy price for the success of the South African team in '08, and the entry into international competition of our representative teams. The authorities are alone responsible for the trouble which has arisen, for if they had acted in accordance with the amateur laws they would never have perpetrated the initial blunder, i.e., the payment of that liberal allowance to the team which toured in England in '07. Like Oliver Twist, our representative cricketers, having tasted the sweets of success, now ask for more, whilst declining to take the plunge and declare for professionalism, against which there cannot be the slightest objection. Again, in the selection of the team for Australia, the association has committed a technical blunder in calling up the "Old Guard" players who had left the game two or three years ago, and who had not come to the assistance of the association when their services were badly needed last season. This in itself is a confession of weakness, but the biggest mistake of all has been the inclusion in the team of C. B. Llewellyn. No one denies that he is a South African, fully qualified to represent South Africa, but these tours are undertaken with the idea of developing cricket in the colonies, and not as mere match-winning propositions. There are young players in Natal, in Cape Colony, and in the Transvaal—men who are keen on the game—not on the cash—to whom such a tour would be of incalculable benefit. Take, for instance, Taylor and Samuelson of Natal, Melle and Whitehead of Western Province, Cook of the Border, and many others who could be named.

The young players are those to whom South African cricket will have to look for the future, yet the authorities practically say that the poverty of the material does not warrant the selection, and choose one who has been closely identified with English cricket for the past eight years. Such being the case, the tour should be abandoned, and the forthcoming season devoted to a strong effort to develop the native material that is available but lacks opportunity. To unduly flatter the giants of the past by pandering to their ever-increasing requirements is to bring the game into disrespect.

Geo. A. Tyler. E. Harvey.

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Ship, Yacht and Boat Builders.



HAVE now commenced business in commodities premises with water frontage, and are prepared to supply Designs and Estimates for all classes of work. Motor Launches and Repair Work a Speciality.

47 Customs Street, Auckland.

Solution to Position No. 83.

Q-Kt.

The goose-neck putter, which just missed the ban of the Rules of Golf Committee, is the outcome of Willie Park's putting creak having been run over by a cart, bending the socket forward. Park, to his surprise, found he could putt better with it in its new shape, and it was patented by him.

The Men on the Spot

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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, handbooks and alterations, results of competitions, and other matters of interest, in reach the publishing office not later than the Saturday prior to date of publication.

Maungakiekie.

THE above club, to mark the closing of the season, had mixed foursomes on Saturday (22nd), and the prizes won during the season were presented. The weather was perfect, the scoring was good, considering the rough going, but the greens were in good order and fairly fast. The best card landed in was a 37 net by Miss Gordon and J. A. Peacock (winners); Miss MacIow and Binney (40); second, Miss Sellars and A. G. Cooke (43); Miss May Cameron and J. Burns (44); Miss Jean Richmond and Parker Urton (46); C. Hull and Austin Carr (47). After tea had been dispensed the Captain (Mr. Parker) presented the prizes won during the season. Medal Handicap, Miss Eva Cummings; Kingswell Prize (Mixed Foursomes), Miss E. Pierce and D. Hay; Captain's Prize, Miss G. Gorrice and Riddings; Bogey, Miss Martin and J. Cooke; Eclectic (for members of the Auckland Golf Club), Miss G. Gorrice; for members of the Maungakiekie Golf Club, Miss Souter. One Club Match, Miss Basley, D. Kirker.

Cambridge.

There was a large number of players and onlookers on the local links on Wednesday, the occasion being the first round for the Caldwell trophies. Miss Middleton defeated Miss N. Pickering after an exciting game by 1 up, and Mr. A. Richardson lost to Mr. A. H. Nicoll by 1 hole. Mr. M. Wells defeated Mr. A. Willis by 5 up and 3. Mr. M. Wells did his second round in 40, being a local record for the course. The following are the results:—

Ladies.—Miss Middleton defeated Miss N. Pickering; Miss Lundon defeated Miss P. Ferguson; Miss G. Roberts defeated Miss Richardson; Mrs. Nicoll defeated Miss Brooks.
Men.—M. Wells defeated A. Willis; Dr. Howden defeated R. J. Roberts; C. McBride defeated Dr. Roberts; J. Banks defeated C. Priestley; J. G. Hindmarsh defeated J. A. Hair; J. Bryce defeated N. Banks; A. H. Nicoll defeated A. Richardson.

Dannevirke.

A most enjoyable day was spent on the golf links on Friday, the closing day of the season. The weather was perfect. A programme of ten events was arranged, all of which were keenly contested. An appetising luncheon was provided in the golf house, and Mrs. W. F. Knight entertained the golfers to tea at "Tahoraiti," and afterwards presented the prizes won during the season. The list of prizes won during the season is as follows:—

Ladies' Division.—Championship, Miss Pettit; runner-up, Miss M. Tansley. Knight Cup, Mrs. C. Baddley. President's Braelett, Miss M. Tansley. L.G.U. Silver Medal, Miss Hartigill. Button Competition, Mrs. J. A. Robertson (11), Miss Tansley (3), Miss Hall (1). Bogey—Senior, Miss Baker; Junior, Miss Newcombe-Hall. Mixed Foursomes, Mrs. C. Baddley and Mr. D. Ardell. Driving, Miss Tansley. Approaching, Miss B. Robertson. Putting, Miss B. Robertson. Men's Division.—Knight Cup, Mr. C. Cox. Championship, Mr. C. Cox. Captain's Medal, Mr. N. Green. One Club Competition, Mr. C. Cox. Drive and Approach, Mr. J. A. Robertson. Putting, Mr. J. Ritchie. Sealed Handicap (opening day), Mr. R. Baker. The following kindly donated prizes for the various competitions: Mrs. J. A. Robertson, Mrs. Lawford, Mrs. Baddley, Miss Pettit, Miss Baker, Miss Tansley, and Mr. Frank Knight.

Napier.

The Napier Golf Club brought its official programme to a close on Saturday week with a mixed foursome bogey handicap, for trophies presented by the President (Major Gordon). The results were as follows:—H. E. Troutbeck and

Miss Hindmarsh, plus 2, 4 down; Dr. Henley and Mrs. Henley, minus 18, 5 down; N. M. White and Miss Crosse, minus 12, 7 down; C. F. Hetley and Mrs. J. McLean, minus 11, 9 down; Dr. Edgar and Mrs. Edgar, minus 18, 10 down; H. J. Smith and Mrs. Smith, minus 3, 11 down; E. Davis and Miss L. Davis, minus 9, 11 down; J. Hindmarsh and Mrs. A. O. Russell, minus 10, 11 down; Mr. Snodgrass and Mrs. Snodgrass, minus 17, 11 down.

Pi-ton.

After a rest of several weeks a spurt was made on the links on Saturday week to play off several matches which have been hanging fire for various reasons. The Riddell Medal match was finished, the scores handed in being:—L. R. Smith (winner), 92-15-77; A. Seymour, 88-8-80; H. C. Madsen, 87-5-82; W. Watson, 105-18-87; W. F. Shaw, 110-23-87; W. H. Vickers, 92-scratch-92.

The gross scores registered in the above competition counted in the qualifying round for the Championship. The four who qualified were: G. J. Riddell (80), H. C. Madsen (87), A. C. Seymour (88), and W. H. Vickers (92).

The lady beginners competed for Mrs. Riddell's trophy. The match resulted in an easy win for Miss Harwood. All started from scratch. Miss Harwood, 121; Miss Cragg, 135; Mrs. Luena, 150.

LADIES' GOLF.

New Plymouth.

Golfers were favoured with splendid weather last Saturday week, when the season was brought to a close by a mixed foursome match for prizes presented by the captain. The following are the six best scores:—Mrs. Gunson and Armitage, gross 92, handicap 8, total 84; Miss Glasgow and Mathews, 90-17-86; Miss Paton and Paton, 93-6-87; Miss Blandell and A. Bewley, 98-8-90; Mrs. Weston and C. H. Weston, 103-13-90; Miss Jackson and Elliott, 103-13-90.

Manawatu.

This club closed its official season on Saturday, 15th October, with mixed foursomes. The day was perfect, and a large number of competitors took part. The match was a sealed handicap stroke competition. The best results were:—Miss Humphreys and H. C. Mellsope, 93-20-73; Miss McLennan and St. C. Journeaux, 90-15-75; Mrs. Moore and H. Q. Moore, 91-16-78; Mrs. Warburton and S. Tyerman, 90-13-77; Miss S. Abraham and A. Barraud, 86-8-78; Mrs. Sim and P. L. Sim, 93-15-78; Miss Abraham and L. Abraham, 89-10-79; Mrs. Watson and H. N. Watson, 103-24-79; Mrs. Cohen and M. Cohen, 104-25-79; Miss Wray and C. Louissan, 86-6-80.

PRIZE LIST.

The prize list for chief events of the season is as follows:—
Monthly Medal Matches.—Senior, A (playing for President's trophy): Miss Sybil Abraham, after a tie with Mrs. Innes. Senior, B (playing for Mrs. Abraham's trophy): Mrs. Wilson. Junior; Mrs. Beale.
Monthly Bogey Matches.—Senior, A (playing for the lady captain's prize): Mrs. Abraham, after a tie with Mrs. Mellsope. Senior, B: Miss Sylvia Abraham, after a tie with Mrs. E. Seifert. Junior; Mrs. Kendall.
L.G.U. Silver Medal (handicaps, 25 and under):—Mrs. Innes (11), with 4 net scores of 92, 93, 95 and 99-370-941 average (par, 84).
L.G.U. Bronze Medal (handicaps, over 25):—Miss Moore (29), with 4 net scores of 86, 95, 90, 92-363-904 average.

American Tournament.—Senior: Mrs. Mellsope. Junior: Miss D. Waldegrave. Mrs. McRae's Trophy for 4 best gross scores made on medal days.—Miss Wray. Mrs. L. Seifert's Trophy for best gross score made on any day by Manawatu player.—Miss Wray, 85 in match against Wanganui.

Mrs. Mellsope's Trophy, open to all who square or beat the "par" in competitions held during the season.—To be played off between Mrs. L. Seifert and Miss Sylvia Abraham.

Freeth Cup, to be held by player who makes the best score for the year.—Miss Wray, 85.

Club Championship Cup.—Miss Wray, winner; Mrs. Innes, runner-up.

In tournaments, Manawatu players scored the undermentioned successes:—Wairarapa.—Miss Sybil Abraham won 18-hole stroke match, and was third in driving competition.

N.Z. Ladies' Championship.—Miss Wray, runner-up in the championship; Miss Sybil Abraham won the consolation prize in the long handicap class.

Wanganui.—Miss Slack was second in the 18-hole bogey match; Mrs. McRae won in the 9-hole bogey foursomes, and also won a putting prize.

Napier.—Miss Sybil Abraham won the medal match, and Perry cup for the year, after a tie, and was also the runner-up for the Hawke's Bay open championship.

Manawatu.—Miss Wray was runner-up in the open championship, third in the first medal match, and third in approaching; Miss Sybil Abraham was second in the bogey match, and first in driving; Mrs. Innes and Miss Ethel Abraham won putting prize.

Wanganui.

On Wednesday, October 12th, the last match of the season was played against Bogey, and resulted in a win for Mrs. I. Saunders (17), 1 down; and in Class B Miss Krull (30) and Miss McBeth (30) tied, 3 down. Miss Krull won the play off.

Mrs. Palmer (President of the Club) presented the trophies won during the season.

Champion Challenge Bowl, presented by Mrs. Cleghorn, and Club's Gold Medal for Championship, Miss Cave; runner-up, Mrs. Good. Class B, champion, Miss Harper. Silver medal, Miss Darley. Bronze medal, Mrs. I. Saunders. M. Palmer's prize, Best score, A, Miss Cave (99); best score, B, 95, Miss H. Anderson. Mrs. Brookfield's prize for aggregate of four best scores, Miss Cave. Mr. D'Arcy's prize for status matches, Mrs. Sarjeant. Mrs. Howorth's prize for eclectic score, A, Miss Cowper, 76. Mrs. Sarjeant's prize, eclectic B, Miss Spencer, 90. Miss Cave's prize for ladder competition, Mrs. W. Paterson.

"A Salutory Distraction."

THINKING ABOUT NOTHING.

Andrew Lang, in a witty, if somewhat inconclusive, article in the "Morning Post," says:—

It may be that golf is sat, as it were, on too high a pedestal. It may be that golf occupies too much of the general mind, and comes between statesmen and more important business, though, to be fair, more probably it is a salutory distraction.

Statesmen are never good golfers; not one of them has ever been at scratch since Duncan Forbes, of Culoden, played a first-rate game on Leith links within sight of the gibbet of his regretted Captain Green.

Many ladies believe that Mr. A. J. Balfour is as good at golf as at the Higher Aesthetics, but I think they are confusing him with Mr. Leslie Balfour (now Balfour-Melville), an amateur champion some years ago.

Great intellectual eminence does not usually consort with golfing prowess.

In my poor opinion the golfer needs, in addition to keen eyes and muscles of steel, the power of keeping his mind in a perfect vacuum, wholly undisturbed by thought.

Absence of self-consciousness, plenty of confidence, natural gifts of eye and muscle, an empty mind, and imperturbable temper, these are the natural qualities which the golfer must possess. All the rest is vanity.

Andrew Kirkaldy is not usually foremost in great competitions. His intelligence is too active and versatile.

I would hint nothing against the mental greatness of Taylor, Braid, Vardon, Duncan and other eminent men, but they

have learned to keep their minds in their proper place while golfing; that is, in due subservience and modest abeyance.

Putting is a feeble thing, and, like love, is "full of anxious fears."

Rebelling the iniquities of the ordinary man on the links, his eluding of the sweet turf, his scaffolding, his infinite capacity of error, I often wonder how such fellows as he go on trying to play golf.

The player looks at the ball, thinks about nothing, and sends the ball where it ought to go.

Genius, for golf or poetry, or anything else, is subconscious, not the result of a fretted self-consciousness.

The duffer studies strange photographic diagrams of golfers apparently within a closely-barred cage, and tries to reproduce the attitudes in front of a mirror. The player never looks at such scientific puerilities; he merely plays the game.

The American Lady Champion.

Miss Dorothy Campbell, who created a new record last year by winning the ladies' championships of both England and America, intends to enter again and defend her title. She has every chance of retaining her title, for she has been playing a very fine game recently in Canada. In a tournament held at the Hamilton Club, Ontario, she met Miss Nesbitt of Woodstock in the final round, and won with the greatest of ease.

Miscellaneous.

LIES.

From the many lies upon the links, St. Andrew's, guard me still! From the lie in the sand and the cappy lie,

And the lie on the steep side-hill; From the lie in the grass and the stymied lie,

And the lie of the golfing bore— And of all bad lies I pray the grace From the lie about the score.

TEN UP ON BOGEY.

I question if any bogey ever received so severe a beating on level terms as the Spook of Portishead Course has received from G. A. Bowyer, the local professional, who actually defeated the Colonel by 9 up and 7 to play. He was not quite so brilliant after the 11th hole, but finished 10 up on bogey in the round. Bowyer's score: Out-3, 3, 4, 3, 3, 4, 4-31. Bogey is: Out-4, 5, 4, 4, 4, 5, 4-39. Bowyer's score: In-4, 3, 4, 3, 5, 4, 3, 4, 5-35=66. Bogey is: In-5, 4, 4, 3, 4, 4, 3, 5, 6-38=77.

A ONE-ARMED PLAYER'S DRIVE.

B. R. Anderson recently made a drive of 300 yards at the Joliet Country Club. This is probably the record distance for a one-armed player.

Mr. John Graham, jun., won his first competition at the age of 11, with a score of 97 for the full round at Hoylake.

James Braid, at Walton Heath, had succeeded in driving on to all the greens, which can be regarded as drivable, not counting the short one. Only the 11th remained unaccounted for. It is not an easy drive. In fact, most people would take 2, for it is some 352 yards long. But the other day Braid accomplished it. Curiously, Braid has never had a hole in one at Walton Heath, although he has several times accomplished this feat away from home.

A famous golfer once declared that if he had a four-foot putt to hole, and could delegate the stroke to somebody else, he would unhesitatingly choose Mr. S. Muir Ferguson out of all the golfers in the world.

About the end of the 17th century there were many instances of by-laws forbidding the playing of golf on Sunday during "the time of the sermons"; but it is clear that in the latter part of the day it was at least tolerated.

A. N. Anais (finishing a long account of his round): "And I assure you, until I missed that one on the last green to break the record, I hadn't a putt of under ten yards that didn't go down." Our Quiet Member: "Ah, old man, it's a pity your stories don't go down as easily as your putts."

It is interesting to note that the only American player in the last Amateur Championship sent in his entry at the last minute by a wireless telegram from mid-Atlantic.

There are said to be sixty-seven things to be thought of in correctly addressing the ball on the tee. It is the natural dread of these seventy-six conditions that makes the earnest beginner at the tee a spectacle for men and angels.

W. MacMannin officiated as starter in a highly satisfactory manner.

As is customary with the management of the Auckland Trotting Club, the gathering was admirably conducted by the various officials...

The stewards were together once during the afternoon, meeting at the Middle Class Handicap to consider the running of St. Michael and Hanspuku, the inquiry being adjourned till Tuesday afternoon.

During the afternoon speculation was brisk, the machines, under the management of Messrs. W. Bloufield and Co. passing through the sum of £3003 10s, which is an increase of £584 10s on last year.

For the most part the events were won fairly close but strange to say only two first favourites were successful, Prophecied winning the pony galloping event from end to end and Santa Claus the Middle Class Handicap.

MAIDEN HANDICAP (saddle). One mile and a half. Mrs. A. T. Lake's b g Hamapuku, 4yrs, 10sec (Camerton) 1

TROTTING HANDICAP (Saddle). One mile and a half. Francis Quin's br m Maureen, aged, 22 sec (Scott) 1

WELLINGTON SPRING MEETING. WELLINGTON, Wednesday. The first day of the Wellington Racing Club's Spring Meeting took place today under fairly favourable conditions.

At 10.30 a.m. the first race was the Maiden Handicap (saddle) of 1000 sovs. Two miles. Gratlan Downs Steep Chase, 1000 sovs. Two miles. B. Milner's b m Lady Love, aged, 6s (Milner) 3

WELLINGTON HANDICAP, of 350 sovs. One mile and a quarter. J. H. Trosser's br f Lady Medallist, 4yrs, 8.10 (C. Jenkins) 1

STEWARDS' HANDICAP (saddle) of 35 sovs. One mile and a half. W. Douglis' blk m Black Diamond, aged, 1s (Douglis) 1

WAINUI HANDICAP, of 1000 sovs. One mile. E. J. Watt's b g Mince, 4yrs, 9.11 (H. Gray) 1

Also ran: Maxman scratch; Antocrat, 3s. Lady Whinnings 7s, and Nelson 7s. Flery Cross was in the lead before they had gone half a furlong, and passing the stand was three lengths clear of Black Diamond, after which came Maxman and Good Friday.

MIDDLE-CLASS HANDICAP (harness) of 450 sovs. One mile. W. Orange's b g Santa Claus, 4yrs, 14s (Orange) 1

OCTOBER HANDICAP (saddle) of 40 sovs. distance, one mile. W. A. Scott's blk g V.S., aged, 2s (Julian) 1

ELECTRIC HANDICAP (harness), of 40 sovs. One mile. E. Kren's blk m Phyllistina, aged, 4s (Robertson) 1

WELLINGTON SPRING MEETING

FIRST DAY.

WELLINGTON, Wednesday. The first day of the Wellington Racing Club's Spring Meeting took place today under fairly favourable conditions. The attendance was fair, and speculation, though not reaching the level of most cases, got very close flushes being recorded.

WELLINGTON HANDICAP, of 350 sovs. One mile and a quarter. J. H. Trosser's br f Lady Medallist, 4yrs, 8.10 (C. Jenkins) 1

SPRING SELLING PLATE, of 100 sovs.

W. Smart's b m Grand Jewel, 4yrs, 8.1 (W. Price) 1

to make good. Urribulation, who was made a hot favourite, got away from the jump and led the field into the straight, Coronet being in hot pursuit up to the distance, where he dropped away.

WELLESLEY STAKES, of 650 sovs. For two-year-olds. Four furlongs. G. D. Greenwood's b f Pelreux, 8.2 (H. Gray) 1

SCURRY HANDICAP, of 100 sovs. Four furlongs. W. Fulliser's b g St. Toney, 5yrs, 8.12 (E. Brennan) 1

SECOND DAY. TRENTHAM, Saturday. The second day of the Wellington spring meeting attracted a good attendance. There was scarcely any wind, but a light, misty rain was falling, and it was dull in the extreme.

TARARUA HANDICAP of 1000 sovs. Seven furlongs. Domino, 7.10 1

JUVENILE HANDICAP of 150 sovs. Four furlongs. Miscount, 9.0 1

SPRING TRIAL STAKES of 100 sovs. Six furlongs. Inspection 1

PEARL HANDICAP of 250 sovs. One mile. E. J. Watt's br g Wimmera, by Merrilee, 8.0 1

CHAMPION PLATE of 450 sovs. 1 1/2 miles. Daube, 7.11 1

SECOND HACK AND HUNTERS' STEEPCHASE of 100 sovs. 2 1/2 miles. Mahara, 11.7 1

RUAHINE HANDICAP of 1000 sovs. Five furlongs. Rongoma, 7.10 1

NAT NAI HANDICAP of 1000 sovs. 1 1/2 miles. Pezza, 6.7 1

A.R.C. SPRING MEETING.

HANDICAPS FOR FIRST DAY'S EVENTS.

The following weights have been declared by Mr Morse for events to be run on the opening day of the A.R.C. Spring Meeting.

7.8, Taka 7.1, Princess Scout 7.6, Spotlit 7.6, Hamadryad 7.5, Lucelle 7.5, Spectre 7.2, Master Walrick 7.1, Kuratou 7.0, Napapene 7.0, Prophecied 7.0, Puhl 7.0, Parawa 7.0, Presently 7.0, Baigona 7.0, Bonnie Flash 7.0, Viraço 7.0, Urakehu 7.0, Rogey 7.0, Cadmon 7.0, Arawa 7.0, Maykot 7.0, Goodwin 7.0.

Acceptances for New Zealand Cup and Stewards' Handicap. CHRISTCHURCH, Friday.

THE NEW ZEALAND CUP of 2000 sovs. Two miles. Oilyd 8.10 1

MASTERTON ACCEPTANCES.

MASTERTON, Friday. The acceptances for the Masterton Racing Club's Spring Meeting, to be held on Thursday next, are as follows:

HECK HURDIS HANDICAP, one mile and three-quarters. 7s 10s. Roscovore 10.1, Slencombe 9.8, Gaelic 9.6, Howler 9.6, Sylvia Maid 9.0, British Rifle 9.0.

LADIES' BRACELET HANDICAP, one mile and a quarter. 12s. Tyrannic 11.3, Aotea 11.3, Mon Beauclair 11.3, Cometh Up 11.3, Himilangi 11.2, Waka-waka 11.0, Royns Water 10.3, Sylvia Maid 10.0, Teutauri 10.0, Canadian 10.7, Lord Kilshearn 10.7.

DASH HANDICAP, five furlongs. Merlie Land 9.0, Lady Doria 8.8, Lores 8.5, Longstep 8.5, Palestine 8.5, Golden Age 8.5, Lord Possibile 8.0, Portcullis 7.10, The Flier 7.10, Fighting Maid 7.7, Avenue 7.7, Kiltie Lass 7.7, Merrie Widow 7.7, All Gold 7.7.

FULLIERS' HANDICAP, seven furlongs. Full Rate 9.2, Clempora 8.7, Rauraphara 7.9, Billy Shannon 7.9, First Battery 7.5, Dr. Simpson 7.5, Amwell 6.13, Derash 6.7, Pezza 6.7, Waiwarua 6.7, afterthought 6.7, Investment 6.7, Clem 6.7.

OCTOBER HACK HANDICAP, one mile. First Consul 9.0, First Battery 8.0, Captain Bell 8.0, Finkel 8.0, Barrol 8.0, Medderran 8.1, Awha 7.13, Raupapapa 7.13, Rose Herold 7.11, Vite 7.0.

We gave away nearly £300,000 per annum in duty in order to benefit the people. Yet we had the statement publicly made that with a duty of £8 a ton against the outside world, sugar was sold at a lower rate in Australia than in New Zealand, where we have no duty. If that statement was correct, a heavy amount was being taken out of the consumers of New Zealand. - Sir Joseph Ward.

Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH

BOOKINGS.

(Order Subject to Alteration.)

AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S.

October 20 to November 4—Fred Graham.
November 17 to 19—Mr. Potter.
November 21 to 26—Auckland Competition Society.
November 28 to December 3—MacMahon Bros.
December 5 to 17—Meynell and Gunn (George Willoughby).
December 19 to 24—MacMahon Bros.
December 28 (three weeks' season)—Allan Hamilton.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

In Season—Falles's Pictures.

TIVOLI.

Vaudeville (permanent).

WELLINGTON.—OPERA HOUSE.

Oct. 6 to 26—Nellie Stewart.
Oct. 27 to Nov. 5—"Lover's Lane" Company.
Nov. 12 to Nov. 24—MacMahon's Pictures.
December 24, six weeks' season.—J. C. Williamson.

THEATRE ROYAL.

Vaudeville (permanent).

The Drama of the Open—

HERE is a distinct movement in the old world amongst a number of artistic folk towards what is known as "The Drama of the Open"—that is, the presentation of plays amongst real woods and hills, cottages and castles, or garden according to the nature of the plot. The idea, of course, is to dispose of all artificial hand-painted scenery, cardboard battlements, elastic libraries and other such make-shifts which are numbered amongst the stagecraft of the day. The latest production is a rendering of Maurice Maeterlinck's tragic drama, "Pelleas and Melisande," at the picturesque old home of the dramatist himself in Normandy before a select audience of twenty-five people. It is exactly one year ago that the great Belgian poet and playwright, Maurice Maeterlinck, and his charming wife, known upon the stage as Mme. Georgette Leblanc, startled the world with a remarkable performance of "Macbeth," achieved under hitherto undreamt of conditions in the wonderfully picturesque Benedictine Abbey of St. Wandrille. This abbey, outwits Lord Byron's famous monastic abode, and M. and Mme. Maeterlinck have owned and inhabited it since the sale of its thirty acres of land and buildings by auction, consequent upon the expulsion of French monks. The idea carried out on August 29 last year may be summed up thus: To breathe all the appearances of actual and absolute life into a play by enacting each of its scenes on the real-rooted or open-air spots conceived by the author or inspired by historical accuracy, and by dispensing with all the visible or invisible tricks of paint, cardboard, or artificial lighting of the ordinary stage. The only concession allowed to fiction consisted in the fact that the impersonators of Duncan, Macbeth, Banquo, and Macduff's wife and children were not positively bled to death. Barring this detail—a not unimportant one to the interested parties—the country through which Duncan marched to his gloomy end, the witches' heath, the Birnam moving forest, and the Inverness castle, with its halls and battlements, might have been carried, with all the characters of Macbeth's terrible story, from the eleventh century to the twentieth, and from Scotland to the French St. Wandrille cloister.

Privileged Spectators.

A select party of only fifty persons had been admitted to the abbey, on payment of a heavy fee to a charity fund, and these privileged few, unprovided with any kind of box or stall, or other theatrical accommodation, followed the tragedies on tip-toe from bedroom to banquet hall or council chamber, from heath to lawn, not as a paying public getting its money's worth of entertainment, but as casual and horrified witnesses of actual deeds and misdeeds.

It was on these same revolting principles of materialised and illucent setting and acting—varied, however, by a different choice of the abbey's landscapes and rooms and by the addition

of music—that "Pelleas and Melisande" was recently "realised" for one single night.

There is no clue in "Pelleas and Melisande" to the period at which Golaud, grandson of the very vague old King Arkel, met the forlorn and mysterious Melisande in a forest wherein she had let a golden coronet fall, save the fact that it must have passed long before the existence of quick and sure means of investigation, as none of those concerned ever discovers or seeks to discover whence the pretty, delicate, and melancholy wanderer comes, or who she is.

No wonder a creation so full of pitiful human passion, and yet framed in such delicate, subdued, dreamy symbolism, should already have inspired two musicians—one, M. Debussy, whose score has gone round the world; the other, M. Gabriel Faure, whose lyrical accompaniments to Maeterlinck's prose are to be heard for the first time at this fresh St. Wandrille venture. As many composers will probably in course of years be fired by it as have been by Shakespeare's delicious amplification of that other Italian love story, "Romeo and Juliet."

Maeterlinck in the Rain.

Writing of the performance from the St. Wandrille Monastery, Mr. Gerard Harry describes the night of wonder as follows:—It rained—sometimes it poured—last night at the final rehearsal of Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" at this splendid old monastery. And any outsider might immediately and rashly conclude this rebellion of Nature must have been sufficient to mar and drown in ridicule the realistic performance of a play in which the brightness of the moon and the glittering of the star-studded heavens are several times pointed to.

Yet the effect was almost the opposite, and here we witness the triumph of this exceptional kind of realism over the normal and conventional stage. This would, of course, have shown us overhead a prettily painted sky in gloriously golden agreement with the words of the author. But then we should have been aware those light-beams were merely the work of pot and brush. Whereas at St. Wandrille the play given in such a true outdoor setting took such a hold on the minds of the small and convinced audience that a passing discrepancy between the state of Nature and its literary description passed unnoticed.

Mme. Georgette Leblanc and her partners went bravely through the continuous storm without an instant's wavering, and even their delicate costumes seemed none the worse for the drenching. The extraordinary complication of their task may now be judged by the following statement of the location of each phase of the play.

The Beginning.

Scene I.—The widower Prince Golaud, in mediæval hunting dress and a gold helmet adorned with the spread wings of a dragon, meets sobbing Melisande on the sloping moss-covered ground of the woods, overlooking the rivulet in which she has allowed to drop a symbolical golden crown given her by some mysterious persecutor and discarded by her.

Scene II. carries us a hundred yards further, in front of an imposing terrace castle (forming part of the northern face of the monastery), where aged King Arkel and his wife, in most stately apparel, are apprised by a letter from Golaud of his near home-coming with the beautiful, strange girl whom he has wedded. The privileged sightseers are conducted silently a few steps further to witness the arrival at Court of the mature, but still powerful and even colossal, Golaud, carrying with him in the twilight on a splendidly caparisoned steed his young wife, whose lovely fair hair is flowing, over a silvery white dress, on which plays the reflection of the retinue's torches.

Then we are made to march some hundred yards, round the magnificently carved and painted wooden entrance door of the old monks' lodging places, for the fourth scene, enacted under the sky—

high green dome naturally formed by the bending and intertwining of two rows of centenarian firs trees.

By the Fountain.

Hardly five minutes have elapsed when we are made to retrace our muffled steps and take point of vantage near a marble balustrade overlooked by the western aisle of the monastery to see Pelleas and Melisande leaning over a deep fountain surrounded by dark, majestic yew trees. This is the moment in Scene V, when Melisande loses her wedding-ring in the fountain—a fatal sign of her future doom or gloom. For this episode she has had to change her dress, although the play has not halted a minute.

During the single and very short entrance we walk through the night to the old arch-roofed council chamber of the monks, where Golaud is lying in bed ill, tended by his pretty young wife, now in indoor toilette, and troubled with sad presentiments.

Afterwards comes, many yards further, in a portion of the building adjoining the exquisitely adorned cloister, the most poetical scene ever conceived by a poet since the balcony meeting of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. Melisande, while singing a sweet old ballad to one of Faure's tunes—which, by-the-by, are only used once or twice incidentally, and accompanied now and then by a concealed trio of violin, harp, and organ—stands, in yet another negligible accentment, undoing for the night, before a lamp-lit window, her wonderful fair locks which unloosen while she leans to bid good-night to Pelleas and "swamp him to the heart," as the amorous lad expresses himself, by their silken beauty. Nothing could be in more deliciously striking contrast with the following scenes (IX. and X.) when this "child play" is interrupted by the frowning appearance of Golaud, now so terribly suspicious that he drags Pelleas down into the "death-smelling" traps of the altars—which were in olden times the cells of convict monks—and vaguely hints his growing murderous inclinations.

Underground Railings.

The onlookers of the play are not taken underground, but overhear the terrible tones of the jealous elder brother echoed in the most weirdly thrilling manner,

because at once so life-like and so unearthly. Then again to the tower window, where our anguish is excited by that almost brutal act of Golaud lifting his little boy to the window-sill and compelling him to spy on his step-mother and uncle and report upon them.

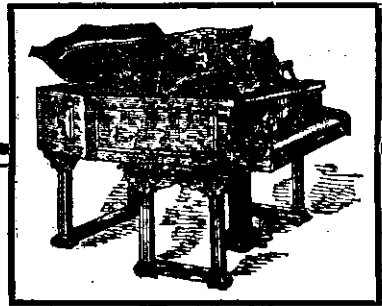
The deep impression caused by this display of the demon Jealousy's sinister counsels has not worn out before our appointed mate leaders guide us, another hundred yards off, to a gallery of the eleventh century choir, where at last the husband's wrath literally explodes.

Then (Scene XIV.) comes the harrowing climax, in a beautifully half-lit garden scene: the suspected couple at last avowing their mutual love, exchanging their first self-conscious embrace, and at that very instant overhearing the stealthy footsteps of the approaching Golaud, and resolving, in a fit of sublimely exalted passion, to await him and his sword, and the death it will deal them, lips against lips, heart against heart.

There was an artificial electric light used here and there to relieve the darkness of the night, and yet so subtly hidden from view that it could pass for the varying shades of cloud or moonbeam supplied by nature itself; and every acoustic possibility had been so carefully weighed, after a week's study, that not a murmur of love or hate was lost at any moment to the ears of the audience more than any of the boldest clamours of strife and war in the performance of last year.

Tree's Wonderful Pageant Play— "Henry VIII." at His Majesty's.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has a world-wide reputation for magnificent stage productions at His Majesty's, London, and in his latest effort, "King Henry VIII.," he seems to have reached the apotheosis of grand spectacular drama. London has waited for weeks for this gorgeous production, and when it came the multitude gasped at its gorgeousness. All the big London dailies level in adjectives descriptive of the wonders of the piece. Tree himself describes it as "a pageant play." On the whole it seems to have convinced the critics that it is as accurate a presentation of history as can be given.



The 'GRANDETTE' Piano

As you know, the tone of the grand piano is much fuller and rounder, has more volume, than an upright instrument. The chief reason for the greater popularity of the latter has hitherto been the awkward shape and ungainly appearance of the grand.

But there is now a grand of artistic shape—the GRANDETTE—made by the world famous piano house, A. ALLISON & CO.

The GRANDETTE represents the greatest advance in piano making for a century. Musically and artistically it is the most nearly perfect piano ever made.

In it you get purity of tone—tremendous power and volume—in the smallest possible dimensions. Its shape is symmetrical—it graces a room no matter where you place it.

You are cordially invited to inspect the Grandette in our showrooms. You will find the new piano interesting.

E. & F. S. COLDICUTT, Manager.
191 Queen St., Auckland, near H.M. Theatre.

Wonderful Scenes.

We see (writes a critic of the production) the Council Chamber, with Wolsey dominating the King, and Queen Katharine already the Cardinal's enemy. We go to Wolsey's palace, where the heedless revels and the merris dances are heralded by the grace sung by the choir in the gallery (for Wolsey was always fundamentally the churchman), and where Henry meets Anne Bullen.

We pass to the sombre River Gate (a scene of this particular beauty), whence Buckingham, with splendid dignity, goes to his death, and to the terrace at Windsor, where above the meadows of the Thames Anne first dreams of sovereignty and Katharine learns that her dishonour is assured.

The abortive divorce trial is heard in a magnificent representation of the Hall at Blackfriars, the red-coated Cardinal sitting as judge on the right, the King, the plaintiff, on his throne opposite, and Katharine fighting with peerless courage, backed by the crowd of clerics and the common people, every man and woman keenly sympathising.

Then to the ante-chamber, where, with the singing of the monks in his ears, Wolsey faces his enemies, and is defeated with all the dignity of the greater, who, so often in this queer world, is the victim of the less, and finally to Westminster Abbey, where Anne is crowned, a timid, shrinking figure, with her husband, huge, fearful, menacing—against his own will—watching the ceremony from behind the curtains of a box.

The splendour and completeness of this last scene was beyond all praise. It was immediately preceded by Katharine's sombre and much too lengthy death scene at Kimbolton Abbey. The death of the Queen coming almost simultaneously with the elevation of the other had a genuine dramatic appeal, and conveyed, inevitably, the feeling that amid all the pomp and glory of her coronation, the axe was hovering over the pretty, thoughtless head of Anne Bullen.

A Slice of Important History.

There are two kinds of history, Balzac tells us, writes W. L. Courtney in the London "Telegraph"—the official, lying kind that is usually taught, and the secret kind, "wherein we must look for the true causes of events—the history of shameful things." The dramatist whose duty it was to furnish in "King Henry VIII." some kind of courtly entertainment, early in the seventeenth century, for the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, must have found it a hard task to steer his way between these two kinds of history. On the one hand there was the duty imposed upon him of glorifying the Tudor dynasty, together with the still more concrete and tangible fact that he was bound to write up the fame and splendour of the Virgin Queen, who was the daughter of Anne Bullen. And what was there on the other side? Assuredly there were some "shameful things," to which he could not shut his eyes. Henry VIII., to begin with—a figure who looms large in history—appears in his domestic circle a tyrannical, envious, rather common, and decidedly amorous man. The official kind of history makes much of this monarch as the founder of the English Church, the champion of Anglicanism against Papistical designs. And here is Shakespeare telling us that the main motive for his action in getting rid of Katharine of Aragon and defying the Pope was a sudden base desire to possess himself of Anne Bullen. And, because Wolsey could not or would not manage to get ecclesiastical sanction for the annulment of his early marriage, he turns to Cranmer and the Protestants, and shakes off allegiance to Rome. We pass over poor little Anne Bullen herself—"fresh fish," as the sympathetic old lady calls her, a slight, innocent figure, apparently, but also not a little vain, and, when she had the chance, exceedingly luxurious in her habits. But she was the mother of Queen Elizabeth, and therefore the Royal historian has to be careful in his portraiture. Then there is the great figure of Cardinal Wolsey, a statesman, a diplomatist, a man who made the name of England respected on the Continent as it had not been before, a great educational reformer, a man, also, of consummate artistic taste. This is how the official history describes him; and, it must be added, with no little truth. But in the play he acts no very distinguished part. He is a sort of Machiavelli, making use of the weaknesses of those around him in order to secure his own ends; a friend to Henry VIII., because it was to his immediate advantage to keep in with the ruling monarch, but also a man whose policy on every occasion was determined by his own interests

—a politician, as he himself acknowledges at the time of his fall, too much engrossed by ambition. Nothing became him better than the way in which he laid down his dignities. Before he was pursued, keen to amass wealth, a subtle schemer, a dangerous ecclesiastic, a wily diplomatist. When ruin overtakes him he falls back on a certain simplicity and contentment, as though at last he had found himself. And what, finally, are the two sympathetic figures in which the dramatist makes us really interested? They are both victims of King and Cardinal. One is the Duke of Buckingham, in whose mouth he places the most pathetic of farewell speeches; and the other is the sainted figure of Queen Katharine, who is displaced by her rival, Anne Bullen—a figure full of nobility, of tenderness, of strength, a constant and affectionate wife,

Magnificence of the Court.

Many impressions remain on the mind after seeing the grandiose production at His Majesty's Theatre. There is the magnificence of the time, the richness of the pageants, the splendour of the dresses, the elaborate adornments of a cultivated and extravagant age. That is one impression which runs throughout the drama, and is seen, perhaps, at its best in the very remarkable picture of the banquetting hall in Wolsey's Palace. Here Mr. Percy Macquoid, who has been responsible for the scene, has worked with a loving hand. The hall in the late Tudor Gothic style, with its fan-roofed ceiling; the stone walls, of which the lower portions are hung with woven fabrics of velvet and gold; the black velvet chairs trimmed with green fringe and embroidered with the Cardinal's hat—all these set off by the flashing radiance of colour introduced by the revelers, who come in to grace the banquet, form a colour-scheme of rose, red, and green, with the Cardinal himself, representing the apex; as it were, or centre, as a point of vivid scarlet. This is assuredly one of the most brilliant stage pictures ever presented to a modern audience. Next come the Holbein pictures. Thanks to Holbein, we have a very close acquaintance with the personal appearance of Bluff King Hal and those members of his court who intrigued around him. Holbein, too, does not seem to have cared much for the official aspects of history. At all events, in his portrait of the monarch he is no flatterer. Accurately got up to represent Henry VIII. as depicted by the painter Mr. Arthur Bouvelier stands before us, with fair skin, and golden hair, and stabby beard, with a broad, good-natured face, devoid of refinement, a cruel, straight mouth, and small eyes, with most characteristic and animal-like eyebrows. It is a veritable triumph of stage portraiture, but perhaps it gives away too decisively the real character of the man whom Froide described as a hero. There is nothing regally impressive about this Tudor Sovereign. There is much that is coarse and clumsy, with a sort of external bonhomie, disguising a small and mean nature. If this be the view, we are to take of Henry VIII., it is undoubtedly the fault of Holbein and Shakespeare between them. Holbein gave us his external lineaments; Shakespeare has let down the window in front of his skrunken little soul. And we wonder sometimes what the courtiers of the day, a quarter of a century after the death of King Henry, thought of the Royal father of the Virgin Queen.

A Pageant, Not a Play.

Meanwhile there is another impression which remains strong upon us. Sir Herbert Tree, with his usual acute perception, has seized the right point of view from which to regard the play. Play it can scarcely be called, because the construction is so loose, and the links of connection between the various scenes are so deficient. But there have been past periods in which "Henry VIII." has proved a popular piece of stage work, because it represents on the boards the main features of the sixteenth century, and its love of magnificent display. Thus "King Henry VIII." is a pageant, or, rather, a series of pageants; and it is in this fashion that it is shown before our eyes at His Majesty's Theatre. Picture after picture is unrolled. In the first act, the best of the three in which Sir Herbert Tree has arranged the drama, we have that magnificent scene in Wolsey's Palace, to which reference has already been made. Then in the second act there

are at least three memorable scenic effects—the River Gata, in which Buckingham goes forth from the Tower to meet his fate, gloomy and solemn as the occasion demands; the pretty Pleasure-boat at Windsor-Castle, where we see Anne Bullen first becoming aware of the great destiny awaiting her; and the Hall in Blackfriars, in which Queen Katharine, pleading for her Royal dignity, determines to make her appeal to Rome. And to these succeed other pictures in the third act, no less splendid and elaborate in detail. The Ante-Chamber, with the adjoining chapel, where Cardinal Wolsey bids farewell to all his greatness; Kimbolton, where Queen Katharine, in the most pathetic scene of the play, fades slowly out of life; and the final display in Westminster Abbey, where Anne attains the summit of her ambition—these are the things on which the eye loves to rest, because they yield a rare pleasure of their own, and form beautiful and statefully memories, on which the mind is glad to dwell.

The Eternal Question—Hall Caine and the Censor.

Hall Caine's latest play, "The Eternal Question," is an astonishingly frank discussion of matters that have been so long taboo on the British stage. The play was fully reviewed in last week's issue, and it will be recalled, turns on, as the London "Daily Telegraph" puts it, "the relative sin of the man and of the woman in the offence which entitles the injured party to separation or divorce." The astonishing thing is that when dramatists of much more conspicuous ability and apparently more lofty intention, take social questions of this sort for a theme in a powerful play designed directly to point a moral, the Censor has fallen on their work with sixteen stone of self-righteousness and contumacious humbug. Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker and Arnold Bennett are all leading dramatists who have had to suffer in this direction. On the other hand, when Mr. Hall Caine comes along with a drama charged up to the hilt with so-called salacious material, a good deal of which might be censored with advantage, he is received with open arms. The critics of the big dailies who manufacture sanctimonious objections against dramatic writers of the modern school give themselves up to columns of serious discussion on the merits of the play, and otherwise give it the most astonishing publicity. It seems that Mr. Hall Caine has succeeded where others have failed, because what he lacks in cold reason he has made up in mawkish sentiment deeply tinged with sexual colouring. You can always play upon people's emotions, physical or spiritual, and excite them to such a stage that many people mistake them for intellectual convictions when an appeal to reason will fail. This every far-seeing politician, priest and playwright well knows. Mr. Hall Caine does it for all he is worth, which ought to be a tidy sum nowadays. Sentimental treatment of sex questions always pay handsomely where the application of reason in any discussion or writing fails disastrous. The author of "The Eternal Question" gets to grips every time with the maudlin side of human nature, and since the majority of Englishmen cannot help feeling that way, his triumph is assured. It is only in England that the particular hypocrisy can prevail which shakes with blubbery sobs over Hall Caine and is grievously shocked by the truth flashes of Shaw's genius. And as history shows, it only lasts until the rising tide of education and intellectual insight comes to the flood and swamps it.

A Promising Comedy for New Zealand.

On the return of Mr. Geo. Willoughby and his English Farce Comedy Co. to Auckland on December 5 next, playgoers are to be indulged in what is described as "an intellectual farce"—that is, a farce literary enough and clever enough to warrant an intelligent hearing. The piece referred to is "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," in which R. C. Carton, the author, is said to have done really excellent and entertaining work. Mr. Carton, it will be recalled, is author of "Mr. Hopkinson," which Hugh Ward did so well in New Zealand last year. It is somewhat rare for a play like "Mr. Preedy and the Countess" to appeal both to mere amusement-seekers and to those who demand a little skill and artistry in what is offered for their diversion. But it can be safely recommended to all playgoers who want something more than froth. The play made a good impression in

Melbourne a month or two ago. It is shortly to be staged by Mr. Willoughby at the Criterion, Sydney, where he and his Company are making playgoers laugh with "The Night of the Party." The forthcoming Auckland season will be for 12 nights, and "Preedy" will be the principal attraction. From the Northern City Company, after playing the Waikato and Waikoi districts, goes South.

Municipal Music in Wellington.

The first concert of Wellington's newly-organised Municipal Orchestra was to be held in the Town Hall in that city this (Wednesday) evening, under the conductorship of Mr. J. Maughan Barnett. A highly attractive programme was arranged as a beginning. There were to be selections from Massenet's "Le Cid," ballet music, two movements of Haydn's Symphony, the prelude to the third act of Wagner's "Lohengrin," and the Corneilus March which Mr Barnett has frequently played at his organ recitals. Mr Herbert Bloy, the leader of the orchestra, was also to play a solo or two. It will be a good start in the good cause of municipal music for the people.

Gisborne Shakespeare Club.

A lady correspondent writes as follows:—
The Gisborne Shakespeare Club gave its first public reading at the Trinity Schoolroom on Thursday last, and scored a well-merited success. The seating capacity of the hall was taxed to its limit before the reading started, and late-comers had to be content with "standing room only." Mr Frank Kennedy, the popular president, introduced the club to the public in a happy little speech, emphasising its artistic and educational value, and expressed the hope that their inaugural reading of "As You Like It" would find the club a place in the hearts of the critical and cultured audience assembled. From the opening lines the readers seemed to grip the attention of the listeners, and although the play had necessarily been pruned severely, the scenes had been so well sorted out and woven together that the movements of the players and the development of the story were well maintained and easily followed with the assistance of Mr Andrew's announcements as chorus. The quips of Touchstone, the melancholy musings of Jacques, the charming scenes between Orlando and Rosalind, and other

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Including the Well-known London Artists,
GERALD E. KAY SOPER,
From Her Majesty's and Adelphi Theatres,
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THE BRITTON BURGLARY
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well-known features, were followed with critical and absorbed interest.

In the difficult role of Rosalind, Miss Hilda Hogg gave a delightful and enjoyable reading, conveying well the distinction between the girlish Rosalind of the palace and the male-clad one of the Forest of Arden. She certainly earned the prolonged applause which greeted her conclusion of the epilogue. Mrs Brownlee gave a very artistic reading of Celia, and played up admirably to Rosalind in their frequent scenes; while Mrs N. Hooper scored a distinct success in the minor part of Audrey by making the most of a difficult character. The ladies are all to be congratulated on their freedom from "nerves" and their clear enunciation. Great things were expected of Mr Frank Kennedy as Touchstone, nor was the audience disappointed, for he threw himself into the part with great relish and gusto, and the bursts of hearty laughter showed how well he made his points with his wit and jest. Mr. L. T. Burnard greatly pleased with a dashing interpretation of Orlando, and implied his love-sickness with great effect in the charming scenes with Rosalind. Mr Geo. Darton was under great difficulties by being called on to take Jaques at the eleventh hour, and double the part with that of Corin; and in the circumstances gave a meritorious reading. Mr A. Webb as Adam, and Mr J. Nicol as the villainous Duke, gave most effective readings of their parts, and the warm appreciation of the audience demonstrated to other members of the cast

were occasionally quite useless. Yet all the time from different quarters of the house came mandatory cries of 'Silence!' They were quite unheeded. As one paroxysm of merriment was about to expire from exhaustion, something was said by one or other of the characters, or some comical thing was done, that set up another general outburst of cackination; and so it went on throughout the night. Convulsion succeeded convulsion, and yet the mirth continued. As is customary with all farcical comedies, if they be worthy the name, the very incongruity of the situations produced, or the impossibility of such events happening quite as they are sketched, renders the complications all the more complete, and the more difficult it seems to imagine any chance of restoring order from the chaos that seems to have arisen from quite simple beginnings. It is the absurdities that cause the fun. This is the key of the success achieved by 'The Brixton Burglary,' and the fun with which it abounds is all broad and convincing and complete. None of it is left to the imagination. The humour is laid on thick, and the more burlesque the situation produced the greater is the flow of mirth." After the remarks of our contemporary it seems that nothing further can be said in favour of the piece.

New Pieces in Australia.

The plans of the J. C. Williamson firm for the near future include the production in Sydney of 'Paid in Full,' the Eugene Walters drama in which Mr.

Mr. Tom Walls is the serving-man Gregory—a stolid, mistakeless rustic with occasional slow-dawning gleams of intelligence, and Mr. Cromwell, the barber-quack Partridge, whose speeches are "an absurd mixture of horse sense, dog Latin, and proverbs." Edward German's music is said to be full of interest, in the procession of solos, choruses, gleees, madrigals, barcarolles, and gavottes. "May we" queries the "Australasian," "take this light opera, coupled with the recent Arcadians, as a proof that the management, while recognising the rigour of the musical comedy, realised also a reversion in taste to more decided operatic themes as against the flippancies and vaudeville concerts of modern musical comedy."

Stray Notes.

It is stated that America will next season be visited by four famous foreign musicians, who will supervise the productions of their own operatic works. They are Puccini, Mascagni, Debussy, and Humperdinck.

The chief features of "The Whip," which Mr. Williamson has produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, are the triumphs of scenic art and mechanical device with which it is presented, and which are up to the highest standard of stage-craft. The opening scene at The Kennels, with real hunting dogs, and rich-coloured hunting costumes; the succeeding picture of the Beverley mansion, with its far-stretching, parklike gardens; the splendid representation of

natural force by Miss Fyfe Alexander. "The Whip" will remain the attraction in Melbourne till after Cup week.

The death is announced of Mme. Ambrose Thomas, the widow of the composer of "Mignon," at the age of 83.

The first time the Johnson-Jeffries fight films were shown outside of America was at Dublin last month, where a struggle between the theatre proprietors and the authorities was precipitated in consequence. The Inspector of Theatres refused to grant permission to the proprietors to show the pictures, and the Lord Mayor at the same time asked the Commissioner of Police to step in and prevent the performance. The theatre proprietors, however, defied the Lord Mayor and the inspectors, and exhibited the pictures to crowded audiences. The police were present, but owing to there being no statutory provision rendering the display of prizefight films illegal declined to interfere.

The Eighth Symphony of Gustav Mahler, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, was played for the first time by an orchestra at the Munich Exhibition on September 12, Herr Mahler himself conducting. The new symphony is said to represent the first serious attempt since Beethoven's "Immortal Ninth" to combine a purely instrumental interpretation with realistic vocal effects. A prominent German reviewer, who has gone through Herr Mahler's score, describes it as a "symphony with a vocal obbligato, wherein human voices blend with the voices of the instruments in an altogether novel and harmonious fashion." The first part of the symphony is based on a hymn—"Veni Creator Spiritus"—composed by the Archbishop of Mayence, while the finale is inspired by the closing scene of Goethe's "Faust." The symphony is five years old. Mahler had finished another two years ago, and is now at work on No. 10.

Mr Daniel Mayer tells how Madame Melba once got him out of an awkward situation in an ingenious way. The prima donna was advertised to sing at a charity concert in Brighton. On arriving she caught a chill, and on the day of the concert could not produce a note. "You must appear, anyway," said Mr Mayer. She protested she could not. "But you must show yourself," he said, "to convince people that you have not broken faith and that we had a right to advertise you." Madame Melba saw the point. The agent got a medical certificate, persuaded the singer to don her concert dress, and when the time came stepped on the platform, explained matters, and read out the certificate. Then Madame Melba appeared, bowed right and left, but without speaking a word, and retired amid an ovation, which could not have been surpassed had she sung.

The latest story from America concerns a performance of Tchaikowsky's "1812" Overture given in Boston. At first the title of the work puzzled a lady in the audience. "1812," "1812," she muttered, seeking a solution. Then, in a flash, it came to her. "Why, of course," she exclaimed, "1812; that was the war with Mexico."

By the Moana from Sydney on Wednesday there arrived in Wellington Mr. Charles Norman, who is conducting a concert party through New Zealand. He was accompanied by Miss Amy Murphy, the well-known Dunedin soprano, and Miss Nellie Black (the talented violinist of the Black Family of Musicians), who will tour with Mr. Norman. The first concert of the tour will be given in Dunedin. Mr. Norman has also secured Mr. Blitz, the well-known bass viol player, who will be the 'bell' of the party. Concerts will be given in all the larger centres from Dunedin to Auckland.

We beg to give the "Daily Mail" as our authority for the following: "The action of the Nottingham Watch Committee in censoring theatre posters is causing much comment. This week Mr. Walter Melville's drama, 'The Girl Who Lost Her Character,' has been censored, posters and window bills having the two last words obliterated. A little while ago 'The Girl Who Went Astray' was billed as 'The Girl Who Went'; and but recently a dagger in the 'Monte Cristo' bills and a pistol in 'The Silver King' posters had to be pasted out. The Watch Committee also decline to allow posters to be sent out on which policemen are depicted." Never let it be denied, says John Bull, that England is a great and free country.



WHAT HE'D HAVE IF HE WAS RICH
The farm-boy's notion.

the old stage adage, that a big hit can be made in a small part by careful study and artistic interpretation.

The stage was beautifully draped, and set off with plants and climbing roses, and a word of praise is due to Mr Percy Andrew as stage manager, and chorus for the effective setting and smooth working of the reading, the whole of which indicated careful study and hard practice. The vocal items, kindly given by Mr and Mrs Lamont Gurr, were greatly appreciated and deservedly enoored.

Fred. Graham's English Comedy Company.

At His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on Monday night, the above company will commence a short season of comedy in the London success, "The Brixton Burglary." A Dunedin exchange writes:—"Theatregoers were promised that when 'The Brixton Burglary' was submitted to them there would be prevailing at the theatre a tornado of laughter. The comedy had its first night there last evening before one of the largest audiences seen in His Majesty's Theatre, and the truth of the prediction was fulfilled. It was apparent before the first act of Fred W. Sydney's London success had progressed far that the absurd situations were going to captivate those who were watching for the development. Hilarity was anticipated, and as the play progressed, so it was realised. The laughter rang so loud, so long, and so unrestrainedly from all sections of the theatre that the attempts of the actors and actresses to make themselves heard above the incessant clatter

William Desmond, the new leading man from America, will appear. Miss Katherine Grey will play the role of Emma Brooks, the heroine of the story, and Mr. Cyril Mackay that of her weak husband, while Mr. Desmond will be the "Jimmy" Smith of this cast, and Mr. George Bryant the Captain Williams. The other character will be impersonated by Miss Susie Vaughan (Miss Florence Gleason), and Mr. Leslie Victor (as a Japanese servant); so that the company is a strong one. Mr. David Burton, who came to Australia with Mr. Desmond by the Zealandia this week, is under engagement to produce "Salvation Nell," in which Miss Grey will play the name part when the piece is staged during the coming Sydney season. Mr. Burton produced this play in America for Mrs. Fiske.

The production of "Tom Jones" by the Clarke-Meynell management was an event of interest recently in Melbourne. The new piece is of the 18th century, and the "Australasian" comments favourably upon the manner in which Mr. Charles A. Wenman, the producer, has taken advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him. "Staging a picturesque opera of this kind," that journal says, "requires the nearest attention to detail, and Mr. Wenman has been eminently successful." The new leading lady, Miss Winifred O'Connor, appears to have made a hit as a singer. The "Age" critic regards her voice as one of the finest Melbourne has heard in comic opera for many a day, and says it is used "with exceptional skill and taste."

the great hall, with its white columns and gleaming silver, its flower and plate bedecked table, at which 24 scarlet-coated huntsmen are found at breakfast; the chamber of horrors at Madame Tus-saud's, where strange shapes of murderers' faces gibber at the man who has been locked up all night; more realistic still, the rushing railway train, the railway smash, and the Twp Thousand Guinea race—all these compel astonishment and admiration for the artistic and mechanical skill expended on them. As to the plot, it is of so little consequence that in the book of the play the names of the authors are not given. Interest attaches to the play from the fact that there are about a dozen new artists in the cast. Chief among these are Miss Marie Hlington, a comedienne with a gift of natural humour, and who, with Mr. Ambrose Manning, supplies most, if not all, the fun of the play. Miss Evelyn Kerry, the heroine, gives a charming exposition of a cultured English gentlewoman, and Mr. Lionel Atwill, the hero, acts up to the corresponding masculine standard, despite the fact that the dramatist makes him hence a book-maker to the tune of £90,000. Mr. Penley makes the bookmaker a humorous creation. The villain and the female adventurer are on the usual conventional lines. There is an excellent piece of stage portraiture presented by Mr. Robert Bottomley as the jockey, and the brother of the villain's inevitable feminine victim, the latter personated with

The Fashions in Dancing.

By James Douglas.

HERE are fashions in dancing, as well as in battleships and bonnets. In my time dancing has gone through many permutations, and each of them has been a sign of a change in the public mood. Dancers interpret the prevailing temper of the period, for there is in their art a subtle sympathy with their environment. The public are not conscious of the mysterious process which makes a certain kind of dancing the vogue for a while, but there is no doubt that dancing is an expression of a general frame of mind. The dancing of Kate Vaughan and Letty Lind and Sylvia Grey was a protest against the garish brutality of the Gaiety burlesque. In those days the Gaiety chorus was composed of tall girls in lights, and the public grew so utterly tired of the crudity of tights that they hailed with delight a school of dancing which abolished the parade of flesh in fleshings, and substituted for it the grace of ethereal wisps moving in a cloud of cobwebs. For the bravado of abandonment we were given the dainty reticence of innumerable veils.

Then the fickle soul of the people grew weary of the discreet sylph with her billows of silk and cascades of chiffon, her flashing insteps and bewitching ankles. It sighed for a sharper stimulant and a keener sting. In due time Lottie Collins took the town by storm with her epileptic high kicking and her tempestuous acrobaticisms. We turned from the lilies and languors of the diaphanous sylph to the negroid fury of "Ta-ra-boom-deay." The strepitous blast and blare of that famous tune got into our blood, and we gave ourselves up to the madness of the plantation melody, with its alternations of swooning sensuousness and spasmodic violence. The dancing of that wild period was a nightmare of high heels, black stockings and stormy lingerie. When we heard the other day that Lottie Collins was dead we suddenly felt very old, for it seemed a hundred years since her song was growled out by every barrel organ and was whistled by every butcher's boy.

After the acrobatic dance, there was a reaction. The weary heart of the music-halls longed for something sturdier and slower and more sophisticated, for Lottie Collins, one must confess, was crude and vulgar with the dreadful nudity and vulgarity of the Cockney temper. It was Spain that came to our aid in our hour of ennu. There was a wave of Spanish dancing, on the crest of which were planted the insolent feet of Carmenita. Her empire is immortalised in Sargent's portrait. There her savagery, her pride, her defiant arrogance, and her haughty beauty are triumphant for ever. Who that saw it can forget the thrill of her entrance on the stage of the Palace Theatre! She seemed to set her arched instep on the neck of the audience. She did not sue or solicit or allure. She came like a conqueror to receive the submission of slaves. Her dancing was a declaration of feminine contempt for masculine folly and frailty. She gloried in the rhythmical insults which she launched at the astonished audience.

Her beauty was not offered to us; it was flung at us. She smote us on the face with her overweening hatred and contempt. And if she relaxed her mockery for a moment, it was only to lull us into security and throw us off our guard, and then affront us with another gesture of supreme insolence.

After the hot splendour of the Spanish school, we turned with relief to the cool and fragrant childlikeness of Adeline

Genee. In her exquisite spontaneity was the charm and vivacity of girlish joy untainted by passion and unassumed by experience. Her butterfly gaiety matched our mood of satiety. She was like an April day, a miracle of quick laughter and elfin grace, fresh witchery and tender sprightliness.

It think it was the poetry and romance of Genee which prepared the way for Maud Allan, and which disguised the faint morbidity and subtle perversity of the Salome dance. The English temperament is curiously supple in its self-deception and its make-believe. It was able to read into Maud Allan's beaded undulations exactly what it pleased, so that everybody was satisfied, from Silenus to Mr. Stead. But the decadence came swiftly and the cult of beads and bare feet perished in an orgy of vulgar imitation.

For a while there was an epidemic of savagery which came straight from the purlieus of Paris. The Danse des Apaches, the Valse Chalopense, and their like raged violently, and it seemed as if the art of dancing had sunk into sheer brutality. These hooligan frenzies were deliberately ugly; they were a fierce exposition of hideous passions. Of course, they were toned down on their way across the Channel, and while they became unintelligible, they remained sordid. I do not think they pleased the London public, apart from that strange cosmopolitan crowd which haunts some of the music-halls. The culmination of the cult of ferocity was reached in Polaire, and I fear it must be admitted that we laughed at her, in spite of her fourteen-inch waist and her celebrated ankle. There is but a step from the diabolical to the ridiculous. The dance of murderous ugliness died of ridicule.

It was at this stage of revulsion against tortured vulgarity and morbid horror that the Russian dancers leaped into popularity. They brought nature and life into the sickly atmosphere of the theatre. They combined the technical brilliance of Genee with the warmer and richer Slavonic temperament. And yet they were as clear and pure as Genee in their interpretation of emotion. There was nothing muddy in their vitality. To see those Russians was to see the isolated from sorrow and from sin. They were like creatures in the dawn of the world, unconsciously swift and radiant and joyous, with no fatigue or grief or sadness in their intense interpretation of being at its best. For the Russian imagination is fresh and uncorrupted and simple, and in the dance as in literature it has the strong charm of beauty that is young and untarnished, the lovely pathos of childhood, sweet as wood violets and cool as the water in a mountain tarn. The public that delight in "The Blue Bird" and the Russian dancers is not past praying for.

Semi-religious drama with a moral has given place to the irresponsible frivolity of vaudeville at His Majesty's. The Valdaire-Garrison show passes an evening agreeably enough. It's about the nearest thing to the class of programme Percy Dix use to put on that we have had since that cheerful worthy departed. Until the "strike" came along last year, Dix was doing very well financially in the show business at Newcastle. The "black diamond" trouble flattened him out for a time, and he was, at latest advices, managing the Lyceum picture show, Sydney.

The Music of Edward Macdowell.

(By D. C. PARKER.)

Oscar Wilde once remarked that the youth of America was its oldest tradition. This was more than a flippant phrase which had escaped from the lips of a clever man. It had some truth behind it. Many people have an idea that the whole of America is in a state of civilised savagery. The great men of concord give the lie to that at once. In a hundred fields of activity America has won an honoured place. In music her position is peculiar. She has her merchant princes and captains of industry but she has not yet found her Beethoven. It is easier to discover virgin soil on the face of the globe than in the region of sharps and flats.

This does not mean that America is not playing a big role in the musical world. The greatest artists are heard from New York to San Francisco and it must not be forgotten that the "Sinfonia Domestica" was first heard in the former city. There is indeed a great band of musical activity reaching from the Eastern seaboard to the towns of the West. But of creative genius the United States have given little to the world, and the peculiar thing is that out of the turmoil of her immense commercial activity there has emerged a voice so quiet and so tender that it is scarcely heard. I mean, of course, Edward Macdowell. It is not long since the composer died, and the fact that he occupied a unique place in modern music has lately thrust itself upon the public. As long as you see a man taking his daily walk and dressed as other men are, as long as you sit near him drinking his beer, smoking his cigar and reading his newspaper it is not easy to value him at his true artistic worth. The average individual finds it difficult to persuade himself that a man who does not wear a Byron collar is more interested in sonnets than in debenture bonds. But when an artist dies, the common-places fall from out our reckoning. We do not consider the cut of his coat but the richness or ornamentation of his mental apparel.

Macdowell the man is no longer with us, but Macdowell the artist will remain yet awhile. While representative of much that is best in American culture, his choice of subjects and manner of treating his themes may be explained away by reference to his ancestry. The fact of his having sprung from Scottish-Irish parents gives the clue to nearly all his music. There are some men who talk to daisies by the wayside, not because they have anything to say to them, or can understand the language of flowers, but because others pass them by. These people are merely striking an attitude and they are not to be taken too seriously. There also exists the man who stops to address the meekest thing in nature because it holds in its delicate petals a cup of eloquence such as the gods might envy. When we get a man like Burns pouring out his genius upon some everyday theme we feel how full the earth is of splendid beauties and manifold secrets for those who have the faculty of seeing. There is something of this faculty in Macdowell. He is an unique man among modern composers. With the exception of Grieg, no outstanding writer of our time has devoted his musical talent to such short and simple annals. Strauss has a penchant for subjects with a multitude of interests and a variety of aspects. Take "Ein Heidenleben," "Also Sprach Zarathustra," "Tod und Verklärung"; it is all great workmanship upon a large can-

vas. To Strauss nature is not a flower. It is a wide vista of landscape with Zarathustra standing naked on the mountain tops addressing the sun. Debussy, though a quieter spirit, is full of a more studied carelessness and a more artificial naturalness. Macdowell is unaffected in his nature pictures. I have heard it said that when he was composing he liked to bury himself in the woods, and I can well believe it. Solitude must have had much to say to such a man that words and harmonies would merely have obscured. And the result of the impression made upon him is left in his music. It is natural and it is healthy. There is nothing of fin de siècle, welt-schmerz or sehnsucht in his work. This in itself is a great recommendation.

Macdowell possesses in a peculiar degree the power of investing common objects with an uncommon interest. Take some of the best known of the piano pieces and you will find this borne out. It is not the landscape alone which interests the composer; it is the hundred fairies which skip over its grassy meads. There is a legend which tells that children can see elfish forms which older people are unable to distinguish. This is only a pretty way of calling attention to the lovely world of childlike happiness. There is much of this in the composer's music. He revels in little sights and scenes about which others are silent. He is happy in the corner of his flower-garden. Unfortunately he has had to pay the penalty of his choice of subject. Most of his piano pieces are concerned with things of a far too intimate and fragile nature to be really effective in the concert-hall. This is the reason, I take it, that he is not better known. To those who only frequent the highways of music, Macdowell is but a name.

The object of these lines is to point out the interest which surrounds the composer. His place of birth, his ancestry, his tastes, all contribute to make him a man worth knowing well. In his "Sea Pieces" we find descriptive sketches which are unlike any other sea pictures in music. In the "New England Idylls" and "American Wood Idylls" there are numbers full of poetic charm. And the Macdowell of the songs is a delightful companion. These are generally short, but if they be fragmentary they are beautiful fragments. It is in these, I think, that his Scottish-Irish ancestry makes itself felt most plainly. The atmosphere is often that of the Western isle, the charm frequently of a Celtic nature. Some of the music possesses the same atmosphere as is to be found in the poetry of Yeats. The picture of the

"Glimmering girl

With apple blossom in her hair,
Who called me by my name, and ran
And faded through the brightening air"

would surely have appealed to the writer of "The Joy of Autumn." In nearly all his work there is a charm. Sometimes it seems as though the voice of the Celt were uppermost, and his pages turn us to Welsh harpers among the hills and fair ladies in enchanted castles; sometimes there is melody that is Scottish in its character, with just a tinge of melancholy. At others he sketches for us sights and scenes that lie nearer to his home and heart; we find ourselves "at an old trysting place" or brooding upon "the silent mystery of immortal things," and we feel, as we picture him in his garden at Peterboro', that in him we have a man rejoicing in beautiful things, to whom life in a caravan or in a cottage by the wayside can yield more choice delights than are to be purchased by those who dwell in high places.

The OCEAN Accident & Guarantee Corporation LIMITED

Gross Assets (1908), £2,453,030.

Reserves, £1,750,113.

Income, £1,455,513.

Invested Funds, £2,003,798.

Business Transacted—

Accident. Guarantee. Fire.

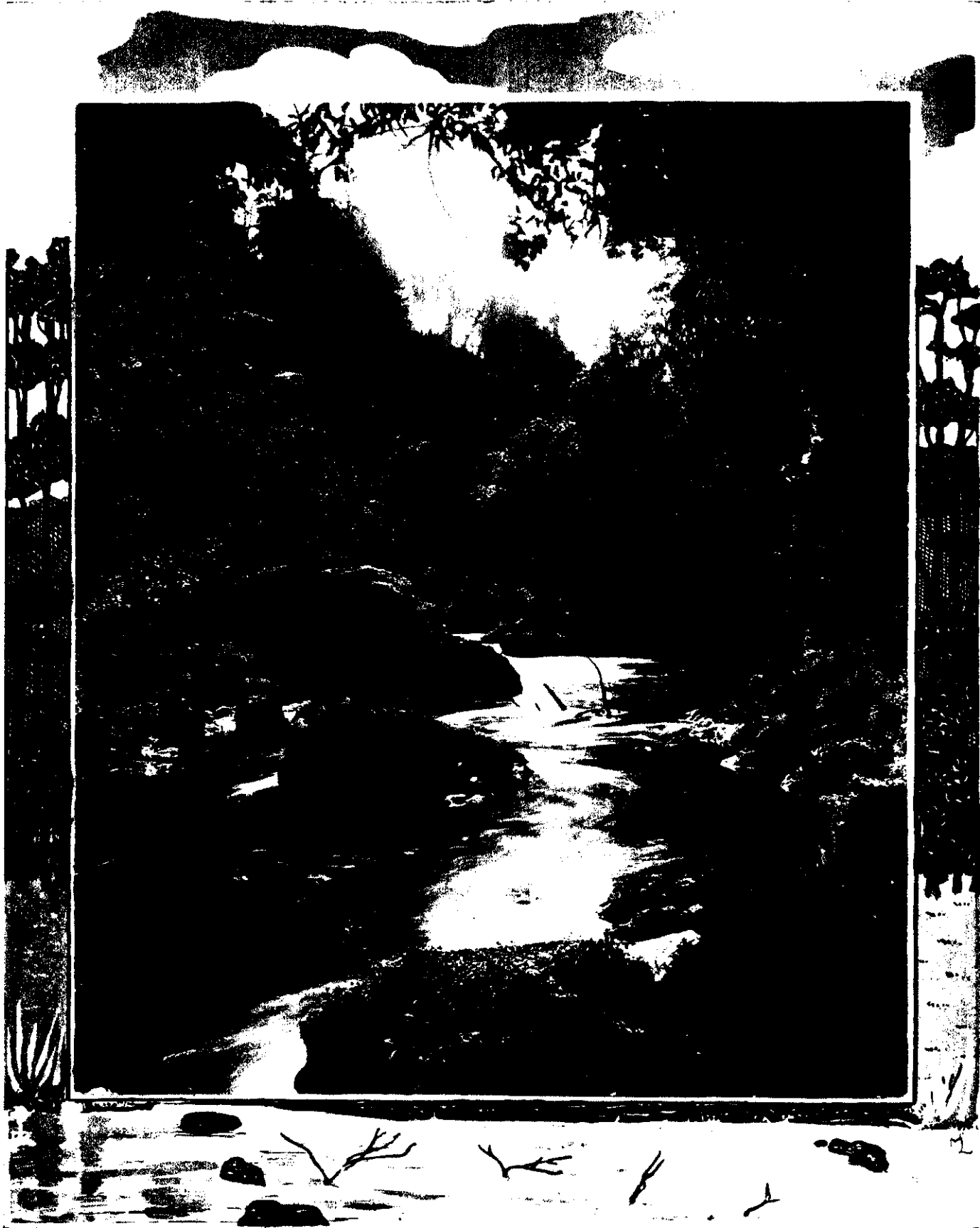
Auckland Office—

SHORTLAND STREET, AUCKLAND.

Head Office for New Zealand—

117 & 121 CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.

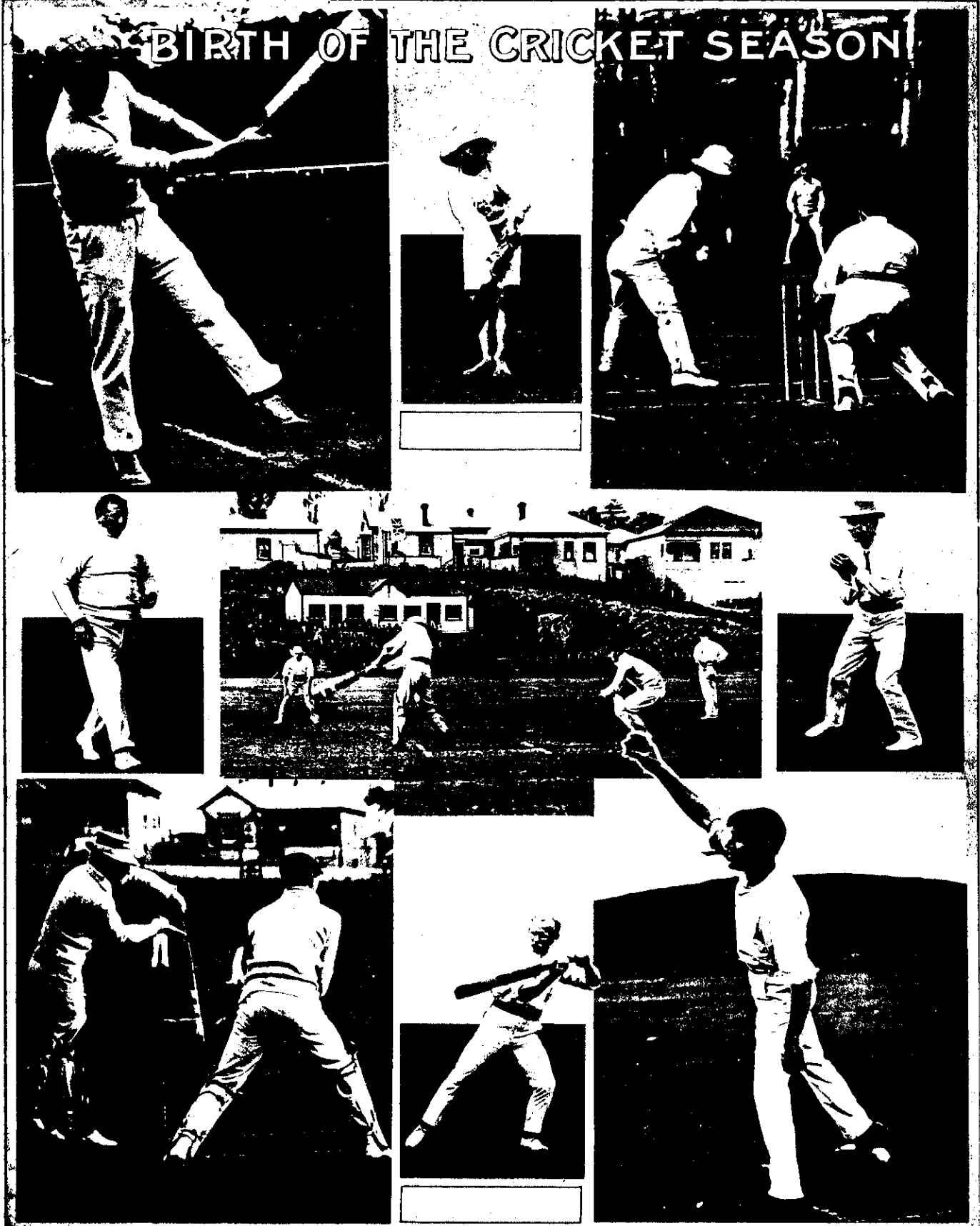
Chas. M. Montefiore, General Manager and Attorney for New Zealand.



E. Dutton, photo

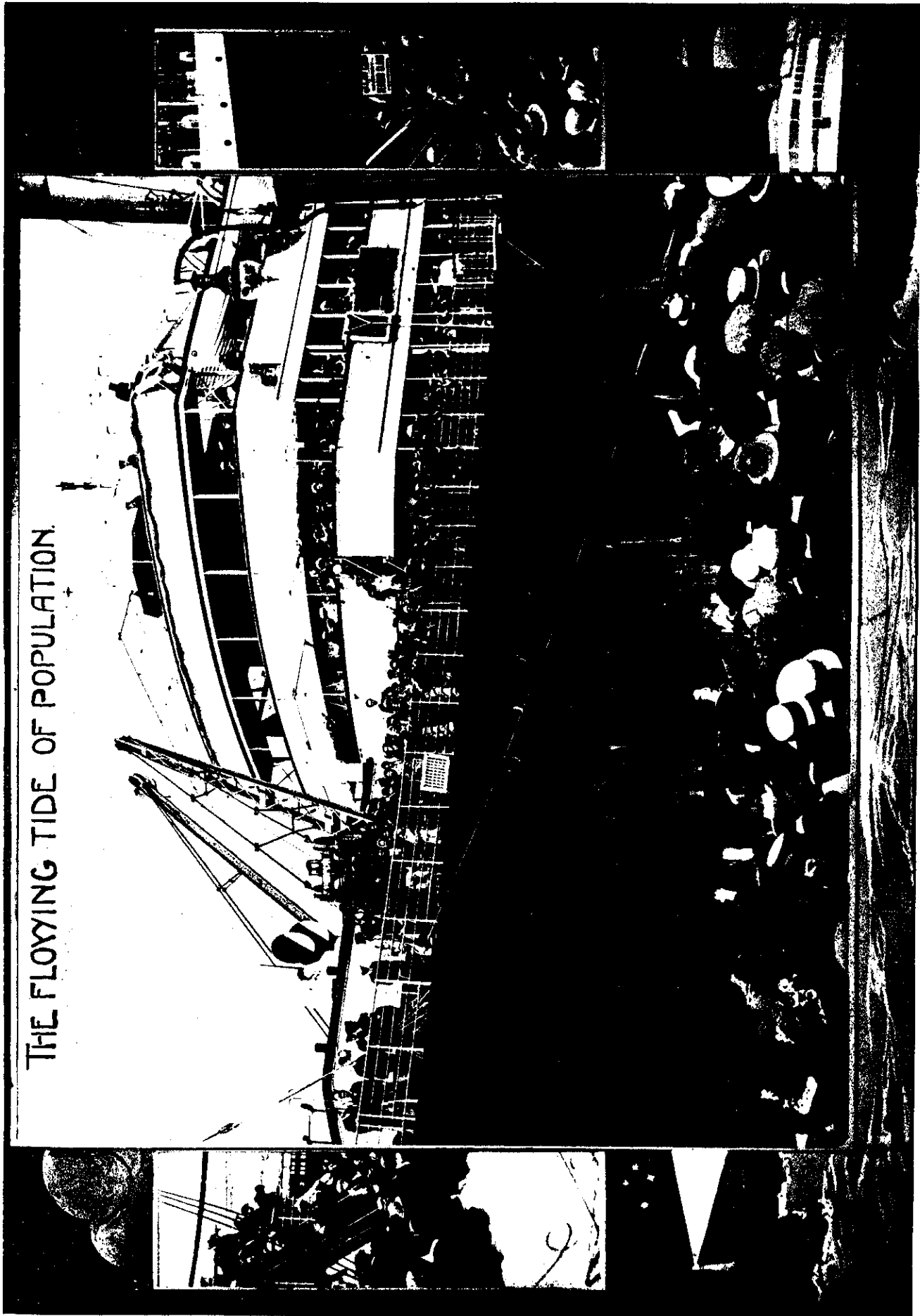
WHERE THE GOVERNMENT IS TO SPEND £200,000 FOR ELECTRIC POWER—THE MAKURI GORGE, NEAR PAHIATUA.

The Government's big hydro-electric scheme includes the establishment of a plant for the generation of 600 h.p. per annum at Makuri, at an estimated cost of £200,000. From this point light and power would be supplied to Palmerston North, Masterton, Woodville, Pahiatua, Feilding, Levin, and Intermediate towns. The Premier estimates that power would be retailed at £10 per h.p. per annum, as against £15 to £30 at present with coal. Electric light would be supplied at 2d per unit, and power worked out at 1d intermittent and 4d for continuous working per unit, while this would allow the State a profit of £3 to £4 per h.p. The Makuri works will be only nineteen miles from Palmerston in an air-line, and there is no gauging the possibilities which the construction of this power station would open for the district.



SNAPSHOTS IN AUCKLAND ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE KING OF SUMMER SPORTS.

THE FLOYING TIDE OF POPULATION.



THE ARRIVAL OF BRITISH IMMIGRANTS IN WELLINGTON.

Tibout, photo.

Amongst the five hundred odd passengers who arrived in Wellington by the *Itabine* last week were 52 assisted immigrants, comprising 29 adults and 23 children. There were 19 non-assisted adults and 10 children, while 29 adults and 2 children were approved by the High Commissioner. The *Morayshire* due at Auckland from London on October 30th, is bringing 16 adult immigrants. The small packets at side show the departure of future colonists from Britain.

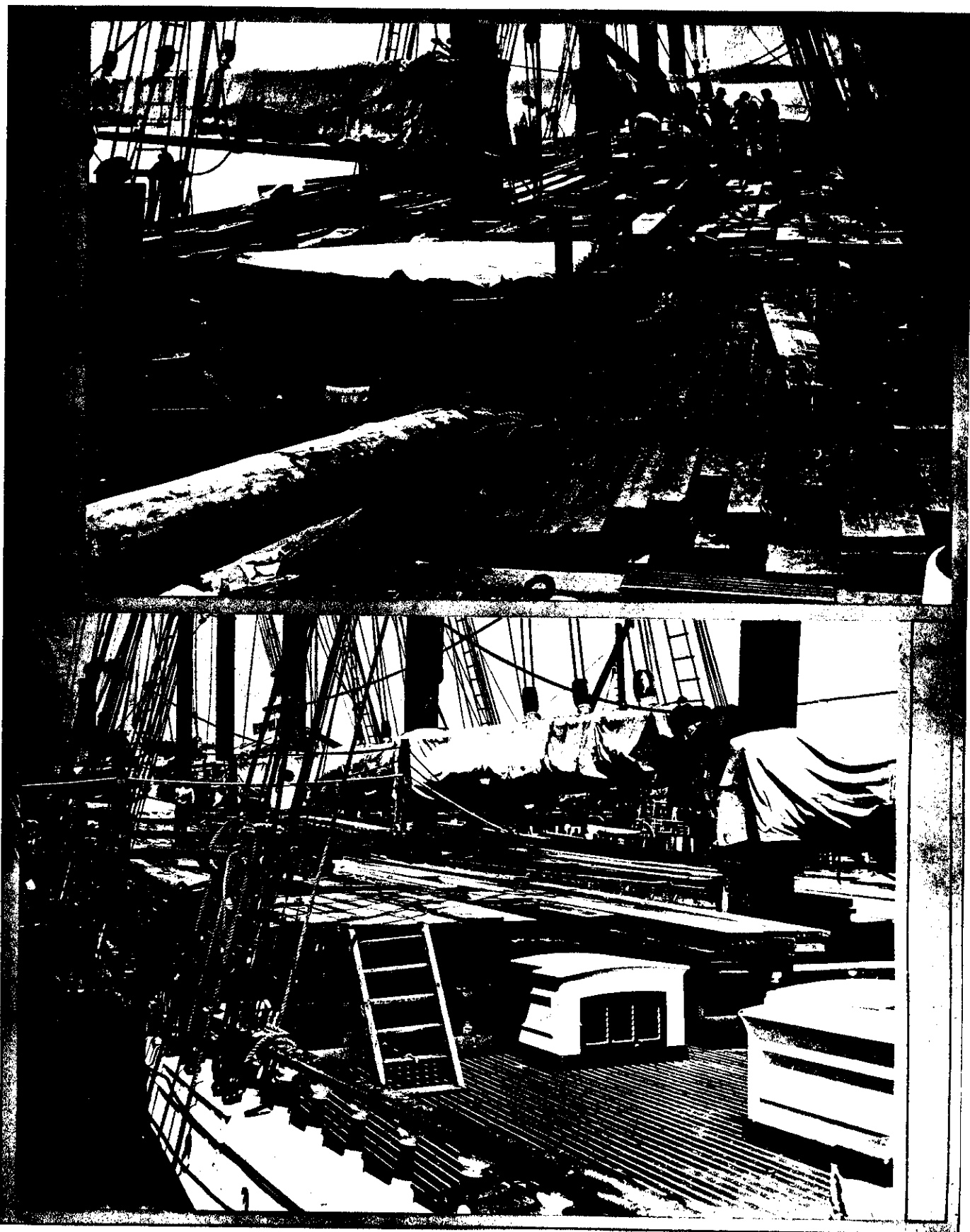
MODERN ASPECTS OF A CLASSIC PASTIME:



Topical, photo.

IMAM BUX, THE INDIAN WRESTLER, DEFEATS JOHN LEMM.

When Gama, the Indian wrestler, overcame the American exponent, Dr. Roller, a short time ago in London, followers of a wrestling who saw the match did not, perhaps, realize the exceptional merit of the Indian style. It was argued that Dr. Roller, who had a rib broken in the first half-minute, might otherwise have given Gama a much harder task. In a later contest, however, Imam Bux, a member of the Indian troupe to which Gama belongs, clearly demonstrated his superiority by plunging John Lemm down twice in succession, gaining the first fall in 3min. 15sec., and the second in 1min 5sec. (1) Imam Bux trying to get a half Nelson hold on to his opponent. (2) A body hold. (3) The Swiss in difficulties. Note the half Nelson and scissors holds which Bux has secured on Lemm.



A BIG CARGO—OVER A MILLION FEET OF OREGON PINE FOR AUCKLAND.

THE FIVE-MASTED SCHOONER INCA, WHICH ARRIVED IN AUCKLAND ON OCTOBER 17 FROM PORTLAND (OREGON), BROUGHT 1,300,000 FT OF TIMBER FOR ONE OF THE LOCAL MILLS.

A glance along the Inca's deck (as illustrated by the photograph) will show the great carrying capacity of this type of ship, no less than 600,000 ft being carried on deck.

WELL KNOWN FACES AT TRENTHAM

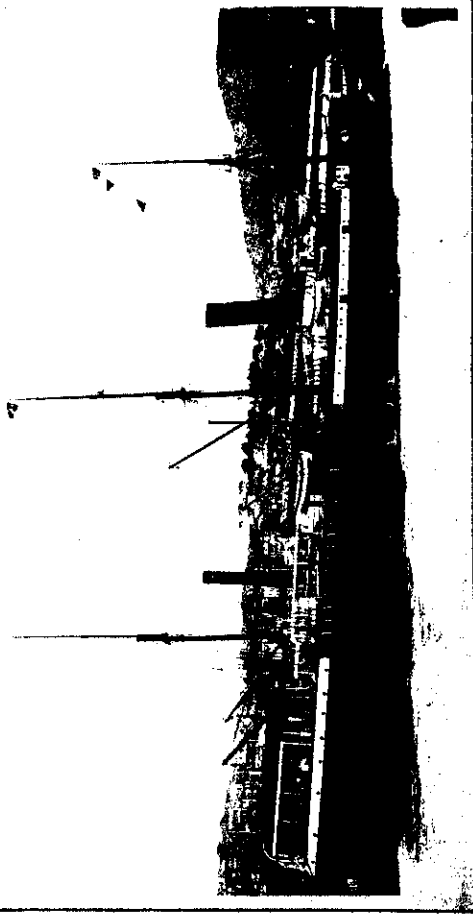


Tibbott, photo.

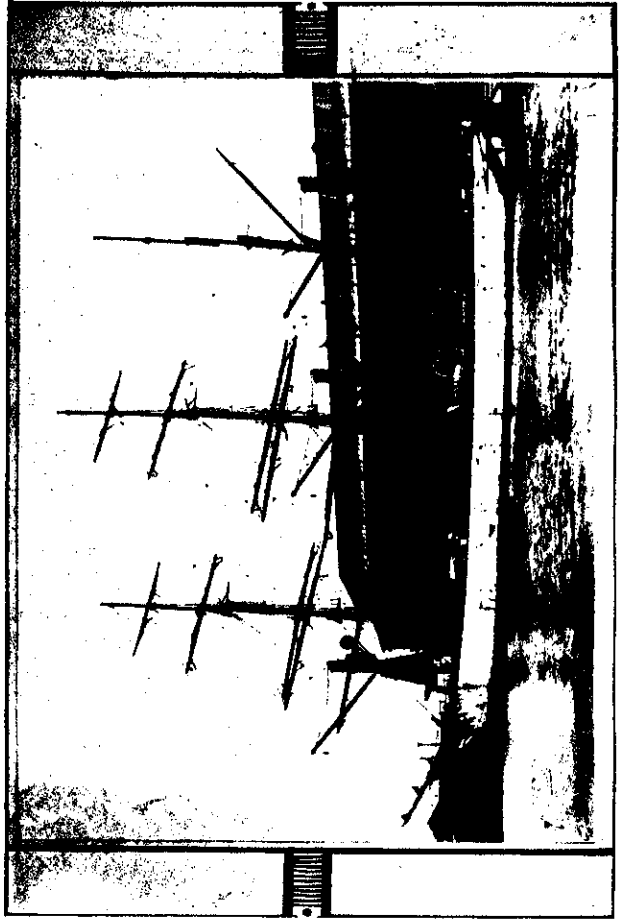
THE SPRING RACING CARNIVAL OF THE CAPITAL.

Ministerial and Parliamentary visitors were plentiful at the Trentham meeting last week, and as in former years, the gathering had a very large support from the public.

PREPARING TO DEPART FOR FRISCO.

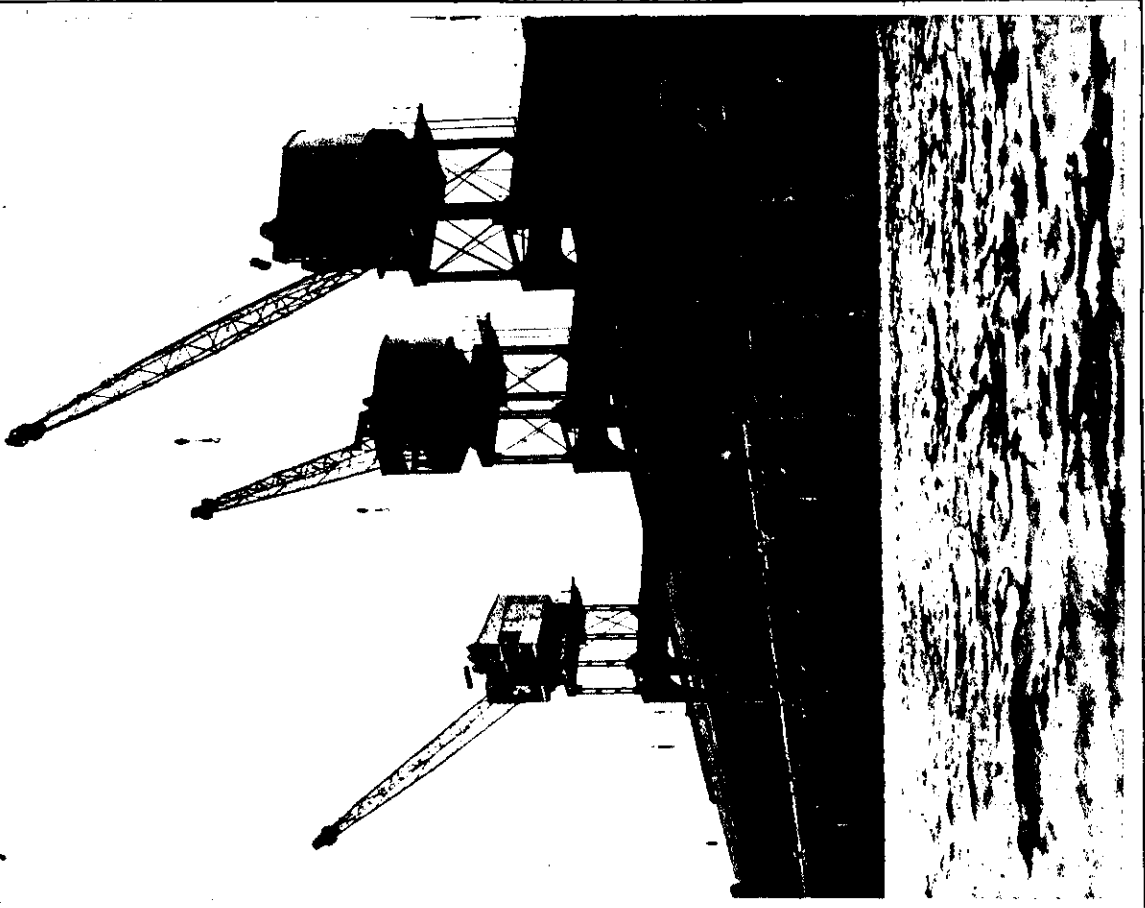


THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW SERVICE. At 12.30 p.m. on Saturday the Union Company's steamer *Armagul* (shown in the photo, alongside the wharf at Wellington) left Auckland on her first voyage of trade, and is expected to reach San Francisco on November 11. The service is a monthly one, and the next dispatch will be the *Malita*, leaving Auckland on November 24.



A STORM-BATTERED BARQUE REACHES WELLINGTON. The Norwegian barque *Gleonslep* which left Liverpool on July 26, reached Wellington last week after a very trying experience. A succession of gales culminated in a hurricane with mountainous seas, during which the vessel was severely damaged. Her starboard masts were badly smashed for a length of over 20 feet, and her masts were snapped like paper. The four masts were smashed and six boats carried away.

NEW ELECTRIC CRANES IN AUCKLAND.



MODERN MACHINERY FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PORT

The equipment of the new Railway Wharf at Auckland includes the erection of twelve of Messrs Babcock and Wilcox Ltd's electric cranes, eight of the semi-portal and four of the portal type. Four of the cranes are completed and two more are nearly ready. Our illustration shows the manner in which the cranes are placed, each being operated by one man. A current of 400 volts supplied by the City Electric Department is the motive force. The lifting power of each crane is five tons, the height from the top of the jib to the wharf level is about 90 feet, and the radius of each jib is 44ft. 6in.

A PICTURE WORTH FRAM



W. Reid, photo.

A FINE STUDY OF A NOBLE DO

AMING-THE DEERHOUND.



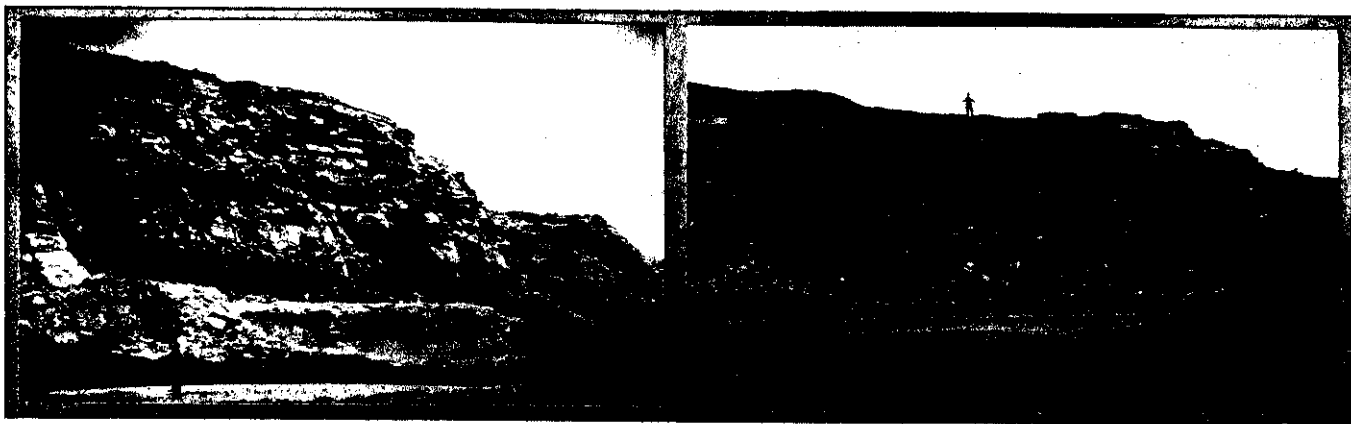
E DO TAKEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.



E. Denton, photo.

THE OPENING OF THE BOWLING SEASON IN PALMERSTON NORTH.

The photo shows Mrs. J. A. Nash, wife of the Mayor, throwing the Jack.



A BIG BLAST—SIXTEEN HUNDRED YARDS OF ROCK DISLODGED.

Extensive blasting operations are being carried on at St. Betham's Point, Mechanics' Bay, Auckland. A big shot was fired last week, the seven kegs of powder being rammed into three holes. This blast dislodged 1600 yards of the face of the cliff. The spoil is being used by the Auckland Harbour Board for reclamation work in Quay Street.



Tilbutt, photo.

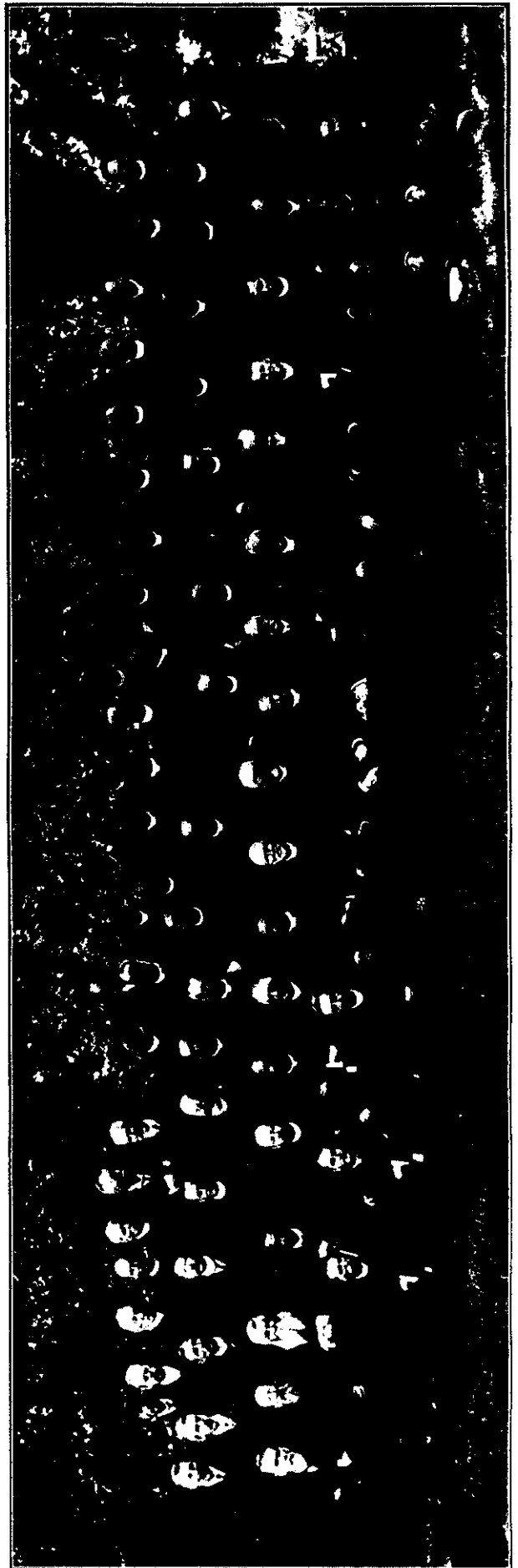
TENNIS IN WELLINGTON—OPENING OF THE ORIENTAL CLUB'S SEASON.

The Hon. J. A. Millar, who performed the opening ceremony is seated in the centre of the front row.



OPENING THE ROWING SEASON IN WANGANUI—WHERE THE NEW ZEALAND ROWING REGATTA WILL BE HELD THIS YEAR.

His Worship the Mayor (Mr. C. E. Mackay), is to be seen on the right opening the rowing season for the combined clubs, Wanganui Union and Arahua. In the first two boats on the right of the picture the Australian and New Zealand fours and the New Zealand Championship double scull's are to be seen. It is on this course that the New Zealand Rowing Association's annual regatta will be held this year.

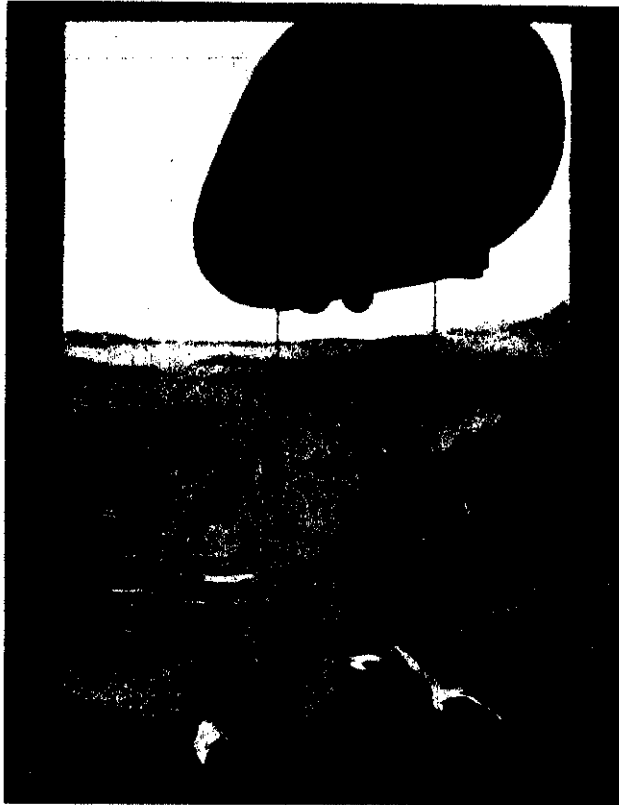


THE MEN WHO SELECTED AUCKLAND'S NEW BISHOP.
MEMBERS OF THE AUCKLAND DIOCESAN SYNOD OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

Tea. photo.



Zak. photo.
HALF-A-CENTURY'S SERVICE.
Mother Mary Joseph Aubert, who celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of her work in New Zealand early next December.



WRECKED AT SEA—MR WELLMAN'S VENTURE FAILS.

The Wellman dirigible balloon "The America," which was originally designed to make the journey to the North Pole, left Atlantic City on Saturday morning (15th inst.) to make the first attempt to cross from the United States to England. Almost immediately after leaving the airship was enveloped in fog. Wireless communication was kept up between the shore and the "vessel." Wellman could not have chosen a more unfortunate time, as twenty-four hours after his ship left land, it is supposed she was caught in a gale 480 miles out at sea the after effects of the typhoon in Cuba. The airship was abandoned and the crew rescued by the steamer Trent.



AN INTREPID VOYAGER.
Mr Walter Wellman, who made unsuccessful attempts to reach the North Pole by airship and was picked up at sea last week after his machine had been wrecked during an attempt to travel from Atlantic City to England.



MR FRED GRAHAM.
The well known comedian, who is at present touring New Zealand with a new comedy company, which is to appear in Auckland on 31st inst, and afterwards proceed to Wellington.
(See "Music and Drama.")



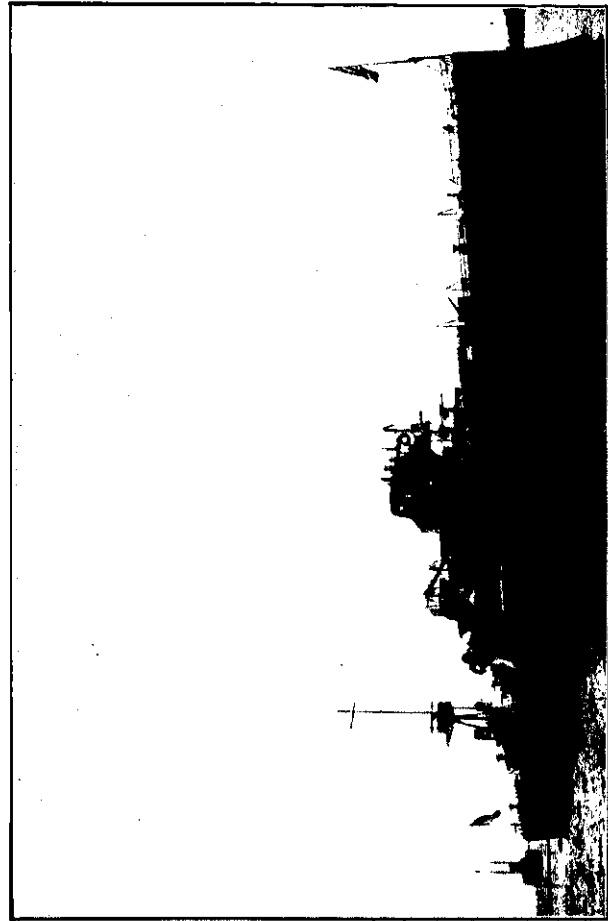
MR GERALD E. KAY SOUPER.
Mr Gerald E. Kay Souper was lately leading juvenile with the Oscar Asche Company in Australia, and is at present touring New Zealand with Mr Fred Graham's Comedy Company, which is to open in Auckland on Monday, 31st.



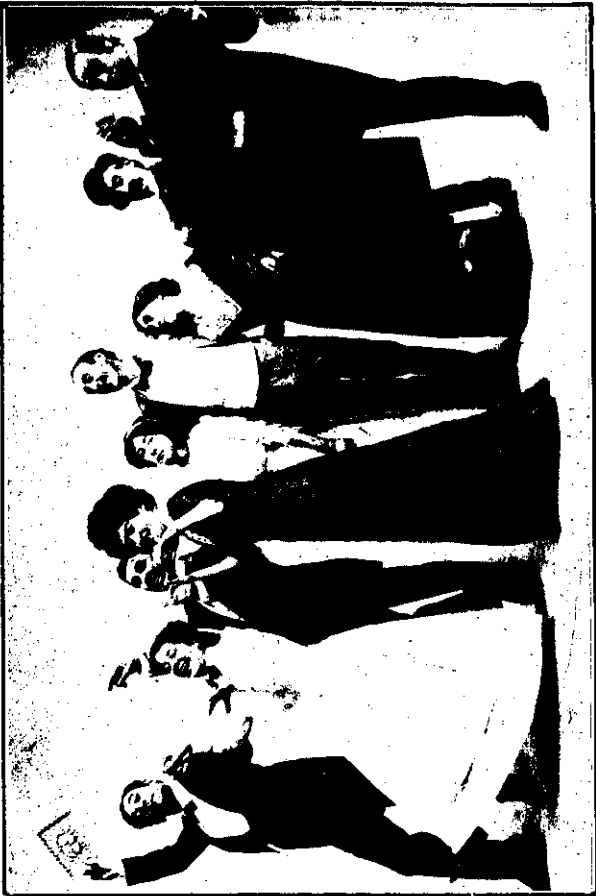
A. J. Wilson, photo.

"GENTLE ANNIE"—A WELL-KNOWN LANDMARK AT THE THAMES.

The lofty crest of "Gentle Annie" is well known to all residents of the Thames. The photograph, taken from Totara, and looking across the racecourse, shows the big hill in the middle distance.

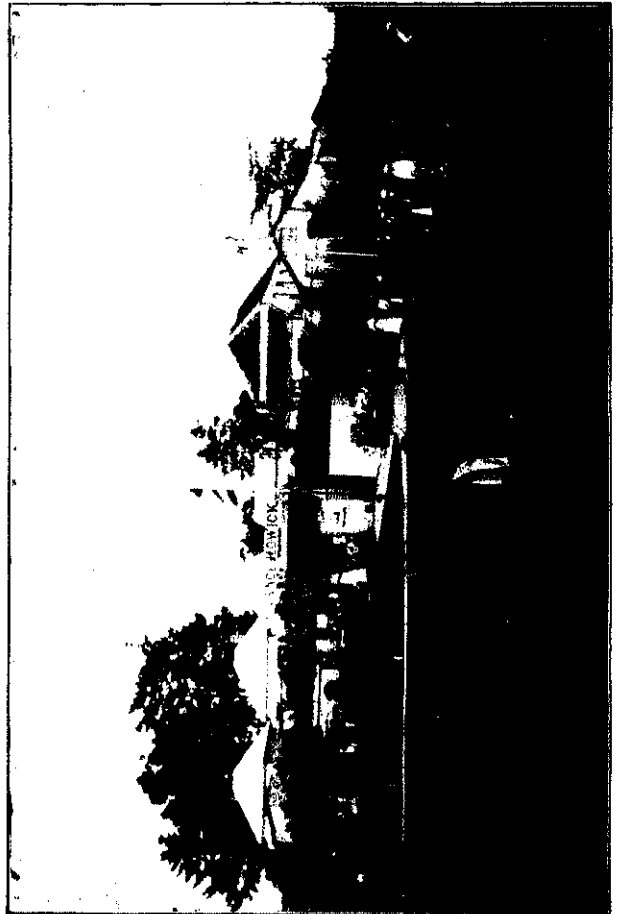


THE BATTLESHIP OF THE FUTURE.
The photo shows what the Dreadnaught of the future will look like when the present steam turbines and coal funnels are replaced by marine oil engines—the coming power for the propulsion of the floating war machines of the civilised races.



"THE BRINTON BURGLARY."

(See "Music and Drama.")
"The Brinton Burglary," a farcical musical comedy, is to be the first production of the Fred Graham Comedy Company, on their initial performance in the North Island, at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on Monday, 31st inst.



OPENING THE BOWLING SEASON AT HOWICK.
The Howick Bowling Club's season was opened on October 15th by the president (Mr Hugh K. Gilmore). Howick is quite one of the most picturesque spots jostling among the coxes of the Waikaiti Harbour. Owing to the distance from town, and absence of up-to-date transport, it has escaped the grip of the speculative Jerry builder. Its isolation has preserved its rural charm, and the village remains today a place of singular attraction and beauty.



AN OLD-TIME POST OFFICE.

A relic of pioneering days in the wilds of Taranaki, on the route of the Stratford-Taranaki railway.



SIR JOHN CAMPBELL ARRIVING TO TAKE PART IN THE OPENING CEREMONY.



Sorrell, photo. A MAORI GIRLS' SCHOOL BURNED DOWN. The photo shows the destruction of the Hukarere Maori Girls' School, near Napier, early on the morning of October 21. The building (one of forty rooms) was very old, and the flames spread with great rapidity, giving the girls barely time to escape in night attire.



AN INTERESTING GROUP AT THE OPENING OF THE KINDERGARTEN. Reading from the left Back Row: Messrs. E. Brooke-Smith (hon. secretary), H. A. Milnes, Dr. McInnes, G. J. Tanks, T. W. Leys, G. O'Halloran, Jun., F. K. Mulgan (chief inspector, under Auckland Education Board). Front Row: Miss Giffson (director of the Kindergarten), Mrs. E. Robertson, Mrs. Coleman, Mr. L. J. Bagnall (Mayor of Auckland and President of the Association), Sir John Logan Campbell, Mrs. Leo Myers (vice-president), Mrs. P. Olliphant, Mrs. A. Ferguson.

SIR JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL'S LATEST GIFT TO AUCKLAND.

The Campbell Free Kindergarten was formally opened on October 19th. Prominent in the large gathering of representative citizens present was the venerable figure of Sir John Logan Campbell, the generous donor of the funds required for the building and its equipment. The Auckland Kindergarten Association originated in 1908 among a few ladies—Mrs. Kealy, Mrs. Brooke-Smith, and Mrs. Leo Myers—and until recently the work of the Association for children and students had been conducted in the pavilion at Victoria Park. In January, 1910, however, the Council received the offer of Sir John to build and equip a kindergarten, the only condition being that the Association should maintain and keep the building open as a free-kindergarten.



Sorrell, photo.

AN OLD HAWKE'S BAY LANDMARK DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The Hakareere Maori Girls' School destroyed by fire on the morning of October 21, was a very old landmark of Hawke's Bay, having been established by the late Bishop Williams, the first Bishop of Waiapu in 1873. The building was of two storeys, in wood and iron, and had residential accommodation for about sixty pupils.



Sorrell, photo.

WATCHING THE JUMPING COMPETITIONS AT THE HAWKE'S BAY GATHERING.

Among the visitors to the Show was His Excellency the Governor (Lord Islington) who is seen in the central picture.

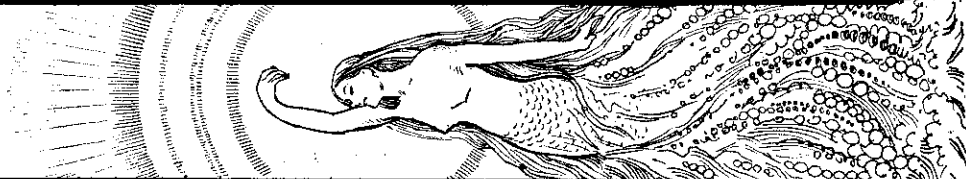
LEADERS OF COMMERCE IN THE DOMINION



MR H. C. CHOYCE.



MR ROBERT RUSSELL.



Bartlett, photo.

Mr Henry Charles Choyce, managing director of the firm of Milne and Choyce, Ltd., Auckland, was born at Stratford-on-Avon in 1841, and came to New Zealand in 1861. He was engaged for some years in mining at the Thames during the early days, and afterwards was a departmental buyer for Messrs A. Clark and Sons. He left them to join his sister-in-law (Miss Milne) in business in Queen-street. This business was carried on until nine years ago, when it was formed into a limited company, since when Mr Choyce has continued as managing director.

Wickham, photo.

Mr Robert Russell, of the well known Waikanae firm of Russell and Bignell, Limited, was born on October 7th, 1863, at Douglas, Lanarkshire, Scotland, coming to New Zealand in 1883. In the following year he commenced business in Grey-mouth, and re- moved to Waikanae in 1903. Mr Russell is the President of the Waikanae Agricultural and Pastoral Association, and has held the position of Chief House Steward for the last four years to the Association. He is a steward, and a member of the Committee of the Waikanae Jockey Club, and also Treasurer of the Eghout-Waikanae Hunt Club.

The World's Most Primitive Colony.

THE CULT OF NUDITY.

ZURICH, August 27, 1910.

TRAVELLERS in Europe this summer have been badly jarred by the vagaries of the weather.

Even the mildest mannered globe-trotter, passing through the tourist centres, has agreed that the August conditions have been "queer." Only in one small section of Switzerland have the residents gone through heat wave, snowstorm and northern blast with impartial calmness. And, strange to say, these stoics were more exposed to the atmosphere than any civilised beings I have ever met. It was quite by chance that I stumbled across this remarkable colony of exponents of the simple life.

The name of the colony is the "Lichtflüheim" (Light and air home) and it is located on the Waidberg, overlooking the town of Zurich. While in the town I heard reports of the thoroughness of the methods by which the residents in the Waidberg institution get right back to nature, so I decided to make arrangements for a closer study. I knew of several places in Germany, Austria and Switzerland where nakedness and the tonic gifts of sun, light and air were cardinal rules of life, but in each of them there were restrictions. The varieties of the primitive were railed in, so to speak, away from the public gaze, dictated by the doctor and, in short, treated as patients in a sanatorium. But at Waidberg it is otherwise. There the followers of Nature can roam over hill and dale, swim lakes and rivers and disport themselves at will in a state of almost complete nudity for many miles around.

To my surprise I found the people of Zurich, though they have their prude societies, regarded the Waidbergers merely as local curiosities. They showed no desire for the imposition of restrictions. On telephoning to the head of the colony, Herr J. P. Muller, formerly an officer in the Danish army, I received a cordial invitation to go up and see for myself.

The automobile zigzagged up the steep slopes of the Waidberg and in an hour or so the driver deposited me at the

entrance of a large pine forest, explaining he could not take his car further as the road from this point was very bad. I found later he was right; the road had degenerated into a mere mountain path, covered with boulders. It wound through the forest till, half a mile higher up, it ended at the light and air home.

It was a sunny day when I left the car on my climb but no rays penetrated the dense pines as I ascended. I was beginning to feel cold when I arrived at a clearing in the forest and a startling sight met my gaze. A tall, splendidly built man, wearing only a bathing slip, his brown, sun-tanned skin glistening in the sun, was advancing towards me over the rough path, in his bare feet.

The white "savage" came on with long, quick strides, and before I had recovered from my astonishment he was holding my hand and bidding me welcome to his establishment in excellent English. For the "savage" was Herr Muller himself, who had come down the mountain to meet me. He saw my embarrassment and smiled, playfully remarking that he would not do me harm, and excusing himself for receiving me in his "air costume," as he had just been playing with his friends.

Herr Muller is a splendidly built man about six feet tall, showing the muscles of a boxer rather than a wrestler, tanned a dark brown from head to foot. He has an intelligent face and laughing eyes. Carl Block, the famous painter, described him as "physically the most perfect man I have ever seen," and I agreed with the description as I watched my companion striding along beside me.

"Come along," said he, "you will find all my friends at play." Presently we passed a large meadow where a score of Waidbergers—men, women and children—were engaged in a game of hand ball, while others stood round as spectators. The men and boys only wore bathing pants; the women and girls were "dressed" in a short, single, loose decollete chemise—their sole garment—and



EX-LIEUTENANT J. P. MÜLLER.

The leader of the most primitive colony of simple life in the world. He is a wealthy man, but believes in getting close to Nature in the pine forest near Zurich, Switzerland.

the children were naked, while all dispensed with head and foot gear.

I was assured that the members of the simple life colony wore no other clothes during their stay at Waidberg.

as exposure to sun and air was essential to harden the skin of every part of the body. We passed through a rustic gate and entered a wooden bungalow, the principal building, which serves as the restaurant and in rainy weather is also the meeting place of the residents. The windows of the restaurant are always open and moreover the roof of the building is fixed a foot higher than the walls so as to allow the air to enter freely under the eaves, day and night.

A long wooden table with benches stretches down the middle of the restaurant, and a few chairs and cupboards complete the furniture of the spotless room. A small garden separates the bungalow from the dozen or so of "air huts," which are built in a row on piles, and are open in front as well as under the eaves, as in the bungalow. The "air huts," which are detached and are alike in size and appearance, contain one room, 15 feet by 10 feet, and a small verandah. They cost very little to construct, for there is plenty of wood in the vicinity of Waidberg.

The furniture of a typical bedroom consists of an iron bedstead, a hard mattress, two sheets, no pillow, a wooden table and a chair. The walls and floor are bare. An austere monk would be satisfied with such a room, but several of the Waidbergers find them too "stuffy" and sleep on a mattress in the verandah when it does not rain.

If an ordinary person were to pass a night in one of the air huts he would probably be half frozen by the morning as there is no protection whatever against the cold and wind, and the only stove in the colony is in the kitchen!

Round about are a series of kitchen, flower and fruit gardens, which supply most of the wants of the residents, who are vegetarians and teetotalers. Enclosing the gardens are lawns and meadows stretching to the edge of the pine forest. In a corner of the grounds, shut off by means of a wooden partition, are the water and sun baths, each with separate compartments for men and women.



FULL DRESS AT THE WAIDBERG COLONY.

The "simple life" of Waidberg colony, who form the subject of the accompanying article, hold that the secrets of health and a happy, contented disposition are only to be won by leaving off all the unnecessary clothes that an effete civilisation has heaped on to the backs of men and women. If people of to-day would only forget the clothes habit and get back to nature it would not only reduce the cost of living, but wipe out class distinctions, exterminate the snob, and solve quite a number of pressing social problems. The Waidberg people have begun, and are now only waiting for the rest of mankind to follow.

There the sun worshippers lie quite naked on little wooden benches and lounge chairs, sometimes for whole days together, tanning their entire bodies. Brown is the fashionable skin colour with them. This is the most painful but obligatory part of the life, and the women are naturally the greatest sufferers, but all bear the ordeal cheerfully after a while.

But though I found the place interesting, the inmates were even more so. I was fully prepared to meet a fanatical set of freaks. I really met educated, refined men and women with a wide and cultured outlook on life. I am pledged to secrecy as to names—the only condition imposed upon me—but I may mention that the diplomatic, military, and social circles of several European capitals were well represented in the colony.

All are on exactly the same footing at Waidberg. All titles are dropped. Mr., Mrs., and Miss are alone employed. Money is of no consequence, for the greatest spendthrift could not spend half a crown a day in that forest retreat. The only assets which count are physical advantages.

I asked in surprise, "Why do these people, used to the luxuries and comforts of life, take up such austere conditions?"

The answer came from an old diplomat who retired from service at the age of 55, and for the last three years has been a member of the colony. "What would you, Monsieur? When you have tasted all the pleasures and frivolities of life and found them only froth, and tasting deeper, you come down to the dregs of the wine—no sincerity, no love, no natural feelings, but simply artificiality—a time comes when you wish to taste nature herself and her simple joys."

"But," I objected, "many members of the colony are young people who could not have had much experience of life as you had."

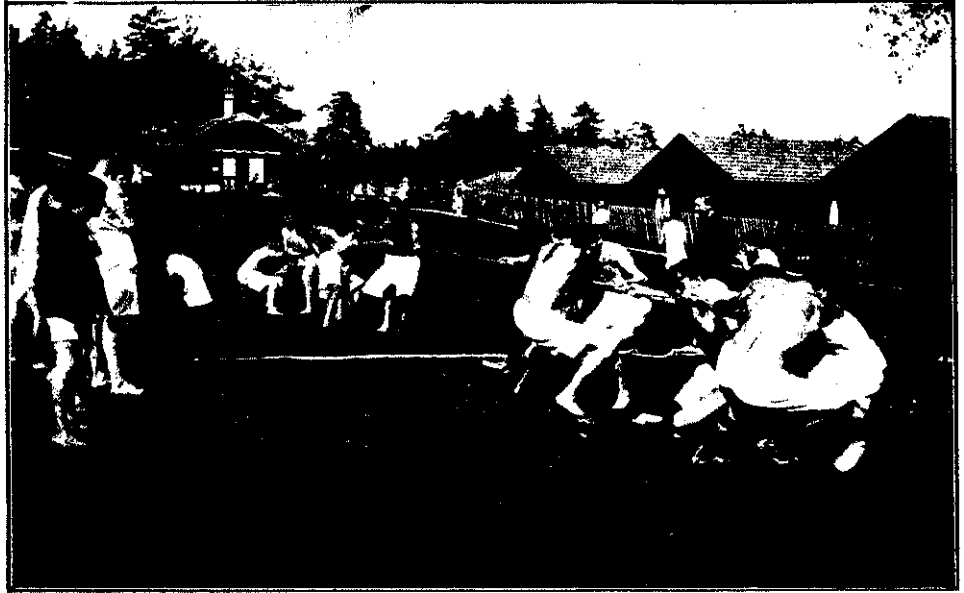
"The better for them. They start life with a great advantage. They are studying life from Nature herself—the only happy life. I sometimes envy them because I 'started life,' as you say, too late."

"The members of the colony held that 'Naked we were born into the world, and therefore Nature has intended we should go through life naked as far as climate"

will allow." Clothing, according to the Waidbergers, is the outward sign of the illhealth, immodesty, and deterioration of the present generation. The skin, they say, is the natural clothing, and a

number of exercises, whereby the body becomes thoroughly warmed and prepared to enter the cold tub. After that he has another course of exercises, producing a feeling of great physical com-

erved. The morning is spent in reading, writing, study, playing games in the open or taking sun baths. At noon lunch is served in the bungalow. After breakfast there are only two meals a



SPORT AT A SIMPLE LIFE COLONY.

Whether distinguished men and women from European capitals have down to enjoy the health-giving delights of sun and air. On the right may be seen the open-air huts in which the colonists live.

one of the most important organs of the body it should be exercised and cared for in the open air and not hidden and choked under a packing of clothing. The ordinary person, who tries to show as little skin as possible, is, in their view, the slave of a foolish fashion, which causes many diseases, especially consumption.

The Waidberger rises at sunrise, and before taking a bath goes through a

fort. Slipping on his "costume" he is now ready for his morning stroll across the meadows and fields or among the scented pines. The peasants living in the vicinity of Waidberg have become so used to the "naked people," as they call them, wandering about the country, that they take no notice of them, though they once protested to the Zurich authorities without avail.

After a ramble of a couple of hours the Waidberger returns home with a razor-edged appetite for breakfast, which consists of coffee, milk, rolls, butter, fruit and berries. No fish or meat is

day—at noon, the principal meal, and at six o'clock, which is really tea.

In the afternoon there are gymnastics and athletic sports of all kinds, and, when the weather is fine, a bathing excursion is arranged to the little lake of Katzenssee, a few miles away, or a picnic party to a quiet spot in the forest.

At nightfall the Waidbergers return to their huts, and after a light meal are glad to get to their beds, tired out.

Within a few conditions they are at liberty to do as they please at Waidberg and leave or enter the colony when they wish. Sometimes society people only



FAIR SIMPLE LIFERS BATHING IN A LAKE, NEAR WAIDBERG, SWITZERLAND.

The most obvious way to prevent decay is to remove the particles of food which cling to and remain between the teeth after eating, and it is clear that this can only be done by means of a liquid antiseptic dentifrice and mouthwash.

Odol is the preparation to use, for a few drops mixed in a tumbler of water will form an emulsion, which will thoroughly cleanse and purify the oral cavity, destroying all injurious bacteria nesting there. Odol penetrates the interstices between the teeth, and impregnates the mucous membrane of the mouth, exercising its antiseptic powers not only during the brief period of application, but for hours afterwards.



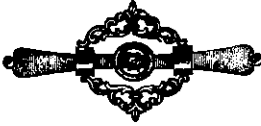
THE FIRST FLOUR MILL IN THE WAIRARAPA.

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QUEEN and DURHAM STREETS, AUCKLAND.


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117084—9ct. Gold and Ruby Brooch.
13/6




G 612—Greenstone and Gold Brooch.
22/6




J1934—9ct. Gold, Pearl, and Peridot Bracelet in Morocco Case, 75/-




J 2710—9ct. Gold and Peridot Brooch, in Case, 30/-




J1866—Silver Enamel Watch Bow, 6/6
Smaller size, 5/-




G 8222—9ct. Gold Pearl Set Brooch, in case, 18/6




G 2841—9ct. Gold, Pearl and Ruby Bracelet, in Morocco Case, 70/-




F 2889—Silver-plated Entree Dish. Makes two dishes, 45/-



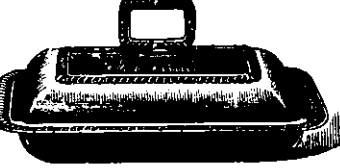
J1631—Silver-plated Fern Pot, 5/6




G 2669—15ct. Pearl Set Spray Brooch. In a Morocco Case, 2/6




J 1632—Silver-plated Fern Pot, 7/6




F 7812—Silver-plated Entree Dish. Makes two dishes, 42/-




J 314—Silver-plated Kettle and Stand, 52/6




F 6883—Silver-plated Salt Cellars, 9/- per pair, spoons included.




9ct. Gold Safety Pins, 4/6, 6/6, 7/6



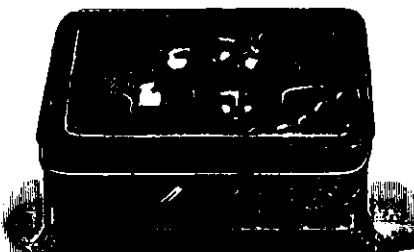
E1838—Silver-plated Mustard Pot, 9/6
Salts to match, 11/- per pair




G 518—Silver-plated Thistle Candlesticks, 13/6 per pair



G 2594—Silver-plated Candlestick, 4 1/2 in. high, 16/6 each



G 3664—Solid Silver Jewel Box, 8 in. x 4 in., 25



J 302—Silver-plated Kettle and Stand, 42/-

Human Nature.

(By ELBERT HUBBARD.)

The article in which I deal, as a specialty, human nature.

I picture traits, moods, actions. Viewed from the moon, with a powerful telescope, all of our deeds would be straight comedy.

Lovers, for instance, are all unconscious comedians.

Nothing in life is so funny, so absurd, so tragic, as are the antics of humanity.

Lawyers in deadly earnest trying cases, and lovers in the park, are always amusing—unless you happen to be mixed up in the lawsuit, or are seated on the bench by the side of the girl. If so, then, bless my soul, that's different.

But because I laugh at human traits is no sign that I am indifferent to the woes and joys of mankind. I love people, but some of the actions of some people I may dislike.

I may smile at folks and laugh, and yet feel a pity and a love for the individual.

Charles Dickens was, perhaps, the greatest dealer in human traits that the world has ever seen.

Dickens' characters are personifications of traits, not men and women. Yet they are a deal funnier—they are as funny as a box of monkeys, as entertaining as a Punch and Judy show, as interesting as a "fifteen puzzle," and sometimes as pretty as chromos. Quip, munching the eggs,

stay a summer, but most of the colonists are fixtures. A famous Parisian actress has spent the summer there and says the experience has been worth a fortune to her.

Waldberg is not a hotel or a pension. It is a simple life colony founded a dozen years ago by a sporting Swiss clergyman of wealth, whose widow, under the direction of Herr Muller, is carrying out the instructions of her husband. Herr Muller is himself a wealthy man who makes the study of the ills that flesh is heir to a life hobby. The ills he attributes to faulty conditions of life. His last words to me were, "If people would adopt primitive and regular habits of life, in close communion with Nature from their infancy, there is every likelihood they would live to well over a hundred years."

shells and all, to scare his wife, makes one shiver as though a Jack-in-the-Box had been popped out at him.


Mr. Mould, the undertaker, and Jaggers, the lawyer, are as amusing as Humpty Dumpty and Pantaloon. And I am sure that no live lawyer ever gave me half the enjoyment that Jaggers has. Dr. Stammers' talk is better medicine than the pills of any living M.D. Because the burnt cork minstrel pleases me more than a real "toon" is no reason why I should find fault.

Dickens takes the horse, the eagle, and the elephant, and makes an animal of his own. He rubs up the feathers, places the tail at a fierce angle, makes the glass eyes glare, and you are ready to swear that the thing is alive.

By rummaging over the commercial world you can collect the harshness, greed, avarice, selfishness, and vanity from a thousand men. With these sins you can, if you are very skilful, construct a Ralph Nickleby, a Scrooge, a Jonas Chuzzlewit, an Alderman Cute, a Mr. Murdstone, a Bounderby, or a Gradgrind at will.

A little more pride, a trifle less hypocrisy, a molecule extra of untruth, and

NEVER MIND!




The **Bissell** will pick it up

This common expression is amply justified by the all around utility of the Bissell Sweeper. No matter what the nature of the litter is, a BISSELL "Cyc" BALL BEARING Carpet Sweeper will do the work thoroughly, and with an ease that is little short of marvelous. It raises no dust, runs quietly, and means a saving of carpets and draperies. A BISSELL costs less than forty corn brooms, and lasts longer. They are sold by all dealers.

Prices, "CYCO" Bearing 14/- to 25/-
"Cyc" BALL BEARING 15/- to 29/-

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
25 Warren Street,
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(Largest and Only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)



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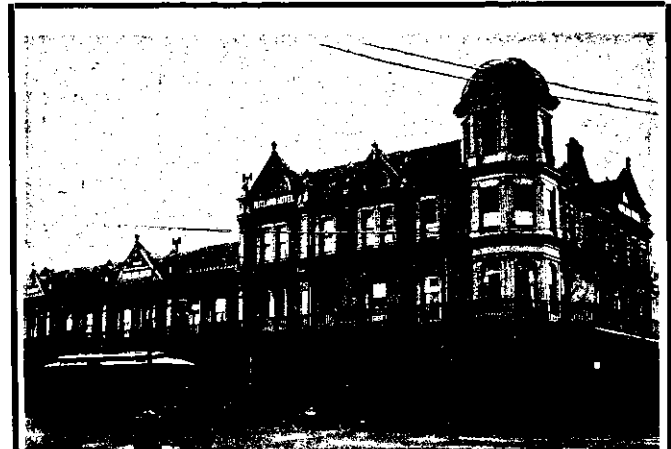
Over 2000 pairs of WHITE BOOTS AND SHOES NOW OPENED.

LADIES' WHITE WALKING SHOES, 5/6 and 6/6 pair
LADIES' WHITE TENNIS SHOES, 2/6, 2/11, 4/6 and 4/11 pair
LADIES' WHITE BOOTS, 3/11 pair
See our WHITE OXFORD WALKING SHOE, at 6/6
LADIES' TAN SHOES, a beautiful assortment just opened at our famous bedrock prices.
LADIES' TAN SHOES, 7/11 to 15/6
LADIES' TAN BOOTS, 10/6 to 20/-

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The Leading Hotel,

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Private Suites of Apartments, Tourists, Travellers, and Families can rely on Accommodation surpassed by none in New Zealand. Eight Large and Commodious Sample Rooms.

T. LAWLESS, Proprietor.

ORDER IT IN NIP BOTTLES.

WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE NEARLY EVERYBODY SPECIFIES

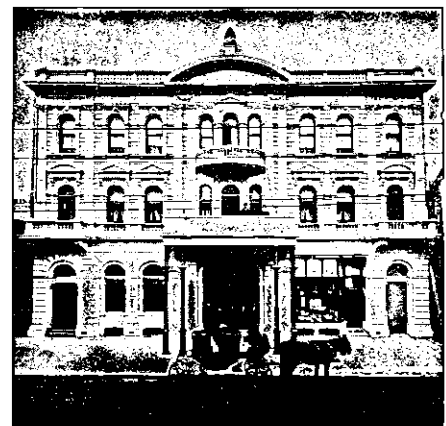
DOG'S HEAD BASS



AND LOOK FOR THIS LABEL TO SEE THEY GET IT?

EMPIRE HOTEL,

WELLINGTON.



Cable, "Empire" Wellington.

Box G.P.O. Wellington, 385.

THIS HOTEL HAS BEEN ENTIRELY RENOVATED THROUGHOUT, and is the PREMIER HOTEL in the CITY of WELLINGTON. Visitors to the Dominion will find their comfort thoroughly catered for. COOK'S TOURIST COUPONS ACCEPTED.

MRS F. POOL, Proprietress.

flavour with this fault or that, and your man is ready to place up against the fence to dry.

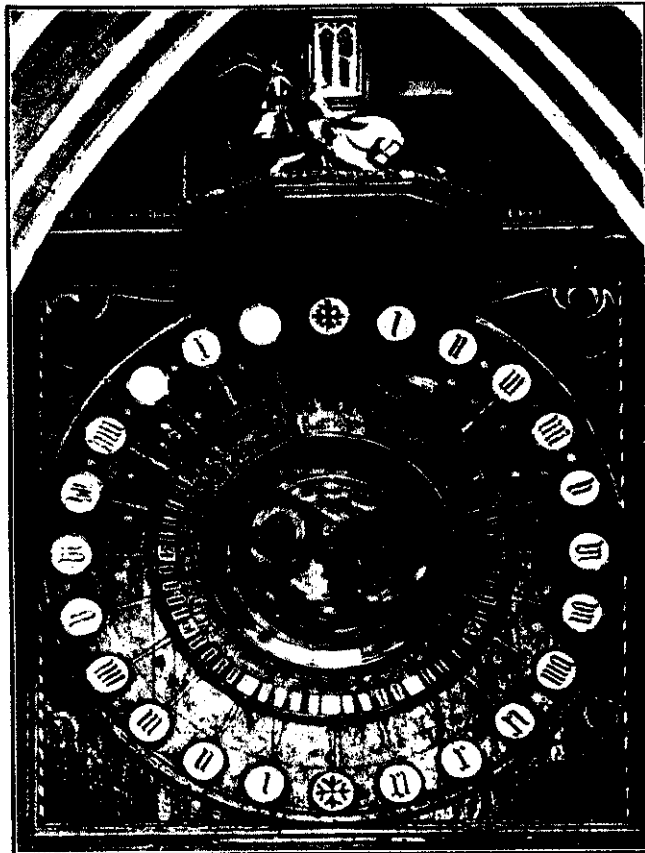
Then you can make a collection of all the ridiculous traits; the whims, silly pride, foibles, hopes founded on nothing and dreams touched with moonshine, and you get a Micawber. Put in a dash of assurance and a good thimbleful of hypocrisy, and Pecksniff is the product. Leave out the assurance, replacing it with cowardice, and the result is Dr. Chillip or Uriah Heap. Muddle the whole with stupidity and Bumble comes forth, proud and pompous.

Then, for the unco gude, collect the virtues and season to suit the taste, and we have Cheeryble Brothers, Paul Dombey, or little Nell. These characters have no development, therefore no history—the circumstances under which you meet them vary, that's all. They are people the like of whom are never seen on land or sea.

Little Nell is good all day long, while live children are good for only five minutes at a time. The re-occurrence with which these five-minute periods return determines whether the child is "good" or "bad." In the intervals the restless little feet stray into flower beds; stand on chairs so that grimy, dimpled hands may reach forbidden jam; run and romp in pure, joyous innocence, or kick spitefully at authority. Then the little fellow may go to sleep, smile in his dreams so that mamma says angels are talking to him; when he awakens, the five-minute good spell returns.

Caprice, temper, accident all act upon man. The north wind of hate, the simoon of jealousy, the cyclone of passion heat and buffet him. Pilots strong and pilots cowardly stand at the helm by turn. But sometimes the south wind softly blows, the sun comes out by day, the stars at night; friendship holds the rudder firm, and love makes all secure.

Such is the life of man—a voyage on life's unresting sea; but Dickens knows it not—Eather is always good, Fagin is always bad, Bumble is always pompous, and Scrooge is always Scrooge. At no Dickens' party do you ever mistake Cheeryble for Carker, yet in real life Carker is Carker one day and



A QUIANT TIMEPIECE.

Curious clock in Wells' Cathedral in England, belonging to the sixteenth century. The horses come out and cross every hour in the number of times the clock strikes. It was made in Holland, and shows the whole twenty-four hours on the face. The inside dial records the seconds.

Cheeryble the next—yes, Carker in the morning and Cheeryble after dinner.

There is no doubt that a dummy so ridiculous as Pecksniff has reduced the number of hypocrites; and the domineering and unjust are not quite so popular since Dickens painted their picture with a broom.

And now if I laugh at folks, or at certain traits which certain folks possess, just remember that I do not laugh in scorn.

In very truth, how would I know the man was absurd, if I did not look into my own heart and see the man reflected there? The thing I see, I am. All we behold in life is the picture we throw upon the screen.

That which is not akin to you, you do not know exists.

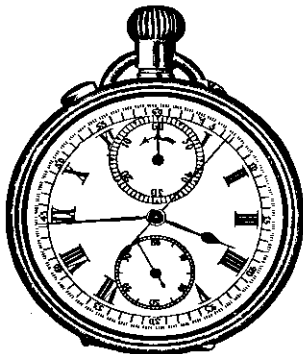
Man is the only animal in creation that marches proudly in life's procession and yet sits high in the grand stand and watches himself go by. And a very good way to cure a fault is to give it the merry ha-ha.

O wad some power the giftle gie us
To see oursel's as others see us;
It wad frae many a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion.

So sang Bobbie Burns, and the curious fact is that in great degree we do see ourselves as others see us; otherwise we would be ram, jam, stark, staring mad, a sprint for Bedlam at the speed limit.—
Elbert Hubbard.

A characteristic story is going the rounds of a pleasant encounter between Mr. Balfour (leader of the Opposition in the British Parliament) and an enterprising journalist. It was at a private dinner party, attended by many distinguished members of the Unionist party and well-known journalists. One of the latter at a late hour, towards the close of the after-dinner amenities, ventured to ask Mr. Balfour very demurely, apropos the political outlook: "And what do you really think is going to happen, Mr. Balfour?" Mr. Balfour smiled over so sweetly, glanced at his watch, and replied in the most agreeable manner imaginable: "I think one thing that is going to happen is that I am going to bed."

A NEW WATCH.

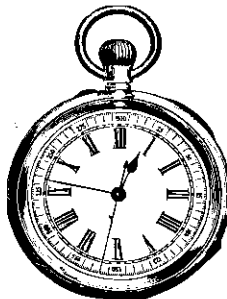


THE Independent Centre Seconds Watch (Flyback) with continuous starting and stopping action from side push piece, and flyback return to zero from winder.

The above answers every purpose of the ordinary flyback chronograph watch, and in addition can be used to make several continuous observations without returning to zero, and without any calculation will indicate next time of several observations with intervals of stoppage, therefore useful for timing polo and football matches, etc., etc., and an ideal watch for referees. The centre seconds is quite INDEPENDENT of the watch, which goes on when the C.S. is stopped.

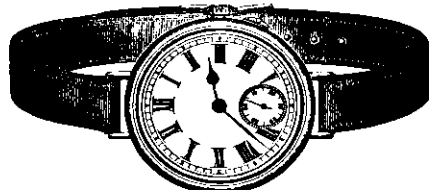
SILVER, £10.

ESTABLISHED OVER 30 YEARS



THE NURSE'S WATCH.

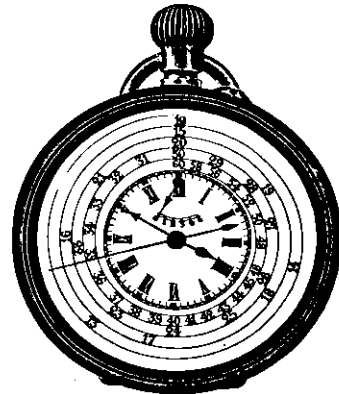
SILVER, £2 15/; £3
Ditto, best quality, £5
OXYDISED, £2 17/6, £4 4/



WRISTLET WATCH.

FINEST QUALITY.
GOLD, £13. SILVER, £8.

MILOMETER CHRONOGRAPH.



INDISPENSABLE TO MOTORISTS AND CYCLISTS, Etc.

THE special purpose of this watch is to show the exact rate of speed per hour between the starting and stopping points on a measured distance.

The minute recording hand indicates the circle or division in which to read the speed per hour. The dial plainly indicates any speed between 12 and 80 miles per hour, every mile between these speeds having its position on the dial, the scope of which answers practically every purpose for either motor car or bicycle.

SILVER, £10.

W. LITTLEJOHN & SON, Lambton Quay, Wellington

LIFE IN THE GARDEN

Official Organ of the New Zealand Sweet Pea Society and Auckland Horticultural Society.
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, Fruit, or New Vegetables, or Garden Scenes, will be welcomed.

SHOW DATES.

Schedules may be obtained on application to the Secretaries.

Rose and Carnation Club's Show, Wellington, at Town Hall, November 16.

Auckland Horticultural Society.—Summer Show, Choral Hall, November 18 and 19. W. Wallace Bruce, Secretary, Swanson-street.

Hobson Horticultural and Industrial Society.—Annual Show, Aratapu, N. Wairoa, Saturday, November 19th, 1910.

Napier Amateur Horticultural Society.—Summer Show, November 23. Chrysanthemum Show, April, 1911. Hon. Secretary, J. G. H. Murdoch, P.O. Box 35, Napier.

Masterton Horticultural Society.—Summer Show, November 23. Autumn Show, February —, 1911. Secretary, H. M. Boddington, P.O. Box 23, Masterton.

Featherstone.—November 24.

Hamilton Horticultural Society.—Summer Show, November 24, 1910.

Auckland Sweet Pea and Carnation Show, Choral Hall, December 1 and 2. W. W. Bruce, Secretary.

National Sweet Pea Society of New Zealand, Palmerston North, December 7 and 8. E. A. Osmond, Secretary, Stratford.

Wellington Rose and Carnation Club.—The Summer Show will be held in the Town Hall, Wellington, on Wednesday, December 14.

Canterbury Horticultural Society.—Rose Show, December —; Chrysanthemum Show, May —, 1911.—Secretary, Miss E. Sneyd-Smith, Manchester Street, Christchurch.

Kaponga Horticultural Society.—Annual Show, Atheneum Hall, February 16, 1911. L. H. Baigent, Hon. Secretary.

Timaru Floral and Horticultural Society.—Autumn Show, Olympia Hall, Timaru, February 16 and 17, 1911.—Hon. Secretary, James K. McDonald, Beverley Road.

Eketahuna.—March 3, 1911.

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

Vegetable.—Beet, Beans (French or Kidney, Dwarf and Runners), Carrot (main crop), Cucumbers, Celery, Lettuce, Melons (of all kinds), Parsley, Parsnip, Pumpkins, Peas (main crop), Radish, Spinach, Squashes, Turnips, Vegetable Marrow.

Flower.—Aeroclinium, Balsam, Celosias, Cockscombs, Cosmos, Coleus, Centaureas, Dahlias, Golelias, Helichrysum, Iponomea, Larkspur, Mignonette, Nasturtium, Ornamental Grasses, Phlox Drummondii, Poppies, Portulacae, Petunias, Sunflower, Sweet Peas, Zinnias.

Plant Out.—Cape Gosecherries, Cucumber, Cabbage, Celery, Cudliflower, Kumoras, Lettuce, Leeks, Melons, Onions, Potatoes, Passion Fruit, Rhubarb, Sugar Corn, Tomatoes.

Flower Roots.—Begonias, Gladioli, Tuberoses.

Flowering Plants.—All hardy and half-hardy sorts.

GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

The Vegetable Garden.

October is the busiest month of the year in the garden. All growing crops demand constant attention; weeding, thinning out, earthing up, and transplanting. Late crops of potatoes should be got in as early as possible, and those above ground should have the earth drawn towards the roots and sprayed once a fortnight. If rain falls soon after spraying has been done, the crop should be gone over again. All kinds of dwarf and tall French beans can be sown at intervals of ten days, or weekly when a constant supply is required. Choose a dry, sunny position for these crops, and have the ground well worked. Main crops of peas must be sown during the month, and earlier sowings, when ready, slightly moulded up and staked where necessary. Tomatoes and Cape gooseberries can be set out in well-prepared soil, giving the plants plenty of room. Kumeras may be transplanted about the

Rough on Slugs for their destruction. Larks are very destructive to young peas and other seeds just pushing through the soil. Scatter a few grains of poisoned wheat, which will thin them a little.

The Flower Garden.

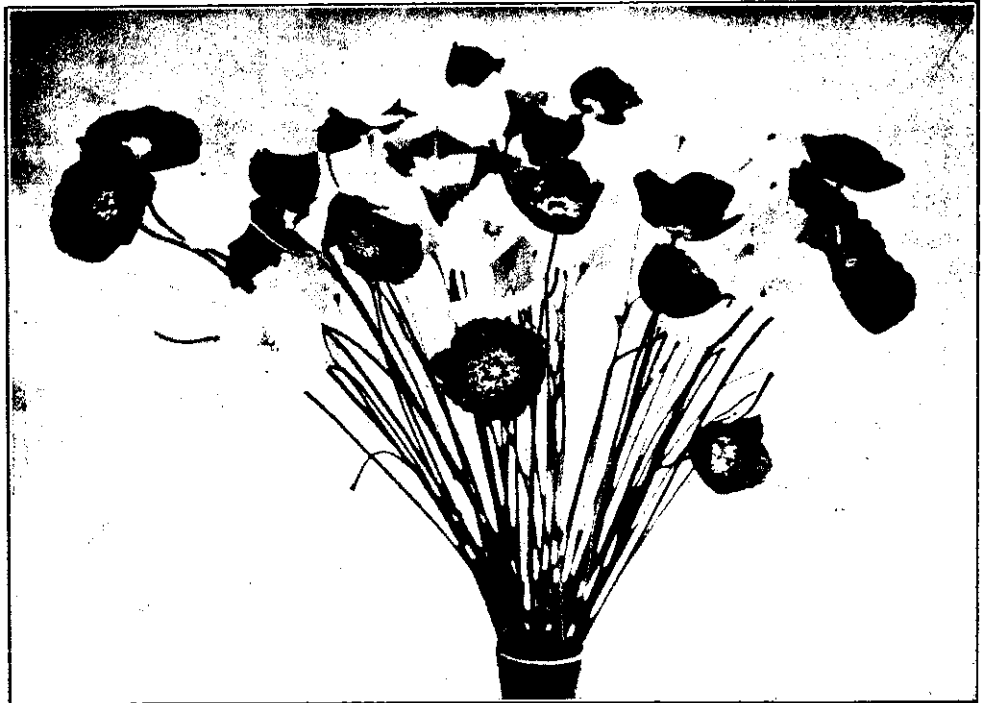
In the flower garden, bedding plants must be got in their places as soon as possible. Begonias, gladioli, and other bulbs should be got in this month. Dahlias should be propagated by cuttings from the old roots. Where this cannot be undertaken, the old tubers may be divided—using the parts showing buds or eyes—and planted in the garden. Dahlias can also be successfully grown from seeds, which should be sown without delay. Roses will benefit by a mulch; keep down green fly by syringing with Gishurst's Compound or Nicotine Soap. Sweet peas are now advancing in growth. These should be staked or supported by some simple contrivance, and lightly tied with raffia till the tendrils get a good

Floral Fete at Shrewsbury.

FINEST SHOW IN THE WORLD.

80,000 VISITORS IN ONE DAY.

On the 17th and 18th of August the Shropshire Horticultural Society held its thirty-sixth annual floral fete in the Quarry at Shrewsbury. For some years past the exhibition has held unchallenged a supreme position, and again and again the question is put, "Why this extraordinary prosperity at Shrewsbury?" Finding the public responsive to every effort made to cater for them—which proved that they understood their wants—the promoters used to the full the experience gained year by year, and expended their funds freely in developing their organisation on lines which results have always shown were the right ones.



W. J. Vasey, photo.

A BUNCH OF ICELAND POPPIES.

middle or end of this month. These may be set in rows or in hills five feet apart. Seeds of melons—water, rock, and pie—can be sown, also cucumbers, squashes, and pumpkins. Water and rock melons should have six feet of space between each hill, and pie melons, pumpkins, squashes, and marrow nine to ten feet. All of these crops like plenty of well-rotted manure. Cucumbers and melons raised under glass should be planted out in genial weather after being well hardened off. A good plan of getting these well started into growth after planting out, is to procure small boxes and knock out the top and bottom, placing a sheet of glass over them. Slugs and snails are very troublesome; use shell lime, or

hold. Carnations require attention to keep the slug pest down. Get ready stakes for supporting the flower stems, and tie these up as soon as ready. Seeds of annuals of many kinds can be sown, not forgetting a patch of mignonette. Ornamental grasses are very useful for decorations, and a few varieties should be sown in every garden where cut flowers are in demand. Late flowering bouvardias should be pruned close, and any vacancies filled with new plants. Lawns require frequent mowings and also rolling. Walks and edgings kept clean and trim. Narcissus, which have finished flowering, must be left to ripen, and on no account should the foliage be cut till quite ripe.

The old town is known to thousands for its cherished relics of the past, but to how many more, it may well be asked, is it known almost solely for its floral fete? It forms a wonderful object lesson. It makes impressions upon the mind that are well nigh ineffaceable, and the beauty and glory of it all seem never to disappoint, even where the most fertile imagination has been engaged, so that over and over again one hears the confession that the real picture out-classes all that has been conceived of it. As the crowds pass through the "Pavilions of Flora" before bewitching groups and row after row of flowers, in colour more gorgeous than the rainbow, all abandon themselves to their grateful in-

fluence. Here they see what in their season are the choicest products of the magic art of the hybridist, the latest response of Nature to man's gentle and patient treatment of her, for both gentle and patient must be if she is to yield up to him her marvellous secrets. "Fixity" of form and of colour in flowers can only be obtained after years of skilful attention, yet it is astonishing how many are the novelties which the experts introduce year after year. The travellers of the great firms ransack the earth in search of new varieties and species, with much success, but one may ask whether the hybridist at home does not achieve equally satisfactory results by skilfully mixing the colours in which he works, as a painter does his pigments, to produce something new. It is no wonder, then, knowing what they have done hitherto, if the blue rose has at last taken its place among the queen of flowers, and of a good yellow sweet pea it will perhaps not be long before we hear something from one or other of the great specialists. What has been done in the improvement of the sweet pea within a comparative short period naturally recalls the lead given in that direction in England itself.

But the fruit and the vegetables and the flowers, though constituting the chief feature which draws 80,000 visitors to Shrewsbury annually from far and near, are by no means the only attractions of the show. The fine music that England's greatest military bands discourse in the Quarry on these occasions accounts for a very large proportion of the vast number of people who assemble there on the two days of the fete.

With regard to the entries, the judges are unanimous in saying that in the value of the exhibits the society has never had such a splendid show.

On the 18th, 80,000 people were in the Quarry, some from as far south as Oxford, and as far north as Aberdeen, from South Wales the miners, from North Cambria the hardy farmers of the hills, the Lancashire lads and lassies, the Yorkshire "folk"—people indeed from all the shires of England. It was interesting to listen to the various dialects, and difficult to believe that a

people who dwell in so small an isle should speak in such diverse "tongues." Excursion trains were run from all parts of England, Scotland, and Wales.

The Takings.

On both days the takings were over £3,000. Only on three occasions have the takings on the first day exceeded this year's, namely, in 1906, when they were £1,107; in 1907, £1,203; and in 1908, when they reached the record of £1,221. In four successive years, beginning in 1904, over £2,000 was taken at the gate on the second day, but in 1908 they fell to £1,738, and last year were £1,815. The record for the second day was in 1907, when the amount received was £2,282 1s 3d.

The Groups.

The arrangement for the group display was similar to that of previous occasions, but the increased number of exhibits necessitated more accommodation, and two of the largest tents on the ground were occupied by them. The groups have always been one of the most fascinating features of the show, but this year they were unusually attractive.

As on many former occasions, Messrs Cypher and Sons were again prominent with transcendent displays of brilliant blooms and exquisite foliage, which were so assorted as to elicit the utmost admiration of the thousands who passed through the tents.

The Cut Flowers.

To give an adequate description of the cut flowers, and to convey to the mind by words an idea befitting the wondrous beauty which they presented, is an impossible task. There they were, arranged in their myriads on stage after stage, occupying some four or five huge tents, each of them holding sufficient to make up a flower show itself, which would bring credit to any district. As the eye fell upon each succeeding collection of choice roses, of exquisitely curled and coloured cactus dahlias, which seemed to be shown in greater perfection than ever before, upon gorgeous gladioli, and gay gaillardias, and then on the floral triumphs represented by bridal bouquets and harps adorned with flowers like dia-



THE NEW SWEET PEA, MRS. HUGH DICKSON (reduced).

dem, the visitor felt there need be set no bounds to his admiration, for there could be no extravagance of praise. Every collection possessed high merit; indeed, without such qualities it were altogether useless exhibiting at Shrewsbury. Many of them, of course, were superb and unsurpassable, and in some of them one looked almost in vain for an imperfect bloom.

Among a rich exhibit of first prize roses shown in strong competition were those of Messrs. A. Dickson and Sons, of Newtonards, who showed the rose of sterling worth, Dean Hole, in particularly fine form. Brilliant, a red one, also attracted attention, among other lovely sorts. Of early flowering chrysanthemums there were many which justified the high claim made for these delightful flowers. Mr. W. A. Ballard, Leicester, included in his twelve prize winning blooms Champ d'Or, a lovely yellow, and a fine curled variety, Soleil d'Octobre. Golden Glow was another which struck the eye as a particularly fine specimen.

From chrysanthemums, one passed with equal pleasure to the stand of violas exhibited by Mr. W. L. Pattison, of Shrewsbury, and those of Mr. Campston, Macclesfield, who staged many fine sorts, including Kate Cochrane, with dark blue edging shading to mauve, and Lizzie Wallace, heliotrope. Many of them were remarkable for their size and great substance. Dahlias were one of the finest features of the show, the beauty of the cactus kinds predominating over all others. Here was found an infinite variety of magnificent blooms, faultless in form and representing almost every conceivable colour. Notable among them were, in Mr. H. Poerman's (Nantwich) collection, E. C. Wilkins, a very fine pink, and F. Gunsted, a brilliant variety.

The hardy flowers were given, as usual, an enormous space, and were an immense attraction. Many of them were as rich in colour and beautiful in form, and as fragrant, as not a few of those specimens which call for skilful treatment under more favoured conditions. Messrs. W. Artindale and Son, of Sheffield, in the class for 18 bunches of hardy flowers, exhibited some remarkably well-grown scabious phlox and chrysanthemums, and Mrs. F. Alderson, Welsh Frankton, showed dainty montebretias, gaillardias, and penstemons, which do not seem to be nearly enough grown.

In the next tent were as many good things, among the chief of them being a display of hardy flowers by Kings Acre, Ltd., Hereford, who among a thousand choice subjects showed the montebretia Fen d'Artifice, a charming variety; the saladella Rosy Gem; and a choice collection of roses, of which none were more

beautiful than the well-known Madame C. Testout and Madame Ravary. Near by were the cactus dahlias of Messrs. Keynes, Williams and Co., of Salisbury, whose decorative taste was a feature of the collection. One could hardly imagine art carrying form and colour to greater degrees of perfection, and it is difficult to name the best among so many sorts of almost equal merit. But Bridal Robe, Debutante (pink and white), and Glory of Wilts (a delicate yellow), were certainly amongst the most distinctive and striking in the collection. Countess of Lonsdale, a salmon pink, showed up remarkably well in the collection of Mr. E. Knight, of Wolverhampton, and from North Britain, staged by Messrs. M. Campbell and Son, came another fine show of dahlias of different varieties. Bakers, of Wolverhampton, had an exhibit occupying some 85 feet, consisting of sweet peas, dahlias, water plants, and hardy flowers, and over their stand appeared the gold medal award. Their sweet peas, as was indeed everything else of theirs, were shown in excellent form, none being more beautiful and attractive than the new Aurora Spencer, Gladys Unwin, Flora Norton Spencer (a pretty shade of blue), and the chaste Evelyn Hemus, which has been described as the finest sweet pea in existence.

Nothing was more original and striking in the show than the display of geraniums by Mr. A. Myers, of Shrewsbury, whose specimens were of giant size and of the loveliest shades of colour, and to their own intrinsic merits was added a beauty lent by the exhibitor's gifts in decorative skill. A perfect triumph of this character was seen at the stand of Messrs Sutton, of Reading, who seem to be veritable magicians in raising vegetables without spot or blemish, of wondrous uniformity, immense size, where size is required, and perfect shape. Immense specimens, possessing every good quality, with flowers, were staged with marvellous effect. Hard by, in the bay of the marquee, was a paradise of roses, which gained for Messrs Hobbies a gold medal, while Messrs Dabbie, of Edinburgh, exhibited a fine lot of sweet peas, some of the early flowering cosmos, and antirrhinums, for which they are famous; the beautiful gozelia schamini, quite a unique variety and very beautiful; as well as the new hardy South African daisy, "Star of the Veldt"; and numberless other kinds of high merit. Messrs Welsh received a gold medal for a remarkably fine exhibit of fruit and flowers, magnificently displayed, and another gold medal went to Mr E. Murrell, of Shrewsbury, for his large and superb collection of roses. Messrs



GLADIOLUS, GRAFIN DEGENFELD.

Colour, primrose yellow, with bright crimson markings. Award of merit at the Royal Horticultural Society, August 16.

G. Gibson and Co. and Messrs Gunn and Sons, of Oton, were contributors to the exhibition, notable in the collection of the latter being some campanula pyramidalis of an exquisitely blue tint, and others of pure white. "Lady Hollinson," a pure yellow gaillardia, showed up prominently on the stand of Messrs Artindale and Son, and Mrs Melville, of Meole Place, sent some herbaceous phloxes, which attracted much attention. Beautiful carnations were staged by Messrs Cutbush, of London.

In another tent was a superb display of perpetual carnations by Messrs Young and Co., of Cheltenham, among the best of them being "Mrs H. Burnett," pink; and a fine mauve, "Mrs G. Williams."

One tent was given up entirely to sweet peas, where many of the best-known growers exhibited all the kinds worth growing. The general effect was magnificent in the extreme.

The Fruit Classes.

In the midst of a riot of richest hues of countless flowers, in a large marquee near the main entrance gates of the Quarry, the grapes and other fruit were exhibited. The delicacy of the bloom of these tempting fruits drew from all who saw them spontaneous expressions of wonder and delight. Here in perfection were exhibited apple and pear, peach and plum, gooseberries and raspberries, the luscious strawberry, the dainty nectarine, and then the magnificent grapes—the acme of the horticulturist's art, shown to advantage by skilful staging.

The Vegetables.

To many the vegetable section of the show is, perhaps, of subsidiary interest, but to the keen horticulturist, it is a display of considerable value, as it enables him to see the possibilities of his art. Here in this section the amateur learns much from the professional gardener's exhibits and from the very fine displays made by the nurserymen. The season for vegetables has been distinctly good, and in the opinion of good judges the collection of vegetables was the best that has ever been exhibited at Shrewsbury, the handsome prizes offered by the society having attracted large entries. The champion prize of £10 for a collection of vegetables (12 distinct kinds), was won by the Hon. Vicary Gibbs of Elstree (Hants.).

The Cottagers' Exhibit.

The cottagers' section was a complete little show in itself, and proved very interesting. The society through this section has done much to promote cottage gardening, for the ambition to win at Shrewsbury has created a healthy rivalry that stimulates the cottager to obtain the best that his means will afford, and the result is that many of the exhibits would not be far behind in point of merit from those shown in the other sections of the show.

Messrs. W. W. Naunton and H. W. Admitt have filled the offices of hon. secretaries for many years, with marked success. ("Shrewsbury News.")

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS AND THE PUBLIC.

Those who have seen horticultural displays in the Old Land must have been struck with the enthusiasm of the general public for such, and when we seek to compare the very meagre attendance at our shows in the Dominion we are compelled to the conclusion there is something lacking either in our methods or in our patrons, or both. We may be told at the outset that it is useless comparing attendances at English exhibitions, where they have the population, with our Dominion, where such is lacking. Quite true, and yet how comes it that in the Dominion the agricultural shows draw enormous crowds? Now, it must be admitted at once, that the attendance of the general public at the Auckland shows is very small, and as such exhibitions depend largely on public patronage, no headway can be made unless the public can be attracted in ever increasing numbers. The Auckland Horticultural Society has carried on its various shows for years under many difficulties and many discouragements, which would have deterred many from going forward. One difficulty has been, and still continues to be, a paucity of members, and consequent lack of needful funds; but the greatest difficulty has been in securing a proper hall in which a good exhibition could be successfully carried through. There are some who are looking forward to the completion of

the new Town Hall to provide a fitting place, while others think the proposed building to be erected by the Agricultural Association for their winter show may be the very thing so long wanted; but, granted that either of these may be suitable, there remains the question of how to attract the public. We have said before now, and again repeat it, our horticulturists are far too modest regarding their exhibitions. There is, for instance, nothing done to attract country people; no arrangement whatever for reduced fares—and while it must be admitted such exhibitions depend in the main on the support of townspeople, yet, by attracting the country folks to town, they interest the townsfolk in the subject, and so by this co-operation of town and country a much larger attendance could be secured. Many of our country people never see a

will be seen that no less than 80,000 persons attended the great fete in one day held last August.

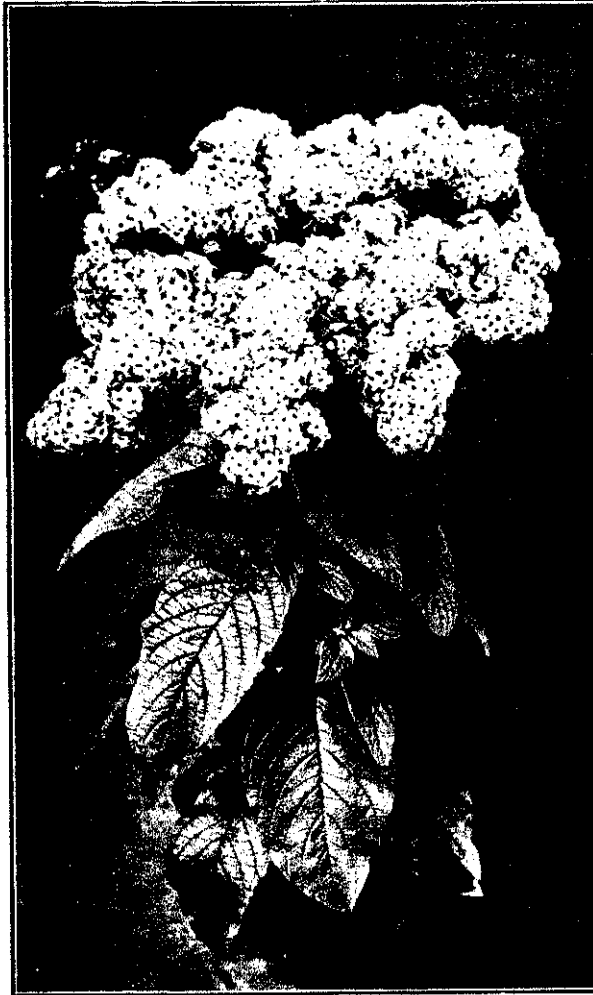
VERONICA.

Sweet Pea Chat.

THE ENGLISH "NATIONAL" SHOW.

Heliotrope.

The old-fashioned Heliotrope or "Cherry Pie," as it is commonly known, is one of the most deliciously fragrant flowers in cultivation. The flowers are produced with the utmost profusion. It is a suitable plant for growing in pots or in a greenhouse, and is hardy in the North Island out of doors. It can be grown from seed quite easily if sown under glass, but is generally propagated from cuttings at almost any season if good growing shoots can be obtained. They will start readily in sand or in a mixture



HELIOTROPE "LORD ROBERTS."

real horticultural display, and we are sure many would avail themselves if opportunities were offered them. Again, there is always the desire for novelty to be taken into consideration, and an exhibition held within a hull year after year gets rather monotonous to the people whose attendance is desired; and, so far as we know, there is nothing better than to hold an exhibition within a large park, housing the exhibits in tents of different sizes to accommodate the various classes of exhibits. At such an exhibition demonstrations could be given by experts on budding roses, grafting fruit trees, fertilising flowers and vegetables, etc., and in order to secure the crowds a cricket match or polo, or both, and, possibly, horse-jumping competitions, with the attendance of a first-class band, would be a necessity. An exhibition such as we have indicated might not be possible or desirable every year, but it might be a welcome change every third or fifth year, and the subject is worthy of the earnest consideration of our Horticultural Society. In another column we publish a report of the great show held at Shrewsbury, from which it

of sand and soil, placing them under a frame. They may be treated as small shrubs or planted against a wall. The prevailing colour is mauve, and there is also a white variety. All of them are well worth growing.

Iceland Poppies.

Very considerable improvements have been secured by careful and judicious selection in this very dainty class of poppies. Iceland poppies should not be confounded with annual varieties. The class under notice are perennials, and if sown early in spring they will flower the same season. They are quite hardy and most useful for table and other decorations. The new "Excelsior" strain contains a fine blending of all the new colours and shades now available through careful selection. The flowers of the Iceland poppy are exceedingly graceful, and the delicate combinations of colours should secure for them a place in the garden.

It is not for me to give a report of the splendid display which was brought together by the National Sweet Pea Society at the Royal Horticultural Hall, this is a duty which falls to other pens than mine; but I must make some allusion to it in a general way. As a whole the exhibition was decidedly smaller than that of last season, for many growers were forced to cancel their entries, or a portion of them, at the last moment owing to the weather. It is a matter of opinion whether the promoters should deplore the smallness or the reverse. Naturally enough, all desire to see the greatest possible number of enthusiasts represented, but there is no gainsaying the fact that the additional space rendered available for the flowers shown enabled them to be far better seen, criticised and admired. Last year it was almost impossible to say decidedly what was the real quality of three-parts of the bunches staged, whereas this year one was able clearly to see the entire sets.

As a rule, then, it is safe to say that the quality, as well in regard to substance as to colour, was excellent; but to me it is equally indisputable that there was more than a suspicion of coarseness in some of the prize-winning stands. This is a matter for regret. One can forgive the man who does not make pretence that he is an expert in Sweet Peas giving the floppy flowers premier awards; but at the "National" none but an expert would be thought of as an adjudicator, and it is therefore most regrettable to see the prizes given to bunches that were on the coarse side. The exhibitors who staged them will not, naturally, admit anything of the sort, but will claim that all their blooms were the acme of refinement; but they will not convince me that they are in the right any more than they will many other people who closely examined and appraised the quality of the blossoms shown.

We do not by any manner of means want to make the Sweet Pea an ugly flower; but to feed the plants to such a degree that the flowers lose their correct form and flop about in a most ungainly way is going directly on the wrong road, and will not do the flower the smallest amount of good either for home use or for exhibition.

Now a few words in respect of the novelties, to all of which attention will from time to time be drawn as space and opportunity offer. It can scarcely be said that there was anything of conspicuous merit which had not previously been seen. The silver medal for the finest novelty of the year went, as was fairly generally thought would be the case, to Stirling Stent. Although this has not the perfect Spencer form, it is undoubtedly a splendid flower, for it has size, substance and good shape to commend it, while the richness of the orange scarlet will make it a great favourite. The trouble with all varieties of this shade up to the present is that they burn badly, and clean, unblemished blooms can only be ensured by careful shading; but it is said that Stirling Stent has a rooted objection to burning, and that it will only do so under the utmost provocation. Let us hope that such will prove to be the fact under general cultivation. We owe this variety to Mr Agate.

When Mr R. Bolton first staged Charles Foster, no one was to be found who could at once accurately describe the colour, but the usual term is pastel pink, and the best advice I can give anyone who does not know what particular shade that may be is to grow the variety and see for themselves. It is magnificent, and none will regret giving it a trial. It is a bloom of strikingly attractive aspect, and is quite distinct from any other on the market.

Mr W. J. Unwin's Eric Harvey should have a fine future before it, for the flowers are of splendid size, shape and substance, and the deep rose and white colour will, in my opinion, ensure it a prompt welcome. Mrs W. J. Unwin was one of the elect last season, and it is widely acknowledged to be the most charming of all the flakes; it is exquisitely refined, and had even more admirers this year than it did last, and it will have still others.—Spencer, in "The Garden."

TRIFLES IN GARDENING.

In the year 1536, when told that his work was composed of trifles, Michael Angelo, the greatest sculptor this world ever saw, made answer that "trifles make perfection," and perfection is no trifle; and to-day, more than three hundred years after Angelo's time, trifles are still making perfection, and it can be seen more prominent in the various walks of gardening every day we rise to resume the duties that our calling sets before us.

A well-sharpened knife or scythe-blade is only a trifle in gardening, but it leads to most perfect results in the end of a sprat or the cutting of a piece of matting on the soft shoot of some tender plant.

A sharp knife has very fine influence, or very detrimental effects, on the shoots of various classes of plants, bushes, trees, etc., on which it may be employed at pruning time—i.e., a rose bush shoot crushed through by the squeezing influence of a pair of secateurs, or broken over between the thumb and the blade of a blunt knife, must always retain its rough and tattered surface, a sponge retaining in its every little crevice moisture, insects, and the latter's eggs, to say nothing of the larvae of many moths that associate in the vicinity of the rose and other bushes, trees, etc.

It will thus be seen that (one of the little trifles in gardening) a good bone is essential in every establishment where the trifles are to be brought to perfection, all contributing their trifling part to that great state of perfection that can be admired at the various flower shows.

The trifles that lead to perfection in gardening are limitless in number, but we will confine ourselves to the everyday trifles that, by being neglected, lead to failure, uncomfortable situations, and, lastly, dismissal.

Washing pots is a trifle in gardening, a trifle that seems too arduous employment for some, by the appearance of the green surface that the pots under their charge always bear. Invariably we hear the theory of saving labour put forward—i.e., green-surfaced pots need less water, but the saving of labour in water is never equivalent to the neat, tidy appearance presented by a stage of nice plants in fine, clean pots. Again, we have all seen during our earthly journey plants in clean pots equivalent in size and beauty to those in unclean ones.

A trifle in gardening that always leads to perfection or failure is the proper method of crocking pots to suit the various subjects that are eventually to take up their abode therein. More or less every plant that grows in a pot must have drainage. The Begonia, Gloxinia, Fuchsia, Carnation, Schizanthus, and various others of the greenhouse class should have one large piece of broken pot placed over the hole and surrounded by smaller pieces. Some cover this with moss, but the writer prefers half-rotten leaves, or rough soil, considering that there is more feeding in any of the latter, and finds that those elements leave the pot cleaner than the moss, thus the ball is perfectly intact when turned out.

There is yet another class of plants which do not require such elaborate preparation in drainage. One small broken piece of pot placed over the hole, with the usual leaves or broken turf covering it, will suffice any of the Fern family, as they generally and dearly love moisture at the roots. Panicum, Spiraea, Aspidistra, Francoa, Grevillea, and many more well known amongst gardeners will flourish under the same conditions.

The most unique trifle in gardening has the greatest detrimental or beneficial influence on the subject in whose company it will spend a long or short period of its life, i.e., the placing of a crock in the bottom of a pot with its right side up. We too often see the drainage thrown in without care, and too often the plants feel the effect of this reckless method.

If the pieces of broken pot used for drainage are flat, a small piece should be placed underneath the one end of the larger one that covers the hole, thus making a free waterway; but the best method is to obtain hollow pieces from the sides of broken pots and place them over the hole aperture downwards. This leaves plenty of room for the water to pass out, and, when complete, has the appearance of a man's half-shut hand covering, say, a golf ball. By this trifling

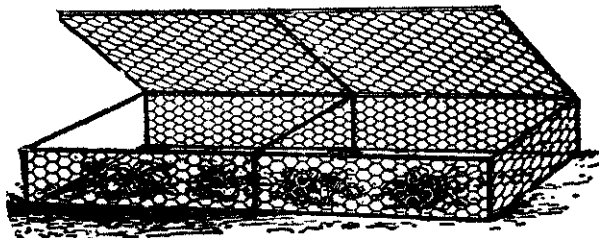
little operation being done correctly perfection is not abridged.

How many onlookers consider the gardener's methods trifling, and condemn his endeavours to reach that state of perfection that can only be attained through the broad way of trifles which, combined in one, become something that is no trifle.

The pricking off of tiny seedlings appears very trifling, but see those tiny subjects twelve or even two months

Strawberry Guard.

Now that the strawberry season is approaching, the serious question arises how to protect the fruit from birds. String netting is often resorted to, but is seldom effective. For small patches wire frames are most effective and convenient. Make a frame of No. 8 galvanized wire, and cover this with 3-inch wire netting, making the top part movable for getting the fruit. These can be made in six



STRAWBERRY GUARD.

later. While engaged in this branch many will have noticed the unbelieving surprise on the face of the onlooker when they have been told that that trifling-looking morsel of begonia seed will one day fill a 16-inch pot with roots, and rear a head on high perhaps measuring 3 feet in circumference, and bear anywhere from one hundred to two hundred blooms in the short space of one season (of course, at different times).

In a vinery where bug has made its appearance, it seems trifling to stop the insect on its travels; it looks so nice, white, and harmless, but if this little creature be allowed to rove at its own sweet will then it will not be a trifling job to rid the house of his offspring. The same may be said about green fly, thrip, and all the other inhabitants which infest plants, and worry the gardener's life out because he neglected the trifling operation of killing the Adam of the flock.

As the writer opened this article with Michael Angelo, let us close it in the company of him who proved to this world that trifles were the forerunner of perfection, and, as his trifles still live in perfection at Rome, so may the trifles I have set forth find that by attention to trifles now will make gardening reach that state of perfection to which Luther Burbank is leading us on.

feet lengths or longer; the height of the guard should be about 12 inches and the width 2 to 3 feet, according to the size of beds.

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- LUPIFER . . . 14/- "
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- WHITE LADY, 7/- per dozen



SEÑOR FRANCISCO FERRER

THE FERRER TRIAL.

An Account of the Court Martial and Execution of Ferrer, the Spanish Radical.

(By PERCIVAL GIBBON.)

A recent cablegram from Madrid stated:—"Two thousand coal workers, on the anniversary of the execution of Francisco Ferrer, visited his grave at Barcelona. Violent speeches were made blaming the Clericals for the execution, until the police dispersed the crowd. The Spanish Premier (Senhor Canalejas) banned references to Ferrer at meetings arranged in Catalonia to protest against the death penalty, and to express sympathy with the revolution in Portugal. Ten thousand Socialists celebrated the anniversary of Ferrer's execution and the Portuguese Republic. Encounters between the Catholics and Republicans on Sunday necessitated a charge by the Municipal Guard."

THE trial of Francisco Ferrer in the Model Prison at Barcelona was a State function of the highest importance; besides the reporters, only privileged spectators were present to witness an end being made of the Government's enemy. There was a good deal of competition for a place in court; Ferrer was not known by sight to many people in Spain, and there was curiosity as to the personality and appearance of this powerful Revolutionary, the leader of a school of political thought. A colonel and six captains were appointed to try him, and a captain of engineers was deputed to conduct his defence, with a prospect of arrest and imprisonment if he went too far on the prisoner's behalf. The whole thing was stage-managed like a drama, and its end was not less certain and foreseen.

They brought Ferrer in and placed him at the bar of the court, with a sentry beside him; and the spectators jostled and fidgeted to see him close at hand. Under their curious eyes, the doomed man shrank and was uneasy. People saw him with astonishment. He had the manner and all the outward look of an elderly clerk or a country schoolmaster, of anything subordinate and plodding and uninspired. He was middle-aged and of the middle stature, with a round, dull face, and a short, pointed grey beard. There was nothing to distinguish him from thousands of men in Spain to-day, in whom the national character of reserve and incertitude are exaggerated to a sort of atrophy of the faculties. He showed no trace of that ferocity and power that had made him the enemy of the Government, and sustained him through years of war against bureaucracy and clericalism in Catalonia. It was only when, at some turn in the proceedings, he looked up

quickly, that people were able to see that the eyes in the patient face were steady and of a peculiar brightness.

A military court does not pronounce sentence at the end of the case, and when Ferrer was taken out from court, no word of death had been spoken. But he knew, and the others knew, that he went forth doomed. In London and in Paris it was known. There were attempts to influence the Governments of Great Britain and France to intervene to save him; and the advocates at the

Palace of Justice in Paris signed a protest against the manner in which he had been denied justice and an opportunity to clear himself. In Rome also it was known. The Pope addressed an inquiry to the Papal Nuncio in Spain as to whether his intervention would be taken well, and the date of Ferrer's execution was actually advanced in order that the young King might not have to refuse a request from the Vatican. Those who advise the Pope were not blind to the fact that clericalism in Spain can ill afford to make martyrs; the proof of their wisdom is in the uproar that arose from every capital between St. Petersburg and Montevideo in answer to the volley at Montjuich on October 13.

There is not lacking a mass of proof that from the moment he was arrested

leader whose disappearance would change the destinies of the struggle between the forces of liberalism and their opponents, it would have been hard to fix upon one. In Catalonia, Ferrer's native province, as in the rest of Spain, Anti-clericalism is more an instinct of the people than a matter of politics. A man may be a Republican, a Nationalist, a Separatist, a Lerrouxista, but he is an Anti-clerical as well. It is not that he is necessarily hostile to religion, or even to the Church; it is simply that the religious orders have become a heavy burden to the community, and their increase in the face of the law restricting them is making life a difficult matter for thousands of people.

Although I was not personally ac-



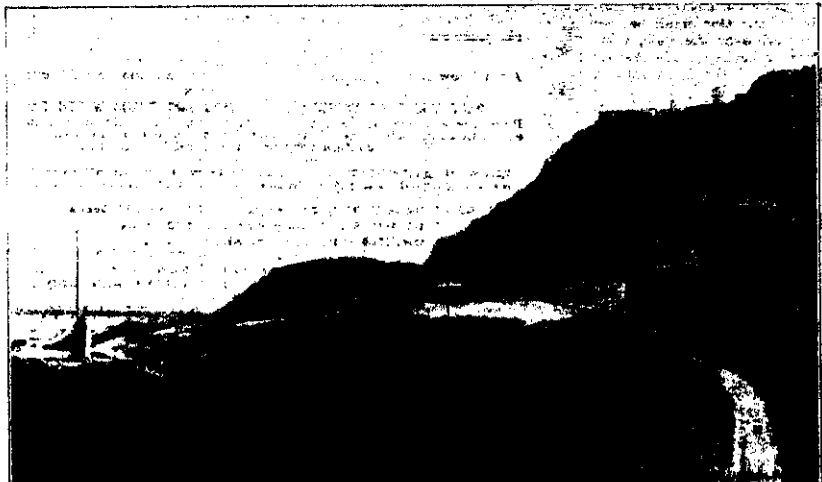
SEÑORITA PAZ FERRER.

The daughter of Senor Ferrer, who petitioned King Alfonso for her father's reprieve.

Ferrer was as good as dead. He was charged with inciting and taking part in the recent riots at Barcelona. His guilt or his innocence no longer concerns any one. The time to prove him guilty was in his life-time, when he could answer for himself.

Six months ago, if one had sought in Spain for an outstanding man; for a

quainted with Ferrer, I lived for a considerable time at Barcelona while I was studying the growth of the Anarchist movement in Spain, and I was able to follow closely the results of his work there. To gain a clue to Ferrer's share in Spanish politics, it is necessary to understand the position of the Anti-clericals. The diocese of Barcelona, to select one in-



MONTJUICH THE FORTRESS PRISON WHERE FERRER WAS SHOT.

Spain, has a total population of about a million souls. Within this diocese there are not fewer than five hundred religious houses—monasteries and convents—and some six thousand minor institutions forming centres of clerical propaganda and influence. It is not known how many monks, nuns, and priests these figures represent; Spanish statistics are incomplete and inaccurate; but they stand, at any rate, for a very large body of people—individually poor but collectively controlling enormous wealth—who have no share in the life of the community and the duties of the citizen.

If this were all, it would yet be a burden to Spain's most enterprising and prosperous province; but the matter goes further. The orders engage in business. They have special advantages in the way of securing labour and custom, and they are exempt from all taxes. They manufacture liqueurs, chocolates, candy, and linen; they work farms; they undertake printing and laundry work; and they are able to do all this on terms with which the layman cannot compete. They control the schools of Spain, and in politics their influence is paramount. There is a general belief throughout the country that the Queen Mother, the most unpopular figure in Spain, is the tool of the Jesuits. Whether this be true or not the effect is the same; clerical influence and clerical wealth shut off all hope

miles from Barcelona, where he was born in 1863. Thus he belonged, as by inheritance and birthright, to the paramount cause in Catalonia. He had little education, save such as a poor boy was able to gain in the Church schools under a system that still leaves seventy-five per cent of the people of Spain illiterate; but he had an aptitude for study and read largely.

The corrupt and decadent Spain of today has lost its old artistic and literary traditions, but there is still a curious subterranean culture to be found, which is traceable directly to Anarchism. The

classes, without grace of manner, geniality, or wit, and his appearance almost constituted a claim to be overlooked. But none the less, this awkward, silent Spaniard had something within him that attracted to him the confidence and devotion of women. The record of his life has several instances of women inspired to be his followers and helpers. While he lay in prison, one, Senora Villafranca, the most faithful of his followers, was exhausting every resource to secure his reprieve in Madrid. In Paris there was another, named Mlle. Meunier. Little is known of her, save that she was a very

were established in other parts of Spain, and it has already, in something less than eight years, turned out about four thousand pupils, well equipped to hold their own in illiterate and ignorant Spain. Also, it carried out its founder's intention that it should be a blow at clericalism, and its power was fully recognised by the Government when, in 1906, an opportunity arose to attack Ferrer.

Among the men whom Ferrer had appointed to assist in the conduct of the Escuela Moderna was Mateo Morales, an accomplished linguist, who was given the



A MEETING HELD IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE TO PROTEST AGAINST FERRER'S EXECUTION.

Anarchist teachers who leavened Spain in the sixties and seventies of last century brought with them the new philosophy of democracy. The idea of Marx, Bakunin the Russian, and John Stuart Mill gained currency and acceptance, and these and others were accessible to Ferrer. He grew up, in the faith they inculcated, a Republican, an Anti-clerical, and a philosophical Anarchist—that is to say, accepting the principles of Anarchism as an academical proposition, but withholding himself from their active conclusions. The universities of Europe are full of Anarchists in the same sense; it is the common resource and refuge of political idealists.

But he made no history. He had sufficient dislike for monarchy to leave Spain after the brief experiment of the Spanish Republic. He went to Paris, where he found companionship among others of the same way of thinking as himself, and secured employment as a teacher of Spanish. He was never an imposing figure. He was a man of the lower

old woman who believed in Ferrer, and when she died she left him half a million dollars with which to forward his cause in Spain. It made him, for Spain, a very rich man; it put into his hands such as no other leader had commanded. From that time Ferrer began to be recognised as a formidable figure in Spanish affairs.

He opened his campaign by founding in Barcelona his Escuela Moderna, the only secular school in Spain. Here a child received sound teaching in conventional subjects, and was also trained along the peculiar lines of Ferrer's beliefs. He described the object of the school in these words:

"To make children reflect upon the lies of religion, of government, of patriotism, of justice, of politics, and of militarism; and to prepare their minds for the social revolution."

Apart from his latter purpose, the school served a great national need, and its success was immediate. Branches

post of librarian. He, too, was an Anarchist, but not of the philosophical and theoretical kind to which Ferrer belonged. He was the man who threw the bomb at King Alphonso and his bride on the day of their wedding.

On June 4, 1908, Ferrer was arrested for complicity in this outrage, apparently for no other reason than that he had known Morales well. Not a shred of evidence could be adduced against him; there was not even enough to bring him to trial. In fact, the case was so utterly feeble that the Judge of First Instance agreed to liberate him on bail, adding that no cause had been shown why Ferrer should be either tried or detained in prison. But Ferrer was not liberated. The Fiscal intervened to prevent it—his authority was higher than that of the Judge.

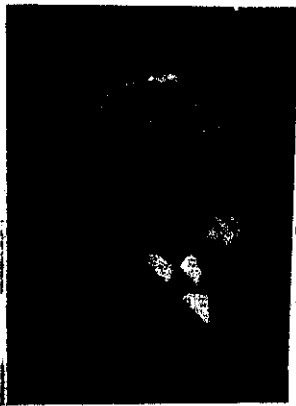
"You will not be allowed bail," he told Ferrer, "even if the Judge has permitted it, because I will stop it."

So Ferrer went back to jail, and remained there without trial for a full year. At the end of that time a trial was arranged. Ordinarily he should have been brought before the Court of Assize, but there were reasons why the normal course of justice should not be pursued, and therefore a special court was established to try him, without a jury. No means were neglected to secure the judicial murder of the only rich man among the Anti-clericals, and yet the attempt failed. Evidence was offered on two points. It was shown, in the first place, that Anarchists had paid visits to Ferrer. This was not denied. In the second place, there was an attempt to demonstrate that, since Morales was a poor man and Ferrer a rich one, therefore Ferrer must have supplied Morales with money to hire rooms in Madrid and make the attempt on the King's life.

Ferrer's counsel wished to call M. Henri Rochefort on his behalf—he would have been a powerful witness for the defence—but the court answered this with a refusal to hear foreign witnesses. This, however, could not silence Rochefort in the newspapers, and he published a letter from Morales to a Russian Revolutionary in which he said:

"I have no faith in Ferrer, Tarrida, and Lorenza, and all the simple minded folk who think you can do anything with speeches."

The case was absurd from beginning to end. Even a specially constituted court found itself unable to convict on such evidence, and Ferrer was acquitted.



DON ANTONIO MAURA.

The former Premier of Spain, whose ministry was overthrown in consequence of Ferrer's execution.

of reform and progress; and thus it is that in Barcelona all disorders begin with the burning of a convent.

There is a story of a newly-appointed Governor whose first report from his district began: "The convents are still being burned quite regularly."

It was to this warfare between the people and the orders that Francisco Ferrer belonged. He was the son of a cooper at Alella, a small town about ten



A FERRER HOT SCENE BEFORE THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTA IN PARIS.

The Government and the orders had lost the first round of the fight. But they had gained experience which served them well when Ferrer again fell into their hands. This time they improved on even a special court and no jury: they abolished witnesses and limited the discretion of the man they themselves nominated to conduct the defence.

The first trial took place three years ago, and ever after Ferrer was a marked man. He knew his danger and walked carefully. He conducted the increasing work of his schools, attended a Labour Federation in Paris, and visited London. When, in 1909, Barcelona flamed into open revolt, he was nowhere to be found. It is not quite clear why he should have been looked for in connection with the disorder. Violence, dynamite, and barricades are as native to Barcelona as steel to Pittsburg. But the police had orders from Madrid to lay hands on Ferrer, and he promptly went into hiding. The city was under martial law, and it was no time for Ferrer, of all people, to risk a trial.

The police effected his capture without much difficulty. Among their prisoners was a woman who was known to be a friend of Ferrer, and she was released, in the hope that she might be followed to his hiding-place. She managed to evade the detectives; but she reappeared in a day or two and tried to cash a draft to Ferrer at the Bank of Barcelona. It was pointed out to her that the draft must bear an authorisation from Ferrer to pay the money to her. Next day she was back with the necessary signature. It was clear that Ferrer was near at hand. The police lines drew closer, and it was soon discovered that he was lodging with the Mayor of an adjoining suburb. The police descended on the house at night, but Ferrer had received notice and had escaped. He was recognised at Alella, his birth-place, arrested, and conveyed in a cart to Barcelona on September 1. Senor Ugarte, the Public Prosecutor, announced forthwith that he considered Ferrer to have been the leading spirit in the outrage of July.

Then began Ferrer's second trial, the wretched farce that roused the lawyers of Paris to protest against the procedure. A preliminary examination was held by a Judge of First Instance—one, that is to say, who has power only to examine, and cannot decide or sentence. A search was made of the prisoner's house, and a document was produced that was said to have been discovered there. It was a proclamation, and the authorities alleged that Ferrer was its author. It said:

"We are all agreed upon a revolution. All Revolutionaries must devote them-

selves to the cause, but we need to have three hundred comrades ready, as we are to risk their necks at Madrid to begin our movement. We await a favourable opportunity, such as after a general strike or on the eve of Labour Day [May 1]."

The proclamation went on to discuss the killing of high personages and the destruction of public buildings. It was also alleged that other documents were found, in which Ferrer gave instructions to his comrades for the use of cipher codes, and asked for particulars as to

their stores of arms, money, and dynamite. In fact, none of the romantic paraphernalia of the stage Anarchist was lacking. In the light of such documents, Ferrer stood revealed as a blood-thirsty plotter of the most deadly kind, a kind far more complete and more deadly than the history of Anarchism has ever revealed.

But there was an answer to all this. Some of the documents produced had figured in the Madrid trial in 1906, and had been disposed of; they required no further answer. As to the others, Fer-

rer denied that they had been in his possession, and reminded the judge that it had more than once been proved that the police had placed documents in a prisoner's house for the purpose of discovering them there afterward. He wished to call witnesses to prove his manner of life, his concern with the schools to the exclusion of all else, his freedom from all complicity in the troubles of July. But this was impossible. Most of his witnesses were already in exile, driven there either by the danger of life in Barcelona or by the action of the authorities. He denied that he had been present in Barcelona during the revolt, but there were the same difficulties in the way of substantiating his word.

Against him appeared seventy witnesses, not half of whose number had anything to say that could be held to aid towards a conviction. They swore blithely that they considered Senor Ferrer to be implicated; that their opinion was the general one; that he was a man whose principles made such matters natural to him. This, in fact, was the evidence of several, and others had testimony of equal relevance.

As the case proceeded, Ferrer seemed to lose interest in it. No doubt he recognised that the trial was no more than a form, a preliminary prescribed by etiquette to precede the sentence of death. At the beginning he had watched events shrewdly, and from time to time had spoken briskly and incisively; but long before the last of the seventy witnesses had been heard he had given himself up to thought.

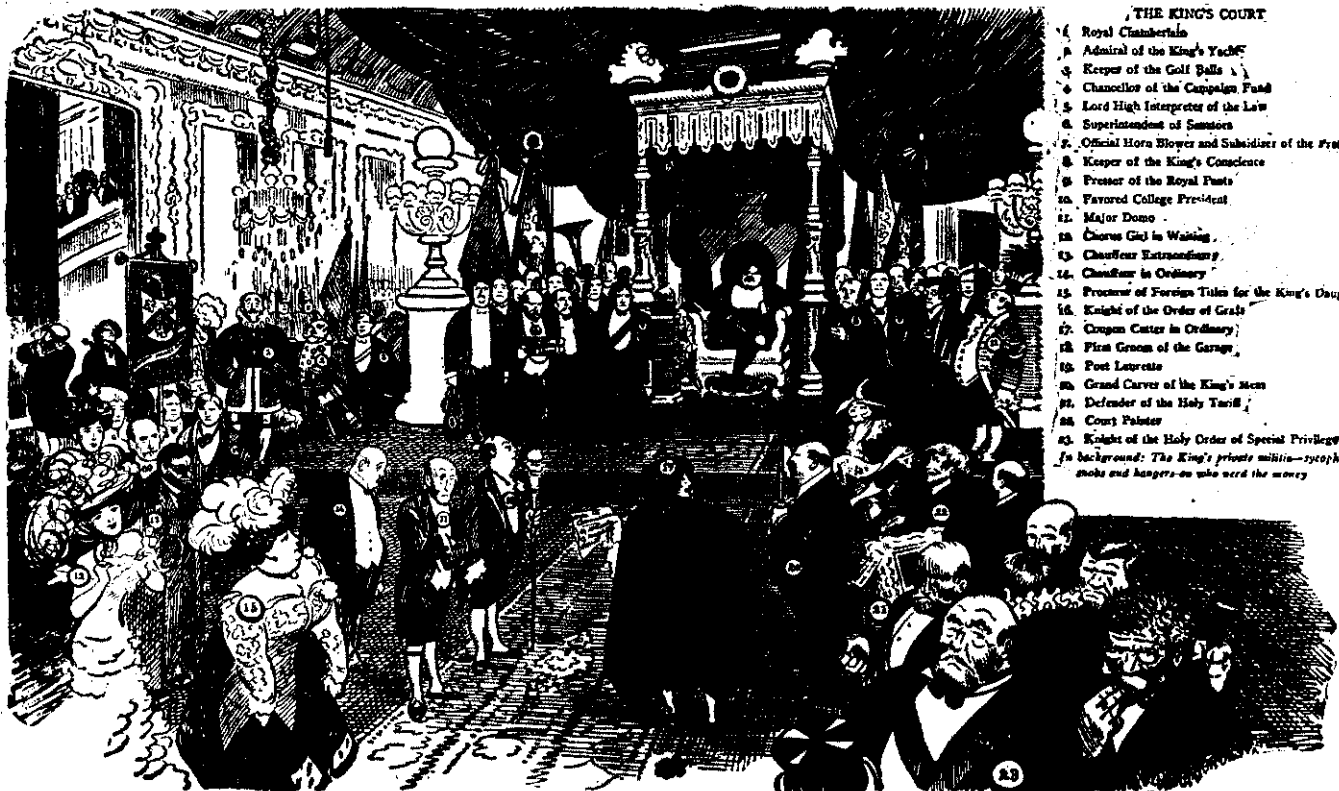
Everything was carried out according to arrangement. Ferrer was committed to take his trial before a court martial, and Captain Galceran, of the Regiment of Engineers, one of the corps d'elite of the Spanish Army, was appointed counsel for the defence. This is a post of no ordinary difficulty, for in such a case the officer must reconcile his duty to his regiment with a convention as to the lengths an officer of the army may go in defending a man accused of a military crime; and it has often happened that an officer acting as counsel has subsequently been punished for his over-enthusiastic advocacy.

In this case Captain Galceran seemed to have acted fearlessly and conscientiously. No witnesses were called, and the proceedings were confined to speeches. Captain Galceran charged the prosecution with burking the trial. Many witnesses for Senor Ferrer had been refused a hearing on the ground

Continued on page 54.



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF KING ALPHONSO.



THE THRONE-ROOM OF A FINANCIAL KING.

THE KING'S COURT

- 1. Royal Chamberlains
 - 2. Admiral of the King's Yacht
 - 3. Keeper of the Golf Balls
 - 4. Chancellor of the Campaign Fund
 - 5. Lord High Interpreter of the Law
 - 6. Superintendent of Sentences
 - 7. Official Horn Blower and Subsidizer of the Press
 - 8. Keeper of the King's Conscience
 - 9. Prestor of the Royal Posts
 - 10. Favored College President
 - 11. Major Dome
 - 12. Chorus Gai in Waiting
 - 13. Chauffeur Extraordinaire
 - 14. Chauffeur in Ordinary
 - 15. Procureur of Foreign Titles for the King's Daughters
 - 16. Knight of the Order of Grails
 - 17. Crown Carver in Ordinary
 - 18. First Graces of the Garage
 - 19. Post Laureate
 - 20. Grand Carver of the King's Men
 - 21. Defender of the Holy Tails
 - 22. Court Painter
 - 23. Knight of the Holy Order of Special Privileges
- In background: The King's private militia—sycophants, snobs and hangers-on who need the money

Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

WORKING MEN IN REVOLT.

LONDON, September 9.

THE spirit of unrest is abroad in the industrial world in this country. Thirty thousand men have been thrown out of work by the lock-out ordered by the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation, and if this state of affairs lasts much longer other trades will be depressed or brought to a standstill. This lock-out has been forced on the employers by the continual recurrence of sectional strikes and other deliberate breaches of agreements entered into by the employers and the trades union leaders.

The tendency on the part of workmen to rebel against their own leaders is undoubtedly growing. As in the case of the boiler-makers now locked out by exasperated employers, the unrest among the miners is showing itself in constant sectional strikes. Last year there was an epidemic of these strikes in Durham and Northumberland, and the scandal grew

thened and upheld. Whatever may be their dislike of trades unionism, it is as nothing to the menace of a succession of lawless strikes on the part of workmen who defy their own leaders and repudiate agreements effected by the latter. The boiler-makers, who are responsible for the present lock-out in the shipbuilding industry, have ever been "the bad boys" of the trade union family. Time and again their indiscipline has provoked strikes on all sorts of frivolous grounds, and at the present time they are only acting up to their reputation. But the spirit of unrest is spreading into other unions as well. The fact that the existence of the Labour party in Parliament is threatened by the Osborne judgment may have something to do with it, and the feeling that the employers have had the best of the conciliation agreements effected in various industries is probably a factor. It is very improbable that Socialist influence has anything to do with it, for these sectional strikes and "mutinies" against the trades union executives are sheer anarchy, and were common

fortress, belonging to His Majesty the King, to wit, Fort Widley, attempt to take without authority, given by, and on behalf of His Majesty, a plan of the said fortress, contrary to the Statute 52 and 54 Vic., cap. 52, section 1," and of "unlawfully, for the purpose of wrongfully obtaining information, did, when outside a certain fortress, belonging to His Majesty the King, to wit, Farington Fort, Purbrook, take, without authority, given by or on behalf of His Majesty, a certain sketch of the said redoubt, contrary to the said statute."

There are certain circumstances in connection with the arrest of this German "spy," which are highly suggestive. In the first place, the fortifications which he was at such pains to sketch are today as obsolete as "Brown Bess," and have for years figured on picture post-cards and in local guide books; in the second, the "spy" seems to have done his sketching in broad daylight, and without any attempt at concealment, and thirdly, the Lieutenant actually told a young English lady that he was about to visit England, and soon after his arrival, actually showed her plans he had prepared and sketches he had made. All this is so very foreign to what one would expect from a serious German spy, that it is very hard to take the capture seriously, though we are assured by the Press that the Government takes

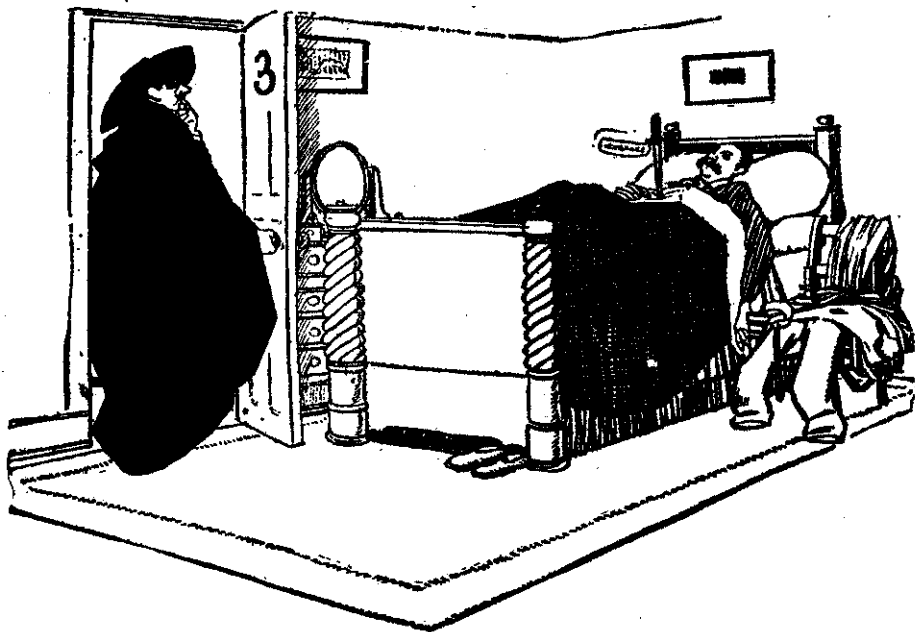
ward drop it recovered, and the spectators saw that the pilot was trying to diminish the speed. He alighted half a mile from the aerodrome, and was found sitting in his machine, pale and dazed, but quite unhurt. Presently he was able to describe the sensations of his memorable ascent.

He had soared aloft, higher and higher, until his barograph registered 8518 feet. As his motor was becoming weaker and weaker he thought it was high time to start down, so he shut off the engine and began to drop. It was a big plunge, and after coming down about 1000 feet Morano felt dizzy. A sickening feeling came over him, and he felt a buzzing in his ears. He thought he was about to swoon and he set the motor going again. After resting a little he shut off once more. All seemed to be well, except that he was coming down very fast. He made the contact again, and then, to his horror, the motor completely missed. There were a few spurts, and that was all. The propeller stopped suddenly at a height of about 4500 feet.

"The aeroplane," said M. Morano, "began to sway like a ship in a heavy sea. The downward motion was so bad that I was flung from side to side and had the greatest difficulty in keeping my seat. All the time I was dashing towards the earth at lightning speed."

"Finally, after about a minute—which seemed an hour to me—I was able to descend in sweeping circles. The aeroplane became steadier and obeyed the helm, and finally I landed safely in a field. I hope that I shall never again have such an experience."

When M. Morano was received by the enthusiastic crowd at the aerodrome he was still clutching the barograph, which showed the maximum height attained, and which he proudly delivered to the aviation committee.



Departing "Black-lander": Dear me, how provoking; I could have sworn that was number 8.

so great that the executive committee of the Durham Miners' Association issued just such a circular of warning to its members as did the Boiler-makers' Society in June. In Northumberland, Mr Thos. Burt, M.P., issued a similar circular, stating that the action of the strikers was "utterly indefensible," and showed on the part of the strikers not only a deplorable want of discipline, but a certain disloyalty to the principle of combination and a lamentable indifference to the interests and well-being of their fellow-members.

This year began with the great strikes in connection with the Mines (Eight Hours) Act. In many cases, both in Northumberland and Durham, some of the pits were kept idle after the men's leaders had concluded a working agreement with the mine-owners. The miners defied their own associations. In Durham the Murton, Shotton and Horden miners held out for months. Their lodges received no official help from the County organisation, the strike being unauthorised, and there was appalling misery and starvation in the pit villages throughout a large area. One incident of the strike was the rioting at Horden, where the men raided the manager's house, and burned down the £10,000 club-house, built for them by the colliery owners. In the eastern part of Durham County alone there have been nearly 20 sectional strikes since the beginning of February. Most of these lasted a day or two, some of them a week or more.

Time was when employers were the enemies of the trades unions, but now they desire nothing better than to see the authority of the union leaders strong-

enough among the boiler-makers and the coal "putters" long before Socialism became a force in politics. Whatever the cause, the outlook in the industrial world is distinctly threatening.

"I SPY."

A good story usually has a sequel. Some days ago our newspapers tried to rouse us from our customary holiday season lethargy by tales of the capture of two Englishmen who had been discovered snap-shooting in certain strictly preserved domains at Borkum, in Germany, where forts and such things are the only "game." The days passed on, but England was quite unmoved by the capture and detention of these "spies," of whom nobody seems to know anything beyond the fact that their names are Brandon and French, and that they refuse to give any account of themselves. They are now awaiting their trial for espionage, and may be rewarded with something with boiling oil in it, or worse. But whatever utterings their possible fate may have produced in official circles, the people of this country are not taking the Borkum affair in the least seriously. Neither has the sequel roused the nation to any appreciable extent.

On Monday there was arrested at Portsmouth a young German, Lieutenant Helm, of the 21st Nassau Pioneer Battalion of the German Navy, who now lies in Winchester Gaol on the fearful charges of having:

"On September 5, 1910, unlawfully, for the purpose of wrongfully obtaining information, did, when outside a certain

"a serious view of the occurrence."

Perhaps there is more in the affair than meets the eye. The German Government have now on their hands two Englishmen, arrested for espionage, and don't quite know what to do with them. There has been so much outcry in the German Press over the incident that the Government dare not release them as an act of grace, and allow the affair to be quietly dropped. So why not have an "exchange" of spy prisoners. What could be more easily arranged than for a German officer to fall into the hands of the English authorities with this object in view? The circumstances at Portsmouth certainly give colour to this theory, but as to its correctness we must, to use a now well-worn phrase, "wait and see."

AIRMAN'S RECORD FALL.

After flying to a record height on Saturday, M. Morano had a record fall. He dropped from a height of a mile and a half in forty seconds, and his escape from death was miraculous.

It was one of the most thrilling experiences that has yet befallen any airman. M. Morano, who is one of the most skillful aviators in the world, rose from the aerodrome at Deauville, in France, to beat the world's height record, and circled higher and higher until he vanished altogether. When he reappeared, after an anxious interval of waiting on the part of those below, it was seen that his aeroplane was rushing earthwards with tremendous velocity and at an apparently dangerous angle. Twice during the down-

HAIR PRESERVED AND BEAUTIFIED BY USING Rowland's MACASSAR OIL.

It prevents baldness, eradicates scurf, is the best dressing for ladies' hair and for Children it is invaluable. Also in a Golden Colour for fair hair. Size 1s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. Sold by Stores, Chemists, & A. Rowland & Sons, Hatfield Garden, London.

BENGER'S

FOOD

Wherever there is a case of enfeebled digestion, whether from advancing age, illness, or general debility, there is a case for Benger's Food.

When the stomach becomes weakened, the digestion of ordinary food becomes only partial, and at times is painful, little of the food is assimilated, and the body is consequently insufficiently nourished.

This is where Benger's Food helps. It contains in itself the natural digestive principles, and is quite different from any other food obtainable.

All doctors know and approve of its composition, and prescribe it freely.

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

The "British Medical Journal" says "Benger's Food has, by its excellence, established a reputation of its own."

BENGER'S NEW BOTTLES deal with the most common diseases and difficulties which mothers have to encounter. It is sent post free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Case Works, Man-tower, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

Progress in Science.

RAISING THE MAINE.

A MENACE TO NAVIGATION.

PRESIDENT TAFT has approved of plans for raising the wreck of the United States battleship Maine in Havana Harbour, which exploded and sank just before the outbreak of hostilities with Spain.

The wreck is reported to be a menace to navigation.

By the mysterious explosion which sent the Maine to the bottom of Havana Harbour on February 15, 1898, a great hole was torn in the battleship's bottom. Divers who examined the wreck

would have to be made the depth is about 40ft., but beneath are many feet of soft mud, through which the wall-makers must penetrate in order to have their work on a solid foundation. When it is stated that this hole would be 350ft. across, and circular in form, a further idea of the great task involved will be obtained. The original intention was to repair the Maine so that she could be floated and taken from port to port in the United States, to be exhibited as a sort of memorial museum.

We illustrate a practical method by which it is proposed to do this work.

Briefly stated, the plan contemplates the building of heavy pile wharves along each side of the wreck and the sinking between the wharves and the ship of pneumatic caissons. Heavy steel cables would be slung underneath the ship's bottom, and by means of powerful jacks carried upon the caissons, the wreck would be lifted clear of the water.

In speaking of his method, Mr O'Rourke says: "The wharf building, the caisson sinking, the passing of pipes between air chambers, the placing of cables underneath and around the ship, the construction of the lifting structure, and the fitting and operation of the screw jacks are all operations well understood, easily carried out, and independent of any questions of depth of mud or condition of the ship. The mud, however deep, does not complicate the question or add materially to the cost; and should there be obstructions at any point preventing the passing of the cables, tunneling to and removal of the obstruction is a simple matter. Damages to the ship, however great, would not prevent its being brought up intact because of the distribution of the weight and the flexi-

British navy. He says: "Undoubtedly the important notable improvement by them, next to their superior stature and healthy appearance, was the total change in the shape and expression of their faces. On analysing this, one finds that it was to be mainly accounted for by the increased growth and improved angle of the lower jaw." The change is due to the rations of "hard tack" and "salt junk" upon which these lads had subsisted.

◆ ◆ ◆

Workmen Prefer the Night Shift.

To accelerate the work on the Gatun dam this portion of the Panama Canal has been illuminated so that the work of discharging the barges of rock and sand may be continued night and day. The illumination consists of sets of flaring lamps, strung between the towers of the three cableways used to handle the material. In addition to this searchlight are used which throw a beam of light along the cables and over the dock. The illumination is so efficient that the workmen prefer the night shift to the day shift under the tropical sun.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Use of Niagara.

It is gratifying to learn that the United States and Great Britain have signed a treaty which will serve to regulate the use of water for commercial purposes at Niagara Falls. According to the provisions, the New York side will be permitted to take 20,000 cubic feet from the river above the falls, and the Canadian side may divert 36,000 cubic feet. The treaty contains a provision which allows the Canadian companies to transmit and sell on the United States side at least fifty per cent of the power generated in Canada.



The above plan contemplates sinking a line of caissons along each side of the Maine and lifting the ship by means of large steel cables slung beneath the hull and hoisted by screw jacks attached to the caissons.

said that the explosion occurred underneath the bow, and damaged so much of the vessel that only by turning the part of the harbour in which she lies into dry land could the Maine ever be raised and repaired. Two years ago it was planned to raise the great warship by a method which was entirely different from the usual way of lifting vessels, and which provided for a hole being made in the middle of the harbour in order to accomplish the feat. The harbour of Havana is one of the largest on the western continent, and is entered by ships drawing 30ft. of water and more. At the place where the hole

Parts of the equipment were to be made into souvenirs of brass, bronze, and copper, and sold to relic-hunters.

The appropriation by Congress of £60,000 for raising the wreck of the "Maine" in Havana Harbour, and the opinion rendered by the Acting Attorney-General that it is the duty of the Secretary of War to undertake the work, make it certain that, if the task is within the compass of modern engineering, the wreck of the ship will be raised, and the entombed bodies of the sailors, who were lost over a dozen years ago, will be given honourable burial in the National Cemetery at Arlington.

hility, contiguity, as well as rigidity, of the means employed."

With the ship thus placed upon a stable platform, not only would it be possible to recover the bodies of the men who perished in the disaster, but in all probability the cause of the explosion could be determined beyond all question of doubt.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Value of "Hard Tack."

Dr. Robbins, an English writer, calls attention to the development of the jaws of English boys who were taken out of the streets of London and sent into the

REALLY TERRIBLE SKIN TROUBLES

Girl's Head a Mass of Humour—Grew Thin and Weak—Despaired of Ever Curing Her—Baby was Even Worse with Running Eczema—No Signs of Eruption Left Now.

MOTHER TELLS HOW CUTICURA CURED BOTH

"My little girl's head started with a lot of pimples and then they began to fill with matter and discharge. As fast as one broke there was a lot more came out until her head was a complete mass of running sores. For days she would not take any notice of us. She began to get thin and weak and I gave up all hope of ever getting her head well again until I saw about the Cuticura Remedies. But Cuticura made it quite well again (it was bad for about six months). Her hair is getting lovely and thick now."



"Cuticura cured my baby's face at the same time. His dear little nose and chin were raw with this same complaint and used to run and bleed awfully. When I have carried him down from his sleep his pillow would be covered with blood. One day my neighbour carried him covered and she screamed to see him covered with blood where the places had been running. But now he is entirely free from anything and is such a lovely fat boy. His nose was nearly eaten away with it. I was told by people in the village that it was the running eczema. I tried endless ointments but none did it any good till I received the Cuticura and I am glad to say that it has cured both of them. Mrs. L. Brown, Manor Cottage, Stanwick, nr. Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, Eng., Nov. 12, 1909."

Reference: R. Towns & Co., Sydney.

Cuticura is the most economical treatment known for the skin, scalp, hair and hands, of infants, children and adults. A tablet of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient to cure. Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. **32-Page Post-free, 32-page Cuticura book, containing valuable advice on the Treatment of Skin Troubles.**

The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

An Interesting Scottish Compilation.

WE have received from the Hon. George Fowlds, too late for notice this week, a copy of the handsome volume compiled by the late Matthew Fowlds' personal friends, to perpetuate his memory, both as centenarian and covenanter.

A Famous Dickensian Novelist.

"Five years ago," says Mr. St. John Adcock, in a highly eulogistic article in the August "Bookman," "Mr. de Morgan, the novelist, had not been heard of, and if a prescient public had inquired for him at the book shops, it would probably have been informed that, as Betsy Frig declared of the notorious Mrs. Harris, 'there ain't no sich person.'" It has been considered somewhat remarkable that this great Dickensian, to whom the sweetest incense that can be offered is to liken him to the master, should have waited until so late in life before writing his great novel, "Joseph Vance." But the reader who has been privileged to read that remarkable work, so like and yet so unlike that of Dickens, must have come to the conclusion that it is a book that could not have been written by a younger or less experienced man so overflowing is it with wise reflection, wide experience, artistic culture, mature judgment and profound sympathy with, and gentle tolerance of, human weakness that comes of ripe knowledge.

Mr. de Morgan's Ancestry.

A glance at Mr. de Morgan's ancestry shows how much he owes to heredity and environment. His father, Augustus de Morgan, was one time an active founder, and later professor, of mathematics at the University College, Gower-street, holding that chair for five and thirty years. He was the descendant of a Frenchman whose descendants down to Augustus de Morgan's generation were soldiers in the East India Company's service; that earliest of his ancestors being sometime Governor of Fort George, Madras. On the same side, one of Mr. de Morgan's ancestors was a Dane, otherwise he is as true born an Englishman as Defoe. Augustus de Morgan's mother was a grand-daughter of James Dodson, a noted mathematician in his day, mathematical master at Christ's Hospital, and author of the "Mathematical Canon." Augustus de Morgan married one of the Friends of Canterbury, who numbered among their relatives a one-time Archbishop of York, and the later Archdeacon Blackburne. Mrs. Augustus de Morgan was a lady of great social and intellectual gifts, a firm believer in the occult, and a devotee at the Dickens shrine—a devotion shared by her husband, who included Dickens among his friends. Mr. Adcock depicts Mr. William de Morgan's father as "a strong, lovable personality, large-minded and large-hearted, possessed of a keen and overflowing sense of humour that enabled him to carry his learning lightly, coupled with a humanitarian spirit whose wide sympathy made him as interested in life as in books." One incident of his life is sufficient to illustrate his breadth of mind. In 1860 the University College Council rejected James Martineau as Professor of the Chair of Mental Philosophy and Logic, on the ground of his being a Unitarian. Augustus de Morgan immediately resigned his professorship, and henceforward looked upon the College he had so largely helped to found, and where he had laboured his best part of his life, "as a heap of dust."

Early Education and Work.

At the age of ten Mr. William de Morgan went to University College School, and six years later passed into its college, where he remained three years. At this period all his inclinations were towards art; he took lessons in drawing at Cary's old school, Bloomsbury, and in 1859 became a pupil in the R.A. Schools. Part of his experiences in this school he has woven into "Alice for Short." Three or four years later we find him a devotee to the art of stained glass. In 1862 he transferred his stained glass business to Merton Abbey, near Morris' factory; and thence, in partner-

ship with Mr. Halsey Ricardo, the architect, he removed to Wandsworth Bridge. He at this time enjoyed a considerable reputation as an artistic designer of beautiful pottery and tiles. Five or six years after this Mr. de Morgan gave up the tile and pottery business. A lot of absurd nonsense has been circulated both about the so-called failure of this business and about his belonging to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It is true he studied painting, and that he knew several of the members of the brotherhood, but he was never one of them, as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood belonged almost to a previous generation. Mr. de Morgan thinks the term inept, the art critic in particular throwing the hapless term about at random. Mr. de Morgan, however, illustrated a book of fairy stories "On a Pin-cushion" written by his sister, Mary de Morgan.

Mr. de Morgan's First Publication.

"Joseph Vance" was not Mr. de Morgan's first publication. His first appearance in print was on June 24, 1892, when

derstood it, he rejoiced that it was beautiful, and that he was able to understand it because he had 'an English translation.'"

New Methuen Publications.

"Nine to Six-Thirty" is a story by Pett Ridge, which deals with the story of Barbara Harrison, who, the youngest daughter of a family in North London, is treated by them as a Cinderella, and looked upon by Stoke Newington as a servant. She seizes an opportunity to escape from this, and to embark independently on a different career. Mr. Pett Ridge's novel treats brightly and attractively with her adventures and her successes. Another eminently readable novel issued by this firm is Miss Alice Perrin's Indian story, entitled "The Charm." "The Charm" describes the problems arising from the unequal marriage of a young Englishman in the Indian Civil Service with a handsome Eurasian widow. A particular study has been made of this woman's semi-Oriental character—her good and bad tendencies, and her superstitious beliefs on which the climax of the story depends.

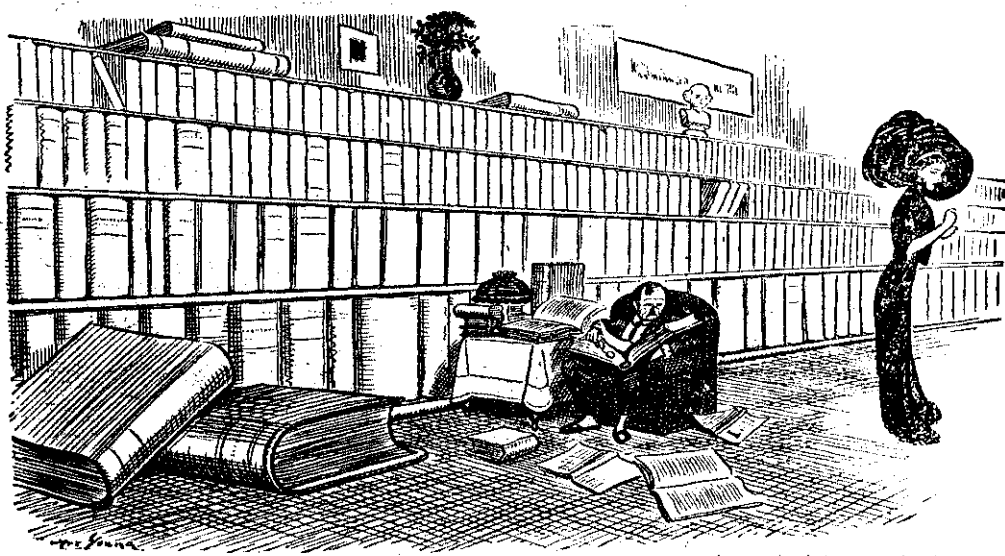
Still another Methuen novel of distinction is Mr. Bernard Cape's "Jenny Abereraw" which relates the history of a highwayman of humour and repulse, and treats of his connection with a quasi-Jacobite conspiracy in the year 1760.

the various creatures dealt with are fresh and vivacious, vivid and entertaining. An inquiring hippopotamus, desirous to learn something about his fellow-captives, tours the Zoo on his own account, commenting freely as he goes. Mr. Roberts has taken full advantage of the possibilities afforded by Hippo's investigations and ruminations, and the result is a volume which children will revel in and adults chuckle over. It is not a guide, although it may well be carried when the Zoo is visited. Needless to add, the photos—so well-known a feature of all Mr. Roberts' work—are beyond cavil.

REVIEWS.

The Way Up: By M. P. Willcocks. (London and New York: John Lane. The Bodley Head Auckland: Wildman and Arey, 3/6.)

It is almost unnecessary to speak of "The Way Up" as a novel of genius, since Miss Willcocks paved her way to that title with "A Wingless Victory" and "A Man of Genius." "The Way Up" is a novel of purpose, and covers much interesting and debatable ground, embracing as it does capital, labour, and social problems, the tragic difficulties that arise in family life when husband and wife have different tastes, interests, and ideals, and providing also a running commentary on



Howard, I've got to know the truth. Do you love me? Bunche, according to the thesis of soul-harmony, as upheld by esoteric thinkers, we are as near subliminal unity and cosmic harmony as finite matter can approximate in a world of imitations and destructive forces.

an article of his on "Lustré Ware" appeared in the Journal of the Society of Arts. "Joseph Vance" was written "merely for a lark, as it were," and he put the opening chapter aside when it was done, because he thought his indebtedness to Dickens was too palpable to be allowed to pass. The first publisher to whom "Joseph Vance" was submitted refused it; the second thought it good, but was afraid to publish a novel of such unusual length. He, however, submitted it to Mr. Heinemann, who, with his usual prudence accepted it at once. It is interesting to hear that long as "Joseph Vance" is, it was considerably curtailed before it was printed. Since then "Joseph Vance" has been followed by "Alice for Short," "Somehow Good," and "It Never Can Happen Again." "An Affair of Dishonour" has been just or will shortly be published. Space forbids further mention of an article that is as interesting as it is splendidly illustrated.

A Tall Story.

The "Argonaut" is responsible for this: "An Oxford man touring in Germany, and seeing an announcement to the effect that the 'Sommerachstrau' was to be given the following night, asked what the title meant. On being informed that it was German for 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' he remarked, 'What an extraordinary name for a play! Is it worth seeing?' Being assured that it was, he went, and when asked whether he had enjoyed and un-

Interesting to Aucklanders.

Those "Graphic" readers who remember Miss Winifred Lays' charming series of papers that came out in serial form in this journal, and were so splendidly illustrated, will be pleased to hear that "Golden Days in Many Lands" has been issued in book form by Methuen's at 10/6 net.

An Unusual Novel.

The talented author of "Little Devil Doubt," in his new novel entitled "The Exception," depicts the history of a woman who, for a brief period of her early youth, regarded life's race not as an organised handicap, but as a agonising pleasure. Such histories are not uncommon in real life, but Mr. Onions has treated the history of Berice Beckwith from a novel point of view, not in its revolting, but in its other aspects. Methuens are the publishers.

A Delightful Children's Book.

Mr. W. J. Roberts has written, and Werner Laurie has published at 1/- and 2/6 a book which has been suggested by a walk round the Zoo. In this book Mr. Roberts blends instruction with amusement. There is always an element of the ludicrous in the antics of birds and animals, a fact which children quickly appreciate, and of which the author has taken advantage. Elaborated from notes made on the spot under peculiarly advantageous conditions, the descriptions of the habits and idiosyncrasies of

life in general. Miss Willcocks, contrary to the majority of modern writers, is not content with pointing out the plague spots in modern life and conditions; she aims at providing an antidote. And the solution she offers of the capital and labour problem is a perfectly feasible and a reasonable one. Those readers who are familiar with this author's work will neither expect the stereotyped in characterisation, nor the banal in dialogue, and so the unusual characters introduced and the brilliantly interesting and witty wise conversations with which the book is interlarded will prove to them no surprise. So full indeed is the book packed with beautiful, serious, useful, wise thought and suggestion, vital characterisation, dramatic situation, vivid description, tragic, and amusing incident, and intense human interest that we are finding it difficult to express our appreciation of it in terms which shall be fittingly adequate, concise, and lucid at the same time. There are two elderly ladies, who are each of them great characters on their own plane. One of these elderly ladies is a blend of Escholarianism, and refined, shrewdly wise, tender mother and womanhood. The other is a veritable reincarnation of Mrs. Poyser. "Just as if you were a man!" says this lady, who rejoices in the name of Mrs. Pym. "Whatever do you want to be the same as this poor trade for? Why, if I didn't think a woman better than a man, it's not me that would be able to hold up my head this day." Yet, on the same page, we find her counselling heroine number two

"to take a man," because "a woman is not half a woman without a man, for time's blood that runs in a maid's veins after she is forty, if her be maid; 'tis ditchwater." Mrs. Pym's husband, too, is a character. "Don't you trust the man," says John Pym, "who says his treasure is in Heaven, and then comes in and fights every item in a bill." There is a spineless medical villain, who makes an early entrance and ignominious exit, and some other villains peculiar to the haunts of the under theatrical world of Bohemia. Besides the two old ladies, there are three young women, who each represent a type, and two of whom struggle for precedence as heroine. One is the type immortalised by Eve; the other is the woman that is to be evolved out of higher education and the work-a-day world, and the other is the type whose heaven is bounded by the walls of home.

And last, but not least, we introduce Michael Strode, the coming capitalist, to our readers. Ambition has ever held to be the predominating trait in man. History records that whenever man has allowed love to override a great ambition, causes and empires have been lost. Woman's world, on the contrary, is bounded by love, and any check eventuating, unless she be strong above the average, finds her a derelict at the mercy of every wind and wave. And so Michael Strode, whose great ambition was to ameliorate the lot of the toiler, neglected the wife he had sworn to love and to cherish until death, and she, of the type that ruffled it at Versailles, left him, and embarked on that base career which was ended by the one sacrificial act of her life, a sacrificial act inspired by a pure love for a man who was not her husband. Whether Michael Strode was right or wrong is a question we leave the reader to determine. Viewed in the light of the larger issue, Michael Strode's action may be justified. But our sympathies are strongly enlisted on the side of Elise, Strode's wanton wife, wanton because she was no wife in the real sense of the word—that felicity was left for Philippa Halliday, who leaves us cold, but respectful. Of the Socialistic portion of the book, it is impossible to speak in too high praise. Capitalistic and labour conditions are discussed with a soundness of knowledge and judgment and a clearness of vision astonishing in a woman. After showing the evils of present labour conditions, she proceeds through the agency of Michael Strode to propound a remedy, namely, co-operation. Now, co-operation is no new thing. But we venture to think that Miss Willcocks scheme is. Here is an extract from the book, which shows the point of view of the new capitalist:—"We have adopted this plan (co-operation) because it is right. What a man works for should be his, and no talk of wages, fund, or of supply and demand can be allowed in that future which is already at the doors, to interfere with this principle of justice. It matters not by what system of law or force the clever man absorbs the results of other men's efforts; however it is done, it is oppression and wrong. It is not benevolence, but justice, that man asks, who lives by the work of his hands. His product is not, has never been, measured by the wages which he gets. There is another equity besides that of a contract made under the stress of necessity. Of all the crimes under the sun, crimes selfish, crimes bestial, crimes petty, crimes cruel, there is none equal to the crime of a man who reaps a lordly income from the midnight stitching of sad-faced women or from the worn-down labour of hopeless men. The dense fog of money-making that still creeps miasma-like over our land, is breaking here and there into the faint, silvery twilight of the truth. We are beginning to realise that the mark of Cain is really branded on the man who proudly declares he is not his brother's keeper." As a genuine human document, this novel is above criticism. As an admirable, a possible, and a workable solution of the capitalistic and labour problem, it is worth looking into.

comes under the head "detective." It is an intensely moving pen-picture of life in New Orleans after the war of emancipation, in which an exciting and somewhat complex tale of the "Mafia" struggles for place with two very ideal, yet intensely human love stories, which have evidently been suggested by the lines—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

In a brief preface the author emphasises the fact that though she has made use of the dramatic punishment meted out to the assassins of Chief Hennessey, none of the characters of this story bear any personal resemblance to the men who commanded in the real tragedy of the lynching of the Italians supposed to have been implicated in Hennessey's assassination. The active interest of the story begins where Mr. Lawrence, who, as the story unfolds, is shown to have reason to fear the Mafia, attempts to use his influence as a citizen of good repute and high social rank in the direction of preventing the lynching, more particularly in the direction of his son (Frank Lawrence) and his presumptive son-in-law (Herbert Girard), who was also his legal adviser. Frank obeys, but Girard con-

Greene has essayed to show, and has triumphantly succeeded in showing, how great a part destiny plays in those actions of man termed inexplicable, and which no man can rightly judge. The illustrations, by C. F. Neagle, are worthy of the book, which we strongly recommend to the notice of all our readers, and which we have received through the courtesy of Methuen and Co.

Early Victorian: A Village Chronicle: By S. G. Tallentyne. (London: George Bell and Sons, Ltd. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 2/6, 3/6.)

There is a skill, and a vitality of characterisation, a consummate knowledge of the period chosen, and a broad treatment of a somewhat narrow subject, which, coupled with a robust humour, a homeliness of detail, ideal sentiment, and high morality that makes this book exceedingly wholesome, pleasant, and entertaining reading. The book's scenes are laid in an English village, a hundred or so miles from London, the writer tells us, and further

BRIEF AND BRIGHT.

All sorts of guesses have been made as to what W. Shakespeare really meant to teach in "The Merchant of Venice," but the chances seem to be that the Law Institute got hold of William and promised to take front seats if he would write and produce a play showing what a fool a man is who tries to be his own lawyer.—Sydney "Bulletin."

If our workers had a little more leisure and our idlers a little less, our taste in art might level up considerably.—"English Review."

Everybody knows that we would sooner be accused of lacking a sense of honesty or decency than of lacking a sense of humour.—"Westminster Gazette."

We incline to the opinion that if characters are to be judged at all from the features, it is safest to keep to the eyes and lips. They do form some kind of a guide.—"Lady's Pictorial."

Few people know how to shake hands well; the general run of folks either give a limp paw and allow it to be shaken, or else grasp yours in theirs and nearly dislocate it with their violence.—"World."

With barefoot dancers out galore,
I really feel

That art has very little more
To reveal.

—"Louisville Courier Journal."

A man seldom has to make up his mind entirely unaided. The head partner can turn to junior partners for advice, the office boy can state his difficulties to the clerk. Each office is a barracks where a little regiment is encamped. It is not so with a woman shopping. She plays a lone hand. The fight is all against all.—"Evening Standard."

The perfect old lady, as a matter of fact, is born, not made; she is the perfect young woman grown old.—"Graphic."

When a girl wants to do a thing she does it; when she doesn't—she says her mother won't let her.—Hugh Leslie Dobree.

There are no perfectly honourable men, but every true man has one main point of honour and a few minor ones.—G. Bernard Shaw.

The next generation of the coloured race will include as many Jack Johnsons as there are now George Washingtons.—"Philadelphia Press."

The first kiss settles very little. If the fish can nibble the bait and still get away, how much more a man?—"Puck," New York.

The majority of us will for many a long day be much happier on the top of a motor-bus than at the steering wheel of an aeroplane.—"Daily News."



IN THE YEARS TO COME.

Air-Tourist (reading): It says here that folks used to think it a daring feat to go over Niagara Falls. Don't see why, do you?

tinues in what he conceives to be his duty towards his terrorised townsmen, which so incenses Mr. Lawrence that he persuades his daughter Helen that Girard is no true mate for her, and the engagement is broken off. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Lawrence mysteriously disappears, leaving not the slightest clue as to his whereabouts. No real suspicion at first attaches to the Mafia, but the curious behaviour of Zoe, an adopted daughter of Mr. Lawrence, and suspected of having dark blood in her veins, leads both his family, Girard, and the private detective employed upon the case to suspect her of dealings with the Mafia, and of knowing more about Mr. Lawrence's fate than she will disclose. How, before the real truth comes out, Girard is suspected, and how, in the hour of his accusation, Helen, true woman-like, turns to him, knowing him innocent, and how at last Mr. Lawrence's disappearance and murder is sheeted home to this pestilent secret society, must be read to be appreciated at its full value. Miss Greene is greatly to be congratulated on her creation of Zoe, whom the reader will find quite inexplicable, until he grasps the full significance of Epictetus' lines which adorn the frontispiece, and which have provided Miss Greene with a basis on which to build one of the cleverest and most complex characterisations we have come across for a long while. Miss

adds that though this village may be identified, it will not be found, since it has outgrown its former likeness. The period, as the title implies, is Early Victorian, a period when the Chatelaines of great mansions did not disdain to go down into their own kitchens to concoct simples, and those dainties with which their tables were loaded on State and "company" occasions. But, though the purely domestic vogue of those days has been superseded by a vogue more productive of, perhaps, a larger gain to humanity at large, it is not possible to read this charming chronicle of early nineteenth century life, without a feeling of regret that those domestic virtues which shone so conspicuously in those days, should be so belittled in these. Higher education, we are convinced, could breed no better type of wife and mother than the Mrs Latimer, and the Mrs Benet of this narrative, though we are shown that even then, the heaven of emancipation was working in the minds of the most womanly of women. Since the publication of "Crossriggs" by the Misses Jane and Mary Findlater, we have come across no village chronicle so replete with shrewd observation, natural depiction, lively humour, sterling humanity, sympathetic interest, and homely charm as "Early-Victorian," which we have received by the courtesy of Wildman and Arey.

SLUGGISH LIVER AND SPLITTING HEADACHES.

BILE BEANS ARE THE MARRIED WOMAN'S FRIEND.


"For years I was affected with a sluggish liver," says Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Broad street, off Bamford-street, Woolsway, N.Z. "At times I was completely prostrated so that I was unable to attend to my ordinary household duties. I would have severe attacks of biliousness accompanied with splitting headaches, which would make me feel awfully dizzy, sick and ill. I was also a victim to costiveness, and at times my general health gave way altogether, and I was reduced to a physical wreck. I consulted medical men, and tried many medicines, but without gaining any relief whatever.

"One day when I was awfully ill, a friend persuaded me to test Bile Beans in my case. I did so, and after the first few doses began to feel I was on the road to recovery. I continued with Bile Beans, and the attacks of dizziness, sickness and headaches gradually ceased. Soon all traces of costiveness disappeared and I was perfectly free from all the ailments which had been a burden to me and made my existence miserable. In practically a short time I was completely cured by Bile Beans. Whenever I feel at all out-of-sorts or run-down a few Bile Beans soon get me right again."

Every mother should always keep a box of Bile Beans by her. They stand alone as a true family medicine. Bile Beans cure all stomach and liver disorders, piles, anaemia, and female ailments. Sold by all chemists and stores at 1/11 and 2/0 per box.

Into the Night: A Story of New Orleans. By Frances Nimmo Greene. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

There is no doubt whatever about the superlative quality of this story, which



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Frootoids are elegant in appearance and pleasant to take; they are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient; they remove from the blood, tissues and internal organs waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them.

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Frootoids are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all.

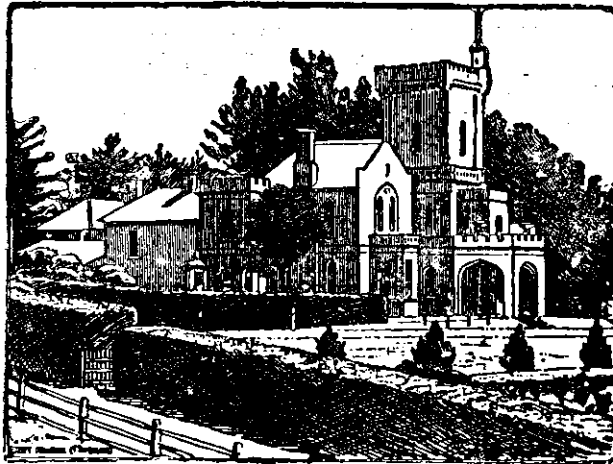
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NEW ZEALAND STORIES.

SPECIMENS FOR PECKY.

By BELLE ALLEN.

[The Editor desires to announce that New Zealand Stories by New Zealand writers, will be published on this page regularly. The page will be open to any contributor, and all accepted stories will be paid for at current rates. terse, bright sketches of Dominion life and people, woven in short story form, are required, and should be headed "New Zealand Stories."]

PEOPLE who enjoy "The Wide Wide World" and "What Katy Did" had better stop right here, for what Sassenach, Nibs and I did will probably send shocks all up and down their spinal columns. It was when we were studying spinal columns that the row happened about the specimens we brought for Pecky. We three girls had formed a sort of private company for the repression of interfering teachers, and Pecky had annoyed us fearfully. She was always ragging us for not reading the school library books, and one day after she had been unusually bothering, we decided, for the sake of peace, that we would get a book each. Off we went to the Head's room, where Pecky welcomed us with a grin like the back view of a seed drill. I don't know whether it is the same in other countries, but in New Zealand High Schools an awful lot of kids come who have won free places, and some of them can be dirty. We have read all about microbes, so that's why we'd never take any of the library books; but this day we washed our hands with sheep-dip that I had brought in from our farm, and we thought that if we took the books we could stow them away for a week, and Pecky would be satisfied. The stupid old thing made us wild to begin with by wanting to advise us what to take, and I could tell by the way Sassenach heaved up her left shoulder that Pecky had let herself in for trouble.

She began by hawking down "The Virginian," and asking Sassenach if she would like that.

Sassie glared stonily out of the window and said: "I don't think so, thank you, Miss Peckham."

Nibs giggled behind the door, and I held my breath. We both knew Sassie, but Pecky didn't. She went on like an ass: "Would you like 'Dombey and Son'?"

"Thank you, I don't care for Shakespeare," I nearly exploded, and felt like an over-baked apple that couldn't help cracking its skin. Pecky gasped, and explained about the author.

Then Sassie said: "I read some of Dickens in my sixth standard reader, and I didn't care for it. I think I would rather have something else." Pecky fell in beautifully.

"What would you like? Who are your favourite authors?"

"Have you any of Marie Corelli's, Ouida's, or even William Le Queux's?"

Nibs and I just burst, and Pecky nearly fainted with horror. She kept us there for half-an-hour lecturing us on our depraved tastes. She quite took it for granted we read those sort of books; as a matter of fact, we did try reading "The Sorrows of Satan," but had to stop at the first three chapters, and we voted it utter rot.

Then Pecky sent Nibs and I off, and kept Sassie for an extra fifteen minutes. We waited in the cloak-room, and when Sassie burst in, looking like Cook Strait in a southerly gale, she rushed to the tap and scrubbed her face for five minutes.

"What did she say?"

"It isn't what she said so much as what she did, the beast. She patted me, and made me promise not to read any more 'degrading literature.'"

"What did you say?"

"I said 'Um-um-um' and then looked as black as a burnt log. Then she nudged me, and wept over me," Sassie ground her teeth. "I could have thumped her and yelled with rage." "Oh, Sassenach,

no wonder you washed!" "Then she packed me off with this microby old 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" "Good for you," said Nibs. "She gave me 'Queechy,' and Fizz has one of those 'Pansy' things." "What ho!" cried Sassie, looking brighter, "and now we must show Pecky in some emphatic manner that we are not to be mugged with impunity. Fizz, why grinnest thou that old familiar grin? Come on, Nibs, tear thyself away from thy beloved 'Queechy,' for our cunning Fizz showeth signs of an idea."

"You kids," I said, "you will have to be subdued and conscience-stricken little high school girls at physiology to-day, and, Sassie, you ask Pecky if we can bring specimens next week."

"Well?"

"We'll bring 'em that's all."



THEIR FIRST SHADE.

Delighted Suburbanite: Here it is! Come on out and bring your chairs! Lumie, but this is worth waiting three years for!

"Hurrah!"

We were awfully good that day, and Pecky thought she had reformed us with her wretched books.

At the end of the lesson Sassie stood up, and asked if we could bring specimens next week. Sassie looked like a woolly lamb, and anyone with a little sense would have smelt a rat; but Pecky was too oozy with conceit. She nearly fell over the table in her hurry to say yes, and I spent Latin lesson very profitably sketching Sassie killing Pecky with a huge beef-bone, and underneath I wrote: "Please, Pecky, here's my physiology specimen." I passed it in my pencil-case to Connie Popleton, and she burst out laughing, and, of course, got an A-upot.

All the week we were busy hunting up specimens and keeping fairly good, till "Dynamite," the Fifth Form English teacher, got quite nervous, because she was the only one who really knew that when we were good we were saving up to be extra bad.

We got half-a-dozen other girls to help us, and when Pecky writhed into physiology on Wednesday the air smelled like a slaughter-house. She sniffed disgustedly, and walked up to the table, where she found a beef-bone with meat on it, an ox's skull, horns and all, out of which

were crawling three black beetles that Nibs had thoughtfully placed there; and a whole sheep's skeleton was on the floor. I found that skeleton on the hills by our farm, so we had each carried a piece of it to school, and then we had put it together on the floor. It was just ripping, with some of the skin still sticking to the bones.

Pecky said "Oh!" at the beef-bone, "Ugh!" at the sheep, and "E-e-eh!" at the black beetles, and we enjoyed it immensely. She asked who had brought them, and when she saw it was us she tried to be conciliating. I suppose she thought we might backslide if she didn't like 'em.

"A very creditable lot of bones, indeed; but perhaps we had better defer the study of them until next week, as they

others, went off. Like a dear duck she saw my idea in a bee buzz, and added her little lot to the fifth form pyre; but Dynamite heard them, and poked her head out.

"Penelope McInnar, what are you doing?"

"Putting some bones here, Miss Pratt." "Then you are not to put them there. Take them away at once."

"Please, Miss Pratt, Miss Peckham told us to put them here."

"Nonsense! Take them away. How dare you?"

"Yes, Miss Pratt, she did," chipped in all the other girls. So Dynamite, in a rage, slammed down the window. When they came back, Pecky was looking a wee bit waxy. She had opened all the windows, but still there was an awful odour. She made us look about to see if we had dropped any bones, but we found none, and at last she said scottily, "Are you quite sure you have nothing more?" Then one of the girls stood up and opened her desk. Ugh! It was awful. She drew something out, and, holding her nose with her left hand, held out something with her right, and said, "Perhaps it's this cat. I boiled it some time ago, but it isn't quite cured yet. I think it does smell a bit."

Pecky's temper lost her, and she could only bawl, "Take it out! Take it out!" So the girl carried it away, while everybody giggled, and she added the "Last, loneliest, loveliest" to Dynamite's heap. Pecky, who is one of those morepurks who can see sometimes in broad daylight, spent the rest of the time in lecturing us, and ordered the girl who had brought the cat to write her an apology before the end of the week.

We met at 3.30 in the cloak room, and danced hukas of joy. We tied Pilgrim's Progress, "Queechy," and the Pansy thing in a bundle, and made a third former carry them in to Pecky, while we made ourselves scarce. "What shall we do now," asked Nibs, after we had put two squares between ourselves and the school.

"Come to Freeman's to afternoon tea," I said. "My shout, and then you'll have to come and help me to write that jolly apology."

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IN PACKETS.

they will have time to bleach in the sun. Will some of you carry them into the playground?"

I immediately jumped up, and so did several others, and we took them down. I observed that the Fifth Room windows were open, and as I owed "Dynamite" one for accusing me of copying when it was the other way about, I got the girls to put the carcasses under the window. When we got back Pecky was still uneasy.

"Have any more of you brought specimens?" she asked.

Sassie said "Yes, Miss Peckham," and held up a Maori kit full of new bones, and some not new at all, and Nibs and three other girls held up some too. "I've been all the week gathering them," said Nibs in an injured tone.

"Most commendable on your part," said old Pecky, who we could see wanted to encourage our supposed interest in the science. "But, you see, a week in the playground will remove all the objectionable matter."

"Oh, I didn't know they were objectionable, I'm sorry, Miss Peckham, shall I take them down?" Nibs could put it on. "Yes, take them down; but they are excellent specimens, and we will use them next week."

Nibs sniffed, and, followed by the

To-morrow in the Pacific.

THE DANGER OF THE YELLOW MAN.

LECTURE BY LIEUT. FEARNLEY.

An interesting lecture, entitled "To-morrow in the Pacific," and dealing with the probable encroachment of the Asiatic nations upon Australia in the near future, and of our helplessness to prevent an invasion, was given by Lieut. Jno. C. Fearnley, of the Commonwealth naval forces, in the rooms of the United Service Institute of New South Wales, Castlereagh-street, Sydney.

The subject, he said, was somewhat outside the general run of questions peculiar to the institute, but the position of Australia with regard to the danger threatening from outside nations served as a motive which led the lecturer to study the position. We were surrounded by hostile Powers, and their policies must of necessity be interesting. The Spaniards, Dutch, and English in turn followed the Portuguese of 1518, but there was little done save a trade of smuggling opium. Following this came several expeditions to China, commencing in earnest with the cession of Hong-kong to Great Britain after the year 1840.

Exploiting of China.

China has been forced from her isolated position, and compelled to open her doors. Nation after nation was given to exploiting China, which served as a fair object lesson to the world in the helpless manner in which she with her vast millions attempted to defend her shores. The Chinese were compelled to give way at all points, even to her neighbour Japan. That country was one which, by its strength, position, and active disposition, had of recent years come prominently before the world. The Chinese Government were watched by the Japanese, and the faults and shortcomings of these bodies carefully noted. Emissaries were sent to Europe and America to observe how those countries were governed, and the Japs was not slow to profit by the researches. "Japan for the Japanese" was a motto which had been followed by another, "China for the Japanese," as witness the result of the Chinese-Japan war. Then came the trouble with Russia, wherein was shown how well she had profited by the researches made by her messengers and spies. By this Rus-

sia's power in Eastern Asia was practically destroyed, and she was compelled to give way to her foe. This proved conclusively that the war with Russia was but a move in the game, and not the game itself.

Japan Outlives Her Isolation.

The Japs were commercially inclined. They were not thrown out by a check or a drawback. They merely held aloof for a while, only to begin again at a point where they left off, and their aim was absolute supremacy in the Pacific Ocean. Should we neglect to make the most of the present situation, our supremacy would be quickly shaken in the China Seas. The old Japanese pirates had been a byword for many years. Their policy of warfare was one prefaced by espionage, and followed up by sudden onslaughts and well-measured attacks in places where such were to be least expected. The word "Japan" had for many years been synonymous with treachery, and the way in which the Japs had scoured the seas along the coast of Northern China was a matter of history. They never waited for anyone else to begin, they were always characterised by aggressiveness and sudden rushes upon the enemy just where the enemy was least prepared to meet it.

Future Policy of Japan.

All along, the policy of Japan had been characterised by treachery and duplicity. The general trend of the national policy was on level lines with that of the individuality of her commercial merchants. The rivalry between Japan and America in the Pacific was well known, and Japan bargained for possession of strategic positions in the Pacific. America at present nominally held the points of vantage, but at the same time these were poorly manned, and could not be held against the Japanese population occupying them. Circulars had been sent out among the Philippines, who were warned that America would never give them their freedom, and their only chance of emancipation was in a treaty with Japan. These were apparently of German origin, and their aim was not to be mistaken by anyone. And Japan had long cast covetous eyes upon the Philippine Islands. Again, all along the Pacific Slopes of the United States a strong racial feeling existed, and this was becoming more intensified as time progressed. This, it was openly stated, would eventually result in war between

those countries. Japan's alliance with Britain would be of doubtful value if she made war upon America, for Britain could not either actively or passively assist Japan against America, nor could she, in the event of Japan being victorious, permit that country to occupy the land of our oversea cousins.

The Trade Dangers.

The recent tariff imposed upon British goods by Japan would seem to indicate that Japan had no use for the treaty with Great Britain, and on the other hand a marked intimacy was becoming apparent with Germany. In fact, German influence was becoming paramount in Japan, and a Japanese-German alliance was looked to commercially in the near future by the nations of the world who were keenly alive to the way the trade and commerce of Germany was trending. The trouble was daily increasing. The Japanese were busy every day increasing their strength, and there was no doubt that absolute control of the Pacific was desired. There would be an offensive and defensive alliance with Germany and an open war against America. To Australians the situation was grave. Japan could land 300,000 fighting men in three weeks on the coast of Australia. England, no matter how ready she was, could not land a large force on these shores to help us, and in the meantime we would be subject to all the horrors of an Oriental occupation, by a race of people whose mastery could be better imagined than described.

England Cannot Help.

The Motherland was far away. With Germany waiting her opportunity, England dare not, the lecturer concluded, denude herself of a force sufficient to protect us, for, as many writers had irrefutably shown, Japan could land her forces all in good fighting trim, with so much ease that there would be literally no course open to us in our present defenceless state but to capitulate. Further, Great Britain had not a force in existence sufficient to expel such an army from this country. The horrors of hostile occupation by Asiatics would have to be left to the imagination, but those desirous of forming an idea of what it could be, might obtain it by reading the accounts of Japan's reformation of Korea. To expose this country and its people to the risk of such an awful calamity through giving first, second, and third place to administration of commercial matters, and placing our defences a be-

lated fourth in importance, was our national crime, and we should be fortunate indeed, if we escaped national punishment. Were we in possession of the necessary guns and munitions of war for the equipment of our people, we might hope to at least retain our independence, but, lacking those, we were helpless. If the outbreak of hostilities between America and Japan found the German menace still existing, it was more than probable that this country, as the home of an independent white race, would be lost for ever.

Professional Jurymen.

A suggestion has recently been put forward that a body of trained professional jurymen, equipped in point of intelligence and education to cope with difficult problems of fact, would come as a boon and blessing to the community. The idea is an attractive one; but there are obvious difficulties in the way. First and foremost, unanimity would be well-nigh impossible of attainment if the twelve men in the jury-box were close and accurate thinkers; and, secondly, the professional jurymen, whose names and addresses would either be known or readily discoverable, would be more approachable than the mass of individuals from whom jurymen are now drawn.

When the twelve good men of to-day are not able to agree upon their verdict, they are discharged, with no worse penalty than a sarcastic address from the learned judge. Formerly it was otherwise. A refractory jurymen was committed to prison, and the verdict of the eleven was taken. But in the reign of King Edward III, the judges decided that a verdict given by a majority was a nullity, and recommended that the judges of assize should carry the jury about with them in a cart till they should agree. The rule that jurors should go unrefreshed till a verdict was given dates from the remote past; but in Tudor times it was relaxed to the extent that if a juror became faint for want of food he might, by the assent of the justices, "have meat and drink, and also such other things as may be necessary for him; and his fellows also, at their own costs, or at the indifferent costs of the parties, if they so agree, or by the assent of the justices, may both eat and drink." Thus the spectacle, maddening to the starving eleven, of a twelfth juror lurching in comfort, was avoided.

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The Widow's Cuffs.

By MRS. SMART.

A SHARP pelt of rain had driven more than one wayfarer, taken unawares, into the village store—that emporium of everything from a bootlace to a bicycle, kept by one Mr. Jonathan Spriggs, the principal merchant of Mexbridge, and in his own estimation, quite the most important man in the town. There were others not wanting who took Mr. Spriggs at his own valuation, and the general store-keeper had his little circle of satellites, to whom the "People's Store" ranked of as high importance as a London Club to the man about town, or the salon of Madame Recamier to the French elegants. Here politics were discussed, and matters of national importance agreed upon—or the reverse—the store sometimes figured as the village stock-exchange, or in softer moments mellowed into a matrimonial agency.

Whether it was owing to the gentle spring shower which was fast forcing the swelling buds to open all their freshness of green attire or whether it was that love was in the air, and Cupid on the warpath, on this balmy April day, it is hard to say, but the little band of storm stayed wayfarers were discussing in a more animated fashion than even the pros and cons of "Fiscal Policy" had ever drawn from them—the "to be or not to be" of a projected alliance in their midst.

"I say it's no' seemly," said John Harper, the foremost grocer in the town. "The wunnans' not a widow more nor nine or ten months, and I'm sartin she's no more thinkin' o' Tom Henderson, than she is o' me."

"Well—they're saying he's never out of the house," said Joshua Gair, an angular looking bank-clerk, who prided himself on his freedom from the Mexbridge ascent.

"And what for d'ye no' cut 'em out, Jo?" said a chorus of voices.

"I prefer fresh goods, thankye, no widows for me."

"It'd come in mighty handy, Jo," said another, "a snug little crib like Westwood, and a good bit o' money, as ye oughter know, seeing the late Jeremiah Gubbins kept his account at your shop!" The clerk smiled to himself, as if something pleasing had crossed his mind.

"I daresay a man might do worse," he said lighting a cigarette in a dilettante fashion.

"We-el—" said the proprietor of the store, as he stuck a ticket bearing the magic words, "Prime—74d." into a roll of bacon. "I will say that I allus thought Mrs. Gubbins a mighty pleasant lady, and him who gets 'er 'll no' get a bad bargain, I can tell you. If all they're sayin's true—the late Jeremiah was no' perfect, and she'll be all the kinder to number two, should the right man 'appen to come along. But she'll not be in a hurry, the lady won't, 'once caught—'twice shy'—and I think it's 'ardly flect to be marryin' 'er to art the town, before she's out o' her murrings."

"That's just wot I say," said John Harper. "Ow would we like it supposing we was to drop off, and folks was marryin' our misuses to all and sundry, before we was cold in our graves? No—no—Tom Henderson may fall in once in a while in a friendly way at Westwood, but it's nothing more—anyway yet a while—I'll bet my bottom dollar on that."

"And when is a widow supposed to be out of mourning?" mused the bank-clerk. "I should like to know, I really would. Mr. Jones—you ought to be able to inform us, mourning being in your line," and he turned to an insignificant looking man, who had hitherto remained silent, Peter Jones, the principal draper in the town.

"W'en 'er clothes is worn out, I should say," snapped the little man.

"Ha-ha!" sneered Joshua Gair. "Mr. Jones is too wise to express an opinion."

"I have known Maria Gubbins since she was a little gel," said the little man with a blush, "an' I'm not going to speak agin her—that's all."

"And who's saying anything against the lady, Mr. Jones?" said Gair, with a dangerous look in his narrow eyes.

The little man made no reply, except one utterly irrelevant to the subject, namely, that "it had stopped raining." As he spoke the door opened, and a tall burly farmer walked in.

"Mournin'—friends—gossipin' as usual? Mr. Spriggs, you oughter charge a commission on the scandal talked in this shop, and ye'd be a rich man."

"We were just discussing a very interesting subject, Mr. Rudge," said the bank-clerk, "perhaps you may be able to enlighten us? When do widows weeds stop growin'?"

"When the flower of love chokes them," said the new arrival promptly. "Ha—ha—you never thought I was so witty, did you, Mr. Gair?"

"No, but jokin' apart," said the host "these young men is all thirstin' to lay themselves at the feet o' the charming Mrs. Gubbins—you know wot widows is—and none of them can quite arrive at the proper time to makes advances, and yet they're feared our friend Mr. Tom Henderson may cut them out—so as a man o' the world, Mr. Rudge—ye might give them a bit o' advice, it wud be a sad pity if they was all too late—and seeing you're so well up in matters o' etikett—"

"Well according to the ladies' fashion papers, a lady's a widow for a year and a day—after that—according to the other women—she's a designing monster who tries to set 'er cap at everything she sees in a coat and trousers—but she must wear her weeds for a year and a day, if she's a respectable married woman."

"And what do weeds consist of? Give us a definition of the term," asked the bank-clerk.

"Jo' wants to know—like all financial men, he 'as an eye after the cash," said Mr. Spriggs aside to the draper with a dig in the ribs, which made the poor little man wriggle.

"Wa-el—weeds is erape, and caps—and long veils—and them white collars and the cuffs they wears on their wrists," replied Mr. Rudge comprehensively.

"But my sister that lost 'er 'usband, wore them white things for many a year," said the grocer reflectively.

"Well—she needn't 'ave," snapped Mr. Rudge. "I tell you—that's the best thing to go by, them cuffs, when you see them disappear, it's a sign that summer is nigh."

Tom Henderson stood in a meditative fashion leaning over a gate, as his friend and neighbour, John Rudge, rode past. "I was 'earin' a lot about you to-day, Tom—"

"Ya-as! I 'opes you 'eard well?"

"I 'eard ye wur making up to the widow?"

"Wot widow! oh, sly Tom! d'ye mean to say ye don't know?"

"Well—an' if I am—I'm sure I might do worse?"

"Ye'll 'ave to look sharp, my boy, if you want to get 'er—there's others in the running—"

"Who?"

"That beaky bank-clerk for one, an' I don't know 'ow many more—they asked me w'en it wud be 'komiffo' to start the race—as it were—an' I told them w'enever they saw 'er stop wearin' them white cuffs that widows 'as, then they might enter or scratch—as they thought fit—but there'll not be many scratch—I'm thinkin'."

"And when'll she stop wearing them, since you seem to know all about it?"

"W'en she's a year and a day a widow—very soon now—Tom—so you watch—"

and Budge rode away, his broad sides shaking with laughter.

Mrs. Gubbins folded her hands contentedly over her erape-cloth dress, and looked pensively over the garden towards the high road.

It was September, some months later than the discussion described above: she had been a widow well over the year convention demanded her seclusion and sombre mourning attire, but the erape trimmings still crackled with the rise and fall of her ample bosom, and she still wore the fateful bands of white at her wrists. She was—truth to tell—too well satisfied with the placidity of her life, after turbulent existence with the late Jeremiah, to have any wish to again enter the troubled seas of matrimony.

That she had and would have suitors in plenty was evident, for not only were her personal charms undeniable, but her pecuniary affairs were supposed to be in a most satisfactory condition, and

these two things combined were a magnet strong enough to attract most men.

"Good-evening, Mr. Henderson," she said sweetly to the advancing gentleman, whose beard shone ruddy in the evening sunlight.

"Good-evenin', Mrs. Gubbins. Ye looking as fresh as a daisy—but there—I there's no need for me to tell you that—you knows it already."

"La! Mr. Henderson!" blushed the widow, "ow you do go on!"

But Tom Henderson had come with a definite purpose in his mind.

The year was considerably more than spent which custom decreed should be dedicated to the memory of the late Jeremiah—why wait any longer, when it would be so much more economical and pleasant to join forces?

Mrs. Gubbins blushed and looked away from the fervent admiration expressed by her buccic admirer.

"You forget my mourning, Mr. Henderson," she murmured decorously.

"I'll fear them white rags off your wrist," said the masterful Tom angrily, proceeding to try to suit his actions to his words.

"No, no," said the widow, with a flash from her dark eyes, "it's not you that takes them off, Mr. Henderson—whoever does—Good-evening."

The disappointed snitner met the bank-clerk coming up the hill.

"You needn't go further," he snarled, "them white cuffs is sewed on so sure, nothing'll take them off."

Joshua smiled to himself, he had little doubt but that his superior education, and genteel manners would carry great weight with the widow. The cuffs would disappear at his command!

But Mrs. Gubbins was obdurate. Although he painted in glowing terms what an excellent position they would have in the town, and flattered her intellectual vanity by telling her she was the only woman he could ever think of in the place, he went away like the farmer, with a flea in his ear.

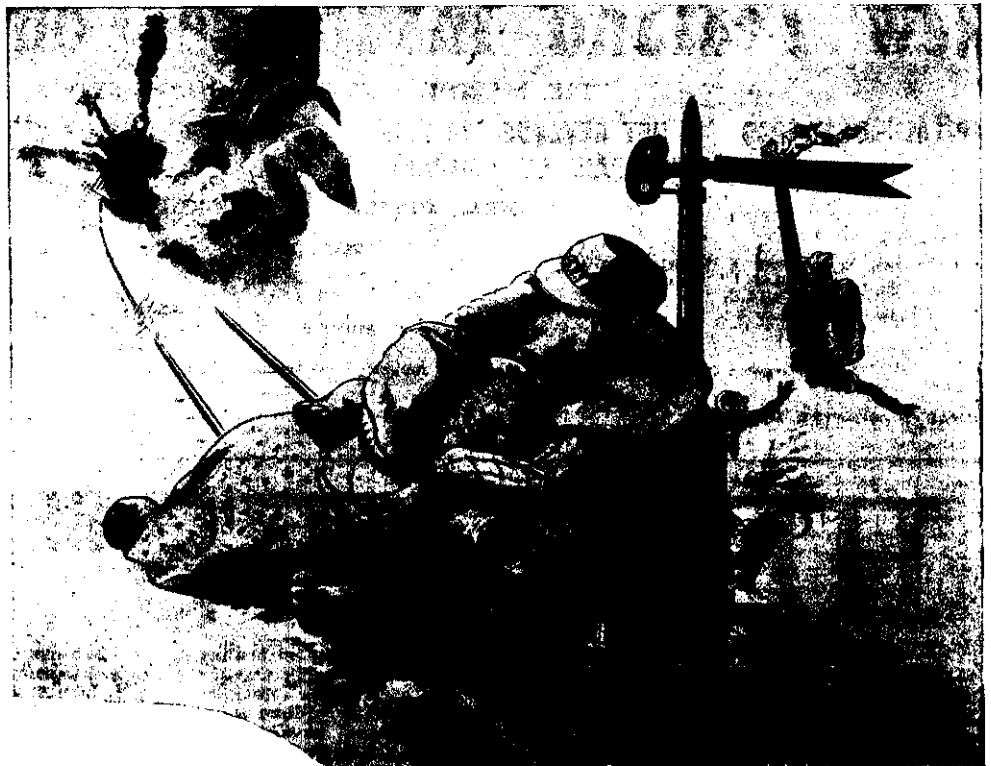
When he had gone Mrs. Gubbins sighed a little.

"They go fearful quick in the wash," she said, folding in a frayed edge of her right hand cuff; "I must go and get some more to-morrow."

The following day saw her walk up the High Street to Mr. Peter Jones' drapery establishment.

"I want some widow's cuffs, please, Mr. Jones," she said, "will you shew me wot you've got?"

The shy little draper looked anxiously



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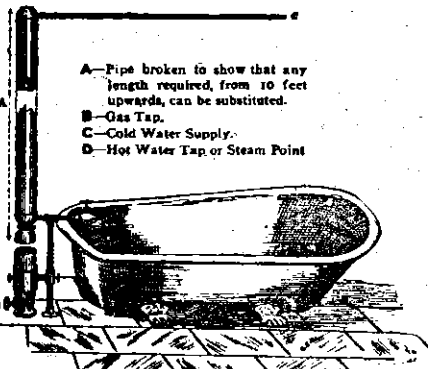
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TURN on gas tap marked **B** on the sketch, apply lighted match at opening just below arrow head pointing downwards, and at the expiration of 3 minutes the water will be heated.

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round before he complied with her request—they were alone in the shop.

"I thought you'd 'ave given 'em up by now," he said pleadingly.

"Mr Jones!"

"It's time you did," he said more boldly, "wot's the good o' wasting your life—and mine?" and instead of fetching the cuff and collar box, he put his hand gently but firmly on the widow's cuff, and began tearing away the fragile cambric.

"Mr. Jones!"

"Say Peter—Maria—you know I've loved you ever since you was a little girl—d'you really think them things is going to keep you longer from me?" and he flung the pieces of torn cambric on the floor.

The widow smiled up in his face.

"Of course if you haven't got them in stock, Mr. Jones, I must just manage without—till—till—I get something else!"

The village store was more than usually crowded on the evening following the announcement of Mr. Peter Jones' engagement to Mrs. Gubbins. To say that much custom resulted from the crush would be to make a statement open to doubt, for the company were far too busy discussing the pros and cons of the latest sensation, to notice the attractive wares, or the seductive prices appended thereto on Mr. Jonathan Sprigg's counter. And who could blame them least of all the genial storekeeper?

"Well I never—" said that worthy, sticking his thumbs as far as they would go into his armpoles, "to think that Peter Jones—little Jones—who you'd think couldn't say 'bo to a goose"—should have carried her off from under your very noses!"

"The question is," said Joshua Gair acidly, "did anyone else make any effort to secure the prize?"

Tom Henderson looked quickly round.

"I dunno 'bout securing the prize, but I know I met you looking mighty perky going up the hill to Westwood, one night not long since, and there was a different colour on your counting-house when you was coming back, for I saw you, when you didn't guess I was looking, and your cheeks were as white as the dough on an under-cooked dumpling. Sez I to myself, 'he's gotten the same I got'—for I'm not 'shamed to say, that I would like fine to have had the widow for my own, and I think Peter Jones is an uncommonly lucky fellow!"

"There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out o' 'em," said Mr. Jonathan Spriggs sympathetically.

"Mebbe—but not every fish swims your stroke—and there is something about Maria Gubbins, that goes to the heart o' a man."

"Not to mention her money," sneered the bank clerk.

"Guess I wasn't so keen on that part of the show, as some other folks I would mention," snapped Mr. Henderson in reply. "You white-fingered clerks that does nothing but handle gold, and count bank notes, you get to think that there's nothing else in the world, but your filthy cash—but I tell you there's one thing better than all the money in the world, and that is love, and the man who has won the affections of Maria Gubbins, is—as I said before—a damned lucky chap!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Gubbins and Mr. Jones sat in close proximity to each other on the Westwood sofa. The widow was still dressed in black, but her comely arms, emerged from becoming frills of lace, instead of the rigorous lines of the widow's cuffs.

Mr. Jones timidly put his hand on the round white arm, which lay so temptingly near him.

"It would be a shame to hide them any longer," he said with a lover-like squeeze.

"Some folks thinks widows' dress very becoming," and Mrs. Gubbins shyly looked down.

"Yes, for a time, but you get tired of it, don't you, Maria?"

"I'm not denying it's lonely being by oneself," whispered the widow.

"I'm going to make you happier now nor ever you was, Maria—to make up—"

"Oh, Peter! I've been terrible lonesome!" and she began to cry softly.

"There, there, Maria, it's all over now, and just think what a blessing it was I didn't stock them widows' cuffs!" and his arm stole round her waist.

Loss of appetite can be cured by SCOTT'S Emulsion

which is not a medicine that merely gives temporary relief, Scott's Emulsion permanently restores appetite. Hundreds of people have written to say that appetite has been restored by Scott's Emulsion. For example, Mrs. J. McIntosh wrote, 3rd May, 1909, from 52, Cowper Street, Waverley, Sydney, N.S.W.:

"My daughter, aged two years, would barely eat enough to keep her alive. She became almost too weak to stand, and her vitality was so low that she wanted to do nothing but sleep. After taking Scott's Emulsion for two days, her appetite came back quite suddenly, and she is now running about with a healthy colour in her cheeks. This trademark was on the emulsion I bought."



If you wish to get back appetite and decide to buy Scott's Emulsion, decide also to GET SCOTT'S EMULSION. You may be asked to buy another emulsion and told it is "just as good as Scott's." Substitute emulsions can only be sold on the reputation of Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion cures the disease—no matter the age of the patient—and will be approved by your Doctor for Lost Appetite if you ask him.

Of all Chemists and Dealers in Medicines.

The Finest Relish to commend good food to healthy or jaded appetite is

MELLOR'S

SAUCE!

Sold Everywhere.

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RUPTURE CURED.

STANT'S PLASTER-PAD is different from the painful brass, and being self-adhesive they hold the rupture in place without the hooks, or springs—cannot slip on smooth cloth or press against the pelvic bone. The pads contain a wonderful medicine which is kept constantly in contact, thereby opening the most obdurate cases. Quinacine has successfully treated thousands without hours, with interesting results. Write to-day, and Trial Treatment FREE. Address: STANT & CO., 21, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

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For Delicate Children.

The combined soothing and strengthening effects of Angier's Emulsion, together with its agreeable cream-like taste, make it the ideal remedy for children. It possesses the identical properties most needed for building up health and strength as well as for relieving the various inflammatory affections of childhood.

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(Petroleum with Hypophosphites.)

The little ones all like Angier's Emulsion, and moreover they are peculiarly susceptible to its soothing and tonic influence. It makes them eat better, digest better, sleep better and rapidly gain in weight, strength and colour. The medical profession prescribe Angier's Emulsion, not only for coughs and colds, bronchitis, whooping cough and all lung weakness, but for scrofula, rickets, malnutrition and for wasting diseases generally.

Soothing, Strengthening.

A sample bottle sent free on receipt of 4d. postage. Mention this paper.
THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 7 Barrack Street, Sydney.
 Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/9 and 4/6

The Ferrer Trial.

Continued from page 44.

that the time limit had expired; only hostile evidence had been admitted, and statements had been received from persons not qualified to offer testimony; even anonymous denunciations had been suffered to have weight. Ferrer himself spoke, but briefly, and the trial was over. No one was in doubt as to the result.

It is said—with what truth I cannot say—that King Alphonso was willing to relieve Ferrer. He was inundated with petitions for mercy. One was from Senorita Paz Ferrer, the condemned man's daughter in Paris; and there were others from nearly every country in Europe. The report adds that an interview with that object took place between the King and Senor Maura, the Prime Minister. In such an event the King's purpose can only have been frustrated by Senor Maura. A death sentence, once confirmed by the Cabinet, cannot be revised by the King. This is quoted in support of the charge that Ferrer owed his death directly to Maura.

On the evening of October 12 the Cabinet met and ratified the sentence. Ferrer, who had been removed to the fortress prison of Montjuich, was informed the same night that he was to die next morning. The sentence of the court martial was contained in a long and prolix document, and it took three-quarters of an hour to read it to him. His calm as he listened impressed everybody present. One knows that passive, half-melancholy Spanish calm more than Oriental in its strength.

There were priests to attend him. He had been placed in capilla in the little chapel in which a condemned man is made to await the hour of execution. But Ferrer would have none of them. All his life he had seen his country suffer under unworthy priests; and at the end of it he would not turn from his hostility.

"Leave me to die in peace," he said to them. "I have my ideas, and I am as firm in my convictions as you are in yours."

He spent the night in writing his will. He disposed of his property in a few legacies: one to his faithful friend, Senora Villafranca, with which to carry on his work; another to make provision for his father; and the rest between his children. To them he addressed a request that they would not claim their legacies, but would allow them to go to the upkeep of his schools. He neither ate, drank, nor slept all night.

At nine o'clock in the morning of October 13 they took him forth to be shot in one of the ditches of the fortifications, consecrated to its grim use by many executions. On the hillside at a little distance were groups of spectators from the city; the troops would not allow them to come nearer. He still preserved his indomitable calm. In that hour his every-day and commonplace aspect must have worn a look of greatness. Two friars would have accompanied him, but he sent them back, and thus he came to the foot of the rampart sloping steeply up against the sky, against which it is the custom to shoot men. Ordinarily a man faces the rampart and is shot from behind; but Ferrer begged that he might see his death.

"It is not allowed," he was answered. "A traitor must either turn his back or be blind-folded."

It was the latter alternative that he selected, and a handkerchief was bound over his eyes. There were only four men in the firing party, soldiers from the garrison chosen by the drawing of lots. The officers and guards stood away from him, the signal was given, and the volley rang out. Ferrer gave a loud cry and fell forward. It was over.

The Government and the orders had won the second round of the game. The dice were loaded, it is true; the game was not honest; but they won.

And what remains? There remains at least the Escuela Moderna which Ferrer founded, and money to carry it on. In less than eight years its branches have spread from Barcelona over all Spain; and though Ferrer is now absent, the very momentum of its own success will carry it on. It is the most powerful force against Clericalism, and it will not become less formidable as time passes. And there remains, furthermore, what was lacking before—proof, plain to people of all classes and all grades of intelligence, of the evil influence of the orders of the Government of Spain.

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Three or four tins are sufficient for all the meals of an average family for a whole year.

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There are many well-known men to-day with

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whose health will not permit them to enjoy a good dinner, and why? Only because in their early career they neglected to keep their blood free from impurities.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS cleanse and purify the BLOOD, promote Digestion, and quickly remedy that "tired feeling" due to a sluggish liver.

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Continued on page 60.



Mr. J. Williams, of Northern Station, N. E. Port Augusta, sends his photo and writes that he has been a sufferer from impure blood and indigestion, with pimples on his face, and blackheads. He was always taking medicines of some kind, with no relief until he began with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills. He took in all three bottles of the Sarsaparilla and two bottles of the Pills, with the result that the pimples and blackheads disappeared and he was relieved entirely of his indigestion.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

acts directly upon the blood-forming glands of the body, stimulating them to produce healthy, rich, red blood; the kind of blood that brings a good wholesome color to the lips and cheeks, clearing away pimples and blackheads.

As now made, Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains no alcohol. Be sure that you get "AYER'S," not some worthless imitation.

Take Ayer's Pills with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One aids the other

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are all assured when dealing with so responsible a London Tailor as

PRICES are as follows:
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FATHER'S REBELLION

By FREEMAN PUTNEY, Jr.



Cousin Thomas was waving his arms and shouting, "Come back!"

UP to the time when mother died, and Aunt Amelia came to live with us, I had taken father's absentmindedness as a matter of course, and something to be expected in a college professor. It was always part of our family routine to make sure that he did not start for his classes in the morning without his necktie, or with one of my shopping-bags in place of the green one that holds his books.

Father always says that he is absorbed in thinking of his work; and that his mind, instead of being absent, is very present, although occupied with affairs other than unimportant trifles. That was what he told Aunt Amelia when she scolded him for having worn to church, in place of his high silk hat, a battered and cobwebby old derby which he uses when he rakes up the lawn. I couldn't blame Aunt Amelia for feeling annoyed, although I did not think she fully understood father. She had not really known him since he was a boy, for she had lived in the West ever since she was married, until her husband died.

"Really, Edith," she confided to me later, "I am anxious about your father's mental condition. All the Adams family for generations, even the scholars, have been practical—extremely practical."

Aunt Amelia herself is extremely practical. I knew that from the way she had set her son, Cousin Thomas, after me; as soon as she found out that mama's money had been left in my name. But to smooth things over, I spoke to father.

He did try for a few days, and Aunt Amelia was very much encouraged until the evening when he brought home Mr. Elliot's family cat in place of the basket of lettuce he had gone to fetch.

We hoped, then, that he would do better when college had closed, and his classes were off his mind; so, as soon as possible after commencement, we hurried down to the seashore at Hardyport and opened our cottage. But before we had been there a week, Aunt Amelia, with a face of gloom, confided to me in a corner of the piazza:

"Your father, Edith, is certainly not improving. I don't dare to say what I am afraid of."

I knew she meant insanity, but I wouldn't mention it. Father had been spending most of his time in his study on his scientific work, and it certainly had seemed once or twice, from things he did, that he wasn't quite right. That very afternoon, when we routed him out to take a swim, we found that he had retired to his room to change his clothes for his bathing-suit, and had gone to bed by mistake.

"Let's go to town to-morrow and see Dr. Dodge," I suggested.

Dr. Dodge is our family physician, and I suppose we didn't go into details about father as with a stranger. First, Aunt Amelia talked, and then I chimed in. We didn't either of us mention insanity; but when we told how we were afraid of father's having trouble with

his head, we thought the doctor understood what we feared.

It developed afterward that Dr. Dodge got the impression that father was suffering from headaches, caused by too close application to study, and that what we women wanted was a physician's authority to make him take care of himself. So he said that, while he couldn't attempt a thorough diagnosis without seeing the patient, he thought father's condition would improve if he limited himself strictly to working not more than two hours at a time, alternated by periods of recreation, preferably out of doors.

"And I will appoint you ladies," he concluded pleasantly, "to make sure that my directions are observed."

Father seldom makes a fuss about anything, and he submitted beautifully to the doctor's orders. We timed his working periods; and if he stayed locked up in his room for more than two hours, one of us would invite him to go for a walk, or boating, or to play croquet.

One morning, when we had been at the shore about a week, I took father to visit the wharves of one of the big fish companies over in town. It was all very interesting; but father got into trouble, as usual. He sat down on what he took to be the solid cover of an upturned barrel, but it was really the open top of a barrel of brine. Some of the men laughed; but a young man in overalls hurried up and helped father out, and was very kind, not even smiling. He spoke sharply to the men, and it was remarkable how quickly they sobered up, and helped father to clean his clothes.

The young man, who seemed to be some sort of a foreman, lent father his own overcoat to wear home. Although I was so much afraid that father would take cold, I did remember to thank the young man, whose name was Mr. McGarragh, and to tell him that we would send back the coat. He was a very pleasant young man, tall and square-shouldered. His face was not a bit handsome, but his forehead looked calm and collected, and his eyes didn't seem to have much nonsense in them. I liked him; but, somehow, when he looked at me squarely, I was embarrassed a little, to my own disgust.

Of course, Aunt Amelia went wild when father came home wet. She spoke to him so sharply that he stayed in his room all that evening, in spite of us, and most of the following day. Then, almost by force, Aunt Amelia dragged him out and sent him up to the hotel for a newspaper.

Father was so long in returning that I slipped out to look for him. I found that he had dropped the two pennies that Aunt Amelia had given him into a mail-box, under the impression that he had been sent to post a letter. When he woke up to the fact, he found he had no other money with him, and he was trying to screw up his courage to face aunt again.

I bought the newspaper and we went home together, enjoying the walk along the beach very much. At the door of our cottage, whom should we meet but Mr. McGarragh? He had come, he said, to save us the trouble of sending back his overcoat; and of course we invited him in.

When we introduced him to Aunt Amelia, she deliberately sniffed, and I knew she meant to suggest the odour of fish.

Mr. McGarragh didn't seem to notice it, nor did he mind when Cousin Thomas, who was staying with us for a few days, undertook to snub him; but I was indignant because they had picked at the poor fellow that way, so I treated him very nicely, out of sheer pity. Neither Thomas nor aunt seemed to enjoy that.

It was on the second afternoon following that Mr. McGarragh invited me to take the walk around Sunrise Point: Aunt Amelia rose up and said that I should not go without a chaperon—after all the years I had been at Hardyport without the suggestion of such a thing! If I hadn't known that she was working for Cousin Thomas, who had made two attempts that week to propose to me, I should have shown how indignant I was. Instead, I was very sweet, and told her how pleased I should be to have her come with us. Aunt hates walking, since she began to grow stout, and Mr. McGarragh and I went alone.

He talked less than any other young man I had ever known, but I didn't care—perhaps because I am such a chatter-box myself. After I got home, I found myself wondering how such a nice man could work all day in those slimy fish-sheds. That evening I nearly slipped Cousin Thomas' face when he spoke of Mr. McGarragh as a "fish-skinner."

II

The summer wore on, and somehow Mr. McGarragh seemed to take up more and more of my leisure time. He often came in the afternoon to take me for a drive, or for a skin in the harbour in a motor-boat, or for one of the beautiful walks about Hardyport. If he couldn't get off from his work in the afternoon, he was fairly certain to appear in the evening and sit out with the family on the verandah.

The first few times he did this, Aunt Amelia insulted him at every opportunity; but it seemed impossible to provoke him to answer back. It angered me so, however, that I treated him more prettily

If it had not been so near the end of the season, I think we should have disobeyed him; but Aunt Amelia said the summer was so nearly over we might as well wait until we got home.

Only a day or two later, Aunt Amelia, with a very sober face, brought me a solemn editorial in her conservative newspaper. It turned on some man who was being tried for murder, and on the evidence of insanity in his ancestors. Then it went on for half a column about the wickedness of people who married when there was insanity in their families, and the misery they might cause those they loved.

The horrible newspaper editorial sobered me, and I carried it on my nerves all day. I know why aunt had made me read it; and the more I thought about it, and about our anxiety for father, the more distressed I was. I wondered what my duty would be if there really was insanity in my family, and if I was asked to marry.

And that very evening Mr. McGarragh proposed to me!

It came so suddenly, and I was so flustered, that I could not shut it off. I hardly know just what I told him; but I gave him to understand that while I liked him, and hoped he would continue to be my friend, the thing he asked for could never be. He took it quietly, as he took everything; but as he went away his face was drawn, and I was so sorry for him.

Nor was he the only one hurt, for I cried myself to sleep that night.

He did not come the next day, nor afterward. As the week passed, I began to realise how much I cared for him. It was silly to think that a man in love, who had been rejected, would continue to force himself upon a girl who apparently did not care; but until he stayed away I had not known what his companionship meant.

That must have been a hard week for Aunt Amelia. Not only was I sulky,



The beach, clear down to the edge of the rising tide, was covered with mucks in the sand.

than ever; and when aunt discovered this, she took to ignoring him completely. Cousin Thomas, who had finally decided to spend the summer with us, kept out of his way.

About the middle of August we began to notice a new symptom in father. He was becoming irritable. We found more and more difficulty in keeping his schedule down to the allotted two hours of work. Aunt, however, stuck to the task like a heroine.

We tried to get father to go and see Dr. Dodge, but he absolutely refused. He also forbade us to consult the doctor ourselves, or to bring him to the cottage, adding that, in his opinion, Dr. Dodge was a darned old fuddy-duddy. When father uses language as unscientific as that he is really angry.

but father grew more and more irritable, and objected more and more to being prodded out of his den. He said he had important work which must not be interrupted; but Aunt Amelia quoted the doctor's orders and was inexorable.

Then came the morning when father rebelled. It was a hot, bright day, at the very end of August; and I was up in my room, when I heard Aunt Amelia talking at the door of his study. It was evident that she was turning him out for his recreation period, and that he was decidedly unwilling. Finally I heard him go downstairs, actually stamping, and the front door slammed.

A little later aunt came to report: "I had absolutely to drag out your father, Edith; and, more than that, I caught him smuggling some paper and pencils out—planning to keep at his tire-

some work when he should be resting his mind. I took them away from him, and that is why he is so angry."

"Where has he gone?" I asked.
"With Thomas in the motor-boat. I told your cousin to keep him out all the morning, if he possibly could. It is really beginning to wear on my own nerves, Edith, this watching your father so constantly. I want a rest."

She sat down in my rocker, well satisfied with herself and her managerial ability. Aunt Amelia certainly is a practical woman.

Just then we heard shouting that took us both to the window. There, on a little pier down at the water's edge, was Cousin Thomas, wildly waving his arms and shouting:

"Come back!"
And stone in the motor-boat, well started and rapidly drawing away from shore—and, of course, wearing his tall silk hat instead of his outing-cap—was father!

The ridiculousness of it all, with father in that rig actually running away from Cousin Thomas, struck me first, and I began to laugh. Aunt Amelia quickly sobered me.

"Goodness, Edith! What will happen to him now? We must not call public attention to this, out of regard for your father's position; but Thomas must quietly get another boat and go after him."

Downstairs, Cousin Thomas said he would do nothing of the kind.

"I've put myself out enough for one day, mother, trying to help you cure my crazy uncle, and it's too blamed hot for any more exertion. He knows how to manage the boat, and I'll be hanged if I'll spend any more of my time chasing him if he doesn't want my company. I'm going over to the hotel to play a few games of pool."

He went, and I hope his ears burned from the look I gave him for what he called father.

We got the opera-glasses and watched the motor-boat, easily distinguishing it by father's silk hat as long as it was in the harbour. It kept on going out, however, and finally rounded the point, which hid it from our view.

Noon came, but father did not return. We ate our luncheon, taking turns at the opera-glasses; but there were no signs of the motor-boat. Aunt had been worrying for a long time; and I, too, was nervous. She tried to call up Thomas at the hotel, but could not reach him. Then we talked as cheerfully as we could, saying that father had known the shore for years, that no accident could have happened to him, and that probably something in the motor-boat had broken down. We were trying to keep our courage up.

Finally it got to be two o'clock, and aunt said we must ask somebody to help us. I told her that I would do it, and I slipped off to the telephone. I think she must have known whom I was going to call, but she made no protest.

III.

Anxious as I was, I had a funny little thrill when I heard Mr. McGarragh's voice again, even although it was buried by the wire. I told him that father had not returned from boating and that the matter must be kept quiet, and asked him to help us. He said he would come over at once and start out to search in his own motor-boat.

He did not ask me to go, but when he got to the boat-house I was there. I was afraid to go—afraid that we should find no trace of father—but I could not stay in that uncertainty on shore.

Outside Sunrise Point we saw nothing of the other motor-boat, either on the sea or along the shore. We did, however, hail an old man who was steering a dory with an awkward sail toward town.

"Ya-as," he shouted, "the feller's on Edge Island. I live there, an' I wouldn't stay overnight with him around. He's been playin' on the beach all day, like a little bobby; an' when I stepped on some o' the playthings he made in the sand, he yelled and heaved rocks at me." Then, as our boat drew out of hearing, there came back to us on the wind: "Crazy ez a coat!"

It was a great relief to know that father was not drowned; but when I heard the word "crazy," I struggled for a minute, and then burst into tears. Everything I had been holding back all summer seemed to give way at once. Before I knew it, I had blurted out the long, miserable tale of woe to Mr. McGarragh, beginning with aunt's first suspicions of father's sanity, and ending with the scene that we had had that very morning.

"When I could get my eyes, which must have looked ridiculously red, clear enough to see Mr. McGarragh's face, he was looking at me from his seat with the same drawn look which I had seen before.

"Miss Adams," he said finally, "I don't know how I can ever forgive myself for the other night. When you had so much trouble of your own, I should have known—I should have felt—"

"Don't!" I begged. "It wasn't that, Mr. McGarragh." I faced him very bravely, for I knew I must tell him the whole truth. "I do—I do care for you. But you can see—with father like that—with that taint in the family—it can't be. I couldn't say yes. I mustn't say yes to anybody!"

He looked at me gravely for a long, long time, and then said quietly:

"You poor, poor little girl!"

"Then, before I know it, my head was down, and I was crying again; and I was so afraid he might lean forward and touch even my hand, which would have been miserable for both of us; but he did not. And then we rounded a bit of cliff, and there before us was the beach on Edge Island.

It was a wide, hard beach, broken here and there by the rocks; and in the distance was a tall man, digging—or

lunch time. You see, I have been absorbed in my work."

He waved his hand at the beach; and I saw now that the sand was crowded with diagrams, scientific writings, and figures upon figures.

"Your Aunt Amelia actually forced me out of my room this morning, and I am afraid I became exceedingly angry. I cannot abide my nephew Thomas; and when I found myself in the motor-boat, the temptation to start off alone was irresistible. I am sorry to say, Edith, that my work has often been disturbed this summer."

"Yes, father," I acknowledged guiltily. "I have been writing a book, and these interruptions have seriously interfered with the solving of a certain problem necessary to my work. This problem has troubled me greatly all the season. It seemed as if every time I got well started on it, I was disturbed by a well-meant invitation to go walking, or boating, or bathing—all of which are pleasant diversions at their proper time, but not at all conducive to serious accomplishment. The thing has rested heavily on my mind; I may even have seemed a trifle absorbed at times."

"You have, father," I agreed.
"This morning, sailing along shore in the boat, I was thinking of this problem,



The first one landed squarely on the back of my neck.

rather scratching—in the sand. His coat and waistcoat were both off, but his silk hat was still on his head. Even if he had been someone else's father instead of mine, I should have felt sorry for him. In that dress, combined with his occupation, he certainly appeared anything but normal.

As we drew near shore, we saw that the beach, clear down to the edge of the rising tide, was covered with marks on the sand. It looked as if father had spent the day like a five-year-old child; and there came over me a strange dread of seeing him face to face, of hearing him speak, of knowing how he had changed.

But, even as we neared the shore, he straightened up from his work with a gesture as if he was done, and began to walk back. Then, as he saw us, he quickened his steps and approached the edge of the waves, where we were drifting.

"Father!" I called softly.

"Well, Edith?" he returned.
To my joy, it was father's normal voice, and his face and eyes were more like his old self than he had been for weeks. Ridiculous as he looked, standing tall and gaunt in his silk hat, with his light shirt and trousers wet and plastered with mud, I was glad to know, as somehow I did know, that no great change had come over him.

"We were worried about you," I said reproachfully.

He felt for his watch, but it was in his waistcoat, lying back there on the sand. Then he looked at the sun.

"Goodness, child! It is late afternoon, isn't it? I had no idea it was even

and wishing that I had not been so weak as to yield up to your aunt my pencils and supply of paper. Then I saw a fine beach on this all but deserted island, and it struck me that here was a primitive but perfectly practicable field of operations—one might say a gigantic writing-pad prepared for me by nature. I came ashore at low tide, anchored my boat out there where you now see it floating, secured a sharp stick, and went to work, working out my problem on the sand. Despite the amount of pedestrianism required, the heat which obliged me to dispense with my coat and waistcoat, and an interruption by an old fisherman, whom I drove away, I have had a satisfactory day. And I am overjoyed to announce that my important problem is solved."

"You are to be congratulated, professor," said my companion in the boat. "I know what it is to dig out a thing of that sort."

"You do, Mr. McGarragh!" I exclaimed. He closed his mouth, and began to redden a bit. Father looked at him in a puzzled way.

"McGarragh!" he repeated. "You don't happen to be a relative of the George L. McGarragh who wrote that treatise on 'The Use of Logarithms When Applied in Chemistry,' do you?"

Mr. McGarragh reddened still more. Then he looked at me.

"You should have told me," I began. "I thought you were the fish company's foreman."

"That is just what I am, temporarily, but meanwhile I have been devising for them certain new methods of preserving fish. They do pay me a trifle more than a foreman usually gets," he acknowledged.

"McGarragh," said father, speaking as if to an old friend, "if you have a pencil and any paper with you I'd like to transfer some memoranda of my results before the tide washes them away. When I've done that I'll wade out and shake hands with you."

"There's a notebook with a pencil in it," returned Mr. McGarragh, throwing them ashore. Then, the instant father's back was turned, he leaned toward me. "Are you satisfied of your father's sanity?" he asked quietly.

I retreated to the farthest front seat, but I had to nod.

"Don't you dare leave that tiller!" I ordered.

But he did, and between the rocking of the boat and my fear that father would turn round, and the fact that Mr. George L. McGarragh didn't know nearly as much about kissing a girl as he did about chemistry, the first one landed squarely on the back of my neck.

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"Doris fell on the gravel and grazed her knee. Not thinking the injury serious I neglected it, and inflammation set in, and the child could only walk with difficulty. The wound was carefully dressed with Zam-Buk. The first application gave ease, and after continuing for a few days, the knee was all right again. We find Zam-Buk indispensable in our home."

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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," Shortland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever it 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," on 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.

NOTICE.

[Miss Amy Holland, Secretary of the Auckland Branch of the Victoria League, City-road, Auckland, will be very glad to have the names and addresses of any "Graphic" Cousins who would like to correspond with children in England.]

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Masterton.

Dear Cousin Kate.—We always get the "Graphic," and I like to read the cousins' letters, so I thought I would like to become a cousin. When you write send me a badge please. I don't care what colour it is, as long as it is a badge. I am ten years old, and am in the Second Standard. I have a cat, but it has not got a name. Will you give me a name for it, please? My mother keeps a boarding house in Queen-street. I have a lot of sisters and brothers, but most of them are married and have got children. We started our holidays on Friday. I am not going away, for I like staying home best. I have a lot of mice here, and we always have great fun in the bush by the railway line. Have you ever been to Masterton? It is not a very lively place, but it is lively enough for me. I am glad bird-nesting season is coming soon, when we will be able to gather birds' eggs and sets. I did not go to the pantomime, because there was too much of a crush. I think I will have to close now. With love to all the cousins, not forgetting yourself, from Cousin GORDON.

Dear Cousin Gordon.—I am delighted you want to join the cousins. I have never been to Masterton, but I did not go to it because I was ill. My sisters went to the pantomime, and they said it was very nice. I have not told you that my uncle and father have a big farm. They have about 50 cows, 3 horses, and 700 sheep. We have a kitten, and a mouse, and a name for it. The kitten is striped grey and black, and it has white legs. We have had our examination, but I do not know whether I have passed into the Fifth Standard yet. There were two earthquakes here the month of August. The first one lasted for two or three minutes, but the other went straight past. I will give you a riddle: What are

the four letters that frighten a thief? With best love, from Cousin PEARL.

Dear Cousin Pearl.—You ask what sort of weather we are having in Auckland? Well, very mixed; but on the whole, fine, and the place is looking beautiful in its fresh spring dress of green. What a lovely big farm you have. I have not felt an earthquake for years; horrid things, they are, to be sure.—With love, Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—This is the first time I have written to you. May I become one of your cousins? I am eight years old, and have been going to school for a year, and am in the third class. My little brother Ronald has got a pet lamb. I will give you a riddle now: What is it that won't go up a chimney, and down a chimney, but it will go down a chimney down. With love to all, from LOUIS.

Dear Cousin Louis.—We are all glad to have you for a cousin; and I hope you will write often and tell me something about the things you live in. I can't guess your riddle, but perhaps some of the other cousins can. With love, Cousin Kate.]

Hiwaka.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have been staying at my uncle's place for some weeks, but I hope to be home again soon. I am fourteen years of age, and I have passed the Fifth Standard, and I hope to leave school soon. I have been at school for seven years now, and I think it is time for me to leave. I will close now with a riddle: "What is the difference between a baby and a pair of boots?" With love, from MURIL.

Dear Cousin Muril.—What are you going to do when you leave school? I expect you will be a farmer. We are pleased to have you for a cousin, and I hope you will write again soon. With love, Cousin Kate.]

Nelson.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I should like to see the Governor here. We would treat him very well. I like corresponding very well. There is a big ship just come in, and I am going to see it on Sunday afternoon. She brought some goods here, and takes away fruit. We are having splendid weather here now. Good-bye.—Cousin HENRY.

Dear Cousin Henry.—I am glad to hear from you again. You are a good correspondent. The ship will have to wait a long time for the fruit to be ready, won't it? With love, Cousin Kate.]

Wellington.

Dear Cousin Kate.—You asked me to tell you about Soot and the fairies; so I will. Well, the fairies are supposed to be in Lilyvale, when all of a sudden Captain Soot and his followers come in very dirty. Then the fairies at once hold up their lilacs, which they have in their hands. The lilac is supposed to protect them from dirt, and makes the Black Brigade fall back frightened. After a while the Black Brigade go off, and get washed, and come on clean again, because the fairies will not let anyone who is not clean come to Lilyvale. When the Black Brigade come in clean the queen of the fairies says that Captain Soot shall no longer be called Soot, or his followers the Black Brigade, and they become citizens of Lilyvale, and that is the end of it. I hope to see this letter in the "Graphic" soon. I think May is a pretty name for

my doll, but I have a sister named May. I will say good-night now. Love.—From Cousin CONNIE.

Dear Cousin Connie.—Thank you so much for your letter and its nice little tale of Lilyvale, which is so pretty. Supposing you call your dolly Myrtle. I hope you will write some day soon. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Ashhurst.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I was very pleased to see my letter in print. We have a pet calf, that often comes inside. Auckland is a lovely place, I think. We get the "P.M. Magazine" from Sunday School. Six of us go to Sunday School, while the baby is away. I miss her and mother very much, but auntie is staying with us, and she is very kind to us. I must close with a riddle: A house full of people, and there was not a single one in it.—Your loving cousin, LENA.

Dear Cousin Lena.—Thank you for the nice little letter you send. I am sure you must miss the dear wee baby and your mother.—With love, Cousin Kate.]

Oksarami.

Dear Cousin Kate.—As it is about two or three weeks since I last wrote to you, I thought I had better write now. To-day it was raining on and off all day, and made the ground very slippery at school for ourselves. Mother has gone to Wellington for a holiday of a week or two, and I hope she will have it fine while she is away. We have had Cousin Norman's father stopping here for a few days. We have a little red calf, and please will you give me a name for it. The bush that is in front of our place is being cut down for timber. It will be a pity when it is cut down, because it is about the only place of bush for a good way along the road that can be seen. One of my brothers is working over there. I will now conclude with a riddle: "Spell blind pig" in two letters.—Cousin CLARA. I have not heard any more from Miss Holland.

Dear Cousin Clara.—I am sorry you have not heard from Miss Holland; I wrote to her as soon as I read your letter, so you should hear soon. How would Ginger do for your cat? I was wondering this morning how Cousin Norman was. I wish he would write again; perhaps he has not been well. I quite agree with you about cutting down bush; they might have left one nice patch. I can't think what the answer to your riddle can be, and it looks so easy. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Wakfield.

Dear Cousin Kate.—Please may I become one of your cousins? I am thirteen years old, and in the sixth standard. I have a little foal, and please will you find me a name for it. We are going to have a Sunday school concert on the 28th of this month. There will be several pieces of poetry recited by the children, and also some songs and a charade. We went to town the other day to see some pictures; they were very good. My friend Joan was my mate going down and coming back. We have cooking classes every week. Now I will close by giving the cousins a riddle. "What makes more noise than a pig under a gate?" With love to all the cousins and yourself.—From ANNE.

Dear Cousin Anne.—Yes, you can join our circle, and we are pleased to have you. How would Scamper do for the foal's name?

Are you taking any part in the concert? You must write and tell me how it went off. "A pig on a gate," is that the answer? With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Masterton.

Dear Cousin Kate.—As we have been getting the "Graphic" for a considerable time, I would very much like to join the Cousins' Circle. I always read the cousins' letters, and enjoy them, for they tell you the news. We have a beautiful park here, which contains a lake, several swans, and three fountains. There is a lovely brick building here called the Technical School. The school has a beautiful lawn in front of it, with a border of flowers. The girls here at the High School learn gardening, which is very thing in the hot weather. I have never been to Auckland, but I hear it is a very pretty place. I have two sisters, and no brothers. In the winter I play hockey, which is a nice game. We have a tennis court at school, but the girls do not play. As it is nearly bed time, I will say good-night, with love to all the cousins.—I remain, your affectionate cousin, ALICE.

Dear Cousin Alice.—I am glad you like the letters, and I think yours will be very interesting to the other cousins. We are very pleased to have you join our circle. Masterton, from your cousin, must be very pretty. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Masterton.

Dear Cousin Kate.—As we have been getting the "Graphic" during the last few months, I would very much like to become one of your cousins. I still go to school, and am in the sixth standard. I have been learning music for nearly two years now. Dear Cousin Kate, I have a dear little pet kitten, and would you kindly give me a name for it, as I have not named it? The name of the school which I attend at present is called the Masterton District High School. I will now write up by asking you a riddle: "When is a baby not a baby?" Will you please send me a blue badge? With best love to all the cousins, not forgetting yourself.—Cousin LIZZIE.

Dear Cousin Lizzie.—We are very pleased to welcome you among us. I hope you will be a good correspondent. How would Skip do for the kitten's name? I can't guess your riddle. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Paeora.

Dear Cousin Kate.—Did you know that you had two cousins named Marjorie in Paeora. I will now write up by asking you my badge. It was in one of my boxes. Isn't Buster Brown funny. Do you like reading? Some of the books I have read are "Merry Fiddlers of England," "The Coral Islands," "Martyr's Rest," and "Am I not reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and I like it very much. I have always promised to write a story, and send it to you, and over and over again I have promised to do so, but I have not sent to you but I always forget. Next time, perhaps, I shall send one. Well, I will conclude now, sending my love to you and all the other cousins.—I remain, your loving cousin, MARJORIE.

Dear Cousin Marjorie.—We have seven Cousins Marjorie. I think it is such a pretty name. I am glad you found the badge. Yes, I love reading, and spend all my spare time in that way. I shall expect that little story before Christmas. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Oparure.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am very sorry that I have not written you a letter for a long time. Dear Cousin Kate, I went to the show on Saturday last, and saw such a lot of animals and birds. The man on the outside was seated on a box, with such a peculiar sort of a hat on his head. All round him were such a lot of monkeys, little puppies, and a fine little parrot. We went up to it, and shook hands with it. At night we went in, and to my great surprise I saw a little pony, about twenty-five inches in height, and a large bird standing on a fence. The man told me that the Mohau-man people worship this bird. Please, will you tell his name? Dear Cousin Kate, will you send me one of your pretty blue badges? I must conclude, with love to all the cousins and to yourself. I remain, your loving cousin, POLLY.

Dear Cousin Polly.—I am glad to hear from you again. The show you speak of must have been very interesting. I cannot tell you the name of the bird, but I will look it up.—Don't forget to send me a badge before.—With love.—Cousin Kate.]

A Good Start in Life. Mothers should early realize how essential good health is for the success of their child in after life. A badly-nourished baby generally means an undersized child, wanting in stamina and vigour. If unable to nurse your baby, you must give the substitute that most closely resembles human milk. No farinaceous or starchy food or unmodified cow's milk is permissible to a child under 6 or 7 months of age. The "Allenburys" Milk Foods are so prepared as to remove the difference between cow's milk and human milk, and they are as easy of digestion as the natural food of the child. The "Allenburys" Foods are alike suitable for the delicate and robust, and when used as directed, form the best means of rearing a child by hand. The No. 1 Milk Food may be given alternately with the mother's milk without fear of upsetting the child or causing digestive disturbance. The dreading process of weaning is thus made easy and comfortable both to the mother and child. The "Allenburys" Foods. MILK FOOD No. 1. MILK FOOD No. 2. MALTED FOOD No. 3. PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING SENT FREE. ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., LONDON, and Bridge Street, SYDNEY.

Wakefield.
 Dear Cousin Kate.—I hope you will excuse me for not writing before. It is nearly a year since I have written to your page. I thought I would write again, and try and write often. I am 13 years old, and I am in the sixth standard. Two of my school friends are going to write to you, too. We are going to have a Sunday-school concert at the end of this month. Three friends came up to our place on Saturday, and we went for a bicycle ride in the afternoon, and had a good time. I have been having my teeth stopped, but I did not like it, because it hurt. We learn cooking at our school, and the boys learn carpentering. I must close now, with love to all the cousins and yourself.—Cousin OLIVE.
 P.S.—I will give you and the cousins a

riddle: "Why is a pig in the parlour like a house on fire?"
 [Dear Cousin Olive.—Well, indeed, you have been a naughty cousin to forget us for so long. Please don't do it again, and we will forgive you. I am glad you got some of your friends to write to us. It is a splendid idea regarding cooking, you will find it so useful. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Thames.
 Dear Cousin Kate.—I have received my badge, and it looks very pretty. My father gets the "Weekly Graphic," and I always read the cousin's letters. My favourite game is hockey. I am going for a week's holiday soon. Please would you be so kind as to send me the names of the children

who write from Pahiatua to the "Weekly Graphic." Buster Brown is very amusing with his dog. I shall close now, with love to all the cousins.—From Cousin LEONARD.
 [Dear Cousin Leonard.—By some mistake I have not put your name in my book. So will you please right away send me your full name and address, and I will send you the names you want. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Oparure.
 Dear Cousin Kate.—This is the second letter I have written to you, but I hope I will be able to write you many more. Will you please send me a blue badge? I am fifteen years old, so I will be a senior cousin. My birthday is on the 21st of

November. We had a pet dog called Jack, and a cat called Daisy. She is a very pretty cat. We used to keep plenty of fowls. The natives of Oparure are starting to build new houses. There is also a new butcher's shop. It is the first one in Oparure. My father is starting to build a new house. We are having very bad weather up here, but the roads are getting dried up now. I have five sisters, and six with myself. My favourite game is the summer is tennis. Goodbye. I must close now, with love.—From Cousin MAGGIE.

[Dear Cousin Maggie.—Yes, indeed, I hope you will write lots of letters to me. But you must send me your full address before I can send a badge? Do this right away, and then you can be enrolled as a cousin. With love.—Cousin Kate.]



OUR BABIES.

(By HYGELA.)

Published under the auspices of the Society for the Health of Women and Children.

"It is wiser to put up a fence at the top of a precipice than to maintain an ambivalence at the bottom."

Education and Health.

IN last week's column we dealt with the importance of teaching Domestic Hygiene to all girls, either during or at the close of ordinary school life.

No doubt the best course would be to make the teaching of the laws of health, and the practical observance of these laws, an essential part of the whole school life. A child in the infant room is quite capable of understanding and appreciating simple natural truths, and quite capable of carrying out as a matter of daily routine the essentials for health.

Regular healthful habits cannot be built into the organism too early, and should be inculcated and firmly established in the home long before school life commences—they should be initiated as is shown in the "Feeding and Care of the Baby" (see "Forming a Character," pages 135 and 136) at the very dawn of life. If this is properly attended to, such habits become virtual instincts—things which tend to be carried out in future without the intervention of thought or the will-power. Thus inescapably may a normal organic life be established for the child. He may be made a healthy animal from the start, without having to exert himself conscientiously to learn what is necessary in the form of lessons. Of course, he does learn—learns in the best of all ways—learns by doing the things that ought to be done, and by avoiding those that ought not to be done.

Fresh-air Children.

Take, for instance, such very simple matters as fresh air and exercise. The training in the home, long before school life, should have made used-up, stuffy air so organically distasteful to the child that when little more than a baby he will, as it were, instinctively toddle to a window and do his best to open it, rather than endure the unpleasantness—this being done without any real conscious appreciation of the difference between fresh and polluted air, but simply because the tendency has become ingrained and automatic through the practice and direction of his elders. He has become a fresh-air child, without knowing the why and wherefore—without ever giving a thought to the matter—and will tend to remain so for life. Unfortunately, in the rare cases where this happy state of matters is brought about, the cumulative effect of years of such healthy home life may be largely negated, instead of being fostered, by the enforced conditions of the ordinary schoolroom. It becomes compulsory now to do what is contrary to the healthful, natural and acquired habits of the child. His senses become dulled, and he soon ceases to notice that he is living in what has been well described as "aerial sewage." This is not a far-fetched term; it is in common use among doctors and scientists, and clearly conveys the fact that air into which the used-up waste products of the body have been poured is fouled and polluted in the same sense as water is rendered filthy when mixed with urine or other excreta. The following extracts from Dr. Hillier's well-known book on consumption leaves no room for doubt on this point:—

Poisonous Exhalations from the Lungs.

Brown-Séquard and d'Arsonval at length went far to show that the toxic (poisonous) qualities of confined respired air was due to the expired vapour containing organic matter. They collected in a refrigerating apparatus the vapours contained in air expired by a man, and they injected the liquid thus collected under the skin of rabbits and guinea-pigs. Both rabbits and guinea-pigs succumbed to these injections. These ex-

periments show that the lung exhales vapours charged with poison. The assimilation of food and the constant changes in the tissues fill the body with toxic substances. These are eliminated in the faeces, the urine, the sweat, and pulmonary exhalations. We do not reabsorb the poisons eliminated by the kidneys or the skin. "Why," asks Daresberg, "should we reabsorb poisons exhaled from the pulmonary surface by breathing an air already breathed?" I have already referred to the effete respiratory products which breathed air contains as furnishing material for the nourishment and growth of the vegetable bacillus (bacteria) within the tissues. There is another noxious quality of impure air. It is in impure air that the septic micrococci are most abundant. These are carried into the lungs, and add their effects to those of the tubercular process.

No further evidence as to the scientific basis for the open-air treatment need be adduced, and I cannot do better than preface the direct consideration of this treatment by quoting the eloquent testimony of Daresberg, derived from his own personal experience.

"No one," he writes, "knows the happiness of the consumptive who quits his tainted chamber to live au grand air if he has not himself experienced the benefits of this change. In 1876, after having passed several months between the four walls of a small room in Paris, I arrived on the French Mediterranean coast, and, after the advice of Henri Bennet, I stretched myself out all day in the sun at night I lay with my window open. . . . As Voltaire says, 'The hope of recovery is already half a recovery.' Soon my powers revived; I could walk, make small excursions, find pleasure in existence. I discovered that the sun of my life has not set yet. I saw it rise each morning with delight, and each day linger too short a time to allow me to enjoy to the full the pure air, the bright light, the blue sea, the heavens, the earth—everything. It is good to feel oneself reborn."

"This life is pure air, night and day, stimulates the appetite, improves the digestion, suppresses the fits of coughing, facilitates expectoration, and the respiratory movements invite calm sleep."—A. FRED HILLIER, B.A., M.D., C.M.

The Ferrer Trial.

Continued from page 54.

France was obliged to expel the orders before the separation of Church and State could be brought about, and did so on provocation not to be compared with that of Spain. It is not merely a name, to be potent as a rallying cry on barricades when Barcelona raves in her periodic fevers, that Ferrer leaves behind him: it is a vital fact of official cruelty, dishonesty, and malice, to which there can be no answer but reform from the root up.

Since Ferrer died, Senor Maura's Government has fallen. Possibly there is a meaning in this change. Since the death of Ferrer was the issue on which the Government fell, the change may preage reforms. But Spain is used to government by apolliation; to parties that succeed one another in power by mutual arrangement; and hopes are not strong. The real hope is still in Ferrer. The world's voice denounced the system that slaughtered him; his death is the chief count in the indictment against Clericalism and Bureaucracy. Not even his own Escuela Moderna could show Spain to the young generation of Spaniards in a harsher light than the tragic fate of his two trials, his condemnation and death.

Meanwhile, the officer who acted for him is to be brought before a court-martial for playing too well his part as counsel for the defence.

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

All copy intended for publication in these columns must reach the office, well later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

ROBERTSON—RUSSELL.

A SMART and very pretty wedding took place on October 18 at St. Mark's Church, Remuera, when Miss Lillian Russell, second daughter of Mrs. J. Wilson Russell, of "Panopy," Epsom, was married to Mr. Sydney Affleck Robertson, only son of Mr. Robertson, manager of the Ferro-Concrete Company, Melbourne. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Beattie in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives of the happy pair, the church being beautifully decorated with arum lilies and ferns by the girl friends of the bride. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. John Russell, looked lovely in her gown of ivory white Duchesse satin, made with a tunic drapery edged with handsome pearl and jewelled embroidery, a panel of the same being continued down the skirt to the hem, which was banded with wide silk lace insertion. The bodice was lavishly trimmed with pearl embroidery and finished with a round Dutch neck of gauged chiffon; she also wore the bridegroom's gift—a beautiful diamond and pearl necklace—and carried an exquisite shower bouquet. An embroidered silk tulle veil and the usual orange blossoms completed a charming toilet. The bride was attended by two maids, the chief one being her sister, Miss Bertha Russell, who looked charming in white India lawn with double-floated skirt trimmed with guipure drawn in with white satin ribbon, gauged linen yoke and large black hat lined with ivory white and trimmed with ivory white roses; and Miss Clysis Macklow, sweetly pretty in white India lawn, lavishly trimmed with Valenciennes and guipure insertions, round Dutch neck, and large black hat with Tangerine crown and flowers. They carried shower bouquets, and wore two-stone diamond rings, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr. Graham Reid acted as best man, and Mr. A. P. Reid as groomsmen. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's mother, where an "At Home" was held. The house was prettily decorated, the breakfast table looking beautiful with its lavish display of silver and white wistaria, while the floral wedding bell under which the happy pair stood to receive their guests, was most effective. The honeymoon is to be spent in Rotorua, before leaving for Sydney and Melbourne on a visit to the bridegroom's family. The bride's going-away costume was a blue serge tailor-made, facings of black moire, large vieux rose hat, white ostrich feather boa. Amongst those at the reception were Mrs. J. W. Russell, mother of the bride, who looked handsome in a cut steel and jet tunic over black satin charmeuse, bodice almost entirely of cut steel and jet, with yoke of gauged ivory-white nylon, toque with cut steel crown, the brim composed of shaded lilacs, white feather boa; the Misses M. and I. Russell looked dainty in white pinspot muslin trimmed with guipure, the former wearing a white crinoline hat with small pink roses, the latter large white hat with black velvet ribbon; Mrs. Waddell (Wellington), grey crepe de chine, large black hat with white wings; Mrs. Edwards, black silk, creme Chantilly lace scarf, black and white toque; Mrs. D. B. McDonald, black silk glace taffeta trimmed with jetted net, black jetted toque with white ospreys; Mrs. A. Eccles, black French Shantung, creme tucked not guimpe, black silk lace insertion, amethyst floral toque, black and white feather boa; Mrs. E. Russell, white embroidered box dress, pale blue floral toque; Mrs. Macklow, black striped silk, panel of ecru lace, Oriental trimming, Paisley hat with black feathers; Mrs. Harry Rainger, mauve ecollene, floral toque en suite; Miss Laura Edwards, creme silk, handsome guipure insets, large black hat with black and white flowers; Miss L.H. Edwards, creme silk voile, burnt straw hat with Marguerite daisies; Miss McDonald, creme poplin

richly braided, large black and pink hat; Miss Alice McDonald, white embroidered box dress, white hat trimmed with cornflowers; Miss Louie Russell, creme silk, creme crinoline hat with wreath of pink roses; Miss Daisy Lynch, creme braided costume, burnt straw hat with shaded lilacs; Mrs. Gillies, striped grey and white silk piped with blue, large black hat with blue and black flowers; Mrs. Holford, mauve crepe de chine, very becoming hat; Miss Isorvall Hogg, creme Shantung, big black hat; Miss—Hogg, old rose Shantung, large black hat; Mrs. Kronfeld, green chiffon taffetas, Oriental trimming, stylish toque; Mrs. Gowden, creme China silk, burnt straw hat with pink roses; Mrs. Allison, mole silk, hat to match; Miss Allison, old rose costume, black velvet hat with gold band and tassels; Mrs. Fotheringham, creme costume, black hat; Mrs. Julian, black silk trimmed with handsome silk lace, floral toque with shaded pink roses; Miss Julian, pale blue embroidered muslin, pale blue hat with crimson roses veiled with black lace; Mrs. Watkins, creme Shantung with black moire facings, burnt straw hat with creme roses; Mrs. E. Heath, grey silk crepe, large black hat, creme crepe de chine scarf; Miss Ethel Bagnall, blue muslin, large black hat trimmed with blue and black; Mrs. Kidd, blue costume, large black hat lined with pale blue; Mrs. Beattie, grey costume, grey toque with creme flowers; Mrs. Nelson, black silk, black toque with roseda green crown; Mrs. Noakes, white silk costume, creme straw hat with pale pink roses; Mrs. E. Dacre, Biarritz blue ecollene, black hat with cornflowers; Mrs. Sellars, black brocade silk, white boa, emerald green and black toque; Miss Sellars, grey muslin, hat with pink roses veiled with grey nylon; Mrs. Finn, black and vieux rose striped chiffon taffetas, white hat lined with black satin trimmed with shaded lilacs outed with black lace; Mrs. Jack Macklow, blue costume, French model hat trimmed with black velvet and cherries; Miss Ida Holford, creme lustre costume braided, heather-pink hat; Mrs. McCarthy, black and white striped silk, black and white hat; Miss Eva McCarthy, creme Shantung costume, lace scarf, black hat with pink roses and forget-me-nots; Miss Binks, black costume, hat to match; Mrs. Muir (Glasborne), creme Irish lace over silk, large black hat with pale pink roses; Mrs. Ford, black striped silk crepe, black hat with pale pink roses.

HUNTER—LAW.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, last Saturday week. The bride was Miss Law of Aramohe, and the groom Mr. Duke Hunter, brother of Mr. Geo. Hunter, of Stratford. Miss May Hunter was bridesmaid. After the ceremony the bridal party were entertained at the County Hotel, and the happy pair left by the afternoon train for New Plymouth.

GIRLING—McKENZIE.

One of the most popular weddings celebrated in Blenheim for many years was that of Mr. William James Girling, only son of the late Mr. W. B. Girling, and Miss Ella McKenzie, only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. McKenzie, both of Blenheim, which took place in the Church of the Nativity on Wednesday afternoon, October 18. The interior of the church was tastefully decorated. The service, which was fully choral, was conducted by the Ven. Archdeacon Grace. As the bride entered the church and was escorted up the aisle by her father, by whom she was given away, the choir sang "The Voice that Breathed o'ed Eden." The bride was daintily attired in a beautiful robe of white satin charmeuse trimmed with silk-braided chiffon and draped with Honiton lace, the train being looped across with folds of satin. She wore the wreath and veil used by her mother on her wedding day, and

carried a beautiful shower bouquet of lilies of the valley, cyclamens and streamers of soft satin ribbon. The bride was attended by four bridesmaids—Misses F. Girling and V. Harding as chief bridesmaids, and Misses D. Harding and E. McKenzie (cousin of bride). The chief bridesmaids wore lovely dresses of pale blue chiffon over lace, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and large black hats lined with pale blue, the former being trimmed with feathers and the latter's wreathed with small flowers. The other bridesmaids were dressed in shell-pink silk softly trimmed with lace, and wore cream straw hats with pink roses. Each of the bridesmaids carried pretty bouquets. Miss M. Clarke, who was dressed in pale blue chiffon over silk, and cream flop hat trimmed with chiffon and lace, and carried a crook decorated with flowers and streamers, and Master Ross Girling-Ross, who wore an Eton suit, acted as train-bearers. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. B. Midlane, of Wellington, as best man, and Mr. R. DeLambert as groomsman. At the conclusion of the ceremony, as the happy couple left the church, the organist (Miss Rogers) played the "Wedding March." The bridegroom's present to the bride was a massive gold bangle set with rubies and diamonds, and the bride's to the bridegroom was a set of gold sleeve-links. The bridegroom presented Miss F. Girling with a gold bamboo bangle, and Miss V. Harding with a half-moon brooch set with pearls. Each of the other bridesmaids received a gold brooch. Mrs. McKenzie (mother of the bride) wore a handsome dress of black silk merc. richly trimmed with cream guipure, and a black toque with feathers.

After the service the wedding party proceeded to the residence of the bride's parents, in Stephenson-street, where a sumptuous breakfast was laid out in a large marquee erected on the lawn. Mr. and Mrs. Girling left by motor-car for Picton, en route to the Southern Lakes. The bride's travelling-dress was a smart cream cloth costume, and burnt straw hat lined with black and trimmed with pale blue chiffon and roses.—(Blenheim correspondent.)

COOKE—GARLAND.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated early (8 a.m.) in St. Andrew's Church on Tuesday, 18th October, when Miss Agnes Blanche Garland (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Garland, Grey Lynn) was married to Mr. Herbert W. Cooke (son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cooke, Parnell). The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. A. Murray. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked lovely in a bridal robe of white floral crepe trimmed with silk lace and applique to match. A veil was worn over a wreath of orange blossoms, and a lovely bouquet of white azaleas and real orange blossoms completed a charming toilette. There were two maids in attendance—Miss Florence Garland (sister of the bride) and Miss Matis Cooke (sister of the bridegroom)—and charming they looked in their pretty frocks of pale pink floral voile trimmed with dainty cream lace, large black picture hats trimmed with pale pink roses and lined with silk to match. Lovely bouquets of pale pink sweet peas and maiden-hair fern were carried. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome silver card-case, and to the bridesmaids dainty turquoise and pearl brooches. The best man was Mr. Leslie Gardner, and the groomsman Mr. Roy Cronin. The bride travelled in a Natter blue tailor-made Shantung, and a smart putty-coloured straw with Natter blue ribbon and black buckle.

After the wedding ceremony the guests drove to the residence of the bride's parents, where the wedding breakfast was given. Mrs. Garland (mother of the bride) wore an elegant black silk, and a floral hat; Mrs. Cooke (mother of the bridegroom) wore a smart green cloth costume and hat to match; Mrs. Mander (Whangarei), navy blue silk crepe, black and white hat; Miss Barbara Garland, dainty cream taffeta, pink and cream hat; Miss Elsie Garland, smart white linen, black and white hat; Miss Marjorie Garland wore a dainty white muslin; Miss Ivy Cooke looked smart in an old-rose linen coat and skirt, and hat to match; Miss Daphne Cooke, brown costume, blue and white hat; Miss Annie Mander, salmon tailor-made linen costume and picture hat;

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.

Announcement is made of an engagement between Miss Alys Kiddiford (second daughter of the late Mr F. Kiddiford and Mrs Kiddiford) to Mr Henry Arkwright, of "Overton," Marton, Wanganui.

The engagement is announced of Miss May Newman (Wellington) to Mr Leo Manoy, Motueka, Nelson.

The engagement is announced of Miss Kate Nelson, younger daughter of Canon Nelson, of Auckland, to Mr. R. Motesworth-Tolhurst, barrister, Opotiki.

Miss Madoline Webbe, old-rose Shantung, and black beaver hat; Mr. Cooke, Mr. Mander, M.P., Mr. Goldsmith, and Rev. Murray.

GILES—MYLES.

A quiet, pretty wedding was solemnized at Brighton-road, Remuera, on Wednesday last, by the Rev. Father Holbrook, when Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. Edmond Myles, of Ngaruawahia, and Mr. P. B. Giles, of Auckland, were married. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Edmond Myles, looked charming in a trained gown of creme voile, richly trimmed with lace, and wore the customary veil and wreath, and carried an ivory-bound prayer-book. The bridesmaid was Miss Hilda Myles, sister of the bride, who wore a dainty taffeta voile, and carried a bouquet. The bridegroom's gift to the bridesmaid was a handsome gold cable bangle. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. Black. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at a wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's brother. The bride's travelling dress was a pretty blue tailor-made costume with hat to match. In the evening a number of friends of the young couple assembled at the home of the bride's brother, and a pleasant evening was spent.

CAMERON—BULKLEY.

At St. Mark's Church, Wellington, on Wednesday, October 19, there was celebrated a wedding which, though quiet, attracted much interest. The bride was Miss Mary Bulkley, eldest daughter of the late Mr R. Bulkley and Mrs Bulkley, and the bridegroom Mr Thomas Cameron, son of Mr T. Duncan Cameron, of Greytown, Wairarapa. Mr Didsbury gave away the bride, who looked very sweet in her ivory satin Princess dress, with folds of delicate lace. Under her tulle veil was a wreath of orange blossom, and her bouquet was exquisite, many lilies of the valley being combined with white roses, and tied with a scarf of lace. The only bridesmaid, Miss D. Bulkley, had a modish dress of pale blue crepe de chine, the skirt bouillonned into a deep plain hem, while the guipure and sleeves were of lace. Her hat was garlanded with pink roses, and lined with pale blue chiffon, and she carried a tall silver crook with a big cluster of pink roses. The bridegroom presented the bride with a diamond and sapphire ring, and to the maid he gave a pendant of pearls and peridots. Mr Allan Cameron was best man, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. Johnson.

The reception was held at Mrs Bulkley's residence in Austin-street, after which Mr and Mrs T. Cameron left on their travels, the bride wearing a pale blue tailor-made, with touches of black, and a black hat with roses. Mrs Bulkley wore silver grey crepe de chine, with embroideries in dull silver, and entre deux of lace, black picture hat; Mrs T. D. Cameron, black crepe de chine, handsomely embroidered and inserted with roses, black bonnet with ivory lace; Miss Bulkley, ivory ninon de soie, with a lace guimpe, black hat with shaded pink roses; Miss Cameron, pastel blue tailor-made, and rose wreathed hat; Miss Flo. Didsbury (sister of the bride), cream Shantung, with pale blue embroideries touched with black, black picture hat; Mrs Goring Johnston (the bridegroom's sister), reseda corded Shantung, braided in the same hue, reseda hat with shaded plumes.—(Wellington Correspondent.)

Society Gossip.

Special to the "Graphic."

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

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 recognized.

All copy intended for publication in these columns must reach the office not later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

AUCKLAND.

October 24.

The Free Kindergarten.

THE official opening of the Free Kindergarten took place on Wednesday, the 19th, and was a most interesting function. The history of this movement is well known to everyone, how Sir Logan Campbell, with his usual generosity when asked to assist the Council, did so, by giving them the beautiful building which was opened on Wednesday. One of the most interesting features of the ceremony was the appearance of Sir Logan Campbell, looking such a dear old thing, but so frail. He was greeted with rounds of applause, and I am sure if he could have only seen the kindly loving looks everyone gave him, he would have felt what a grand privilege it is to be able to "give." Dr. McDowell made a fine speech, and, in beautiful words, said what we all thought of Sir Logan Campbell's munificence.

Mr. Muigan (Chief Inspector to the Auckland Education Board) spoke very well, in nice, short crisp sentences, and told us many interesting things. But the speech which to me was the most interesting was that of Mrs. Leo Myers, a vice-president of the Kindergarten Association, and a very keen worker, who, having a complete grasp of her subject, spoke so well. Mrs. Leo Myers briefly gave a sketch of the aims and objects of the kindergarten work, and made one very good point, when she said that the day of the three R's in education had had to give way to the three H's—the Hand, the Head, and the Heart. Mr. Bagnall, who, in the dual capacity of Mayor of Auckland and President of the Kindergarten Association, gave an interesting history of the progress of the Institution. The Free Kindergarten has been in existence for three terms, and started with about 30 children; now there is an attendance of about 50. In mentioning the assistance which had been given by various people, Mr. Bagnall made special mention of Mr. Milnes, head of the Training College, who had given them the benefit of his knowledge and experience, Mrs. Leo Myers, Mrs. Oliphant, and Mr. Brooke-Smith. It is lovely to think of all these dear little kiddies, who for part of each day can be in healthy and pretty surroundings. Though anyone who has seen the horrors of slums in the Old Country knows that the most poor and neglected of the Auckland children are better off than the best here. At the end of the speeches Sir Logan Campbell rose, and in a few words responded to the speeches made in his honour, and, handing over the key of the building to Mr. Bagnall, declared it open. A photograph of the Council, with Sir Logan Campbell in their midst, was taken as a memento of a very interesting occasion. There was a large attendance of representative people, who all seemed keenly interested. After the opening ceremony, a tour of the buildings was made by most folk, and we were all struck by the charming simplicity of the decorative scheme. Though the building has no garden around it, the back opens out on to the Park, so the children have a lovely green sward for a playground.

Among those present I noticed: Mr. Leys and Miss Leys, Dr. McDowell and Mrs. McDowell, Dr. Aubin and Mrs. Au-

bin, Dr. Drummond Ferguson and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. Bagnall and Miss Bagnall, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Myers, Mrs. L. Myers, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. W. Coleman, Mrs. Ferguson, Archdeacon Calder and Mrs. Calder, Canon MacMurray, Mrs. Gillies, Mrs. Colegrave, Mrs. P. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Brooke-Smith, Miss Gibson, Mr. and Miss Nelson, Mrs. Wrigley, Mrs. Dudley, Mrs. L. Penke (Waikato), Mrs. L. D. Nathan, Mrs. David Nathan and Mrs. Charlie Nathan, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Stokes, Mrs. Cole.

Bridge Party.

Captain Blunt and some of the officers of the Pioneer gave a bridge party on board. Sailors always make delightful hosts, and one always counts upon having a real good time. This party was no exception. Devotees of the game of bridge spent a jolly time at well-arranged tables (which is the secret of a jolly bridge party). Other guests who did not play had an equally good time, with music and chatter. Among the guests were: Mr and Mrs Ernest Bloomfield, Mrs. Colomb and Mrs. Clutterbuck, Dr. and Mrs. Parkes, Dr. and Mrs. Hope Lewis, Mrs. Browning and Miss Maud Browning, Miss Jessie Reid and Mr. A. Reid, Miss W. Cotter, Mr and Mrs H. Tonks, Mr. Vickerman.

Kings College Sports.

King's College annual athletic sports were held in the Domain on Thursday. The weather was simply beautiful, so fine that most people were tempted to wear

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DEATH.

RAHERA TE KAHUHAPO.—On October 12th, at Tauranga, Raheera te Kahuhapo, a chiefness of the Arawa and Ngati-rangi tribes, aged 87 years.

The deceased was from the Awhi line of the Hapuu; Ngati-Pikio, Waitaha, Ngati-Pukenga, Ngati-To-Takunga, and Ngati-Potiki. She was a direct descendant of Tamatekapua, the chief of the Arawa canoe, and also of Hui, Rungitahi, Tuoro, Waitaha, Pihiao, Taparabaki, Pukenga, Tutaneke, and of other chiefs of the Canoes Arawa, Matatua, and Tainui, which crossed the Pacific Ocean to New Zealand.

She leaves ten daughters, Ka te Atarau (Mrs. David Asher) and Mere Taka (Mrs. Kupa Hahouana), of Tauranga, twelve grandchildren, and seventeen great-grandchildren.

He hei ika ka kura
He hei manau e kore e kitea
He tau ha Atarau, a kore.

Traces of a being on shore may be discovered
Those on the ocean never
The thrust of a spear shaft may be parried
That of death never.

Inserted by her granddaughter, Te Rongakaha (Mrs. C. E. Farata, Kaiorihi, Wellington).

summer things, though I fancy some of them felt rather chilly as the afternoon wore on, but it certainly made the scene a bright and charming one. "The School" character of these sports is almost lost, so large have they become, really much like a public sports gathering. There seemed to me such a lack of enthusiasm, a predominant feature in most school or college functions. I hoped great things of the Invitation Race, but I suppose because a Grammar School boy won, F. B. Carolan, it was hardly to be expected, though the King's boys gave him a hearty clap. The most exciting episode during the afternoon was the One Mile Open Handicap, which was won by a sturdy little fair boy, who, with a start of 90 yards, ran in fine style; his name was Adamus. The Old Boy's Race was rather funny. Most of the starters toed the mark just as they arrived from office, many not even taking off their hats, much less their coats. J. Walker won in great style. Several school records were broken during the day. J. C. Whitney lowered the 220 yards record, from 24 3/8 to 22 3/8, an excellent school boy performance. He also created a new long jump record, 20ft. 10in. G. Larnar made a new high jump record, 5ft. 4in. The Sack Race was great fun, and the winner Murray, certainly has acquired the "art" of sack running, for while all the others were tumbling about, he kept on his course, and with tiny steps, romped in a winner. The tug-of-war, Boarders v. Day Boys, proved the latter the stronger. The Boarders wanted more "heef." Tea was brought round the stand by a number of the College boys, and was most welcome; such nice mannered little chaps they were, waiting upon everyone so nicely. The Bavarian Band played pretty music, which gave a finishing touch to a delightful afternoon.

A few I noticed among the crowd were: Lady Lockhart, blue Shantung, flower wreathed hat; Dr. and Mrs. McDowell, the latter in a fawn cloth coat, skirt and hat, with shaded pink roses; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Reed, who was wearing a smart reseda green Ottoman silk coat and skirt and a becoming black toque; Mr. and Mrs. Rainger, the latter in a reseda green linen coat and skirt, and a pretty floral toque; Mrs. H. Brett, dark amethyst cloth coat and skirt, braided in black, amethyst hat to match; Mrs. Colbeck, a pretty waxe blue coat, and skirt, burnt straw hat lined and swathed with black charmeuse; Mrs. John Reed, a grey coat and skirt and a becoming black toque with touch of Royal blue; Mr. and Mrs. J. Tole, the latter in a smart black cloth coat and skirt, and black hat; Misses Tole (2); Mrs. M. McLean wore black and a handsome hat; Miss McLean had a beautifully-cut cream cloth coat and skirt and black hat; Miss — McLean, amethyst cloth coat and skirt and shaded brown hat; Mrs. Louison; Mrs. Carrick; Mrs. E. Anderson, in cream, with red tie and hat swathed with same colour; Mrs. Leo Myers, dark coat and skirt and a nodish blue hat; Mrs. L. Myers; Mrs. W. Coleman, reseda green Shantung and large black hat; Mrs. Alexander; Mrs. L. D. Nathan; Mrs. David Nathan was a smart figure in cream cloth, Tuscan hat with pink roses and grasses, and a black and white scarf; Mrs. Larnar, blue cloth coat and skirt and black hat; Mrs. Napier looked especially nice in a tan linen coat and skirt, faced with blue linen, a burnt straw hat with grasses and black velvet; Mrs. Macky; Mrs. Egerton; Mrs. Cheeseman; Mrs. Friend and Miss Friend; Mrs. Cumming, dark cloth coat and skirt and smart hat; Mrs. Davis; Mrs. Sharnan; Mrs. Derry; Mrs. E. Russell wore a smart serge coat and a bronze green turban toque; Mrs. Noel Bamford looked smart in a pretty cloth Russian suit with large black hat; the Misses Douglas, in grey cloth and large black hats; Miss A. Carr looked charming in a smart black and white checked coat and skirt, and a large black hat; Miss H. Bloomfield, blue cloth coat and skirt and a becoming patty-coloured straw hat with blue velvet band; Miss D. Nathan wore a smart cream coat and skirt, a tassel straw hat trimmed with cherries; Miss R. Greig looked a dainty girl in smart blue little frock and a large blue hat; Miss Myvis Reed wore cream and a Tuscan hat, damped with Paisley scarf; Miss Enid looked sweet in white muslin; Miss Rachel Gorrie, dark coat and skirt and a becoming large black hat; Miss Jenny Nicholl wore a pretty blue frock with bands of white insertion; Miss R. Horrocks, white linen and a flower-wreathed hat; Miss N. St. Clair looked pretty in a cream serge coat and skirt, faced with black, and a pretty hat; Miss Matia Cooke looked pretty in pink with black hat wreathed with pink roses;

Miss Hunter Hamilton, wore a pretty frock of palest green crepe de chine, with hat to match; Miss Binney, long cream coat and skirt with hat trimmed with shaded feathers; Mrs. Towle, mole cloth coat and skirt and black hat; Miss Mary Towle, Shantung coat and skirt of mole, pretty white hat wreathed with shaded pelitrope flowers; Mrs. Hector Pierce looked charming in palest mauve cloth, beautifully braided in a dark shade, an amethyst hat with violets and pink roses; Mrs. Thomas, mole cloth frock and a smart hat; Miss Biss looked pretty in a tweed coat and skirt and a most becoming hat.

One noticeable feature of the King's College sports gathering was the large number of old boys present, showing that their interest in their alma-mater was still as keen as ever. The King's College Old Boys' Association is a very live institution, and they have many pleasant reunions.

A Kitchen Tea.

Mrs. Luckie (Mt. Eden) gave a kitchen tea in honour of Miss Ethel Hay, who is to be married shortly. The afternoon was a great success. Some clever competitions had been arranged, which the guests entered into with great zest. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers, and a delicious afternoon tea was served. There was a most varied collection of kitchen utensils, which should prove most useful. Mrs. Luckie was wearing a pretty rose-coloured silk voile with blouse to match; Miss Ethel Hay wore a smart black and white frock and black hat. Among the guests were:—Mrs. J. Reid, Mrs. Kidd, Mrs. Bob Isaacs, Mrs. Thornes, Mrs. Niel, Misses Myra Reid, and E. Commis.

Skating Carnival.

The Black and White Skating Carnival, held on Tuesday night at Prince's, was a great success. There were all sorts of attractions. The race was most exciting, and great fun. The exhibitions of graceful skating were pretty. The prizes which had been won at the last sports evening were presented to the lucky winners, who were greeted with rounds of applause. Now that the season at Prince's is drawing to a close, everyone is talking of the new rink in Khyber Pass, which, we hear, is to be a very fine one, much larger than Prince's, and with a lovely smooth and noiseless floor. The people who are starting this new rink have wisely secured the services of Mr. Gonard, the popular manager of Prince's.

A Dance.

A dance given by Mrs. Udy at her residence, "Eden Grove," Mt. Eden, on Wednesday evening last proved most enjoyable. A lovely moonlight night, good music and floor left nothing to be desired. The verandahs were gay with flags and palms, and the decorations of the supper table, served in the dining-room, were anemones and fine grasses. Mrs. Udy received her guests in a black silk; Miss Udy, blue taffeta voile, Maltese lace, black marguerites; Miss Daisy Udy, black crepe de chine, relieved with white nixon; Mrs. Barnard, reseda green gown; Mrs. Cooper, black and white; Mrs. Nicholson, black; Mrs. S. Milne, black silk evening gown; Miss Etta Cooper, white silk taffeta voile; Miss Dawson, pink charmeuse; Mrs. Walker, white satin gown; Miss Beatrice Dawson, green satin charmeuse, overdress of black chiffon; Miss Petrie, white gown; Miss True Walker, embroidered net over white chiffon; Miss Oxley, pink satin gown; Miss Tibbs, white frock; Miss B. Price, white chiffon, embroidered in blue; Miss Bertha Oxley, pale pink satin charmeuse; Miss Crowther, white gown, pink roses in coiffure; Miss Ethel Martin, white satin charmeuse; Miss Muriel Blades, white; Miss Wilson, pale blue evening gown; Miss Milne, white embroidered gown; Miss Metelife, green satin charmeuse, overdress of black net; Miss Stevenson, red crepe de chine, overdress of chiffon. Among the gentlemen were the following: Messrs. Brown, Phillipson, Crowther, Trevithick, Dr. Tibbs, Oxley, Browne, Roberts, Andrae, Connolly, Milne, Cooper (2), Nicholson, Kidd, Billing, Stubbs, Nolan, Walker, Reid.

On the Links.

On Saturday afternoon those playing in the mixed foursomes, at One-tree Hill, which event marked the closing of the Maungakiekie Golf Club's season, spent a very jolly afternoon. The onlookers, of whom there was a goodly number, were loud in their admiration of the beautiful park, which is looking at its best just now. Towards the close of the afternoon Mr. Parker Upton, cap-

tain of the club, presented the prizes, which had been won during the season, to the following players:—Miss Eva Cummings, Miss E. Martin, Miss Pierce, Miss C. Gorrie (2), Miss Souter, and Miss Bascby, Messrs. D. Hay, Ridings, Cooke, and D. Kirker. There were some good cards handed in, the best being Miss Gordon and Mr. J. A. Peacock, who won with an excellent card of 37 net for 10 holes; Miss N. Macklow and Binney were second with 40; Miss Sellars and A. J. Cooke, 43, third. Among the on-lookers and players I noticed: Mrs. R. A. Carr, Miss Gillies, Mrs. Wynyard, Miss Wynyard, Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield, Mrs. Edmiston, Misses Martin (2), Hull, Coutts, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Wade-Garey, Miss Cameron, Miss Bascby, Miss Kirker, Miss Murray, Miss Ruth Buckland, Miss Jean Richmond, Miss A. Carr, Miss Peacock, Miss Mary Frazer, Miss Crowther, Miss E. Barstow.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Russell, accompanied by Mrs. R. A. Carr, left for a short trip to Rotorua on Monday last.

Dr. H. E. Jeffreys and Mrs. Jeffreys, of Wellington, are on a visit to Auckland, and are staying at the Central Hotel.

Mr. Cecil Leys has returned to Auckland after a prolonged tour of the East and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Devore and the Misses Devore, who have been on a trip to the Islands and Australia, returned from Sydney by the Maheno on Sunday.

Mrs. W. H. Derry, of Remuera, is leaving on a visit to America, and has booked her passage by the Zealandia, leaving Suva on 31st instant for Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stout, of Invercargill, are at present in Auckland, and are staying at "Cargen."

Mr. and Mrs. W. Thornton, of Cambridge, are in Auckland on a visit, and are putting up at "Cargen."

PHYLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

October 22.

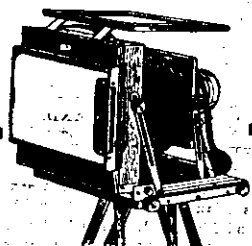
At Trentham.

Such a disagreeable day for the races! In town there was a high wind and threatening rain, so many of those who were going for pleasure changed their minds and stayed at home; but, of course, all the keen racing people went out. Once at Trentham it was really not so bad, and the grandstand is excellently sheltered from the wind, though elsewhere one felt it a good deal. Smart tailor-mades were worn by nearly all the women, and the few flimsy frocks looked distinctly out of place, and under the circumstances unbecoming to their wearers. Mr. Harcourt (President of the Club) and Miss Harcourt had large parties both for luncheon and afternoon tea. Miss Harcourt wore sapphire blue cloth en tailleur, with a black hat garlanded with Marguerites of white and yellow; Lady Ward was present, wearing an aluminium grey cloth coat and skirt and a black toque with white osprey; Miss Ward, grey Shantung tailor-made and grey hat; Lady Clifford (Christchurch), dark petunia frieze, en tailleur, black beaver hat with plumes; Mrs. Johnston ("Highden," Awahuri), black cashmere de soie, the coat heavily braided, black and white toque; Mrs. Ian Duncan, myrtle green cloth tailor-made, with a lace and lawn vest, green hat massed with pale blue and white lace; Mrs. Abbot, shepherd's plaid tailor-made, faced with black, tassel hat with pink and blue roses; Mrs. Lowry (Hawke's Bay), mole coat and skirt, much braided in the same shade, mole-coloured hat with plumes; Mrs. W. Turnbull, black cloth tailor-made, smartly braided, black hat with Royal blue corallowers; Mrs. Holmes (Wairarapa), navy blue coat and skirt, brown hat with roses; Mrs. C. Johnston, black braided tailor-made black sequin toque with white osprey; Mrs. Bidwill (Wairarapa), brown frieze tailor-made and brown hat with roses; Mrs. Elgar, black velvet coat and skirt, violet hat and ermine fur; Mrs. E. J. Kiddiford, black charmeuse en tailleur, black and white toque; Mrs. A. Pearce, dark navy cloth, braided in black, tassel hat with black pleureuse plumes; Mrs. Tweed, dark amethyst cloth tailor-made, toque of the same shade; Mrs. Gore, black and white tailor-made, brown hat; Mrs. Myers (Auckland), pale mole

souple cloth en tailleur, tassel hat with shaded roses; Mrs. C. Pharyzyn, sapphire Shantung coat and skirt, blue hat wreathed with roses; Mrs. Joseph, navy blue tailor-made, blue toque with plunage; Miss Joseph, natural tussore coat and skirt, tassel hat with pleureuse plumes; Mrs. Fringham, vieux rose frieze braided in the same shade, yoke of tinted net, vieux rose plumed hat; Mrs. Burnee, blue tailor-made smartly braided, blue hat with green wings; Mrs. Nathan, dark blue coat and skirt and blue hat; Mrs. Ziuman, mole tailor-made, mole-coloured hat with flowers; Miss Wardell, sapphire blue Shantung and black and blue hat; Mrs. Biss, grey coat and skirt and tassel hat with blue flowers; Miss Bauchop, navy tailor-made and black hat; Miss Bell, dark blue coat and skirt, tussore hat with wreath of miniature flowers; Miss Tweed, Rose du Barri linen and black plumed hat; Miss Kiddiford, cream cloth tailor-made, Paisley hat wreathed with cornflowers; Mrs. Kerr-Hislop, green frieze Russian costume and green hat; Mrs. Kember, dark blue cloth and blue hat with black wings; Mrs. Richardson, green tailor-made and green hat garlanded with foliage; Mrs. Tripe, dull green frieze and green frieze hat; Miss Beauchamp, violet cloth Russian costume and violet hat.

Tennis.

There were many guests at the opening ceremony of the Bidwill street tennis courts, and they were lucky in witnessing some capital games. Sir Edward Osborne-Gibbes, who is president of the club, made a speech wishing the members great success in the battles before them on the courts. Mrs. Moor wore white embroidered muslin and a white hat; Miss Kirby, white linen costume, and white and pale blue hat; Miss Morris, white soie de chine and lace, hat with roses; Miss D. Morris, pale pink voile, with a net guimpe and a pink hat; Miss



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Returning Travellers.

Quite a number of well-known people came back from England by the Runhine, and some of them had travelled by the same ship on her voyage to England in February. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. J. H. N. A. Burnes and Miss Burnes. They had a delightful stay at Home and travelled about incessantly in order to make the most of their trip, as they were rather tied to time. For fellow-passengers both ways they had Mr. and Mrs. Stowe and Miss Stowe, who would perhaps have stayed long in England if the climate had not been so trying. Mr. Stowe at once took up his Parliamentary duties again, and was welcomed back warmly. He is in the enviable position of being exempt from the Civil Service Act, so his retirement is in his own hands, and will probably not be for several years to come, although many of his contemporaries have been reluctantly obliged to give up work.

Miss Vera Fulton's return occasioned much interest, as since her departure from New Zealand last February her engagement has been announced. Miss Fulton's stay out here will only be for a few months, as her fiancé follows her early next year, and after their marriage they will go at once to their home in England.

A Dance on the Tongariro.

Dances on board ship are by no means uncommon now, but that on the Tongariro was unusually enjoyable. In addition to bunting and other nautical adornments, there were masses of arum lilies about, while the supper-table was decorated with primroses and anemones. Captain Whyte-Parsons and his officers were most attentive to their guests, and in receiving they were assisted by Miss Skerrett. As the Tongariro was alongside the wharf there was no sea journey necessary, which was a relief to many people.

Miss Skerrett wore sea-blue charmeuse, made en Princesse, with beautiful embroideries on dull gold and silver; Mrs. Gilmer had a Princess gown of rajah satin softened with lace; Miss Ward, pastel ninon de soie en tunique, with entredeux of lace; Miss Miles, white charmeuse with delicate embroideries; Miss Simpson, white ninon de soie and lace; Miss — Simpson, hydrangea crepe de chine, with a lace tucker and sleeves; Miss Keunedy, pastel ninon de soie veiled in net; Miss Tweed, pink charmeuse with entredeux of lace; Miss Miles, opalescent charmeuse with bands of embroidery in subdued shades.

Wellesley Club Ball.

The Wellesley Club ball was a brilliant success, and the members may rest assured that in entertaining they stand second to none. This time they took the Sydney-street hall, instead of disorganizing the club-house, so there was much less trouble. Hangings of primrose and palest blue decorated the interior of the hall, and a number of huge mirrors at one end gave the effect of space; and added to the gaiety of the scene by their reflections. Everywhere one saw flowers, masses of arum lilies, pots of azaleas and cinerarias, and other flowering shrubs were placed about; the whole ceiling being covered with a trellis-work of lycopodium. In the supper room was a delicately lovely scheme of Japanese plum and cherry blossom, and palest mauve campanulas, the vases connected with ribbons of the same hues. The supper itself was a most elaborate one, and comprised everything delectable, while the waiting was admirable.

The guests were received by the President of the Club and Mrs. H. D. Bell, the latter wearing a Princess gown of palest mauve chiffon velours, with wide-embroideries in dull silver. Mrs. Herdman was in white satin draped with lace; Mrs. Collins, black satin en Princesse, scintillating with jet; Mrs. E. Nathan, ivory satin veiled on black lace and net; Mrs. Fisher, ivory charmeuse, with scarves of lace; Mrs. Turnbull, a clinging robe of jetted net over a dessous of satin; Mrs. Tweed, rose du Barri crepe de chine, draped with

lace; Mrs. Tringham, deep opal charmeuse with lace sleeves; Mrs. N. McLean, black satin richly embroidered in jet; Mrs. White, sea-blue crepe de chine; Mrs. Sladden, rose du Barri charmeuse, the corsage swathed in lace; Mrs. C. Pharyn, charming dress of veiled ninon of soft shades of blue and mauve; Mrs. D. Findlay, pale blue messaline draped with lace; Miss Coates, ivory charmeuse with a draped overdress of black jetted lace; Mrs. Jackson, pale blue ninon de soie; Miss Eileen Ward, ivory charmeuse, with dull silver embroideries; Miss Bell, palest pink mousseline de soie and lace; Miss Blundell, a Princess gown of ivory satin and lace; Miss Booth, hydrangea mauve charmeuse, with a tunic of net in the same shade; Miss Seddon, black chiffon velours; Miss R. Seddon, white silk with a draped overskirt of silver embroidered net; Miss Skerrett, opal brocade with entredeux of lace and embroideries; Miss Simpson, white charmeuse en Princesse, with lace sleeves; Miss Fitzgerald, black Liberty satin with a tunic of Toscana; Miss Fulton, a draped Princess gown of pale blue crepe de chine embroidered in silver; Miss Bennet, white crepe de chine and lace.

A Gay Scene.

There was a gay scene on Saturday night at the Sydney Street Hall. It was the occasion of the breaking-up of Miss Beere's dancing classes, and all the children had assembled to join in a final frolic. So many were the pupils that space for onlookers was extremely scarce, and the limited number present comprised only those who were nearly related to the performers. All the little girls wore white frocks with coloured ribbons in their hair to denote to which class they belonged, and they danced with a delightful grace and abandon. The programme began with graceful exercises, led by Miss E. Garland, and afterwards cactus, minuets, Russian Viennese, Scottish, and other dances were gone through. Later on dancing became general, most of the boys of Miss Beere's College class taking part, as well as a few of the onlookers. Miss Beere wore a graceful Princess dress of net and lace

with delicate embroideries. Mrs. Beere was in black crepe de chine and net.

Engagement.

A new engagement is of interest. Miss Alya Riddiford has not very long been back from England and abroad, where she and her sisters spent two or three years finishing their education. Her fiancé is a nephew of the Hon. F. Arkwright, who was formerly a member of the Legislative Council, and owned "Overton," which is one of the show places in the Hangitikes. Mr. and Mrs. Arkwright have been living in the Old Country for some years now, and "Overton" is occupied by their nephew.

OPHELIA.

CAMBRIDGE.

October 23.

Bridge.

On Thursday evening Mrs. A. H. Nicoll entertained a few friends at Bridge, when a most enjoyable time was spent. Mrs. Nicoll was wearing a very pretty soft white embroidered muslin gown; Mrs. Scott, creme voile trimmed with silk embroidered insertion and yoke and sleeves of tucked net; Mrs. Caldwell, black and white spotted chiffon with border of pink roses over white glace, bodice made in fehu style, with yoke and sleeves of rich white lace outlined in pale blue; Mrs. (Dr.) Roberts, white silk blouse trimmed with white and silver embroidery, and black silk skirt; Miss Gwynneth, black silk and net gown.

Mrs. Farnall gave a most enjoyable little bridge party on Tuesday evening in honour of her guest, Mrs. Goodhue, of Parnell. Mrs. Farnall was wearing black silk, the bodice trimmed with white point lace; Mrs. Goodhue, black chiffon taffeta with transparent yoke and sleeves of black allover lace; Miss Gwynneth, grey paillette silk trimmed with silver tissue and black brocade; Miss Gavey, white embroidered muslin blouse, and creme serge skirt. Mrs. Farnall has been giving a series of small bridge and musical evenings during the time Mrs. Goodhue has been with her.

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On the Links.

Amongst the onlookers at golf on Wednesday were: Mrs. Haydon (of the Argentine), Mrs. Goodhue (Parnell), Miss Frater (Parnell), Mrs. Seddon (Auckland), Miss Nicholson (Auckland), Mrs. C. Hunter, Mrs. R. J. Roberts, Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Couper, Mrs. Farnall, Mrs. H. Crowther, Mrs. (Dr.) Roberts, Miss Gwynneth, Miss M. Roberts, Mr. M. Runciman (the Argentine).

Rugby Union Ball.

The first annual ball of the Cambridge Rugby Union was held in the Town Hall last night, and passed off most successfully. Mr. Isherwood had charge of the arrangements, Mr. M. Roberts was M.C., Mr. J. Byrne assistant M.C., Mr. James McNeish hon. sec., and Messrs. McVeagh, Gardner, and Martyn introducing committee. The supper arrangements were in charge of Mrs. (Dr.) Edmonds, assisted by Mesdames Murell, Potts, Martyn, Havelock-Green, and Stone. A lovely supper was provided, and the table decorations were quite unique, and were carried out by Mrs. and Miss Veale. Excellent music was provided by Stevens' Orchestra, from Hamilton. Amongst some of those I noticed were: Mrs. (Dr.) Edmonds, black silk and lace gown with spray of scarlet geranium on corsage; Mrs. J. Martyn, black crepe de chine and lace gown, with lovely roses on corsage; Mrs. Havelock-Green, white muslin gown, pink ribbons; Mrs. Murell, white lustre; Mrs. Potts, pale blue satin trimmed with silver; Mrs. M. Roberts, white silk gown and pink roses on corsage; Mrs. E. Brockelsby, creme voile and crimson roses on corsage; Mrs. V. McVeagh, black silk gown with a touch of pale blue, and pale blue bandeau in coiffure; Mrs. H. Bell, black gown; Mrs. Pilcher, black silk and net gown; Mrs. A. Gibbons, white embroidered crepe de chine with a touch of black on corsage; Miss Chitty, pale blue silk, trimmed with silver; Miss McNeish, pale pink silk, trimmed with silver; Miss Ballard, white silk with berthe of Maltese lace and pink roses in coiffure; Miss Beale, aeroplane blue silk gown with gold bandeau in coiffure; Miss Pilcher, pale pink silk frock; Miss M. Pilcher, white chiffon taffeta; Miss Swayne, white cloth; Miss K. Swayne, white chiffon taffeta, trimmed with silver; Miss Allwill, pale green silk; Miss Bell, white muslin; Miss O'Toole, white muslin; Miss Morse, creme silk; Miss E. Carr, white muslin; Miss L. Bell, white muslin; Miss McFarlane, white silk and red roses on corsage; Miss Langley, coral pink silk; Miss M. Roberts, white silk; Miss Farrar, white silk; Misses Smith (2), white muslins; Miss Willoughby, white muslin with blue ribbons; Miss Adams, pink silk; Miss A. Dodd, white muslin; Miss Kelly, white muslin; Miss Armer, white blouse, black skirt; Miss L. Saunders, white muslin; Miss Morris, white muslin; Miss —, Norris, creme voile; Miss Naysmith, white silk; Mrs. O'Toole, black gown; Miss Logan, black gown; Miss Cubis, white muslin, trimmed with black velvet; Miss —, Cubis, pale green; Mrs. Holder, white muslin, threaded with mauve ribbons; Miss Neale, white silk blouse and vlex rose skirt; Miss Wood, white muslin; Miss Verner, white silk; Miss Sweetser, sage green; Miss Hill, blue and white check; Miss Mooney, reseda green frock; Miss Morse, pale blue muslin.

Personal.

Archdeacon and Mrs. Willis and Archdeacon Walsh left on Thursday for Auckland to attend the General Synod. The Misses Willis (2) left for Waikato on a visit to their aunt (Mrs. Alfred Clark). Mrs. Seddon and her sister (Miss Nicholson) left by Thursday's train for Auckland after being here three weeks. Mrs. Haydon and her brother (Mr. M. Runciman), who have been for a trip to Rotorua and Cambridge, left for Auckland on Thursday. Mr. D. L. Caldwell has gone to Auckland for a few days. Miss Frater returned to Auckland on Thursday, after staying with Mrs. Wells, of "Oakleigh," for a week or two.

ELSIE.

HAMILTON.

October 10.

Croquet.

The Hamilton Croquet Club held their "At Home" on the club lawns on Wednesday last. Mr. Howden, the president, in a short opening speech, congratulated the club upon its prosperous condition, and declared the lawns open for the season's play. Mr. Bennett, on

behalf of the members, tendered hearty thanks to Mr. Howden for the much-appreciated addition of two rooms to the pavilion, of which he had borne the entire expense (about £50). Two of the lawns were in good order, while another, newly laid down, was passable, so many enjoyable games were played during the afternoon. A number of ladies from the Cambridge Club were present, as well as a goodly attendance of friends, and a very pleasant time was spent. The club afternoon tea was presided over by Mesdames Hyde, Bennett, and Miss Wallnut. Among those present I noticed:—Mrs. Brewis, tweed skirt, muslin blouse, Tuscan and black hat; Mrs. Barugh, dark tailor-made; Mrs. Douglas, cloth skirt, cream blouse; Mrs. Hyde, striped costume; Mrs. Bennett, white linen, brown hat; Mrs. Watt, dainty grey silk, large hat with roses; Mrs. Ellen Wilson, pretty brown check silk, brown and blue hat; Mrs. Grey (Auckland), brown tailor-made; Mrs. Horne, black and white tailor-made, black hat; Mrs. Browne (Auckland), dark costume; Mrs. Herdman, Shantung tailor-made, large black hat; Mrs. Gillies, cream cloth and net toilette, pretty lace coat, large black hat; Mrs. Loughnan, dark coat and skirt; Mrs. Bayly, black and white; Mrs. Mears, blue linen costume, black hat; Mrs. Tompkins, green costume, black and Tuscan hat; Mrs. Baird, brown coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Whitehorn, green and white check toilette, hat with black ribbons; Mrs. English, vieux rose costume, black hat; Mrs. Valder, black, hat with heliotrope; Mrs. Harry Valder, grey kimono coat, hat with grey scarf; Mrs. E. Wilson, black silk, black hat; Mrs. Chitty, dark tailor-made, floral hat; Mrs. Coventry, black and white; Mrs. Reece, dark costume, large black hat; Mrs. Stevens, brown tucked dress, brown hat; Mrs. Heywood, pretty brown silk, hat to match; Mrs. McLeod, black and white linen costume, black hat; Mrs. T. Jolly, navy skirt, muslin blouse; Mrs. Aitken, white; Miss Rothwell, white, cream coat; Miss Grey (Auckland), white linen, large black hat; Miss Loughnan, white muslin, black hat; Miss K. Chitty, white muslin, pretty floral hat; Miss Wallnut, blue crepon; Miss M. Stevens, cream striped costume; Miss V. Hunter, white; Miss Brenda Hunter, white; Miss Newell, grey voile; Miss Seranck, black and white; Miss Bayly, cream; Miss —, Bayly, black and white; Miss Cox, black; Miss Lambert, wine-coloured Shantung, with black facings; Miss Pearl Lambert, cornflower blue costume, black hat; Miss Swinburne, heliotrope coat and skirt; Miss McLeod (Dunedin), petunia toilette, hat en suite.

Personal.

Mrs. H. Gillies has returned from her visit to Auckland. Mrs. Browne (Auckland) is visiting her sister, Mrs. Horne. Miss Lucy Mason (Auckland) is visiting friends in Hamilton. Miss McLeod (Dunedin) is staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs. G. McLeod. It was a great shock to many of us to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Arthur Furze on last Friday week. As a member of the Hamilton Borough Council, of the A. and P. Association, of the Farmers' Union, and Library Committee, he will be much missed, and great sympathy is expressed for his wife and daughters throughout the district. Mr. and Mrs. Kemp are visiting Tauranga. Revs. Cowie and Houchen have left for Auckland to attend Synod. ZILLAH.

ROTORUA.

October 22.

The weather has been perfectly lovely since I last wrote (though we did have two sharp frosts, which drew forth loud lamentations from all gardeners), and Rotorua is beginning to look its best again. Bowlers and croquet players were delighted with the weather, which favoured the opening days of the season, and on each occasion the Sanatorium Gardens were gay with people, and the tea kiosk kept more than busy. Our days are brilliant with sunshine, but several times lately our nights have been lighted only by the lamp of the moon. Something has gone wrong with the electric light wires, and the light has failed occasionally. Rotorua, of course, having had such a dependable lighting system for so many years, is ill-prepared for failure now, and well as the arrangements hurried householders have had to make at a moment's notice. However, we hope the trouble is over.

An earthquake made itself felt at Waimangu last Tuesday evening, but it must have been purely local, as Rotorua did not experience even a tremor.

Sunday was a glorious day, and the Town Band went out to Whaka, and played there for a hour or so. Numbers of people seized the opportunity and went out to have an enjoyable afternoon.

Tennis.

Our tennis season has not opened yet, but the lawns in the Sanatorium Gardens are being prepared. Until this year they were the only lawns in Rotorua, but now the Wesleyan Church members have a sand court next to the church, the Misses Murray have one of the same description on their corner section, Arawa House has a fine grass lawn and bowling green, and next year there will be one at Waitera House, where Mr Fallowa has a bowling green and lawn in the first stages of formation.

Croquet.

At the opening of the croquet lawns in the Sanatorium Gardens on Wednesday last, Mr C. E. Kusabs, president, made a short speech, and Mrs Kusabs played the opening stroke. Progressive croquet in twenty minute spells was played during the afternoon, and at four o'clock players and their friends were entertained at afternoon tea at the pretty Government kiosk. At the end of the afternoon Mr Rosser had won practically six games—he won five and halved two. Mrs Grove and Mrs Dyson tied with five games each, and then played off, Mrs Dyson being the winner. Other players were: Mesdames Kusabs, Hill, Urquhart, Worthington, Le Grice, Blomfield, Boucher, and Misses Murray and Astley, Messrs Grove and the Rev. Seamer.

Personal.

Dr. and Mrs Wohlmann have returned after a three months' holiday spent at the Islands. Major Dean Pitt and Mrs Dean Pitt and Miss Ross are staying at Brent's. Mr Tiffen, of Gisborne, is here. Mr and Mrs Hugo Friedlander and their daughter are staying at The Grand. Mr Leishman Runciman, of Auckland, is visiting Rotorua. Mr Wood and Mr Oliver, of Christchurch, are staying at The Grand at present. Mr and Mrs Blow have returned to Rotorua after a holiday spent in Wellington. The Rev. Cyril Hepher and the Rev. Rees, of the Anglican Mission, are visiting Rotorua and staying at Arawa House. Mr Hyde, Government Valuer, is in Rotorua on business. Mr Tripe has returned to Brent's after a sojourn in Wellington. Mrs Johnson, his sister, is here, too.

RATA.

NAPIER.

October 21.

The Week.

Napier during the last week has been a dormitory for Hawke's Bay, numbers of country people having spent their nights here in order to attend the A. and P. Show at Hastings, the great event of the year for Hawke's Bay. Lord Islington paid his first visit to Napier on Wednesday evening, when he was the guest of the Hawke's Bay Club to dinner, returning later to Frimley. Great consternation was caused early this morning when it became known that the Hukarera native school was on fire. The teachers and scholars only escaped in their night attire, losing everything. Over sixty girls had to be clothed, but the rapidity with which basketsful of clothing arrived was truly wonderful, and very soon tea was being handed round to a very picturesque group on the Hukarera lawn. The splendid discipline of the girls shines out on such an occasion as this. Owing to the continued drought, it has been decided to postpone the opening of the Napier Tennis Club, which was to have taken place to-morrow. Rain is needed very badly.

Boys' High School Sports.

The Boys' High School held their annual sports on the Recreation Ground on Friday afternoon. From an onlookers' point of view the day was ideal, but for the boys it must have been very hot. There were a great many entries for all the events, and some good records were scored. Mr. and Mrs. Polson, with their usual lavish hospitality, dispersed afternoon tea, no easy task, but needless to say it was very much appreciated.

Amongst those present were: Mrs. Kimbrough, the Misses Hindmarsh, Mrs. Gey Kelly, Mrs. Brown, Miss Begg, Mrs. J. Humphries, Miss Humphries, Miss M. Dean, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Russell Duncan, Mrs. Mayne, Miss Coats, Miss Fanning, Mrs. Ruddock, Miss Ruddock, Mrs. Bilton, Miss Greig, Miss Lever, Mrs. London, Miss Williams, Miss Tuke, and Miss Hunter.

Personal.

Miss Tripp (Canterbury) is visiting her sister, Mrs. Stopford. Miss Tolhurst (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. P. S. McLean. Mr. and Mrs. Absalom (Rissington) are spending a few days in Napier. Mr. and Mrs. Hartree (Ngaroto) are staying at the Masonic Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. E. Glendinning (Waikanae, Wairora) are in Napier. Amongst the visitors in Napier for the following:—Mr. P. Show were the following:—Mr. P. Show, and Miss Walsh (Gwawane), Mrs. P. Hunter (Porangahau), Mr and Mrs A. V. Rhodes (Springhill), Mr. and Mrs. T. Moore (Palmerston North), Mr. and Mrs. F. Riddford (Wellington), Mrs. and Miss J. White (Porangahau). Mr. and Mrs. John McVay and party are visiting Taupo and Rotorua. Mr. and Mrs. Mann, from England, are the guests of Mrs. Coruford, "Hillcrest." Miss Daisy Simpson is leaving for Vancouver in January. Mr. and Mrs. Gillett, who have been spending several months in Napier, are returning to Singapore.

MARJORIE.

FEILDING.

October 20.

An Enjoyable Dance.

A very enjoyable dance was given in the Parish Hall on Tuesday last, by the spinsters and bachelors. The supper table was prettily arranged with pink roses and plaid shades over the gas jets, which diffused a pleasant glow in the room. The stage was tastefully arranged as a drawing-room, and decorated with daisies. The music was exceptionally good, and was supplied by a band from Marton.

A few among those I noticed were:—Mrs Roberts, white satin frock, with overdress of spangled net; Mrs Holt,



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white silk taffeta frock; Mrs Walker, black silk; Mrs Banks, white satin frock, with handsome lace and pearl trimmings; Mrs Johnson, lovely white satin frock, with white lace trimmings; Mrs Wooliams, frock of black silk taffeta, with real Maltese lace yoke, and scarf; Mrs Montgomerie, grey frock, elaborately braided with grey silk; Mrs Mostyn Jones, oyster satin frock, trimmed with pink, pink in hair; Mrs Prior, black satin; Mrs Broad (Marton), black silk, with cream lace yoke; Miss Prior, Empire frock of cream satin, beautifully trimmed with silver, silver in hair; Miss Innes-Jones, heliotrope rayon frock, a wreath of violets in hair; Miss J. Bruce, blue silk, with overdress of net, trimmed with pink roses; Miss E. Bruce, pretty white silk frock, with overdress of net; Miss Levett (Kiwitea), white silk, with lace and pearl trimmings; Miss Walker, Empire frock of soft shell pink satin; Miss B. Innes-Jones, white silk frock, trimmed with pink roses; Miss Levin, vieux rose taffeta; Miss V. McBeth (Kimbolton), white frock, trimmed with silver, silver in hair; Miss McBeth (Marton), pretty frock of pink merv silk, with blue and pink trimmings; Miss Long, green satin, with overdress of chiffon; Miss A. Walpole, white silk frock, embroidered with blue, blue in hair. (Messrs Barton, Banks, Shannon (2), Luxmoore, Moore, Mackay, Mostyn-Jones, Montgomerie, Roberts, Broad (Marton), Grimwade (Kiwitea), Wooliams, Fogie, Lyons (Palmerston), Levett (Kiwitea), Taylor (Kiwitea), Dr. Livelysey.

Skating Carnival.

A fancy dress Rinking Carnival was held in the Drill Hall on Thursday last. A few among those I noticed were:—Mrs S. Johnston, Japanese Girl; Mrs Knyvett, Japanese Girl; Miss D. Gould, Japanese Girl; Miss Walker, Dutch Girl; Miss Foote, Dutch Girl; Miss Prior, Quaker Maid; Miss J. Bruce, Quaker Maid; Miss E. Bruce, Nurse; Miss A. Haybittle, Folly; Miss Kirton, Turkish Girl; Miss I. Kirton, Aulsebrook Biscuits; Miss M. Kay, Spanish Girl; Miss Revington Jones, Spanish Girl. Miss L. Haybittle, as a Gondolier Girl, won the first prize for prettiest dress. Mr G. Goodbehere, Old English; Mr

Whelan, Old English; Mr Sellars, Old English; Mr Shaanon, Sailor Boy; Mr T. Shannon, Sailor Boy; Mr Moore, Knight; Mr Foote, Gold Digger; Mr T. Long, Folly.

Mr R. Carr, as a swagger, won the first prize for best dress.

Personal.

Mrs Stewart has returned from a short visit to Wellington.

Miss M. Campion is the guest of Mrs Walker.

Miss Godfrey is the guest of Mrs Innes Jones.

TUI.

DANNEVIRKE.

October 22.

Highland Social.

The Highland Society gave a very enjoyable social in the Drill Hall last Friday week. Musical items and dancing served to while away the hours, and a highly successful function was the result.

Tennis.

The tennis season opens here to-day, and the greens are in fine condition for players to commence the popular summer game. The club has added some good new members, and should give a very good account of itself at the end of the season.

Personal.

Miss Petit has returned from a holiday visit to Te Kuiti.

Mrs Fookes, of New Plymouth, is visiting her daughter, Mrs P. B. Fitzherbert.

Mr and Mrs G. W. Grainger, of Kiritaki, were farewelled by a number of their friends last week, and presented with a handsome travelling rug.

Miss C. Light, of the staff of the Dannevirke Hospital, was married at Gisborne on the 13th October, to Mr G. P. Corbett, of that town.

Mr and Mrs Lavelle are visiting Wellington.

Mr and Mrs G. C. V. Wenley and the Misses Wenley have booked passages for England by the *Athene*, which leaves on the 23rd of February.

LORIS.

HASTINGS.

October 21.

The Spring Show.

The Hawke's Bay Spring Show was very successful. The day was beautifully fine, and the racecourse was thronged with gaily-dressed people. The splendid show and exhibits go once more to prove what a wonderful place Hawke's Bay is. Some of those present were:—Messames Miller, Beamish (3), Nairn, Tosswill, Sunderland, Russel, Nelson, Macfarlane, Chambers, North, Mackersey, Mason, De Lisle, Brodie, Landels, Wallace, Cuthbert, Lean, McLeod, Williams, Shields, Lowry, Barcroft, Seannell, Evans, Scott, Goring, MacNiven, Hassal, Crosse, Humphries, Duff, Hindmarsh, Misses Newbigen, Williams, Wellwood, Mason, Mackersey, Wylie, MacNiven, Sunderland, Miller, Dobbie, Wheeler, Cuthbert, Lanauze, Hewson.

Personal.

His Excellency the Governor left Hastings on Friday by motor-car. His Excellency was the guest of Mr. and Miss Williams (Frimley) during his visit to Hastings.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Chambers have gone to Tapano.

Mrs. O. Smith (Masterton) is the guest of Mrs. Evans, Omahu-road.

Mrs. Halse is visiting Marton.

Miss Hewson has returned from the North.

Miss Nairn returned from Wellington on Tuesday.

SHEILA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

October 21.

A Bridge Party.

Mrs. John Hempton, at her residence in Vivian-street, gave a most enjoyable bridge party, and the prizes were won by Mrs. Arthur Fookes and Mr. S. Rennell.

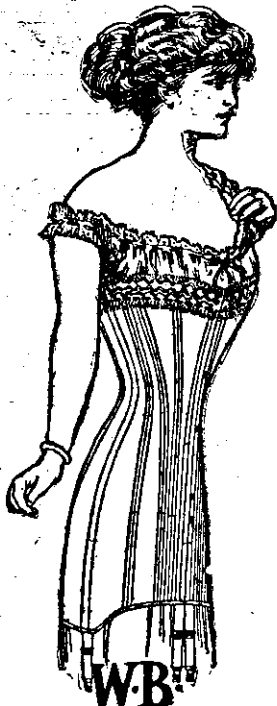
A dainty supper was served in the dining-room. The hostess received her guests in a black silk bengaline robe, relieved with white silk veiled in net; Mrs. Hannah, cream silk relieved with pale blue; Mrs. Renand, black silk trimmed with

cream lace; Mrs. A. B. R. Fookes, black silk inset with lace over a white silk foundation; Mrs. K. Gilmour, pretty cream net robe, laced, over silk charmeuse; Miss K. Hamerton, brown chiffon taffetas; Miss Wood, black silk, finished with lace; Mrs. A. Jones, handsome blue plush robe, relieved with a paler shade; Miss Rawson, cream silk; Miss B. Rennell, pale blue silk; Miss Hampton, sage blue bengaline; Miss A. Hempton, pretty pale blue striped silk, cream lace yoke; Mrs. S. Rennell, pretty cream flowered net robe over a glass foundation.

An Enjoyable Gathering.

On Thursday evening last a number of ex-pupils met together to celebrate the completion of the twenty-five years' service of Mr. Dempsey as headmaster of the Central School. The Brougham-street Hall was prettily decorated with bunting and graceful stands of arm lilies, the handiwork of Messrs. H. Moon and Brooks, and the supper-table was charmingly arranged by Mrs. Clem Webster. The chair was occupied by Mr. Percy White, and other interesting speeches were made by Messrs. Collis, Corkill, S. Smith, P. Hopkins, and Messames Dowling and Harvey, and the latter, on behalf of the ex-pupils, presented Mr. Dempsey with a handsome silver water kettle, travelling bag and walking-stick, which were all suitably engraved. On rising to reply, Mr. Dempsey was loudly applauded. Musical items were rendered by Mrs. Harvey, Misses R. Crawford, F. Perry, Roberts, and S. Thompson, Messrs. W. Crawford, F. Asher, E. Clarke, R. Cottier and Hopkins (recitation). After the concert dancing was indulged in, the music being played by Misses K. Bennett, Brewster, Perry, Fearce and Mrs. Murerley. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Dempsey, rich black silk, finished with shoulder scarf of cream flowered chiffon; Miss Dempsey, maize-coloured palette, veiled in gold beaded net; Miss N. Dempsey, cream silk with scarlet roses relieving decollette; Mrs. Collis, black silk; Mrs. Corkill was admired in a black chiffon taffetas with handsome white Maltese lace shoulder scarf; Miss Capel, white silk; Miss Brewster, cream silk, relieved with pale blue; Miss R. Clarke, canary-coloured silk, softly finished with cream lace; Miss F. Perry, pretty cream silk;

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Miss H. Collis looked pretty in a dainty cream crepe de chine; Miss H. Humphries, black silk skirt, white silk blouse, finished with lace insertion; Miss H. Kohn, pale pink creponine; real lace berthe; Miss E. Spencer, white muslin; Miss E. Penn, pale heliotrope crystalline, finished with white Valenciennes lace insertion; Miss K. Penn, cream silk; Mrs J. Harvey, cream silk; Miss R. Crawford, pale heliotrope silk; Miss A. Crawford, pale blue silk lustré; Miss S. Thompson, ivory satin with pearl passementerie trimming; Miss Ainsworth, pretty pale pink and gold sequined net; Mrs. Dowling, dark green velvet; Miss Dowling, white muslin, corsage relieved with scarlet roses.

Amateur Theatricals.

On November 3 and 4 the New Plymouth Amateurs intend staging "Dorothy," and by those who have received the leading parts, the opera should be portrayed in a very excellent manner. Miss Olive Buckman will take the part of Dorothy, and is well backed up by Miss Fenton as Lydia Hawthorne. The parts of Geoffrey Wilder and Harry Sherwood will be ably managed by Mr. Rowe (Ingledwood), and Mr. E. Clarke, who have both more than once been before the footlights. Mr. J. J. Eastler, as Leucher, is thoroughly at home on the stage, and his acting is wonderfully natural. The other parts are well represented.

Personal.

Mr. W. Humphries (New Plymouth), who was seriously injured in a street accident a week or two ago, is making good progress at the Hospital.

Mr. Fred. Stephens, well known to theatre patrons, and to the profession generally, was successfully operated upon last week in the New Plymouth Hospital, his right foot being amputated.

Mr. Day, the New Plymouth station-master, has gone for a holiday, and Mr. Cooper is acting in his absence.

Mr. T. C. Schnackenberg, who has been local manager for Messrs. L. D. Nathan and Co. for some years past, has received notice of transfer to Auckland.

Mr. R. Humphries is visiting his relatives in New Plymouth.

Mrs Harry Ward has returned to New Plymouth after her most enjoyable twelve months' trip to England and the Continent.

Dr. Harrison, Sen., is on a visit to his son, Dr. G. H. Harrison, Alham, and both paid a short visit to New Plymouth last week.

Very great sympathy is felt with Mr. A. G. Goldwater and Miss Goldwater in the loss of Mrs. Goldwater, whose death befell them last Saturday. The deceased lady had been in indifferent health for some time past. For many years she was the moving spirit in the Fire Brigade annual balls, and in various other ways she rendered valuable service to the community.

NANCY LEE.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

October 21.

The Palmerston Tennis Club held their annual meeting on Tuesday of last week, and elected the following officers for the coming season. President, Mr. W. L. Fitzherbert, vice-presidents, Messrs. P. A. McCarthy, H. N. Watson, J. Goring-Johnston, and Dr. Putnam; treasurer, Mr. R. Spencer; secretary, Mr. J. Rickett; committee, Mrs Warburton, Miss Porter, Messrs. G. Keeble, E. Morrish, Chas. Smith, and S. Drew; auditor, Mr. H. F. Gibbons. The president donated two trophies for mixed handicap doubles.

Personal.

Captain and Mrs Hewitt have gone for a month to Rotorua.

Captain Dudley Hewitt, who has been spending a long leave with his parents, Captain and Mrs Hewitt, has returned to India.

Miss Warburton and her two little sisters have gone to Napier.

Mr and Mrs J. Strang and family have returned to New Zealand. They are staying in Wellington for a week or two before coming home to Palmerston.

Mrs Porter has returned from a trip of some months to England.

VIOLET.

STRATFORD.

October 22.

Tennis. The annual meeting of the members of the Tennis Club took place last Tues-

day. The election of officers resulted as follows:—Mr. F. Wake, re-elected president; vice-presidents, Messrs. T. C. Fookes, Dr. Carbery, Dr. Paget, F. N. Fussell; honorary secretary and treasurer, Mr. V. Crawshaw (Mr. R. B. Anderson having declined re-nomination); committee, Messrs. T. James, E. H. Young, O. Vaughan, R. M. Mackay, and A. Rennell; auditor, Mr. A. Coleman. A resolution, thanking Mr. A. Coleman for his past services as auditor, was placed on record. Mr. J. R. L. Stanford donated a trophy for competition as the Committee think fit.

Bowling.

The bowling greens were opened for the season yesterday. Quite a large gathering enjoyed the delightful afternoon tea provided. The president's wife (Mrs. Sangster) threw the Jack, and declared the green open. Entries for the championship (Mr. Curtis' trophy) close on the 17th November.

Ranking.

Ranking is every day (or, rather, night) becoming more—more popular. Spectators who went to scoff have at last donned the elusive rollers, and are gliding round and round most gracefully. There is to be a fancy dress carnival on the 31st inst., so we must get on as proficient as we can in the meantime.

Juvenile Ball.

The always-popular Fire Brigade Juvenile fancy dress ball took place on Thursday evening in the Town Hall, which was absolutely packed from stage to circle. The Ladies' Committee (Messdames A. E. Burgess, S. Fahy, W. Rowson, J. Sheahan, J. Hodge, Misses Gardiner, McDonald, and Brayshaw) worked hard to make the evening a success, which it undoubtedly was. The secretary (Mr. A. E. Burgess) also contributed greatly to the success of the ball. The floor was in splendid order, and the music supplied by Mr. Roger's orchestra was very good. The supper, needless to say, was most plentiful, and left nothing to be desired. Some of the juvenile costumes were as follows:—Isey Hodge, Punchinello; Eona Corbett, Buttercups; Winnie McMillan, Fairy; Roy Curtis, John Gilpin; L. Fitzgerald, Dutch Girl; Ion Sheahan, Cowboy; B. Hume, Old-age Pensioner; Olive McKenzie, Pink Butterfly; C. Davies, Clown; N. Davies, Chinaman; M. Hackett, Stars and Stripes; Malcolm Henry, Robin Hood; Lily Hodge, Summer; Vera Williamson, Diamonds; M. Hackett, Spanish Dancer; Eric Black, Troubadour; A. Elgar, Bashiranger; B. Collins, Sailor; F. Patterson, Mau-owai's Man; J. Fitzgerald, Clown; Ronald Healy, Dick Whittington; L. M. King, Boy Scout; Roy James, Sailor; R. Grubb, Italian Boy; W. Grubb, Neapolitan Boy; M. Valentine, Belle of New York; Theo. Corbett, Cupid; Dorothy Bondall, Fairy; K. Goodwin, Milkmaid; E. Norris, Cherry Blossom; Sydney Sole, Miss Nobody of Nowhere; Vera Hodge, Puritan Maid; Irene Fields, Early English; A. Johnston, Chinaman; Millie Curtis, Primrose; Ivine Smart, Japanese; E. Kelly, Primley Orchard; I. Barry, Ireland; Q. Anderson, Madcap; C. McLean, Flower; C. Hunter, Queen of Hearts; Winnie Cannon, Snow; D. Robson, Kate Greenaway; Jean Robson, Japanese; V. Potter, Jack Rag; M. and T. Bick, Two Little Girls in Blue; H. McMillan, Mascot; A. Newton, English Boy; and many others.

DENISE.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

Hawera, October 21.

Skating Carnival.

This carnival was just as great a success as the previous ones. It took place in the Dominion Skating Rink last Friday evening, when over sixty skaters graced the floor, and the originality of some of the costumes worn won the admiration of the large number of spectators. Prizes were awarded for the best costumes, and the judges (Messdames Raine and Nolan and Miss Turton) had a hard task in making a choice. The awards were:—Ladies: Miss Dadds (Opibian), 1; Miss Burrell (Electric Light), 2. Gentlemen: Mr. J. Pearce (Monkey Brand Soap), 1; Mr. Palsford (Dreadnought Brewery), 2. Miss Stone and Mr. W. D. Johnson won the prizes for being the most graceful skaters. Some other excellent costumes were:—Mrs. Bennett (fishing tackle); Mrs. Parsons (F. H. Boase, bookeller); Miss

Burrell (W. K. Wallace, chemist); Miss Hill (West's Pictures); Miss Tippler (West's Pictures); Miss R. Grant (W. Spence, Economic); Mrs. Harding ("Hawera Star"); Miss Reilly (Old Judge Cigarettes); Mr. Bach (Sargent, Jeweller); Mr. Johnson (Capstan tobacco); Mr. Gormley (J. C. Gillet, draper); Mr. Joll (Triumph Motor Bicycle); and many others.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Lysaght have returned from a short holiday in Wellington.

Miss Hall, who for the past twelve months has been district nurse here, left this week. Before leaving, Mrs. Foyster entertained the District Nurse Committee at a farewell tea, when Miss Hall was presented with a farewell gift—a silver-mounted purse.

JOAN.

WANGANUI.

October 20.

On the Links.

Last Saturday afternoon mixed foursomes were played on the Belmont links with the members of the Ladies' Golf Club. Miss Darley and Mr. R. T. Dalgety tied with Miss Gresson and Mr. Payne. In the play-off the former couple were victorious, and Miss Darley was the winner of a pair of beautiful silver candlesticks presented by Mr. Bates. During the afternoon there was a putting competition for prizes given by Mr. and Mrs. A. Izard. Mrs. Howarth won the ladies' prize—a silver-mounted purse—with the score of 17, and Mr. D'Arcy won the men's in 16. There were a very large number present, and the weather was simply perfect for golf, and the day formed a very pleasant wind-up to the season. Delicious afternoon tea was provided by the members of the committee. Amongst those present were:—Mr. and Mrs. Inlay Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy, Mr. and Miss Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Meldrum, Miss Frankish, Miss Browne, Miss Knapp, Miss Wilford, Mr. and Mrs. Izard, Miss Gresson, Miss Hawken, Miss Nixon, Mrs. Sarjeant, Miss Care, Miss Parsons, Miss Cowper, Miss N. Anderson, Miss Krull, Miss Harper, Miss Brettarth, Miss S. Dymock, Miss Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield, Miss Dymock, Miss C. Bates, Mrs. Loman, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Paterson, Messrs. Greenwood, Butterworth, Pollis, Fletcher, Harrison, Paterson, Bayly, Payne, C. Browne, Dalgety, Cameron, Palmer, Gill-Carey, Stevenson, and others.

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Personal.

Mr. Mrs. and Miss Kerr, of Wanganui, have returned from their holiday in Wellington.
Mrs. Knight, of Dannevirke, who has been staying in Wanganui with friends, has returned to her home.
Mrs. R. Jackson, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Hawke's Bay.
Mrs. Barnicoat, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Wellington, where she was staying with her daughter, Mrs. Eric Riddiford.
Mrs. and Miss H. Wells, of Cambridge, have returned from their visit to Wanganui.
Mr. and Mrs. Bates, of Wanganui, who have been on a visit to Canterbury, have returned to their home.

Miss Harding, of Wellington, is staying with friends in the Wanganui district.

Miss Cleghorn, of Wellington, who has been the guest of Mrs. Bretfargh, in Wanganui, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Pattle Izett, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to friends in Wellington.

Mrs. Moss, of Wellington, who has been staying in Wanganui with Mrs. H. Bayly, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Allen, of Wanganui, is staying at Hunterville with relatives.

HUTA.

NELSON.

October 20.

The Bowling Season.

The opening of the Nelson bowling green took place last Saturday. Although the lawns were not considered fit for play, there was a large gathering of ladies and visiting bowlers from the Matai Club. Mr. W. W. Squires, the president of the club, made a short speech, declaring the season open, after which afternoon tea was dispensed by Mrs. W. W. Squires, assisted by Mrs. Oliver (Invercargill), and the Misses Clark (3).

Euchre Party.

An enjoyable euchre party was given by Mrs. Coster, Cambria-street, for her daughter, Miss Nancy Coster, whose marriage takes place next week. Mrs. Coster wore a handsome black taffetas gown; Miss Nancy Coster, a becoming frock of mauve chiffon taffetas; Miss Flo. Coster, turquoise satin; Mrs. J. S. Evans, black chiffon over silk; Miss F. Edwards, white taffetas with gold lace; Miss Ledger, grey and white striped chiffon; Miss Stevens, black; Miss G. Harley, sky blue lace; Miss Booth, white satin; Miss Sutherland-Smith, cream lace over silk; Miss Bamford, black lace. There were also present: Messrs. Evans, Wastney, Hamilton (2), Houliker (2), J. Cooze, C. Levien Colclough, H. O'Beirne. The prizes were won by Miss F. Edwards and Mrs. Chas. Hamilton.

Bridge.

A number of bridge parties have been given during the week for Miss F. Rattray, of Dunedin.

Mrs. A. F. Burnes was hostess at a large evening party, when the first prize, a silver candlestick, was won by Miss Lucy Ledger. Some of the players were: Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Andrew, Misses Ledger, Miss Dyer (Rotorua), Miss Richmond, Miss Roberts, Miss Menlove, Miss Rattray, Miss Haggitt, Miss Gilkinson.

Miss Richmond gave another enjoyable party for Miss Rattray, when the prizes fell to Miss Rattray, Miss D. Booth, Messrs. C. Levien and Hamilton. Mrs. Richmond wore black brocade; Miss Richmond, white ninon with blue embroidered lace. Others present were: Mrs. and Mrs. Allen, Mr. Macquarie, Miss Sutherland-Smith, Miss Houliker, Miss Rattray, Miss Haggitt, Miss Booth, Messrs. Dalziel, C. Levien and C. Hamilton.

The Misses Gilkinson entertained a number of their friends at a card party at the "Haeremai." Among those present were: Miss Rattray, Miss Richmond, Mrs. Oliver (Invercargill), Mrs. Burnes, Miss D. Booth, Misses Ledger, Miss Haggitt, Miss Kirtos, Mrs. Allen, Miss Tomlinson.

Tennis.

A delightful tennis party was the one given by the Misses Clark at their residence in the Matai Valley. Mrs. Clark received the guests on the tennis courts. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Macquarie, Mr. and Mrs. Cave-France (Wanganui), Mrs. Horn, Miss Dyer (Rotorua), Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Hat Cook, Miss Houliker, Misses Booth, Messrs. Clark, Robinson and Uyd Wood (Hawke's Bay).

Personal.

Mrs. Glasgow (Brooklands), Miss R. Glasgow and Mrs. A. J. Glasgow are away in Wellington.

Miss Menlove (Dunedin) is the guest of Mrs. Burnes.

Miss Dyer, who has been staying with Mrs. Phil Andrew, has returned to Rotorua.

Miss D. Denshire, has returned to her home in Ashburton.

Mr. and Mrs. Cave-France (Wanganui) are visiting Nelson.

Miss Jacobs (Featherston) is the guest of Mrs. C. Y. Fell.

Captain Horn has gone to Wellington. Mr. Ernest Izard has left for Hobart.

DOLCE.

BLENHEIM.

October 20.

Afternoon Tea.

At St. Andrew's on Friday afternoon the Misses Clouston entertained a number of friends at an afternoon tea. The amusement was a peanut hunt, a number of peanuts having been scattered about the large garden and lawn. Miss Holmes (Wellington) succeeded in obtaining the largest number of peanuts, and was awarded first prize, and to Miss Nessie Grace was given the second prize. Mrs. W. Clouston received the guests in a pretty embroidered linen gown. Miss Connie Clouston wore a cream frock; Miss Zoe looked bright in a white muslin dress embroidered with pale pink. Some of those present were: Mrs. Woods, brown costume, brown hat; Mrs. B. Clouston, dark green costume, hat with flowers; Mrs. Howard, pelunia taffeta robe relieved with cream, large black hat; Mrs. Waddy, cream frock, pretty hat with coloured roses; Mrs. R. Adams, cream linen, burnt straw hat with saxe blue velvet; Mrs. J. Mowat, navy blue costume, burnt straw hat with roses; Mrs. Tilly, light grey costume, hat to match; Misses E. Mowat, saxe blue costume, saxe blue hat; Miss M. McRae, dark cornflower costume; Miss Urquhart, navy costume, pale green hat with large roses; Miss Neville, navy costume, burnt straw hat with blue; Miss Dora Holmes (Wellington), saxe blue costume, pretty black hat; Miss Gertrude Cooper (Wellington), navy costume, navy hat lined with pale blue; Miss Amy Neville, dark green costume, burnt straw hat with blue; Miss I. Holmes (Wellington), navy blue costume, hat with pink roses; Miss Reno Holmes (Wellington), white muslin frock; Miss Isobel Chaytor, biscuit-coloured linen, large hat with flowers; Miss F. Chaytor, brown striped costume, hat with cloth of gold roses; Miss M. McNab, canflower-blue Russian costume, large tussore hat with blue; Miss Nessie Grace, dark striped costume, large hat with flowers; Miss Ursula Grace, saxe blue costume relieved with black, hat to match; Miss B. Griffiths, dove-coloured costume, heliotrope hat wreathed with small flowers.

Opening of Tennis Season.

The weather on Saturday afternoon proved to be perfect for the opening of the Marlborough Lawn Tennis Club, and there was a very large attendance. The courts were in excellent order, and some good play was indulged in by a few enthusiasts. In the absence of Mr. C. J. Griffiths (president), Mr. T. Orr (vice-president), with a short and appropriate speech, declared the courts open for the season. A dainty afternoon-tea was provided by Mrs. C. J. Griffiths. Many very pretty and becoming gowns were worn by the ladies. Some of those I noticed were: Mrs. Griffiths (2), Mr. Orr, Mrs. R. McCallum, Mrs. R. Adams, Mrs. Waddy, Mrs. Vavasour, Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. Florence, Mrs. MacLaine, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Ewart, Mrs. McLaughlan, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Broughton, Mrs. Lambie, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Perrett, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Northcroft, Mrs. Clouston (2), Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Cory, Misses B. Griffiths, Grace (2), Florence, Neville (2), Cooper (Wellington), Mowat (2), Holmes (Wellington), McNab, Newton, Marsh (2), Bull, Chaytor (3), Anderson, Hall, B. Vavasour, Horton, M. Bell, Clouston (2), E. Macdonald, Wolferstan, Messrs. Griffiths, Lambie, Burden, Borek, Orr, Davey, Hill, Bird, Sanson, Waddy, Horton, Jenkins, Chaytor, Dr. Anderson.

Personal.

Miss Florence, who has been away on a holiday in Australia, arrived in Blenheim at the end of the week.

Miss Percy Smith (New Plymouth) has been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson-Smith.

Mrs. Willis and Miss Willis (Wellington), and Mrs. Coach (Sydney) are all

visiting Mr. and Mrs. K. Mowat, at "The Wreckin."

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer (Christchurch) are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Horton.

Mrs. P. Hulme is visiting friends in Wellington. J.R.C.

PICTON.

October 21.

The Rowing Season.

The opening of the rowing season and the new boat-sheds for the Picton Club was an occasion long to be remembered. Most of the townspeople made a gala day of Thursday afternoon, and the beach in the vicinity of the sheds was a gay scene. We never heard of an occasion of this kind where men did not hold forth, and this was no exception to the rule. The president (Mr. W. W. Chambers) spoke, the president of the N.Z.R.A. and of the Blenheim R.C. (Mr. R. McCallum) was in happy mood, and the Mayor (Mr. Gordon Maitland) congratulated all and sundry on the position they (the Rowing Club) occupied. The Mayor then presented Mrs. Chambers with a gold key, and with it an invitation to inspect the whole building, and partake of afternoon tea. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Maitland, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. Hester, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Nicol, Mr. and Mrs. Madsen, Mrs. Keuny, Mrs. McNab, Mr. and Mrs. Oxley, Mrs. Haslett, Mr. and Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Beauchamps, Mrs. Strachan, the Misses (Dr.) Paterson, McKewyie, Greenshull (2), Chambers, Dawkins, Kirkby, Young, etc.

Presentation.

Presentations are quite the order of the day. On Friday the members of the Horticultural Society met to present Mrs. Couch with a memento of their regard in the shape of a silver-backed mirror and set of hair-brushes, and combs. Dr. Redman made the presentation, and Mr. Couch replied for Mrs. Couch.

The same afternoon Miss Ria Macalister was presented with a silver-backed mirror and ebony brush by the pupils attending the Koromiko School, on her departure to join the Picton School.

A Dance.

A Cinderella fancy dress dance was given by Mrs. Storey and her pupils in Fay's Hall on Friday evening, and was most enjoyable. Mrs. Storey wore an elegant gown of black mery, made with a cream lace yoke; Miss Storey wore pale blue silk trimmed with white lace; Mrs. Seater (Para), a handsome gown of satin brocade trimmed with jet and Limerick lace; Mrs. Allen, black; Mrs. J. D. Tripe, black silk and lace; Mrs. J. Tripe (Koromiko), black silk; Mrs. E. Kenny, cream silk and lace; Mrs. Madsen, blue crystalline; Mrs. Luena, pink silk and white lace; Mrs. Harwood, black silk; Mrs. Riddell, black sequined net over silk; Mrs. C. Philpotts, tomato-coloured silk with white lace; Mrs. Chambers, black silk; Mrs. T. Cawte, heliotrope satin; Mrs. Haslett, black silk; Mrs. King, pink silk muslin; Mrs. McNab (Blenheim), grey and black; Miss B. Allen, sea-green Shantung; Miss Edwards, cream silk; Miss B. Greensill, cream silk; Mrs. R. Greensill, white silk; Miss L. Greensill, pink silk; Miss D. Greensill, white muslin; Misses Oxley (2), white silk. Those in fancy dress were: Miss Sybil Tripe, Grecian Lady; Miss M. Tripe, Bluebell; Miss E. Storey, Japanese Girl; Miss E. Chambers, Japanese Girl; Miss E. Kenny, Moonshine; Miss D. Tripe, Dutch Peasant; Miss T. Philpotts, Court Lady; Misses Dolson, Z. Haslett, A. Swanwick, and several others were Flower Girls; Miss Baba Storey, Red Ridinghood; Misses F. and K. McCormick, Picton Bowling Club; Mrs. J. Teramo, Grecian Lady; Messrs. W. Chambers, Wong Sing Chung; R. Luena, May Pole Dancer; L. Luena, Little Boy Blue; J. Tripe, Paddy from Cork; Nigel Maitland, Cricketer; Earle Nicol, Ah Choo Fat; W. McIntosh, Chang Wong Wang; H. Seator looked a real Highland Laddie, as Bonnie Prince Charlie. An excellent supper was provided by the pupils, and dancing was kept up till all the little Cinderellas were hunting for Bo Peep.

Farewell Social.

Mr. and Mrs. Couch were entertained at a social given in their honour by the

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Wesleyans of the district, on Monday evening. Missie and singing and a few speeches in reference to their good work in Picton, made time as nothing, and a presentation of a silver salver and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" finished the evening in a suitable manner. Mr. and Mrs. Couch left Picton on Tuesday, and prior to their departure, Mr. Couch was farewelled by the local staff, and presented with a handsome rug and silver-mounted umbrellas.

Personal.

Mrs. Harnsdale has returned from a visit to Wellington. Mrs. Crabtree has returned with her, to stay for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Couch left Picton on Tuesday.

The Misses Diamant (Wellington) are visiting their sister, Mrs. Morris, here. Miss Dudley is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Beswick.

Mr. Manning, buyer for the Christchurch Meat Company, has been transferred to Blenheim, where he and Mrs. Manning will reside.

The Rev. T. J. Smith and Mr. A. P. Seymour have gone to Nelson to attend the Synod.

Miss Whittaker, organising secretary of the G.F.S. for the Wellington district, is in Picton, and has had several meetings in connection with the society and the Mothers' Union.

Mr. Findlayter, manager for the newly-formed dairying company, has arrived at Blakipawa.

Bishop and Mrs. Wallis (Wellington) are visiting Picton.

Mrs. Scott, who has been visiting friends at Seddon, is staying with Mrs. Seymour for a week.

BEILE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

October 21.

Tennis Tea.

A tennis tea was given on Saturday afternoon by Mrs. J. Studholme, at Bealey-avenue. Amongst the guests were: Mrs. George Harper, Mrs. and Miss Symes, Miss Bowen, Miss Gresson, Miss K. Gresson, Mrs. and Miss Burns, Mrs. Moreland, Miss Boyle, Mrs. and Miss Wood, Mrs. Walter Moore, the Misses

Moore (2), Mrs. J. Anderson, the Misses Anderson (2), Mrs. Hutton, Miss Moorhouse, Mrs. Wigley, Mrs. Reeves, the Misses Reeves (2), Mrs. Hamner, the Misses Hamner, Mrs. and Miss Neave, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. George Rhodes, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. and the Misses Burton, Mrs. Teschemaker, and Mrs. J. Vernon.

A Concert.

The Musical Union gave a very good concert on Tuesday evening, October 18, at His Majesty's Theatre. The programme opened with the ballad "John Gilpin" (Cowan), for chorus and orchestra. Miss Winnie Nixon sang Goring Thomas' "A Summer Night" charmingly, and for the encore "Angels Guard Thee." The other soloist, Mr. Sidney Williamson, was highly successful in Beethoven's "Adelaide." The orchestral gem of the evening was "Masque," from the music to "As You Like It"—(1) Woodland Dance; (2) Children's Dance; (3) Rustic Dance. Miss Nixon wore a pretty frock of green corded silk, and was presented with a beautiful bouquet of cream and crimson roses. Amongst the audience were: Mrs. and Miss Julius, Professor and Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. and Miss Jacobs, Mrs. Gower-Burns, Miss Burns, Mrs. J. Fairhurst, Mrs. and Miss Ballin, Mrs. and Miss Evans, Mrs. Wilson, Professor Gabbit, the Misses Gardner, Miss Wright, Miss Latter, Mr. and Mrs. Loughnan.

Children's Party.

A children's party was given by Mrs. Alfred Pratt at her residence in Holly-road, St. Alban's, on Saturday afternoon. The ladies present were: Mrs. E. Turrell, Mrs. Wall, Miss Nancarrow, Miss B. Russell, and the Misses Anderson (2). Amongst the children were the Misses Beadel, Reeves, Harper, Wall (2), Fox and Cowlshaw, Masters Cooper, Stevenson, Thomson, Ronalds, Reeves, Harper, Taibat, and Gibbs.

A Small Dance.

On the evening of the same day Mrs. Pratt gave a small dance. The hostess wore a cinnamon-brown satin robe; Mrs. Kilian (Clent Hills), a gown of cream silk, with over-skirt of cream silk embroidered net; Miss Agnes Humphreys, pale grey satin with tunic of ninon bordered with bands of oxidised silver em-

broidery; Miss Strachey, electric-blue satin veiled with black chiffon; Miss Kitson, cream crepe de chine with bands of silk embroidery; Miss Cracroft-Wilson, black satin frock veiled with black lace and jet trimming; the Misses Anderson, frocks of pale blue chiffon over pink silk, and bunches of pink roses; Miss Nancarrow, mauve satin gown and pearl embroidery; Miss B. Russell, black crepe de chine, relieved with touches of pale blue; Miss Peache (Mt. Somers), black silk with cream lace fichu; Miss Robinson, frock of pale blue satin; Miss Thomas, white embroidered muslin bordered with white satin; Messrs. Nancarrow, Anderson (2), Kitson, Godby, Hudson, Williams, Wright, Cane, Campbell, Kilian, Denniston, Barker, and Dr. Nedwill. Dancing took place in the drawing-room, which was tastefully decorated with lilac.

Afternoon Tea.

On Tuesday afternoon a small tennis and afternoon tea was given by Mrs. Walter Moore (St. Alban's). Amongst the guests were: Mrs. J. Studholme, Mrs. George Rhodes, Mrs. and Miss Elworthy, Mrs. Gower-Burns, the Misses Burns (2), Mrs. Melville Jameson (Timaru), the Misses Humphreys (2), Julius, Stewart, and Harley.

An afternoon tea was given at Avon-side on Saturday by the members of the Canterbury Rowing Club, in the Club-house, to open the season. The boats, some of which were tastefully decorated, formed a procession, and rowed a short distance. There were some comic crews, and as usual a crew of the young members dressed as girls in the latest fashion tight skirts and large hats. In the evening the members gave a dance in the billiard-room. A few of those present were: Mrs. F. Cowlshaw, Mrs. Durnage, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. J. G. Collins, Miss Way, Misses Guthrie (2), Morrison (Auckland), Collins (2), Spooner, Tossell, Hobbs, Croxton, Middleton, Watson.

At the Rink.

The Olympia Skating Rink attracts many patrons, and some of the skaters are most expert. A few of those present on Thursday night were the Misses Humphreys (2), Anderson (2), Russell, Nan-

carrow, Guthrie, Steele, Middleton, Treat. In consequence of the ambulance bazaar being held in the rink, the skating season closed last night for a fortnight.

Personal.

Recent visitors to Christchurch include: Miss Watson (Sydney), the guest of Mrs. Henry Acland (Park Terrace); Mrs. Harrison (Nelson); Mrs. Litchfield (Wellington); Mrs. Smithson (Timaru) was the guest of Mrs. Brodrick (Holly-road, St. Alban's), Mr. and Mrs. Johansen (Mount Torlesse), Mrs. and Miss Williams (Geraldine), Mrs. Kilian (Mount Somers), Mr. and Mrs. J. C. N. Grigg (Longbeach).

Miss N. Campbell (Christchurch) is the guest of Mrs. Gordon (Napier).

Miss Burns has returned to Christchurch from South Canterbury.

Mrs. Thomas (Christchurch) is staying with friends in Ashburton.

Miss Morrison (Auckland) is staying with friends in Christchurch.

DOLLY VALE.

SEDDON.

October 26.

There is nothing much to write about this week as Seddon is very quiet just now. The last football match for the season was played on Saturday at Ward between Flaxbourne and Seddon. It was an exciting game, which ended in a draw. In the evening "Our Boys" were treated right royally amid much cheering. They left for home well satisfied with their day's outing.

On Saturday last a big crowd gathered to witness the first cricket match of the season, which was played between the Libermians of Blenheim and the Awatere team, and ended in a win for the latter.

As a sign of the advancement of the Flaxbourne district, I note there are fenders being called for an up-to-date boarding-house.

Personal.

Mrs. Watkins and Miss Masfield, who have been on a visit to their sister, Mrs. Pinkney (Richmond Brook) have returned home to the Hutt.

GENEVIEVE.



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STYLE, COMFORT, DURABILITY and VALUE—

renders Corset selling a simple task.

Ladies wear WARNER'S—they're perfect.

Following are a few numbers and prices:

"Iris"	5 6
167	5 11
274	7 6
226	6 3
186	8 3
257	8 6
135	10 9
221	10 9
196	10 9

And many others. We make a speciality of Warner's Corsets as we know of no other models that are so strongly guaranteed.

We carry a splendid range of Ladies and Gent's BATHING APPAREL.

TO ABSOLUTE PERFECTION!



Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets

George Court Ltd. The Big Store, Karangahape Road

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

THE woman of fashion has grown practised of late seasons in the art of performing quick changes in silhouette. Madame La Mode in 1910, however, calls for more than a mere change of outline. The rival of a type of feminine beauty which we have not seen for many seasons has been ordained by her ministers. Instead of a modish pallor, vivid scarlet lips, and the classic swirl swathed round the head, we are to have round, pink cheeks, demure looks, curls, and even ringlets.

The change is startling. It is the inevitable result of the arrival in our midst of the "little girl" frock and the "pretty girl" hat.

Fashions from the Nursery.

Imagine a skirt which in its simplicity and scantiness recalls the days of

the early nineteenth century, and a blouse destitute of tucks or swathing folds, with a low-cut neck, finished with a babyish frill, and you have the "little girl" frock, which is the latest thing in the world of dress. It has a charm of its own, a refreshing quaintness this demure little frock, and by the time summer sunshines and dainty-flowered muslins and delicate batiste and lace go to its making, we shall have arrived at a very picturesque period of Fashion's evolution. Flower-trimmed hats, with long streamers of velvet tulle or ribbon hanging down the back, blend harmoniously with these girlish frocks.

Women who think the "little girl" frock savours a little too much of the nursery may find what they want in the Puritan dresses, with their quaint little fichus and turn-back cuffs of the finest of lawn, decorated with dainty stitchery and lace.

The same tendency is manifested in coats and skirts. Little sack coatees are being made by the tailors, and a new



A VERY GRACEFUL FLAMINGO COLOURED FOULARD FROCK,

with a chiffon panel and undersleeves of a darker shade of rose, showing the "wisp" train now fashionable, also the touch of black velvet introduced in the form of bows, and a pleated border upon the tunic and beneath the throat.



PRETTY FROCK,

of fine white and blue ring-spotted linen, with bands of white linen.

type of Russian coat is belted below the waist, like a little boy's tunic. The skirts are still quite short, and the bootmakers are taking advantage of this fact. Boots and shoes to match the dress, boots with coloured suede tops, suede shoes in champagne and all shades of grey, are seen in the windows.

Voiles is to occupy a prominent place in Dame Fashion's favour for summer wear. The new voile has a curious suggestion of shot effect in its colourings, particularly the grey shades, which seem

to have copper tones in certain lights. These voiles are very charming. They drape well and give long graceful lines to the figure.

Messalines, silk cashmeres, pongees, and Shantung will also be much worn in the summer, the cashmeres and messalines showing bordering bands of velvet to tone. The shantungs and the linens are embroidered in openwork designs. There is also a new material for summer wear made of cotton and silk, with a crepe surface which is lovely in texture

Hoyle's Prints Wash !!

These Prints have over a century's reputation for quality. When you insist upon getting HOYLE'S you insist upon having good value. See that this trade mark is on the outside of the piece.



The name Symington's Coffee Essence

must appear on each bottle you buy. If you want the strongest, most delicious and most economical coffee essence obtainable.

The Symington & Co., Edinburgh & London.

Say Symington's to your grocer

and colouring, the rose and soft brownish yellow shades being particularly attractive. Brocades have had an unusual run of

popularity this season, the old designs being carried out in a new supple weave to suit the present day straightness of line.

Brocades Popular.

The rich brocade under-dress in a delicate ivory shade is traced all over in gold threads in a floral effect, while the polonaise in rose-pink satin, lined with satin in a paler shade of pink, is caught up with lines of lace in a cross-over effect at the back and left to hang gracefully on the train of the brocade. Ruffles of the lace form the corsage, and the elbow-length sleeves are formed of puffs of rose-coloured ribbon alternating with ruffles of this soft white lace.

Foulards promise to be much in evidence this season in new shades of mauve, green, and black, traced in contrasting patterns, and taffetas silks will also make their appearance again in new weaves of softer texture. Taffetas has given place to the softer satins and silks, cachemire de soie, and crepes for some time, but a softer weave of this silk is promised for summer wear, with a duller surface and better draping qualities.

The Pope, whose pastoral letter denouncing prevailing feminine fashions has been widely circulated and preached upon in Italy, has never been a lover of what Americans call new notions.

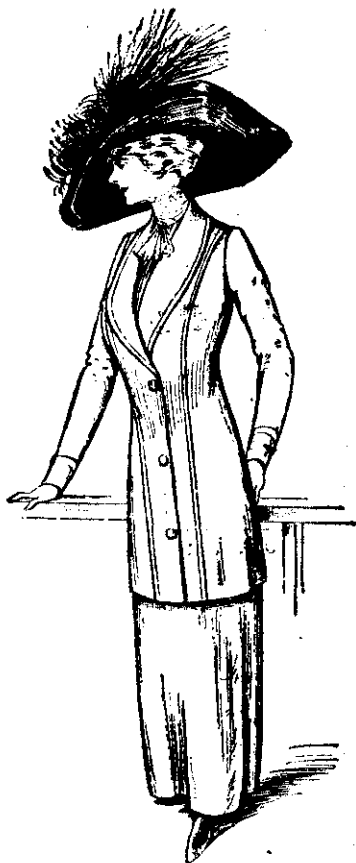
A year or two ago someone presented him with a motor-car. When it arrived in the gardens of the Vatican his Holiness looked at it curiously for several minutes, examining minutely the various parts of the machinery.

Cardinal Merry del Val, who was present, suggested a ride round the gardens in it, but the Pope shook his head.

"You go," he said, "and I'll walk after you."

The Cardinal, however, persisted his point.

"Why should I do that," was the answer, "when, as it is, my walk in the garden is over all too quickly? Why should I use this machine, which will shorten my usual exercise still further?"



A SMART 'COSTUME FOR BETWEEN SEASONS.

No, I will not use it, but it will make a fine show in the Vatican Museum. We'll have it put into a glass case, my dear Cardinal."

Of late, the Pope has taken a considerable interest in type-setting machines, of which now no fewer than four are es-

tablished in the Vatican printing department. It is by no means an unusual sight for the "comps." to see the Pope assiduously working at the keyboards.

"A knowledge of printing may come useful," he recently remarked, "if a strike should occur."



The above model is of Leghorn straw swathed with black velvet ribbon and bunch of field flowers.

Osman Flannelettes will not ignite

ANY MORE READILY THAN A GOOD CALICO—IT IS SAFE.

Osman Flannelette is the softest, warmest, and most healthful material for babies, children and mothers. It does not irritate the skin and is guaranteed to wash and hold well. It has the flannelly handle of a good flannel. Sold by all the best drapers.



Proportionately speaking only a very few women would willingly conceal a beautiful figure under a badly modelled Corset. Yet this is precisely what those who fail to wear

P.D. ROYAL RUSTPROOF Corsets

are possibly doing.

No other Corsets are so scientifically constructed nor will any mould the figure into lines of grace and beauty so easily as P.D.'s. They are the

favoured French Corset wherever good dressing has become a part of society's foundation.

YOUR DRAPER WILL CHEERFULLY SHOW YOU THE NEW STYLES.

HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure

The Grandest Remedy in the World for

COUGHS & COLDS

ONE DOSE IS GENERALLY SUFFICIENT.

THOSE who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and rapid relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure. It is most comforting in allaying Irritation in the Throat and giving Strength to the Voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption is not known where "Coughs" have, on their first appearance, been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose or two is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

SMALL SIZE: 2/6

LARGE SIZE: 4/6

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS and MEDICINE VENDORS, and

W. G. HEARNE & CO., Ltd., Geelong, Vic.

Forwarded to any Address when not obtainable locally.

Verse Old and New.

A Little Boy's Lullaby.

LITTLE groping hands that must learn the weight of labour,
 Little eyes of wonder that must learn to weep—
 Mother is thy life now: that shall be to-morrow.
 Time enough for trouble—time enough for sorrow.
 Now—sleep!

Little dumb lips that shall wake and make a woman,
 Little blind heart that shall know the worst and best—
 Mother is thy love now; that shall be hereafter.
 Time enough for joy, and time enough for laughter.
 Now—rest!

—Brian Hooker.

Wanderers.

Sweet is the high road when the sky-larks call,
 When we and Love go rambling through the land,
 But shall we still walk gaily, hand in hand,
 At the road's turning and the twilight's fall?
 Then darkness shall divide us like a wall,
 And uncouth evil nightbirds flap their wings;

The solitude of all created things
 Will creep upon us shuddering like a pall.
 This is the knowledge I have wrung from pain:
 We, yes, all lovers are not one, but twin.
 Each by strange wisps to strange abysses drawn;
 But through the black immensity of night
 Love's little lantern, like a glowworm's bright,
 May lead our steps to some stupendous dawn.

—George Sylvester Viereck.

To a City.

Nine breathless summers I have seen the kill
 Of blood-beamed suns upon the stony street;
 Nine winters I have watched the wanton spill—
 The price of lives at Pleasure's dancing feet;
 Nine years beheld man worship his own will—
 Pure Faith forgot and Truth made obsolete.

And every staring face among the throng—
 Poor puny sons of greed-besotted men—
 Turned me with yearning to the calm the strong,
 The clear-browed people of my West again;
 And every roaring day but made me long
 For benign silence in some mountain glen.

To-day I am returned from the clean wild,

Where only Storm's deep organ preludes mar
 The hush of wood-cathedrals, river-aided;
 Where Earth's pure altars of communion are,
 'Neath ceiling of the night, inlaid and tiled
 With ivory of moonlight, pearl of star.

I am returned unto the man-made hills—
 The windowed cliffs, whose crevices are homes—
 But a new light my startled being thrills!
 Here storm is slaved! The human river roams
 O'er bedded lightning, tamed to human wills,
 'Mid thunder, through subaquean catacombs.

I hear the tumult of the conquered seas
 That beat their vain rebellion 'gainst thy wall;
 Eld Night illumed in burning harmonies
 Of lights that fashion morn from even-fall;
 Time, sound, the winds and the wide distances
 Are but the serfs and vassals of thy hall.

And thou art now the master; I, the slave;
 But 'round my bondage is a glory thrown;
 I have found Peace upon thy echoing pave,
 Silence in throngs, beauty in bulked stone—
 Where Nature yields, I dare not lift the glaive!

—Chester Firkin.

The Happy Soldier.

"A soldier of the Legion
 Lay dying in Algiers,"
 While a thousand weeping women
 Watched him through a flood of tears
 But he murmured, as his life-blood
 Ebbed at each convulsive throbb:
 "Gee! I'm glad I left the army
 For this moving picture job!"

—P. F. Hornish.

To His City-bound Sweetheart.

(Monday)
 Where you are, dear, the thirsty pave
 I know reeks with the bitter heat;
 I almost hate these tides that lave
 The beach and my impatient feet.
 The breeze—can I find them sweet,
 Or sing the skies that clear and blue are,
 Knowing the woes of that retreat
 Where you are?

(Wednesday)
 Where you are, dear, no crooning wave
 Lulls dreamward with its rhythmic beat;
 Instead, alas, their strident stave
 The boisterous boulevards repeat.
 And while I trim a tugging sheet,
 Or seek pale flowers where pools of dew are,
 My heart fares to that eldant street
 Where you are.

(Friday)
 Where you are every man a knave
 Adept in every known deceit!
 Ah, worn and lonely one, be brave
 To know each courtier for a cheat!
 My fair friends here are chic, discreet,
 And some, no doubt, intensely true are,
 But none is pretty and petite
 As you are!

(Saturday)
 I'm coming home! Life's incomplete
 Where dear delights so flat and few are;
 And, town or no, all good things meet
 Where you are!

—Edward W. Barnard.

The New Rest Cure.

If you want to be cured by the cure
 That's the latest and snappiest
 "stunt,"
 You must sit on a chair with your feet
 in the air,
 And your toes pointing well to the front.
 You must stretch out your muscular
 arms,
 Your mouth like an "O" must be
 drawn;
 Then throw your head back till your
 collar-studs crack,
 And yawn, yawn, yawn.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

School in 1950.

TEACHER (to a newly arrived pupil): "Have you your vaccination certificate with you?"
 "Yes, sir." "Have you been inoculated against croup?" "Yes, sir."
 "Have you been vaccinated with the cholera bacillus?" "Yes, sir." "Have a written certificate that you have been made immune against whooping-cough, measles and scarlatina?" "Yes, sir."
 "Will you promise never to use the sponge and slate-pencil of your neighbour?" "Yes, sir." "Are you willing that at least once every week all your books be thoroughly fumigated with sulphur, and your clothes be disinfected with mercuric bichloride?" "Yes, sir."
 "Very well, then, as you possess all the necessary protective measures prescribed by our modern hygienic requirements, you may enter that wire enclosure, sit upon that aluminium seat and begin your lessons."

Famous Negro's Visit.

The most remarkable negro of our time, Mr. Booker T. Washington, was visiting London when the mail left on September 4. This is the highly-cultured black man whose acceptance of an invitation to the White House a few years ago actually imperilled the chances of Mr. Roosevelt's party in the Southern States, where race prejudice is rampant.

Mr. Washington has been called the Moses of the coloured race. He was born a slave, in a typical log cabin of the Uncle Tom order, and he endured the slave's lot of poverty and hardship. At the age of fourteen he went on tramp, like David Copperfield, ragged and penniless. Having obtained his freedom, he walked 500 miles to a negro school in

search of the education for which he hungered.

The first thing the freed slave had to do on gaining his freedom was to give himself a name. Booker Washington is probably the only famous man who has had the privilege of naming himself. When he arrived at the negro school he was asked his name. For the first time he realised that he was a nameless nobody, so he replied, mechanically, "Booker Washington."

The "nameless nobody" became a brilliant educationalist and a splendid orator. He founded his now celebrated teaching establishment for negroes, the

Tuskegee Institute, in a small building so dilapidated that when it rained an umbrella had to be held over the teacher's head. To-day the Institute consists of 83 buildings on an estate of 2300 acres, with 156 teachers and officers and 2000 students. It has sent out over 6000 negro men and women completely trained for service in the States.

A Long Meanwhile.

Sir Rufus Isaacs, the eminent K.C., who lives at No. 32, Park-lane, has evolved many of his great legal triumphs in that home. His house is seldom in darkness. Every day he rises at five o'clock in the morning, sometimes earlier. He works from five to half-past eight, when, after a good breakfast, he goes off to his chambers and the courts.

He returns at seven for dinner, and then, if he has not a public dinner or meeting to attend, he goes to the theatre. But his day is by no means over.

After the theatre, back he goes to his cosy study, where he goes through his briefs, often poring over them until the small hours of the morning.

Sir Rufus recently related how he found a policeman too sharp for him, when, as a member of the Junior Bar, he once marched boldly through the Palace Yard, with the intention of reaching the foot of the House.

He succeeded in getting past the policeman on duty, who, however, detected him a second later, and, overtaking him, confronted him with the question: "Excuse me, sir, but are you a member?"

"Not yet," was the reply, "but I'm going to be soon."

"I hope you will, sir," said the policeman; "but, meanwhile, would you mind going round the other way?"

"That meanwhile," added Sir Rufus, "lasted twelve years!"

Miss Nightingale's Nerve.

During the days of her charge in the Crimea Miss Nightingale stood sometimes twenty consecutive hours superintending personally the giving out of stores and the gradual getting things into shape. She herself, so far as was humanly possible, was with the worst and most terrible cases of wounded and with the dying. It must be remembered that she had not been prepared by years of "training" in surgical work. Yet "Her nerve is wonderful," the surgeons reported; and over the sick and dying, night and day, her "slight form" was seen bending to administer to each case to the best of her power; while with the dying, "the more awful to every sense each particular case," the "greater her self-forgetfulness in the personal care of it would be till death supervened." "Before she came," said a soldier, "there was such a cussin' and sweatin'; and after that it was as holy as a church." They called her "The Lady-in-Chief," as she made her rounds through those dark barrack wards. "She could speak to one and to another, and nod and smile to us many more," was another soldier's report; "but she couldn't do it to all, you know; we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell and lay our heads on the pillow again content."



Now, unshesband, Cohen, it's the mon that gets there first with his feet that wins this race!



A blond feather on your coat! Henry Black, what does this mean?

SO NICE

"Do you think we ought to have a bigger army and a larger navy?" "Oh, yes!" replied the beautiful girl. "It would be so nice if all the boys at the dances could appear in uniform, with epaulettes and braided collars."

HE KNEW.

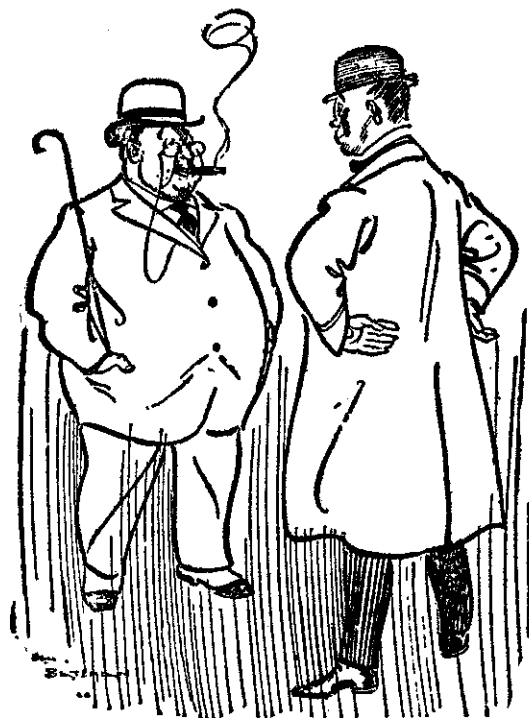
Doctor: "If your wife faints again, just throw cold water over her—quite cold water, you understand—and then—" Husband: "And then run for your life."

Friend—"What became of that young man you were engaged to last summer?" Miss Catchem (innocently)—"Which one?"

THE LAWYER AND CLIENT.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er, Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.

"Faith," said the client, "how came you to be such friends who were such foes just now?" "Thou fool," said one; "we lawyers, though so keen, Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between!"



Backer: What's it feel like to be knocked out, Bill? Successful Boxer: Well, if you takes a third of the purse and a percentage of the gate it don't feel at all bad!

WHAT'S IN A NAME!

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with Angina pectoris."

"You're partly right, Doctor," said the young man sheepishly, "only that ain't her name."

DOROTHY'S TROUBLES.

Dorothy—Mamma, how'll I know when I'm naughty? Mother—Your conscience will tell you. Dorothy—I don't care what it tells me; will it tell you?



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.

"Our Miss Gibbs." Performances every evening.



A CORKING GOOD THING TO DO.

PER FLAT.

Mrs. Neobride: "Yes, dear, I was married last month. I'd like you to call on me and see the pretty little flat I have."

Miss Jelluse: "I've seen him, my dear."



Maudie: Jackie, do try and be cheerful. I know it will come all right. Mamma, at least, is on our side. Jackie: What makes you think so? Well, dear, I heard her tell papa not to judge you too much by appearances!