

# THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

AND

## NEW ZEALAND MAIL

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### The Week in Review.

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#### 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.

#### Free School Books.

FREE school books have been a failure. That is the universal opinion of teachers and parents alike. They save no money, as nearly all parents continue to buy their own books. They are potential means of spreading disease, and as such are a source of danger to the whole school. Masters are put to an infinity of trouble in dealing them out and collecting them after the lesson is over. The children are not allowed to take them home, and so their use, at best, is limited. If they are worn out there is no provision for replacing them; if they become obsolete there are no funds available for purchasing more modern manuals. Education boards are stinted for money for the purchase of essentials, while they have to buy the free books that nobody wants. No good is done to any single human soul by the grant for books, and much irritation is caused to parents, pupils and teachers. The whole thing is simply a farce, and an expensive farce at that.

#### A Suggested Substitute.

Why should the State supply free books rather than free meals or free clothing? If it is consumed by a philanthropic desire to provide something for nothing, why not provide free drawing and copy books and stationery and writing requisites? These things constitute a heavy tax on parents' pockets; they involve no fear of contagion, and do not vex the souls of the teachers by the necessity of attending to their distribution and collection. They also do not become obsolete. Children in the higher standards use a large amount of stationery, and parents might reasonably ask the State to provide all necessary writing materials just as it provides desks and blackboards and chalk. This would be a real assistance to parents. But free books, which cannot be taken home, which are pawed and fingered by all and sundry, which must be used long after they have ceased to be of practical value for educational purposes, can only be a waste of public funds. Parents are getting to demand more and more from the State. There is a cry for free medical and dental treatment. This will be followed by an agitation for free lunches, and a bun and a glass of milk at 10.30 a.m. A "Father of Six" and a "Mother of Eight" will write to the Daily Press for free boots and a State grant to patch Tommy's knickerbockers. With the elections approaching, it is hard to refuse any demand; but the free book system has been such a conspicuous failure that our legislators might well pause and see if the money cannot be more usefully employed in free stationery and other requisites that would confer a real boon on parents and scholars.

#### Something for Nothing.

It is doubtful if we ever appreciate at its full value that which we get for nothing. Does anybody ever read with any zest the numerous papers and pamphlets distributed free throughout the colony? Experiments have been tried from time to time of issuing papers free of cost and relying on advertisements for the profit. They seldom pay. The Britisher has a profound distrust of such things. He suspects some form of confidence trick. It is the same with a public lecture—unless he pays for admission he thinks the lecture cannot be any good. A most classic instance of contempt and dislike for free institutions was evidenced in the case of an Englishman in Tahiti. The visitor had sampled too generously the vintages of sunny France, and two stalwart gendarmes conducted him tenderly and carefully to the calaboose. Here he was given a cool room in which he might repose, and as much cold water as he required. When the time came for him to leave he demanded, with all an Englishman's love for Habeas Corpus, why he had been shut up without trial. "What is the charge?" he indignantly demanded of the gold-laced official who was making minute entries of the case in a book. The Frenchman looked surprised for a moment, and then said with his most engaging smile: "There is no charge. It is all free." The Englishman spoke, and spoke volubly. But he did not speak words of thanks.

#### A Question of Dynamics.

Mr P. A. Vaile has seen fit to deplore the self-satisfaction and the assumption of the Englishman. In this respect the English afford a striking contrast to the majority of the New Zealanders. It is touching to notice how frequently our own people have to break through their natural diffidence and self-distrust in order to get other nations' right. Mr Vaile devoted a large book to the denouncing of the American men, women, and children. We have every reason to believe that his book has borne good fruit. The London Daily News is already exhorting the British to mend their ways, lest they too fall under the censure of the New Zealander. At present Mr Vaile thinks the English are false, narrow, and selfish. This applies to their home life, as well as to their business life. They lack ideas and ideals. As an instance of British conceit we may mention that Sir J. J. Thomson, in a lecture before the Royal Society, had the temerity to differ from Mr Vaile on a question of dynamics. Sir James is regarded in England as the greatest living physicist, and seeing that his friends rank him with the late Lord Kelvin, we may assume that he knows a little about mathematics. But, what Mr Vaile has called "the self-satisfaction and assumption of the Englishman" is shown by the fact that this comparative tyro has dared to differ from Mr Vaile himself. Quite a controversy has arisen between the two men, but there can be little doubt that the Hector of the Royal Society must eventually go down before the Achilles of New Zealand.

#### The Awakening of Britons.

It is an interesting question as to whether the English are really as narrow, selfish and false as Mr. Vaile imagines. We are so prone in New Zealand to take a broad, wide, cosmopolitan view of men and manners that other people appear narrow by comparison. We study foreign politics, we know all about M.

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Briand, and we thoroughly understand the complications that have arisen over the Bagdad railway. Our interests are world-wide. But the Englishman sees little beyond his Veto Bill, and Home Rule, and Naval Estimates. To us he naturally appears narrow. But by comparison with other continental nations we believe the English are fairly broad-minded. They take far more interest in their colonies than the French do in theirs; they have no illiterate peasantry like Russia; they are not sunk in superstition like many of the people of Southern Europe. Since Mr. Vaile issued his celebrated "Wake Up, England," the people have been less lethargic. Perhaps we can expect a yet greater awakening when Sir Joseph Ward confronts them with his bewildering statistics, and Dr. Findlay instructs them with his fine-spun subtleties. The dense pall of ignorance will be lifted.

#### Twain Orators.

Imagine the delight and wonder with which the inhabitants of the British Isles will learn from our Premier that during the month of December no fewer than 3,214,123 eggs were laid by the fowls of the colony. That of these 1,187,927 were laid down in pickle by our industrious and thrifty housewives. That no fewer than 963,429 eggs were used for cakes and puddings, and that of the remainder 347,889 were fried for breakfast, and the balance were either boiled, poached, or scrambled. They will learn how a wicked opposition tried to make out that poultry farming was ruining the large landowner and driving capital from the country. And Dr. Findlay will regale them with a delicate and polished speech on the evolution of the top hat. He will trace its origin from the feathers of the Indian, through the women's headgear of the middle ages, down to the shiny, glossy product of to-day. He will compare the hat to the progress of humanity. First the crude animal stage and animal adornment. Then the narrow apex of kings and nobles resting on the broad basis of the people. Finally he completed article when every part reflected also the shining sun of unfettered intellect and freedom. We look forward to great things from the visit of our Prime Minister and our tacile and clever Attorney-General.

#### American Justice.

The called reports of the Schenk trial afford much food for reflection on the methods of administering justice in America. There is often a good deal of betting on the result of famous trials in England and even in New Zealand, but it is seldom that professional book-

makers make a book on the event. We are, however, told that in the Schenk case the Sheriff's men were for some time engaged in clearing the bookmakers from the precincts of the court-house. Montague Williams used to complain that the effect of his best speeches was always spoilt by the judge's summing up. In the case under review the judge had the consideration to sum up before counsel made their speeches. Mrs. Schenk was allowed to be interviewed before the trial, and the interviews were published. Counsel were allowed every latitude in the matter of vituperation. One lawyer described the prisoner as "a foul-mouthed harpy with a heart of flint, incapable of love, of sympathy, or of affection of any kind. Urging a verdict of guilty, Mr. Handlan exclaimed, "My God, gentlemen, you know this woman is as guilty, as hell itself." The Americans certainly do their best to make a trial sensational.

#### Japan and the Pacific.

Considerable interest has been excited of late by the reported movements of the Japanese. Stories, more or less well authenticated, have been current of Japanese spies visiting different islands in the Pacific, in the guise of fishermen. There are rumours of unwelcome activity on the vessels of the Australasian squadron. There is an uncomfortable feeling abroad that something is in the air. The American papers persistently deny that there is any fear of war between Japan and the United States. A new trade treaty between the two countries has been ratified, and Japan has "pledged her honour" to prevent the influx to the United States of undesirable coolies. So far all seems well. But many thoughtful Americans consider that sooner or later Japan must aim at supremacy in the Pacific. On this subject General Homer Lea speaks with conviction. He says that the future of Japan depends basically upon the possession of a sufficient number of positions, so distributed in the Pacific that they command all trade routes to and from the East and West. Failure to secure these, he says, will in time relegate her to the environs of her rocky islands, and "like Egypt, though twenty-nine centuries shall pass, she shall rise up not again forever."

#### The Weakness of America.

General Lea shows with masses of figures how much stronger Japan is than the United States both on land and sea. America relies on her militia; Japan has trained soldiers. He shows the weakness of militia by pointing out that in the civil war, 29,000 officers were cashiered and 100,000 soldiers deserted.

Japan has over a million men in the regular army, the United States less than 50,000. Fortified Japanese battleships carry 132 heavy guns against 164 heavy guns in twenty-four American battleships. Of the population of the States, 30,000,000 are of foreign parentage. In New York alone, there are 750,000 Germans, 250,000 Russians, nearly 500,000 Italians, and another 750,000 Poles, Austrians, etc. America has no transports, Japan has over a hundred steamers. In the Spanish-American war fourteen men died of disease to one in the battlefield. In the Japanese war with Russia, four deaths resulted from bullets to one from sickness.

#### An American Alliance.

But against these facts must be set the attitude of Great Britain. Treaty, or no treaty, England could not afford to see Japan gain the mastery of the Pacific by establishing herself on the Californian coast. Admiral Mahan thinks the interests of Japan, America, and England are too closely allied to admit of war. It is of supreme importance to all three that the naval supremacy of Great Britain should not be exchanged for that of Germany, and Japan and America are the only two naval states which can afford to help Great Britain on the sea, because they alone have no land frontiers which march with those of Germany. Any war which tended to weaken British supremacy would be simply disastrous to all the Powers in the Pacific, and Admiral Mahan frankly declares that there must be an alliance between England and the States, based on commercial relations, community of speech, and political interests and traditions.

#### Publicity and the Public.

Public curiosity has been considerably excited by the announcement that publication of even the name of a case tried in Wellington has been forbidden, and the question has been revived as to how far the suppression of reports of cases really serves the public interest. Last year a writer in "Starland's New Zealand Journal" urged that the publication of the details of suicides and other tragedies of life was detrimental to the moral welfare of the community and should be excluded from the columns of the daily papers. If the saying that "no news is good news" holds good, it follows that all news is bad news. The bulk of all news is more or less tragedy. Take any ordinary London paper and you will find it full of the darker side of life. Ruskin insists that we do not take sufficient notice of these tragedies. In the first chapter of "Sesame and Lilies," he prints in red ink a report of an inquest that was full of the darkest details. If the papers do not throw any light of publicity on the dark corners of the earth, who shall say what abuses may not go unchecked?

#### The Duty of the Press.

In the "Hibbert Journal" for last April, there appeared an article on "Imprisonment," in which all the horrors of a prison were printed in most lurid colours. The writer complained, amongst other things, that no report ever appeared in the papers of the innumerable attempts at suicide made by prisoners. If his story is true, then the suppression of facts has only helped to perpetrate a state of things which should be remedied. Then again we must remember that many cases of murder could be made to look like suicide and vice versa. When a dead body is found the public wants to know the cause of death. Publicity has often helped to clear up a mystery, the absence of it might easily help to conceal crime. A newspaper exists to give news. It cannot be edited entirely in the interests of the young persons or those of weak intellect. The editor of the "Christchurch Press" thinks there is a presumption in favour of the view that newspapers are for the same population of the country. No sane person is likely to be driven to suicide or crime by reading the published accounts of either. People who are not sane should have papers specially prepared for them, or they might be restricted to one or two journals that were specially designed to cater for people of weak mind. But it is neither practicable nor desirable that our daily papers should print only the bright things of life to the neglect of all that betrays human frailty and human folly.

# The Intellectual Prodigy of British Politics.

## Viscount Morley, of Blackburn.

II ORD MORLEY is to-day, says the "London Chronicle," "the greatest living liberal," and the "London Post" sees additional reason to honour him because he is the one living Briton who has ever stood at the head of two professions. They are literature and statesmanship. Society has paid homage to him no less than democracy. It seems strange to the "London Times" that the Liberals never thought of making him Prime Minister; and, stranger still, that gifts for administration so splendid as his should have disclosed themselves so late.

a dozen George Henry Leweses, George Eliots, and Anthony Trollopes could not, he declares, have made "The Fortnightly" the organ it became in the fifteen years during which John Morley filled the editorial chair. "And they would have hardly succeeded in showing a list of contributors led by such men as George Meredith, Algernon Swinburne, Thomas Huxley, and Herbert Spencer." Even Thomas Carlyle asked some of the "young lions" of "The Fortnightly" to come to see him, and admitted that there were pieces in it from time to time that spoke well for "the discerning eye of this Morley loon." As George Henry Lewes

His name was already known to the literary world through his books on Voltaire and Burke. He was forty-five before he reached the House of Commons; but in a few years Gladstone had him in the ministry. The announcement one morning that John Morley was the new Irish secretary was the first clear indication, says the London "News," of the most momentous departure in policy made in our time. It meant that Home Rule was the official, inspired and accepted programme of the English Liberal party. It startled the country then. It soon became apparent that Morley was breathing into the atmosphere of Britain's public life the quality it most lacked, "the quality," says our contemporary, "of instructed and of lofty moral fervour." It was that quality which made Victorian politics great to the daily we quote. "There is now no one left who can use the stops of the great political organ suitably save Morley and he in these days uses them rarely." Still a speech by Morley is an event and will remain one while he survives.

Morley has never been a religious man. He passed through his Oxford life when the star of Newman had set and when the sun of Mill was high in the heavens. He regards religion, writes Algernon Cecil in "The Monthly Review" (London), as subject to all the pangs of dissolution. The intellectual ideals of Morley have always been Voltaire and Mill and he even contemplates with melancholy wonder the ages of belief, as "the too short ages of conviction and self-sufficiency." Tone, temper and habit of mind are all conveyed by Morley's style. He has long been renowned as the one politician whose writings prove the adage that the style is the man. "No one can lay down any book of his without being braced, stimulated, deepened, without being more conscious of the nobility of life, above all of the nobility of Morley's life." His manner is always French in its lucidity, always English in its reserve—"admirably suited to the needs of modern oratory, but possessing a certain stateliness of motion which reminds us that the grand manner is not altogether dead." There is a world of light upon Morley's character in the circumstance that to him Lucretius is the first of poets. "What are we to make of a British politician," asks the London "Post," "whose favourite poet is Lucretius?" But to the writer in "The Monthly Review" Morley reflects himself in his beloved Latin master whose distinguishing characteristic is a certain kind of noble pride and positive assertion of his own opinions.

The popular reading of his keen, cold, intellectual features has stood Morley in good stead, says the London "Standard," with a democracy which respects character. Yet are there veterans in Bohemia, who still remember him as a gay and genial companion. Even when his reputation had been established as a man of letters and as an interpreter of radical doctrine he did not turn his back upon the pleasure of the town. "In the long years of intimate association with Joseph Chamberlain it is safe to say that the education did not turn exclusively on party tactics and the epigrams of Voltaire."

Of the literary standards in vogue among the well-to-do classes in both England and the United States, Morley loves to speak in terms of contempt. He heartily agreed with the late Edwin Lawrence Godkin that the Anglo-Saxon world is infested with quack essayists, quack philosophers, quack novelists, quack poets and quack reviewers. Along among the great editors of the world he concedes the justice of the complaint, according to the London "Post," that literary honours go, like kissing, by favour. He once professed distrust of the powers of a poet whose work, he was told, appeared in all the leading periodicals of England and America. "His limitations," said Morley, "must be innumerable."

It is a rather lonely domestic life that Viscount Morley, as he has become, leads in the solitude of the splendid library of his London home. His passion, apart from books and politics, is the dog. He owns some splendid spaniels and they are to him the companions of his walks. He insists that women should take an active part in politics, the suffragettes claiming him, rightly or wrongly—it is not very apparent which—as a champion of their cause. He loves the rose, the violin and the symphonies of Beethoven and next to the land that has so honoured him he loves France.



VISCOUNT MORLEY, OF BLACKBURN.

Who is leading the House of Lords for the Government during the illness of the Earl of Crewe.

Nearly 40 years have come and gone since George Henry Lewes, who was about to resign the editorship of the "Fortnightly Review"—which he, Anthony Trollope, and the Chapmans had founded in 1865—introduced Frederick Harrison to John Morley as his successor. Morley, who was then little more than 27, relates how Harrison, in the "London Nation," was not known to the general public outside the staff of certain journals and reviews, notably "The Saturday Review." But Harrison can not forget, after all these years, the pride and confidence Lewes expressed in the choice of his successor, a pride and confidence fully shared by George Eliot, who was herself a contributor to the new review and deeply interested in its success. Frederick Harrison had written, in the first number, and was still a constant writer; but he was doubtful, he confesses, if it were policy to exchange such a veteran as Lewes for so young an editor as Morley. "He'll make far more of it than I ever could," said Lewes, in his generous way. And George Eliot, with all her belief in the senior's versatility, was ready to echo the same thing. The world now knows they were right, adds Harrison himself. Half

said when his successor was only 27, Morley was a born editor. It was as editor that Gladstone placed him at one bound in the foremost place in his Cabinet of 1886. Stead said at the time in his "Pall Mall" extra that Morley was "the first editor in this country who has ever been made a Cabinet Minister." He passed from his chair at Northumberland-street to his office in Dublin Castle and to his seat in Downing street, which is the official home of a British ministry. He was in due time to crown his literary and editorial career with one of the world's great biographies, as the London "Nation" calls it—Morley's "Life of Gladstone."

No man ever made a more dramatic entrance into public life, avers the London "News" in its sympathetic study of him whom the world now knows as Viscount Morley of Blackburn, although at his birth in Blackburn itself, seventy-three years ago, as a son of a surgeon he became plain John. Nothing dramatic emerges in the dry chronicles which all works of reference make of his long career. Educated at Cheltenham College and at Lincoln College, Oxford, he joined Lincoln's Inn when he was thirty-five.

# Sayings of the Week.

## Be New Zealanders First.

LOVE the Mother Country, but be colonialists and New Zealanders first. Don't be tacked on to anyone, and then you will become a great people like the United States.—*Monsignor Fowler*, Wellington.

## Troubles of a Mayor.

It is really astonishing the number of people who make application to me for employment, especially men who are incapacitated—crippled in some manner—from doing manual labour.—*Mr. T. M. Wisford*, Mayor of Wellington.

## An Intelligent Board.

There was nobody on the Auckland Harbour Board who knew "port" from "starboard" in shipping.—*Mr. C. V. Houghton*, manager N.Z. Shipping Co.

## A Master of Craft.

The owners of small craft were a struggling community, and many of them had already asserted that they might as well take to pick and shovel work or dig gum.—*Captain Hemsford*, secretary Coastal Masters' Association.

## Tidy Trams.

Advertising in the tram cars was nothing less than vandalism. The people of Auckland, where the cars were used for advertising purposes, would be glad to stop the practice, but they had not the power, because the trams were in the hands of a private company. Wellington should afford a lead to other cities, and maintain the reputation the tram system now held for tidiness.—*Mr. Fletcher*, Wellington City Council.

## Amateur Football.

It is amateur football that we want. We have heard a lot of talk lately about the professional game, but I am convinced that it will never prosper in New Zealand. In my own experience as an officer of the New Zealand Rugby Union, we have received applications (sometimes repeated two or three times) from members who—on the impulse of the moment, and attracted by inducements held out—went over to the professional game, and have regretted it ever since.—*Mr. N. Galbraith*, treasurer N.Z. Rugby Union.

## The March of Events.

And we also met the representative of New Zealand, a land so far away, and yet so near to the heart of the Mother Country. You will note, I feel sure, the amazing change that a few short years have brought to bear upon the representative character of the self-governing dominions, now no longer a number of important and widely-scattered states, but four great nations—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—prepared to discuss in a few months at the Imperial Conference, through four Prime Ministers, with our own Prime Minister, the pressing problems of the British Empire. The march of events has been wonderful indeed.—*The Duke of Connaught*.

## A Wise Step.

It seems to me New Zealand was wise to keep out of the Federation of Australia.—*Dr. F. W. Ward*.

## Our Character.

The New Zealander is unconventional, cultivated, and keenly interested in all manner of intellectual things, and, above all, is loyal through and through.—*The Rev. Cyril Hetherington*.

## Australian Defence.

Once the command of the sea was lost by the Empire no local system of defence, naval or military, could secure Australia's autonomy, and she would be the prey of the strongest maritime Power.—*Admiral Henderson*.

## Why?

One frequently sees advertisements in the Press offering railway tickets for sale. It is a breach of the law to transfer or sell a railway ticket.—*Sub-Inspector Hendrop*.

## Harbour Dues.

The first and last aim of the Auckland Harbour Board should not be the exaction of high charges to secure increased revenue, nor to gain that end the prolongation of the time of unloading overseas steamers and other vessels, or the exaction of a high penalty for quick discharge of freight, but rather by a safe and solid progressiveness, by prudent and economical administration, by the providing of requisite and efficient wharf accommodation and facilities, by the imposition of moderate and reasonable charges, to advance and popularise the port, which was unequalled in New Zealand or few other countries for the richness of its endowments.—*Mr. E. W. Atison*, of the Shipowners' Federation.

## The New Zealand Press.

The New Zealand Press, as represented by Auckland and Wellington, and allowing for difference in news material available, was quite as good as the metropolitan Press of Australia. It was certainly surprisingly good for cities of their size. Comment was admirably written, and was dignified and good in its literary form, and the news clean and vigorously and graphically presented. The writing, taking it on the whole, was excellent, and there was a very high intellectual average.—*Dr. F. W. Ward*, Editor of the "Sydney Daily Telegraph."

## Hope for Ireland.

There never was a time in the history of Ireland since her persecutions that things looked so bright for her. England seemed about to do her justice. England had been just to New Zealand and Australia, and Canada, but not to Ireland, her neighbour. She seemed now about to give what should have been conceded long ago—Home Rule, the right to govern her own country.—*Monsignor Fowler*, Wellington.

## Fast Trains.

It seemed as if some people could not bear to see a fast train pass their settlement. But if the Government gave way and made all the stoppages that were asked of fast trains, the journeys would be lengthened to an unreasonable extent. The interests of long-distance passengers had to be considered as well as those of the dwellers along the lines.—*Hon. J. A. Millar*.

## Exclusion of Aliens.

It is sometimes said that the same tests should be applied to Oriental as to European immigration. But this is not true. The Orientals will not make Americans; therefore, Oriental immigration should be restricted. Some European immigrants will make good American citizens; therefore, European immigrants should be carefully selected. European immigration should be restricted to those who will add to the value of our citizenship.—*Mr. Roosevelt*.

## Saints and Sinners.

The Court does not pay much atten-



THE KAISER AS SEEN BY CONTINENTAL CARTOONISTS.

Kaiser Wilhelm: "Down with beer! My own speeches are enough to intoxicate you!"

The German census shows a population of 85 millions. The Kaiser therefore thinks the fittest person to receive the Order of Merit is the stork—the bird which most German children are taught brings all the babies.

The cake-walk is quite out of date, and no one now dances anything but the new jig invented by William II.

## Self Help.

The safety of the Empire rested on the self-governing power given to its people, which was safer and surer than any Republican form of Government. They could best help the Mother Country by helping themselves, and the public men of Australia were to-day facing this question in all earnestness and with all determination.—*Mr. McGowan*, State Premier, N.S.W.

## Revolt Not War.

Some thought that the growth of armaments would lead to war, but it was more likely to end by the revolt of the masses against the taxation necessitated.—*Sir Edward Grey*.

## A Modern Sisyphus.

Money is spent galore—the waste of the public funds is awful. Within the past year, at the top of Hepburn-street, the workmen have been busy widening and levelling the paths, and then as soon as they were finished started tearing them up again for some unknown reason.—*Mr. O'Connell*, Pousouby.

## Good Church-goers.

I visited Brousa, where the first six sultans are entombed, a stronghold to-day of conservative reactionary Mohammedanism. We could count 60 mosques from the windows of the girls' school. One hundred thousand Mohammedans in a city of 120,000, and 95 per cent of them go regularly to the mosques for prayer! That is the sort of thing that makes you stop and think.—*Mr. C. H. Patton*.

## Hands Across the Sea.

At present there were upwards of thirteen million of the white British race in occupation of overseas territories. They were as loyal and as anxious to maintain an ascendant Imperial position as ever in the Empire's history, but the duty lay before the statesmen of the Motherland and the overseas Dominions to join hands more closely if the Empire was to be maintained inviolable and intact.—*Sir Joseph Ward*.

## Poor Old England.

I am convinced that the tendency of life in England to-day is towards selfishness, falseness, and narrowness, and I think that these exist, even in family life, to a greater extent than I have seen elsewhere, while the desire always to appear something better, than that which one is, to pose as being better bred, or "better off," amounts almost to a craze.—*Mr. P. A. Yate*.

## D.T.

The frequency of these delirium tremens cases at the Auckland Hospital is getting to be something very like a scandal.—*Mr. P. M. Mackay*, Auckland Charitable Aid Board.

## The Higher Power.

I cannot but express hearty sympathy with the efforts, and successful efforts, which have been made to show that in our endeavours to understand the wonders of Nature, we have ever brought before us the fact that there are innumerable mysteries in Nature which can never be accounted for by the operations with which science makes us familiar, but which demands the intervention of some Higher Power than anything man's intellect can comprehend.—*Dr. A. R. Wallace*.

tion to saints. The Court will sit on St. Patrick's Day.—*Sir Robert Stout*.

## Plain Andrew.

He would not accept a title of any kind. It was time men refused the titles and honours offered them.—*Mr. Andrew Fisher*, Federal Premier.

## Drink and Crime.

Ignorant people were liable to misconstrue the dictum of the Chief Justice of the High Court that drunkenness was never a defence unless it amounted to unsoundness of mind. The commonsense view expressed in the criminal code of West Australia was that where particular intent was an element of an offence, evidence of intoxication was relevant to show that the accused person had not the capacity to form the intent.—*Mr. Justice McMillan*.

## Meddling Legislation.

Priests, police, and paid politicians, backed up by meddling fools who rush in where angels fear to tread, are fast making the best little country on earth a land of tyranny, and making it hateful to any true lover of freedom. I should not be at all surprised to see legislation introduced to make it illegal to breathe in New Zealand without a Government license.—*Mr. J. L. Stevens*, Auckland.

## The Housewife's Health is Precious

The happiness of the whole family depends greatly on the health and strength of the housewife. If she is weak and worn out, fretful and nervous, she cannot be the wise and patient adviser of her children, the congenial companion of her husband, the calm mistress of her many trying household duties that she was when in perfect health.

For such women nothing equals

## Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Extract

the peerless tonic and appetiser, which is so pleasant to the taste that it agrees with the most delicate stomach, yet is certain in its strength-renewing and body-building effects. It has not even the faintest taste of cod liver oil, and millions of people in all parts of the world unite in praising its value as a restorer of health and vigour. Get it at your chemist's, and be sure you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

# News of the Dominion.

## OUR WELLINGTON LETTER.

WELLINGTON, March 18.

### The Coronation Exodus.

FOR the last few weeks every steamer leaving here for Sydney has been "packed to the doors," so to speak, and the direct liners for London have had all their first and second saloon accommodation engaged for weeks beforehand. The reason is the unusual exodus by New Zealanders Londonwards, attracted in chief part by the prospect of seeing the coronation. Whether they will all get good places for the big ceremony and the procession is, of course, extremely doubtful. There will, perhaps, be a couple of thousand New Zealanders in London at the coronation time, and they will all expect the High Commissioner to interest himself on their behalf. Amongst the prominent Wellingtonians who have left for London are Mrs. Seddon and most of her family. Young Captain Dick Seddon leaves to-morrow for England to undergo a course of military training, and he will fall in with the New Zealand Coronation Contingent of soldiers when it assembles in London. Chief Judge Jackson Palmer, of the Native Land Court, goes to London also; he has not been in very good health lately, and has been granted six months leave of absence. Many prominent South Islanders have passed through here on their way to the Old Land. Amongst them is Mr. G. H. Whitcombe, of Christchurch, managing director of the publishing and book-selling firm of Whitcombe and Tombs; he intends seeing the coronation and remaining in England for two years or so, developing the business of his firm. Mr. Whitcombe, who has done a great deal in the way of publishing books on New Zealand subjects by New Zealand authors takes with him the MSS. of several new books, which he intends publishing in London.

### The Territorial Defence Scheme.

The military training camp at Taurenikau, near Featherston, is over, after a strenuous two months. Those officers and non-coms who have successfully emerged from the ordeal are now posted to their various districts; the list published in the dailies this week occupied nearly a column. Their first duties will be to compile the rolls of all young men liable to serve in the Territorial forces in their district. Then they will be required to keep up the specified establishment of corps in their areas by calling upon the youths from time to time to report themselves as to their training. One result will be that the existing volunteer corps will be confined chiefly to those under twenty-one years of age; the idea is to form the older men into a reserve force. All these things take time, and the work of registration in the various areas will probably occupy most of the winter. The Defence Department expects to be able to hold the first general training camp up on the Waimarino plains early next summer.

Amongst the New Zealand soldiers who have received important appointments in the reorganised defence forces is Captain J. T. Bowditch, of Auckland, who is to be Assistant Adjutant and Assistant Quartermaster-general in the Wellington district. This appointment is very generally approved of here by officers who know Captain Bowditch. He has been a hard-working volunteer officer for many a year in the "A" Battery of Field Artillery in Auckland, and he saw service in two of New Zealand's contingents in the Boer War. His service in the Telegraph Department in Auckland will assist him when he takes up his new administrative duties in Wellington.

Kipling in one of his soldier-songs says that "the backbone of the army is the non-commissioned man." The truth of this was pretty conclusively proved in at least one respect at the Taurenikau Camp. As a sort of "breaking up ceremony" the officers and non-coms held a sports ginkhana on the camp ground, in the presence of Major-General Godley. Nearly all the sports competitions were carried off by the sergeant majors of the forces. The most exciting event was the tug-of-war between officers and staff-sergeant-major, which was won by the non-coms. Their superior weight was irresistible; "Beer" told every time. The

officers are mostly on the slim side in build; they wanted a real weighty anchor man, as for instance, Colonel Collins of the Treasury, whose stalwart, fair, round figure graces most military gatherings seen this way.

### A Suggested Maori Troupe for London.

I hear that on good authority that a cablegram was received by the Government this week from the High Commissioner in London, asking whether the New Zealand authorities could arrange to dispatch a troupe of fifty Maoris, including four wood-carvers, to London to take part in Kralof's big Empire Festival, or whatever it is called at Coronation time. The company, the message added, would have to leave New Zealand in three weeks time. The news has not been given to the daily newspapers at the time of writing; why, it is hard to say, for the Government are seldom reticent about a message of that kind. But no doubt the native authorities are holding back until they have thought the matter out hard.

In all probability the fifty Maoris are intended to supplement Maggie Papanui's very tame troupe of Rotoman natives, who have lately toured Australia, and who are now on their way to England, financed by a syndicate of New Zealanders and Australians. However, it is not likely that the Government will take any such step as is suggested. In the first place, no team of Maoris worth sending away could be got together in three weeks. Three months would be little enough for the purpose. Meetings of the principal tribes would have to be called, and the best qualified men and women selected. But the principle of the thing is altogether wrong. The Maoris have been exploited in the past for show purposes by private individuals and syndicates. The result of this is to make outsiders look upon them as interesting curiosities, nicely tamed for stage purposes. The Maori is worthy of better things; and he would be more usefully and profitably employed in farming his lands than in dancing mch-bowdlerised hakas and singing pidgin-Maori songs to the tune of the "Little Brown Jug" or "Daisy Bell" for the amusement of Cockney crowds.

### A Scientist in the Cannibal Islands.

Dr. Albert Lewis, American ethnologist, who has been on a specimen-collecting tour through the wild islands of the Western Pacific, for the Field Museum in Chicago, is an interesting visitor in our midst just now. Dr. Lewis is a pleasant-looking young scientist, with little of the conventional professor about him, except his spectacles. His museum sent him out to New Guinea, New Britain, and the Solomon Islands to gather up weapons, implements, ornaments and other trifles, illustrative of the life and ways of the woolly-headed Papuans and "Man Solomon," and he has succeeded in so far that he has got about four thousand specimens. In fact, he has got pretty well everything but a collection of dried human heads — "eds are "off" in more senses than one sometimes in the nigger islands of the Western Pacific. Dr. Lewis didn't lose his — which from the Solomon Islanders' point of view is quite a pity, for a nice-looking scientist's head, with its glasses, would look very fine adorning the bows of a war-canoe. "Man Solomon" has a very pretty taste in figureheads. Dr. Lewis tells me that he spent pretty well a year knocking about in German New Guinea, hunting up the fuzzy-headed Papuans in their villages and buying their clubs and bows and arrows and things. The German authorities at Herbert-hole treated him well, and he saw some of the country in company with the Governor. New Guinea is an immense country; Dr. Lewis travelled up one of its rivers for quite two hundred miles by steamer. Then he went across to the big island of New Britain, where the merry cannibal still boils or roasts his enemies according to taste, and where the wild bushmen make occasional raids on the coastal tribes. Thence to the Solomon Islands, where he cruised along the coasts by motor-launches, which were usually in a state of breakdown. The Solomons are safe enough on the coast, for the most part, but a white man's head isn't always secure on his shoulders inland, in spite of the "pax Britannica." Now Dr. Lewis has

had enough of the tropics and coral reefs and cockroach-infected trading-craft for a bit, and is going to cool off down in the Otago Lakes country before crossing the Pacific again. During the Doctor's stay in Wellington, Mr. A. Hamilton, of the Dominion Museum, has taken him under his wing, and has given him much fraternal assistance, such as a room in the Museum, in which to carry out his work.

### Snobbliness in Hymns—A Minister's Protest.

There is at least one minister of religion down this way who doesn't make any secret of his aversion for some of the puerile compositions that find a place in church hymn-books. This gentleman is the Rev. A. Thomson, of the Petone Presbyterian Church. "There is a verse in one of our hymns that I never give out to be sung," said he at a Harvest Thanksgiving service last Sunday. "There is a germ of truth in the words, but they are liable to be misinterpreted. The verse is:

"The rich man in his castle,  
The poor man at his gate;  
God made them high and lowly,  
And ordered their estate."

"Now," said Mr. Thomson, "I do not believe that poverty is ordered by God. It is rather the result of the faulty social conditions under which we live, and for which we are responsible. This verse seems to uphold the doctrine of Acceptance—a doctrine which I think is false and certainly not uplifting. This is why the verse is always omitted when we sing the hymn."

Mr. Thomson's sentiments will be echoed by a great many New Zealand churchgoers. Intelligent men and women must often feel something like disgust when they are called upon to sing some of the twaddle that the old-fashioned hymnals hold.

### Free Baths for Wharf Labourers.

The Wellington Harbour Board is well-known as the most enterprising body of its kind in New Zealand. It occasionally makes a blunder, as, for instance, that abortive deck scheme; but its general business methods are excellent, and its well-equipped wharves are justly the pride of the city. The Board's latest idea is to provide free baths for its employees on the wharves. There are several hundred wharf labourers on the water front, and these men will doubtless greatly appreciate the innovation. The baths proposal was first made three years ago by Mr. R. Fletcher, the present chairman of the Board, and at last the idea has come to fruition. The baths now provided are on the first floor of one of the Board's big goods stores and the water front, close to the Sailors' Rest. There are eight enclosed shower-baths, and half-a-dozen wash-hand basins. Hot water, as well as cold, is provided; and the wharf lumper will have to provide when he comes along after his day's toil will be his own towel and soap. Dressing-lockers will be provided free later, says the Board chairman, should they be required.

### A Proposed Maori Newspaper.

I hear that a Maori newspaper, to be published fortnightly, will make its first appearance in Wellington shortly. It will be called, probably, "Te Waka Maori" ("The Maori Canoe"), or "Te Maori." Mr. Charles R. Parata, native agent (a son of Mr. T. Parata, M.P. for the Southern Maori district), is the moving spirit in the scheme. The native people have long felt the want of a journal which should inform them of the news of the day in their own language, and which shall above all voice the national feeling, and advocate the political and social claims of the race and work for a reform in the land laws. There have been many Maori prints at various times, but none of them have ever exercised much influence. This new paper, however, holds promise of useful things.

### Rights of Labour.

Mr. McLaren, M.P., has sent to the executive of the Trades Councils suggestions for a National Congress of the Labour party in New Zealand. "It is clear, I think," he says, "that on the industrial side we have reached a point where every thinking man amongst us must consider these questions:—

- (1) Is the arbitration law of any further use to the workers?
- (2) If it is, what united demands shall we make to have it effectively and justly administered?

(3) If it is not, what can we demand in substitution for it?

(4) What are to be the rights of labour unions and federation within the law?

"On the political side of our movement," says Mr. McLaren, "we have to face the glaring fact that in spite of the wide franchise, both local and general, labour is a very minor quantity in the Parliament and Councils of our country. Parliament is full of representatives of the capitalist and landlord class. Local bodies are much the same in personnel, and meantime the workers are quarrelling amongst themselves about formulae, technical rules, abstraction, and questions of priority, whilst our country is going to the exploiters, and the fat men are becoming even more aggressive. We have never demanded of the workers in the mass the recognition of the truth that they are the body of the nation, and brain as well, and their proper function in a democratic country is to govern in politics, as they have to create in the industries. Also, that their part of politics should be entered on as a real downright business, and not as the pastime of petty debate. It is because I believe strongly that labour is facing grave dangers in this country, and that it also has grand opportunities (if grasped), that I appeal to you most earnestly to act boldly in the present period, which is a critical one for Labour."

Mr. H. L. Horning, president of Auckland Trades and Labour Council, when interviewed last week on the subject said that Mr. McLaren was right in his opinion that a crisis had been reached. The cost of living had gone up, and the workers had got tired of going to the Arbitration Court, which gave them no satisfaction. The present arbitration law was right enough as far as it went, provided it were properly and impartially administered, but some radical change from present methods was becoming more and more urgent. A large number of unions had cancelled their registration in disgust, and more contemplated doing so. Mr. McLaren's suggestion regarding a congress was a good one, and he was happy to say that it was already on its way to fulfilment, in some measure at least. A conference of delegates from all Trades and Labour Councils and from outside unions would be held in Christchurch at Easter, when the very questions raised by Mr. McLaren would be discussed. Their object was to form a federation which would embrace workers of all classes in the Dominion. The only difficulty that presented itself was the existence of the New Zealand Federation of Labour, which consisted of the coal miners and a few others, but the differences of opinion between this organisation and the great body of workers were comparatively slight, and he had little doubt that they would fall in with the scheme.

### A Forest Levelled.

Remarkable damage was done by storm in the vicinity of Bainsdale (Victoria) on the night of March 9. The fury of the wind, combined with the great weight of water from the clouds, caused the destruction of an immense area of timber near Mount Taylor. A Melbourne report states: "A great gap, 10 miles by three miles, has been made in the dense forest; practically every tree being brought to the ground. Fortunately, there were no homesteads in the midst of this great mass of fallen timber, and as far as can be learnt no loss of life has resulted. The few settlers who witnessed the wholesale destruction of the forest were appalled by the awfulness of the scene." Mr. T. Hanrahan, whose homestead is near Mount Taylor, stated to-day that the noise made by the wind howling through the forest, and the falling of trees, was terrifying. The scene presented to the gaze, where the giants of the forest had been levelled to the ground over an area of 30 square miles, was astonishing. Trees, he stated, had been levelled as though the whole of them had been grubbed. Miles of telegraph wire had been buried beneath this timber. All the outlying roads are more or less blocked with fallen timber, and Bulunwaa-road in particular is quite impassable, even for horsemen. It is stated by Mr. Hanrahan that his haystack, weighing four and a half tons, was lifted bodily and carried a distance of two miles. The maize crop in the Dindonow and Bainsdale districts suffered severely. A great many of them were laid completely down. These will be ruined. Fully 40 per cent of the private houses in the town and its environs suffered some damage either from the wind or rain.

**Imitating the Fakoh.**

**A MAORI MAY HALLET.**

A sensation was created here yesterday when a half-caste woman, who had posed as the possessor of untold wealth, was arrested after being identified as Martha Hainui, a habitual criminal, who was released in October last on license. The woman, who has very insinuating manners, had completely dazzled business men with stories of alleged wealth. She claimed to be a daughter of Colonel MacDonald, presumably meaning Colonel MacDonnell. She was driven about by find agents, entertained by them and others, and talked of giving large benefactions for public objects in the town. When she was searched the police found she possessed only one penny. Accused was charged with false pretences this morning and remanded till to-morrow.

**The Defence Force.**

The following is a list of the regiments forming the defence force as newly organised, showing the territorial association of each. The list is arranged in order of seniority:—

- Mounted Rifles: 1st, Mounted Rifles (Canterbury Yeomanry Cavalry); 2nd, (Wellington-West Coast), Mounted Rifles; 3rd (Auckland Mounted Rifles); 4th (Waikato); 5th Mounted Rifles (Otago Hussars); 6th (Manawatu), Mounted Rifles; 7th (Southland), Mounted Rifles; 8th (South Canterbury), Mounted Rifles; 9th (Wellington-East Coast), Mounted Rifles; 10th (Nelson), Mounted Rifles; 11th (North Auckland), Mounted Rifles; 12th (Otago), Mounted Rifles.
- Infantry: 1st (Canterbury), Regiment; 2nd (South Canterbury), Regiment; 3rd (Auckland) Regiment ("Countess of Ranfurly's Own"); 4th Regiment (Otago Rifles); 5th Regiment (Wellington Rifles); 6th (Hauraki) Regiment; 7th Regiment (Wellington-West Coast Rifles); 8th Regiment (South Rifles); 9th Regiment (Wellington-East Coast Rifles); 10th Regiment (North Otago Rifles); 11th Regiment (Taranaki Rifles); 12th (Nelson) Regiment; 13th (North Canterbury) Regiment; 14th Regiment (South Otago Rifles); 15th (North Auckland) Regiment; 16th (Waikato) Regiment.

**New Parliament Buildings.**

The council of the New Zealand Institute of Architects decided to send a strong protest to the Government in regard to the conditions governing the proposed competition for the new Parliamentary Buildings. It is felt that the conditions fall far short of what is required to ensure fair competition.

**The Church and Labour.**

A remit from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of New Zealand was submitted to the Auckland Presbytery, which read as follows:—"To appoint committees to learn the aim of the Labour movement, to keep before all men the purpose of the Christian Church, and to foster fraternal relationship between the Church and Labour, and exhort all ministers to study sympathetically the cause of Labour, and to seek to assist lawful endeavours of the workers." Rev. Simpson said this was a most important matter. It was requested

that they should keep up intelligent interest in these Labour movements. He considered a small committee should be set up to keep in touch with Labour movements.

Mr. Millar considered the idea an excellent one. The conference with Labour leaders in Wellington had been most successful.

Mr. G. J. Garland moved that the matter be referred to the Committee of Religion and Morals. He said the committee should deal with social and moral questions. The multiplication of committees was not a good thing.

Rev. Simpson said as the son of a working man his sympathies were with the Labour movement. In Auckland there was a decided infidel Socialist movement, and he thought it would be well for the churches to show plainly their sympathy with the main trend of industrial advance. He would sooner have a special committee set up to deal with such an important matter. There was great need for the church to get into touch with the working men.

Finally the matter was referred to the Committee of Religion and Morals.

**An Escort and a Gun.**

A man named J. Hanny was charged at the Magistrate's Court, Napier with firing shots at three men last week, and was remanded. His statement is that men molested him when taking a girl home from a picture show, and afterwards waylaid him near his own residence. He then went into the house and got a shotgun, discharging both barrels with the object, he alleged, of frightening the men. He also states that only one man was struck by a pellet, and that the others were uninjured.

**The Mines Commission.**

The following resolution was unanimously passed at a conference of miners' delegates from Denniston, Granite, Stockton, and Mokihinui, held in Westport: "That this conference enters its strong protest against the appointment of Messrs. Betts and Fulton on Royal Commission set up by the Government to enquire into the ventilation and sanitation of coal and gold mines throughout the Dominion; further we consider that the Federation of Labour's recommendation should have been given effect to, and, in event of the federation's recommendation not being considered, the whole of the miners throughout the Dominion be asked not to give evidence or assist the commission in any way."

**Mysterious Court Case.**

A certain case which has been the subject of a good deal of talk in the town was again before the Chief Justice (Sir Robt. Stout) on Thursday, and again the proceedings were strictly private. The Registrar told the waiting pressmen that they would not be allowed to be present, and said the Court had made an order to that effect, and that the Chief Justice wished them to withdraw. Subsequently, replying through a subordinate officer of the Court to a question by the Press representatives, the Registrar said that publication of the name of the case was also forbidden.

The report from Wellington that the reporters were excluded from some Court proceedings there has attracted a good

deal of attention in Christchurch, and several wild reports concerning the identity of the parties and the nature of the case have been circulated. The rumour that a Wellington public man not unconnected with politics is concerned in a financial difficulty has won its way to the front. "We are not going to speculate concerning the nature of the Wellington case," says the "Star," "and of course anything in the shape of comment on the action would be improper, but we cannot let the policy pursued by the Court pass without a protest. We cannot conceive circumstances in which the exclusion of the Press from ordinary Court proceedings would be justified. We shall surely find that the exclusion of the reporters from the Supreme Court in Wellington will lead directly to the fullest dissemination of gossip concerning the case. The public will fill in for themselves the details that are not reported, and the grossest exaggeration will be the general rule. In a few days the names of the parties and the stories about the case will be known all over the Dominion. The curiosity of the public has been stimulated, and it will have to be satisfied. It would have been a thousand times better from every point of view if the reporters had been admitted, and a quiet word had been addressed to them from the bench as to the propriety of recording only the bare facts. Such a word would scarcely have been necessary, but it would have served the purpose that the Judge had in view."

**£1000 Worth of Jewellery Stolen.**

A burglary perpetrated at the business premises of Adolph Kohn, watchmaker and jeweller, of Auckland, sometime between 9.30 o'clock on Sunday evening and the hour of opening the shop on Monday, resulting in a "swag" of jewellery of the estimated value of £1000 being carried off, will stand on the record of crimes committed in Auckland as one of the most astonishing for colossal daring and cleverness of craftsmanship in conceiving and executing the details of the felonious enterprise. The particulars of the crime indicate that those responsible are experienced in the nefarious profession of gaining a livelihood by criminality and capable of successfully piloting through a "big job."

The business that has suffered on this occasion is being managed by Mr. F. L. Diddams, in the interests of the estate of the late Mr. Adolph Kohn, and is one of the leading shops of the kind in Auckland. The premises were closed in observance of the statutory half-holiday at 1 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and were visited by the manager, in pursuance of general custom to see that everything is safe, at 8 o'clock in the evening. The shop was also passed by him at 5 p.m. on Sunday, and by Mr. Chapman, an assistant, at 9.30 p.m., when nothing appeared to be amiss. It was upon going to business at 8 o'clock this morning that it was discovered by Mr. Diddams that the premises had been unlawfully

visited, and valuable stock removed. While a proportion of the very costly and rare jewellery and stones placed in the window for show purposes is transferred to a strong room every night, a certain quantity, for which room cannot be found, is left behind, and it was the latter goods that the burglars directed their attention upon, and the disappearance of which first attracted notice. Not only did the thieves lay hands upon the stock left in the window, but they also practically cleaned out the show case resting on the counter, and made a very judicious and careful selection of the jewellery, showing a distinct preference for articles of gold and those of smaller size that could be more easily carried away without having to make up a bulky parcel, and thus be hampered in their movements.

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CLANSMAN ... Every Monday, at 7 p.m.

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CLANSMAN ... Every Wednesday, at 8.30 p.m. No Cargo for Russell.

**For Awani, Waiharara, Houhora, Whangarei, and Mangonui**  
APANEI ... Every Monday, at 7 p.m. No Cargo Whangarei and Mangonui.

**For Whangaruru, Helena Bay, Tutukaka, and Whanauaki**  
PAEROA ... Tuesday, 21st Feb., 2 p.m.

**For Great Barrier**  
WAOTAHU ... Every Wednesday, midnight

**For Waiheke and Coromandel**  
LEAVE AUCKLAND  
DAPHNE ... Every Mon. & Thurs. Forenoon  
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CLAYMORE ... Every Thursday  
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Steamers leave Whangarei as under:—  
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2nd-11 p.m. day	9.30 a.m.	7 a.m.	10 a.m.
4th-8.45 a.m.	11 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.
6th-No cargo	9.30 a.m.	No str.	No str.
7th-8.45 a.m.	1 p.m.	11 a.m.	No str.
9th-11.45 a.m.	3 p.m.	Noon	3 p.m.
11th-11.45 a.m.	3 p.m.	No str.	5 p.m.
13th-No cargo	9.30 a.m.	No str.	No str.
14th-Saturday day	9.30 a.m.	8 a.m.	No str.
15th-8.45 a.m.	11 a.m.	8 a.m.	12 a.m.
16th-8.45 a.m.	11 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.
20th-No cargo	9.30 a.m.	No str.	No str.
21st-8.45 a.m.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.	No str.
22nd-11.45 a.m.	2 p.m.	11 a.m.	2 p.m.
23th-8.45 a.m.	1 p.m.	No str.	1 p.m.
27th-No cargo	9.30 a.m.	No str.	No str.
28th-11 p.m. day	9.30 a.m.	8 a.m.	No str.

\*Goods outward by steamers leaving on following dates, viz.:—2nd, 4th, 11th, 14th, 15th, 21st and 28th, must go from country stations by afternoon  
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Steamers.	Tons.	Captains.	Leave Sydney.
MONGOLIA	10,000	C. F. Preston, R.N.R.	April 5
MOULTAN	10,000	R. L. Haddock, R.N.R.	May 11
CHINA	8,000	R. Street	May 20
MALWA	11,000	C. H. S. Jocus, R.N.R.	June 3

**NEW ZEALAND SERVICE.**

Steamers.	Tons.	Captains.	Leave Auckland approximately.
Horea	11,000	W. L. Brown, R.N.R.	April 12.

\*Calling at Bombay.

\*Calling at Hobart.

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### Government Experimental Farms.

At the meeting of the executive of the Farmers' Union on Thursday the following motion, moved by Major Lusk, was carried: "That the Auckland Farmers' Union desire respectfully to assure the Government that the farmers of this provincial district are seriously hampered through the scarcity of skilled agricultural labour, and are most anxious to secure the help of the Government in subsidising the shipping companies to the extent of £7, as formerly granted, and urgently request the Government to reconsider their resolution not to assist by granting reduced fares." The Government's experimental farms came in for some adverse criticism, and the following motion was carried, "That the union forward to the other provincial executives for their opinions, as to whether a commission of recognised practical farmers to inquire into the management and practical benefits derived from the Government experimental farms should not be set up. The motion will be sent to the various provincial executives, and will come forward at the next annual conference of farmers' unions as an Auckland remit.

### A Big Work.

The Hon. R. McKenzie, Minister for Public Works, on Wednesday turned the first sod in connection with the drainage of the Rangitaiiki and Tarawera swamps, legislation dealing with which was put through last session. The whole work is estimated to cost £50,000. The estimated expenditure on the two subdivisions balances as nearly as possible, that for Tarawera being £23,100, and for Rangitaiiki £26,900. The main work on the Tarawera River will cost £11,400, and the big outlet for the Rangitaiiki River is estimated to cost £11,500. The work of cleaning out the old drains is now in progress, and machinery has been purchased for dredging the new cuts, and will be erected almost immediately.

### Cottage Hospitals.

For some time past the Waitemata Chamber of Commerce has discussed the question of a hospital for the Waitemata district, and with a view to furthering the matter a deputation recently waited on Dr. Valentine and urged upon him the necessity of securing a site in the district at an early date. At the meeting of the Chamber on Thursday evening, the deputation reported that Dr. Valentine would visit the district when he returns to Auckland, with a view to inspecting suitable sites.

Dr. W. G. Guinness (who represents the district on the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board), at the invitation of the Chamber, outlined Dr. Valentine's hospital scheme. He stated that the scheme was a general one for the whole colony, and provided for cottage hospitals in the outer districts, with a resident nurse. In the event of an accident in the outlying districts, the patient would be taken to the cottage hospital, where he would receive first aid and be cared for until able to be moved to the main hospital. The cottage hospitals were primarily receiving buses. Dr. Guinness pointed out that the Board had about 100 acres in the Northcote district, but the deputation had stated that the position was unsuitable for a hospital. He strongly favoured Dr. Valentine's policy, and felt the possibility of getting a main hospital for the Waitemata district very remote. When Dr. Valentine's scheme was in operation he felt sure the Waitemata district would receive its share of attention, and he expected the first cottage hospital to be erected in the Wade district.

After general discussion, the Chamber decided to call together a deputation to wait upon Dr. Valentine, when he again visits Auckland, for the purpose of requesting him to visit the district and inspect suitable sites for a hospital. Dr. Guinness was requested to arrange for the deputation.

### Self Help.

The General Labourers' Union, numerically one of the largest unions of city workers, is to have submitted to it a scheme for the establishment of a benevolent fund (save a telegram from Christchurch.) The scheme, which has been drawn up by the secretary (Mr. A. Paterson), has been discussed by the executive, which has referred it to a general meeting of the members. It is proposed that on the date the fund is established 33 1-3 per cent

of the surplus funds of the union are to be transferred from the union fund to the benevolent fund, and that at each subsequent half-yearly audit 50 per cent of the surplus fund on the half-year's working shall be transferred. In addition, all fines inflicted on members are to be paid into the benevolent fund, which is to be further augmented by voluntary subscriptions, profits from socials and entertainments, and by levies, the last mentioned not to exceed 1/ per member in any one quarter. The objects of the fund are to grant assistance to members in distressed circumstances, through sickness, accident, or unemployment, or to pay members' contributions when unemployed. No benefit is to accrue to any member whose illness or accident arises from intoxication or from the excessive use of alcoholic liquors. The funds are to be managed by a committee of five members, in addition to the president and secretary.

### An M.P. Attacked.

Some excitement was caused in Queen-street last Wednesday, when an angry Maori wahine made a vigorous attack upon Mr. Henare Kaibau, M.P., outside the office where Messrs. Kaihau and Mahuta have now established themselves as land agents. A crowd of at least a couple of hundred people gathered in a few minutes, and witnessed Mr. Kaibau's chastisement. The irate lady made a vigorous onslaught with her fists, and rained a shower of blows on the burly native member. These he stood unflinchingly for a little while, and then catching her assailant by the wrists held her in a grip from which she could not escape. Not to be daunted, the wahine threw herself on the ground, and began to use her feet, whereupon Mr. Kaibau's modesty was doubtless overcome. At any rate, he released his hold, and beat a hasty retreat up the street. The wahine was quick on his tracks, and pulled from her hat a formidable-looking halpin. Shriilly denouncing the member for Western Maori, she set out in pursuit, followed by a big crowd. The opportune arrival of a policeman at this stage put a finish to the proceedings just as they appeared likely to develop into something exciting.

### The Fine Arts.

In opening the annual exhibition of the Canterbury Society of Arts on Thursday the president (Mr. William Reece) spoke on several points of interest. The pictures this year, he said, showed a marked advance over previous years, and there were a great number of works of real merit and of a size which should make them much sought after, and in this connection it could scarcely be said, as of old, that it was better to buy a commercial reproduction than the work of the local artists. Whilst they recognised the improvement generally, he hoped to see ere long the leading artists develop greater ingenuity and more audacity in the conception and composition of their pictures. It might be claimed that they had not the same materials in the new world as in the old to inspire the painter's art, but they had human nature, history, and marvellous landscape, and landscape appeared to be the expression of modern art. Here, surely, might be found inexhaustible material and inspiration, but it had been said that to see the wonderful lights in "open air" painting, now so much in vogue, the artist must "look hard and paint what he sees, not see what he paints." And there was no doubt, also, that in the moods of nature the painter must paint the emotional experiences of his own soul. He hoped that in time they would have other branches of fine art better represented at the exhibitions, such as sculpture, architecture, and art as applied to industries. With regard to the progress of the society, there was cause for satisfaction, but they had arrived at the stage when they should consider a forward policy in the way of creating greater public interest in the fine arts generally. They had a large number of members, but not large enough for a city of the size of Christchurch; they had a very creditable nucleus of a permanent gallery, which they must strive to improve and induce the public to make greater use of.

### Livnor in the Kaings.

Taumarunui, or the white portion of it, which is now much the predominant segment of the circle, is ablaze with indignation and a general sense under the waistcoat that can only find expression in words unprintable and explosive. And the word "Kainga" is the big contributor, for under the statutes this growing King

### PERSONAL NOTES.

On the eve of his departure for Northcote, Constable Flavell, of Waikino, was the recipient of a useful travelling bag from the police of Waipi sub-district, as a mark of the esteem in which he is held by them.

Mr. George Totman, of Auckland, left on Tuesday for Wellington in order to catch the Shaw-Savill steamer Corinthic, en route to London. Mr Totman will be away about 12 months on business and pleasure combined.

Mr G. Tisch, in answer to a large deputation, has agreed to stand again for the New Plymouth mayoralty.

A very old resident of Auckland passed away last week in the person of Mr. Jas. Taylor. The deceased, who was 85 years of age at the time of his death, carried on business in Queen-street as an engraver for many years, and was held in very high esteem. He is survived by three sons, and a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren, his wife, two daughters, and four sons having predeceased him.

Mr and Mrs J. Hooper, of Hamilton, left by the Moldavia last week, en route to England.

Mr Kerr Clark, late private secretary to His Excellency the Governor, left by the Moldavia, en route to London.

Admiral Sir William Kennedy, an English visitor to the Dominion, after a three months' visit, left by the Moldavia last week.

Mr R. E. Williams, manager of the Waipi mine, left by the Moldavia en route to London, to spend a six months' vacation.

Mr. Guy Haskins, middle-distance runner of Christchurch, who goes Home to represent the Dominion at the Empire Sports Festival, left by the Moldavia last week.

Mrs. F. Lomax, wife of Mayor Lomax, of Wangau, and Mrs. and Mrs. J. Stevenson and Miss Stevenson were booked by the Moldavia last week. They intend visiting England to witness the Coronation.

Professor T. W. Hunter has been elected chairman of the Victoria College Professorial Board for the current year.

At a special meeting of the Auckland Hospital Board last week Mr. T. Copeland Savage was re-elected an honorary surgeon for the ensuing three years; Dr. Robertson was elected honorary physician, and Dr. A. Clark honorary radiographer.

Country township on the Main Trunk line is a Maori village, despite the fact that at the present time its population of 1300 odd souls is mostly European. And the statutes, although alterable by legislation, may, while in force, be just as oppressive as were some of the laws of the Medes and Persians. Meanwhile, every townsman and visitor who walks about its streets with a flask of the "creathin" in his pocket is liable to be "run in" and inscribed on the roll of malefactors for all time. Some interesting facts concerning the present position and attendant anomalies came out before the magistrate who presided at the hearing of the test case this week concerning the introduction of liquor into the kainga. It was urged that a place in which three-fourths or more of the population was European could no longer be classified as a Maori kainga, but the magistrate agreed with the prosecution that so long as the boundaries of the kainga had been duly defined by the Maori District Council, approved by the Governor, and gazetted, he was bound to accept that definition as accurately defining the limits of the kainga. The place had been gazetted a kainga before European settlement began there, and they must be deemed to have known the restrictions at the time they settled in the kaings.

A petition has already been circulated and largely signed, requesting the Government either to abolish the kainga restrictions altogether in Taumarunui, or to limit them to the one end of the township which is principally occupied by the Maoris. The grievance of the white population of Taumarunui is that they see no reason why they should be treated differently from Te Kuiti, which is also a borough, but which, though containing more Maori inhabitants than Taumarunui, has never been declared a kainga. The anomaly of the position is that in the northern and western half of the settlement of Taumarunui, namely, in Rongaroa, there are no restrictions about introducing liquor—the railway fence being the boundary, with the extraordinary consequence that if a man is found drunk on the eastern side of the main road he is liable to a fine of £10 or a month's imprisonment, but if he is on the western edge of the road

Mr. Savage was granted six months' leave of absence to enable him to visit England.

Mr Robert Millar of Auckland has been appointed Vice-Counsel for Norway.

Mr J. I. Walker, a member of the Kings College Cadets Corps, who has been gazetted subaltern in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, left last week for India where his regiment is stationed.

Captain Makgill Maitland, late A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor, left Wellington for Sydney by Friday's steamer on his return to England via Japan and Siberia.

Mr James Archer, of Napier, and formerly of Auckland, has been appointed to the position of town clerk and engineer of the Borough of Masterton. There were 79 applicants.

Mr W. S. Dingle, who has been choirmaster and organist at Holy Trinity Church, Lyttelton, and who is about to leave for Auckland, received a present of a set of hair brushes from the choir as a token of esteem.

Mr D. H. Holloway, late Deputy Registrar of Deeds and Assistant Land Registrar at Auckland, was last week presented by his brother officers with a gold watch, suitably inscribed, as a token of regard on the occasion of his retirement from the public service. The registrar (Mr Hall) made the presentation, and voiced the high esteem in which the recipient was held by his brother officers, and his own appreciation of Mr Holloway's faithful and conscientious attention to his duties during a long term of office.

A feeling of painful surprise was created in Auckland on Friday when it became known that Mr. Donald Smith, secretary of the Auckland Club, had died suddenly in Sydney, and was buried on Thursday. Mr. Smith, who had been suffering some trouble with his eyes, left on a holiday trip to Sydney about a fortnight ago, but though he had complained of pain in the direction mentioned, none of his friends anticipated anything serious, or entertained any fears for his general health. Mr. Smith, who was appointed secretary of the Auckland Club nearly two years since, had held a similar position in the Australian Club, Sydney. He was a quiet, but kindly, courteous gentleman, whose sudden death is much deplored by members of the Club and citizens who knew him.

The Rev. and Mrs. Balne and their daughter left for Sydney by the Wimmera on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Steele, of Cheltenham, were passengers by the Wimmera on Monday.

he can only be treated as an ordinary, first offender.

In view of the fact that the existence of the kainga is being upheld, at all events for the purposes of the Penal Law concerning the introduction of liquor, there may presently arise several very interesting positions regarding the conflict of the powers given to the Borough Council under the Municipal Corporations Act and the powers vested in the Maori Council under the various Maori Councils Acts, particularly regarding sanitation. One somewhat curious position, and not without its humorous side, is that the borough collects the dog tax from Europeans and the Maori District Council collects it from Maoris. As the European dog is taxed at 10/ per head and the Maori kauri at half-a-crown, it is not difficult to understand that most of the dogs are registered as having Maori owners. Again, whereas the European local fathers have no judicial functions whatever, the Maori patriarchs can inflict fines for all manner of offences, including breaches of the anti-smoking laws, billiard-room laws, liquor introduction laws, and a number of other misdemeanours. It can be understood what a trial the climate of Taumarunui is to the European citizen, who perforce must stand in strictest sobriety on the main road and see his fellow-townsmen enjoy himself without restraint but a few yards distant.

Moreover, the citizens of the borough of Taumarunui, who reside in the Rongaroa portion of the town, and are entitled to introduce liquor into their houses, must, in order to transfer the liquor to their houses, take it some distance along the main road before crossing the railway line at the proper public crossing. And whilst the liquor is between the station and public crossing it is within the kainga, and the owner must thus inevitably break the kainga law. This phase of the matter has not yet been decided in the Police Court, but a test case must come.

Dr. T. Copeland Savage, of Auckland, intends leaving for London by the Corinthic, sailing from Wellington on March 23. Dr. H. O. Jones, of Auckland, will also be a passenger by the same steamer.

Dr. Gabites, of Timaru, who was surgeon-major in the Seventh New Zealand Contingent, intends leaving for London by the Karames, which sails from Auckland next Saturday.

Miss Kitty Campion, the young Auckland vocalist, left by the Wimmers on Monday for Sydney, whence she will proceed to Europe by the Orient steamer to enter on her musical studies. Mrs. Campion will accompany her daughter as far as Sydney.

Lieutenant W. M. Turnbull and Lieutenant Standish, who are going home for training at Sandhurst, will leave Wellington by the Corinthic next week. Colonel H. N. Abbott, who is also going home for training, has booked his passage by the Arawa, which sails on April 20. Captain Seddon is going home via Australia.

Miss A. M. Williams, librarian of the Leys Institute, who has been granted by the City Council leave to visit England, was last week presented with a purse of sovereigns by the members of the Institute. Professor Maxwell Walker, in making the presentation on behalf of the subscribers, stated that it was intended as "an expression of their appreciation of your unfailing courtesy and the esteem in which you are held by one and all."

The announcement of the death in America of Mr. Howard Chambers will come as a shock to a large circle of his friends in Auckland, where he was at one time a prominent member of the Amateur Opera Club, and in general request as an amateur vocalist of talent. His fine voice obtained for him the position as principal baritone with the Bostonian Opera Company, in America, and after eight years in that appointment he joined the Fritz-Scherff Opera Company, and married the leading lady of the company, Miss Blanche Morrison, a Boston girl. His brother, Mr. Chas. Chambers, had no intimation whatever of his illness until the cable arrived announcing the bare news of his death.

Messrs. Jas. Ruttle and Jas. Kirker, general managers of the New Zealand and South British Insurance Companies, respectively, returned by the Main Trunk train on Sunday from attending the Insurance Conference at Wellington.

Mr. Henry Barding, of Waikanae, who will be 110 years of age on May 1 next, had a fainting fit on Thursday, and was unable to be present at the wedding of his grandson.

Mr. A. Waddell, of Auckland, the well-known footballer, who some time ago went home, and has been since playing the Northern Union game in England, had his ankle broken in a recent match.

Mr. Thomas Blatchford, chief warder at the Terrace Gaol, Wellington, formerly principal warder at Lyttelton, died on Monday of pneumonia.—(Press Association.)

Dr. H. Dunn, of Wellington, arrived by the Kaikoura on Sunday from London, where he has been studying for the past two years at St. Thomas' Hospital, his intention being to spend twelve months in the Dominion before returning to England.

A pleasant function took place at the Rocky Nook bowling green on Saturday afternoon, the members of the Croquet Club presenting Miss Burton, who is leaving on a trip to the Old Country, with a lady's handbag, suitably inscribed. Mr. Jackson, vice-president, voiced the popularity in which the recipient is held by the members, and spoke of the services she had rendered to the members as coach, wishing her bon voyage and an enjoyable visit home. Hearty cheers were then given for the departing member.

An old and highly esteemed resident of Auckland passed away on Sunday in the person of Mrs. J. McCulloch, widow of the late Mr. John McCulloch, of this city. The deceased lady was born 73 years ago in Inverness, Scotland, being the second daughter of the late Mr. Duncan McPhail, of that city. She arrived in New Zealand about 40 years ago, and after a residence of several years at the Thames, came with her family to Auckland, where she has lived continuously for the past 28 years. The late Mrs. McCulloch, who was generally beloved by all who knew her for her excellent womanly qualities, is survived by six sons and two daughters, all of whom are resident in Auckland, with the exception of one son, who is at present in Inverness.

## NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, February 10.

The Rev. M. W. Kinloch, who is rector of Eccleston and chaplain to the Duke of Westminster, has returned from the Mission of Hell in New Zealand full of enthusiasm for the Dominion, as indeed have all the missionaries. Mr. Kinloch did not speak at the welcome home last night, but he gave some impressions of his tour in the course of an interview. He declared that there was no field in the world which afforded a better training ground for young English clergy than the Anglican Church in New Zealand. "There is a most wonderful opportunity there," he said, "for the Anglican Church. There had been a sort of idea among many out there that the Christian religion was rather a played-out superstition, but our mission showed to the people that, on the contrary, it was very much up to date; and, indeed, that it was the only power that administered to men's spiritual needs. Many of the people are British to the back-bone, and are so filled with the Anglo-Saxon spirit of 'grip' and 'go' that they are more ready to put their principles into practice than the people here at home. At one place we were having Communion service daily at seven o'clock in the morning, but some of the men said it would be of no use to them, because they would be busy at work, and the only time they could come was at four o'clock in the morning, so I arranged a service for that time, and a considerable number attended. At another place, in the 'back blocks,' where there was but one hotel, the hotelkeeper came to one of the services, and was so much interested that on the following evening he went down into the bar and persuaded all the men there to go with him to the mission service. Night after night he was always there after that, bringing with him the group of men he had brought to the first service."

Mr. J. L. Sousa, who is taking his celebrated band for a world's tour very shortly, opens in Hobart on May 13th, and goes from there through the chief centres of Australia and then to New Zealand. In the Dominion he gives concerts at the four largest towns, possibly, also, fitting in visits to the West Coast and to Rotorua. Some 60 performers compose the band, and with him Mr. Sousa takes his wife and two daughters. The tour is under the direction of Mr. Edward Branscombe, who will be well remembered as the director of the Westminster Glee singers, the Scarlet Troubadours, and the talented Cherniaski boys. The eldest of these, by the way, Gregor—who made a name for himself in St. Petersburg—is now in London, and is to accompany Mme. Ada Crossley, as violinist, on her tour of South Africa, which starts next month.

The High Commissioner for New Zealand informs me that he has received assurances from the Colonial Office that a certain number of tickets for a Government stand on the Coronation route will be reserved for New Zealand. The tickets are being distributed among the High Commissioners in numbers proportionate to the population of their respective countries. New Zealand will get its due proportion, but the number will certainly not be sufficient to satisfy the claims of New Zealanders anxious to see the Coronation processions to advantage.

Lady Stout made a speech at Croydon for the W.S.P.L. on Tuesday, and on Wednesday at Brighton for the National Union, and has supplied me with further details of her engagements for the next four busy weeks. To-day she speaks for the British Women's Temperance Association at Horsted Keynes, and after spending the week-end there with Mrs. Martingale, goes to Manchester again for the B.W. Temperance Association, speaking on Monday and Tuesday. A visit to Blackburn follows, and there Lady Stout speaks to the mill-hand members (men) of Mrs. Lewis' Mission—an institution that has existed for 20 years, and secured hundreds of pledges. From there she goes to Sheffield to Miss Adela Pankhurst, speaking three times at Scarborough as well. On the 20th she lectures for the W.R.F.U. at Manchester, on the 22nd and 23rd speaks at Harbury Rooms in South Kensington, also on the 23rd takes the chair at the Journalistic dinner at the Lyceum, then speaks in London on the 28th for the W.S.P.A.

The Hon. W. P. Reeves, late New Zealand High Commissioner, has been appointed president of the Economic Science and Statistics section of the 1911 congress of the British Association for

## The Boy Scouts.

STORY OF THEIR RISE.

LONDON, February 3.

This is the age of the boy scout. Started here only three years ago, the scout movement now has 107,000 members in the United Kingdom, 140,000 in the United States, and 30,000 in the British dominions overseas, New Zealand scouts alone numbering 9000. Distant Chili has enrolled 700 boys, and the Argentine 2000. Altogether, throughout the world there are, roughly, a quarter of a million scouts.

General Baden-Powell made his name as the hero of Mafeking in the Boer war; but he will go down to history as the originator of the boy scouts, a far greater achievement. The creation of the scout movement was, in its way, a stroke of genius. Its results are among the healthiest and most promising features of the new century. The scout movement aims at putting character into boys. It develops resourcefulness by making boys good backwoodsmen; it helps them to learn a trade; and last, but not least, it encourages in boys the fine idea of public service—of doing something for the common good without expecting a reward for it. The scout movement makes boys manly, and teaches them to be good citizens. In its international aspect it is a great movement on behalf of peace and goodwill.

Some good stories of boy scouts were told this week by General Baden-Powell at a dinner given in London in aid of the headquarters fund of the movement. He quoted an instance of bravery on the part of boy scouts in New Zealand. A boy was playing in a canoe, and was carried out to sea. A scout saw his danger, and ran for three others. Together they launched a boat, and after two hours' battling with the rough sea reached the boy in the canoe, which was then half full of water. On the part of one of the scouts there was special bravery, for he was a cripple and in consequence was unable to swim. He knew perfectly well that if the boat was capsized he would probably, in that rough sea, be drowned. It is to encourage deeds such as these that the headquarters fund calls for assistance.

People have been inclined to smile at the scout idea of doing a good deed every day, as being a counsel of perfection for high-spirited boys. General Baden-Powell himself says he never expected to see it carried into practice to such an extent as it has been. "These boys really do their good deeds every day," he declared, "and they do them in the right spirit." Some of the results are rather quaint.

Recently Lord Charles Beresford stopped a scout, and asked him what good deed he did the previous day. The boy replied that he had looked about, but could not find anyone to help. "Well, what did you do?" asked Lord Charles. "When the evening came, and I had not helped anybody," the boy answered, "I put on my uniform and marched past my little brother to amuse him."

A Toronto boy went to bed, and waking up in the middle of the night, was terribly distressed at the thought that he had forgotten his good deed. He sat up in bed wondering what he could possibly do. Suddenly he heard a scratching noise. It was a mouse in a trap. Quickly

the Advancement of Science, which meets at Portsmouth next August under the presidency of Sir William Ramsay, F.R.S.

Miss Alma Dale, late of Papanui, Christchurch, who has been in this country for the past two years, has been engaged by the president of the British Women's Emigration Association as matron, to go out to New Zealand in charge of a party of domestic servants, leaving London by the Ionic on March 30. The girls are for the Hawke's Bay district.

Professor Edgeworth David, of the University of Sydney, lectured to a crowded audience in the lecture theatre of the University Museum at Oxford on Saturday evening on the British Antarctic Expedition of 1907-9. The chair was taken by Dr. Spooner, Warden of New College (Pro-Vice-Chancellor), and the lecture was illustrated by a large number of lantern slides. Professor David, who is Professor of Geology at the University of Sydney, was a scholar of New College, and gained a first-class in classical moderations in 1878. In connection last Tuesday the University conferred on him the honorary degree of D.Sc.

he got out of bed, and with great care and gentleness took the mouse out of the trap and gave it to the cat!

From Belgium comes a story which shows that the boy scout movement is alive in that country. The other day a boy was very much impressed with the parable of the wise and the foolish virgins, and as he was coming out of church he said to his mother, "If those wise virgins had been scouts they would have given half their oil to the foolish virgins, and there would not have been all that bother." That is the idea of the scout movement, that a boy who has oil should give to a boy who has not.

### BOY SCOUTS' HEROISM.

Numerous acts of heroism have been performed by scouts. Six bronze medals, the highest possible award for gallantry, have been won for saving life at a great risk. Eighty silver medals have been granted for gallantry with considerable risk. Not long ago a boy on a training ship leapt overboard, notwithstanding the fact that he was wearing oilskins and there was a heavy sea running, in a desperate effort to save another boy who was drowning. This emphasises the necessity of boys being able to swim, and the scout movement makes a point of encouraging the scouts to learn the art.

There have been plenty of cases of runaway horses being stopped by boy scouts; in fact, whenever a boy sees a runaway horse he thinks here is his opportunity. The scouts are trained in the proper way of stopping horses that are bolting. In Liverpool a boy of 14 years of age saw two horses attached to a wagon galloping along. There was no driver. The boy only just managed to get out of the way in time, and then he thought to himself,

"Well, if I, a scout, was nearly run over, how will it be for boys who are not scouts?" Thereupon he rushed after the wagon, and climbed up behind, hoping that the reins might be attached to the driver's seat. But they were not; they had broken. The boy was not to be beaten. He got down on to the pole and managed to reach the horses' heads, and catch them by the bridles. He tried, he explained afterwards, to knock their heads together and to knock some sense into them! Anyhow, after galloping along for about three miles, he managed to stop the horses, but only just in time, for they had entered a road in which some children were playing.

Boy scouts have also done valuable ambulance work at recent colliery and railway disasters in England, and amongst the crowds on ceremonial occasions such as King Edward's funeral. The latest project is to teach them farming and the ways of colonial life, and an estate and a house to accommodate 200 boys have been placed at General Baden-Powell's disposal. He hopes to get continuation farms in the dominions overseas. Every year, in fact, sees new possibilities opening out for the boy scout movement. Its future is full of high promise.

### The Record in Suicides.

Austria's capital continues to maintain its unenviable notoriety for the number of suicides. The figures just published for last year are the highest ever recorded. Altogether no fewer than 507 persons took their own lives in Vienna, 405 men and 102 women. In addition to these there were 801 attempted suicides, of which 499 were by men and 302 by women. The total number of suicides and attempts average almost exactly four a day for the year. April and November showed the largest number of suicides, fifty-nine and fifty-eight respectively. September had the least, thirty-eight. The majority of the victims either found or sought death by hanging; next came shooting, drowning, poison, and throwing themselves out of windows. The oldest victim was a man of ninety, and the youngest a boy of twelve. Both threw themselves out of windows. Love troubles were the motive for most of the suicides, and after those came family differences, mental disorders, sickness, poverty, and general weariness of life. In one-fourth of the cases the motive was unknown.

"Some of the greatest classical composers did not make any money," said the guest at the musical. "Yes," answered Mr. Currox, "that thought is about the only thing that gives me any comfort when I listen to the thin they composed."

NGATIWA CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINES, LIMITED (In Liquidation).

FOR SALE BY TENDER.

Tenders will be received, at the Office of the undersigned, No. 3, Acme Chambers, Swanson-st., up to MONDAY, 3rd April, 1911, at 12 o'clock noon, for the following:-

- 1. All the Estate, Right, Title and Interest of the Company, by virtue of licences issued out of the Warden's court for the Hauraki Mining District (numbered respectively 269, 458, 488, 635, 636, and 650) in and to all those pieces or parcels of land known as the Sunbeam Special Quartz Claim, the Sunlight Special Quartz Claim, the Day Dawn Special Quartz Claim, the Eliza Special Quartz Claim, the Ngatiwa Special Quartz Claim, also in and to be known as an above as Number 632 for a special site. 2. All and singular the Machinery and Plant in and about the above mentioned property, comprising one five-stamper mill, 1 ten-stamper-mill, two gas-producing plants and a quantity of tools, tools, etc., lying in or stored at the mine. Inventory, license, plans, and further particulars can be inspected at the Office of Mr. A. Hanna, Solicitor, Swanson-st., Auckland. CONDITIONS OF TENDER.—Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit of 20 per cent of the amount of the tender—marked cheques or cash. The balance of the amount tendered must be paid and the purchase completed within 30 days from acceptance. Titles must be accepted as they stand. If any accepted tenderer fails to complete within the said period of 30 days the deposit may be forfeited as and for liquidated damages, or the tenderer may be proceeded against for specific performance. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

T. P. WING, Liquidator. Auckland, 15th March, 1911

JOHN ROUTLY Architect. Structural Engineer, EMPIRE BUILDINGS, AUCKLAND.

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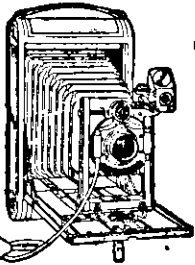
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Sports and Pastimes.

WITH SAIL AND MOTOR

NOTES FROM THE WATERFRONT.

(By RINGTAIL.)

THE yacht Tangaroa has been sold by Mr. Cliffe to Wellington parties, and will be shipped to the Empire city this week.

The yacht Eulalie is away in the north on a fortnight's cruise, a week of which has already been spent.

The Easter cruises are now being talked of, and yachtsmen are looking forward to a pleasant wind up to the season, which has been an exceptionally good one. It is expected that a number of the bigger boats will visit the Great Barrier, the favourite ground for the Easter cruise, and Kawau, the nearby islands of the Gulf, and Coromandel are all certain to claim liberal attention.

A number of pleasure craft have just completed a delightful cruise to the north, fine weather being met with throughout. The yacht Thetis, and the launches Rona and Elsie returned on Sunday last. The Elsie's report states that the launch left Auckland in company with the Thetis, and the two vessels cruised together the whole of the time. They visited Kawau, Bay of Islands, Tutukaka, and Whangarei. At Russell they met the Rona, Sybil, Ione, and Buffalo. On Friday the Sybil telegraphed that she was weather bound at Russell.

Yachtsman were favoured with ideal weather for the last week-end cruise, and most of the boats were away over the two days. The wind was northerly, and being ideal for yachting most of the boats extended their trips to Waheke. There was a big fleet at Rocky Bay, including the Rawene, Victory, Ida, Kohiri, Aorere, and Marangi. The Rain-bow was down the Waheke passage, and the Rarere, Tangaroa, Romp, and Waione went to Woodhouse Bay, while the boys on the north side were also largely patronised.

The Devonport Yacht Club concludes its racing programme on Saturday next, when a cruising race will be held. A great fight is expected between the Hex, Aorere and Waione, all of which are on equal points for the aggregate trophy, and the leading boat of the trio will secure the coveted prize. The rendezvous has been fixed for Kawau, but in the event of the weather being unsuitable the boats will be sent to Matreua.

The yacht Viking, chartered by his Excellency the Governor, Lord Islington, was undocked on Friday night last, after completing a thorough overhaul, and was towed to her moorings off Judge's Bay. It is expected that his Excellency will make his first cruise in the vessel early in April, and that the itinerary will embrace the Bay of Islands. Hon. Dickson-Poynder, his Excellency's daughter, will accompany Lord Islington on the cruise.

VICTORIA CRUISING CLUB.

The Victoria Cruising Club's second series of barboor races was held on Saturday. The races were started from off Victoria Park esplanade, and the officials of the day were: Starter and Judge, Mr. P. Dickson; three-keepers, Messrs. C. Johnson and R. Johnson. Following are particulars of the races: First-class—Wairiki scratch. Mrs. scer., Valdera 1st, Lotoma, Korand 18th, Zealandia 18th. The boats got away together, except the Mrs., which had her bowsprit carried away in a collision with the Valdera, which put her out of the race. The finishing times were: Wairiki, 4h 23m 10s, corrected 4h 23m 10s; Valdera, 4h 24m 5s, 4h 10m 5s; Korand, 4h 30m 33s, 4h 18m 33s; Zealandia, 4h 34m 45s, 4h 32m 45s. On corrected times the Zealandia is first, Valdera second, and Korand third.

Class II.—Saddle scratch, Calypso 5th, Emerald 4th, Gladly 7th, Maru 7th, Why Not 15th, Lina 15th. All got away in good start. Emerald led round the first mark, followed by Calypso, Saddle, Gladly, Maru, Lina and Why Not in that order. On the line to the Stanley Point mark Saddle made good, and went into second place, with Emerald third. When Gladly's mark was reached Saddle had run up into first position, and the finish was—Saddle 4h 22m 43h, 4h 22m 43h; Calypso 4h 23m 43h, 4h 23m 43h; Emerald 4h 24m 18h, 4h 30m 18h; Maru 4h 24m 37h, 4h 22m 37h; Maru 4h 24m 36h, 4h 21m 36h; Lina 4h 32m 24h, 4h 17m 24h. Why Not finished on the wrong

side of the flagpole, and thereby lost second place. On corrected times Lina is first, Emerald second, Calypso third. Class III. (22-footers).—Venus scratch. Mowhai 2nd, Waiwa 2nd, Acacia 2nd, Pao-wanga 3rd, Mety 3rd, Hilda 3rd, Winnie 3rd. A fine start, the eight boats being in a line abreast over the line. The finishing times were: Venus, 4h 11m 30s, 4h 10m 30s; Mowhai, 4h 22m 22s, 4h 10m 22s; Waiwa, 4h 22m 2s, 4h 27m; Acacia, 4h 19m 36s, 4h 17m 36s; Pao-wanga, 4h 22m 38s, 4h 20m 38s; Mety, 4h 22m 4s, 4h 20m 4s; Hilda, 4h 22m 4s, 4h 22m 4s; Winnie, 4h 22m 4s, 4h 22m 4s. On corrected times Winnie is first, Venus second and Acacia third.

Class IV. (20-footers).—Declina, scratch. Seabee 2nd, Elisea 3rd, Rio 3rd, Seeling 6th. The finishing times were: Declina, 4h 24m 31s, 4h 24m 31s; Seabee, 4h 26m 48s, 4h 26m 48s; Elisea, 4h 26m 23s, 4h 23m 23s; Rio, 4h 28m 18s, 4h 28m 18s; Seeling, 4h 30m 14s, 4h 30m 14s. On corrected times the Seeta is first, Rio second, and Elisea third.

MANUKAU YACHT CLUB.

The following is the result of the race of the Manukau Yacht Club, which was sailed on Saturday: Foam 1, Elsie 2, Valkyrie 5.

The handicaps were: Anahora scratch, Edith 3m, Spray 24m, Anahora 24m, Doroa 24m, Redwing 45m, Elsie 45m, Elsie II 30m, Peirel 40m, Foam 60m, and Valkyrie 60m.

CROQUET

ROTORUA.

The Rotorua croquet players who went to Cambridge to compete in the South Auckland tournament did splendidly, and will be seen by the following report: Amongst the competitors, Mrs. Blow, Mrs. Le Grice, Miss Murray, Miss Astley, and Mr. Kusaba, all members of the Rotorua club, were victorious in each of their first matches, and in the final had to meet each other. In the ladies' championship final Mrs. Le Grice defeated Mrs. Blow, and in the ladies' handicap singles final Mrs. Blow defeated Mrs. Le Grice. In the men's handicap singles final Mr. C. E. Kusaba (scr.) beat Mr. Marshall, and in the mixed doubles final Mrs. Le Grice and Mr. Kusaba beat Miss Murray and Miss Astley. Out of a total of ten trophies, Rotorua won about eight or nine.

ATHLETICS.

NEW ZEALAND ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

Despite the threatening clouds and the light rain of Friday night, the weather was beautifully fine for the New Zealand athletic championships, which opened today. Whilst the meeting opened there was a decidedly sparse attendance of the public, but as the afternoon wore on the number of spectators attained a somewhat more satisfactory proportion, although still a considerable number of the officials had devoted a good deal of time and attention to the marking of the various distances, and the track was in an epidemic order. The competitors, including cricketers from all parts of the Dominion, good contingents being present from Auckland, Wellington, and Otago. It was to be regretted that such well-known champions as Mark, Guy Hawkins, and Woodger were absent, the last two named being on their way to uphold the honour of New Zealand at the Festival of Empire sports in the Old Country. The fields for the various events were satisfactory, the largest number of competitors having entered for that event, and the fact which evoked expressions of regret. Points for the championship cup which were awarded as follows: First place, five points; second place, three points; Wellington was a leader of the field. The officials for the meeting were: Hon. secretary, Mr. H. E. Hamilton; assistant hon. secretary, Mr. T. R. Gordon; referee, Mr. A. Murray; stewards, Messrs. G. B.



ROWING.

PARRAMATTA HUNDRED.

SYDNEY, March 19.

Lawson and G. H. Mason; track judges, Messrs C. J. Cooper, D. Howe, and E. L. Chaffers; and events in rowing, Messrs H. G. Batcher, A. E. Flower, and J. F. Grierson; walking judge, Mr Joseph Ellis (Bangland); starter, Mr P. Meazines; standard timekeeper, Mr R. Wallace; timekeepers, Messrs R. J. Mason, J. Pollock, and F. W. Johnston.

Following are the results:—
100 YARDS FLAT CHAMPIONSHIP.

First Heat.—Simpson (Auckland) 1, Hubbard (Wellington) 2, Egglestone (Otago) 3. MacDonald (Canterbury) also ran. Won by a yard. Time, 10 1-5sec.
Second Heat.—Ople (Canterbury) 1, Duncan (Wellington) 2, Storr (Wellington) 3. Patterson (Canterbury) also ran. Won by two yards. Time, 10 1-5sec.

The final result:—
Ople ..... 1
Hubbard ..... 2
Duncan ..... 3
Won by three yards. Time, 10 1-5sec.

120 YARDS HURDLES.

First Heat.—Cook (Canterbury) 1, Evensen (Wellington) 2. Won by a yard. Time, 16 3-5sec.
Second Heat.—Kedell (Southland) 1, Robinson (Canterbury) 2, Mackenzie (Wellington) 3. Won by six yards. Time, 16 1-3 sec.

The final result:—
Kedell ..... 1
Cook ..... 2
Evensen ..... 3
Won by 12 yards, easing up. Time, 15 7-10sec.

HALF-MILE.

Harding (Wellington) ..... 1
Wilson (Canterbury) ..... 2
Dougall (Canterbury) ..... 3
Also ran: Wright (Canterbury). Won by three yards, two yards between second and third. Time, 1min 58 4-5sec.

THREE-MILE WALK.

Kerr (Wellington) ..... 1
Cashman (Wellington) ..... 2
Stubberfield (Canterbury) ..... 3
Won by nearly a lap. Time, 21min 46 2-5 sec.

220 YARDS HANDICAP.

Thomas, 9yds ..... 1
Egglestone, 2yds ..... 2
Egglestone, 1yds ..... 3
Won by two yards. Time, 23 2-5sec.

POLE VAULT.

McKay (Wellington), 10ft 2in ..... 1
Batestone (Canterbury), 9ft 7 1/2in ..... 2
Evensen, 8ft 3in ..... 3

MILE FLAT.

Hill (Auckland) ..... 1
Baxter (Wellington) ..... 2
Pugh (Canterbury) ..... 3
Also started: J. F. Wilson (Wellington), L. A. Dougall (Canterbury), E. J. Steele (Canterbury), and W. J. S. Smith (Canterbury).

Won by 15 yards, Baxter being 10 yards ahead of Pugh. Time, 4m 25 2-5sec. Hill immediately took the lead, closely followed by Smith, Baxter, and Pugh. At half-way Hill was leading Baxter by a yard, with Pugh 10 yards away. One hundred and fifty yards from home Hill spurted, and easily leaving Baxter behind, finished strongly with 15 yards to spare. Baxter easily beating Pugh for second place.

PUTTING THE SHOT.

De Thier (Canterbury), 36ft 1 1/2in ..... 1
Reid (Otago), 36ft 4in ..... 2
Bissett (Wellington), 34ft 7 1/2in ..... 3

220 YARDS FLAT CHAMPIONSHIP.

First Heat.—Ople (Canterbury) 1, Hubbard (Wellington) 2, Egglestone (Otago) 3. Won by two yards. Time, 22 1-5sec. A New Zealand record.

Second Heat.—Whitney (Auckland) 1, Storr (Wellington) 2. Won easily. Time, 22 4-5sec.
The final result:—
Ople (Canterbury) ..... 1
Storr (Wellington) ..... 2
Hubbard (Wellington) ..... 3
Won by 10 yards. Time, 22sec.

HIGH JUMP.

Mitchell (Otago), 5ft 6 1/2in ..... 1
Robinson (Canterbury) ..... 2
Evensen (Wellington) ..... 3

MILE FLAT HANDICAP.

Thomas, 10yds ..... 1
Farrow, 7yds ..... 2
Johnson, 8yds ..... 3
Won by 4yds. Time, 4.32 1-5.

THREE-MILE FLAT CHAMPIONSHIP.

Present champion, J. Beatson (Otago). World's amateur record, 14.17 3-5. A. A. Shrubbs (England). Australasian and New Zealand amateur record, 14.49. W. E. Simpson (New Zealand), 14.49. Standard time, 15.20.

G. N. Hill (Auckland) ..... 1
M. Dickson (Canterbury) ..... 2
J. Beatson (Otago) ..... 3

Also started: S. E. Baxter (Wellington), W. J. L. Smith (Canterbury), W. O'Grady (Canterbury), and Page (Canterbury). Won by 8yds. Time, 15.53 2-5. Smith and O'Grady made the running at first, but soon all the other competitors, except Hill, Dickson, and Beatson, had dropped back. The two kept together for some distance, and then Beatson was left behind by the other two, who stayed together until the final lap, Hill making the pace. Three hundred yards from home Hill drew away from Dickson, and 20yds from the finishing post put in a strong spurt, winning easily by 8yds. Beatson finished a bad third.

40YDS HURDLES CHAMPIONSHIP.

G. P. Kedell (Southland) ..... 1
H. E. Hamilton (Canterbury) ..... 2
F. Cook (Canterbury) ..... 3

Also started: R. F. Mitchell (Otago), R. McKenzie (Wellington), and W. Page (Canterbury).

After half the distance had been covered the race resolved itself into a struggle between the three placed men. A hundred yards from the finishing post Kedell was leading, being hotly pressed by Hamilton, who was closely followed by Cook. Hamilton gradually forged to the front, and was first over the last hurdle, but, although he made a game spirit, Kedell was too speedy for him, and breasted the tape a few inches in front. Cook was close up in third place. The race was probably the best one of the day, being won in the last few yards. Time, 60 3-5sec—two-fifths of a second better than the standard.

ONE MILE WALK CHAMPIONSHIP.

H. E. Kerr (Wellington) ..... 1
J. Fitzgerald (Wellington) ..... 2
A. Stubberfield (Canterbury) ..... 3

Also started: D. Carline (Otago), D. Cashman (Wellington), and R. Twynham (Canterbury).

Stubberfield took the lead at the start, and set up a strong pace. Kerr being the last man. In the second lap Kerr took the lead, while Cashman retired. Kerr easily drew away, and then Stubberfield was challenged for second place, and was beaten by Fitzgerald, Carline being the only other competitor left. This order of procession was maintained till the finish, Kerr winning easily by 50yds, the same distance separating Stubberfield from Fitzgerald and Carline from Stubberfield. The result of this event was to ensure for Wellington the continued possession of the championship shield. Time, 6.46 3-5.

THROWING THE 16LB HAMMER CHAMPIONSHIP (from 7ft circle).

A. Bissett (Wellington), 122ft 3in ..... 1
J. McIlhenny (Canterbury), 113ft 6in ..... 2

The only competitors.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP CHAMPIONSHIP.

G. P. Kedell (Southland), 21ft 9 1/2in ..... 1
F. C. Hubbard (Wellington), 20ft 1 1/2in ..... 2
V. Robinson (Canterbury), 20ft 4in ..... 3

Also competed: R. F. Mitchell (Otago) and A. Jones (Canterbury).

Kedell broke the New Zealand standard.

HOP, STEP AND JUMP CHAMPIONSHIP.

L. McKay (Wellington), 40ft 7 1/2in ..... 1
F. Cook (Canterbury), 42ft 5 1/2in ..... 2

Also competed: R. F. Mitchell (Otago), 40ft 10 1/2in.

McKay's distance was 1ft 3in better than the standard.

40YDS FLAT CHAMPIONSHIP.

R. Ople (Canterbury) ..... 1
W. G. Harding (Wellington) ..... 2
J. C. Whitney (Auckland) ..... 3

Also started: F. C. Hubbard (Wellington), A. V. Storr (Wellington), E. H. Wright (Canterbury).

From a good start Whitney got the lead, which he maintained for half the distance, but Ople as his nearest attendant. Then Ople drew to the front with the start, and about 100yds from home Harding passed Whitney. Ople maintained his lead, and won with splendid dash by about 3yds amidst loud cheering. The Auckland man was some distance behind during the race. The other competitors did not finish. Time, 50 4-5sec—1 1-5sec better than the standard, and two-fifths of a second more than the New Zealand record.

The takings at the gate amounted to £110.

CHAMPIONSHIP BANNER.

Wellington, last year's winners, retained the shield with 46 points. Following are the points scored by the various provinces:—
Wellington ..... 49
Canterbury ..... 34
Southland ..... 13
Auckland ..... 10
Otago ..... 7

AUSTRALASIAN CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.

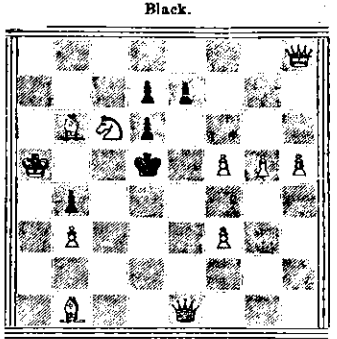
CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.
A conference of delegates of athletic centres to-day defeated a Wellington motion "That the allocation of the Australasian

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).

Position No. 85. (By R. L'Hermet.)



White to mate in two. Notation:—7Q, 3pp3, 1BKt4, K2k1 PFP, 1p6, 1P3P2, 8. 1B3q3.

Wellington Teams Matches.

Game played at Board No. 1 in the Wellington v. Hutt defence:—

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Table listing chess moves for White and Black, including P-K4, Kt-K3, B-B4, etc.

(a) Better and more usual is P-Q4. (b) The development of a piece at this stage would be more to the point. (c) Wasting valuable time. (d) This exchange of a powerful bishop for a knight which for the present at least is out of play can only result in White's favour. Probably Black thought of gaining some positional advantage in the centre by his next move.

(e) White has, by very accurate play come through the many changes with slightly the better position. (f) Not to be caught napping this time.

(g) The game continued till the 67th move, when Black was mated. It could just as well have ended here. Black's play gives the impression that he was under-rating his opponent and in allowing all exchanges, etc., expected to outplay White in the end game.

The position of the competing teams is now as follows:—

Table showing chess team standings: Kilbirnie, Hutt, Wellington B, Working Men's Club, Suburbs, Wellington South, Wellington A.

San Sebastian Tourney.

Capablanca, a Cuban boy, was the hero of the chess tournament at San Sebastian, defeating Vidmar and all the other eminent players, except Laskar, who was not competing.

Notes.

The death of the Hon. W. C. Smith, which occurred at Waipukurua on the 5th instant, is a distinct loss to Hawke's Bay chess. A few years ago he won a tourney promoted among the members of the Legislature, and also played a strong game in the Legislature v. Civil Service matches.

Mr A. G. Fell, hon. secretary of the New Zealand Chess Association, has convened the quarterly meeting for the 27th instant. Clubs have been requested to instruct their delegates on Mr James's motion for an "improved Tietz" system of allotting prizes at the Annual Championship Congress, and other items on the agenda sheet. Mr Connell will, it is understood, move that a committee be set up to go into the whole question of improvements in the annual championship tourney, with a view to putting better suggestions before the affiliated clubs at an early date.

Solution to Position No. 84.

1. R-KB4.

The Bank of England.

That little scene at the Bank of England, when an armed lunatic, who demanded huge sums, was arrested, the other day, after a tremendous struggle, is a reminder that the Old Lady of Thread-needle-street has had many shocks since the days of her youth. Not the least of them happened about forty years ago, when a man actually broke into the Bank at night, notwithstanding the armed guard. One day the directors received an anonymous letter stating that the writer would be pleased to meet any of them at midnight in the strong room, and a week later they were staggered by receiving a box containing many priceless securities from their vaults. Along with it came another invitation to a midnight meeting. This time the directors were alarmed, and accepted. Three men went into the vaults as awaited. Presently they heard a scraping noise, and then a light flashed on them and disappeared. Then a man's voice came, promising that if they would put out their lights he would come on the scene. He did so, and explained that he was a sewer-cleaner, who had discovered a disused drain which ran into the vaults. The Old Lady recovered from her surprise, and, as the man had stolen nothing, rewarded him handsomely.

"Let us not waste our time," yelled the temperance lecturer. "Let us not waste our time in dealing with small saloons and beershops. Let us go to the fountain head. Let us go to the brewery, my friends." "All right, how," chimed in an old snarker from a back seat, "I'm with you."

# LAWN TENNIS.

(By ROMULUS.)

## WELLINGTON.

### THE SEASON'S CHAMPIONS.

#### MEN'S COMPETITION.

- A grade, Thorndon.
- B grade, Petone.
- C grade, Brougham Hill I.
- D grade, Johnsonville.

#### LADIES' COMPETITION.

- A grade, Thorndon.
- B grade, Petone.
- C grade, Khandallah.

### COMMENTS ON INTER-CLUB MATCHES.

(11th MARCH).

#### MEN'S COMPETITION.

By defeating Brougham Hill I. in the second time, Petone is the undisputed champion team in the Men's B grade, having negotiated the season without losing a match. The match was a very important one as Brougham Hill had a very strong team engaged (though Dart would undoubtedly have strengthened it), and in the event of Petone suffering a reverse, a play-off would have been necessary. However, Parkinson, Austin, and Duncan soon put Petone in a happy position by winning their singles against Sampson, Veen and Lawrence in straight sets, scoring 36 games to 18, which meant that to win the match Brougham Hill must secure the fourth single and both doubles in straight sets, and at the same time score more than two games to one. The task was practically an impossible one, and the best Brougham Hill could do was to win two of the three rubbers by 37 games to 28. Marriner was the only member of the losing team to make any headway in the singles, and after Andrews failed to accept an opportunity of taking the second set, Marriner ran out a winner at 6-3; 6-5.

Each side won a double apiece; Petone being credited with the second when their opponents retired at 4-3 (Petone leads) in the deciding set, in order to catch the 6 o'clock steamer to town (the match being played at Day's Bay). Sampson and Lawrence were responsible for one of the best exhibitions in the match when they defeated Parkinson and Duncan in their double, and as proof of their fine combination it has only to be remembered that the Petoneites defeated them in the singles by straight sets.

The following synopsis of the match was supplied by a member of one of the teams:—

By again defeating Brougham Hill I. at Day's Bay on Saturday, Petone has won the junior championship, having come right through the tournament without a loss. Its win on Saturday was well deserved, the team being right at the top of its form, though Andrews was suffering slightly from a cold. Each of the other three won his single in two straight sets, Sampson should have won the second set from Parkinson, losing an easy ace, which would have given him the set when five all and 40-30 in his favour. He kept a good length throughout, and it was only through some marvellous recoveries of Parkinson's that the match did not extend to three sets in any case. Duncan had no trouble in disposing of Lawrence. Austin fairly excelled himself in his match with Veen, giving the finest exhibition of driving that had been seen in the second grade matches this season. He lost his first three games in the second set chiefly through over-confidence, but took the next six games and the rubber in dashing style. Occasionally he sent back short lobs, but Veen, playing rather too warily, refused to attempt smashing even at the easiest chances. It remained for Marriner to retrieve his club's honour to some extent by defeating Andrews in two straight sets, though at one time the latter was leading him five games to two in the second set.

Sampson and Lawrence, too, had the consolation of easily outclassing Parkinson and Duncan in the first double. Brougham Hill retired in the second double in order to catch the 6 o'clock boat, but even if they had won on sets, Brougham Hill would still have won on sets.

The courts were good except at the back lines, where the grass has been worn off, making treacherous footing.

Brougham Hill II. emerged victorious against Victoria College I. after a keenly contested match, 4 rubbers to 2, 9 sets to 6, and 71 games to 65. Each team won two singles apiece, Townsend and Hurley for the winners, and Duncan and Taylor for the losers, but Brougham Hill were too strong in the double. Parker had rather bad luck to lose to Townsend, 6-5, 6-5, after winning the first set, 6-1, and it is not often that a player wins 16 games to 13 and then loses the rubber.

Trinity, as only became the soundest team in the competition after Petone and Brougham Hill II. made College II. appear very weak opposition, and had it not been for Loughnan, who won his single (defeating Correll 6-3, 2-6, 6-3) and also took a set along with Daniels in the second double, the College light would have been right under the bushel.

#### LADIES' COMPETITION.

##### C. Grade.

After many ups and downs, surprises etc., the ladies C. grade has eventually reached finality, Khandallah's easy win against Johnsonville earning for them the championship, though in the event of Johnsonville proving successful, three teams (including St. John's) would have tied again for first place, and in all probability the Association would have had to bracket the three teams as joint champions. However history repeated itself, and Khandallah repeated their first round victory of 5 rubbers to 1, against the neighbouring village, Miss Wilson being the only Johnsonville player to win a rubber. Miss Batham and the Misses Willans (2) won their singles for Khandallah and were also successful in their doubles. These three players thus winning both rubbers in which they competed. Though a couple of the matches were closely contested, Khandallah always held the advantage, excepting in the fourth single, when Miss Blair led at 6-4 from Miss Willans, but the Johnsonville player was unable to win one of the three remaining games constituting the set, Miss Willans defeating her 9-6.

#### Miscellaneous.

Of the teams which have won the various grade competitions, all with the exception of Petone in the Ladies' B. grade and Khandallah in the Ladies' C. grade, negotiated the season without losing a match. Both of the above-mentioned teams lost one match apiece, Petone being defeated by Brougham Hill I., and Khandallah by St. John's.

A. G. Duncan (Petone) established a splendid record in the Men's B. grade competition, playing in every match in which his club was engaged, and winning his single on every occasion. Other instances of unbeaten records are D. S. Smith (Victoria College, A. grade), G. A. Dawson (Brougham Hill, C. grade) and Miss D. Willans (Khandallah, C. grade).

The final of the Handicap continued at the Brougham Hill Club, was won by Harry Howe and Miss Rothschild (scr.), who defeated J. Hunter and Mrs. Burton (scr.) by the narrow margin of two points; 40-38, but at stage the latter pair led 15-5.

In the Men's Championship Singles, Dart is out to the semi-final, where he will meet either Laidley or Hawkins, while on the bottom half, Lawrence awaits H. V. Howe, provided the latter disposes of his brother.

The Ladies' Singles is well forward, and the final will probably have been played by the time these notes appear in print. The contestants are Misses Morgan and Davis, the latter having defeated Mrs. Sampson 9-3 in the semi-final.

#### AUCKLAND.

Several very interesting games were played last Saturday at the Eden and Epsom courts. Fortunately the afternoon was a perfect one. The light was good, the ground was hard and fast but in parts rather bumpy, and there was no wind to affect the play.

#### CHAMPIONSHIP SINGLES.

Most interest centred in the match between Grigson and Alan Brown, in the semi-final of the singles championship. Grigson annexed the first two sets: 6-4, 6-3. Here Brown, who was volleying well throughout, but with not enough sting behind his shots, took command, and obtained the set, 6-4. Grigson, however, took the deciding set comfortably at 6-3. The winner played his characteristic game, passing his opponent cleanly down the side lines. There were many long volleys from the base lines, and Grigson seems to get more power behind his drive at each return, and on Saturday generally wound up with a very hot one. Brown played well, and if he could play off his forehand as well as he does off his backhand, and with his volleying power, he would be a player more seriously to be reckoned with.

Morpeth beat Goldsmith, 6-1, 7-5, 6-4. The former's left hand play kept Goldsmith on the defensive most of the time, and did not allow of him using that fine crosscut forehand drive of his.

W. A. Brown beat P. Hunt, 3-6, 6-1, 6-2, 6-4. This match was played on Friday afternoon last, and was quite the reverse of the result of the meeting of these players in the Eden and Epsom Club's championship. Brown maintained a very strong attack, and profited by his morning's match. Hunt appeared tired, and was not as accurate as he was in the morning.

Morpeth and Brown met in the semi-final, and the winner plays Grigson in the final.

#### CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLES.

Hunt and Henderson beat Mowbray and Hanna, 6-3, 0-6, 6-3, 7-5. A very closely-contested game, in which Henderson was tricky at times, and lobbing and nice smashing on both sides. Henderson was wastriky at times, and lobbed well. Hunt and Hanna smashed well, and Mowbray was consistently good. The winners are now in the final.

Quinnell and Swainson beat Hickson and Grossmann. The former players combined well, and lost few opportunities of killing weak returns. Swainson was very severe overhead, but was not so good off the ground. Quinnell was very accurate, but took several balls which were quite out. The losers were not at their best. Grossmann was not playing up to his best form, and this seemed to affect his partner. They lost control of the game, and were mostly on the defensive throughout.

Quinnell and Swainson play Hunt and Henderson in the final.

#### COMBINED CHAMPIONSHIP.

Mrs. Cooper and Ranger defeated Miss Gorrie and Henderson 3-6, 6-3, 6-4. Ranger's style of play is peculiar. It affected his opponent considerably. Mrs. Cooper volleyed at times but played on the base line mostly. This was a wise step and proved the correct one. Henderson was not so versatile as usual and was not able to anticipate his opponent's shots. Miss Gorrie was very steady, but could not pass Ranger enough.

Miss Carruth and Billing beat Mrs. Fee and Swainson, 5-7, 6-2, 6-3. This match was commenced the previous Saturday but was stopped at 6-6 on the first set. Mrs. Fee was hardly strong enough to make opportunities, and this seemed to be the turning point in this match. Swainson repeatedly interrupted Miss Carruth's shots until Billing changed the game. Miss Carruth then lobbed more keeping Swainson back, and gave Billing better opportunities at the net.

Mrs. Cooper and Ranger now meet Miss Carruth and Billing in the final.

Hunt defeated Brown in the semi-final of the Eden and Epsom Club's Championship, 6-3, 3-6, 6-4, 6-3. The winner was very watchful and careful, but Brown took more liberties and was hitting hard. Hunt kept a good length and volleyed well at times.

The final will be played between Hunt and Morpeth.

#### WEST END CLUB.

The West End ladies gave their At Home last Wednesday. The weather was perfect, the arrangements complete, and the attendance of visitors was large. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent, which took the shape of progressive tennis. The prizes were won by Miss Gorrie and Miss Cooper.

Bachelor's Day was celebrated at the West End Club on Saturday last. There was a very large attendance of players and the whole afternoon was taken up with progressive tennis. Misses Bagnall, Nelson and Gray all secured an equal number of points and drew for the three prizes.

#### HAWERA.

The match between the Waverley and Hawera Clubs resulted in a win for Waverley by 16 matches to 2. Following are the scores, Hawera players being mentioned first:—

Ladies' Singles.—Miss Caplen v. Mrs. Wallace, 2-9; Miss Nolan v. Miss Dickie, 2-9; Mrs. Bell v. Miss Brewer, 9-6; Mrs. Kimbell v. Miss Blennerhassett, 6-9; Miss Drake v. Mrs. Metcalfe, 4-9; Miss Young v. Miss Bourke, 4-9.

Men's Singles.—N. H. Caplen v. A. Wallace, 8-12; M. G. Bell v. G. Dickie, 3-12; H. D. Caplen v. S. Powdrell, 7-12; P. Dingle v. R. Wybourne, 5-12; H. Chalmers v. M. S. Wybourne, 4-12; F. S. Treweek v. P. J. Wybourne, 12-11.

Ladies' Doubles.—Misses Caplen and Nolan v. Mrs. Wallace and Miss Dickie, 2-9; Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Kimbell v. Misses Brewer and Blennerhassett, 8-9; Misses Drake and Young v. Mrs. Metcalfe and Miss Bourke, 7-9.

Men's Doubles.—Messrs Caplen Bros. v. Messrs Dickie and Wallace, 12-3; Messrs Bell and Dingle v. Messrs Wybourne Bros., 3-12; Messrs Chalmers and Treweek v. Messrs Powdrell and Wybourne, 2-13.

#### FEILDING.

On Saturday week the Palmerston Tennis Club played the Feilding Club. Feilding was victorious, Palmerston winning three out of nineteen sets. The scores were as follows: Feilding players being mentioned first in each case:—

Men's Singles.—Lawson 9 v. Collins 5; Spain 0 v. Drew 7; Smith 9 v. Winton 4; Harding 7 v. Ray 9.

Ladies' Singles.—Mrs. Evans 7 v. Miss Wilson 6; Mrs. Montgomerie 7 v. Miss Porter 4; Miss Shannon 7 v. Miss Forsyth 4; Mrs. Kingdon 6 v. Miss Watson 4.

Men's Doubles.—Davey and Montgomerie 9 v. Collins and Clere 6; Spain and Barron 9 v. Drew and Smith 7; Lawson and Graham 9 v. Winton and Ray 2.

Ladies' Doubles.—Mrs. Montgomerie and Mrs. Evans 7 v. Misses Wilson and Porter 4; Miss Shannon and Mrs. Kingdon 5 v. Miss Forsyth and Miss Watson 7.

Combined Doubles.—Lawson and Mrs. Montgomerie 9 v. Collins and Miss Wilson 8; Davey and Mrs. Evans 9 v. Clere and Miss Porter 5; Barron and Mrs. Kingdon 4 v. Drew and Miss Forsyth 9; Graham and Miss Shannon 9 v. Smith and Miss Watson 1.

#### GISBORNE.

Although the courts were by no means in the best order on Saturday week; the final in the championship singles competition was held, and was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators. The contestants were the old rivals, Barlow and Margolouth, and victory rested with the latter in three straight sets. The scores were 6-0, 6-4, 7-5.

#### STRATFORD.

A match between Eitham and Stratford was played on the Stratford courts on Thursday, which resulted in a win for the home team by 62 games.

#### ROTORUA.

A tournament has been arranged for local players, and the following games have been played during the week:—

Men's Handicap Singles.—Hutton (scr.) beat Bryant (20), 71-69. Tuck (20) beat Bayfield (15), 70-59. Melville (scr.) beat Williamson (35), 70-42. French (30) beat Redwood (10), 70-69. Empson (scr.) beat Hawley (20), 70-55. G. French (25) beat Potter (32), 70-63.

Men's Handicap Doubles.—Tuck and French (30) beat Hawkins and Algie (10), 70-68. Melville and Empson (owe 5) beat Hawley and Redward (30), 70-63. Tuck and French (30) beat Tango and Williamson (10), 70-63. Tango and Williamson (10) beat Bennett and Harper (25), 70-57. G. French and Rosser (20) beat Hutton and Parata (scr.), 71-69.

Men's Championship Singles.—Melville beat Tango, 6-5, 6-3. G. Empson beat Hawkins, 6-4, 4-0, 6-2. Algie beat Hampson, 6-2, 4-6, 7-5. Hutton beat Tertram, 6-2, 6-3.

Ladies' Handicap Singles.—Miss S. Empson (owe 10) beat Miss Hawkins (10), 60-48.

# GOLF

This paper has been appointed the official organ of the Ladies' Golf Union, New Zealand branch.

Secretaries of ladies' golf clubs are invited to forward official notices, handicaps and alterations, results of competitions, and other matters of interest, to reach the publishing office not later than the Saturday prior to date of publication.

## AUCKLAND.

The above club held their annual general meeting on Saturday night, the 18th. There was a large attendance of members, and the meeting was presided over by Mr. H. Horton (vice-president). The report and balance-sheet, which have already appeared in print, were adopted. Mr. Colbeck proposed a number of rules in regard to entrance and subscription fees, and supported them with convincing facts. The motions were carried with some slight alterations.

Dr. Bamford proposed an important motion, to the effect that the time had now come when the services of a paid secretary should be procured, as no man could be expected to give the time needed to fill the position properly. The motion was carried. Dr. Purchas proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Bruce, which was carried amid cheers. The officers for the year were then elected. President, Sir John Logan Campbell; vice-presidents, the Hon. Seymour Thorne George and Messrs. Kirker, and H. Horton. Captain, Mr. H. C. Clark; hon. treasurer, Mr. W. W. Bruce; committee, Dr. Bamford, Messrs. W. B. Colbeck, J. B. Lusk, J. B. Macfarlane and D. McCornick.

A vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the meeting.

### The Maungakiekie Golf Club.

Saturday was a perfect day, though somewhat hot, for the opening of the above club's season. There were a number of interested spectators, who, after wandering around the beautiful domain, watching the various games, were entertained by the ever-welcome cup of tea. Mixed foursomes were played for prizes presented by Mr. Kingswell. Mrs. Hardy and P. T. Upton returned the lowest net score for the 10 holes, being 48 (winners). Other scores were: Miss Macleod and J. C. Burns, 50; Miss Souter and Ferguson 50; Miss Cumming and Carr, 50; Miss Pierce and Kelly, 52; Mrs. and Mr. McCornick, 54; Mr. Ferguson and Dr. Dudley, 60.

## GISBORNE.

A committee meeting of the Poverty Bay Golf Club was held last week, when preliminary arrangements for putting the links in order and getting matters in train for the approaching season were gone into. A number of sub-committees were appointed. The official opening of the season was fixed for Saturday, April 22. Messrs. G. Wittcock, G. M. Douglas and J. Howie were appointed a match committee for the season. The following new members were elected: Messrs W. Hamilton Irvine, Thorne George, and Murray.

The captain, with Messrs Morgan and Nolan, were appointed a committee to consider, with the ladies, the question of afternoon teas.

## WELLINGTON.

Annual meetings are now the order of the day, and players who have been indulging in other sports and pastimes during the hot summer months are busy overhauling their clubs with a view to having further arguments with the mythical and redoubtable colonel.

The annual meeting of the Miramar Golf Club has been held, and the report and balance-sheet, which disclosed a very satisfactory position of affairs, has been adopted. The officers elected for the coming season were as follows:—Captain, Mr. J. P. Pirih; secretary and treasurer, Mr. G. O. Sutton; committee, Messrs T. Ward, M. W. Horton, C. Hay MacKenzie, and F. Stevenson.

A special meeting of the members of the Miramar Golf Club and other people interested was held the other evening when the proposals to purchase about 100 acres of land, being part of,

and adjoining the present links, was discussed at length. The feeling of the meeting appeared to be that the price asked was too high in view of the nature of the country. The price was somewhere in the neighbourhood of £17,000 and the enormous difficulties in financing this huge sum were made apparent to the meeting which negated the proposal.

The first annual meeting of the Waitutu Golf Club was held recently, the President, Mr. R. C. Kirk, being in the chair. Mr. Kirk in his speech made special reference to the good work done by the secretary (Mr. W. J. Gardiner) and prophesied a very promising future for the new club. The officers elected for the present year were: President, Mr. R. C. Kirk (re-elected); captain, Mr. J. M. Dawson; hon. secretary and treasurer, Mr. W. J. Gardiner (re-elected); general committee, Messrs Maucaskill, Casey, Pringle, Fraser; hon. auditor, Mr. Seymour.

The Waitutu Club have decided to open their season on 25th March, and the Miramar Club on 8th April.

## CAMBRIDGE.

The annual meeting of the Golf Club was held last week. Mr. W. R. C. Walker was in the chair. The total membership last season was 65, being six more than the previous year.

The following officers were appointed: President, Mr. C. C. Buckland; vice-presidents, Dr. Roberts and Mr. W. R. C. Walker; secretary and treasurer, Mr. A. B. Nicoll; committee, Mrs. Bunyard, Misses H. Wells and Richardson, Mr. R. J. Roberts, and Father Murphy; captain, Mr. C. W. McBride; green superintendent, Mr. M. Wells.

It was decided to have the official opening on April 26th, and to alter the course, so as to make it include two long holes and a short one.

## LADIES' GOLF.

### L.G.U. Official.

Miss Pearson in setting the pars for some of our clubs this year makes one or two remarks that are of general interest. Apropos of a hole of 550 yards she says that it is a pity the ladies do not play from a shortened tee. She gives the par as 6, saying that there is no such thing as a hole with par 7 in England, and it is seriously questioned whether any hole should be of such length that it cannot be reached by two full wooden shots (with the wind), and two wooden and one iron shot against the wind. In the case of holes of 150 to 180 yards, which are meant to be 3's for men, they make very poor holes for ladies, as they are very stiff 3's for them. With shortened tees these holes could be made really sporting holes for ladies. Holes of 400 yards are also bad lengths for ladies. With any run on the ground 400 yards is too easy for it, but it is difficult as a 5, except on very good ground, or on a downhill grade.

### An Important Point.

At the recent annual Council meeting of the Ladies' Golf Union (says the "Ladies' Field" of December 10th): "It was decided that players with handicaps in order of 25 might take out cards any day in order to get L.G.U. handicaps. This is a step in the right direction, but with the limitation we have already deprecated. Why should not the concession include players of all handicaps. If there must be some limitation, let it be with regard, say, to match days, and Saturdays, not to players below a certain handicap. If the objection to 'scoring any day' is that many courses would be congested by players hoing out everything and marking their cards, surely some such limitation as the one we have suggested would

meet this objection. In any case, one day a week for returns is absurd and unjust, as most players will surely agree."

Of course one of the greatest objections to "scoring any day" has been the large amount of work the continual change of handicaps would make, but surely in clubs with such large membership that this would be the case, could have two handicap managers. In any case, though these restrictions may have been warranted in the Old Country, here in New Zealand such has never been the case, and we all know the feeling of starting out on a round with the "must get my handicap down idea" is fatal. I maintain that any card signed by a member of the Club on any or every day of the week should hold good for handicapping from, if not, the best objects of the L.G.U. system are frustrated, and gives ample opportunity for abuses.

### Club Colours.

As it is the beginning of the season, and some clubs are asking about colours, the following list of colours already taken by ladies' clubs may be of interest:—

Auckland—White blouse, green tie, navy skirt.

Ashburton—Red.  
Dannevirke—Navy and gold.  
Greymouth Red coat, black monogram.

Hokitika—Dark blue and white.

Hagley—Red and green.

Hutt—Brown and green.

Hawera—Green and gold.

Hastings—Green coat, red monogram.

Invercargill—Dark and light blue.

Manawatu—Scarlet coat, white facings and monogram.

Masterton—Navy and pale blue.

Miamar—Dark green, dark and light blue.

Napier—Dark blue coat, green facings, monogram.

Nelson—Dark green, claret and black.

Nga Motu—Red and black.

North Otago—Red coat and tie.

Otago—Navy coat, red monogram.

Paeora—Navy and pale blue.

Poverty Bay—Royal blue and gold.

St. Clair—Navy and pale blue.

Timaru—Black and red.

Wanganui—Red coat, black facings.

Westport—Navy, with gold facings.

Waitemata—Green and red.

The Christchurch ladies hold their Easter tournament on the 20th and 21st April. The events are an open championship (36 holes medal play), 2 handicap medal rounds of 18 holes each, a bogey match, and ladies' bogey foursomes. Entries close with the secretary Christchurch Golf Club on Saturday, 8th April.

## CHRISTCHURCH.

The opening of the Christchurch Ladies' Golf Club (Shirley) took place on Wednesday afternoon in glorious weather, a large number of people being present. A twelve-hole match was played for prizes presented by Mrs. A. Boyie and Mrs. Wignam, and was won by Mrs. H. Wood and Miss Symonds.

### Miscellaneous.

It is estimated that the number of lady golfers in the British Isles does not fall very far short of 100,000. Already the clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union embraces a membership of about 40,000, a number which is fast increasing.

There is no doubt that a considerable impetus was given to the ladies golf by Miss Leitich's victory over Mr. Hilton. Hundreds of new recruits have been added to the game since, and many manufacturers and retailers of golf clubs have been besieged by purchasers in a manner very unusual considering the time of year.

Mr. Henry Leach, writing in the "Standard" after the match between Miss Cecil Leitich and Mr. Hilton, says, "As a variation this test between the sexes is excellent, but I think it may be said that it is the general feeling that we do not want any more of it, for, after all, there is something just a little out of harmony with the proper spirit of the game in matches of this kind. Golf is not like tennis and croquet, and the sexes cannot meet at it on the same equal basis of proprietorship in the game as they do in those others. Also, do let it be remembered that, whatever

the result of the match is, it will prove nothing, whatever. One match at golf, even a long one of seventy-two holes, never could prove anything, and there is nothing to prove when a ball is being given by one side to the other." After reading this one is apt to wonder if all this would have "proved" anything if the result of this match had been reversed. I fancy it would. To begin with this extract contains first of all an error in fact. The sexes do not meet on equal terms at tennis. The male tennis champion of the year would give the lady tennis champion a "half" or, in tennis terms, "30," which is half a game. And why, in Heaven's name, is such a match "out of harmony with the proper spirit of the game?" The very genius of golf, and incidentally the big pull it enjoys over most other games is, that two players, no matter how wide apart they may be in skill, can have as good a match as two players of equal skill. The handicap adjusts the balance, while the play of his weak opponent does not hurt the game of the good player, or his enjoyment as is so often the case in other games. How can the fact of two players being of opposite sexes possibly affect the "spirit" of the game—perhaps it may affect the "language" of the game.

A whaling captain gave up going to sea and was appointed one of the keepers of Race Point Light, Cape Cod. He was obliged to have a horse to transport his provisions across the beach from Provincetown. He used only nautical language; and one day he went into town in the spring, when the shafts of his cart had run the hair from the side of his well kept horse. Someone complimented him on the appearance of the animal. Said the Captain: "Yes, he's in pretty good trim fore and aft, but he'd look much more shipshape if he hadn't worn the hair off his bilge."

## INDIGESTION FOR NEARLY A YEAR.

This New Zealand Man had a Miserable Existence.

Cured after Everything else Failed by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

After putting in nearly a year with indigestion, Mr. W. Rutherford, Wye-street, Kaitangata, was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. That these pills have cured a very large number of sufferers from indigestion, who have publicly spoken of their cures in the newspapers, is the highest recommendation they could have. The following statement was taken down word for word by a reporter who interviewed Mr. Rutherford:—

"About four years since I suffered much from flatulence, belchings of wind and pain in the stomach; also heartburn and pain about the heart. I felt a heaviness at the pit of the stomach. My tongue was coated with a whitish substance, and I had a bad taste in my mouth when I woke in the morning. I had a smothering feeling about the heart and great palpitation and giddiness in the head. My sleep used to be much disturbed. I used to be very depondent, and unable to attend to my work, which I had to leave for three months. I consulted a doctor, who prescribed for me. His medicine did me no good and he changed it. I then consulted another doctor, but I derived no benefit from his treatment either. I had been under the doctor's treatment for about two or three months, when the doctor ordered me away for a change. I felt a slight improvement while I was away, but as soon as I returned home again I became as bad as ever. Through reading a pamphlet of cures of complaints similar to mine I decided on giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I purchased a box from Mr. Hitchon, storekeeper, and in about ten days I found they were doing me good, and I continued their use till I had used three boxes, when I was cured. Since my cure I have passed a medical examination for admission into a friendly society."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by chemists and storekeepers, or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, 3/ per box, six boxes 16/6, by Dr. Williams' Medical Co., of Australasia, Ltd., Wellington.





# Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH.

## BOOKINGS.

(Tastes subject to alteration.)

**AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S.**  
 March 12 to 25—Hugh Ward's Farewell.  
 March 27 to April 15—Marlow Company.  
 March 27 and April 15—Mandow Company.  
 April 17 to May 6—J. C. Williamson.  
 May 18 to June 10—J. C. Williamson  
 ("The Whip") Co.

**CHORAL HALL.**  
 April 3 and 6—Amy Castles.

**WELLINGTON—OPERA HOUSE.**  
 March 20, 21, and 23—Molin. Dolores.  
 March 20, April 12.—Hugh J. Ward Co.  
 April 16, May 6.—J. C. Williamson.  
 May 8, 17.—Alieu Hamilton.  
 May 18, June 7.—J. C. Williamson.  
 June 12, July 1.—George Marlow.  
 July 6, 20.—Clarke and Meynell.  
 August 17, 20.—J. C. Williamson.  
 September 15, 30.—Clarke and Meynell.  
 October 5, 25.—J. C. Williamson.  
 November 3, 19.—Clarke and Meynell.  
 December 2, 18.—Max Maxwell.  
 Christmas Season.—J. C. Williamson.

## "Preserving Mr. Fannure."

8 IR Arthur Pinero's new comedy "Preserving Mr. Fannure" marks a departure from the wholly serious vein in which he conceived his later plays like "His House in Order," "The Thunderbolt," and "Mid-channel." Written in a lighter vein, it can hardly be regarded as a return to his farcical days. The piece, which has just engaged all London at the Comedy Theatre is, as Pinero designates it, "A comic play." I gather from the perusal of the press notices that Mr. Fannure is a country gentleman, a J.P., and a considerable humbug. His wife was all virtue. She had family prayers, with sermons by her husband, and belonged to the Guild of Pine Souls, and this indicates superhuman virtue—habitually wore its badge. Bridge is banned from her house, and every evening her family, her guests, and her servants are assembled at the devotional service which Mr. Fannure rounded off with his sermon.

## Rescue and Reward.

Fannure as a preacher is not a success. He has no ideas and no power of expression, and when he is faced with the necessity (for he is too afraid of his wife to decline) of having to address an audience that includes the Right Hon. Reginald Stulkeley, M.P., and his private secretary, to say nothing of his wife's uncle, Alfred Hebblethwaite, M.P., he is in the depth of despair.

Then Josepha Quarendon, his wife's pretty governess, comes to his assistance. She discovers that the day is the feast of St. Polycarp. She shows him how to "mug up" the life of that estimable saint, and fills his heart with gratitude, which (being naughty as well as a humbug) he evidences by kissing her very much against her will.

Josepha is a nice girl, and no nice girl could tolerate being kissed by a saintly hypocrite like Mr. Fannure.

To one like her, who has to be pretty without a penny, a kiss from her employers' husband is horrible degradation. She felt it. It is a "comic play," but there is no slurring of the grimmer issues of Mr. Fannure's brutality. The girl was insulted, outraged. The kiss was a stain, a wound.

## Taking Advice.

The one impossible thing was to tell Mrs. Fannure, the friend who had given her a home for charity. Was she to go away and try once more the joys of living on nothing a week? Do you wonder she was reluctant? She decided to take advice, and she took it from a mature British matron, Mrs. Hebblethwaite, pretending that the girl who had been kissed was a friend. The story was thin, and Mrs. Hebblethwaite suspected, and soon found suspicions come to certainty. Josepha was the woman, the obviously wicked woman who had been kissed, but who was the man? Mrs. Hebblethwaite was jealous, and had a golly old fogey for a husband. She consoled her fears to the other ladies of the party. But Mrs. Fannure also had a husband, and Miss Anstie had a fiancee. Besides, there were two other men in the house, the Right Hon. Reginald Stulkeley, M.P., and his little private secretary, Talbot Woodhouse, who was the man?

The women put Josepha to the question in a scene which is a sad picture of woman's affection for her sex. But

Josepha will not tell. So Mr Fannure as master of the house is called in to aid. Though a worm, he does not turn. He solemnly demands of his victim the name of the gully man, but quivering and quaking nevertheless. But all Josepha will say is that it was not Mr Fannure. The worm has a moment's relief. The women, however, will not let him off so easily. He must go to the men and from the guilty man extract confession. Josepha rushes away to pack. She will leave the house by the first train in the morning. Not one of the women has any mercy. They are not, you see, nice women. But are they not alive?

## In the Snow.

Josepha still declares that Mr. Fannure himself is innocent. She does this because his wife is her friend, and she is eager not to hurt her. And in order to put things right she steals out into the snow in a very light dress and satin shoes—heroines in English plays, both comic and tragic, never seem to possess macintoshes or goliashes—and gets into the library through the window.

In the library the Right Hon. Reginald Stulkeley, M.P., is dictating a Tariff Reform speech to his weary and bored secretary. It is an entertaining experience. Stulkeley's affection for cocoa as a topic and his secretary's unsprak-

able weariness thereof point a moral and adorn an admirable tale. But the charms of Josepha will intrude, for both politicians are smitten. And then Josepha intrudes in person to beg one of them proscribe Mr Fannure and his wife by confessing to the kiss. They decline, with all indignation, against the anonymous villain; but steadfastly decline. She gets out of the window and declares that she will walk up and down in the storm until one yields. Horror of the politicians and distraction of the fiscal argument! At first they believe she is merely threatening, but at last Stulkeley plunges into the rain, and brings her in wet through. She is consigned to an adjoining room to put on a smoking-jacket while they dry her dress. Then Stulkeley proclaims to his secretary that he will offer her a home with his sister, and she rushes out in delectable deshabille to thank him.

Finally, after Josepha has poked the end of a quill pen into the secretary's eye while he was peeping through the key-hole, she accepts Stulkeley, and finishes the play in his arms.

"Go and see Mr. Fannure's house-party, and be enlightened," says the critic of the "Telegraph." "They are real and they breathe a real atmosphere. You can imagine yourself breathing in it, and experience somewhat rare in the theatre. They may do some mighty odd things, but who will lay hand on heart and declare that the ridiculous has ever been excluded from his life? They talk like real people. Their best lines are as natural as bread and butter. They say what they would say, which is much better fun than the best of epigrams. 'She's the only one of my sex,' says a lady, 'for whom I would take a bedroom one floor higher.' Could the vast force of feminine affection be more convincingly expressed? And then—most important element of all in the construction of reality—it is all splendid good fun. But it is not only fun. There is a note of something in it all, only a faint note, but still persistent. For one of the characters all the fun of it is rather bitter earnest. So

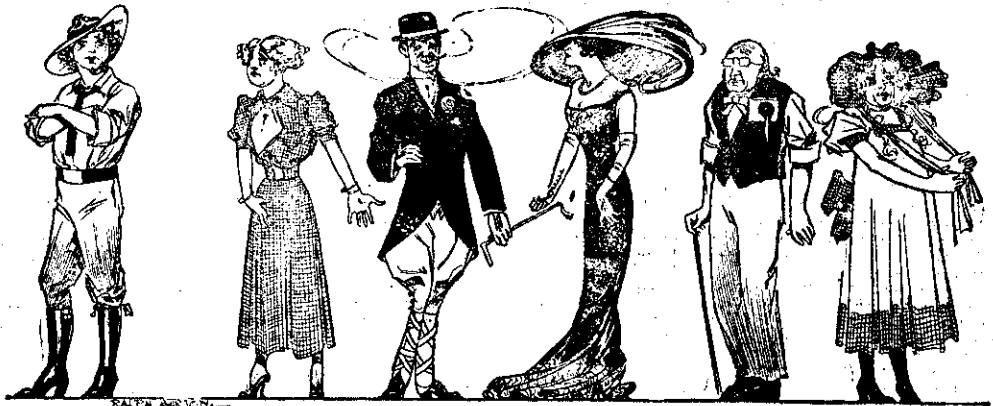
supposed that I am in any way discounting the merit of Miss Castles' undoubted talents. She is an exceptional singer without a doubt, and to many musical folk in New Zealand her concerts will have given the greatest pleasure and enjoyment. One only wishes to detach her from box office assertions, which no person of any musical insight or culture can allow to pass unchallenged. Miss Castles, moreover, is young, and she may live to deserve all the great things that have been in the course of her career foretold for her.

The singer is to appear at the Choral Hall in Auckland on Monday and Thursday, April 3rd and 6th next. She can be assured of an excellent reception in the Northern City, where she has many friends and admirers. The company supporting are Louis Hattenbach, a cellist, who has received exceptionally good notices all through New Zealand; Alexander Camphäusen, an operatic baritone; and William Conway, pianist. The box plan will be opened at Wildman and Argy's on the 28th inst.

## New Play by Hauptmann.

The great literary and dramatic event of the Berlin season took place recently, when Gerhart Hauptmann's new play, "The Rats," was produced for the first time at the Lessing Theatre, with several of Germany's most prominent actors and actresses in the leading roles. Hauptmann is Germany's greatest dramatist.

It is the first time that he has chosen Berlin as the scene of any of his plays. The action takes place in a tenement house in the poorest quarter of Berlin, a house which is over-run with rats, which are also used in the play for symbolical purposes, and the plot is as follows:—



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Leading Man. The Leading Lady. The Villain. The Villainess. The Old Father. The Ingenue.

able weariness thereof point a moral and adorn an admirable tale. But the charms of Josepha will intrude, for both politicians are smitten. And then Josepha intrudes in person to beg one of them proscribe Mr Fannure and his wife by confessing to the kiss. They decline, with all indignation, against the anonymous villain; but steadfastly decline. She gets out of the window and declares that she will walk up and down in the storm until one yields. Horror of the politicians and distraction of the fiscal argument! At first they believe she is merely threatening, but at last Stulkeley plunges into the rain, and brings her in wet through. She is consigned to an adjoining room to put on a smoking-jacket while they dry her dress. Then Stulkeley proclaims to his secretary that he will offer her a home with his sister, and she rushes out in delectable deshabille to thank him.

Fannure comes to them, and hollies and whines and sobs, and at last the secretary takes the blame on himself, of course, for Josepha's sake, and is rewarded by Mrs Fannure with the badge of the Guild of Pine Souls.

## Lots for Proposal.

In the last act the scene changes to Stulkeley's house in Eaton-square, where Josepha is staying as the guest of his sister. Both Stulkeley and his secretary are eager to propose to her, and they draw lots which shall have the first innings. Here Sir Arthur Pinero shows his love for the mechanical joke by making the secretary push his head into a vase and then be unable to pull it out.

Stulkeley proposes first, and in the middle of his love-making all the rest of the characters arrive. Fannure has

we come back to the motif of the play, which is, you ought not to be pretty unless you have private means."

## Miss Amy Castles.

Miss Amy Castles is described by her agents, Messrs. J. and N. Tait, as "the Australian Jenny Lind"—this amongst other things more or less picturesque. I wonder if the author of that phrase ever knew anything much about the famous lady, who, to most people nowadays, is only a name! Miss Castles has been heard in grand opera in New Zealand with what level of success we know. Some of us, too, have heard her in London, and realise exactly what plane of attainment she has reached. Her talents and her powers to move an audience are beyond question, but it is unfortunate that she or any other singer should be made the subject of statements for which she personally is not responsible. To say, for instance, as some of the circulars do "throughout Great Britain and Ireland, her name is now a household word," is enough to provoke the broadest of smiles. It is true she has sung with success in London at Queen's Hall, and been heard in leading German cities. But has she roused a continent like Jenny Lind did when that lady went to America in the early 'fifties? Has she sung in grand opera in London or on the Continent? Has she been able to give regular recitals at the Bechstein Hall, and draw full houses, as Madame Kirkby Lunn or Miss Elena Gerhardt have in recent seasons? These questions are pertinent enough, good-nature knows, seeing the claims that are put forth which would lead one to suppose that a "Jenny Lind" had suddenly come upon us in our artistic isolation and poverty. But let it not be

In the tenement house reside a mason and his wife, who have been married for several years. During the earlier years of their union their marriage has been childless, and when at last a son is born the infant is so weak that the mother perceives at the outset that any long spell of life is out of the question.

Fearing that the death of the infant will estrange her husband, and perhaps undermine her union with him, she resolves in her desperation to replace her own sick infant by the child of another woman. Her husband is away from home, working in another town, and as he has only seen his own child in the first hours of its life, he is unable to detect the deception. His wife persuades a servant girl, who has recently given birth to a child, to hand over the infant to her.

## Substituted Child.

The girl, to whom the infant appears as a burden, agrees, and the mason's wife takes charge of the second infant. After a few days her own child dies, but suddenly the girl, whose maternal feelings have revived, appears, and demands the return of her infant. The mason's wife resorts to deception a second time, and declares that the living child is her own, while the dead infant is that of the girl, who, however, notices the deception, and threatens to inform the police.

The mason's wife then resolves to resort to crime, and in connection with her brother, to whom she has confided her predicament, she murders the girl in order to obtain permanent possession of her victim's healthy baby. The murder and the fraud connected with the infant are ultimately discovered, and the woman, who, as Hauptmann expresses it, has burdened her conscience with an

many sins and crimes for the sake of love, commits suicide.

Intellectual Berlin was up to the time the mail left awaiting the verdict of the leading literary men and dramatic critics who were present in full force at the Lessing Theatre! The play had a big reception, and the dramatist accorded a tremendous ovation: Any reader who wishes to know more of Hauptmann should read James Huneker's "Iconoclasm"—a vastly entertaining volume of critical essays on leading European dramatists.

**"The Blue Bird" for New Zealand.**

Maurice Maeterlinck's beautiful fairy play "The Blue Bird" is coming to New Zealand. It sounds like a fairy story, but it is positively stated in Australia that J. C. Williamson has secured the rights. Mr. Hugh Ward, seen in Auckland on Monday confirms the news. "The Blue Bird" by reason of the publicity it has obtained is as well known as any of Maeterlinck's plays on this side of the world. It is one of the most remarkable and greatest artistic productions of this century. The true masterpiece of art appeal to all classes of the community, and "The Blue Bird" is one of them. It has been a great success wherever it has been produced both in England and America. For the Australasian production Mr. Williamson has arranged to bring out the original Haymarket production in London, together with the company that took part in the same.

**J. C. Williamson Back in Australia.**

Since the above was written the interviews Mr. Williamson has given Melbourne papers on his return last week give further particulars.

The Australian manager, who is said to be looking remarkably well, in spite of a strenuous time abroad, stated that the present is his jubilee year, and naturally he wants to make it a notable one. "Fifty years ago," he said, "I started in the theatrical profession in the Western States of America, afterwards going east to New York."

"The last thirty-three years of my life have been before the Australasian public. I am pleased to come back to three attractions that have already established records—'Our Miss Gibbs,' 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' and 'The Whip'—but we are not resting on these. The first of the future events will be Mr. H. B. Irving. I was in negotiation with his father for many years, and had he not died he would certainly have been here before now. These negotiations I continued with his distinguished son, and the idea is that he shall appear in the plays with which Sir Henry Irving's name and fame are associated.

"The Melba opera season will be on a scale such as Australia can hardly dream of, realising again for many years to come. Where the expenditure in connection with the scheme is going to end I really cannot say. Madame Melba has thrown herself into it heart and soul, and at different ports on my way out I had cable messages from her relating to additions to the company, which are engaging attention. We laid the whole of Europe under contribution for artists, and Madame Melba, in addition, induced operatic stars in New York to sign on for the Australian tour. So this time, you see, you are to have opera as it is known at Covent Garden, London, and the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. It will rest with the Australian public to do their share, and, from what I know of them I feel very confident about the result.

"I had hoped to be able to make this year even more remarkable than it will be, by getting Sarah Bernhardt to fulfil her postponed engagement. It looked as if everything was complete. Arrangements were made through our New York representative for the great French woman, on finishing her American tour—which, by the way, has been enormous—successful—to go on to Vancouver, and thence to Australia. At Naples, however, I received a cable message saying that Sarah Bernhardt was having trouble with her company. They did not like the idea of the long journey, though she was perfectly willing to make it. The tour was to consist of 50 performances. At Port Said I received this cablegram from New York:—

Bernhardt finally advises Australian tour now impossible this year. Cannot arrange with present company.

"That treat, therefore, I have not been able to carry out."

"When in London I had several interviews with Sir Herbert, Beecham, Tree, who explained that he was unable to come to Australia this year, owing to

the Beecham opera season at His Majesty's not occurring, as contemplated. His Australian visit, however, is only postponed, and he may be expected next year. But I have another attraction: to please all genuine lovers of the art of the theatre. This I arranged with Mr Herbert Trench, who will send out both the Haymarket production and company of Maeterlinck's. This will come into next year's enterprises. I saw "The Blue Bird" at Sheffield, which was a very severe test. The theatre, however, was crowded, and the audience was dwelling on every word and watching every movement. The poetic play was also tremendously successful at the new 'Millionaires' Theatre, New York. Indeed, it is the biggest profit-maker of that non-commercial theatre so far. I saw it again when it was reviewed at the Haymarket.

"Since I have been in Europe I have been everywhere and seen everything there was to be seen in the way of theatrical amusements. My headquarters were in Dresden, and when I wanted to go to London, which I did five times, there was the little journey of 23 hours to begin with. From Dresden I visited Paris five times, made four trips to Berlin, five to Munich, one to Vienna, besides visiting all the principal English, provincial and London theatres. I did the round of the pantomimes, and was pleased to note that even Drury Lane and the Lyceum were not ahead of us in this form of entertainment.

"When in London I was invited to join a syndicate to take over the Adelphi Theatre for the production of musical pieces, and I took a very large interest on behalf of myself and our company. The combination is known as Musical Plays, Limited. We spent £20,000 on the theatre, which is now the handsomest and most up-to-date in London. The first production was "The Quaker Girl," put on about three months back, and when I left seats were booked ahead as far as the end of March.

"The syndicate consists of Mr George Edwards (the biggest musical play producer of London) Mr Charles Frohmann (the Anglo-American manager) Mr William Boosey (head of the great musical publishing firm of Chappell and Co.), Messrs Klaw and Erlanger, of America, Mr George Dance (a director of the London Gaiety, and one of the leading touring managers of England), Mr Frank Jay Gould (the millionaire), and J. C. Williamson, Ltd. The manager of the Adelphi is our London representative, Mr. J. A. E. Malone. In addition to having the call of the musical productions of the Gaiety, the Shaftesbury, and Daly's theatres for Australia, our firm will, of course, have the attractions of the Adelphi. In mentioning Daly's, I am reminded that "The Girl in the Train," which has had a big London and provincial vogue, is another of the attractions we have in store for early production."

**Mr. Hugh Ward's Farewell.**

There seems some possibility that Mr. Hugh J. Ward is going to make his farewell tour in New Zealand and not leave us with any memories which will crystallise the whole force and the supreme quality of his art as a character actor. Mr. Ward is undoubtedly one of the few personalities who dominate the Australasian stage. If for one thing alone, his art will always be remembered for the incomparable "Mr. Hopkinson." Then, too, he has by his fine genial qualities won his way to many hearts, both on and off the stage. It comes, therefore, something of a disappointment—I know Mr. Ward will forgive me for a frank expression of opinion—to find his farewell tour, marking as it does his translation to a higher sphere in dramatic management, including farcical things like "Seven Days" and "Glistening Gloria." The talents of not only himself but his excellent company were surely worthy of better material? I was unable to be present at the opening night of "Seven Days" last week owing to absence on holiday, but since then both pieces have fallen to my lot to see. These columns may be open to the charge that they represent an antagonistic view to the merits of modern farcical comedy. But that is not truly so. Give us good comedies by all means—"Mr. Hopkinson," for instance. The public of New Zealand are tired of the Charley's Aunt and the My-friend-from-India productions. Fred Graham, supported by such a fine comedy actor as Mr. Gerald Kay Souper, tried it, with what results we know. It goes hard against the grain to have to even so much as cast a doubt upon the selection of pieces Mr. Ward has made for

his farewell tour. I can only confess a little disappointment that, at the zenith of his career as an individual actor-manager, apparently circumstances, and may be difficulties, have been such as to render it impossible for us to see Mr. Ward enter upon his new sphere amid all the blaze of a recent triumph he would be capable of winning with the right piece available. That anyone should look for this from our genial friend and good fellow is indirectly the highest compliment that can be paid to his talents and reputation. Blaze or no blaze, he will pass into the Williamson management with the best of good wishes and hopes of many admirers illuminating the future that is before him. And, moreover, the absence of any notable effort to materialise a public desire now, can never dim the memory of many laughing and moving hours he will leave with the public.

"Glistening Gloria" is sheer force from end to end. It is acted with all the verve and distinctiveness associated with the company. Hugh Ward himself has a delightful character part in an ancient and amorous old lawyer, who has fallen under the spell of "Glistening Gloria." Miss Palotta revels in the name part with her accustomed abandon and joyousness. There is something very delicious in the aristocratic Wykeham masquerading as a wild-eyed Colonel from Texas, whilst Miss Ghilini and Miss Mand Chetwynd fit splendidly into the cast with their respective parts. The first act of the piece justifies its existence and captures the house. But the rest is mere fooling, growing more chaotic as the "fun" proceeds and the curtain draws nigh. It will take many people long because of the excellent individual work of the company, but, oh! it is a sad waste of splendid talent. At least, that is my opinion. What's yours?

**Stray Notes.**

"A Doll's House," by Ibsen, Strindberg's "The Stronger Woman," Prince Bariatinsky's "The Career of Nablotsky," and John Pollock's "Rosamund" are plays announced for immediate performance shortly in London for a season at the Royal Theatre. The Princess Bariatinsky, a well-known Russian actress, is the promoter.

Quick work this—A London audience at the Palace Theatre of Varieties witnessed per medium of the film machine the launching of the Dreadnought "Thunderer" on the Thames the evening of the same day the huge vessel was launched. "Typhoon"—A Hungarian play that promises to restore something of the splendour of "The Darling of the Gods" is to be Sir Herbert Tree's next production in London when the present run of "Henry VIII" is finished.

A list of operatic works performed on German stages from October, 1908, to September, 1910, has been drawn up, also the number of times each work was given. The figures in some cases are interesting, also curious. The highest number was for Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," which was performed 473 times; "Carmen" came second, and Eugen d'Albert's "Tiefland" third. Richard Strauss's later works suffered by comparison with the previous year. "Elektra" fell from 105 to 65, and "Salome" from 85 to 37; on the other hand "Feuersnot" rose from 4 to 7; while of "Guntam," the earliest of Strauss's operas, which had not been heard at all for many years, three performances were given. Gounod's "Faust" fell from 240 to 105, and Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande" from 31 to 4. The total number of performances of Wagner's operas amounted to 1953, the following representing the order of the works according to number of performances: "Tannhauser," (369), "Lohengrin" (318), "Meistersinger," "Holland," "Walkure," "Siegfried," "Rheingold," "Gottterdammerung," and "Tristan."

Yasay is said to be contemplating an antipodean visit next year. Many regard him as the greatest living violinist though latterly his claims to the position are rivaled by Fritz Kreisler. Let us hope he will come to Australasian as projected.

Among the visitors of this year Australia is to hear Miss Margaret Cooper, the lady who "entertains," on the lines of George Grossmith, but with quite an individual talent. Miss Cooper began by singing during the dinner hour at an obscure restaurant, after a course of full training at recognised London schools of music, but she was not left there long, her talent being speedily recognised by an enterprising music-hall man. She is well-known in England, and a great favourite.

The next piece to follow "The Whip" at Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney (a

piece New Zealanders will shortly see), will be "Via Wireless," a big sensational drama, by Paul Armstrong and Winifred Smith. It will include among its outstanding incidents a message by wireless which is sent during a heavy storm at sea. The piece marks yet another sensational melodrama which J. C. Williamson, Ltd., are providing for the edification of—well, no, not quite. Let it pass as a melodrama, which is sufficient in itself.

With a few exceptions British music was practically ignored on the Continent until recently the works of Pro-

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## Our Illustrations.

### AN ADDRESS ON "IMPERIALISM."

By Sir Lambert H. Ormsby, delivered at the Imperial Colonial Club.

WE have received from the author a copy in pamphlet form of the address which he delivered in February, 1909, before the Imperial Colonial Club. The distinguished surgeon is himself a New Zealander, having been born at Onemunga Lodge, near Auckland, and he was educated at the old Grammar School, Parnell under the late Dr. Kinder. He is one of the vice-presidents of the Imperial Colonial Club representing New Zealand. The keynote of his address is this. The British Empire covers something over one-fifth of the earth's surface. Twenty-two per cent of the inhabitants of the world are subjects of our King. The Empire embraces every variety of colour, race, and creed, as well as different forms of government. The bond of unity is allegiance to our reigning Sovereign. The strength of the Empire depends on our power to draw our Dependencies closer and closer to the Mother Country.

When the writer comes to define "Imperialism," he is necessarily somewhat vague. He defines an Imperialist as a person who believes in an Imperial form of government, and who takes a profound pride in the magnificent heritage of Empire. This is a little like the famous definition of an archdeacon as one who performs archidiaconal functions. What is an Imperial form of government? Sir Lambert thinks Home Rule for Ireland is incompatible with true Imperialism. He says that it would be the most dangerous and most suicidal act ever perpetrated by a British Parliament. We are tempted to ask why self-government should be good for the colonies and bad for Ireland. To say that "this phantasmic dream of Home Rule only exists in the disloyal brain of the paid agitator" is to misrepresent facts and weaken the cause the speaker has espoused.

On the subject of Tariff Reform the author has very decided views that "the hour has come for us, as a people, to

Professor Bantock, Mr. Frederick Delius, Sir Edward Elgar, and others, have attracted notice in Germany. Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, has just achieved a brilliant success at Vienna with his cantata, "The Sun-god's Return," which was given under his direction by the Viennese Vocal Academy, a society which deservedly enjoys great fame, and of which Johannes Brahms was the first musical director.

Recently Dr. Richard Strauss was conducting a concert in the Berlin Opera House. The last number in the programme was Haydn's Twelfth Symphony, and just before the final movement many of the audience began to rush towards the corridors so as to get hats, coats, and cloaks before the crush at the end of the performance. This roused the just anger of the composer, and he turned round and reproached them for their want of thought towards others in creating such a disturbance. When he had concluded his timely speech there was vigorous applause. Strauss would have to borrow a megaphone if he by any chance came to New Zealand.

A recital was recently given in London at Bechstein Hall by Mr William Murdoch, a young Australian pianist, who had the support of a numerous and sympathetic audience. The artist in question, who was born at Bendigo, Victoria, in 1888, commenced to study music at an early age, and not long after entering his "teens" took part in no fewer than forty local contests and other musical competitions, achieving success on every occasion. He gained a scholarship at Melbourne University, and while a student there secured the Clarke scholarship, which brought him to London to study at the Royal College of Music. There he won all the honours for which he competed, including gold medals and the Danneberg prize, and added to his possessions the Brinsford piano. Towards defraying the cost of his recital a grant was made to him from the Royal College of Music Patron's Fund.

open our eyes and to recognise that the road to closer political relations with the Empire lies, and lies only, through closer commercial relations; the two are inseparably intertwined." He believes that the British Empire of the future must have its foundation laid in business as well as in sentiment. Else must it tend only to disunion and speedy decay. But it savours a little of bathos to proceed to argue that India and the colonies are worth preserving because they "provide lucrative appointments for our better-class young men and women." The historical sketch of the founding of our colonies is brief but interesting, as are the author's remarks on the causes of disruption of Empires in the past. But why should the existence of suffragettes be quoted with football and prize-fighting as an indication of present-day deterioration? There are a few blemishes in the address, but, taken as a whole, it is a thoughtful and inspiring call to all the members of the British Empire to remember the greatness of their Imperial heritage, and to work shoulder to shoulder for its preservation and continuance towards a yet more glorious future.

### AN AUCKLAND AVIATOR'S TRIUMPH.

#### SUCCESSFUL TRIALS AT GLENORA PARK.

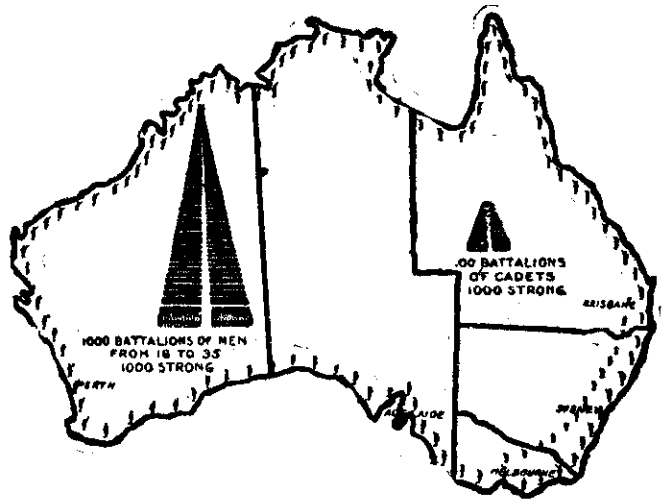
The Auckland Aviation Syndicate commonly known as the Walsh Aeroplane Syndicate, have achieved success in their efforts to fly their Howard Wright bi-plane flying machine. After preparation lasting over some weeks everything was ready on Monday for a trial flight, and at an early hour, at Glenora Park, Papakura, the pilot (Mr V. C. Walsh) took out his machine, and after a preliminary run over the ground rose gracefully to a height of about 60ft. There was only a small number of people present, and they were awarded with an awe-inspiring sight, as the machine gracefully soared through the air, now high, now low, until a distance of between 300 and 400 yards had been travelled, when a safe landing was made.

The syndicate deserve all the praise that can be bestowed on them for their enterprise, and their action in keeping everything quiet until success was assured is to be commended.

The managing directors of the syndicate (Messrs A. M. Lester, A. J. Powley and C. B. Lester) have had an anxious time during the past week, and trials have been made almost daily to have everything in readiness for the flight of this morning. The machine is a Howard Wright bi plane (all British make) of the Farman type, with a monoplane tail. The length overall is 37ft 6in and the breadth span across the wings 36ft 6in. An E.N.V. engine, British make, the same model which recently won the Baron de Forrest prize at Home, is used, and the power equipment is 60-80 horse power, the revolutions per minute of the propeller being 1500. The weight of the machine, complete, including the pilot, two hours' supply of petrol and water, is 1120lb, and this weight can be propelled through the air at the rate of 45 to 60 miles an hour. Accommodation is provided for two—namely, the pilot and a passenger.

On Wednesday last the managing directors and photographers from Auckland visited Glenora Park, which has been lent to the syndicate by Mr Walters to conduct flying trials on, and photographs were taken of the machine, which was recently christened Manurewa No. 1 by Sir Joseph Ward. After this an exhibition was given and the machine earthen up and down the ground, much to the satisfaction of a number of spectators. Since Wednesday the machine has been constantly in practice for the benefit of the pilot, and on Saturday members of the Automobile Club Association visited the Park. On Saturday afternoon the managing directors again visited the machine, and trials were then made, and also on Sunday morning.

Members of the Press are to be given an opportunity of seeing the machine in flight, probably this week, and it is understood the syndicate intend then giving a public exhibition.



### Australia's Possibilities Considered in Battalions.

STRIKING CARTOON FROM THE "SUNDAY TIMES," SYDNEY.

If we leave the defence of Australia to the boys, we will have 100,000 immature soldiers to defend us in time of stress. If the men between 18 and 35 take up the burden—now—then we will have over 1,000,000 troops, exclusive of the cadets. What would a million troops mean? Perhaps this will enable you to understand. A million troops would enable us to have a man stationed every 60 feet right round the coast of Australia. Of course, we don't want them so stationed, but that is what a million could do. 100,000 cadets would only give us one every 60 feet between Brisbane and Melbourne. The people have to decide whether they will be selfish and leave Australia's task to ONE HUNDRED BATTALIONS OF BOYS, each 1000 strong, or be unselfish and patriotic, and see Australia safely protected by ONE THOUSAND BATTALIONS OF MEN, each 1000 strong, with a great reserve of cadets to draw upon as a second line.

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Q Subscribers are particularly requested to note that the Stereoscopic Views will be issued as before. That is to say, every week except when a Coloured Supplement is included.

Q Not more than one week will be permitted to pass without the issue of the Stereoscopic Views.



# The Weekly Graphic and N.Z. Mail.



IN PICTURESQUE OLD ROTHENBURG—THE HOUSE WITH THE ROUND TOWER.

Lying in a secluded valley of Southern Germany, almost midway between Wartensburg and Munich is the charming medieval town of Rothenburg, quite one of the most picturesque places in Europe. It is comparatively small, flinged in by walls and moats, and a delightful maze of irregular streets lined with polished, white washed houses, Gothic Churches, and other architectural beauties. Rothenburg is complete in so far that it is a town of the middle ages with hardly a modern building contained within its walls. The photo shows one of the many architectural oddities in the shape of houses which abound in its quaint and captivating thoroughfares. The slanting windows in the tower light the spiral stairs inside which give access from one floor to another.



**SOME OF THE TWELVE THOUSAND PEOPLE WHO VISITED NGARUAWAHIA FOR THE REGATTA.**

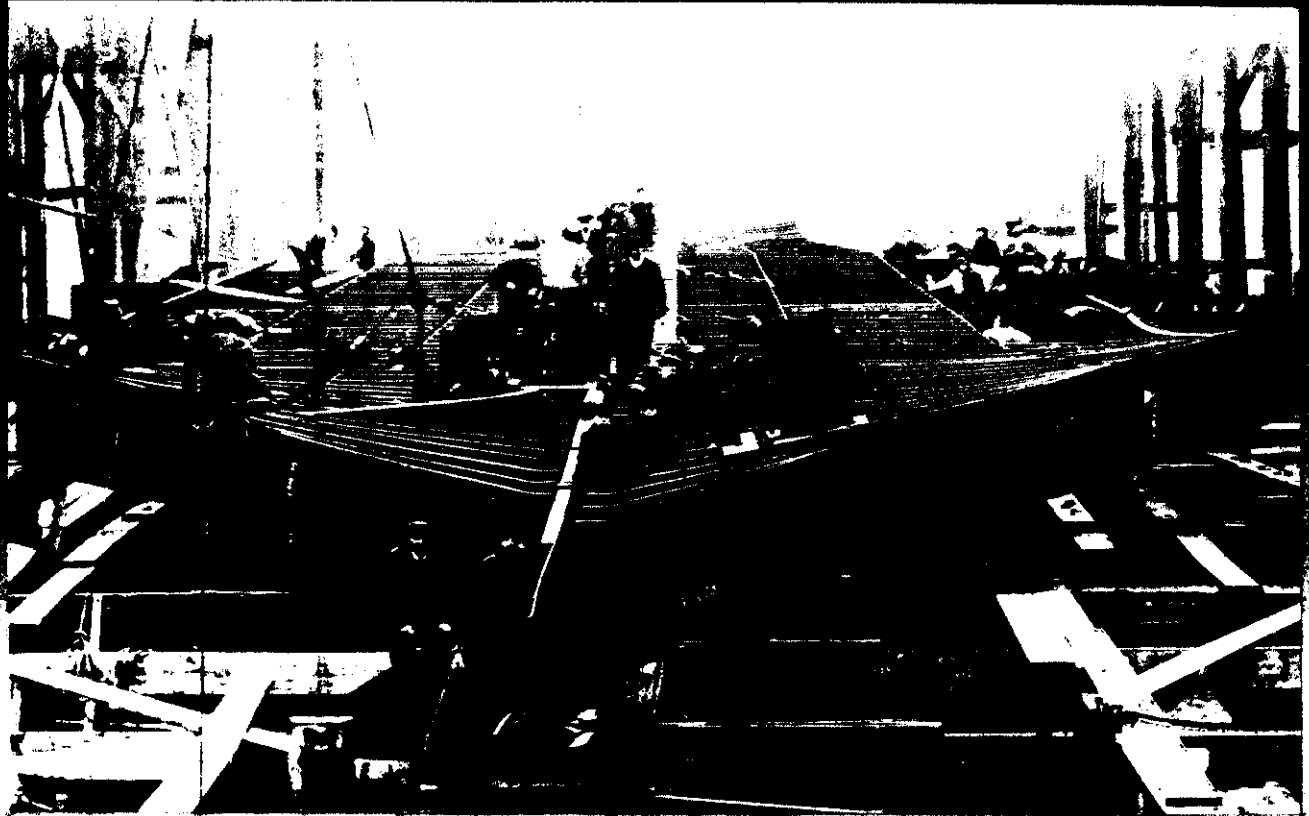
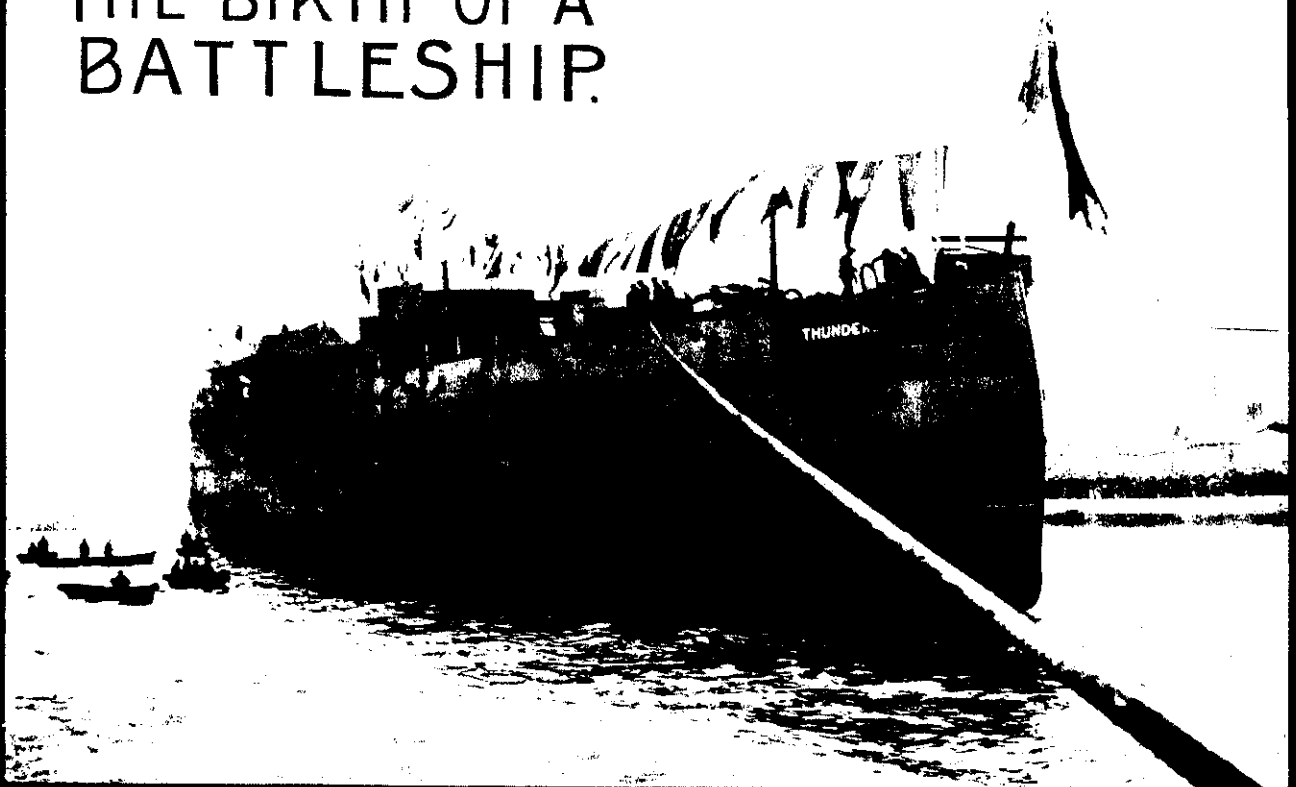
The Maori carnival and rowing regatta which is held each year at Ngauruwhia is becoming increasingly popular. This year the attendance was estimated at about 12,000. No fewer than forty site-shows of various descriptions, haka and poi dances, by troops of natives, occupied the attention of a large section of the crowd, while thousands watched the exciting canoe races on the river. The water was so low as to cause some inconvenience as in past seasons, and, in consequence, the sport in that direction suffered. The photographs give some idea of the crowd which thronged the banks of the Waikato and Waipa during the progress of events.

A. S. Brockton, photo.



THE BIG WATER CARNIVAL OF THE WAIKATO—MAORI AND PAKEHA AT THE NGAUWAHIA REGATTA.

# THE BIRTH OF A BATTLESHIP.

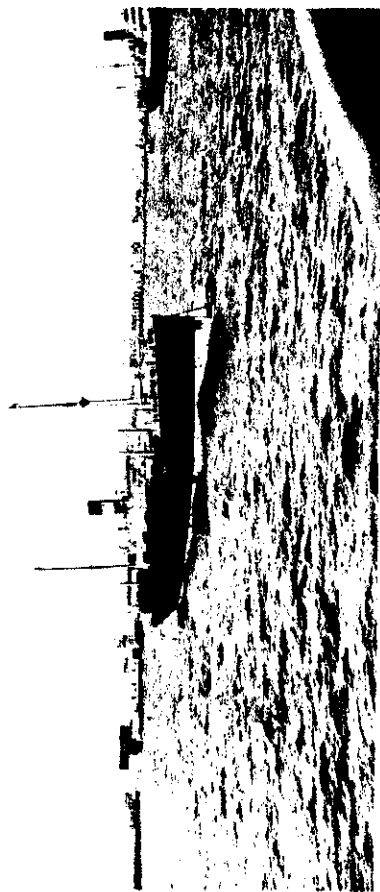


Topical and Stephen Critch, photo.

## THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL SHIP LAUNCHED ON THE THAMES.

The first super-Dreadnought to be built on the banks of the Thames, H.M.S. Thunderer, was launched from the Thames' Ironworks at Cowling Town last month. The building of the ship meant much to the Thames-side workers, and they came in thousands to see the grey mountain of steel leave their midst. After the launch, the Thunderer was towed to Dagenham, whence she will emerge within a year, the most powerful warship in the world. When complete she will carry 10 of the new 13.5 guns, mounted in pairs in five turrets arranged along the centre line of the ship. In this way, each gun firing a shell of 1,250 lbs., the Thunderer will have a broadside fire of 12,500 lbs. (1) This photo shows the vessel in the stream after being launched. (2) This photo illustrates the way in which the vessel's keel plate and first double bottom were formed by massive bracket frames bolted on to the keel plate.

NEW ZEALAND LINERS COLLIDE



From photo supplied at Las Palmas by W. Maddison.

THE RUAHINE RAMMED AT LAS PALMAS.

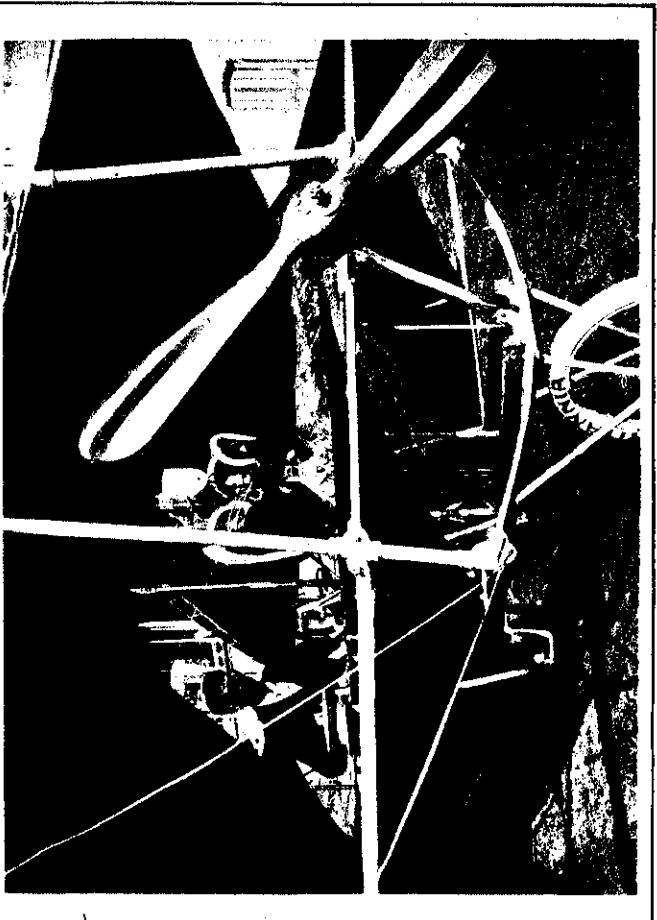
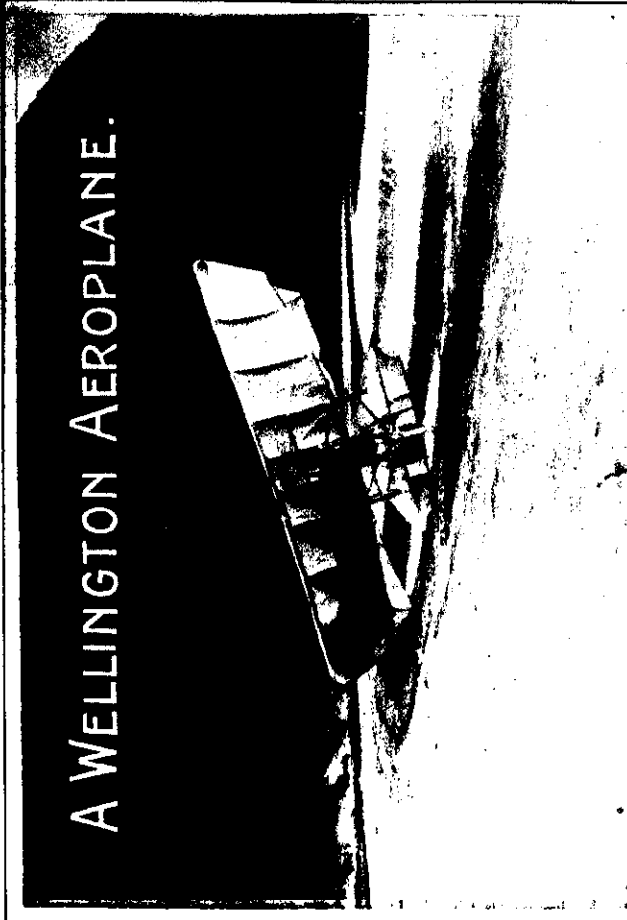
The big liner Ruahine, which arrived at Wellington on March 11th from London had an unpleasant experience at Las Palmas, being rammed above the water line by the smaller liner, the Haulho. The collision was a serious one, the Ruahine's stern, bow and engines were put full ahead to make her clear the other vessel. She failed to get her bow round, however, and the Ruahine was struck on the starboard quarter, the size of the gap made by the collision being shown in the above photo. Temporary repairs were effected at Las Palmas. The second photo shows the Ruahine's stern, which was also considerably damaged above the waterline by the impact.



Hargreaves photo

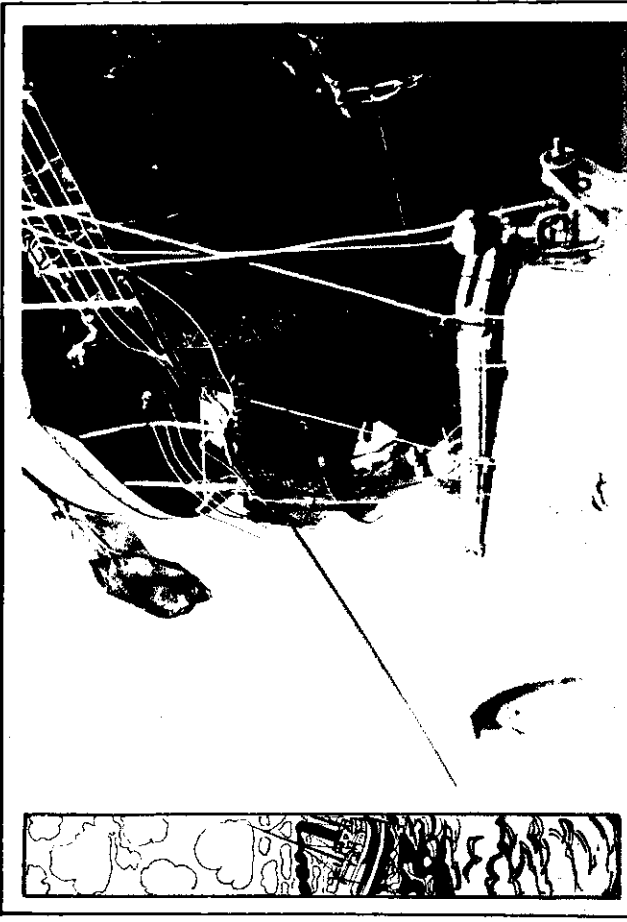
ON AN EAST COAST SHEEP STATION.

The upper photo shows a herd of wool being taken by natives from Wahanui for shipment at Waipiro Bay. The lower picture is a photograph of a number of Maori shepherds, taken during meal time at the Makarika Station.



Barton and Schaefer, photo.

**SUCCESSFUL TRIALS AT LYALL BAY.**  
 After two years' work and experimenting, Mr. A. W. Schaefer, a Wellington photographer, has built a monoplane, equipped with a 10-horse-power engine, and has made his maiden flight in New Zealand at Lyall Bay, and this is by no means the first time that he has been successful in his aerial experiments. The upper part of the photo shows the machine just leaving the ground on one of her trial flights. In the lower picture the inventor and builder, Mr. Schaefer, is seen with the machine in position for a flight.

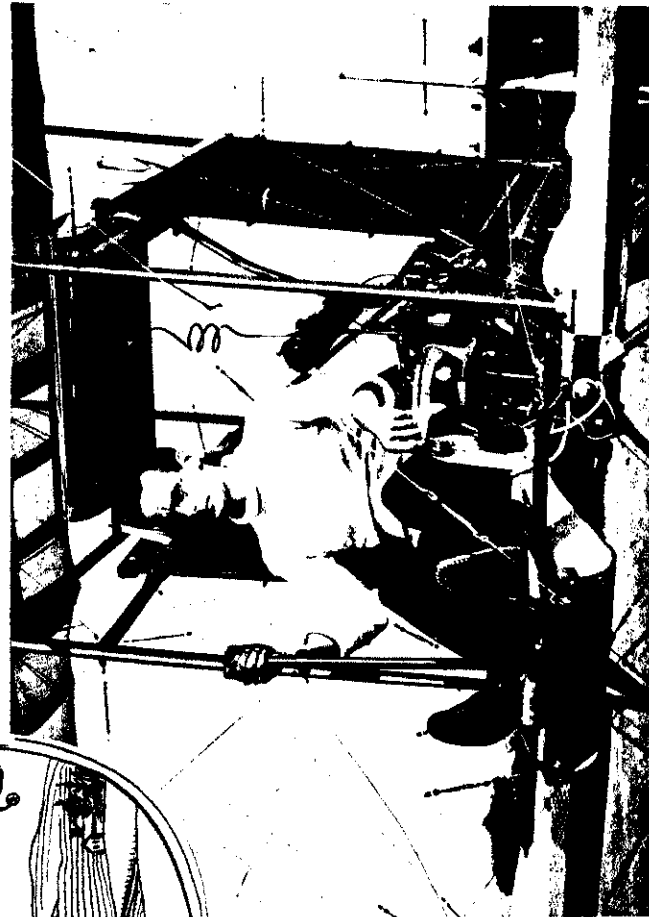
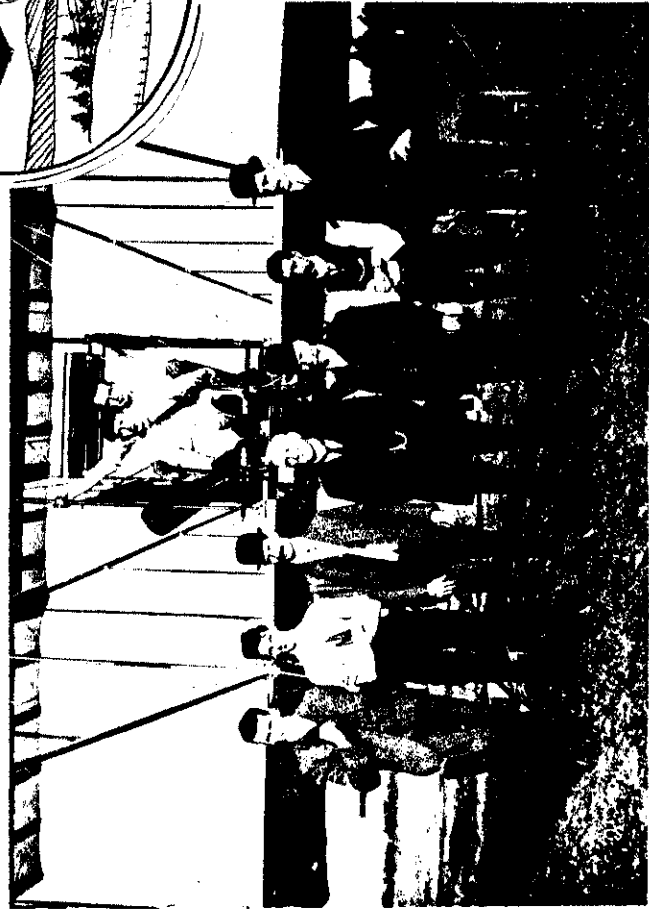
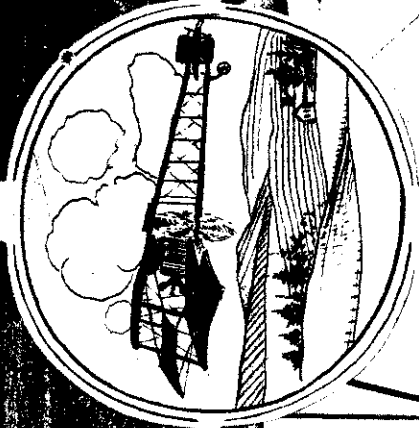
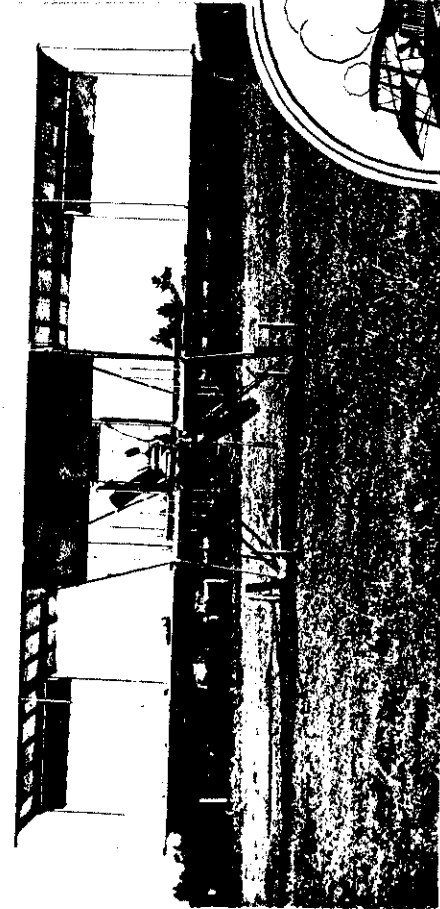


Barton, photo.

**THE RESULT OF A COLLISION—THE RUAHINE DAMAGED.**

When the Ruahine reached Wellington after her collision with the Benacoa Grange at Las Palmas, there was very little left of her. The hull and engine were completely smashed up with concrete. The extent of the damage was obvious in the stern, where for some distance the hull was broken up into a mass of splintered wood. The engine was also smashed to pieces. The repairs, though temporary, were very effective, and the vessel was able to make the voyage to New Zealand. The upper photo shows the gap in the Ruahine's quarter made by the colliding steamer, and the lower picture shows the rail and stanchions bent by the shock.

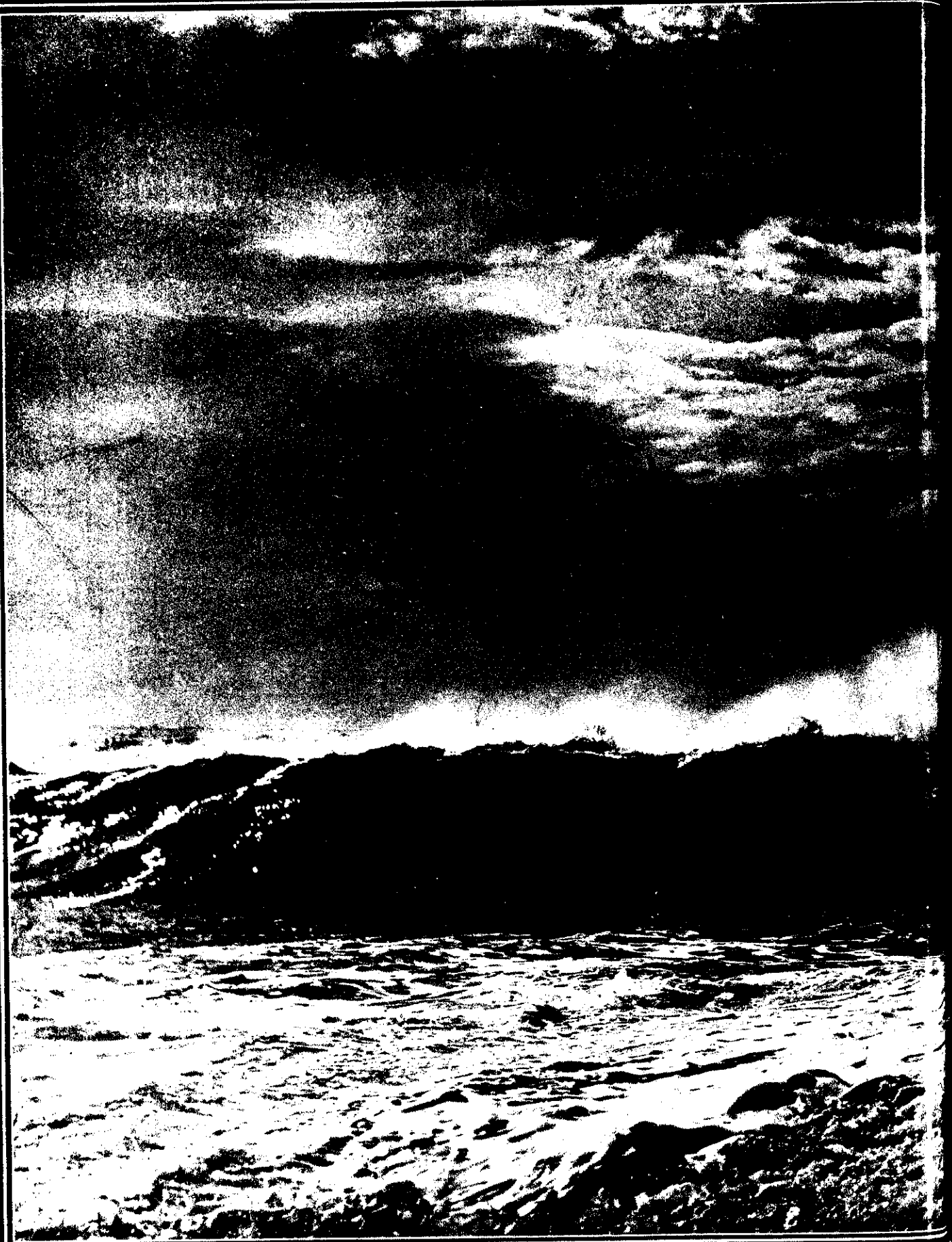
# THE ACROPLANE IN MAORILAND.



## PIONEERS OF AVIATION IN NEW ZEALAND—SUCCESSFUL TRIAL IN AUCKLAND.

The Auckland Aviation Syndicate, or, as it is known at present, the Walsh Aeroplane Co., have been carrying out a number of highly successful trial flights at Glouera Park, Papakura, and before long, it is anticipated that a public exhibition will be given in the form of a popular flying school. The engine, an E.N.V., of British make, develops from 60 to 80 h.p., and gives 1,500 revolutions per minute to the propeller, which is 10 ft. in diameter. The speed of the machine is from 45 to 60 miles per hour. The two top planes show a 10 ft. span, and the bottom plane is 10 ft. wide. The machine is built in the workshop of Mr. V. C. Walsh, a well-known engineer, and is now being assembled by Mr. E. T. Hill and R. Stock, assistant-s.c.u. B. Lester, A. N. Lester (owners) and managing director, V. J. Roberts and H. Stevenson, assistants. The remaining picture shows Mr. Leo Walsh, the chief responsibility vested in the machine.

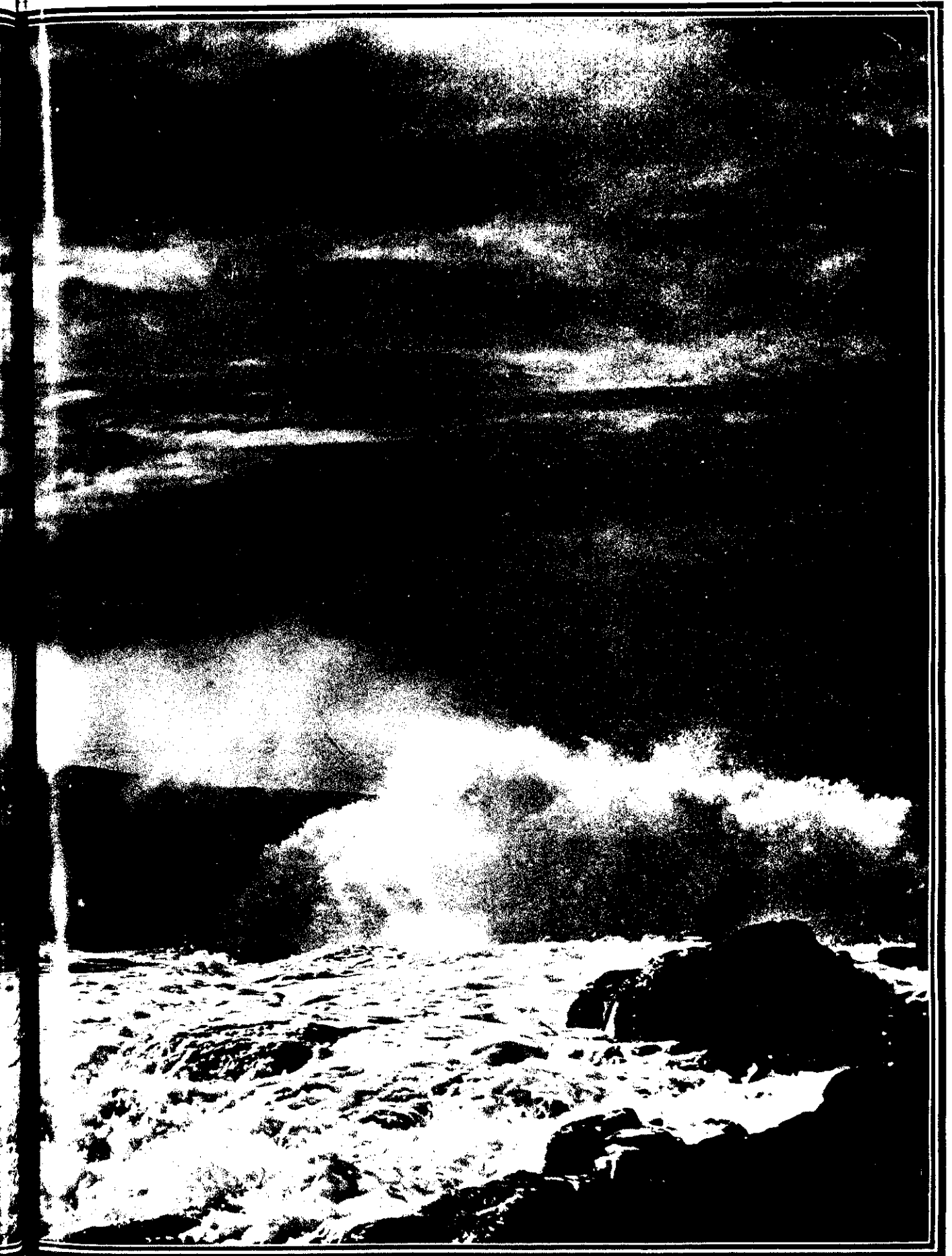
# "WILD ARE SEAS THAT



A MAGNIFICENT SEA PIECE SECURED BY MR. W. REID, THE WORKMAN



WHAT WANT A SHORE."



FOR A ROUS PHOTOGRAPHER, OFF THE COAST OF NEW SOUTH WALES.



**THE CORONATION MEDALS.**

The illustration shows a copy of the medal which the New Zealand Government has decided to distribute to school children in commemoration of King George and Queen Mary's Coronation in June.



Knight, photo. **A YOUNG FRUIT EXPERT FROM MOTUEKA.**  
Verdict: Much too good for London.



**WELLINGTON'S FIRST AVIATOR.**

Mr A. W. Schaef, of Wellington, whose New Zealand-built monoplane, made some successful trials at Lyall Bay recently.



**MR BERTRAM MACKENZAL.**

Designer of the new Australian cologne and the New Zealand stamp.



**SIR LAMBERT H. ORMSBY.**

Sir Lambert H. Ormsby, who recently lectured before the Imperial Colonial Club on the subject of "Imperialism." (For review see "Our Illustrations.") The distinguished surgeon is a New Zealander, having been born at Onehunga Lodge, near Auckland, and educated at the old Grammar School, Parnell, under the late Dr Kinder.



Surrell, photo.

**THE AUTUMN RACING CARNIVAL IN HAWKE'S BAY—SNAPSHOTS AT THE NAPIER PARK MEETING.**



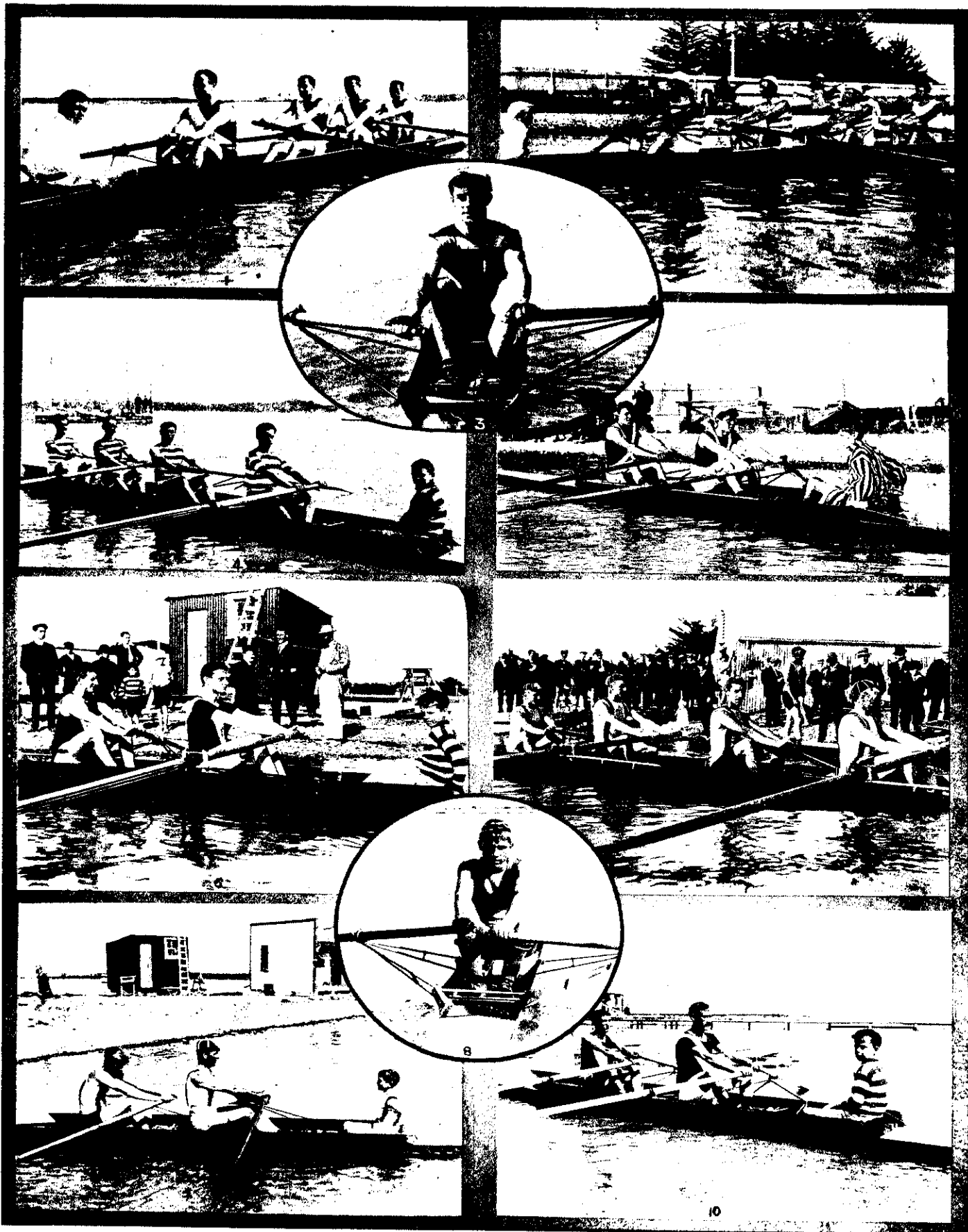
MELODRAMA IN SEASON—"THE BAD GIRL OF THE FAMILY."

Two scenes from the London melodrama, "The Bad Girl of the Family," which makes its first appearance in New Zealand under the direction of George Marlow, Ltd., at His Majestys, Auckland, on Monday, March 27th.



WOMEN IN TROUSERS—THE VOGUE OF THE "HAREM" SKIRT.

Extraordinary scenes attended the first public displays of the "harem" skirt, in some European centres. The wearers had to be protected by the police from the attentions of the curious mob which usually congregated around them. The supreme step, however, was taken by the State Legislature of Illinois, which solemnly passed an ordinance forbidding women to wear in public what is, after all, a very sensible and not unbecoming costume compared with some of the ridiculous gowns in which would-be despotic women have seen fit to array themselves.



Surrell, photo.

### RIVAL OARSMEN AT NAPIER.—A SUCCESSFUL REGATTA.

The Hawke's Bay Rowing Association's regatta, held at Napier on March 11th, was a very successful function, a number of Wellington and Wanganui oarsmen competing with the local men in the various events. (1) The Napier crew in the Senior Fours, (2) The Star Boating Club's crew (Wellington), winners of the Senior Fours, (3) L. Caldwell (Aramoho), winner of the Junior Sculls, (4) The Napier Union crew, winners of the Maiden Fours, (5) Aramoho (Wanganui), winners of the Junior Double Sculls, (6) Napier, winners of the Maiden Pair Oar, (7) Aramoho, winners of the Maiden Fours, (8) W. E. Bougeois (Union Napier), competing in the Junior Sculls, (9) Aramoho, winners of the Maiden Double Sculls, (10) Napier, competitors in the Maiden Double Sculls.



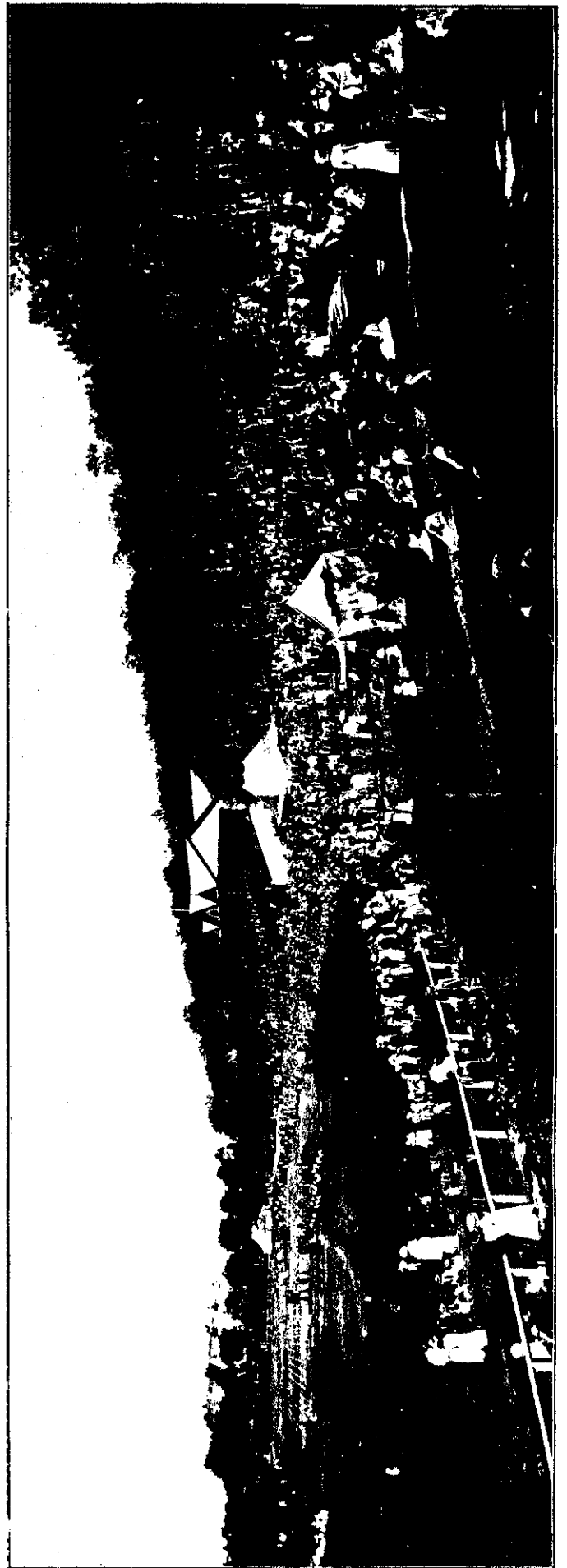
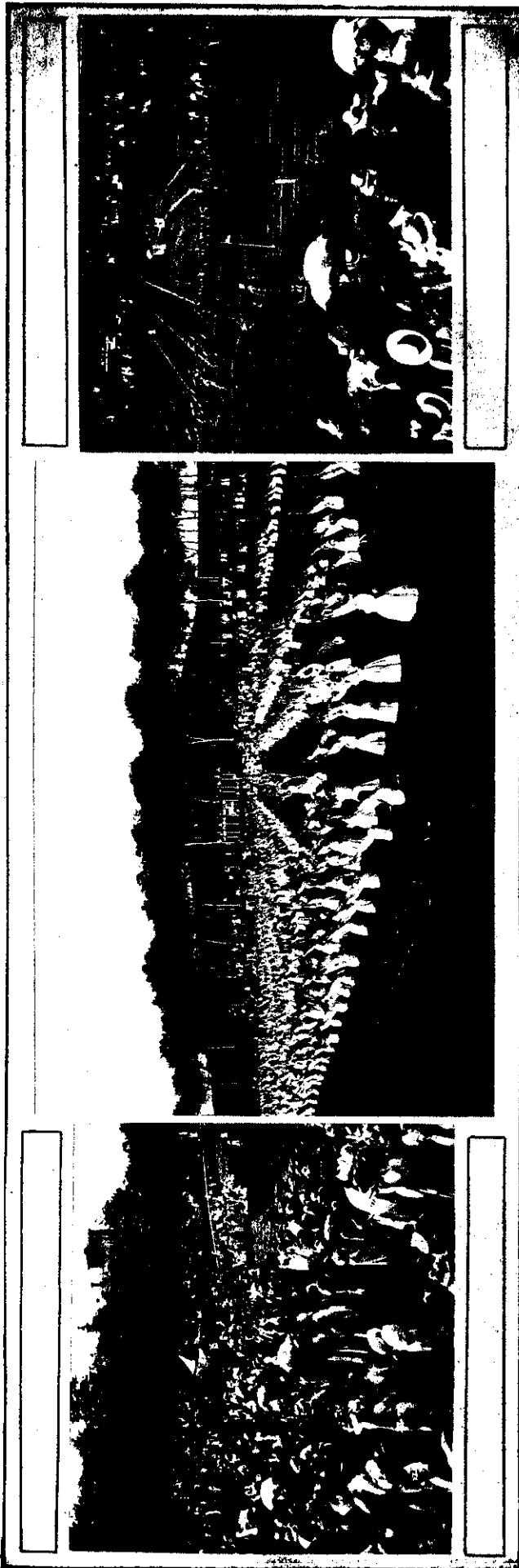
Woolley, photo. THE SEABIRD'S SANCTUARY—A FLIGHT OF GANNETS AT GANNET ISLAND, OFF THE GREAT BARRIER.



E. Denton, photo. WHERE A MODERN HYDRO-ELECTRICAL PLANT WILL BE ESTABLISHED FOR TAIHAPE.

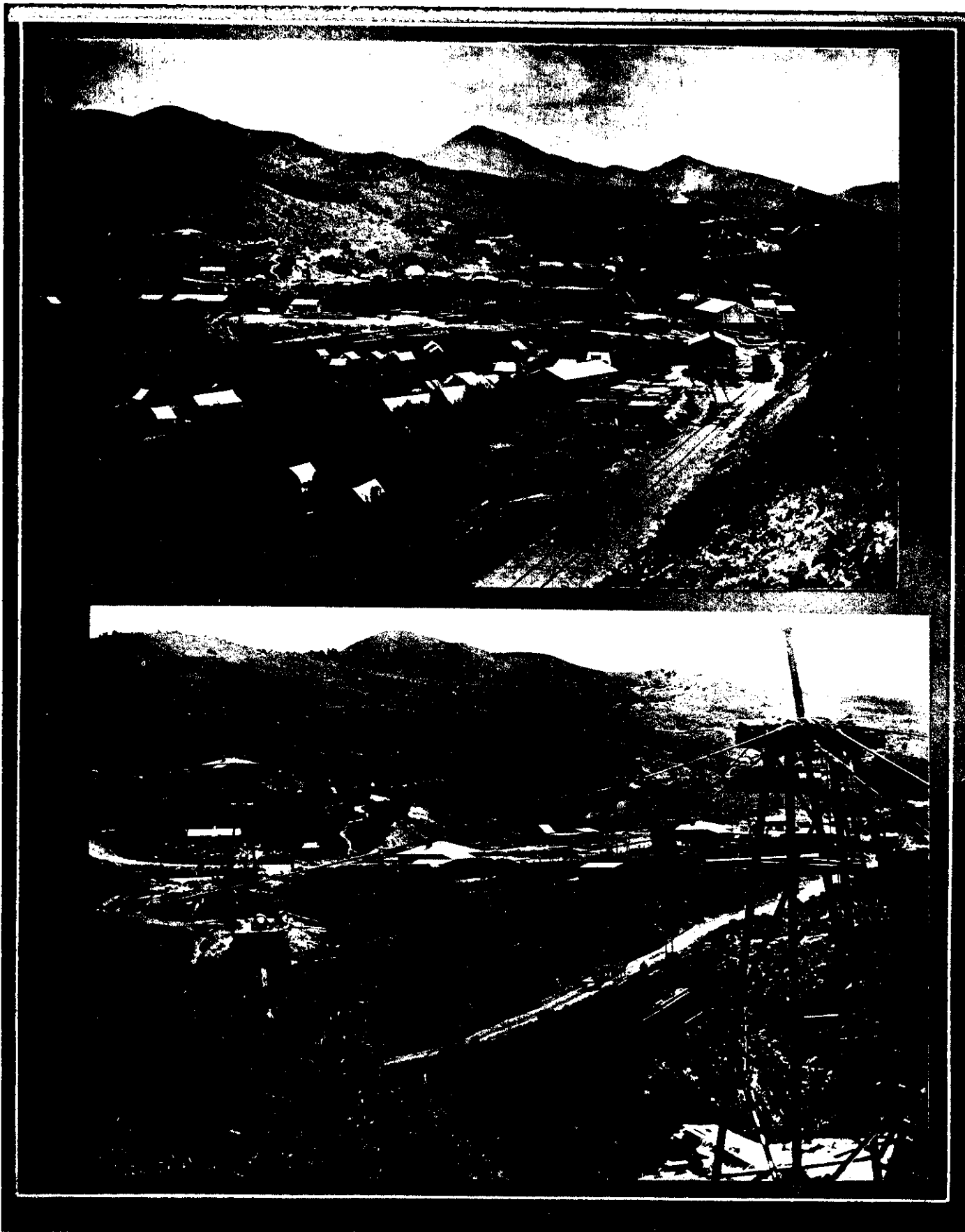
A contract has been let by the Taihape Borough Council for the installation of a complete electric lighting and pumping plant. The power, obtained from the Hanu River (shown in the photo) by means of two turbines of 100 horse-power each, will be transmitted by overhead lines to the centre of the town, and also to a pumping station on the upper reaches of the river, from where the water will be pumped to a large reservoir, estimated to hold a month's supply.





**HOW AUCKLAND IRISHMEN CELEBRATED ST. PATRICK'S DAY.**

St. Patrick's Day was observed in Auckland by large crowds, some thousands of whom journeyed to the Domain, where a large fair and sports carnival was held. The weather was perfect, and it is estimated that the attendance at the Domain was between 5000 and 10000. The top left hand photo shows a section of the crowd, and on the opposite side is a picture of Bishop O'Reilly arriving on the ground. In the centre is an effective representation of the "Harp of Erin" carried out by the children. The picture at the bottom shows the ribbon ground and the crowd.



### BUILDING THE BIG VIADUCT AT OTOKO.

The upper photo, shows the township of Otoko on the East Coast Railway, which is to provide overland transit, between Auckland and Gisborne. The two crosses mark the site of the big viaduct, 376 feet long, which is being built at Otoko to carry the line across an awkward gorge. The second picture shows the position and size of the viaduct, the two towers carrying the aerial tramway marking approximately the two extremities of the work.





TYPICAL SLAVE GIRLS OF CIRCASSIA.

would live for a space in an atmosphere of treason and intrigue and rebellion, where every man's hand is quick on the trigger or the knife-haft and where life is inconceivably cheap; come with me to the Caucasus, the cradle of our race.

As the geography of our school days does not always stay with us, and that you may be saved the trouble of bringing forth the family atlas, which is a heavy book at best, you will pardon me, my friends, if I explain that the Caucasus is that narrow isthmus which separates Europe from Asia, and the Black Sea,

from the Caspian. Athwart this neck of land the Caucasian mountains rear themselves in a mighty and impenetrable wall, and the Pass of Dariel is the door in this wall through which most of the migrating peoples between East and West have come since men began to move at all. From each of these migration stragglers remained, some in one valley, some in another; and so well did they succeed in keeping their race intact and in retaining each its own customs, costumes language and religion, that the Caucasus contains today the direct and

# The Land of Lovely Ladies.

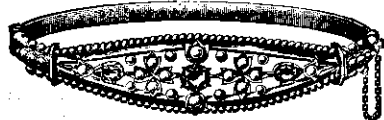
By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

FROM the Obi to the Oxus, from Vladikavkaz to Vladivostock, the Little Father rules over strange peoples and strange lands; but the Caucasus is the strangest of all. I hold, indeed, that the Caucasus is the most interesting land in all the world, and I can back my opinions with good reasons. If you would visit the Country of Fair Women, where Circassians of surpassing loveliness can be bought for £10, where brides are kidnapped instead of courted, where feminine beauty is so common that plainness rests the eye; if you would journey through a land where men still go forth to war in helmet and

chain mail; if you would stay in a city where eighty languages are spoken, and where revolution laughs at the law; if, carrying your life in your hand and your hand on your pistol, you would penetrate to the fastnesses of those wild hillfolk who feed the flesh of their dead to birds and hang the bones of the departed in a bag beside the family hearth; if you would watch the last of the Fire Worshipers at their mysterious rites before the eternal flame which rises from the Caspian shore; if you would see with your own eyes the land where Buffalo Bill recruits his Cossack horsemen and the Sultan his Georgian beauties; if you



A LAND WHERE BRIDES ARE KIDNAPPED INSTEAD OF COURTED.



J 1305.—9ct. Gold Peridot, Pearl and Tourmaline Set Bracelet, in a Morocco Case, £2/10/-.

## Stewart Dawson & Co.

(N.Z.), LTD.

Corner of Queen and Durham Sts. AUCKLAND.



H2634.—15ct. Gold Bracelet Set with Olivines and Pearls, in a Morocco Case, £4/10/-.



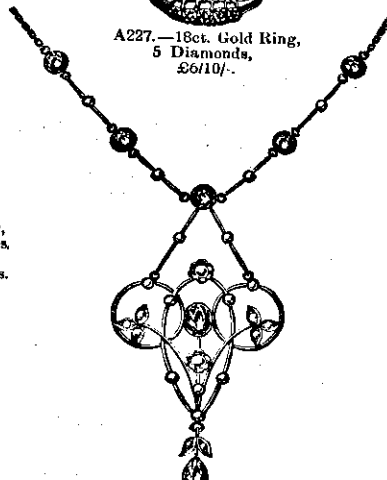
J4175.—15ct. Gold Pendant and Necklet, Set with Aquamarines and Pearls, in a Morocco Case, £7/10/-.



A171.—18ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds, 3 Emeralds, £14/10/-.  
Others, £10/10/- upwards.



A49.—18ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds, 3 Sapphires, £10/10/-.  
Others, £5/10/- upwards.



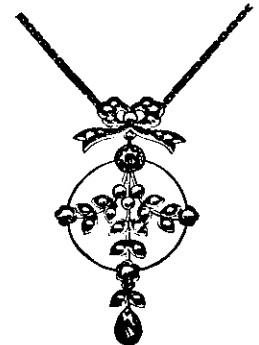
J3866.—Green Peridot and Pearl-set 9ct. Gold Necklet, in a Morocco Case, £4.  
Other new designs at £3/10/-, £4/10/-, £5/10/-, £6/10/-, £7/10/-, and upwards.



A231.—18ct. Gold Ring, 5 Diamonds, £12/10/-.  
Others at £10/10/-, £14/10/-, £16/10/-.



A136.—18ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds, 3 Rubies, £10/10/-.  
Others at £5/10/- upwards.



J4027.—15ct. Gold Pendant and Necklet, Set with Peridots and Pearls. In a Morocco Case. £4/4/-.



J3363.—9ct. Gold Brooch, Set with Garnet and Green Peridots, in a Nice Case, £1.



J4245.—9ct. Gold Pendant and Necklet, Set with Aquamarines and Pearls, in a Morocco Case. £5/5/-.



J819.—9ct. Gold, Diamond, and Ruby Set Bracelet, in Morocco Case, £3/3/-.



J4026.—15ct. Gold Pendant and Necklet, Set with Peridots and Pearls. In a Morocco Case. £4/16/-.



J2908.—15ct. Gold Brooch, Set with Pearls and Ruby, in a Morocco Case, £3/10/-.



H1147.—15ct. Gold Brooch, Set with Peridot and Pearl, £3.

not greatly changed descendants of peoples otherwise lost in the mists of remote antiquity. As some one has aptly said, it is an ethnological museum where the invaders of Europe, as they travelled westward to be manufactured into nations, left behind scraps of themselves in their raw condition.

From the times before the years began the Caucasus has been the home of myth and legend. For was it not the country of the Amazons, the land of Gog and Magog, the scene of the adventures of Ulysses and the martyrdom of Prometheus? Were not its shores visited by Jason and his Argonauts, and all the rest of that long line of fabulous characters which have passed slowly out of the histories of the learned into the story-books of the nursery? It was on the slopes of Kasbah, let us believe, that Abraham's tent was pitched, and on its sister mountain, Ararat, that the Ark of Noah rested, and from the plains between the two that the Three Wise Men set out for Bethlehem.

But it is with the people of the Caucasus rather than with its romantic history that we have to do; its gallant Georgians, its savage Sunitians, its mail-clad Kabachi, its swaggering Circassians, its Lozy Mingolians of the fever-coast, and above all with those women whose names have been the synonym for feminine grace and beauty almost since the world began. Indeed, it was for the express purpose of seeing its women that I went to the Caucasus—those women who enchanted Solomon and Nebuchadnezzar, who beguiled the hours of Harun-al-Rashid, and of whose extraordinary beauty I had caught fleeting glimpses in the palaces of the Sultan and the Khedive, or whom I had seen depicted in vivid colours on the bill boards of side-shows and museums.

I came upon the first of those women whom I had travelled six thousand miles to see, if I remember rightly, somewhere in the vicinity of Vladikavkaz, at the head of the Great Georgian Military Road. That I was surprised, and at first a trifle disappointed, there is no denying. I naturally searched the countryside for hectic-checked beauties, topped with miniature haystacks of peroxidized, blondined, straw-coloured hair. So, when I came face to face with my first group of real, smooth-pure Circassians, it took me a few minutes to realize how ravishingly pretty they were. They stood under a plane tree at the entrance to a little village, and I stopped my troika that I might see them better. After one has travelled six thousand miles by boat and train and troika, slept in mud huts and lived on sour bread and caviare, he is to be excused for staring.

Are the women of Georgia and

Circassia as beautiful then, you promptly ask, as we have always heard? Standards of beauty differ, but to my mind there is an altogether extraordinary loveliness among them—the loveliness of perfectly chiselled features, of great, lustrous, liquid eyes with ever a tinge of melancholy in them, of firm, full mouth, of cherry lips and alabaster skin and Indian black hair—the exact antithesis of that piquant irregularity of features which has come to pass for beauty among ourselves. These are women, you feel, whose lips would whisper passionate love, or, if occasion called, sing high the song which sends their men to battle; whose fingers would grasp the dagger or sweep across the lute strings with an equal aptness.

It struck me as particularly interesting that these big-eyed beauties in their outlandish clothes, staring at me from under the shade of a plane tree in the heart of Caucasia, were living ancestresses, as it were of the girls I knew at home; the sun-tanned, lithe-limbed, trim-skirted.

tures herself, like so many other slave girls of her race, as controlling the rise and fall of royal sceptres.

Do not these white-skinned beauties wield petticoat influence in Fez, Teheran, and Cairo, in Bokhara and Mecca, and even in Timbuctoo? Even if she is not chosen by royalty, those who purchase the fair damsel of Circassia are the titled and the rich, and not the slightest social degradation is attached to her position, even when she is taken to harems, in which a Turkish wife may be installed as head of the household. As one of the Russian officials in the Caucasus expressed it to me, an officer who had travelled in America with the Grand Duke Alexis and was acquainted with American customs and modes of thought: "These girls, daughters of poor mountain farmers, look forward to being sold into slavery just as some of your English and American country girls of good faces and good figures look forward to escaping the drudgery and monotony of farm life by going upon the stage as chorus girls.



THEY ARE TRAINED TO TWIST AND SWAY IN THEIR STRANGE DANCES.



A MODERN AMAZON THE CIRCASSIAN GIRL IN NATIONAL DRESS.

beautification of her body, for she is taught to twist and turn in the languorous dances of the East, to play as well as may be upon the lute, the one-stringed fiddle and the guitar, to sing the quaint and plaintive songs of the hillfolk, to make, with equal readiness and dexterity, a cup of coffee or a bed, and all those hundred and one accomplishments which may help to bring a ready sale at a round price, and may find favour for her in the eyes of her future lord and master.

"As a higher price for me, oh my father" is their frequent admonition to the parent who is managing the sale. This affords a double gratification; that of being highly valued for themselves—if I were a slave I am sure I should rather be a high-priced one—and of being most highly profitable to the family left behind in the mountains. And after one has ridden, as I have, through these mountains of Georgia and Circassia, and has seen with his own eyes the unbelievable poverty of the people and the miserable dwellings in which they live; after he has watched the women labouring in the fields, oftentimes yoked beside an ox from dawn to dark, toiling in the eternal, hopeless struggle to meet the ever-increasing demands of the Russian tax-gatherer, he will understand why men of Circassia are actually compelled to sell their daughters and their sisters, and why those daughters and sisters are only too willing to exchange a life of toil and degradation for one of luxury, influence and ease.

To the Anglo-Saxon mind, any mention of a slave-dealer calls up pictures of savage-faced, brutal, black-browed men, of the Legree or Tipoon Tib types, lashing their manacled lines of human merchandise as they struggle through the swamps and forests to the slave ships waiting at the coast. Now the slave-dealers whom I number among my acquaintances are not at all like this. One of them, whom I first met in Constantinople and later on in the Caucasus, in search of likely-looking live-stock, as it were, is as suave and gentlemanly a person as one would wish to meet. Of course he doesn't go about advertising the fact that he is a slave-dealer, for the Russians are opposed to the practice, for one reason and another, and make it exceedingly unwholesome for these gentry when they catch them.

If you were to ask him point-blank what his business was, he would probably tell you that he was an explorer or a collector of rare articles for the foreign market, and either answer would be true as far as it went. These suave, smooth-spoken gentry, usually Armenians, make periodical tours of the Caucasian villages in search of girls for the Turkish market. They treat their comely purchases kindly enough, so far as I was able to see, and they would no more think of mistreating them than a dealer would think of ill-treating a horse which he has just purchased

shirt-waisted girls who play golf or tennis, who swing the thing over a four-in-hand or sit at the wheel of a racing motor-car. To imagine them as in any way related was so altogether preposterous that I laughed aloud till the girls under the plane tree laughed back in pure goodfellowship. And thus emboldened, I got down and took their pictures.

One of the strangest anomalies of history is presented by the Circassians, a race whose men are characterised by a love of freedom equalling that of Andreas Hofer or William Tell, but whose women not only accept, but actually seek slavery as the most desirable of conditions. History can show no more thrilling story than that of Circassia's twenty-four years struggle against the might of Russia; and yet, from the time Circassia was first known to Europe it has been the regular custom for these independence-loving self-governing mountaineers to sell their daughters and their sisters as slaves. Difficult as it may be to credit the assertion that these beautiful Circassians actually look forward to the day when they will be sold into slavery, it must be remembered that, to the women of Circassia slavery and marriage are purely synonymous terms. To them, slavery means an exchange from a laborious life of poverty in the mountains to one of ease and luxury in a city harem. Far from dreading their sale, the girls of Circassia look forward to it as the great opportunity of their lives. Each one of them has ever before her the possibility of being selected for one of the Imperial harems, and pic-

And," he added politely, for he knew the world, did this wise old Russian, "I rather think the Circassian girl makes the wiser choice of the two."

These girls of Georgia and Circassia are trained for the slave-market much as a thoroughbred is trained for the race course, or, perhaps the simile would be an apter one, as a prize heifer is groomed for the show ring. From feet to forehead their skins are rubbed with sweet ointments until their bodies are as white and smooth as the satin of a bridal gown. Their hands and feet are manicured and polished until the nails would make those curls sold on the Capri-Naples boats look insipid in comparison. Morning, noon and night, their beautiful hair is oiled and combed and recombined and then combed all over again. Indeed, I never saw so much hair-combing in my life as in these same Caucasian mountains, though I am quite willing to admit that the results were worthy of the pains. Finally, belladonna is injected into the eyes, and that is where those liquid, lustrous orbs of which the story-tellers write, come in. Everything considered, I think I should quite as soon be a prize bull terrier and have my ears clipped and be washed twice a day in bluing, as to be the stock-in-trade of a newly Circassian mountaineer, and be rubbed and oiled and polished and combed and perfumed during every waking hour by relatives who wished to get a fancy price.

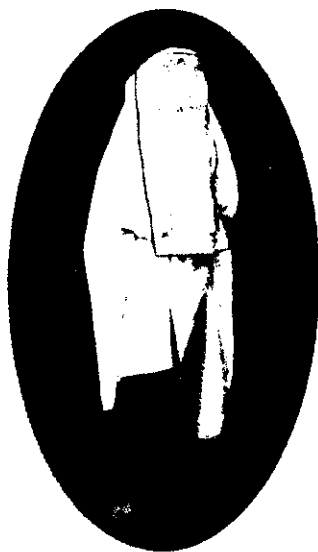
The preparation of a Circassian girl for the market does not end with the



THIS IS THE TYPE OF BEAUTY I TRAVELLED SIX THOUSAND MILES TO SEE.

Lest any conscientious reader of this article feel impelled to go out to the Caucasus and lend his efforts to the suppression of this pernicious traffic, I will repeat a little incident which was told me one night in the Officers' Club at Tiflis. Said one of my companions, a commander in the Russian navy, who was in Tiflis on a visit: "Despite the utmost efforts of our government, the slave-traffic between the Caucasus and Turkish ports has increased, of late years, rather than declined. So, when I was given the command of a gunboat two or three years ago, and ordered to patrol that fever-haunted Mingrelian coast on the lookout for smugglers and slavers, I was as proud as some of these Circassians with a new bourka. In the gray of an early morning, after endless days of waiting, we caught sight of a suspicious-looking steamer shipping swiftly and silently out to sea from a port that I knew was almost unused except for the loading of wood, certainly not by anything as swift as this boat. It was a stern chase from the first, for the steamer I was pursuing boasted good engines, and it was not until a shell from one of our forward guns whined across her bows that she dove to and waited sullenly for our approach. My gig was lowered away, and I was rowed across to the ship. I found, just as I had expected, that she was packed from stem to stern with Caucasian beauties on route for the slave markets of Constantinople. I might as well admit that, as I went aboard her, I rather likened myself to a sort of modern Sir Galahad saving damsels in distress, but my knightly dreams were quickly dissipated. I gave orders that a prize crew be put aboard and that the slaver be taken to Batum, whence the girls would be returned to their homes. All this I tried to explain to the throng of frightened, wide-eyed beauties who surrounded me, but no sooner were my intentions understood than they threw themselves at my feet, begging me with tears in their eyes not to send them back to the squalor of their mountain homes but to forward them at once to their Turkish destination."

Every Caucasian girl, in course of time, is either sold into slavery or she gets married—marriage by capture being still



ANOTHER LOVELY LADY; BUT THIS ONE IS A TARTAR.

parents. Should this not be paid, a blood-feud would promptly ensue and the bridegroom and his father-in-law, not to mention all the male relatives on either side, would take pot-shots at each other whenever occasion offered, until one family or the other had been exterminated. In the Caucasus, life, as I have already remarked, is cheap, and a blood-feud provides these simple-minded children of the mountains with much the same pleasurable excitement which a bull-fight gives to the Spaniards or a ball game to our highly civilised selves. In a country where the people are regarded simply as the source of taxes, and where a mountaineer with a total income of £30 a year, including all the products of his land, is compelled to pay a tenth of it over to the Russian tax-gatherer, the kalim is not apt to be exorbitant, being, in some cases I heard of, as low as 6/-—a good deal less than the price of an ass, which costs at least fifteen.

When in Tiflis, I attended a very fashionable Circassian wedding indeed,—a photograph of which is reproduced here-with. But the bride, who was a beauty in her native dress, had persuaded her father to send to Moscow for a European-cut dress of the latest fashion, and, further to spoil what might have been a charming picture, she insisted on appearing with her hair done in the wholly unbecoming mode of the West. The rest of the picture was quite satisfactory, however; the dekanos with his long hair done up on the top of his head in a



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A TYPE OF THE HIGH CLASS GEORGIAN WOMEN.

a la mode among these half-civilised children of the mountains. Marriage by capture simply means that a young mountaineer, having fixed his eye on a beauty in some neighbouring tribe, one fine morning swoops down from his home in the hills, clad in his best bourka and lambskin cap, his waist fairly a-bristle with weapons, gallops up to the house of his intended, seizes her and despite her struggles and protestations—which it must be admitted, are often but perfunctory—lifts her on a saddle bow and gallops away with his bride in his arms, a la Lachinvar. This summary form of taking in marriage does not dispense, however, with the bridegroom's paying the kalim or price of the bride to her

# W. LITTLEJOHN & SON,

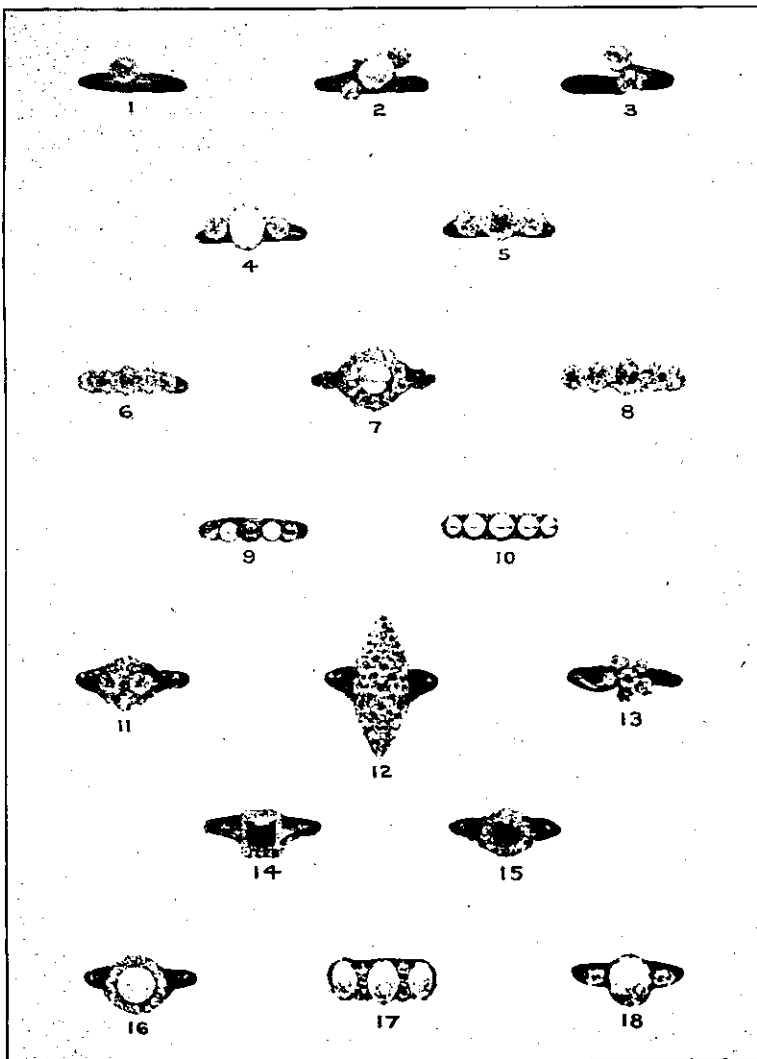
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4. Diamonds and Turquoise £22/12/-
5. Diamonds £85
6. Diamonds £46
7. Diamonds and Pearl £50
8. Diamonds £122
9. Diamonds and Pearls £17
10. Half Pearls, Diamond points £17/10/-
11. Diamonds £42
12. Diamonds £75
13. Diamonds £11/15/-
14. Diamonds and Emerald all Platinum Ring £35
15. Diamonds and Sapphire £22
16. Diamonds and Opals £17/17/-
17. Diamonds and Opals £12
18. Diamonds and Opal £12



The  
 Finest Quality  
 and  
 The Best Value.

Psyche knot, the father of the bride, a fine figure of a man, broad-shouldered and narrow-hipped, with a gold-mounted kingly swinging at his waist and his cap of Persian lamb as fine and soft as velvet, and best of all the fellow-officers of the bridegroom who attended and who, when the wedding was over, formed a line with crossed sabres under which the happy pair passed.

Generally speaking, the marriages of the Khevsurs are of an unstable nature. A husband can send his wife away even a week after the wedding, if he sees fit; it is sufficient for him to say that he does not like her looks, that her cooking does not please him or that she is a poor housekeeper. The husband having selected another bride, these two are married by the dekanos with ceremonies like those of the first occasion; so it will be seen that it is both possible and per-

were trudging slowly down the road in the direction of a field that obviously had to be ploughed. The ox, perhaps in consideration of its future labours, carried nothing. The man, in consideration of what is due to the male sex in the Caucasus, was burdened by nothing more than his arms. The woman carried the plough.

### The Plague.

There was a time, says the "Globe," when the word plague was the most ominous that could be spoken. The bare mention of a case of plague sent a thrill of horror through the country, and those who had come into contact with the sick person were ostracised from their fellow-

in 1348, the English countryside was in a most prosperous condition, but after its terrible ravages scenes of desolation were to be met everywhere. It is supposed to have been brought to Bristol from Italy, and from the western port it spread all over the kingdom; and after its first devastation had been got over, the country benefited by its visitation to some extent, at any rate for a time. Labour was scarce, so wages rose, while many lords of manors could not afford to farm their own lands, and handed them over to their tenants, who became more wealthy and independent until succeeding plagues and the Wars of the Roses brought sore affliction to the peasantry.

Of course we know more about the Great Plague of 1665 than of any of the earlier ones. Contemporary records are full of accounts of its ravages, for although it is so often called the Great Plague of London, it was not confined to the metropolis by any means. But the sufferings of some of the provincial towns are perhaps less well known. Colchester suffered severely, the death-rate being higher than that of London. Between August, 1665, when it began, and December, 1666, when it ended, 4731 persons died.

Traces of the Great Plague may be met with in all sorts of unexpected places. At Brentford there is a spot well-known as Dead Men's Graves, which is supposed to mark the burial place of plague victims. Pepps tells us that the pestilence was virulent in the town, which was not surprising, as even in these days it is not altogether a salubrious place, while Gay speaks of its dirt, and other writers of its mud. Then away down in the West Country at Bishopsteignton are some ancient graves almost covered with rose trees, locally known as "Plague Roses," for it is said these damaged tombs are the last resting place of those who died during the great visitation.

Inquiring visitors to Newquay in Cornwall may have noticed, near Crantock, a field the surface of which is broken by mounds. Inquiry will show that these are the graves of people who died at Bodmön two hundred and fifty years ago, local tradition saying that if the ground be disturbed plague will break out again. While Bodmön had still heard nothing of the plague, a band of travelling merchants brought some marvellously rich clothes, which were sold at prices that caused astonishment. No sooner had the travellers sold their goods than they hastily departed, and soon a terrible sickness seized on the town. The clothes had been brought from plague-

### Interviewing Pelissier.

It is not an easy task to interview Mr. Pelissier, the chief of the "Follies," and the successful originator, at a new form of entertainment. Here is an example of the manner in which he teaches the harassed Pressman, "I see, you want a picture of the house I was born in and photographs of my aunts, and that sort of thing. I can read you an appreciation of myself by myself if that will help you any. At an astonishingly early age I showed unmistakable signs of humour, and created shrieks of mirth among my brothers and sisters by tripping up blind old ladies in the street, kicking the crutches from the grasp of a passing cripple, and a thousand other innocent drolleries. At the age of nine a family council was held to see whether I should be educated or sent to Eton. After a time I went abroad, and on my return from the voyage I was cheered by an enormous crowd, with both of whom I gratefully shook hands." So he continues till the bewildered interviewer takes his leave, not knowing a bit more about Mr. Pelissier than when he came.

### A Famous Jewish Banker.

The late Lord Swaythling, the famous Jewish banker, was a marvel of health. The first illness he ever had was contracted in January, 1909, when he was seventy-six years of age, through a heavy London fog, when he was laid up with severe bronchitis. Lord Swaythling considered that his marvellous health was entirely due to the fact that he was a strict observer of the Mosaic laws pertaining not only to daily food, but to hygiene. As head of the great banking firm of Montague and Co., during his career he had the honour of being consulted by no fewer than three Chancellors of the Exchequer—both Conservative and Liberal. He passed through many crises in the City, and well remembered when the Bank of France was so short of gold that it paid the bankers to draw golden napoleons from the bank itself, send them over to England to be melted down into bars, and resell them to France at a profit.

stricken London, and when it was too late they were collected and burned, and the victims to a love of finery were carried far away to the sea coast to be buried.



AT THE WEDDING OF A CIRCASSIAN COUNT IN TIFLI.

missible for him thus to make the rounds of all the marriageable girls in the vicinity. It takes a man of some means, however, to play this progressive matrimonial game, for he is bound to pay each wife that he rejects as not up to his requirements a solatium of five cows—and in the Caucasus a man's wealth is measured by his cattle. The parents of a Khevsur woman who has run away from her husband must pay the latter—about £8—or she cannot marry again. Although the Khevsurs give a nominal allegiance to the Orthodox Church, polygamy is not unknown among them, a man being occasionally found who has two wives, but never more. As a general thing the Khevsurs regard their wives very much in the light of slaves and treat them without any particular tenderness or affection. As an illustration of this I remember an incident I saw while riding across the mountains of Daghestan. A man, a woman and an ox

beings. Fortunately, modern sanitation and modern ideas of cleanliness have made the spread of plague almost impossible in civilised countries.

It is generally recognised that from the earliest ages Asia has been the home of the plague, and that its introduction to Europe has been along the caravan routes, but all are not agreed that every one of the pestilences that devastated Europe during the Middle Ages was the true bubonic plague. Some authorities maintain that it originated in the valley of the Euphrates, and that the exhalations arising from the swamps left behind after the great inundations caused by that river engendered the outbreaks, but the cause has never been exactly determined. England was sadly devastated by pestilence during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which is not surprising when the social conditions of the time are taken into consideration.

Before the advent of the Black Death



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THE TONIC THAT CHEERS AND  
SOOTHES AND DOESN'T HARM.

OBSERVE THIS  
LABEL, IT IS ON  
EVERY GENUINE NIP.



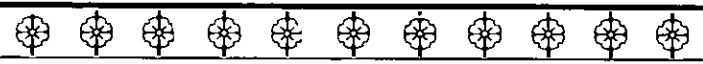
# Autumn and Winter Styles in

# Costumes

We shall be pleased to show you the  
New Styles, and promise you  
the best of attention at all times



**NAVY SERGE COSTUMES,**  
Satin reverse; Pimpings of Royal  
Blue  
**7 GUINEAS**



**BROWN TWEED COSTUMES,** 3  
Semi-fitting Coat, New Triangular Collar,  
finished with Black Satin and Buttons,  
Plain Well-cut Skirt—  
**29/6.**

**NAVY SERGE COSTUMES,** 3 Coat  
Fancy Collar, finished with Black Satin  
and Braid, Two Bands of Braid round  
hips, Seven-gored Skirt—  
**35/.**

**SMART COSTUMES OF GREY  
HEATHER TWEED,** 3 Coat, Shaped  
Piece of Self Back and Front, finished  
with Buttons, Tailored Skirt—  
**39/6.**

**NAVY SERGE COSTUMES,** 3 Coat,  
Semi-Sue Back, Wide Collar Effect,  
finished with Black Moire and Buttons,  
Lined Silhouette, Smartly Tailored Skirt—  
**45/.**

**SMART COSTUMES OF HEAVY  
HEATHER TWEED,** 3 Coat, Shaped  
Revere Effect Collar, finished with Band  
of Satin in Self Colours, Navy, Helio,  
and Mole—  
**49/6.**

**ROUGH SERGE COSTUMES,** 3  
Coat, Plain Band of Self round bottom,  
Shaped Sailor Collar, finished with Large  
Metal Buttons, Tan, Strawberry, Nat-  
tier, Mulberry, and Brown—  
**59/6.**

**ROUGH NAVY SERGE COS-  
TUMES,** 3 Coat, Semi-Sue Back, Black  
Satin Collar, finished with Wide Reverse,  
Shaped Sides finished with Braid and  
Buttons—  
**67/6.**

**NAVY CLOTH COSTUMES,** Semi-  
Sue Short Coat, Black Satin Sailor  
Collar, Shaped Piece round sides of coat,  
Well-cut Skirt, Imitation Box Pleat back  
and front, Shaped Piece at hem of skirt  
to correspond with coat -  
**75/.**

A Wide Selection of **VELVET COS-  
TUMES** in Latest Styles now showing,  
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NAVY SERGE COSTUME**  
Collar finished with velvet  
**6 GUINEAS**

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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.

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

**Hamilton Horticultural Society**—Autumn Show, Tuesday, April 25, Hon. Secs. and Treas., Mrs. H. Ross and Mrs. H. Valder. Entries close with Secretaries, Saturday, April 22, 1911.

**Canterbury Horticultural Society**—Chrysanthemum Show, May 1, 1911, Secretary, Miss E. Sneyd Smith, Manchester Street, Christchurch.

#### SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

**Vegetable.**—Crimson Globe Beetroot, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Carrot (Early Horn), Radish and other Saladings, Turnip.

**Flower.**—Aquilegia, Carnation, Cineraria, Calceolaria, Delphinium, Hollyhock, Pansy.

**Plant out Spring Flowering Bulbs,** such as Anemones, Ranunculus, Hyacinthus, Narcissus, The Bride Gladioli, etc.

#### GARDEN WORK.

The long spell of dry weather has retarded garden operations very considerably, indeed where a plentiful supply of water has not been available, work has almost been at a standstill. Whenever conditions are favourable efforts must be directed to pushing forward the most urgent work. In the kitchen garden, where nearly all young plants of broccoli and cabbage have been destroyed by the moth, fresh plants where procurable, should be got out, some seed sown, and sowings of any desired vegetable made, choosing varieties which come to maturity in the shortest time. Attend to sowing of flower seeds without delay and also get some spring flowering bulbs planted. No time should be lost in working the land where sweet peas are to be sown. The trenching and digging should be turned up rough and left to sweeten, before breaking down to a condition suitable for seed sowing. Cut out the old wood of raspberries and loganberries and keep the latter off the ground or they will form roots. Where strawberries are intended to be planted, beds deeply dug should be prepared in readiness to receive the young plants. Store away onions as soon as ripe, and well dried. A pinch of parsley may be sown, or the old plants cut down, so as to give a supply for winter use. Dahlias and chrysanthemums require copious

waterings, and attention to tying up. Geraniums and verbenas may be propagated where good sorts are procurable. Everlasting flowers may be cut, tied in bunches and hung up to dry.

#### New Seedling Daffodils.

RAISED BY PROFESSOR THOMAS, AUCKLAND.

Some time ago we expressed the hope that Professor Thomas would be induced to put on the market some of the beautiful seedling daffodils of his own raising. We are pleased to know that many of the fine things can now be purchased, Professor Thomas having placed in the hands of Messrs. Arthur Yates and Co., of Auckland, the sole right of disposing of a limited number of his bulbs from the original stock. Messrs. Yates have issued a list of the varieties to be sold, which can be secured free on application. The prices asked range from one to seven guineas per bulb, and taking into consideration the fact that these are sterling novelties offered for the first time the prices asked are extremely moderate compared with the high prices demanded for English novelties. We cannot see that anything can be gained by our growers sending to England for new varieties when such fine things are obtainable here. We should not be surprised were

some of our well-known English raisers tempted to try some of these seedlings along-side their own productions, and there is no knowing but what in the near future Auckland, and also other parts of the Dominion, may produce seedlings which will effectually rival the best productions of other lands. We give several illustrations of some of the varieties offered.

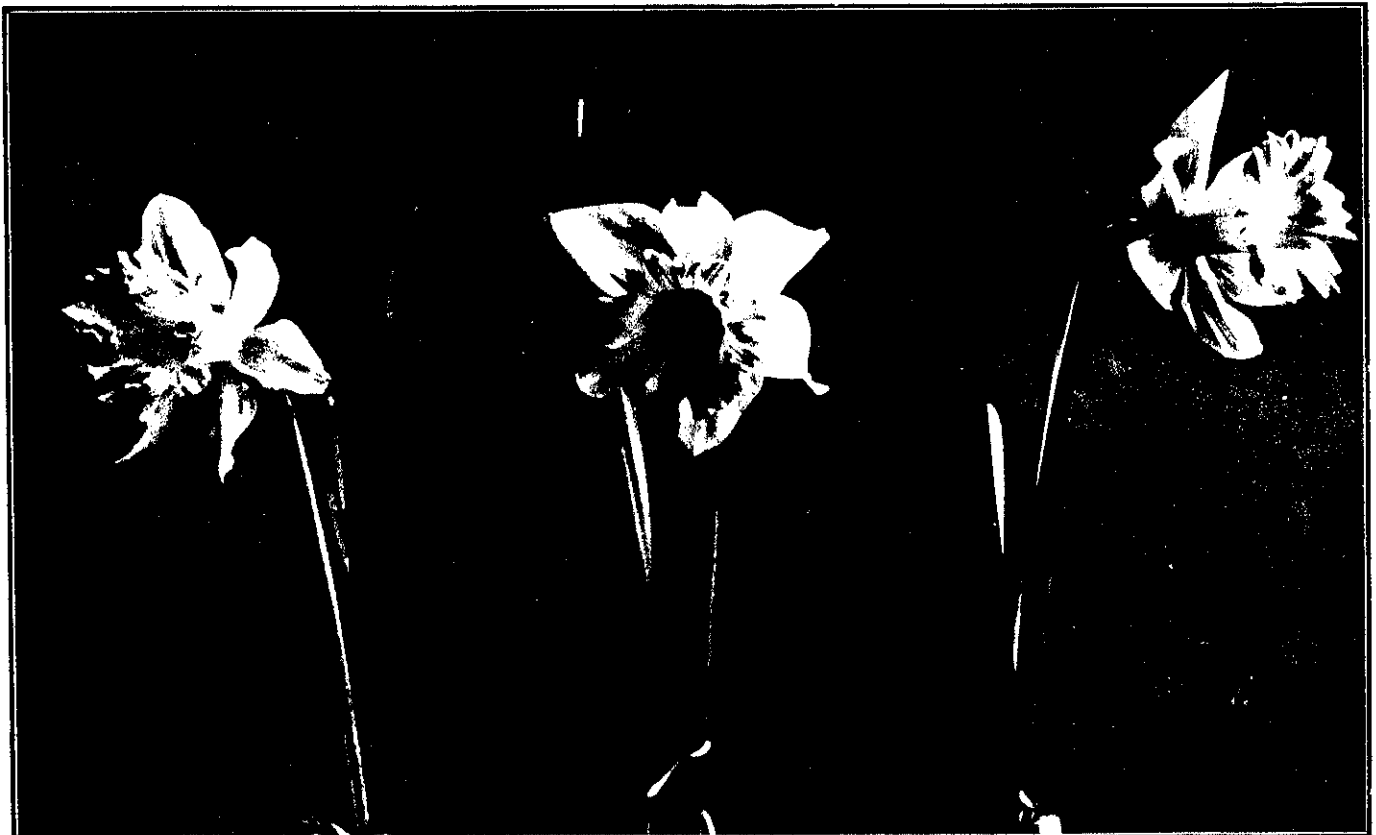
Two of the Incomparabilis section appeal to us as being exceptionally good.

#### SOUTHERN CROSS.

This is a giant among Incomparabilis. The flowers are of great size and fine substance, and measure fully four inches across the perianth, which is white and overlapping. The cup is also large and of good length, of golden yellow. The plant is a tall grower, and the blooms never become coarse with age. Altogether it is one of the most beautiful and refined varieties in commerce, and is being offered at five guineas per bulb.

#### TRAFALGAR.

This is one of the best blooms in existence of this class for the exhibition table. We are told that flowers have been grown which measured five and a-half inches across. It is a tall, vigorous grower, the perianth is yellow, with a very large open and symmetrical cup, which is richly bordered with deep orange-scarlet. A magnificent flower, offered at seven guineas.



SEEDLING TRUMPET DAFFODILS RAISED BY PROFESSOR THOMAS, AUCKLAND.

The bloom on the left is Felix, a showy yellow trumpet, the mouth of the trumpet being much frilled. A striking novelty—three guineas. In the centre is Trewthist (not in commerce). On the right is Alexander, a yellow trumpet of good form. The trumpet is full yellow and the perianth lighter—three guineas.

**Growing Bulbs in Moss Fibre.**

This extremely interesting and cleanly process of growing spring and other flowering bulbs is becoming very popular in England, and only requires to be better known to be largely followed in New

Zealand. The bulbs, once planted in this manner, require very little attention, need no drainage, and given a sufficiency of air and light will flower profusely in any ordinary living room. They are a source of increasing interest to watch their development from the time they commence growing right on to the flower-



PROFESSOR THOMAS' SEEDLING SOUTHERN QUEEN, SLIGHTLY UNDER ACTUAL SIZE.



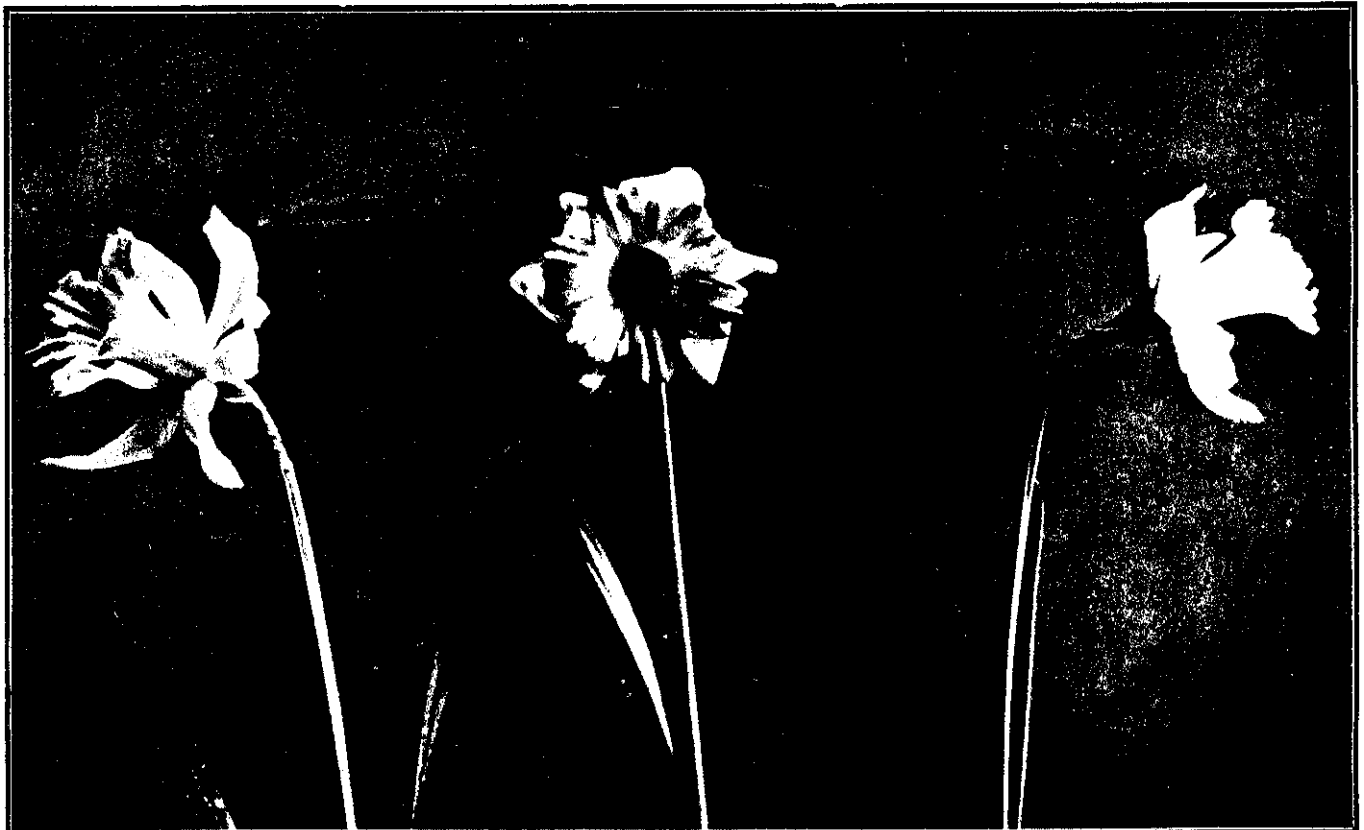
HYACINTHS GROWN BY AN AMATEUR IN AN ORDINARY LIVING ROOM.

ing period, and when in full bloom call forth exclamations of surprise and delight. Ladies who object to the ordinary flower-pot, and sometimes forget the necessary watering, will find in this method that they may select any ornamental bowl their fancy dictates, and having planted and started their bulbs in the fibre and shell the after attention is reduced to the minimum, and all is clean and in keeping with its surroundings.

**THE MIDLAND DAFFODIL SOCIETY.**

**INTERESTING DISCUSSION ON NEW DAFFODILS.**

The Rev. G. H. Engleheart, in introducing a discussion on the subject of the Show and newest varieties of Daffodils, said it seemed to be Mr Robert Sydenham's



THREE OF PROFESSOR THOMAS' SEEDLINGS NOW IN COMMERCE.

Photos on the left is a tall growing trumpet with a spreading perianth. It is vigorous and free flowering one guinea. Wadd in the centre is a large yellow trumpet, and a tall grower one guinea. On the right is Red Gold with trumpet and perianth of rich red gold. The best coloured variety yet raised—three guineas.

motto that "when in doubt turn on Engleheart" (daughter). He had seen every one of the Shows until last year, when he was ill, so that on that day he had had the pleasure of seeing the accumulated wisdom and experience that had been expended on the flowers over two years. And from what he had seen of the Show he thought it had certainly come on the full two years' advance. There was a greater discrimination in what was shown, a greater knowledge of what really constituted a good flower, and one really fit to put on a stage, and there was also a greater advance in the quality of the flowers themselves. Of course the Show was rather late this year, and, speaking for himself, his flowers culminated and began to pass quite a week ago. He thought Mr Crosfield and Mr Williams must have some extraordinary system of legerdemain by which they kept their flowers much better than he could keep his. Mr Crosfield had brought some magnificent flowers in a state of absolute perfection. Indeed, Mr Crosfield during the last two years seemed to have arrived at a stage of maturity, and they had agreed among themselves that in future years he would

a discriminating public would seize upon, and which would enable them to give a larger range to the series of things they put upon their stages. He thought there was a future for a much greater diversity in form and colour than they had at present.—(hear, hear).

Mr Wallace thought Mr Engleheart had raised a question worthy the consideration of them all. Ladies were keenest critics and the best judges of what constituted the most beautiful in flowers. He should like to turn the attention of raisers to the desirability of finding a small neat Narcissus suitable to the rock garden. There was room in that direction for small, dainty little flowers, for there could be no doubt the rock garden was becoming increasingly popular, and the raiser who could produce such a flower would reap a rich reward.

Mr Rudolph Barr urged the necessity of a fairly tall adequate strong stem for Daffodils, especially when they were to be shown in vases. He thought a great deal could be done in lengthening the stems, "King Alfred" in that respect was a very good parent, and with patience and intelligence a good deal might be done in that direction.

Mr W. F. Ware touched upon the difficulty he found in getting the public to take on new things, more especially the cool flower, though he himself could appreciate the beauty in both form and colour among the whites, lemon sulphurs, and such like. He also fully appreciated the desirability of long stems.

Mr R. Felton protested against the too "floppy" flowers, and said they, as florists, did not object to long winged daffodils so long as the petals were stiff and each one kept its own line. He



NARCISSUS—EMPEROR.

This bowl showing 12 blooms, grown from 5 bulbs, is very good, although not exceptional for good bulbs of this variety.

said there was a vast difference between a winged flower and a "floppy" one. He instanced "Horace," "Homer," and "Cassandra," as capital examples of the Post section for decorative work, and he was glad to note that they and other varieties that he mentioned two years ago, such as "Toveh," "Glory of Leiden,"

"Weardale Perfection," etc. were now popular florists' flowers. A new one named "Fire-Dome," with every petal curled, but perfectly equal, was one of the flowers of the future for decoration. Mr Felton much admired Mr Crosfield's "Triandrus" Hybrids and thought there was a great future before them. What florists really wanted was fine, big, upstanding flowers of good colour and with good stems, but they were somewhat tired of the old yellow.

Mr Robert Sydenham, in the matter of trumpets, liked smaller flowers, with more highly-coloured cups. He remembered going to Mr Pearson's and seeing on his table a simple decoration in "Flora Wilson"—six or seven in a vase and eight or ten vases tastefully arranged on the table—to his mind he had never seen a more effective piece of work in decoration with daffodils. He had a weakness for coloured cups and smaller forms, such as "Beacon," "Blood Orange," "Bullfinch," "Flora Wilson," "Gloria Mundi," "Lilworth," "Lucifer," "Peveril," "Persian Orange," "Red Crest," "Rosella," "Southern Star," "White Lady," and others of that type. What he should like to see was more study to get such varieties with nicely balanced perianths and star-pointed segments. Any flowers mentioned when plentiful enough to come into the market at popular prices would be the favourites of the future.

Mr H Backhouse said much had been talked about length of stem, but they also required strength.

Mr Watts thought the question of stem was a very important one. If the stem had a half-twist in it it stood the wind much better than if it was dead straight.



SINGLE HYACINTH, GRAND MAITRE.

have to be under a severe handicap—(daughter). He thought on such occasions as that they had not merely to turn themselves into a mutual admiration society, and congratulate themselves on what they had produced, but they had also to look to the future. The question as to the future of those seedlings was becoming very puzzling. What lines were they to look to in the development of the daffodil? He thought they were all agreed in regard to certain sections that if they had not reached the possible limit of size they had at all events reached the desirable limit—(hear, hear). He did not think they wanted trumpets any bigger than those they had got. He thought that in "Crosfield" they had reached the limit in size, although in that case it was combined with exquisite finish. They had got flowers as round and full petaled as they could wish to have them. He thought, then, they could enlarge their ideas as to what constituted beauty of form. They had, he thought, got into somewhat of a rut in trying to make daffodils only round, symmetrical, and what was considered the florists' standard. He thought there was a larger future than they had been making for the long petaled and the star petaled flower. He really thought that the "Postions" and "Pheasant Eye," with free petals were more beautiful than the too "blocky" round varieties. He thought they would lose a good deal of the effects of their work if they kept too rigidly to the round flower. They might select some of the unusual forms and see if they did not take with the public as much as the more fashionable round florists' flower. Turning to the question of colour, Mr Engleheart said that if they took the yellow trumpet everyone was trying to get it a strong, dark rich coloured yellow or pure white. He thought that in not keeping "off coloured" flowers, sulphur, buff, pale lemon, rich pinky buff, and nearly pink trumpets in trying for pure whites or strong yellows, they had perhaps missed what



PROFESSOR THOMAS' SEEDLING, TRAFALGAR. ACTUAL SIZE.



**Apple, James Grieve.**

Of late years this fine Scotch-raised Robert apple has received a considerable share of attention from cultivators of hardy fruits, and we hope that at no distant period it will be planted more largely than has yet been the case. It is certainly not represented in gardens in accordance with its merits, more particularly in Scotland and the Northern Counties of England, where but few of the choice dessert apples succeed. A short time since Mr. J. Day, the able chief of the Galloway House Gardens, Earlieston, wrote in highly appreciative terms of James Grieve, and at the Northern Counties Fruit Congress, held at Hexham in October last, there was a remarkable consensus of opinion as to the great value of the variety for Northern gardens, and it was described as one of the best of the dessert apples that have a place in the experimental plots formed by the respective educational authorities of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Westmorland. The form of the fruit when at its best, is well shown in the accompanying illustration. The skin is pale yellow, marked with deep red, and the flesh is tender, juicy, and richly flavoured.

**SINGLE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.**

The single-flowered chrysanthemums have bounded into popular favour within the last few years. At one time, when the old florists set themselves such rigid rules to follow, these single flowers were thought very little of; as a matter of fact, they were hardly tolerated. The modern florist is a person who takes an absolutely different and opposite view to that of his ancient rival, and because of this fact, single-flowered chrysanthemums have come to be regarded as decorative material of the very best description.

**NOVELTIES.**

During the last two or three years single-flowered chrysanthemums have figured very largely at all the N.C.S. meetings, beginning in September and finishing up in December. At the meeting of the Floral Committee held in conjunction with the great show at the Crystal Palace on November 2 last, more than one hundred novelties were submitted for adjudication, and of this number about three-fourths were singles in various colours, and in a great diversity of form, all new and choice. Subsequent meetings at Essex Hall, Strand, W.C., have seen the single-flowered novelties largely preponderating, and the great concern of this committee is to do justice to all, and recognise the very best, so that their decisions shall be respected by the chrysanthemum-loving public. Trials of single-flowered chrysanthemums have been held in different nurseries during the past season under the auspices of the N.C.S., and the knowledge gained by these means will be very helpful to growers in subsequent seasons.

**DEFINING THE SECTION.**

There are large-flowered and small-flowered singles; the flowers of the latter not exceeding a diameter of two inches, the former embracing all flowers larger than the figure given above. The N.C.S. define a single flower as a flower with not more than a double row of ray florets, but few of the more popular singles of to-day conform to this rule. As a matter of fact, many of the blooms have four or five rows of ray florets, and they are very beautiful and highly decorative. The characteristics of the singles and other types of the chrysanthemum are soon to be overhauled and brought up to date, and this will be excellent as a guide to growers.

**CULTURE.**

The singles are not in the least difficult to cultivate; in fact, they are much easier to grow than many of the double-flowered sorts that have for so many years held sway. Their propagation may begin at almost any period after the plants have gone out of flower, and good, clean, healthy cuttings can be obtained. The chief advantage of early propagation is that by these means

larger and more bushy plants can be developed if the growths be pinched or stopped several times during the growing season.

**SELECTION OF VARIETIES.**

Good singles suitable for amateurs:— Mrs W. Buckingham.—A beautiful flower of good form and capital size. Colour, clear pink. Good either undisbudded or disbudded.

Merstham Jewel.—This is a pretty flower of a reddish terra-cotta colour, tipped gold. The sprays are stiff, and the flowers large.

Edith Pagram.—One of the largest and best. Extra fine when disbudded. Colour, rich pink, tinted white.

Bronze Edith Pagram.—A bright reddish-bronze sport from Edith Pagram. An excellent companion to the parent variety.

Reginald Godfrey.—This is an excellent rich, clear yellow variety; the flowers are of goodly proportions. Capital when disbudded, and beautiful in sprays.

Florrie King.—This is a beautiful free-flowering decorative single. The flowers are large and of good form. Colour clear pink.

Mary Richardson.—One of the very best mid-season kinds. Free flowering, robust. Colour reddish terra-cotta.

F. A. Collett.—Another free-flowering variety that is quite distinct. Deep salmon.

Robert Milner.—A distinct deep golden-yellow flower of beautiful form and large size; free flowering and distinct.

Cedy Mason.—New chestnut-coloured single, recently certificated; free-flowering; flowers good disbudded, and charming in sprays.

great heat is formed. The lime sets up a burning action and then falls to a powder, thereafter appearing to be very dry, but nevertheless it contains water in reality, water in one of its invisible forms chemically combined with lime.

It is well known that outward cleanliness both in man and beast is essential to good health, and trees and plants are no exception to the rule. Therefore, when the stems of trees and bushes are covered with lichen, moss, and green slime they cannot be in a healthy state, as those diseases not only injure the plants themselves, but they provide exquisite shelter for thousands of other insects injurious to plant life.

Hot lime just in the state we have it after the water has been applied is one of the finest tree washes that can be applied. It not only destroys the moss, slime, and other growths adhering to the stems, but it also destroys the insect life sheltering underneath this offal.

In applying hot lime for the purpose of cleansing tree stems many methods have been tried, and we may say few of those methods have failed. Nevertheless we are inclined to favour a method that has been lately brought to our notice and frequently practised in some of the colonies, i.e., mix the hot lime with cheap soft soap, beat into a cream, then it may be laid on to the stems with a common painter's brush.

The soft soap does not spoil the virtue of the lime, and it also adds to its adhering qualities. The lifetime of this wash being greatly prolonged by the greasy surface it presents to the weather, and we must bear in mind that in our wet climate this is a great consideration.

I think it would be no exaggeration to say that if more lime was used in our gardens, and especially on our trees and bushes, half the injuries caused by insect pests would for ever disappear.

(which are only different forms of the same thing, carbonate of lime), exist they singly or jointly prevent the loss of phosphates, and one may rest assured that phosphates will be taken up and used by all kinds of plants sooner or later as they require them.

Herein lies a difference between phosphates and nitrates, the former remaining in the soil for a long time, despite the weather conditions, but the latter being washed out by too much rain, or if used in pot plants by the too frequent use of the watering can. Therefore, use phosphates as much as possible, especially after the ground has been well dressed with lime, for the reason I have before mentioned.

In passing, phosphates produce fruit and flower, and nitrates produce wood and foliage; therefore, one can cultivate his plants as he has a mind. If a large, strong plant is required, give nitrates (carefully); if exquisite fruit or fine flowers is the object in view, then give phosphates (carefully).

For pot fruit there is no finer feeding than the above-mentioned articles, as the grower can build up wood and foliage at his own sweet will; he can also swell his fruit as he has a mind, and he can give it that delicious flavour that takes the judges' fancy at all the leading shows if they feel disposed to sample them.—"Scottish Gardener."

Old Lawyer.—Young man, it strikes me that you are very much attached to Miss Plainwell.

Young Attorney.—She owns three hundred acres of land.

Old Lawyer.—What has that got to do with the case?

Young Attorney.—Why, isn't that sufficient cause for an attachment?



Coster (to his better half): "Nah, then, get off there and walk, can't yer! Dyer sink the moke's a bloomin' 'Ercules!"

Mensa.—To be seen at its best, this variety should be disbudded. The pure white flowers are ideal; the plant has a good constitution.

Metta.—A large telling flower of deep magenta-red colour, with broad white zone round yellow disc.

Miss Mary Pope.—A this year's novelty, possessing all the requirements of a decorative variety. Flowers produced in graceful sprays of 12 or more; clear, soft blush-pink. Form circular.

D. B. Crane.

**LIME AND ITS USE IN THE GARDEN.**

Chalk, marble, and limestone are carbonates of lime, and under heat the carbonic acid is driven out and pure or caustic lime remains. In its effects on plant life of all descriptions it acts in much the same manner as potash, or soda, but is a little slower than the former, and very much slower than the latter, in its action, and can be used to great advantage on peaty land or land that is extra heavy, where it serves, amongst many other virtues, to break up the solid under-walls of clay and destroy the animal life, also to check the over-supply of organic matter and thus convert it into nutritious foods for all kinds of plants. Quick or shell lime (the former one is best to procure it in) sprinkled with water absorbs it, and

Another method of using lime, and this is not generally known, is the removing of many of our enemies from the fields of their labours, more especially in spring time. After peas, spinach, etc., have been sown, birds, mice, rats, etc., start operations, and in many cases taxes the energy of the grower to cope with those garden pests, and he invariably dusts the ground with some preventive, and as such lime is very often used. However, as an odour producer lime in itself is not much, but if it is mixed with sulphate of ammonia the ammonia is given off in such a strong state that it will stun any beast that may be unfortunate enough to go near it, and the odour of ammonia will remain for perhaps one week, when the same dressing may again be given, and so on until the operator is satisfied that the pests have left his seeds alone. This may be considered extravagance, but it is not so, as all that is required of the mixture is a very thin line to prevent anything from getting near it.

It is little use, and also a great loss of time and material, putting lime on ground where it already exists in any large degree, i.e., in the localities where lime is quarried one very seldom finds the farmer or gardener using it, and they one and all give as a reason that they find it does little or no good. Now, it is doing good to a certain extent, inasmuch as it is storing the soil full of phosphates, for where clink or lime

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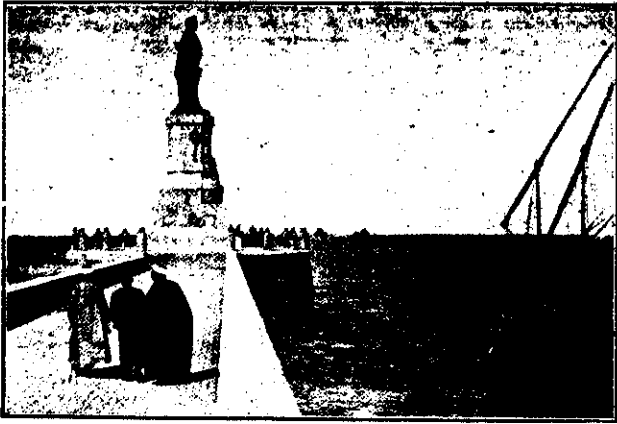
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The statue of De Lesseps at Port Said.

## The Suez Canal.

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

PORT SAID, baking in the sun: a sandy, sizzling, raucous place, compact of all the tribes and redolent of all the evil smells of earth. Alongside the coal-barges, great and dirty—a thousand of the maniacs of four brown nations shrieking and dancing over the coal; on the other side a massed flotilla of petty pirates; in an ill-conditioned boat, charging the pirates, a squad of the red-fezzed and white-jacketed policemen of his debilitate Majesty, the Khedive of Egypt; clouds of coal-dust to offend the eye, and a Babylonian horror of gabbling tongues to stun the senses and weary the soul. And above all this seething tumult and mad revel of confusion stands forth the serene image of order, system, of cold, calculating, relentless method, the colossal statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps.

So you go from the West into the East; out of the European world into the Asiatic; and that statue, imperturbable before the gateway, marks the dividing line. On this side you are in your own country; on the other the thin silver cord of the great canal stretches out over the yellow desert to alien things and peoples. You look up at the statue, as below on the steamer you slide by at quarter speed, and in some occult way the calm, masterful face, the long, strong jaw, the pose of command and authority, touch the easy springs of racial pride. Below are the squalling hordes of Asia; above the reserve and strength of the Caucasian; and the essence of the contrast is good to taste. Here is the race that does things, your race and mine; here is efficiency against inefficiency; power and concentration against ineptitude; and that, you tell yourself, is the story of the Suez Canal.

From the clouds of Just and the shrieking bellman, you, making terms with

a petty pirate, flee to the shore to wander the sandy streets, and watch the human kaleidoscope turning and turning beneath your eye. Arabs, Egyptians, Turks, Syrians, Greeks, Italians, Russians, Frenchmen, Germans, English are in that mass, with anthropological odds and ends unidentified. The street signs are a study in polygot; men lie and steal and gamble in all the tongues from Babel; and the variety of costume makes safety, sanity and conversation, the absurd until you hit upon the exact word your mind has been groping for to describe all this—vaudeville. Port Said is a kind of vaudeville; it is the show place of nations. The Arab sheiks, white-turbaned, tall, austere of countenance, lithe of step, seem placed on show for your delectation; the gaudily-attired water-seller seems a fantastic impostor; the Parsee money-changer appeals to you as a piece of stage-setting; and the red fezzes seem donned for the occasion. But two things are genuine enough to any apprehension; the hot dry wind of the desert that strikes with a material impact on your face, and the incessant bawling of the men that swarm about you offering to be guides. And these drive you in the end to a cafe on the shore where you can sit, and from a safe distance watch the maniacs and the eddying life of the water-front.

The sun slants westerly, and the maniacs break into a chant, the whole mad gang singing together as they pass up the coal in baskets hidden in a choking nimbus of coal-dust. It is one of the primeval tunes of Asia. I have heard the same thing in the streets of Canton. There are four notes in it—maybe five—and the maniacs sing it hours together while they pass up the coal. As for the words, heaven knows what they are, for the four nations speak four differ-

ent tongues, and each maniac screams in his own vernacular, but all to the same tune—more or less. And all the while the foremen or drivers or bosses or whatever they may be, with blows and oaths incessantly drive the workers onward. Broad-nosed negroes, Arabs, Egyptians, and Syrians are in that gang. You remember, doubtless, the pictures from the old Egyptian temple walls, the slender, bare men with a strap about the loins and a strange cylindrical head-dress that made their heads seem projected far backward, their strange lips and strange eyes! There they are, shovelling coal on that barge, the same loin-cloth, the same strange cylindrical head-dress, the same thin, naked bodies. Thirty centuries have passed over earth sooner than the habits of one race. These are the men that build the pyramids, with such drivers and such blows and such misery of hopeless toil. And now they coal the R.M.S. Moldavia at the entrance to the Suez Canal.

Down at the other end of your panorama, away from Europe, down toward the desert and the silver canal line is the great, glorious office-building of the Canal Company, white stone, glittering in the sun, very imposing, a proper antithesis to the howling wretches on the barges, a proper complement to the beautiful

upon league through level desert or banked across shallow lagoons—how simple it seems when you think of Culebra Cut and the manifold terrors of Panama! You can stand on the fore-castle head and the banks meet in front of you and again far behind, so straight it is. But for the passing-station every five miles, with its little house and cluster of palms and telegraph signal, and maybe a waiting steamer, there is no change in the dead uniformity.

Anything that has steam must be passed at a passing-station; there is no room in the canal. But the native boats, the Arab dhows, lateen-rigged, manned by naked brown and black men, you may pass anywhere, provided you stop your engines long enough to let them go by. Your steamer may move six miles an hour through the canal, but at no faster rate. The dhows pitch disaseter against the near-by banks; but the brown, naked men care naught, and only sit in the sun and stare.

Lo, where the sand insatiate drinks  
The steady splendour of the air—

you say; for all about is flat desert. And leaning over the rail, staring at the flat, yellow, glaring expanse, you are aware that the lady next to you is talking.



"The palms and stations are done in silver, and the shores seem strangely unreal."

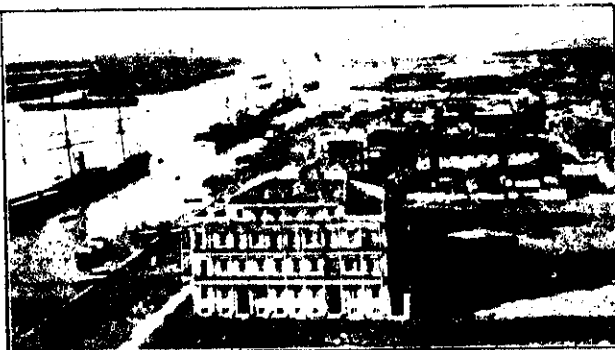
statue. Between lies Port Said. When the canal days dawned, the company built it to house the vast army of workmen while alive and to serve as a convenient pit to throw them into when dead. It has thriven mightily since; for to all the vast trade of the boundless East it holds the door, and takes tribute. It began as a charnel-house; it will end as one of the great cities of earth; and if the sands whereon it is built could speak, they might tell awful tales.

But now in the manner of our kind we think of no such thing. All night the steamer lies at Port Said, while the cafe orchestras blare and the roulette wheels turn; and in the morning, with the clear dry air sweeping in from the desert, the sky full of the howling wealth of far Mediterranean colour, you are carried past the straggling town, past the company's beautiful white office into the very canal itself; for so far you have been in but the artificial harbour at its mouth. This ditch, 137 feet wide, 31 feet deep, cut straight for league

"Henry, dear," she says (not to you; to her husband), "just see how fresh and cool those trees look out in that sand!"

You look, too, and the trees certainly do seem wonderfully fresh and sweet, and you wonder at them in such a place. Before them is an expanse of water, and that looks fresh and sweet also; but strange in a way you cannot define. And presently, as you gaze, trees and water vanish, and where they were is only the sand insatiate and the steady splendour of the air. It was naught but mirage; reappearing and vanishing wherever you look, until you are not sure whether even the sand itself stretches of smooth, oily lagoons, or the very camel trains be real.

But to the camel trains, indeed, you may swear with full assurance, for by the night of these, and the howling boys that drive them, and the brown labourers, and the great black reptiles of dredges here and there, you use the canal or have a canal to use. The great insistent problem of Suez is the sand and



"To all the vast trade of the boundless East Port Said holds the door."

The wind that forever blows and blows it into the canal. But for endless toil and sleepless vigilance the ditch would fill up. Such was the fate that overtook its predecessors. For this is no nineteenth-century nor European project, as a matter of fact, but a thing two thousand years old, or more.

Then from the time of the Moors, in the ninth century, down to fifty years ago there was no canal, and all the huge traffic to the Orient came and went by the Cape of Good Hope. Some time when we are celebrating the surpassing wisdom of the Caucasian mind, let us put this in: The ancients cut the isthmus; we went around the Cape, taking six months to get to India. I read the other day that somewhere in England there is a monument in memory of Lieutenant Waghorn of the British army. One monument!—to the man that first drove into the British intelligence the fact that, canal or no canal, the Cape of Good Hope route was not necessary. His idea was to steam to Alexandria, carry the passengers, mails, and freight overland to Suez, and re-embark them on the Red Sea. It was so simple and obvious that any child with a map could have hit upon it; but Waghorn hammered for years at the British Government before he could get anybody to listen to him. At last, he was graciously allowed to see what he could do, and in 1841 he got letters from London to Bombay in thirty days. When that fact had sufficiently permeated safety, sanity, and conservatism, the Waghorn route was adopted—for the mails. So moves the world. The demonstration that the thirty-day plan was feasible gradually centred attention upon a certain mad Frenchman, ceaselessly shouting about his canal project; the great Indian Revolution of 1857 showed the British public that quick transit was more desirable than conservatism, and so at last De Lesseps raised his money and began to dig sand and kill fellows.

The dredges scoop from the bottom of the canal the blown-in sand and dump it along the shore; the camel trains bring up rocks and supplies for the army of workmen that must toil always to keep this highway clear. Egyptians and Arabs are the workmen, Scotchmen the engineers, naked savage boys the camel-drivers, clinging with one hand to the first camel's tail and with the other beating the beast ceaselessly. One boy manages eight or ten camels, tethered in a string—their loads on their backs. When the steamer comes, invariably he drops the tail to which he has been holding and races along the shore screaming and revealing to the interested passengers the amazing extent of his professional skill in picturesque profanity.

That other and narrower stream to starboard there is the fresh-water canal built to supply Port Said and the labourers while the Suez was being built. It reaches up toward the Nile somewhere. Close beyond it is the embankment of

the railroad from Port Said to Cairo, along which American-built locomotives flip the swift express trains past the slowly moving steamers. And still farther are the endless lagoons and dreary sands. That is the scenery. More monotonous country is not known to man, but from every steamer the passengers study the prospect with unflagging interest: The hot sands stretch far away, unvaried, unrelieved, the air radiates visibly from their blistering surface, the sun burns madly in a sky of perfect violet, the whole thing is tiresome, but you watch every mile of the way and think it too short. Because here is the work of man's hands that has done most to further trade and bind together peoples and to contract the round earth to the hollow of your hand.

In the mid-afternoon you pass the place where the great caravan track to Cairo crosses, and maybe, if you are lucky, there is a caravan, trains of camels heavily laden, black negroes, and

Sunset is the supernal glory of the Suez day—a Mediterranean sunset intensified; redder reds, more vivid saffrons, a more gorgeous and intoxicating riot of colour, against which the palms of a passing station are painted with a sudden stroke likely to take away your breath. And when, in the excellent phrase of the old Roman, Night rushes in from the ocean, and the great search light on the bow turns its flood up the canal, there are other surprises. But the palms and the passing-stations are all done in silver and the shores seem strangely unreal; and all the ship's company gathers on the fore-castle or on the forward promenade to watch this memorable pageant.

You do the ninety-nine miles of the canal in about seventeen hours if you are not held up anywhere at a passing-station. Part of the distance is traversed through the Bitter Lakes, where there is ample room and good water, and the chief below hooks up the engines to full speed; but all the canal proper is

Europe have solemnly agreed that the canal is to be open to all ships at all times, and all the nations know that the British Government might seize the whole thing if it choose.

In 1904, 210,849 persons were passengers through the canal.

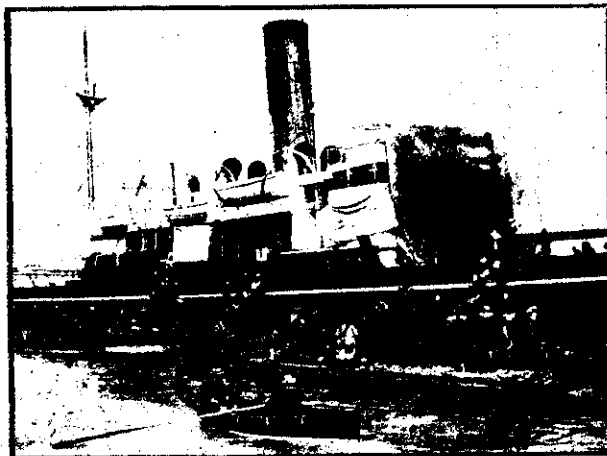
But you could pile up the figures without end and give no idea of the real value of the thing. No one in the generation glimpsed what it meant until the affair of the Chatham. It takes an object lesson like that to drive into these heads of ours almost any simple fact. The Chatham was a common English tramp, one of those dirty, slovenly tubs that go lime-juicing around the world, and she managed to sink herself in the canal about twenty miles from Port Said. To have a steamer sunk in a 137-foot channel is bad; but this was worse, for the inconsiderate Chatham had on board 600 tons of dynamite. No contractor would essay the task of raising her; no diver would go down into the hold. So while the engineers deliberated traffic stopped, for no steamer could pass the obstruction. For eleven days the embargo lasted, and the ships accumulated at each end of the canal, until shipping stuck out from the Port Said break-water into the Mediterranean and from Suez down the Red Sea. Bitter cries went up from all the commercial world because of shipments delayed and dealings paralyzed. In a moment it was revealed that the Suez Canal was the main artery of the huge Oriental commerce, vital to the interests of millions upon millions of men. At last the engineers were forced to act. So they tenderly sent down batteries and more dynamite into the sunken Chatham and touched the whole thing off.

The roar of the terrific explosion was heard in Port Said and beyond. And the Chatham—where was she? Splinters of her covered the area of a western county. And about half a mile of the canal bank she took with her. But the canal was cleared, the ships resumed their several ways and the commercial world rejoiced. It had learned what the canal really means to mankind.

It ought to mean much, for it cost enough. To say that every spade-dug from it was soaked with human blood were hardly an exaggeration. In that region of earth human blood has always been cheaper than water. More monuments than that to Ferdinand de Lesseps symbolize this great work and the others are not less significant because they are unseen. One of them is to the huge unprofit and huge cruelty of cheap labour. Many another such a monument has been built on this same spot in this same fashion. The history of all these canals has probably been written in blood, and though all the letters are now effaced, the message is still understandable. Such is the clear intimation of Herodotus, who describes the first of these enterprises, and it must have been so when Darius completed the work, when the Romans repaired it, when the galleys of Cleopatra sailed through it, when the Moors of the ninth century, to whom we owe the foundations of our science, maintained here a canal eighty miles long, and by it passed from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. In the intervals between successive waves of civilization the desert winds invariably filled all these works with sand. When Napoleon visited Egypt his discerning mind saw at a glance the immense importance of such a canal, and he ordered it to be dug; but having many people to kill, went off about that more important matter and forgot the other. Then came 1854 and De Lesseps, who chiefly revived the plans of the ancients.

Most of the wise modern world, and chiefly England, thought De Lesseps insane, and declared the scheme to be utterly impossible. One of the many curiosities of their contention was their childlike faith in the doctrine that the level of the Red Sea was 39 feet higher than the level of the Mediterranean. No man may say now where this fantastic notion was bred, but somebody asserted it and everybody believed it, and used it to bowl over De Lesseps. So the French had to go ahead and build the canal themselves with the assistance of Mohammed Said, Viceroy of Egypt, who was a clever ruler and an intellectual man.

The Viceroy undertook to furnish the labour, or most of it, and that was where the evil came in. De Lesseps is dead; let us charitably suppose that he was never aware of all the horrors that followed. The Viceroy's method of obtaining labour was to send to an Egyptian



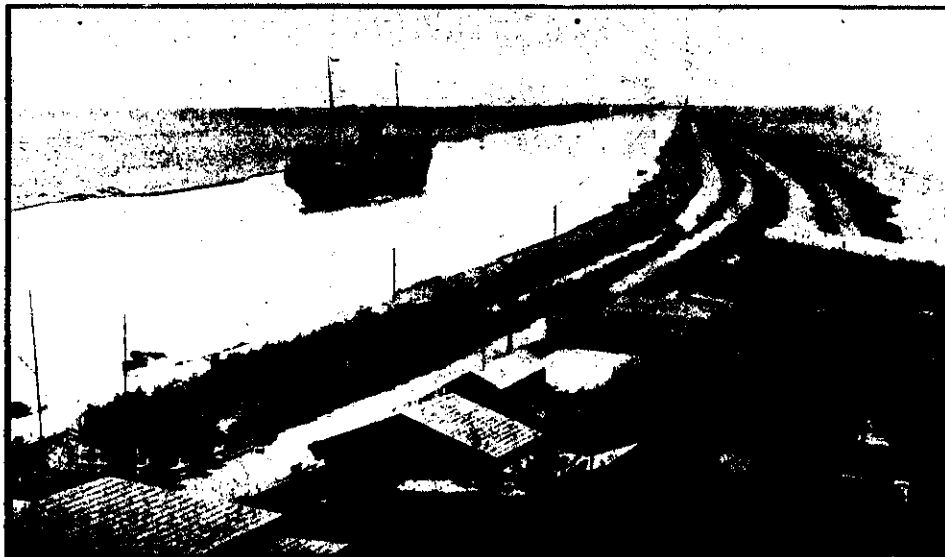
"The panics of four brown nations shrieking and dancing over the coal."

the Arab on his horse; not very different from his pictures; duty, maybe, but always a respectable-looking figure.

No towns, no villages, and, except for the passing-stations, no human habitations; unless by some assault upon speech you can call those things human habitations wherein, back to the station-houses, the brown men live, where the savage women are always cooking before a fire, and the savage children are always swarming about. At the first turn, at Lake Timsah, in the late afternoon there is a glimpse of the town of Ismailia far away, but the steamer no more than slackens her speed to change pilots, with the pilot boat steaming alongside, and plunges between the sandy walls again.

traversed at quarter speed or less to save the banks from being washed clean away.

By the crowning triumph of the wily Disraeli's career, the Government in Great Britain in 1877 became the principal owner of the canal. Quietly and without asking permission of Parliament, Disraeli bought for £4,000,000 the entire holdings of the Khedive of Egypt. At once arose a mighty howl of protest by indignant Britons, for England had always looked askance upon the canal. But Disraeli bought the stock, and the British Government has ever since raked off the goodly profits and held its ownership as a secret menace against the world's commerce. All the nations of



"But for the passing-station, there is no change in the dead uniformity."

# Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

## MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

LONDON, February 3.

**A** PATHETIC incident in the swearing-in of members of the new Parliament this week was the visit of Mr Joseph Chamberlain to the scene of his former greatness. Stricken with an incurable infirmity, the ex-Colonial Secretary is physically but the wreck of his old self.

He came in from behind the Speaker's chair, leaning heavily upon a stick, and supported on one side by Mr Austen Chamberlain, and on the other by Mr Arthur Lee. He looked stronger than he did when he took the oath a year ago. A beautiful orchid, as in the old days, was in his buttonhole, but instead of the familiar monocle, he wore eyeglasses.

With the assistance of his son and Mr Lee, Mr Chamberlain sat down on the Front Government Bench, close to the Speaker's right. One of the assistant clerks brought a Testament. Mr Chamberlain was apparently unable to hold the book in either hand, and therefore touched it, while he repeated the words of the oath as they were read out by the clerk. His articulation, while far from distinct, was observed to be clearer and firmer than on the last occasion.

Mr Austen Chamberlain, who had been

executive committee, and a number of visitors from the Dominion are expected to take part. Sir Joseph Ward is one of the honorary vice-presidents of the Congress, which is under the presidency of Lord Weardale. Mr Spiller stated that he was communicating with the New Zealand Government to see whether any representatives of the Maori race could take part in the Congress.

This Congress promises to be one of the most influential of our time. Its supporters hail from no less than fifty countries, and every paper referring to a particular people has been prepared by someone of high standing belonging to it.

The object of the Congress will be to discuss, in the light of modern knowledge and modern science, the general relations subsisting between the peoples of the West and those of the East, between so-called white and so-called coloured peoples, with a view to encouraging between them a fuller understanding, the most friendly feelings, and a heartier co-operation. Political issues of the hour will be subordinated to this comprehensive end, in the firm belief that when once mutual respect is established, difficulties of every type will be sympathetically approached and readily solved.

The origin of this congress is easily explained. The interchange of material and immaterial wealth between the different races of mankind has of late

they were inmates of the local workhouse. A still more remarkable case is reported from Chatham workhouse, which William Hennin, aged 94, and Fanny Wadhams, aged 80, left in order to set up house on their pensions. They had both been married three times previously, so their apparently rash venture cannot be excused on the score of either youth or inexperience.

It is to be feared that many of these old people will live to regret the day the workhouse door closed behind them. It may be possible for an aged couple to live decently on their joint pension in the country where rents are a mere bagatelle, but it will be practically impossible for them to do so in London, or indeed in any of the larger towns, where decent rooms unfurnished command 3/ or 4/ a week. On the balance of their pension the old people cannot possibly live in anything approaching the comfort they enjoy in the workhouse. There they were surrounded with every convenience, living in spacious, warm, and well-lighted quarters, liberally fed, adequately clothed, and, when sick, had the advantage of proper medical attention and nursing, and generous treatment in the matter of diet.

The lot of these aged couples who have abandoned these things for the sake of freedom, and are trying to "keep house" on 10/ a week, is bound to be a hard one.

## HOAXING THE PRESS.

The practical Press joker is very much in evidence just at present. Last week most of the Home papers published in

cepted; and the unfortunate creature was deprived of that which by all laws of nature was nearest and dearest to her.

But there is a bright side to the picture. I can say that the mother is in no state of destitution. She is being as present amply provided for by a well-known and respected Elder of the Presbyterian Church, whose munificence cannot be praised too highly, and whose modesty has prevented the publication of his name.

The story was repeated on Monday in the "Times," and was signed "Herbert Pym," and was dated from "65, University-road, Belfast."

From the London "Times" the story of "Roman Catholic Intolerance and injustice" was copied into scores of provincial journals and provoked much indignation. But the pathos of the story has been rudely destroyed, for on being interviewed Mr. Pym had to confess that his letter on "mixed marriages" was a joke pure and simple. The sole foundation for the story was that a neighbour's cat had a litter of unwanted kittens which had been drowned.

"Your daughter looked very beautiful at the opera last night," said Mrs. Oldcastle. "I heard several people say they thought she was the best-dressed person in any of the boxes." "Yes," replied her hostess, as she hung her 20,000 dollars' dog collar over the back of a real Chippendale chair, "both me and Josiah could see that she was the sinecure of all eyes."

## AILMENTS PECULIAR TO WOMEN.

HEADACHES AND BILIOUS ATTACKS.

### BILE BEANS, THE WIFE'S FRIEND.

Every woman should rely on Bile Beans as her safeguard against sickness and ill-health. "For over ten years Bile Beans have been a constant companion in my home," says Mrs. E. Evans, of Marton-street, Charters Towers, Q. "I have never felt better in my life than since my last boy was born, and during my confinement I took nothing but Bile Beans. Periodical splitting headaches, together with acute bilious attacks and constipation, were a source of great misery to me. Acting on the advice of a friend I commenced with Bile Beans, and this medicine put me right almost immediately. By continuing with Bile Beans I improved so much and put on flesh, that my doctor and his wife both remarked on my altered appearance. I used to walk about my room holding my head with the aching and throbbing, but now I can go about cheerfully and find a pleasure in my household duties. I take a dose of Bile Beans regularly, and they keep the system in good condition, and ward off biliousness and indigestion."

For ten years has Mrs. Evans proved the striking worth of Bile Beans as a reliable family medicine. All mothers should always keep by them a box of Bile Beans; they are good for children, and especially for young girls entering upon womanhood. Bile Beans are sold by all stores and chemists.

## True Economy

is to have the best. When that happens also to be economical in use, who would be without it?

# Cerebos Salt

goes a very long way.

Agents—L. D. Nathan and Co., Ltd., Auckland.



"SOME DAY."

From "New York Life."

standing on his father's right hand, then turned to the Treasury table and entered his parent's name on the roll. While this was being done, Mr Chamberlain leant back on the Government bench, and surveyed the almost empty House in a way that suggested the recurrence of past associations to his memory.

The Clerk then brought over the pen with which the name had been entered. Mr Chamberlain touched it, and said, "Thank you." His son and Mr Lee then assisted him to his feet again, and brought him over to the Speaker, who shook hands in the most kindly way, and expressed his delight at seeing Mr Chamberlain in the House once more, looking so much better in health.

Mr Chamberlain smiled pleasantly, and said something in reply, the effect of which did not reach the Press Gallery. The next moment he was being led from the Chamber by his son and Mr Lee, his visit having only occupied some two or three minutes. Only one or two members were in the Chamber at the time, and the occupants of the public gallery did not number a dozen.

## MANKIND IN COUNCIL.

I had an interesting conversation this week with Mr Gustav Spiller, the hon. organiser of the Brit Universal Race Congress, to be held in London next July. A well known New Zealander, the Hon. W. Pember Reeves, is chairman of the

years assumed such dimensions that the old attitude of distrust and aloofness is giving way to a general desire for closer acquaintanceship. Out of this interesting situation has sprung the idea of holding a Congress where the representatives of different races might meet each other face to face, and might, in friendly rivalry, further the cause of mutual trust and respect between Occident and Orient, between the so-called white peoples and the so-called coloured peoples.

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM AT 90.

One entirely unexpected result of the introduction of old age pensions has been the promotion of matrimony among aged paupers. Within the past few weeks scores of elderly couples have left the workhouse and married on the strength of their weekly allowance from the Government. Some of these old people have been in the workhouse for many years. In one case the man had been an inmate for over ten years, and to the "sweet young thing" whom he led to the altar the "house" had been home for 16.

Some of the couples who have left the workhouse in order to start life again in a home of their own reached an age at which one would have thought they would be entirely immune from love's fever. At Lewisham last week, for instance, a man aged 74 took to wife a lady of 78, with whom he had fallen in love whilst

all good faith a series of letters alleged to have been addressed by American journalists to butlers and others employed by members of our aristocracy offering to buy items of scandal about their employers. These letters it now appears were concocted by a number of mischievous people who hid their identity under the non de plume "Harriet."

An infinitely funnier hoax has been perpetrated this week by a Belfast wag, on the strength of a hot controversy now in progress regarding "Mixed Marriages" between Roman Catholics and Protestants, and whether a Protestant parent may rightly be robbed of his or her children.

In the two great Irish organs, the "Belfast News Letter" and the Northern Whig, there appeared a harrowing story: A correspondent wrote:—

Yesterday there came into my possession the details of a cruel and heartless desertion of the victim of a so-called "unhallowed union" by the partner who should have remained faithful to her for life.

The poor mother, thinking that at least she should have her children to console her, was, however, not only abandoned by her natural protector, but robbed of her offspring.

I am in a position to say that the foul robbery of flesh and blood was perpetrated by a member of an Irish secret society. . . . No terms were dictated, because no terms would have been ac-

# The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

## BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

**A European Edition of the American "Century Magazine."**

COMMENCING with the January 11 number, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, the publishers of the "Bookman" will have become publishers of the famous "Century Magazine" as regards its European edition. Thirty years ago this magazine, then published, if we mistake not, under the title of "Scribner's Monthly," was easily the best magazine procurable in England of its size and scope. We saw it again when on a visit Home ten years ago, under its present title, "The Century," and we do not hesitate to say that, if anything, it had gained both in literary and illustrative pleasure. And so it is with exceeding pleasure that we note that this well-known firm of publishers are to be entrusted with its European edition. In making this announcement, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton furnish a forecast of its programme for 1911, which, though it is too long to include here, is of especial and remarkable interest, that should appeal to all lovers of high-class reading, including as it does articles or fiction from the pens of such distinguished writers as Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, Madam Maeterlinck, Edouard Philipoteau, Rev. Arthur C. McElbert, and other authors of equal merit.

### The "Century's" Serial Fiction.

First and foremost comes Robert Hitchens's great new serial, entitled, "The Dweller on the Threshold." This serial, as its title suggests, deals with the occult and with psychical phenomena. This, for Mr. Hitchens, is a new departure. But those readers who are acquainted with this author's fascination of style, and his always masterly handling of whatever subject he may be engaged upon, will need no assurance as to the merit of this new story of his. "The Dweller on the Threshold" was begun in the November number of the "Century." But in order that new subscribers may not lose the opening chapters of the story, the English publishers undertake to present gratis with the January number, the first chapters of Mr. Hitchens's serial, separately printed, so that they may read it right from the beginning. During the year nearly sixty short stories, by writers of both old and new repute, will appear in its fictional pages. Politics, history, art, sociology, science, music, and the drama, biography and travel will be presented in the "Century" by writers best versed in these various departments. That the illustrations are to be reproductions of the work of Joseph Pennell, Arthur Rackham, Charles Dana Gibson, Andre Cassaigne, and other famous artists, is sufficient guarantee of their excellence. The price of the "Century," posted, is 16/ a year.

### "The Slowcoach," an Interesting Story for Youth.

Mr. G. V. Lucas, whose perennial freshness of thought and originality of plot make him a never fading delight to his readers, has written a delightfully interesting book for children. "The Slowcoach" is a caravan, and the story tells of a fortnight spent in the midlands of England by the four Avery children of the book, and three friends, seven in all, to say nothing of the gardener who drove the caravan, and who signed in the name of "Kink," and Biogenes, their dog. And this was how the Averages came to take this delightful trip. One day a caravan drove into the back yard of the Averages, and it was thought to be an anonymous gift, and at once a most beautiful and exciting holiday trip was planned. Starting at Oxford and ending at Farringdon, which, as everybody knows, is in Berks, the trip included Stratford-on-Avon, Evesham, Chesham, and Cirencester, and was full of hard work and fun and adventures and friends and surprises. In the end it turned out that the "Slowcoach" was not meant for the Averages at all. But this was not until the trip was over, and so it did not matter at all to these little folks and their chaperone, who intend to take a similar trip next year. That Mr. G. V. Lucas is the

writer of this book is sufficient guarantee of its inner excellence. The book has some admirably coloured illustrations, and has been issued by Wells, Gardner and Co. No household where children are should be without "The Slowcoach." And, to transpire a well-known advertisement, if children once saw the book, they would not be happy until they got it.

### A Useful Work.

Messrs. Appleton published in February the first volume of "The American Year Book," a record of events and progress in America during 1910. It aims especially at supplying the requirements of sociologists, scientists, journalists, and men engaged in public affairs.

### For Music Lovers.

Messrs. Herbert and Daniel are issuing a neat and useful "Music Lovers' Diary," edited by Ada M. Juggen. It contains all the usual "Diary" information, with spaces for daily entries, and in addition gives concise biographies and portraits of famous composers, instrumentalists, conductors, and several pages of handy notes about concerts and musical recitals, and dates of first productions. For frontispiece it has a portrait of Mr Henry B. Wood.

### A Best Seller.

"The Mistress of Shemstone," says the American Bookman has already reached its seventeenth thousand, which demonstrates that there is much in a name. For it falls far below "The Rosary" in merit and originality. A pretty story with a dubious moral about fits its value. Mrs Barclay has exactly gauged the popular taste in "The Mistress of Shemstone," with the usual reward.

### Books That Have Been Selling Best in London During the Past Season.

From information supplied by the leading booksellers of London, the following list has been compiled of the best sellers:— Lord Rosebery's "Life of Chatham"; Monypenny's "Life of Disraeli"; Kipling's "Rewards and Fairies"; "The Sleeping Beauty," illustrated by Dulac; "The Rhinegold and Valkyrie," illustrated by Rackham; Frank Reynolds's "Plekwick"; Sir Lewis Mitchell's "Life of Rhodes"; Turner's "Golden Visions"; "Peter Pan," illustrated by Rackham; Shaw-Sparrow's "Frank Brangwyn"; "The Ancient Mariner," illustrated by Popay; "Markino's Japanese Artist in London"; Marie Bay's "The Winter Queen"; Bland and Backhouse's "China Under the Empress Dowager";

Maskell and Gregory's "Old Country Inns"; Lloyd's "Two Russian Reformers"; "Letters to My Son"; "Unexplored Spain"; Comyn's "Service and Sport in the Sudan." The best-selling novels have been:—"Howard's End," "Clayhanger," "Simon, the Jester," "Lauriston's," "Mr. Ingleside," "The Rosary," "Rest Harrow," "The Mistress of Shemstone," "At the Villa Rose," "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," "The Dop Doctor," "Dancing Days," "The Osborns," "The Broad Highway," "The Human Chord," "The Wonderful Bishop," "Sacrifice," "Dear Loyalty," "Princess Galva," "A Spirit of Mirth," "The Brass Bounder," "The Wreck of the Golden Galloon," "The Diary of a Nobody." With very few exceptions, the books and novels mentioned in this list have been noticed in the "Weekly Graphic's" "Bookshelf" page. We shall shortly give our readers a list of forthcoming new books and novels.

### Frank Brangwyn.

Frank Brangwyn, who is the subject of one of the best books mentioned in the above list, but who has not hitherto been mentioned in our "Bookshelf" pages, was born at Bruges, and is of Welsh extraction. He is an A.R.A., R.P.E., and a member of half-a-dozen other distinguished artistic societies. He was in 1907, and may still be, corresponding member of the American Society of Illustrators. Brangwyn is said to be a legitimate heir of the Renaissance. "It may need a training to enjoy the misapprehended science of the impressionists or the morbid affectations of their successors; but it needs none to enjoy Titian, nor any to enjoy Brangwyn," says Mr. Francis Bickley. "For what I have just called his essential splendour is not the glow of its colouring, or the breadth of his brushwork, or his great sense of design. These are only its manifestations. The soul of his art is its vitality; and art, according to what is probably its most perfect definition, is 'the expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zeal of life.' This vitality is the quality that separates Brangwyn from almost every other English artist since Gainsborough, but proclaims his kinship with the big men of the Renaissance, and also with certain contemporary writers, in whom it seems to me, lies the hope of English literature. Brangwyn, and Brangwyn alone of living painters, may be ranked with Kipling, Conrad, Macfield, and the late J. M. Synge as a figure in what I like to think of as the twentieth century English Renaissance." Like these four men, he has experienced both the rough and smooth of life, which experience has given to his work the quality which denotes "rest of life." "To live more, not less than other men, and to feel and express the wonder of diverse experience, is the destiny of painter and poet, sculptor, and musician. It seems to be Brangwyn's destiny." Mr. Brangwyn is still

a young man, but his genius has been recognised many a year, first on the Continent, and then in England. He has a long record of work, alike in easel-painting, oil, and water colour, rural decoration, and etching. So that Mr. Shaw-Sparrow had plenty of material for his book, which, concludes Mr. Bickley, from whose able review we have quoted at length, is lucidly written, peculiarly pleasant to read, and critically able. The biographical side of the book only relates to matters affecting Mr. Brangwyn's art. Reproductions of Mr. Brangwyn's art further adorn and elucidate the text of this admirable biography, which has been issued by Kegan Paul at 10/6 net.

### "Two Russian Reformers."

Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd is the author of "Two Russian Reformers," a work which draws comparison between the art of Turgenev and Tolstoy, to the disadvantage of the latter. The art of these two novelists has so generally been conceded as being so different that this comparison will be looked upon as unusually "odious." Without Turgenev's cosmopolitan experience, Tolstoy was more cosmopolitan in his art than Turgenev. But whereas Turgenev was a pastmaster in the art of elaborate, albeit beautiful embroidery, and his style brilliant and in play like the light of a jewel, Tolstoy's art was deeper and more composite. "One never re-reads a phrase of his for its artistic beauty, as one does constantly in the case of Turgenev." We venture to think that Mr. Lloyd's book will turn lukewarm into very warm admirers, those of Tolstoy's students who have hitherto been "almost persuaded" that Tolstoy has been justly accorded the rank of Russia's greatest and one of the world's greatest writers. Stanley Paul and Co. are the publishers of "Two Russian Reformers," and its price is 10/6.

### "This Son of Adam."

This is surely an English novelist so prolific as Mr. Burgin. For we have no sooner digested his "Diana of Dreams," than we are called upon to feast upon "This Son of Adam," the scenes of which are laid in Ontario, and the actors are those French habitants whom Mr. Burgin knows and delineates so well. The story is slight, but it abounds in humour, and is eminently readable. And as no one looks for very much more than this from Mr. Burgin, everybody ought to be satisfied.

### Advice to Intending Authors.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has been giving advice to budding novelists. Here is the cream of it:—"Work on a newspaper until all your crude notions of life and all your raw individualities have been blue-pencilled in the limbo; then retire to obscurity and write for fiction. Travel if possible, do not marry, do not dissipate, do not imitate Henry



English Host: "This one was carried by one of my ancestors during the crusades." Fair American: "Oh! How perfectly stunning!"

James, never read reviews of your work, and never say die."

#### An Interesting Wager.

There appears in the cables the news that Jack London, the famous novelist, has entered into a wager with a lady named Mrs. Gilbert, that she cannot make her own way round the world. She is well known as an authoress, musician and dramatist, and started from New York on 28th January with no more than £40 in her possession. She is accustomed to live luxuriously, and during her journey she will give mandoline and guitar concerts at the different places at which she calls. Will she, we wonder, visit New Zealand? If so, her welcome should be assured, if only for her courage.

#### Business v. Ethics.

"We live in a commercial age, and the commercial motto, 'Business is Business,' does not leave much room for ethics. 'Six days shalt thou labour and get the best of the other follow; but the seventh day is the Sabbath, when thou shalt square the account' is the modern idea."—"Doctor Grey," by Stephen Andrew. Greening. 8/.

#### Are the Smart Set So Silly?

"Smart" men and women consult me chiefly about their intrigues, their debts, and the thousand trifles which constitute life as they interpret it. Their usual remarks are, 'I say, don't tell me I'm going to lose a relation just when the Season begins,' or else, 'Look here, I hope you'll see I'm going to have a rip-pin' time with Mrs.—, now that as a husband of hers is off big game shootin'.'—"Recollections of a Society Clairvoyant," Eveleigh Nash. 7/6 net.

#### R.L.S. As a Menace.

"My friend Carruthers, who had Stevenson for a neighbour, averred positively that he played so dolefully upon the fageolet as to be a menace to one's enjoyment of life. He usually performed on it when he got 'stuck' in the middle of a chapter, and was searching for inspiration."—"With Stevenson in Samoa," by H. J. Moors. London: Fisher Unwin. 5/ net.

### REVIEWS.

**The Mistress of Shenstone:** By Florence Barclay. (London and New York: George Putnam and Sons. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

We venture to predict that the phenomenal run, which followed the appearance of "The Rosary," will not be reached by "The Mistress of Shenstone," though it is a readable story enough. It is a story of one Michael, Lord Ingleby, and his wife, and her lover after she became Ingleby's relict. Lord Ingleby was a husband somewhat resembling the Locksley Hall type who held his wife "a little dearer than his horse," and somewhat less dear than his dog Peter. Still there are many novel points about the story, which is absolutely and entirely feminine, both in design and execution.

**The Little King:** By Charles Major. (London: Macmillan and Co., Auckland: Wildman Arey. 3/6.)

This is a delightfully told story, interesting alike to old and young, of that Louis the fourteenth, whose vicious reign paved the way for the French Revolution. Woman's influence, from time immemorial, has influenced the action of even the greatest of kings. By a woman's influence the iniquitous act known in France as the "House Tax" was annulled. How different the history of France might have been but for the loss of the influence of the "Sweet Man'selle," whose brief reign over the heart of Louis the fourteenth is detailed in these pages; should be read by those of our readers who, like ourselves, have a taste for history. Mr Major, who has made a speciality of the history of several of those bygone personages who have misused or diverted the splendid opportunities offered to them by the powers that be, was never more felicitous than in this simply told story of the early youth of Louis XIV. of France.

**That is to Say:** By Rita. (London: Stanley Paul and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

We have known Rita happier than in the eighteen short stories which comprise this book, several of which we seem to have read before. They are slight in construction and somewhat hackneyed in subject. For, though it is not possible that we have encountered them all before, there is a similarity that makes us suspect we have. Which only confirms us in our opinion that few sentimental novelists can write the perfect short story. Sentiment in its corrupted sense is a horse that can so easily be over-ridden.

**"What is Man?"** By Mark Twain. (London: Watts and Co., Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

This work, which is presented as a supposititious dialogue between an old and a young man, the former of clearly rationalistic thought, is said to have been written by Mark Twain over a quarter of a century ago, but by his expressed wish it was not published until after his death. Which would seem to argue that Mark Twain was either ashamed of, or afraid of its effects upon his popularity as a writer. As far as we are concerned, it seems to us to be the most subtle piece of humour Mark Twain has ever given birth to, albeit it is of the pessimistic, cynical kind. Nevertheless we can understand that the Rationalistic Press, by whom it is issued, will hail it as Mark Twain's swan song. A more material outlook on all that pertains to human good, we cannot imagine. Whatever man is, says the late world's prince of humanists, it is through outside influence. "None but gods have ever had a thought that did not come from the outside." There is no such thing as selfishness, nor self-sacrifice. Every good deed, either of the past or the present, has been actuated by purely selfish motives, he continues in effect. That human life saved from fire or drowning, or from any peril whatever, it only saved because the contemplation of their suffering interferes with the comfort of their saviour, is a monstrous suggestion and utterly unworthy of belief. That thought is suggested and influenced from

the outside we fully subscribe to, but that individual thought is entirely dominated by outside influence we strenuously deny. That action may, and is often affected by external influence, we grant. But thought and action may not be confounded. The action that risks loss of further action, must not be confounded with the action that is exercised for personal profit only. We are confident that the salvation of the race, either physical or spiritual, is inspired by the Divine within. The late Mark Twain's reputation as a sane thinker, has, in our humble opinion, lost considerably by this posthumous publication.

**John Marsh's Millions:** By Charles Klein and Arthur Hornblow. (New York: G. W. Dillingham and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey, 3/6.)

This novel is both opportune in arrival and similar in plot to the two plays that have been for the last two weeks delighting, interesting, and harrowing the hearts, minds, and feelings of Aucklanders in His Majesty's Theatre. It is the story of the betrayal of a trust, and also the story of a woman who exposes the betrayers of that trust, and a hero who has nothing to lose that he particularly cares for by that expose, except the heroine, who, it is needless to say, is the exposor, and who has the vindication of her father's name more at heart than the desire to possess his missions. The ease with which persons in the United States can be committed to lunatic asylums is also demonstrated in this novel, and hypnotic suggestion is also dealt with as in "The Third Degree," with intent, as in that case, though under different circumstances, to make the victim of hypnotic suggestion incriminate herself. "John Marsh's Millions" is one of those stories which make readers exclaim before they have dipped into many of its pages, "What a splendid play this story would make." It will later we are convinced, be, if it is not already dramatised. It might have been written for Miss Katherine Grey.



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# In the "Black Crack."

By FRED R. LEWIS.

**A**S a general rule the excitement of hunting is in direct ratio to the pluck and ferocity of the animal sought; yet the most stirring and bizarre incident of my hunting experience occurred in the chase of that most timid and wary of all game, the mountain sheep. The event chanced in connection with an expedition to the San Miguel country of California, and, as it involved a moment of physical contact with what I believe was one of the largest specimens of *Ovis montana* that ever lived, a brief account of it may be worth recording.

Starting from the Needles, for the best part of a fortnight we had traversed every kind of country, from rich irrigated river bottoms to arid plains of alkali, where the hollow trail of our pack-train, stretching away to the southern horizon, would gradually grow into bas-relief as the gusty desert wind blew away the loose earth around the tracks. We crossed flint-paved, cloud-burst moraines, where the horses' hoofs wore to the quick, to zigzag down abrupt cut-banks into salt-sinks, where the place for every step had to be prodded with a stick. Always we had to endure the withering heat of the sun at midday and the biting coldness of the air at the end of the night; and all the time we never saw a tree for shade, never a spring for drink, and never a sign of life to relieve the monotony. There was not even a trail for guidance, our course being steered, like that of a ship at sea, by compass-bearing of star and headland.

The fourth day out we sighted the tip of the lofty and isolated mountain peak commonly called San Pedro, and from then on shaped our course over plain and pass by the blot its steadily growing bulk made against the deep blue of the northern sky. The tenth day, with all the horses' water gone and only a few swallows apiece for ourselves, we travelled long into the night, in the hope of reaching our destination and avoiding the pitiless grilling that a waterless day would render inevitable under the scorching sun. Soon after a wisp of the new moon wriggled down behind the shoulder of the now towering mass of San Pedro, however, we were compelled to camp through losing our bearings. The next morning we were afoot at day-

break, and, topping the first rise, found ourselves practically at our journey's end.

The sun, a disc of glowing copper, was just nosing its way above the rim of the desert, the floor-like surface of which stretched away beyond eye-range to the eastern horizon. The level rays, cutting through the clear air, struck upon each cliff and seam of the mighty San Pedro like the beams of a thousand search-lights. Every gully, every ravine, every canyon was sun-searched to the last pebble. All save one—a sinister line of heavy, black, murky and bottomless to the eye, which clove the mountain from the base upwards, to be finally lost in a tumble of giant boulders on a lofty mesa. From the lower end of this forbidding seam leapt a stream of clear water, to be dissolved in spray before it reached a rock-bound pool which glistened in lucent green through the brighter verdure of a grove of fan-palms and nodding cottonwoods. A hundred-yard straggle of dewy grass, a fugitive gleam of water between brown rocks, and the desert, as parched and dry as that which we had been traversing for weeks, resumed its sway.

The prime object of our trip was to allow certain members of the party to look over some borax deposits, which done, there were still a few days left for hunting. The evening before we planned to go out for sheep there was a heavy cloud-burst high up on the mountain—a circumstance which led our head packer to believe that no animals would appear at the lower water-holes for forty-eight hours. It was for this reason that, except for a revolver, I was unarmed when I set out to explore the great black crack, the source of our water supply.

At the outset my interest was aroused by the discovery of three sets of tracks in the moist sand near the foot of the falls, the largest of which, while like those of a sheep in form, seemed in size more like the tracks of a cow. Up a well-defined but precarious path to the head of the falls led the prints—the big ones first, from the fact that the others had cut into them—and then up the smooth bottom into the murky blackness of the sinister hole, an occasional grass-stain or hoof-scratch on the rock furnishing the only evidence that living creatures had passed. In less than a hun-

dered yards the marks led me up to a deep-worn path, where I found good footing many feet above the foam-white stream. Overhead the sides of the chasm overlapped in places, and occasional glimpses of the broken ribbon of the sky showed only patches of purple-black, studded with pale, lemon-coloured spots—the stars. The glare of the desert day had sunk to the subdued light of an old cathedral, and the roar of the stream, swelling constantly as I proceeded, seemed to have become a palpable substance rather than a mere sound.

I was soon conscious of a strong draught of air rushing past, and the tingle of drift spray on my face. Rounding a turn, I came upon another fall, or, more properly, a cascade, that came tumbling down a chute from a subterranean source somewhere deep in the bowels of the mountain. The great crack bent sharply to the left and ran on with its bottom as dry as the sun-bleached sheep-skulls on the flat-topped rock.

But where before both walls of the uncanny gorge were of black basalt, one—the left—was now formed of a lofty ledge of pure white crystalline quartz—"bull" quartz, the miners call it. This acted as reflector for the few plumets of light that sounded to such a depth, and the sepulchral effect was less pronounced than in the lower chasm. Several old scars, where some prospector's hammer had knocked off samples, showed from time to time, but the latter must have proved fragments of disappointment, for even my untrained eye told me that but for a few sparkling clusters of yellow garnets the ledge was almost, if not quite, barren of "blues."

Impelled almost against my will I fared on up the weird gorge, constantly marveling at the grotesque effects in light and shade wrought by its sharply-contrasted walls. For perhaps a quarter of a mile it ran thus, and then, in one of the strangest corners in the world, bent again at right angles and zigzagged along in its original course up the mountain, both walls black as night again, almost knocking against each other. I will describe this place as I saw it at my leisure some days later, the rapid sequence of events of the next hour or so having made it impossible for me to give much intelligent attention to detail at the time.

When the disturbances occurred that opened up the great crack in the lofty mountain, the rift evidently ran down until it encountered the quartz vein, and then ran along and around the latter in the same way as a crack in a board runs around a knot-hole. The subterranean water-flow was probably tapped at the same time. The upper gorge only ran water in thunderstorms, and possibly for a while in the spring, when the sun was melting the winter's snow on the summit. Just as the crack reached the gleaming quartz wall its bottom fell away abruptly for three hundred feet or more, forming, when the flood was on, a waterfall whose stream was precipitated out against the ledge and down to the pool below.

Now the impetuous stream from a cloud-burst is usually composed of about as much sand as water, and centarics of grinding at the elbow in question had gouged out a well of great depth at the foot of the fall, partly worn out of the diamond-hard quartz and partly scoured out of the volcanic rock of the mountain. Immediately after a flow had ceased this well was level-full, and looked like any other waterfall pool, but gradually the porous basalt absorbed its contents and its surface sank steadily till the next storm. The Indians, of course, had a characteristic story to the effect that the pit had its bottom in the infernal regions and the filling was the work of devils, who cooled themselves during the journey up through the water in preparation for the mild earthly temperatures.

Around the right side of the well ran a narrow path, worn by aeons of use into the sloping rock. Along this a man with a steady head could pick his way to a broad shelf of flinty obsidian that was thrust out over the water directly under and behind where the fall came down after rains. This shelf was some ten yards long, and varied in width from two to five feet. It tilted slightly backward, and its whole surface was strewn with a snowy sand worn from the quartz cliff, which remained behind when the lighter gravel and basaltic particles were sluiced away.

When I came upon the scene the water of the well had sunk to about twenty feet below the shelf, path, and outlet, all of which were on nearly the same level. The wall behind the shelf was plainly the head of navigation for everything but birds; but, urged on by sur-

city, I began to edge cautiously along the faint depression that led around the pit. It was ticklish work, and my eyes were too busy helping my feet to wander far afield after anything else. Suddenly, a snort like the bursting of a bomb ripped out in the half-darkness ahead, and before I could retreat or even draw my revolver I was dealt a pile-driving blow across the thighs that sent me spinning down into the well. My legs were almost paralysed from the blow, and various other portions of my anatomy, suffered as I ricocheted into the depths, while the broadside slap I got from the water itself would have been ample cause for complaint under ordinary conditions. All this, however, was as nothing to the fact that the whole surface of the pool was presently alive with hoofs and horns and woolly backs, and the air a-quiver with bleatings, snortings, and splashing, which, increased a hundred-fold by the ringing echoes of the gruesome cavern, made a bedlam that beggars description.



A stool made out of the horns of the sheep recovered from the "Black Crack" canyon.

It appears that I had stumbled upon my sheep at a moment when the strangeness of my surroundings had driven every thought of them from my mind. The shelf was a day rendezvous of the flock under the suzerainty of a giant ram, and in true mountain-sheep fashion they had stood motionless during my approach, in the hope that I might overlook them and turn back. When they did start, it was a theatre-fire rush over again, and the narrow passage was not sufficient to accommodate the crowd. The old patriarch himself had been responsible for my downfall, but the impact had also thrown his own dead-centre out of true, and we had gone together. Now he was experiencing the inconvenience of fifty pounds of horns on the top of a head that instinct was undoubtedly telling him it was vitally necessary to keep above water.

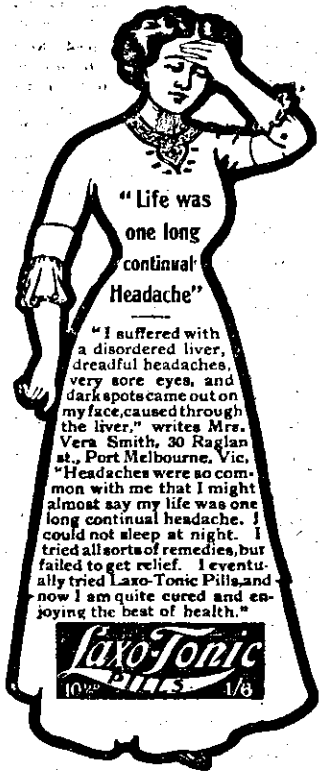
I don't know how many of the flock escaped, but the pool was like a frog plunge for the poor on an August afternoon. There must have been ten or twelve in all, not counting myself—a mostly ewes—and each was trying to keep itself up by climbing over someone else. It was probably my imagination that led me to think at the time that the company showed favouritism in selecting my own much-abused body for a life-preserver, but it is very certain that I had a lively struggle of it for five minutes.

At last I thought of my revolver with its chamber full of waterproof cartridges; but by the time I got it out some of the great heads were already beginning to droop, and I had neither the nerve nor the heart to fire into the staring, fear-stricken eyes that fixed themselves appealingly on my own. One by one they ceased to press upon me and upon each other. The big ram went first, pawing the water to foam and snorting angrily, until the brave old nose was driven under water by the sheer weight of the horns above it, and suffocation ensued. Soon another ram ceased struggling, and shortly after him a weak old ewe. The last to go, a half-grown lamb, held on for some time by supporting its nose on the body of what may have been its



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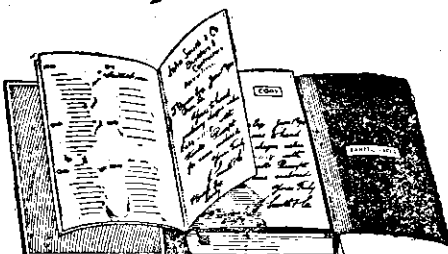
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mother and feebly treading water. When at last life flickered out and the pathetic little body floated with only the withers showing among the other brown patches, the fascination of the grim tragedy passed, and left me free to realise my own situation.

I had found a narrow ledge, about five feet under water upon which one foot could rest, while with a slight movement of the opposite arm and hand I could keep my body in position and my head above the surface. By alternating the hands and feet in use I felt sure I was good for some hours. Not that there was much encouragement in this fact, for I knew the Indians would not venture into this devil's canyon, and I had grave doubts about our Mexican packer. But it was something to have time to plan and do one's best, even if nothing came of it. Bruce, I argued to myself, got out of prison by means of a spider, and surely seven fine mountain sheep—even dead ones—were better than a spider. I scanned the gently swaying bodies long and anxiously, but made nothing out of them. The basalt overhanging all around, but the quartz face sloped back slightly, and in places was thickly studded with "knuckles" of garnets. It looked worth trying, at any rate, and it struck me that it would be vastly preferable to climb out on a ladder of garnets than by the golden stairs.

I mounted to the level of the outlet without great difficulty, only to find twenty feet of smooth crystal, polished like a plate-glass mirror, between me and the path. I hung on despairingly for a space that seemed long enough for more garnets to grow in; then my strength and one of the supporting "knuckles" gave way together, and I went back to the water, striking no whit the softer for landing among the sheep.

I swam back and took up my old position, with a toe on the submerged ledge, conscious that I was beginning to ache from head to foot. Shooting pains ran from hip to shoulder, making constant changes of position necessary, and at last the cold water began to have its effect and a violent cramp seized the calf of one of my legs. I managed to make the knotted muscles relax by gripping them with all my strength, first with one hand and then the other, but I got my head under water in doing it and came up shorting in a manner that reminded me altogether too much of the dying agonies of the big ram to be pleasant.

Presently I was aware of a burning thirst, and for fully a minute I asked myself what I would not give for a long draught of cold water—before I realised I was submerged to the very lips in the finest kind of drink. This was the first evidence I had that my mental faculties were beginning to miss connection, and my nerves began to give away very fast after that. Finally, I lost control of myself altogether and began to shout. The storm of echoes frightened me to silence for a minute or two; then, unable to stand the strain any longer, I whooped again, whipped out my revolver, and fired off the six shots in rapid succession.

The effect was something tremendous. The reverberations, at first ear-splittingly, gradually deepened as they rolled away, until the sound fell to the mumber of distant thunder. Then there would be an interval of silence before they came bounding back again to fill the walls of my prison with rumbles and deep-mouthed growls.

A dozen times this terror I had loosed returned to whip to fiddlestrings, my remaining shreds of nerves. Sometimes I could hear it come leaping down from above with pauses between each jump, as though to keep me in suspense at the slow approach; again it would burst out unheralded almost over my head, while I covered fear-stricken, submerged to the eyes in the water.

Time and again I told myself that there was a limit to Nature's power to keep an echo going, and once I pinched myself and counted my fingers to make sure I was still possessed of reason, but nothing would stop the uncanny noises.

After a while I noticed that the purple of my overhead sky-patch had changed to black, and I knew it was night. All night long I fought cramps to the roll of that ghostly fusillade. I had lost all count of time, but when the sky brightened again I told myself it was morning. Perhaps now, in spite of their fears, the men would come to look for me.

It was some time before I became aware that the terrifying volleys from my revolver-shots had ceased to echo, and the forenoon seemed well advanced before another sound, a grinding roar, came to take their place. I was given no time to count my fingers or apply any other tests to determine whether it was a real sound or not, for while I was still

trying to screw myself into a position from which I could see the top of the fall, a mass of water and gravel shot out across the chasm, and, breaking on the opposite wall of quartz, came showering down into the pool.

Instantly my brain cleared, and the drowning faculties leapt to a quick understanding of the situation. The sounds I had fancied to be echoes had been real thunder. There had been a cloud-burst on the summit, and the first of the food that fell to the share of the black crack to carry off was now descending. I was sheltered by the overhang from the immediate fall of the sand and water, but if the burst had been a big one nothing could save me from a ride down stream and over the lower fall, in which case the sheep, already

typical sheep-fashion for the opening and jammed up like a lot of logs, while the heaving surface of the pool threw foam-flecks above my waist before the way was cleared. Then the bodies fairly rolled over each other for first place as they tumbled out of sight on a roaring wave. All but the big ram, whose great horns, catching on the rocks, held him back. He finally went pounding off along the bottom, a valiant rear-guard to his one-time family.

Five minutes later hardly a trickle was coming over the fall, and I was able to pick my way back to camp without further mishap. Here I had not even been missed. My watch had succumbed when I first fell into the pool, when I asked Antonio, one of the



"The sheep were jammed up like a lot of logs."



"By flattening against the rough wall and digging with my fingers I managed to keep from being whirled under the tawny spout of spray and gravel."

dead, would have all the best of it. On the other hand, if the fall of water above had been light, the storm might yet be the means of getting me clear. At any rate, there was to be no more of the terrible waiting; something was going to happen, and that speedily.

The pool heaved and boiled, and turned a frothy yellow-white from the force of the cataclysm. Great geysers of foam leapt up and broke back upon themselves, and swirling undercurrents locked and wrestled and turned about each other in the agitated depths. I was only able to hold to my footrest for a few seconds, but by flattening against the rough wall and digging with my fingers I managed to keep from being whirled under the tawny spout of spray and gravel. The bodies of the sheep kept sweeping by, and several times a great head came butting against my ribs, most uncannily suggesting that its owner, even in death, resented my intrusion upon the ancient retreat of his tribe.

Almost before I could realize it my fingers clutched the edge of the ledge of obsidian upon which the sheep had been wont to rest. My numbed muscles refused to raise the dead weight of my assistance, and a drifting foam-flake came creeping upon the shelf at almost the same moment as did my weary frame. At the same time, also, the outlet on the lower side of the pool came into operation, and the problem of my chances became a very simple one. If the flood could get out fast enough to keep the level of the pool from rising more than a foot or two above the shelf all would be well; if not, I was undeniably scheduled for a head-long rush over a mile or so of rough rocks—and then the fall. In the latter event my case would be about parallel to that of the captive of a tribe of savages who make their prisoner run the gauntlet of a double line of clubmen, and then tomahawk him if he happens to survive the clubbing.

The sheep, true as in life to their natural characteristics, crowded in

Mexican packers, for the time he told me that it was five o'clock. It took some time and argument to convince me that I had really returned to camp on the same day that I had left it. It appears, however, that I was gone but two hours and a half, and the men, not knowing that I was in the canyon, had felt no alarm when the stream swelled from the water from the cloud-burst.

We salvaged several fine pairs of horns—two of which are shown in the from of a stool in one of the illustrations—from the battered bodies which we discovered strewn among the boulders of the wash a few hundred yards below the fall, but those of the splendid old patriarch were not among them. His body we identified without difficulty, but—probably owing to their great weight—his magnificent horns had been broken off and worn to short stubs. We had no tape in the party, but the strand of riata which we cut after it had encircled one of these at the skull proved to be slightly over twenty inches in length, and I am confident that the unlucky veteran's horns must have been fully of this record-breaking circumference.

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The Duke: Ah, good morning, Simpkins—good morning. What weather for the time of the year!

Simpkins: Yes, the sun still shines in spite of this Radical Government.

The Duke: But it won't shine much longer, Simpkins, on poor old England if these foreigners—

Simpkins: What, is there another invasion? Are the Germans coming again?

The Duke: Oh, worse than that. Haven't you heard about the Dollar Dictator?

Simpkins: Who is he?

The Duke: Why, Redmond. He has come back from America with 20,000 dollars and he is going to buy up the Empire.

Simpkins: With forty thousand dollars. We're going cheap, aren't we? But who gave him the dollars?

The Duke: Oh, a lot of Irish-Americans and Canadians.

Simpkins: But are Canadians foreigners? Did Sir Wilfrid Laurier give any of the dollars?

The Duke: I believe he did.

Simpkins: And is he a foreigner?

The Duke: Not when he's on our side.

Simpkins: Only when he wants Ireland to have Home Rule or England to have Free Trade. But about those American dollars. Is this the first time they've come this way? Is your wife a foreigner?

The Duke: What do you mean, Simpkins! Her Grace a foreigner! Do you wish to insult me? Her Grace is a daughter of the proudest house in New York.

Simpkins: I thought New York was in America.

The Duke: She has restored the fortunes of my family and rebuilt my ancestral halls.

Simpkins: With American dollars? I see. American dollars are good for English peers but bad for Irish peasants. By the way, you have estates in Ireland? Haven't you?

The Duke: Fifty thousand acres, Simpkins, fifty thousand acres; but poor land, poor land. It's hard to screw rent out of the tenants.

Simpkins: And where does the rent come from?

The Duke: Oh, they get it from their sons who have gone to America and Canada.

Simpkins: Ah, more American dollars. Some of that eighty million dollars that Lloyd George says the Irish exiles have sent home to pay rent to English lords. It seems to me that you are the Dollar Dictator. American dollars from your wife; American dollars from your tenants. Why you are a Dollar Duke. You oughtn't to think ill of American dollars. You ought to keep quiet about American dollars—you, and the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Curzon and the Duke of Roxburghe, and heaps more of you whose pockets are bursting with them. What would the House of Lords be without American dollars? No, take my advice and don't mention dollars.

The Duke: But Mr Garvin says we can't win without "the hated foreigner."

Simpkins: Garvin, Garvin, who is he?

The Duke: He is the man who tells us what to say. He invented the German scare last time and the Dollar scare this.

Simpkins: Is he the man who used to

write Fenian Home Rule articles in "United Ireland?"

The Duke: Well, I believe he was a bit wild in his youth; but now he is a patriot and a gentleman.

Simpkins: Have you seen this month's "Fortnightly Review?" No. Well, here it is. Here is an article in favour of Home Rule. One of the reasons the writer urges is that until England gives Home Rule to Ireland we can never have a friendly understanding with America. An excellent article.

The Duke: Lloyd George's, I daresay.

Simpkins: No, Mr Garvin's. The same gentleman who is now teaching you this silly party talk about American dollars, and preaching hatred of America and Ire-

land, just as last January he was preaching hatred of Germany. Isn't it time you got another oracle? Isn't it time you dropped weasels and told the truth?

The Duke: The truth! The truth! But what would become of us if we told the truth?

Simpkins: Well, perhaps you are right; but you know what Carlyle says.

The Duke: What does he say?

Simpkins: The greatest of all truths is this, that a lie cannot endure for ever.

The Duke: Ah, but he didn't say it couldn't endure over a General Election, did he? We don't want the Dollar Dictator for ever. We only want him for a fortnight.

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# NEW ZEALAND STORIES.

## THE GREAT ADJUSTER.

By WINFIRD MILLAR.

Author of "The Saving Sense," "The Lapse," "The Indifference of James," etc. etc.

[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."]

TOMORROW he was to die—to die the death of the detected spy, to be shot by those blue-coated fiends, who had unmasked him. A spy! The very sound of the word was ugly. Nevertheless, someone had to play the part, he reflected; and it had fallen to his lot to be one of those. In war, as in many occupations other than soldiering, someone has to do the "under-work."

Mainly because of his knowledge of German had he been selected. When his Marshal, whose aide he had been from the commencement of the campaign—the Marshal of the whole French Army, he had conjured him in his imagination—instructed him that he had been singled out, he remembered that close upon the heels of his elation had come a feeling of almost repulsion when the word "spying" had for a moment suggested itself as the correct designation of the secret mission he was to undertake. Quick as the idea had entered his mind was it dismissed. Was he not to do this for his country's sake? What higher motive could there be than that? "For his country's sake!"

The words spelt justification. Had he not lived to serve France since his mother in his childhood's days had told him of the deeds of the soldier-father he had never seen alive? Oh! his ambitions had been boundless. Later, there came into his life the inevitable woman. To serve her, to make her happy, had sunk into the background all else. She was to have been his wife with the coming of peace.

It was not to be. His dear dreams of a future were not to be fulfilled. This was the end. Bitter tears came—not for his own plight, his own impending doom, but for pity of her grief and agony of mind, which would come to her with news of his untimely fate. He would not be near to comfort her, to bring with his tender words the smile that he loved to her incomparable eyes.

For a moment the mental picture he had created of her as he had last seen her dispelled his gloom. He forgot that he was doomed to die ere twenty-four hours had passed. He was alive again. The world was once more bright. On that soft, calm evening how little they had dreamed that they were parting for ever. He could feel her touch on his arm, tightening convulsively as the moment of separation came swiftly—all too swiftly—upon them.

His bones had been light, but he remembered that his heart had been heavy, unaccountably heavy he had thought at the time. A curious air of finality had crept upon him. Impatiently he had thrust it aside as a touch of morbidness. Now he believed that dimly he had had a premonition of this that was to come.

If he could see her but once more ere the world was shut for ever from him. But that could not be. He prayed that some miracle would waft his spirit to comfort her in the days of her pain. It mattered not the torturing he underwent, but why should the precious woman suffer through the man whose wish was only to make her happy? Was there no mercy in Heaven! In his agony of mind he stirred uneasily on the rough makeshift of a bed. He gave a groan and lay still. A half-suppressed breath, full of pain and exhaustion, passed unwillingly from his lips. He had been wounded previous to capture. He was weak. When would the surgeon come to change his bandage? He was weary of every-

thing. He wanted to sleep. Would it not be his last sleep on earth? Oh! he didn't want to die! With all the tenacity of youth he clung to life. He had found this world good to live in, good to look upon. Rebellion against his fate possessed him. He had loved living; yes! had loved to feel God's fresh air soothing his temples, to sleep with the Heavens his only canopy, to gaze at those mysterious

of war and all its issues enveloped the German. Just a short time ago, when the clarion had first sounded, he had thought so differently. War to him then had appeared a glorious thing. Since, not once, but many times, he had had dread glimpses of the "undertow," and he now wished for it to end even as he had once prayed for it.

The doctor went his way.



ADDRESSING THE WINDOW.

"She here! I demand to know what you two ridiculous old reprobates mean by staring at me in that rude and insolent manner for the last fifteen minutes! Understand?"

other worlds that we call stars, and to wonder at the awfulness of the Master Hand that had fashioned all.

His thoughts went back to his youth. He had believed that he had been born to be a soldier, and he had fallen into the niche for which nature had intended him. This was the end, he reiterated, his brain dulled. How little he had dreamed that his time was to come so soon.

The doctor came in. Tenderly he rearranged the man's bandages.

The doomed man had taken to this big, boyish German with the woman's finger, despite his nationality.

A German! Ugh! How he had hated the race. At thought of it, again as of old, he felt the cold-hot blood of hatred of these—his country's enemies, rushing through his veins. He half-mixed himself in his excitement. He must be out there in the open, fighting for France. Quickly the mood passed, and, with a sigh of exhaustion, he fell back on his rough bed.

The German simply watched him. He was a big-hearted man, and he felt a great pity for this fellow being, who, to-morrow, was to receive his call. The man was grievously wounded, and the doctor almost wished that the soldiers would be cheated of their valley. For the first time a realisation of the horror

Still more wearily the "spy" lay on his pillows, staring vacantly. To the doctor he had entrusted the mission of the telling of his end to the woman who was to have been his wife.

He felt so tired. He wanted to sleep. His brain gradually became sluggish; his powers of thought seemed to be leaving him. His agony of mind became dulled. God would take care of the woman. As for himself—well, he was quite resigned now. Perhaps they would meet in that other world. God alone knew.

He slept.

His last hour had come. The morning was bright and beautiful—a juring morning such as in the old days had impelled him to throw back his head and inhale a deep breath at the very joy of being alive. That was long ago. The spring would never return to his step.

At last! He was facing the detachment that had been told off to do the shooting. The hope, that to the very brink clings to one, shrivelled. He stood waiting, as he knew the woman would have him wait. He wanted it over though. Why did they linger? Why did not the officer give the firing signal? Again a surging feeling of revolt

against his fate rose up. Why had God willed it that the man's life was to be cut down in its full!

Why should the dear woman he loved suffer as she would suffer when she received the bad news?

The soldiers fired. The condemned man felt a stinging as of a myriad of red hot needles searing his flesh. Inconceivable agonies shot through his every fibre. His frame seemed to be shrivelling as if a powerful electric current were passing through it.

The power of thought had deserted him. His brain was as if it had never been. He could feel though, and feeling was as the torments of hell. Vainly he exerted his strength to combat them, but without avail.

Then in a flash all the pain fell away, and, wonder of wonders, he found that he still retained that which we call mind.

His first knowledge was that his physical being had ceased. It seemed to have remained in that other world he had deserted. He appeared to be soaring. Where? Whence? And the answer came. He was passing through that which he, in common with his fellow mortals, had vaguely designated space.

In a rapidly changing panorama his whole life seemed to pass before him. Episodes of his childhood and his school-days came to him. Memories of sins committed arose to mock him. His many mistakes, wilful and otherwise, reared their heads as ugly phantasms.

He passed on to the days of his courtship, to that glorious day on which he had first met the woman he loved; and then to that wonderful hour in which she had promised herself to him.

Now he was living over different scenes in which he had participated during the war. Lastly he came to his capture.

Again he felt the agonies that had been born in him at thought of his fiancée's grief. Again his soul was in bitter revolt at thought that so early death was to be meted out to him. Again he was facing the guns of the Germans. Again he felt the sickening cold-bob borings of their bullets in his flesh.

Then all these things faded. All the dead past seemed to roll away, and in its place a great peace stole upon him. The seeds of a wondrous happiness such as he had never dreamed of in that other vast world seemed to be sown in him.

Phantom shapes seemed to be floating before him. He seemed cognisant of the proximity of something—some intangible something. What was it? What was the meaning of this happiness that was possessing him? He felt some familiar presence. Then he realised.

There, coming to him without a falter was the woman. Easter now he went to meet her. What could it mean? What miracle was being created? She was alive, living in grief, in that other world so far removed. One could not be in two worlds. It could not be she! What racking hallucination was it?

He could not understand. He would not try to do so.

Now she was almost upon him. Oh! she was beautiful! About her there was a matchless grace he had not before credited her with possessing.

Nearer she came, and her face seemed to mirror his happiness. There could not be grief in her heart!

Now she was in his arms. Fearful that she would prove to be but a creature of his brain, he held her to him. Wonderful! This was no stuff of dreams; this was reality. She—his wife for all eternity—had come to him. God had been good. Dimly he understood that this was Paradise, this the Heaven of which he had once dreamed.

When the doctor came to him in the morning he found that his half-formed wish had been consummated. A greater Director had taken a hand.

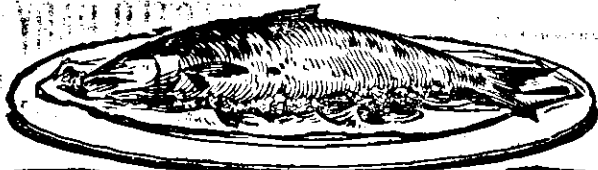
The prisoner's wound had broken out afresh, evidently from some severe physical strain; the bandages had left their places, and the bed, saturated with his life's blood, told its own pitiful story.

In deference to the dead man's wishes, six months later the doctor sought out the woman in the case. The big, bluff thoughtless, but withal tender-hearted, German abhorred his mission. He would have given 40 years of his life to escape it.

His sacrifice would have been unnecessary. He found that God had called yet another of His beings.

As he retraced his way, soberer even than he had come, he found himself pondering on the vast mysteries of what is known to us as Life and Death.

Of a sudden he halted in his step. Six months ago they had told him she had



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died; and the date they had given him — Why, it was the same! The woman must have died almost in the same hour as her lover.

He recalled the look of perfect peace and happiness that had etherealised the face of the dead man. Could the man have known of this? Could he have known that his spirit would ere long be mingling with hers? The doctor wondered.

### Building Charts to Aid Firemen.

A card index which would, in case of a building's interior and its contents, fire, indicate at a glance the nature of and particularly the location of dangerous features, such as explosives and heavy weights, is being advocated for Montreal, Canada. An illustration in the February "Popular Mechanics Magazine" shows how the idea would be carried out.

Among the things such a chart might indicate by simple figures and signs are: Basement exits, kind of roof, nature of walls, location of heavy weights on roof and upper floors; exact positions of any kind of explosive, of the stairs, elevator shafts, fire-escapes, valuable stock, sprinkler-valves, main gascock, and electric-light switch. The number of employees on each floor could be given in figures.

If the idea is carried out, four copies of the diagram of each building will be made; one to be placed near the main entrance in a glass-fronted holder, and the others to be indexed by the fire department, the building inspector, and the factory inspector. It is further suggested that the charts be revised at least twice each year.

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# BENGER'S FOOD

assists nature.

It is used mixed with fresh new milk and forms a delicate and nutritive cream which is enjoyed and assimilated when other foods disagree. It is entirely free from rough and indigestible particles which produce irritation in delicate stomachs.

"The Lancet" describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation." Mothers and interested persons are requested to write for Booklet "Benger's Food and How to Use It." This contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants," and practical information on the care of Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged. Post free on application to Benger's Food Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, Eng. Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

## TRY THIS HAIR HEALTH TEST.

It will tell you the state of your Scalp or Hair.

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To Messrs. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95-96, High Holborn, London, England.

Sir,—Having carried out the interesting Hair Test described in your article, I wish to apply for one of the Free Outfits for seven days "Harlene Hair-Drill," to which this coupon entitles me.

I enclose 3d. postage, and shall be glad if you will send me the outfit to the following address:

Name .....

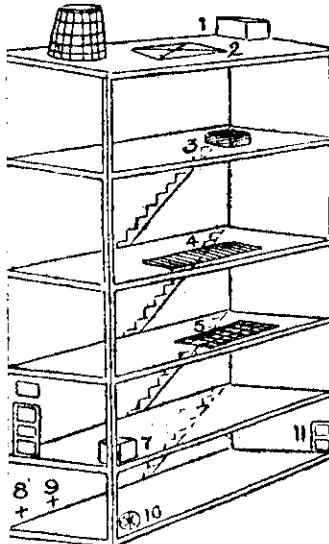
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### A WEEK'S TRIAL OUTFIT FREE.

Try this Test to-day. It will tell you at once the state of health of your Scalp and Hair. Take your stand before a looking glass and give your hair a thorough brushing, afterwards passing your comb through it three or four times. Now look at your brush and comb. Entangled in the teeth of the comb, or among the bristles of the brush, you will perhaps find two or three hairs, long or short, dry or greasy, discoloured or the reverse, possibly accompanied by a certain amount of dandruff or scurf-dust. If so, this is proof that your hair requires immediate and careful attention. These few hairs upon your brush and comb are a certain and infallible indication that you are threatened with Hair Trouble of some sort or other.

But, fortunately, there is time yet to assist your hair to recover its strength and luxuriance and beauty to eliminate every weakness or disorder that may attack it now or in the future. Make the test described above, and if it result in your finding any fallen hairs or scurf-dust in your brush and comb, then fill up the coupon with this article and forward it, together with 3d. in stamps for postage, to the premises of Mr. Edwards, the world-famous Royal and Court Hair Specialist, and discoverer of the well-known "Harlene for the Hair," and "Hair-Drill," and you will at once be sent, or presented with, a Free Outfit for a Whole Week's "Harlene Hair-Drill," containing everything you require (including full instructions and a seven days' supply of Harlene) to eliminate the hidden weakness that is undermining your Hair, to stop your Hair falling out or losing its colour, and to renew its strength, luster, and luxuriance. If at the end of the week you desire to continue the treatment (as you are pretty sure to do), you can obtain further supplies of "Harlene" for "Hair-Drill," at any leading chemist or stores, or direct from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 to 96, High Holborn, London, W.C., in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles.



FIRE-FIGHTER'S CHART OF A PUBLISHING PLANT.

Key:—Water tank, 10,000gal; 1, elevator wheelhouse; 2, trap-door in gravel roof; 3, 100,000lb lead; 4, hoistypes, value 50,000dol; 5, presses; 6, front door; 7, safe; 8, gas cock; 9, electric switch; 10, dynamite, 10lb; 11, basement door in rear.

### A Teetotal Navy.

The cruisers Rainbow and Niobe, which form the nucleus of the new Canadian navy, are to be "teetotal warships," the first, it is believed, that have ever put to sea under the British flag. "Grog," which is one part of rum mixed with three parts of water, is part of the standard ration issued to the crews on men. As a regular ration, however, it is comparatively recent, and straight rum only slightly older, first being issued early in the eighteenth century. Each man received a quarter of a pint at midday and another in the evening. From the beginning of the English Navy as a national force down to the eighteenth century a gallon of ale a day for each man and boy was issued.

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**UNIVERSAL for HUMAN USE**  
See the Elliman R.E.P. Booklet  
found enclosed with bottles of ELLIMAN'S  
THE NAME IS ELLIMAN

## The Suez Canal.

Continued from page 45.

village, seize all the fellahs, or serfs, tie their hands, put ropes about their necks, and march then off to the canal, into which they were driven by armed guards, and where they laboured under the lash until they dropped dead.

Of how many were slain there was no record. We have tacitly agreed in modern government to the suppressing of disagreeable details. How many persons perish of famine in misruled and plundered India? How many natives are slain at Kimberley? What are our death-lists at Panama? But search among the dusty and neglected Suez reports show this, at least, that the mortality was frightful. The digging of the canal began April 25, 1859. By 1863 the complaints about the slaughter of the serfs had made such an impression that observant and kind-hearted men began to protest. The British Government, which at first had insisted that only slaves should be employed on the work, now demanded an investigation. The Sultan went in person. He found the men dying like flies. Not only were they killed in the ditch (under the lash) but the Mecca pilgrims had kindly introduced cholera in the camps and the victims died faster than they could be buried. The Sultan was not noted for humane or generous feelings, but the horror of the situation made an impression upon even his obtuse mind. He instantly ordered the whole labour system abolished, broke up the camps, and sent the labourers home.

Now invention and progress are the products of high-paid labour. So far the canal had been dug by hand, the earth being brought up in rude baskets. But when the slave labour was abolished the contractors were obliged to supply steam machinery. In ten months 18,000 cheap labourers had removed only 4,000,000 cubic metres of material. The steam machinery and the paid labour did more than that in one month. Some Europeans came, and earning by piece-work 5/ to 7/ a day, pushed the canal toward completion. Yet to the end the state of the native labourer continued to be deplorable. For the slave-driver was substituted the contractor's boss; for forced labour on a small wage. But the deaths were many, and the bones accumulated in the sand-pits. How will it be at Panama?

In 1867 the thing was done. In money it had cost for construction close to £20,000,000. The first estimate, made by a solemn conclave of expert engineers, was £5,000,000. The time consumed was about twice as long as was estimated. And the canal was dug with far more slaughter than ten ordinary battles cost.

Yes, the colossal statue of Ferdinand De Lesseps symbolises the Caucasian order, method, and success; also other things. European self-sufficiency, for instance, that we praise ourselves for doing what the half-savage people did many ages ago. Also our exceeding great competence, that it took us so long to begin to do what was not only obvious but merely imitative. And, above all, our humanity and intelligence, that we should celebrate with joy a work done so badly and bloodily, so clumsily and stupidly. It is a great statue; it fills us all with pride and happiness, but with all its beauties it seems to lack something. Perhaps the deficiency would be supplied if we were to erect by the side of it another statue of the same size representing a scrawny and naked fellah digging under the lash. For, after all, that seems to tell more truly than the other the story of the Suez Canal.

### A Formidable Oath.

If any form of oath is calculated to impress one, that which is prescribed to the State officials of Siam is likely so to do. According to a Paris contemporary, each official has to say:—"May the blood flow from my veins, may crocodiles devour me, may I be condemned to carry water to the flames of hell in vessels without bottoms! After death may I enter the body of a slave! May I suffer the harshest treatments during all time in years as numerous as the sands of all the seas! May I be re-born deaf, dumb, and blind, and afflicted with dire maladies! May I also be thrown into Narak—the lower regions—and tortured by Pree Yam if I break this oath. The Siamese who breaks that oath would surely break anything.

## EXPECTED BABY TO DIE OF ECZEMA

She was a Mass of Humour All Over When Three Months Old—Sat with Her Night and Day, Thinking the End Would Come at Any Minute—Skin Now Clear—Doctor Declares

### CURE BY CUTICURA TO BE A MIRACLE

"I use Cuticura Soap steadily for my baby's skin. She had the eczema when she was three months old. She was in an awful mess all over her body. We never thought she would get over it. We sat with her night and day for about a month, expecting every minute to see her die. The doctor gave me an ointment to rub her with but it did her no good. My mother was home from America and she told me to try Cuticura Ointment and to wash her with Cuticura Soap. There was a great difference when I used the first box. I used three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and she was quite cured. She has the purest skin and is the fattest baby now! She is a miracle, the doctor declares. I am glad to tell anybody about it. Mrs. John Ewan, 5, Victoria St., Inverurie, Scotland, Sept. 21, 1909."

Reference: R. Towns & Co., Sydney.



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No. 6.

## THE STALLION OF THE SNOW-LINE—NGATI, THE WILD HORSE.

ONE of the party of horsemen who were out on the mountain slopes in search of the Ngati-paroo, the wild horses, came upon the mob with startling suddenness as he urged his horse round the treacherous face of a steep spur. But the wind was in the man's favour, and fortunately his stolid mount made no sound to betray his presence. So he was able to gain the shelter of some stunted trees that leaned against a shoulder of rock, upon which the man clambered to watch Ngati, the great piebald stallion, and his following of scrubby, hardy mares and young stallions.

They were in a hollow between the mountain slope and a smaller parallel up-heaving the rocks. The almost level floor of the hollow was carpeted with a short bitter native grass and tussock, upon which the mob were feeding, the black and white stallion away from the rest, and tossing his small, well-shaped head uneasily as though he sensed danger. Two young stallions, between whom some difference existed, caused a disturbance by suddenly rearing on their hind legs, and, with ears laid back and lips tightened, striking viciously at one another with fore-feet. Both missed their aims, and one, dropping to all fours, lunged swiftly to get his teeth into the other's crest just forward of the wither. Like a flash the attacked one wheeled, and lashed out with his heels. The hard, unshod hoofs thudded on the well-ribbed, rough-coated barrel, and a harsh squealing roar, voiced the outraged feelings of the recipient of these attentions. At this point the fight ended, for Ngati, the leader, his uneasiness justified, raised his head and snorted loudly. Instantly the mob of twenty lifted heads and ran together, and stood for some seconds in a group, each snuffing the wind, and snorting, but watching always their great leader, ready to follow when he should see fit to lead. There was danger in the wind, Ngati smelt it in his delicate nostrils, whose keen scent was even keener than his wild mountain sire's had been, for Ngati's dam was a run-away half-blood mare, and from her he inherited all her knowledge and hate of man and his irksome tasks. The wind still blew towards the man who crouched behind the trees on the shoulder of rock, so it was not he who was tainting the clean wind. Straight up-wind the bold stallion looked. Then he swung half-about, and at a free, loose-limbed gallop that lacked the tenseness of urgent speed he led his mob up the low hill and away, still ascending by spurs and ridges towards that place of denunciation of heat and cold, of the mountain's chill and the valley's warmth. Ngati, the Wild Horse, taking no risks, headed straight for the snow-line, where the poor grass gives place to the yellow mountain lily and the gentian. From behind his rock the rider came, gathered his reins and rode off.

"It's no use trying till the winter," he told his comrades, whose taint on the wind had scared the horses. And so the men waited till the winter.

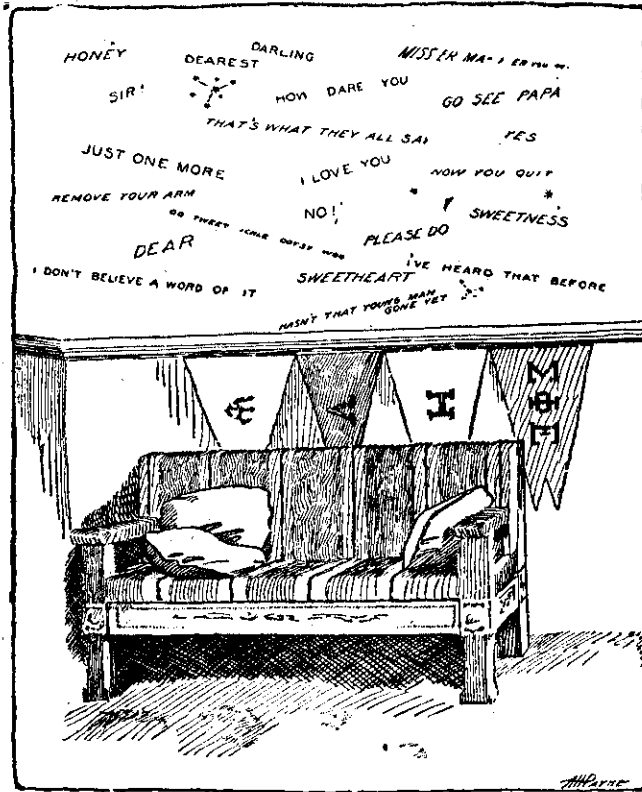
In the winter, Ngati and his people found subsistence hard. The snow-line moved down, ever down, the sides of the terrible mountains, and the winds were cruel and cutting. Even the rough shaggy coats of the wild horses were not enough to keep them warm. They were forced to crouch in deep gullies during snowstorms. The drifts of snow mounting higher and higher made warm quarters enough, and the horses would have been comfortable but for the lack of food. Yet they were hardy beasts and able to live on little. So the winter dragged along. Then one sunny day Ngati trotted away, and, as if by pre-arrangement, the whole mob followed gladly. He had decided to risk the lesser danger of man as against the graver danger of starvation. So down to the bushes and grassed lower slopes he led his tribe, and for this the men who rode tame horses had been watching. They were planning a great raid on the mobs of wild horses on all the mountain slopes,

for a railway was being built, and there were goods of all sorts to be packed over bush roads that were quagmires, and where good horses were lost every day. The wild horses would be cheap, and their loss, when fountered by heavy loads and bad roads, would not amount to much. But first the men desired to capture Ngati, for he was a stallion of courage and size and power beyond all the wild horses they had seen.

In the bush of the lower slopes the men had built a yard of green saplings that could not be distinguished in the distance from the growing trees. This yard was not large, yet it narrowed at one side to a race in which only one horse might pass at a time. And the high walls of this race spread and opened out at the end away from the yard. One fence stretched away through the bush to the right, the other to the left, for half a mile from end to end. Towards this fence and yard they managed to drive Ngati and his mob. Nearly mad from the nerve-torture caused by their keen

instead of finding beyond the race, the freedom that was his life, found only those tall, terrible saplings woven so strongly together. And in his extremity the horse went mad. With a scream he charged the distance where it seemed most open. Into the air he sprang, striking it with his knees and chest, and behind him thundered his people. The fence, strained at the terrible impact, strained and cracked and broke in ugly splinters that tore and slashed the stallion's flanks. Through the opening streamed the followers, each leaping high to avoid touching the horrid bars. Through the bush and away up the mountain in scattered order the wild horses flew. Sometimes a group would meet an excited rider who cracked a wild whip in their faces. But they were mad for home, and broke thundering past. Once Ngati charged, roaring and open-mouthed, at a stubborn stockman. High up near the snow-line they met and reformed during that day and night. The wild glare had not gone from the leader's eye. The rebel in him was a raging beast now, and he took his half-shattered band by all the lonely ways that he knew, so that never again should they see a man, or smell his taint upon the wind.

Other mobs under less fiery leaders were captured from time to time, the stallions killed for their hides and hoofs, and the mares and youngsters roughly broken for the cruel service of the pack-tracks, in which service they all most bitterly toiled and died. But Ngati and his people were never approached again, try as the riders might.



IF THE COSY CORNER COULD TALK.

sense of danger, the horses raced through the bush, looking for a chance to turn and escape to their beloved heights. But there was always a line of strong green saplings to keep them on their downward way. Ngati, by the forepart, was filled with a strong suspicion of those saplings—a suspicion that spoke of his mother's blood. Once he charged recklessly at them, but their toughness refused to yield, and then in Ngati's heart there was a great fear that was not cowardice. Faster than ever he raced to the point where the narrowing wings led to the narrow race. He saw the tall fences coming nearer, like living things of terror, but there was freedom beyond—it seemed to Ngati. Straight into the race he galloped, mane flying, heels flying, and long tail streaming. Through the race and into the yard beyond, all the mob clattering at his heels, so confident were they in their great leader. Ngati,

And then, one terrible winter, in a snowstorm, Ngati led his people into a gully with cliffs on three sides, there to await the passing of the storm. And the snow drifted and shut them in, as it had often done before. But this time it did not melt for days—and weeks, many weeks. In the second week a merciful avalanche filled the gorge from cliff to cliff. So perished Ngati, the Stallion of the Snow-Line, and all his people.

"Why don't you get married, Peter?" asked an acquaintance of an old dorky. "Why, bless you," was the answer. "I've got an ole mudder, an' I has to do fo' her sah; an' if I don't buy her shoes an' stockin's she don't git none. Now, if I was ter git married I'd hab to buy 'em fo' my wife, an' dat'd be takin' de shoes an' stockin's right out o' my ole mudder's mouf!"

## The Privileges of a Peer.

If a peerage were suddenly granted to you it would make a considerable difference in your daily life, for a peer has certain rights and privileges denied to the man in the street. For one thing, if a peer is required to attend at a Police Court, he may take his seat and remain covered—he need not remove his hat, but, as a matter of fact, no peer sitting in a court of law would seek to remain covered. The average peer would, of course, remove his hat just like any other man. Still, if he elected to keep it on, no magistrate can order its removal.

If a commoner assaults a peer the unfortunate man runs the risk of being charged with contempt towards the whole House of Parliament—if you assault a peer, in short, you have insulted the Houses of Parliament. On the other hand, if a peer assaults a commoner, he can be duly summoned to appear in court, but whilst he is in court he has a few privileges, we will not call them rights, that most certainly are not shared in by the ordinary person. Thus, a peer charged with assaulting an ordinary man can stand in open court and revile his accuser—he can even go the length of threatening to half kill him once he gets him outside, so to speak, and no judge can commit him for contempt of court, nor yet can he be bound over to keep the peace.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary privileges possessed by a peer is this. Supposing an earl of the United Kingdom is charged with murder. Well, he can demand to be tried by his own peers—the members of the House of Lords—and, granted they convict him and he is sentenced to death, he need not be hanged with a hempen rope round his neck. The law allows him to demand that a silk rope be used! Of course, it would make very little difference, but it very likely is a fact that were a peer condemned to die on the scaffold he would not be hanged with an ordinary hempen rope; very probably a silk one would be used.

In a former day a peer had very many privileges, and theoretically these privileges are quite in force to-day. However, one never hears of them. One privilege was this, a peer did not require to stamp his correspondence in the ordinary way. All he had to do was stamp any letter with his own private stamp. In a word, peers used to be able to frank all their letters.

The law has the power to come down heavily on anyone who assaults a servant of a peer, and a constable has not the same powers when arresting a peer as he has where the ordinary man is concerned. On the whole, however, one hears very little of peers' privileges nowadays; for the most part they are quite obsolete, although they have never been repealed by law.

### EVER NOTICE?

Visitor.—How was the show at the Opera House last night?

Rural Citizen.—Fine. That fellow's imitations of actors we'd never seen was the best I ever saw.

### WHEN THE SUN IS HOT,

Freckling your brow, burning and browning your cheeks and hands, use VALAZE, the wonderful skin food and beautifier.

It will reclaim the freckled brow, restore the whiteness of the cheek, bring back the softness and suppleness of the skin's texture, smooth away lines and wrinkles, and safeguard the complexion against all future harm.

VALAZE chases every impurity out of the skin, and makes it pure and radiant within a fortnight to a month of its first application. It will dispel black and cross eyes, and refresh and beautify the tired and faded face. In Jars, 4/ and 7/.

NOVENA SUN AND WINDPROOF CREAM, the wonderful restorer of Valaze, destroys the tanning and freckling effects of the sun's rays, rendering the skin immune from discoloration. 4/ and 3/6.

Mlle. Robinson's new preparation, VALAZE FRECKLE PASTE, is a most complete and certain remedy for stubborn and dark freckles. Its effects are magical. In Jars, 5/.

All Mlle. Robinson's preparations are fully described in her book "Beauty in the Making," which will be sent you free with order, and which will tell you all you should know about complexion treatment.

Of all leading chemists, or direct, post-free, from Valaze Dispensary, 111, Abchurch Lane, Street, London, E.C. 4. Mlle. Robinson, Maitson Valaze, Brandon Street, Wellington.

# London:

## "Give us This Day our Daily Bread"

By SPINDRIFT.

### II.

THE whole world provides food for the Londoner. From North, South, East and West, from cold, frozen zones to broiling, sweetening tropical islands, food of one kind or another pours into London. Heavily freighted steamers plough through rough seas, carrying spices from Ceylon, tea from China, flour from Canada, and meat from New Zealand. Trains rush through Europe, Asia, Africa and America with food which centres in London.

Rich food for the dyspeptic rich, poor food for the poor, food for the surfeited, food for the starving, and food for the middle multitude.

The greater quantity of food which comes to London is marketed in raw form, some in live form, some frozen and some manufactured; it concentrates in the various markets where it is either auctioned or sold privately.

There is a large number of markets, but I intend referring only to the most notable; these are—Covent Garden, Smithfield, Billingsgate, the Metropolitan Cattle Market, and the Leadenhall Poultry Market.

Covent Garden originated as "a great fruit, vegetable and herb market" in 1634; previous to that date it was a public garden and fashionable resort. But if Dryden is to be believed its women frequenters were not of the highest quality. To quote him:—  
"The town two bargains has not worth a farthing."

A Smithfield horse and wife of Covent Garden.  
This market is situated about one hundred yards north of the Strand, 400 yards east of Leicester Square, close to Drury Lane Theatre and the Bow-street Police Court. Fruit, flowers, and vegetables go daily to Covent Garden from every part of the United Kingdom; as the "man about town," satiated with amusement, and saturated with drink, seeks to catch the last train to his home and then to sleep; the "maam from the country," having had his sleep, wends his way to Covent Garden with his heavily laden dray of the earth's produce.

From 2 a.m. till 7 or 8 a.m. the greatest activity and noise prevail there, sellers are busy "knocking down" and buyers active "picking up" bargains. Costermongers shout to one another in a pronounced cockney dialect, horses and donkeys are anathematized, and great wrangling ensues. Heard from a distance the noise sounds like the waves

of an angry sea lashing against the shore. Every grade of buyer is here, from the representative of the "swagger" restaurant to the humble street pedlar with his handcart. Food is bought for the King in his palace, the beggar in a workhouse, the judge in his mansion, the convict in his cell, food for the palatial West End homes where the wealthy "dine"; food for the dirty, tumble-down crib where the wretched, dissolute drunken East-ender "skoffs his grub."

From Covent Garden vehicles of every form, size, and shape drawn by man, woman, horse or donkey go in every direction throughout London carrying accessories for millions of breakfasts, luncheons and dinners. Much of this food changes hands several times before it reaches the consumer, and each time its price is considerably increased; an onion must swell enormously with conscious pride and amazement, as its value is enhanced in transition from the market stall to the West End kitchen. Covent Garden should not be visited later than 7 a.m., as during the fore or afternoon, it is like a ballroom after a ball, a cheerless, lifeless, depressing place.

From Covent Garden to Smithfield is not a far cry, and here we find "The London Central Meat Market." Smithfield, like Covent Garden, is covered with memories of historical interest as numerous as barnacles on the coppered bottom of an old wind-jammer. Formerly it was a gay and fashionable place where tournaments were held, when Belted Knights joust their armoured competitors—whose deeds of daring were prompted by the bright eyes and kindly smiles of "myre ladies." After serving its purpose as a bloody field of mimic battle, Smithfield was converted into a place of public execution, made more bloody by the beheading of William Wallace and the slaying of Wat Tyler in 1381. "Bloody Mary" made it bloodier still when she got rid of Anne Askew, Rogers, Bradford and Philpot; while "Good Queen Bess," probably with a cordial desire to maintain the bloody reputation of the place, had several Nonconformists executed there, and hard by there still exists a memorial tablet to the Smithfield martyrs.

As a human shambles, Smithfield was espersed by the notorious Tyburn, near the Marble Arch. To-day the bloody purpose of Smithfield is not so gruesome as in "ye olden times," and the only sanguinary sight is the blood of cattle, sheep, lambs, and pigs from New Zealand and elsewhere. This market covers 34 acres; it is roofed with glass, and is de-

voted to the sale of meat, poultry, and game. Smithfield rules the prices for these products, and many a New Zealand squatter has to determine whether his women folk are to get new-silked gowns or renovate their old ones according to the Smithfield prices for his meat.

From Smithfield we go to Farrington Station, and take the underground railway to London Bridge; thence we walk to Billingsgate, made "a free and open market for all sorts of fish on and after the 10th day of May, 1699." Billingsgate is supposed to have taken its name from Belin, a King of the Britons, who built a gate there 400 years before the Nativity of Christ. It is the great centre for fish, and some irresponsible people do say language also, but in fairness to the Bahfolk, it is only right to explain that they claim that with the cleaner conditions of modern times has come cleaner tongues. The use of "Choice Billingsgate" is an art no longer cultivated there; in fact, the market is now quite Sunday-schooly. If Billingsgate has lost its pre-emptive rights in language, it has not lost its smelliness; there is "an ancient and fish-like smell," which, combined with the pitching and chucking about of slimy, slippery, splashing fish, makes the first visit of the eight-seeing visitor also his last.

Here are auctioned fish from all the lakes and rivers of Great Britain and all the seas within reach thereof. There or a pile, very much like a heap of firewood, is that King of Sporting fish, the clean run Scotch salmon looking all over a fighter even in his flaccid lifelessness; alongside we see turbot, halibut, hake, herring, haddock, plaice, sole, and that unmitigated fraud, the English whitebait. As at Covent Garden, with vegetables and fruit, Smithfield with meat, so at Billingsgate with fish, we see the first step in the distribution of food which up to this point has been concentrating from every point of the compass; the beginning of the end. Food going to the palatial houses, to every grade of hotel, restaurant, and boardinghouse; to trains and steamers, shops, galls, asylums, poor houses, and houses of the poor.

For upwards of 400 years Leadenhall Market has been devoted to the sale of poultry, and looks as if it might continue being used for the same purpose for the next 400 years.

The Metropolitan Cattle Market in London has accommodation for 10,000 cattle, 35,000 sheep, and 1000 pigs, enough animals to stock a fair-sized New Zealand run.

Although not in the category of food markets, at least for Londoners; Tattersall's Horse Market in Knightsbridge is very interesting, and should be visited by colonials who like to see good horse-flesh.

There are many other markets where products, such as butter, cheese, flour, sugar, tea, are dealt with, but their mention would serve no special purpose, therefore "to return to our mittens."

During the last few years London has made great improvements in its restaurants, and is now, I believe, better catered for than any other city in the world. Meals are obtainable when one

likes, where one likes, and how one likes, at prices ranging from 3d up to a guinea, or more. Many of the restaurants are historical, such as the Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet-street, which is redolent of Johnson—a brass plate indicates where he sat; souvenir plates, mugs, or teapots can be purchased, put up in wicker baskets secured by a wooden screw. On Wednesdays one can get a Johnsonian luncheon of beefsteak, lark, kidney, oyster pudding; quite good, too. Many other restaurants are made famous by Dickens and other writers. The Ship Inn at Greenwich still exists, known in days gone by for its whitebait dinners. Dropping into an old-fashioned eating-house lately I found little cabins of high oak panels, just like the old exclusive church pews; an old man, dull, melancholy, and slow witted on me—asking him for how long he had been there, he replied:—"Man and boy, I've been here over fifty years," and he looked like it; he was part of the place; a newer waiter would have been an anachronism. At Simpson's, in the Strand, dinner wagons are wheeled about the rooms, and the joints are carried alongside the guests. Old Londoners in New Zealand talk of Spiers and Pond as being the caterers of their day, but now we see with greater frequency such signs as the A.B.C. (Asperated Bread Company), Slater's, Fuller's, the Cabin, but mostly "Lyons and Co." The latter is probably the greatest catering company in the world; wherever one goes in London, their white and gold buildings are in evidence, so much so that on one occasion Mr. Deakin, the late Commonwealth Premier, said that "he was not sure whether he was in London or Lyons," to which he might have added that at the Zoo Londoners feed the lions; elsewhere the Lyons feed the Londoners! Lyons and Co. spells successful management and big dividends, due in a measure to the marked ability of Mr. A. W. Marks, who made his start in life in Wellington (N.Z.), and who married a Sydney lady. This company caters in a high-class way at the Trocadero, claimed to be the best restaurant in existence. For the everyday man and woman their "popular" restaurant in Piccadilly gives an excellent lunch for 1/6, and an equally good dinner for 2/6. Other grades there are right down to the modest "suppence-an-article" place, where the shop and office people have their "snack."

Swagger hotels are: The Piccadilly, The Ritz, Carlton, Savoy and Cecil. Prominent restaurants are: Frascatti's, Holborn and Princes', Monico, Pall Mall, but a mere enumeration of the names of your restaurants would fill columns of your paper. Talking of eating causes one to think of tipping as the two actions are twin associates. Tipping has become a wearisome tax on Londoners, a plague worse than any of the ten plagues of Egypt. Everywhere one goes one tips. Go to an hotel, and you tip the waiter, the man who takes your hat and gloves, the lavatory fellow who gives you a towel, the boy who opens the door for you, and the chap who calls a taxi for you, and the driver of the taxi! The extent of a tip depends upon the quality of a horse and the size of you bill; at the better class houses one gives a shilling, two shillings, or larger tip for dinner, but at the ordinary restaurant twopenny is the standard, and one requires to carry lots of coppers, threepenny pieces are almost unknown here, and the few I have received have always been tendered with an apology, why, I cannot say, unless it's because the coin looks so small and insignificant as against three pennies.

The "Popular" restaurant and the Strand Palace Hotel absolutely prohibit tipping; it means instant dismissal to any employee who receives a tip; the system seems to work so well there that one wonders why it is not more generally extended.

Some of the cheaper eating houses have "tip boxes" near the pay counter, the contributions to which are divided amongst the staff generally—perhaps this is a deliberate reversion to the method which caused the application of the word "tip"; in olden times such boxes were marked: "To Insure Promptness," and alliterative customers named it the T.I.P. box, hence "Tip" and "Tipping." Many, if not most, waiters get no wages, but live on their tips—a waiter in a fashionable restaurant told me that not only did he get no wages, but he had to pay a premium for his place, and added that he considered it a poor year



A VERY FORWARD PASS.

A reminiscence of games we have seen played.

Continued on page 60





**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 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 Page.

All Cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our Cousins some who have passed out of their teens.

A Badge will be sent to each new Cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

**COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.**

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you will accept me as one of your "Graphic" cousins! I am sixteen years of age. We are having very fine weather at Lower Hutt at present, but I do not think it will last. I work at the Gear Heat Company, in the engine room. Please, will you send me a badge, and what price will it be? I think I will now close. With love.—From Cousin ROY.

[Dear Cousin Roy,—I am always pleased to welcome my cousins, and you, of course will be a senior one. I hope you will be a good correspondent. The only badges we have are ribbon ones, and those we give to you. They make pretty book marks. I am sending you a red one. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

± ± ± Onga Onga.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very much interested at all the letters in the "Weekly Graphic" from your little cousins. I am eight years old, and am in standard II. I am going up to Auckland soon, and I might call and see you. I when next you write, please, do tell me where Onga Onga is. I have never heard of the place before. With love.—Cousin KATE.]

[Dear Cousin Cecilia,—I am very pleased you want to be a cousin of ours, and when you do come to Auckland, I shall be very pleased to see you. I when next you write do tell me where Onga Onga is. I have never heard of the place before. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

± ± ± Motunghoa.

Dear Cousin Kate,—At last our fine weather has ended. It started to rain here last night, and has been raining off and on all day. I expect the grass will start to grow again after this. In the hot weather the grass was all brown and dry, and the cows were going down and in milk, but I expect they will come up again after the rain. Is it raining in Auckland today? Most of our grapes are ripe now. Such a lot of sparrows' nests have been seen since last year, and we have had about 14 or so young sparrows that have been in the nests when they blow down. We brought them in and fed them on boiled rice, until they were able to fly, and then they flew away and left us. The young birds have sung for months; don't you think so, Cousin Kate. Mother, father and grandma did not get home from the Te Aroha show until a quarter past twelve. It has stopped raining for a bit now, and is blowing hard. When grandma goes back to New Plymouth I am going for a holiday with her. There were three in Hamilton yesterday and today. They did not have a very good day for them, but it was very good. We have such a lot of miniature sun flowers out now, and they make a lovely show. Is not Uncle Jim and Dot great. We have a weeks' run around our house, and it is getting quite tame. Every morning it comes to the kitchen window to be fed. Have you ever seen a week, Cousin Kate? I will tell you what it is like. It is a bird about as big

as a hen, and its feathers are black, with brown stripes. It has very small wings, fairly long legs, and a long beak, which it uses to dig up the earth with. It cannot fly, but it can jump very high, and can run fast. It has a small tail, which is always moving up and down. The wren is very fond of eggs and young chickens. It also catches mice. We have a little black pup named Sam, and he is a very playful little fellow, and runs away with anything he can get hold of. There are a lot of rabbits around here, and I think they are pretty little things. Don't you think it is a pity they are so destructive? They are all busy making paper boats to-night. Well, dear Cousin Kate, I must stop now, or this letter will be too long to print. Hoping you and all the cousins are well and happy, with tons of love.—From Cousin LENA.

[Dear Cousin Lena,—I am sure the cousin will enjoy your letter, for I did. I like to read about farm life, and the many interesting things that happen. I have never seen a wren, and I had no idea they were so large. I did like to read about the wee sparrows, and the way you treated them; perhaps better than they deserve. Most people would have killed them. We have had a little rain, but now the weather is lovely. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

± ± ± Auckland.

My Dear Cousin Kate,—Just a few lines to let you know that I received your letter on Friday, and I wish to thank you very much. We are having some very hot weather up here in Auckland. We find it quite a change after Taranaki. I would not like to go back and milk down there again. It must be very nice to have letters from all your wide circle of cousins. I would very much like to see my brother from Sydney. I have not seen him for three years. I suppose he will be back to see us very soon. I don't think I can tell you any more news this time, as it is getting very late, so I will draw to a close, hoping to hear from you soon. With best love to all the cousins and yourself.—I remain, your loving cousin, KTHEL.

[Dear Cousin Ethel,—I am glad you liked the badge. You, of course, would find this much better than Taranaki. I often wish we could have a touch of that cold wind which blows over Mt. Egmont. That would freshen us up a bit, and we sadly need that in Auckland. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

± ± ± Mapua.

Dear Cousin Kate,—It is quite a long time since I wrote to you. Our school started three weeks ago, but we have only been going a week, as we were staying at Devonport for a fortnight. We went over to Auckland nearly every day. It is the first time we have visited Auckland since Fleet Week. We enjoyed our visit very much, especially the bathing. We bathed here, but the water is very dirty. You know that notice that was put in the "Graphic" to children who would like to write to children in England. Well, I wrote, and got the address of a girl called Ada Hinde (or is it). I have received a letter from her, and have written twice. The last time I wrote to her I sent her the Christmas number of the "New Zealand Graphic," because it had such a lot of New Zealand views in. When we were in Auckland, the smoke from bush fires was pretty thick. We did not get away

- MILK FOOD No. 1.**  
From birth to 3 months.
- MILK FOOD No. 2.**  
From 3 to 6 months.
- MALTED FOOD No. 3.**  
From 6 months onwards.

**The Allenburys' Foods.**

Prepared on  
Highest Feeding and  
Management Principles.

**BABY'S WELFARE.**

THE 'ALLENBURYS' FOODS being perfectly digestible and closely resembling human milk, give freedom from digestive ailments, promote sound sleep and ensure vigorous health and development.

The 'ALLENBURYS' BUSKS (Malted). A valuable addition to baby's diet when ten months old and after. They provide an excellent, nourishing and appetizing meal, especially useful during the troublesome time of teething. Eaten dry, they mechanically aid the cutting of teeth.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, Market St., Sydney.

Pakawan.  
Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very pleased to get your letter. My mother and father, and my two sisters have gone to Wellington, so Nancy cannot write to you. I am in the second standard, and my sister is in the first. I hope you are getting on all right. I am staying at Pakawan. I came over in the boat from Nelson, and I was very sick. Then I had a long drive of eight miles to get here. We live close by the beach, and my cousin and I go on paddle in the water after the fish. We catch a lot of them, and take them to the house. Then we cook and eat them. I cannot think of very much this time. So I will end with a riddle. Why does the flag fly in New Zealand? With love.—Cousin EDWARD.

[Dear Cousin Edward,—I hope Nancy will write when she comes back. We have had a nice lot of rain, but the weather is due now. It must be a miserable thing to be sick, and you must have been very tired when you arrived at your Auntie's end. Fancy catching fish like that. Do you spear them, or how do you catch them? I can't think why the flag flies. Tell me. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

± ± ± Wellington.

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? My age is 12 years and 2 months, and I am in the sixth standard. Please send me a badge. I have a pet cockatoo called Jackie. If a dove was on one side of a river, and a haystack on the other, how would it get across to it? With love, Cousin CYRIL.

[Dear Cousin Cyril,—I am delighted to have a new cousin, and a boy especially. We have so few boy cousins who are good correspondents. Most of them are busy little beggars, so please try and be one of the exceptions. I can't guess the riddle, perhaps, because I am another donkey. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

## Children Thrive on ANGIER'S.




There is nothing better for delicate children than a course of Angier's Emulsion. Bland and pleasant, soothing alike to throat, lungs, stomach and intestines, an aid to appetite and digestion, and a splendid tonic and builder, it is the ideal remedy for children's ailments, and no mother should be without a bottle in the house. The medical profession prescribes Angier's Emulsion not only for coughs, bronchitis, whooping cough and all lung affections, but also for scrofula, rickets and all wasting diseases.

**"PERSUADE MOTHERS TO TRY ANGIER'S."**

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Dear Sirs,—My little girl has been a constant anxiety owing to loss of appetite and a very trying cough. I was so pleased to see her relish her food after she had had a sample bottle of Angier's that I got a large (4/6) bottle, which she has just finished. The change in her is wonderful; the cough is quite gone, she has put on firm flesh and has a good colour and appetite. To have accomplished this with a really palatable mixture is a great cause of thankfulness to me, and you have my full consent to publish this letter in case it may persuade other mothers to try Angier's Emulsion. (Signed) Mrs. K. WILKINS.

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The 'ALLENBURYS' BUSKS (Malted). A valuable addition to baby's diet when ten months old and after. They provide an excellent, nourishing and appetizing meal, especially useful during the troublesome time of teething. Eaten dry, they mechanically aid the cutting of teeth.

# The Allenburys' Foods.

Prepared on  
Highest Feeding and  
Management Principles.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, Market St., Sydney.

Fernbach.  
 Dear Cousin Kate.—Will you kindly accept me as one of your "Graphic" cousins? I am eleven years old, and am in the fifth standard. We milk forty eight cows, and have about 800 sheep. My favourite hobby is reading. The book I like best of all I have read is "Eric." Have you ever read it? I will now end up with a riddle: Why is a vain lady like a drunkard? With love, I remain your new cousin, PEARL.

[Dear Cousin Pearl.—We are very pleased to give you a welcome as a new cousin. I hope you don't have to milk any cows. I can't bear to think of little girls having to do such work, and such lots of the cousins have to do so. There is nothing more

delightful than reading. I don't remember "Eric." I can't guess the riddle. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

± ± ±

Broadway, Picton.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have been a long while writing, but I suppose you won't mind. I go to Blenheim every Thursday for woodwork lessons. I am in the fourth standard now. I suppose you won't mind if I give a riddle. "Why is a book like a tree?" I think that is all I can say, so goodbye. Love to you and other cousins. —VICTOR.

[Dear Cousin Victor.—Yes, I do mind very much the way you have neglected us, and I hope you will do better in future. Most of the boy cousins are so lazy. Don't you enjoy the woodwork classes? What are you making? Do you learn carving? That is most interesting. I used to do such lots of it. Perhaps some of the cousins can guess the riddle. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

± ± ±

Rockville.

Dear Cousin Kate.—You will think I have been a long time writing to you. I have been so ill with whooping cough, but I am getting better now. I like my

badges very much. I am sending you a postcard of myself. With love—Cousin WINNIE.

[Dear Cousin Winnie.—Thank you for your dear little letter, and the pretty picture of yourself. I have fastened it up above my writing table with the other cousins' pictures. I like to look at them. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

± ± ±

He—"D'you think you could sing 'For ever and for ever?' She—"Well, I don't think so. I'm only down here for the week-end."



# OUR BABIES.

(By HYGEIA.)

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 ambulance at the bottom."

## EVIL EFFECTS OF EXCESS OF PROTEID IN BABY'S MILK.

IN dealing last week with Glaxo and other forms of Dried or Condensed Milk in connection with baby-feeding I left off at the point of turning to the injurious effects on the digestive organs and system generally which have been found to accompany the use of sterilised cow's milk, especially when not properly modified in accordance with the needs of the young human being.

Twenty years ago the late Professor Budin, of Paris, commenced to advocate the use of pure cow's milk, sterilised by boiling, but otherwise unmodified, for the feeding of infants. This procedure, so extremely simple, and backed by the authoritative name of Budin, soon gained many adherents in the medical profession; and the use of pure, sterilised cow's milk spread throughout France, but not without marked attention being drawn by impartial observers to its injurious effects on the ultimate welfare of the babies. However, protests were in vain. Many years had to elapse before the evils incidental to the feeding of babies with pure cow's milk were clearly demonstrated by the publication of classified records of infants so treated.

It must be borne in mind that this course of events has been repeated over and over again in the disheartening and humiliating history of the artificial rearing of babies. Ordinary Condensed Milk dozens of Patent Baby Foods, Peptonised Milk, and Pure Cow's Milk Sterilised have each been hailed during the last 40 years as solving the difficult question of "How best to bottle-feed a Nursing?" Each preparation in turn has won the confidence of the public, each has had its run, its enthusiastic advocates, and its multitude of victims, and each has been ultimately discredited or relegated to its proper place, only when time and experience had shown the sacrifice of life and health incidental to its continued use. There is no reason to suppose that it will be otherwise with Dried Cow's Milk (the panacea of the moment), or with any other form of nutriment which departs widely from Nature's standard (Human Milk) in composition and fundamental properties.

Indeed, a considerable number of the so-called "Baby Foods" which have been patented during the last 15 years have consisted mainly, or almost entirely, of Dried Milk, with or without the addition of Sugar of Milk. But though the medical journals have teemed with references to the injurious consequences observed on the extended use of such preparations, each new competitor coming heralded with new pretensions is virtually sure of a good sale, especially if it be well "got up" and easy to use.

Now let us return to Professor Budin, and his confident advocacy of Sterilised Cow's Milk. How did it come to pass that erroneous views gained such wide acceptance? The answer is simple. Budin kept alive the class of babies that came under his care more successfully than his predecessors, or than most of his contemporaries. This also is easily explained:—

(1) The vast majority of Budin's babies were suckled by members of a wonderful organisation of trained wet-nurses, and were not artificially fed at all, until they had grown to the stage of being able to cope more or less successfully with pure sterilised cow's milk.

Professor Budin says expressly in "The Nursing," published just before his death:—

"As regards artificial feeding from birth, my experience is as yet too limited to warrant any dogmatic statement as to the most advisable method during the first few weeks of life. As I always endeavour to insist on breast-feeding, my cases are not numerous enough to base any definite opinion upon.

(2) Budin centred his attention on keeping down the death rate—that is, sustaining the life of the baby, not ensuring normal growth and development.

## Health and Vigour.

not mere existence should be the goal of every rational system of rearing infants. One may search in vain through the pages of "The Nursing" for any reference to the fate of the baby after leaving Professor Budin's hands—indeed, his remarks are confined for the most part to mere increase in weight of infants while under his immediate care and supervision, not to evidences of health and fitness then or afterwards.

Professor Marfan, of Paris, is to-day the greatest authority in France on the rearing of infants. The following is a free translation from his great work (of some 450 pages), devoted solely to the "Milk-feeding of Babies."

## Extracts from Professor A. B. Marfan's Book.

"(Traite de L'Alaitement," page 315). "From his first communication in 1802 Budin advanced the idea that young babies (les-nouveaux-nes) are capable of digesting pure cow's milk when it is well sterilised. He has renewed his assertion more or less formally in his later works. Obviously it was a statement calculated to attract lively attention. Fancy, what a simplification it involved for all doctors charged with directing creches and dispensaries, or dealing with collections of babies, not to need in the future to bother themselves with modifying or preparing cow's milk in any way, beyond mere sterilising!"

## Marfan on the Fate of Budin's Babies.

"The babies (healthy babies) who are fed with sterilised pure cow's milk before the fourth or fifth month may be divided into three categories:—

(1) The first present evident signs of chronic inflammation of the stomach and bowels with emaciation and cachexia—i.e., malnutrition and general

bad health characterised by a waxy or sallow complexion, as in Cancer or Consumption.

(2) Others present no apparent anomaly.

(3) The greatest number, and particularly those who have received pure cow's milk from birth, have an appearance of comparatively good health; but if one examines them closely one finds among them the following anomalies:—

## The State of the Majority.

"There is more or less obstinate constipation—say a motion once a day, sometimes every second day, sometimes only once in three days,—the infant expelling with pain a great quantity of firm, pasty matter of very pale colour, almost white, resembling gum mastic. From time to time this constipation gives place to diarrhoea, with liquid yellow stools, spotted with white and green. The diarrhoea is accompanied by vomiting. Very often these infants are ravenous. Nevertheless, their weight increases (sometimes it increases greatly), the child becomes fat, and one would be satisfied if one passed unnoticed the fact that the flesh is soft and very pale.

"Usually the belly is somewhat protuberant and flabby. The baby suffers from a special form of infantile dyspepsia, which it is legitimate to name 'the dyspepsia of pure cow's milk,' because the malady cannot be attributed to microbes in the milk, seeing that it has been sterilised. There is apparently a slight inflammation of the stomach and bowels, the large, flabby belly being associated with elongation of the intestine, and an abnormal state of the gastric juice.

## Skin Diseases and Rickets.

"In addition to the above there is often present Prurigo, an itchy affection of the skin,—Nettle-rash, or Eczema. Sometimes these babies have Rickets; the 'soft spot' in the head is liable to be late in closing, the cutting of the teeth is usually delayed.

"In the majority of cases the baby reaches the eighth or ninth month without showing any other symptoms specially calling for notice. Provided this is so, the troubles to which I have referred tend to become less marked, and one may regard the child as out of danger. But this is not always so. What I have already described may be succeeded by the typical signs of chronic confirmed inflammation of stomach and bowels.

"The above assemblage of ailments is

attributable to the composition of the milk of the cow. The proof that this is so is to be found in the fact that these troubles do not occur—or, in the few cases met with, are present only in a very minor degree—when one gives cow's milk modified in such a way as to approximate its composition to that of woman's milk."

In other words, the grave affections described by Professor Marfan may be avoided by using "Humanised Milk." It is the old story. The milk of the cow is the only proper food for a calf, but it is quite unsuitable for a baby unless carefully and properly modified.

I shall have something further to say next week about the effects of pure cow's milk, boiled or otherwise sterilised—I mean regarding the effects attributable mainly to proteid being present in gross excess.

Finally, on the ground of their being "devitalised," I shall go on to consider the unsuitableness of all forms of dried or sterilised milk as food for nurslings, except where good, fresh cow's milk cannot be procured, or where prescribed by a doctor, with a special purpose in view, to meet, say, some abnormal condition of the organism present at the time.

## An Awkward Experience.

There is a whiff of Smollett about the experience of Prince Max Egon zu Fürst-enberg, who found himself obliged to change carriages at a German railway station the other night, with no other costume in which to perform the operation than a night-shirt and a short dressing-gown. It seems that the Prince occupied one sleeping-car, while his valet and his vesture retired to another, and the train having been divided in the course of the journey, the Prince found himself at the critical moment at a distance of several miles from the most urgent necessities of a waking existence. How his uneasiness heightened along the platform in his informal array, gained the waiting-room, and posted a sentinel to hold the door until the arrival of his outer-man, makes a breathless narrative. The situation is a familiar one to many people through the medium of nightmare, and it helps one to understand the craving ascribed to disembodied spirits for some sort of earthly lubricant. That feeling of unmitigated and irreducible personality is so extremely intolerable.

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**The BUSINESS MAN** finds "Winfred" Cigarettes no inconsiderable asset when engaged in a deal. Says that their quality is his only excuse for smoking in the office.

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Continued from page 56.

# Places to See: Mt. Cook.

## ROUND ABOUT THE HERMITAGE.

By B. E. BAUGHAN.

No. II.

**E**VEN people accustomed to down-country hill-walking will probably find it wiser not to attempt any of the longer expeditions from the Hermitage during the first few days of their stay. "Go slow" is good counsel here. Not the body only needs time to become acclimatised, but the eye also, and the mind. Mean-while, three or four easy trips offer themselves, both as good outing and excellent trainers, to those who are "feeling their feet."

### SEBASTOPOL.

The first of these is to the lakelets on Sebastopol, an eminence well named. It is an enormous slab of dark rock, about 2000ft in height, which rises sheer up from the Hermitage Valley, just where the latter branches off from the valley of the Tasman. One passes it on one's initial journey up to the Hermitage, and regards it with respect, for in times long since gone by the united forces of the ancient Tasman and Hooker Glaciers munched and mouthed away at this face of the Ben Ohau Range till it became one slab of smoothness, which looks quite undimable. It often happens in this world, however, that where you cannot go straight up you can perhaps go round, and in the case of Sebastopol the way round is quite easy, and involves nothing more exciting, at least as far as the lakelets, than a scramble up tussock. We are, of course, properly equipped with good strong boots (not shoes), of a sole not less than a quarter-inch thick, to hold the nails with which the Hermitage will have supplied us; and, in the case of ladies, with skirts only just below the knee, supplemented by putties. Hats that will stand either sun, or rain, or wind, and a good stick apiece, and we shall do. Trudging perseveringly upwards we reach, before so very long, a lap in the hill-side, facing up-valley. Here there grows a little mountain scrub, kindly green after the wan tussock; and here there lies a mountain lake, very small, very beautiful. Its surface is a lovely damask of ruby and silver and blue, for a ruddy water-weed has overrun it with its meshes; but its real glory is its situation. Here it lies upon its little pleasant platform, and looks out, right and left, upon the great walls of the hills, coloured with blue and purple and bronze and green, and straight ahead, into the snow-fields of Sefton, to which it makes the most telling and exquisite of foregrounds, with the noble form of Aorangi upon the right. A little higher up, we come upon more pools, a regular chain of them this time, little jewels of bright blue in a somewhat peaty setting. Dark crags of rock rise above them; below—yes, 2000 feet below, for here we are upon the summit of our undimable bastion—runs to the south the valley of the Tasman, flat grey between its hills of grey and yellow, with a tangle of turquoise down the middle of it, where the Tasman streamlets run; the Lake of Pukaki at the end receiving them into sapphire, and beyond the lake dim violet outlines showing of the plainward hills.

### THE MUELLER VALLEY AND SEALEY RANGE.

Another good expedition starts by way of Kea Point, and leads you thence down upon the Mueller Moraine. This, looking down on it, suggests a landscape of fallings, or of road metal tumbled out in heaps, with a line down the middle (where the dark-topped ice crops out) of gigantic cocoanut cut up in chunks, or of chocolate cream, on a grand scale, just after an earthquake—gentle smiles which one forgets after one has walked a little way on the moraine. One then remembers little but one's feet, for loose rocks and shingle over ice make but different footing, and every now and then a dingy whitish chasm cries "Caution!" We get to clearer ice by-and-by, but this lower part of the Mueller is not a good specimen of glacial beauty, and we will not linger over it, though the

view from it up the sides of Sefton, with its battlements of ice against the sky, its cataracts of ice broken into great pinnacles of white and blue, and the frequent rush and roar and powdery spray of avalanches over its black crags, makes it difficult to get on at all. Happily, this view is not lost when we leave the Glacier and begin to climb the grassed and rocky slopes of Sealey-side. Here, with a foreground of welcome green, starred with white gentian and silver celmisia, we can see not only Sefton, but Aorangi, and, in the opposite direction, the fine sweep of the Mueller Glacier proper, coming down between Sealey and the Moorhouse Range like a carriage-drive spread with white velvet. Higher yet, over good rooted red rock, and we have a finer view still, including, in addition to all that we have seen already, the vista, snowy and bronze and blue, of the whole Hooker Valley, the purple and azures of the Tasman towards Pukaki, and, away upon the further side of Aorangi, a whole new ocean of white crests and furrows, concerning which we may hope to know a little later on. The way home is easy; down over cushiony, springy snow-grass to a small oval lake that mirrors the summits both of Aorangi and of Sefton, and thence, down another speedy two thousand feet by way of a steep little track, to the Kea Valley and the Hermitage.

### THE STOCKING GLACIER.

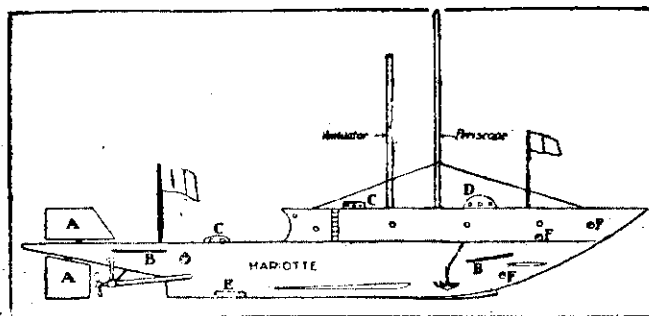
The Stocking Glacier, so named, and very accurately named, from its shape, is one of the many "hanging" glaciers that streak with blue and white the sides of the Moorhouse; and if we would find out how lovely a glacier can be (for grandeur is not always lovely), we cannot do better than visit it. Again the way lies past Kea Point and down upon the Mueller Moraine, but instead of going up the latter we now go straight across it, and climb up over the rocks and scrub of the Moorhouse foot, a good way to the right of Sefton, to a green spur, with a little steep gully this side of it. No ice in this gully, and not a hint of it; but in the spring there must be a perfect snowfield here of lilies and of primula-like ourisias, while in autumn the crags above are hoarily embroidered with tufts of the wise-looking little native edelweiss. Up this greenest of nooks we scramble, reach the shoulder above and look down—into ice! Yes, there below us lie great broken blocks and masses of the purest ice, the abrupt ending of the great white streak that seams the mountain-side above; with, between the

when he did not make more than £408. Waitresses get 7/ per week and tips, and sleep at home. From restaurants to waiters, and from waiters to tipping, is a natural transition of thought, and from restaurants, waiters and tipping, one evolves Germans. It cannot be denied that the food service of high-class hotels and restaurants in this country is almost entirely in the hands of Germans; managers, supervisors, cooks, waiters, one sees them everywhere. Young men who have completed their army enlistment come from Germany to learn to speak the English language before returning to the Fatherland to take up their life's work. It is stated in some quarters that these gentlemen are not in England for the sole purpose of picking up its language and gold, and recently an imprudent German speaker claimed that "Germany has 200,000 trained soldiers in England ready to take up arms"; in the meantime they take up tips, and I'm sure that nearly all of them are waiters, for not once have I been waited on by an Englishman in a modern restaurant or hotel.

The cost of food in London varies with the quality of the neighbourhood where it is bought. Taking the central markets as a basis, food increases in cost as it goes East or West; in the East a man who sells meat is a "butcher," in the West he's a "purveyor of meat"; a purveyor of meat or fruit expects more profit than a mere butcher or greengrocer. In the middle of last summer I took down the following prices from the window cards of a West End "purveyor" of fruit:—Strawberries, 2/6 per lb; apples, 6 for 2/; cherries, 1/6 per lb; Rock Melons, 5/ each; peaches, 6 for 10/6; pineapples, 7/6 to 15/ each; grapes, 7/ to 15/ per lb; fresh figs, 6

blocks, blue light. There is here no moraine; nothing to sully or discolour, no debris; only a little creek, clear as glass, carries on down the mountain-side the course of the ice above. Let us scramble down and stand close under these gigantic lying buttresses of white—marble, did you say? It is more like alabaster, glistening and veined with blue. Touch it, and feel, not only its chill, but its satin smoothness also. And now peer into the great crevasses that gash it, and at the foot of which we stand, and say if ever before you saw such blue—blue of the true glacier tint, hardly matched anywhere else in Nature, unless perhaps it be in the azure lines that streak the outside of a purple hyacinth, and of a softness never attained either by the sky, however clear, or by sea water, however deep.

It is hard to leave our new-discovered fairyland, but leave it we must, for the road home is roundabout, and involves the crossing of the Hooker Moraine and a fair walk down the Hooker Valley. The Hooker Valley, though, must have a column to itself.



THE LATEST FRENCH SUBMARINE.

The French submarine Mariotte, the largest in the world, was launched at Cherbourg in January. Her dimensions are: Length, 214ft; diameter, 16ft; tonnage, 1,100. In the diagram AA are the rudders for steering. The arrangement is novel, one being above the water when the vessel is on the surface. BB are the rudders for sinking or rising and maintaining the degree of submersion. CC are the hatches giving access to the vessel. D is the conning tower from which the boat is worked. This projects little from the deck as compared with the large tall conning towers in most British submarines. E is the safety-weight which can be let go if the boat sinks from any accident. When detached she should rise instantly to the surface. F are torpedo tubes. Observe the superstructure forward, which is another novel feature of this vessel.

for 6/6; gooseberries, 1/3 per lb. Large purveyings are made at these prices. At the foot of the same street, about 200 yards away, there were a number of costermongers' handcarts from which fruit just as fresh, good and luscious as that contained in the window referred to was being "sold" at the following prices:—Strawberries, 1d. per lb; cherries, 1d. and 2d. per lb; peaches, 4d. per lb; grapes, 8d. per lb; gooseberries, 2d. per lb. I admit that the "get up" of the purveyor's fruit was perfect, and that the coster could give one only a common paper bag instead of a dainty fruit basket. In early spring strawberries are sold at 16/6 per lb, and asparagus at 30/ per bunch. Disproportion in prices could be quoted almost indefinitely respecting meat, game, fish, and vegetables as between stylish shops of the West and back street shops or coster barrows. "Swank" is the halberd of extravagance.

### "A Last Movement."

Just before the close of a symphony concert in the Royal Opera House at Berlin, and when the orchestra was about to begin the last movement of Haydn's Twelfth Symphony, a section of the audience took it upon themselves to start "a last movement" on their own account. In fact, they started to move out, and they did it with more noise than the orchestra. Whereat Dr. Richard Strauss, who was conducting—that is to say, conducting Haydn's "movement," not the audience's—became so irate that he turned to the disturbers and rebuked them; and, as one might expect from a musician, he did it "sonorily." He railed them in "sharp" terms—also as becomes a musician—for their great lack of consideration "for the sake of saving three useless minutes." But, after all, the famous conductor and they were "side as the poles asunder" in this matter. Dr. Strauss is accustomed to "best time," while they simply wanted to save it. Or, perhaps, it was a case with some of wanting to conduct one or two to the bar!

## CLOTHES LAST LONGER

WITH **SUNLIGHT SOAP**

*Mrs. E. Skott, Newtown, writes:—*

"I use nothing but Sunlight Soap, for it does not chafe the hands, and in the long run it is cheaper than any other soap, for clothes last much longer when washed with Sunlight Soap than if washed with the commoner soaps.

"There is never any sour smell in connection with Sunlight Soap. It makes the clothes look like new."

No. 57. GUARANTEED UNDER THE "PURE FOOD ACT, 1908." BY LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, SYDNEY, N.S.W. No. 57.

**THE TROUBLES OF DIGESTION.** Pain, flatulency, acidity, and so on, are happily in most cases simply the expression of some fleeting disturbance of function. The best way to restore tone and regularity to the intestinal tract is by taking a wise glassful of "Hurray and James" natural aperient water the first thing in the morning every second or third day.

**'A Servantless House.**

(By E. S. VALENTINE.)

(Published by Special Arrangement.)

To a mere man it is always an inscrutable mystery that woman—housekeeping woman—should so resolutely set her face against labour-saving devices. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule, and in the long run intelligence and convenience carry the day, but it nevertheless remains true that all household innovations, from the humble and necessary clothes-mangle and spring curtain-roller to the electric lamp and the electric lift, long found in women their most uncompromising opponents. An observer, employing only surface logic, would have said that the sewing-machine and the carpet-sweeper would be welcomed by the ladies of England with open arms. Read the memoirs of the time, and you will find that Howe's invention had literally to fight its way to female favour long after it had been approved and adopted by the other and perhaps more impulsive sex.

Barring some slight improvements, few of which go down to the bed-rock of the house-keeping problem, I am inclined to agree with the man who said that every household in Great Britain is "run on mediæval lines." When the daring fifteenth century male innovator moved the fireplace from the middle of the floor and set it beneath a brick chimney, he was doubtless stoutly opposed by his good wife, and the spirit the dame exhibited is shown clearly to-day in the treatment her twenty million descendants accord the four thousand eight hundred and twenty-three servant-saving devices registered at our Patent Office. Of course there is a reason for all this, and the reason is that, notwithstanding the enterprise and volatility of the spinster half, the married housekeeper—bless her heart! is the very incarnation of conservatism and laughs scornfully at her lord's suggestions for a short cut out of her difficulties.

"My dear Charles," she says, with pity for his ignorance, "you don't understand servants. They never would put up with any such new-fangled nonsense. If we were to run a house on the lines you suggest they would leave us."

"That's exactly it," retorts the Mere Man. "Let them leave us. Do you know that there are four thousand eight hundred and twenty-three household labour-saving devices registered at the Patent Office? Have many of these have you adopted? A paltry hundred or two."

"Well as you seem to know all about household management, perhaps you'll have the kindness to tell me how you would run the house."

"I'd try science. If machinery can plough our fields and reap our harvests, run our ships and carriages, write our letters, print our newspapers, fan us when we are too hot and warm us when we are too cold—it surely ought to be able to help a woman over her housework. Only woman doesn't give science a chance. Why, when science invented the umbrella she let Jonas Hanway carry it about alone for years, and only laughed at him for his pains."

"Fudge! How can science answer the front-door bell, wait at table, make beds, dust the rooms, sweep—"

The Mere Man interposed.

There is the vacuum cleaner. Why isn't that used in every home?"

The lady of the house drummed impatiently on the table with her fingers. "Vacuum cleaners are so expensive. As to the other things, if they are really any good," she said, "why doesn't everybody have them?"

"There you are again!" retorted the Mere Man. "Why didn't everybody use electric light until twenty years after it was available? Have you not read how shocked and incredulous London was when Lady Randolph Churchill first lit up her Mayfair house with electricity? Now, I was going to say that if I were running this house I shouldn't have my beds made by servants when I could avail myself of the ingenious bed-making machine invented many years ago by a barrister named Simmonds."

"What can a barrister know of bed-making? A bed-making machine, indeed!"

"Nevertheless, my dear, it worked like a charm. You see, it was so simple. You pressed a spring and one rod raised the counterpane and drew it out taut, another lifted the blankets, while two others at top and bottom drew off the top and bottom sheets and held them fast and erect to air. It was all done in a moment, and when you wanted the bed made up, down came the slender frames and all was in its place again, silently and as neat as you please."

A keen satirical look appeared in the lady's eye.

"Really! And how about the mattress? Was that not made up too? But



The table disappears for an instant; but why should the conversation flag?

"By no means. Personally, I prefer stairs. The stairs would be swept daily by the simplest contrivance in the world. In a groove of the bannisters runs a rod supporting a spiral brush, revolving not unlike an electric fan. Pausing on the top step, I touch a spring which closes a gate to the stairway. At the bottom I negotiate another, and the stair-brush

The master of the house cast his eye around the dining-room.

"Anything more?"

"Oh, dear, yes. I have hardly begun. You've no idea of the many household contrivances we husbands have invented. Take window-cleaning, for example."

"Oh, I'm glad you thought of that. The housewife forced a smile.

"What can be more antiquated and inconvenient, and, I may add, dangerous, than your present window-cleaning arrangements? Now I should have every window-sash in the house fitted with two sets of panes, easily adjustable. Once a week a man would come round to change the sashes, while the dirty panes would be taken away and cleaned."

The lady interrupted.

"Perhaps, now that you've abolished servants upstairs, you will kindly tell us poor women how you propose to annihilate them in the kitchen, dining-room, and drawing-room. Even supposing your meals to be sent in from the pastrycook's—"

"From the Dinner Supply Company," interpolated the Mere Man.

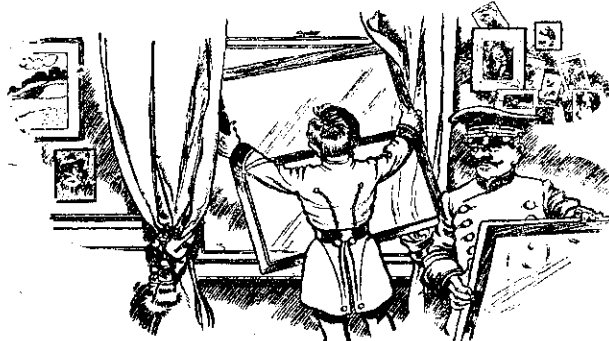
"You must have a servant or two to wait at table."

"Why?"

"Good gracious, Charles! You don't mean to say—"

He took her hand and led her into the drawing-room. When they were seated, he drew forth a pencil and notebook.

There are twenty different automatic table-waiters—at least, table-changers, he said, "besides other devices. But the simplest plan of all of changing courses is to have the fresh course come up from the kitchen direct. The guests are seated at table, we will say. All are finished with a course. At a given signal the table descends through a trap in the carpeted floor, which instantly closes again. In the meantime another



Window-cleaning in the future. Clean sashes arriving and being instantly fitted to windows by the "Metropolitan Clean-Window Company."

I suppose your clever barrister never thought of lifting and shaking and smoothing a mattress—not to mention such things as pillows!"

"It was unnecessary. The mattress was pneumatic—as soft or as hard as you like. A small wheel at the foot of the bed was released by a touch, and inflation or deflation was done almost automatically."

The Mere Man gazed at his wife indulgently.

"So now," he continued, "having got your rooms dusted and your beds made, we will descend below stairs."

The lady gave a cry.

"Oh, then there are stairs! And that being the case, I suppose they will need sweeping occasionally. Or is that unnecessary!"

automatically descends. Not a particle of dust escapes, but all is gathered into a receive— on the last stair the brush strikes a trapway and the heap of dust is shot into an external bin. It is really all so simple. Alphonse de Rothschild tried it and found it admirable.

"Ah! Rothschild—I thought so. These contrivances are for very rich people. We could not afford them."



All dishes and appointments go regularly to the municipal cleaners and washers.

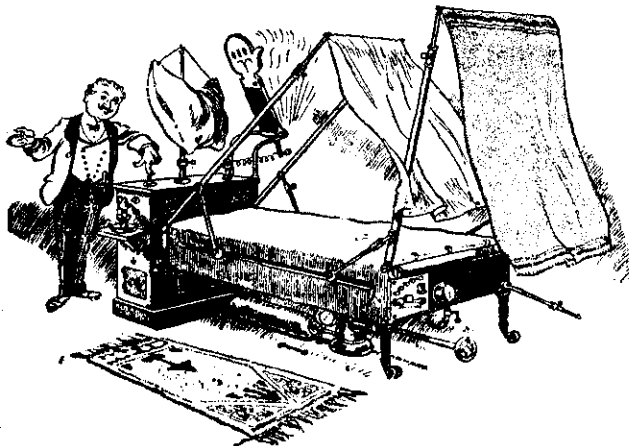
"My dear girl," pursued the Mere Man, "have you pondered on the cost of the first sewing-machines—or of the first bicycles? Forty pounds for a bicycle was cheap. Now, you can buy them for five pounds, and second-hand for a sovereign or two. Why? Because they became popular. Sooner or later the scarcity of servants will force manufacturers to make mechanical bed-makers and vacuum-cleaners cheap."

course has been got ready, and while the party chats in a kind of circle the trap opens and the table reappears—the entrance. It is all so simple."

"Or it might come from the ceiling," said the housewife, with a touch of satire.

But her spouse was not disturbed.

"How odd you should say that! It has come from the ceiling, and in the house in Paris where this system was



Our artist's humorous idea of the bed-making machine of the future.

**Feminine Views on State Problems.**

**A NOTABLE CONFERENCE.**

LONDON, February 3.

Prior to the opening of Parliament, the Labour Party is holding its annual conference, and, as Labour has always extended to women full recognition, the Women's Labour League assembled at the same time in Leicester as did their lords and masters!

The Women's Labour League is a somewhat new body. It is, in fact, the creation of Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald (who will be well remembered as visiting New Zealand with her eminent husband) and was definitely formed some few years ago to emphasise, more than the women members of the Independent Labour party could while unorganised, the importance of the work. Also, it set definite aims before the women in the labour party in the work they could properly undertake.

This year, for instance, they have discussed the Peace question, and Restriction of Armaments, the effect of the Osborne Judgment, the proceedings of the Royal Commission on Divorce, the work of Labour Exchanges, the Suffrage adult v. Women's Co-operative Housekeeping and School Clinics.

Under these heads women assembled in their own parlour were able to analyse the present position, and clear the way for decision on a line of action to be taken by the Women's Labour party. For this body is not merely deliberative, but is a fighting organisation, giving much time and energy to helping Labour candidates in obtaining constituencies. Hence their discussion of the Osborne Judgment in all its bearings as to how it would affect their work in keeping up the party's strength in St. Stephen's.

**THE FRANCHISE.**

to, enters into this domain of its activities, for it must be decided whether the Women's Labour League should be a whole-hearted supporter of Adult Suffrage for both sexes, or be content with small mercies, and decide momentarily

to give its support to the vote as it is or may be granted to men. On this question Dr. Marion Phillips, an Australian scholar of some eminence, defended the Adult Suffrage resolution in an able speech. She said the discussion on the Conciliation Bill in the House of Commons had convinced her that the old suffrage policy was out of date. When Mr. Lloyd George excused his antagonism to the Bill on the ground that it was undemocratic, it was time the Labour women, at any rate, went a step further in their demands.

Dr. Eicht Bentham, a prominent doctor spoke in the same strain. She said she would have voted for the amendment a year ago, but the course of events had demonstrated the futility of working for anything less than adult suffrage. On the subject of

**CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING**

a member pointed out how small holders had come to realise the value of co-operative effort in their common needs, and she urged that women in the home should follow their example, citing cases where the experiment had been tried, and attended with great success. A Miss Price suggested that co-operative laundry work would be particularly valuable. A resolution in favour of co-operative housekeeping was adopted.

Sister Kerrison and Dr. Eicht Bentham emphasised the importance of the proper provision for child birth in bringing forward a motion before the Labour Party to introduce a bill providing free meals to expectant mothers and free medical attendance, under the Public Health Authority, of a fully qualified doctor, for all women at the time of child birth. Both related sad incidents of unnecessary suffering and deformity caused by neglect of women at this time. After a moving appeal by another speaker the resolution was passed with unanimity. On the question of

**DIVORCE AND MARRIAGE**

Sister Kerrison's words are worth quoting. "We feel very strongly the injustice and inequality from which our own

sex suffers," she said. "The husband can obtain divorce by proving his wife unfaithful, the woman must prove a physical cruelty, however unfaithful her seem to realise that there is a cruelty worse than physical pain. We believe in the sanctity of the marriage state; it is because of that we ask a quality for poor and rich, for woman and man." Besides making this demand for equality, Sister Kerrison's resolution advocated the removal of matrimonial cases from the police court, and the setting up of machinery providing for the payment of maintenance orders through an officer of the court, who should be responsible for its collection in case of default.

The Executive also moved a resolution which was passed unanimously in favour of women sitting on juries.

Other subjects dealt with included school clinics, the State provision of higher education for all classes the erection of public wash-houses, the establishment of municipal lodginghouses for women, national care of the feeble-minded, and the State maintenance of necessitous widows apart from Poor Law relief. And thus ended the most successful conference yet held by the Women's Labour League.

"On every hand," the president said in her opening speech, "women are awakening to their responsibilities and opportunities. From the old and oft-repeated truth that woman's place is the home, women are learning through their work in the League that it is not only desirable but possible for every woman to have a home worthy of the name."

**A MATRIMONIAL SCHOOL.**

Is the latest experiment in education, and according to advice from America in the St. Louis district of the United States, at any rate, much of the magic and mystery, and most of the innumerable inconsistencies of love and marriage, will be reduced to cold, logical, Q.E.D. form. After this, there will no longer be any excuse for an amusing marriage—or for a tragic one, for that matter.

The whole thing is being tackled in a most business-like spirit. A matri-

**PILES FOR TEN YEARS.**

**OBSTINATE COMPLAINT ENDED BY ZAM-BUK.**

Piles, whether blind, bleeding, or itching, quickly yield to the magic powers of Zam-Buk. Mr. John Playe, goods shed foreman, railway station, Wanganui, N.Z., says: "For ten years I was a victim to most obstinate piles. I endured awful pain during this time, and became broken down in health. I tried all the so-called remedies I could get hold of, but did not derive any relief whatever. I was treated by many doctors, but my complaint was of such an obstinate character that I could not get any ease whatever. I read of some striking Zam-Buk cures, which impressed me very much, and I then commenced using Zam-Buk myself. This grand balm had a wonderful soothing effect, eased the pain, and subdued all inflammation. Within one month after commencing to use Zam-Buk I was thoroughly cured of a most troublesome complaint after suffering so many years."

"During my work in the goods sheds I often sustain nasty cuts and bruises, but am pleased to say that I have found Zam-Buk a most reliable healing balm for accidents of this description."

Sold by all chemists and stores.

monial school is being publicly formed, and psychologists, lecturers, scientists, physicians, and ministers have been engaged as a faculty, and will deliver regular weekly lectures to classes of young people who are contemplating, or who have already crossed the Rubicon of matrimony.

"You don't mean to tell me that you're going to wear a mixture of red, brown, and yellow puffs?" "For one evening only," replied the bride. "I had these made from the various locks of hair that my husband had on hand when I married him. The original donors will all be at the ball to-night."

adopted it worked like a charm. No fuss, no waiting, no spilling. No. Believe me, my dear, we are on the eve of a revolution in these matters of housekeeping. People are being driven to restaurants to dine because of the difficulties of dining at home. But when the Associated Housekeepers get to work, when the Domestic Service, Limited, begins its operations in London and the provinces, everyone can enjoy the comforts of home in the bosom of their family for a fixed rate, like water, gas, or electricity. A housekeeper will no more think of cooking the family dinner than of baking her own bread or brewing her own beer. You will, even for breakfast, telephone to the local bureau for what you want, and at the appointed hour the long conveyer containing it is delivered with everything hot and appetizing at your door. The lid of the breakfast cabinet is uncovered, and it is placed directly on to your table. An hour later the van calls, the cover is replaced, and away it goes to the bureau again. The linen and service are your own, are insured, and are never mixed with any others. Every cabinet will be properly labelled, and will be duly dispatched to the washing and cleaning department."

"A wonderful dream, truly," murmured the housewife.

"Yes, but a dream some such genius as Joseph Lyons will realise before we are all very much older. Science can't go on very much longer improving gramophones, cinematographs, and airships, and leave the problem of running a house to look after itself. It'll soon be easier, my dear, to run a house than it is to run a motor-car."

"And what is to become of all the domestic servants?"

"A million or so will fill the places vacated by the Suffragettes, who will be governing the country and fighting in the army. And the other half can emigrate to the colonies, where they are in urgent need of a million women at once as wives and mothers. You can't stop science when once it's started."

"I suppose not. In the meantime I must go and make tea. This is Imogen's afternoon off, and Kathleen is in bed with a sprained ankle, so we are already enjoying the luxury of a 'servantless house.'"



THE SOCIETY PASSPORT.

(Mrs. Asquith says extravagance is a passport into Society.—Daily Paper.)

Footman: "You have the wrong ticket, madam. That one is out of date nowadays."

# Orange Blossoms.

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

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## GOULDSMITH-SMITH.

A VERY pretty wedding was solemnized on March 14 at St. John's Cathedral, Napier, when Miss Elsie Lillian Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Smith, of Napier, was married to Mr. John Maurice Gouldsmith, of Gisborne, third son of J. S. G. Gouldsmith, Clifton, England. Canon Mayne officiated. The chancel was decorated with palms and white flowers, and a handsome wedding bell was suspended from the screen. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful gown of ivory white satin, with tunic of ninon, embroidered with pearls. Over a wreath of orange blossom fell an antique Limerick lace veil, lent for the occasion by her grandmother, and she carried a sheaf of white lilies and maiden-hair fern. The two bridesmaids, Miss Crisp, of Gisborne, and Miss Couper (cousin of the bride), wore charming frocks of white Swiss muslin over silk, with quaint ninon mob-caps tied with saxe blue ribbon, and carried shower bouquets of pink and white bouvardias. Mr. Julius Donner acted as best man, and Mr. V. Smith (brother of the bride) groomsmen. After the ceremony the guests were entertained by the bride's parents at their residence in France-road, Mrs. Smith receiving her guests in a lovely gown of stone blue ninon over silk, and a black picture hat. The bride and bridegroom left by motor car for Wellington, en route for an extended tour in Europe.

## FORSTER—LLOYD.

The marriage of Miss Annie Lloyd, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Lloyd, very old residents of Picton, to Mr. F. L. Forster took place last Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents. The bride wore a dark blue tailor-made costume, and a black hat trimmed with black wings, vieux rose silk and gold cord. She was attended by her sister, Miss Mary Lloyd, in a dress of creme crepe-line trimmed with tucks silk and insertion, and a black hat trimmed with pale blue wings and gold cord. Mr. Barclay, of Wellington, was best man, and the Rev. J. Dickson the officiating minister. Mrs. Lloyd wore a handsome gown of black mery.

The bridal party and a number of relations and old friends were entertained at afternoon-tea by Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd.

## MONTGOMERY—AMBURY.

Trinity Church, Cloughton, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on January 24th, when Mr. Evelyn Gordon Montgomery, youngest son of Colonel Robert Montgomery, V.D., U.P., of Bidston Lodge, Bidston, and Hayridge, Criccieth, North Wales, was married to Miss Frances Emily Ambury, youngest daughter of Mr Joseph Ambury, of Epsom, Auckland, New Zealand.

The church had been suitably decorated for the occasion, and wedding music was provided by Dr. Stanley Dale, who presided at the organ. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. William Watson, M.A., minister of the church, and an old friend of the bridegroom's parents.

The bride was given away by Mr Geo. Frederick Grove, of Huntingtree, Halesowen, Birmingham, who represented the bride's father. Mr Robert Montgomery supported his brother, as best man, and the duties of stewards were efficiently discharged by two other brothers, Mr A. J. Montgomery, of West Hampstead, and Mr C. H. Montgomery.

The bride looked very charming in a gown of rich white satin, with tunic of white ninon trimmed with rich silk embroidery and white velvet. Her tulle veil was arranged over a wreath of orange blossoms, and she carried a beautiful American shower bouquet of lilies of the valley, white lilac, and carnations, in which the ribbon was cleverly arranged in knots and loops among the flowers and with them formed long streamers. In place of bridesmaids, the bride was followed by her sister-in-law, Miss G. M. E. Lane, who acted as maid of honour and wore a graceful dress of

black satin veiled in black net and silk embroidery with deep hem of black satin. Her hat of Tuscan straw was wreathed with cerise convolvuli, cream and black tulle, and she carried a beautiful shower bouquet of pink double tulips and lilies of the valley.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bridegroom's parents, which was attended by about one hundred and fifty guests. Mrs Montgomery received her guests in a handsome dress of violet cashmere de soie, relieved with cream silk and Paraguay lace, and a black toque with shaded ostrich feathers. Her bouquet, which toned well with her dress, was of copper coloured tulips and lilies of the valley. Mrs George Grove, who represented the bride's step-mother, was becomingly dressed in champagne silk, with tunic of black chiffon and lace, and handsome sables. Her black hat bore shaded plumes, and she carried a bouquet of mauve orchids and lilies of the valley.

## FOX—FOX.

An Anglo-New Zealand wedding was celebrated on February 8th at St. Cyprian's Church, Regent's Park (says our London correspondent). The bridegroom was Mr Thomas Overbury Fox, son of Mr Wm. Bowman Fox, of Christchurch, and the bride Miss Helen Mary Fox, daughter of Mr Thomas Percy Fox, of Calverley Park, Tunbridge Wells. The Rev. A. Urban Smith, assisted by the Vicar, officiated.

## EVERY-DAY ACCIDENTS.

### FINGER CUT OPEN—SKIN SCRAPPED OFF FACE.

### ALWAYS KEEP ZAM-BUK HANDY.

For the every-day accidents that are bound to happen, Zam-Buk is the safest and surest healing balm. "All the members of our family have benefited by the excellent healing qualities of Zam-Buk," says Mrs. E. Fisher, of 845, Wellington-street, West Perth, W.A. "My husband is a bricklayer, and while trimming a brick with a trowel, he sliced his finger open. The flesh was laid bare to the bone, and he suffered a great deal. Some lime off the trowel got into the wound, which became extremely sore, and soon inflamed and festered in an alarming manner. Zam-Buk was applied, and after a fortnight's treatment the cut was completely healed, all inflammation being drawn out, and once more he was able to use his hand."

"My son, while riding his bicycle, happened a very nasty fall. He came down on his face, scraping all the skin off one side, as well as off his nose. The smarting and pain were intense, but a few applications of Zam-Buk soon gave him ease, and after persevering with this splendid balm for a short time, new skin had grown over the disfigured portion of his face, and there was no trace of any injury."

"We have all great faith in Zam-Buk, and would never be without a supply. We consider it an essential household requisite."

Zam-Buk is invaluable for all eczema, ulcers, ringworm, piles, bad legs, and quickly heals cuts, scratches, burns, scrapes, knocks, and bruises. Always keep a pot handy. All chemists and stores sell it.

### ALAS, POOR YORICK!

A gentleman was once showing a countryman round the London zoo, when they came to a cage containing a kangaroo.

"What is that?" inquired the countryman.

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia."

Immediately the countryman threw up his arms in horror, exclaiming, "Good gracious, my sister married one of them!"

# 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.

March 17.

### Opening of the Girls' Club.

I WENT to rather an interesting function on Wednesday afternoon—the opening of the Girls' Club. The rooms are on the top storey of Spedding's new buildings in Customs-street. One could not help thinking that if there was such a great need for such a club, the rooms are much too small, but then again comes in the question of expenses. Now, my very best friend has never been able to say that I am in the least a businesslike sort of a woman, but I could not help thinking: What is the sense of having so many clubs and such like, all under different headings. Surely this is a mistake. Why not have joined the G.F.S., and let there be one head, and have branches where needful—have a paid staff, and work the thing on a business basis. Miss Stillwell, the secretary for the Y.W.C.A., told us they were providing the funds, and the management of the Girls' Club were running it, and marking the fact that it was in no way a religious club, as it appears that a large number of girls would not join the W.C.T.U., but would join just an ordinary club. Most of the mere men-speakers seemed ill at ease, hardly knowing quite how to treat the subject. Mr. Bagnall, Mayor of Auckland, told us he was glad to know such clubs were being started for women, as he had always understood that men's clubs were considered to be very selfish institutions. Mr. Parr was most daring. He said he was old-fashioned enough to regret the necessity for such clubs, as he still thought the "home" woman the best—and, mind you, he was surrounded by stern women, bread-winners—and Mr. Parr quoted "Becky Sharpe" and Thackeray. I must confess "Becky" was a woman I have a lot of sympathy for. I always think it was such truth her saying: "What a good woman she could have been on £1000 a year. I would be perfectly charming. Mr. Entrican was in a very happy frame of mind. He said he was delighted to come from a Harbour Board meeting to the opening of a women's club. As he was thinking of taking a trip to England shortly, he had made up his mind to arm himself with a framed copy of the rules and regulations of the Women's Club, so that when he came face to face with a real live suffragette he could wave it in her face to show he was of the right colour. Miss Stillwell made quite a charming speech, being quite at home with her subject. Then Miss E. Melville, the hon. secretary of the club, made a few remarks, and I am quite sure both these speakers convinced any doubters that women workers were "out of the picture" to reconstruct their ideas. As the latter speaker said: "What were they to do when there were so many more women than men?"

Mrs John Burns, executive President, received the guests, who then passed on and made a tour of inspection of the pretty rooms. After the speeches a delicious tea was handed round to the guests. Among those present I noticed:—Mrs Arthur Myers, honorary President; Mrs Louis Myers; Mrs Napier, Mrs R. A. Carr, Mrs McDowall, Mrs A. W. Ferguson, Mrs Colgrove, Mrs W. Coleman, and Miss R. Coleman. Miss Binks, Mrs McKe, Geddes, Miss Alison, Mrs Bagnall, Mrs T. Mahoney, Mrs Buttle, Mrs H. G. Fountain, Mrs S. T. Asley, Mrs C. Smith, Mrs Spedding, Mrs J. W. Stewart, Mrs J. C. Mackay, Mrs W. S. Wilson, Mrs H. S. Dettman, Misses E. M. Jones, C. Fleming, E. Melville, E. F. Courtney, Cox, Cousins, A. Kennedy, L. Fleming, J. Buttle.

### A Farewell Dance.

Mrs J. Walker of Epsom, gave a charming dance on Monday last, at a farewell frolic for her son Jack, who left for India on the Moldavin. Mrs Walker's house has a delightful garden, and as the night was beautifully fine and moonlight this resort was much in request, between dances. Mrs Walker received her guests in a handsome black toilette. Miss Judy Barnett, who made her debut at King's College dance a few days before, wore her pretty white frock, also Miss Isidore Cumming who also made her debut at the same dance, was admired in a lovely frock of ivory satin charmeuse draped with exquisite old lace and pearl embroidery. Miss Bobbie Taylor, Cambridge, looked pretty in white and silver; Miss Elaine Buchanan wore a dainty pink crepe-de-chine; Miss Mary Foster looked charming in white ninon over charmeuse, the drapery caught up with palest pink chiffon roses; Miss R. Coleman looked particularly well in a pretty pale blue picture frock; Miss Ruth Horrocks, Miss Theima Hanna, wore a pretty white frock; and a number of other guests.

### Off for the Coronation.

The Queen-street wharf was thronged with a gay crowd of people seeing the Moldavin off. There was a large number of passengers leaving from this port, all of whom seemed to have crowds of people seeing them off. Mr and Mrs Joe Stod, home were among the passengers, and a number of their friends were seeing them off, among whom were Mrs J. C. Williams, Mrs Hope Lewis, Mr and Mrs Ernest Bloomfield. Mr Jack Walker had a large number of "farewellers." Mrs Carr Rollett, so well known as hon. secretary of the Victoria League, is off to London. Mr Alfred Nathan returned to England to join his family, and numbers of folk were off to Australia, among whom were Mr and Mrs Percy Upton. The ship's band played at intervals, and as the huge vessel moved from the wharf, the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" floated on the air, silencing even the band on very noisy "farewellers" who were doing their best—or their worst—in the way of weird "calls" and cheers.

### A Round of Parties.

There has been a round of parties given for Mrs Savage and Miss Cooper and Miss Ethel Martin, all of whom left Auckland on Monday, the first two for London, and the latter for South Africa. Miss Vera Duthie had a bridge party on Wednesday. On Thursday night the Misses Gorrie, Three Kings, gave a very jolly dance. The additions to their house, which includes a fine ball room, were very much admired, and the party was a great success. On Friday night these gaieties culminated with a charm-



**GILBERT J. MACKAY,**  
FLOREST, 125 QUEEN ST.  
AUCKLAND.

The best for  
WEDDING BOUQUETS,  
CUT FLOWERS  
FURNITAL EMBLEMS &  
FLORAL REQUISITES

### WHY HAVE A BAD COMPLEXION?

Use ALMOND BLEACH, the Marvellous Beautifier. A Sure Cure for Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads, Tan, Moth Routs, and all blemishes of the Skin, 3/6 a Jar. One Jar will convince the most sceptical. Agent for N.Z.: MISS BACON, Hair Physician and complexion Specialist, 15 Victoria St. East.

ing party given by Miss Jessie Reid. There were about forty guests, so the room was not unduly crowded, and as the night was simply perfect, the whole party bathed in moonlight, and a lovely breeze, "sitting out" was not one of the least attractions. Supper was served in the dining-room, and the table looked charming decorated with vieux rose shaded dahlias and Michaelmas daisy, arranged in silver bowls and vases. Mr Archie Denniston, in a bright speech, proposed the health of the guests of the evening, Miss Cooper and Miss Ethel Martin, which was drunk with enthusiasm. Mr Ted Dargaville responded (much to everyone's disappointment "the toasts" of the evening shirked their duty) and with much merriment and laughter this jolly part of the evening's fun came to an end. Miss Reid and her two brothers made delightful hosts, and everyone had a good time. Mrs Reid wore a handsome black toilette, with a touch of pale blue velvet over white lace on the bodice; Miss Jessie Reid looked charming in a pretty white frock; Miss Chapman wore a cream frock; Miss Cooper looked unusually well in a rather deep shade of pink charmeuse veiled with dew spangled chiffon, and a black aigrette in her hair, which was most becoming; Miss Ethel Martin wore a very pretty blue charmeuse frock veiled with paler blue nylon, which suited her admirably.

#### Croquet Tournament.

The wind-up of the croquet tournament, which I was not able to tell you of in my last letter, was that in the finals of the championship. Mrs Smith, without much difficulty, defeated Miss Workman, whom I hear, was handicapped by ill-health. So Parnell has "scooped the pool." Mrs Smith winning the single championship, and, partnered by Mrs C. Brown, won the double championship, and Mrs Thornes and Mr Hill are the combined champions for the year, so Parnell have every reason to feel proud of their representatives.

#### Tennis At Home.

The West End Club gave an "At Home" last Wednesday, and the lucky players who were there had no end of a good time. There were two grades, and pretty prizes were given for each. In the A grade Mrs Cooper and Miss G. Gorrie tied, and in the draw Miss Gorrie won. In the B grade, Miss Brown and Miss M. Hesketh tied. The West End treated their guests in a delightful manner. The arrangements for the matches were in the hands of Mrs Earl, assisted by her club-mates. Some of those present were: Mrs Kent, Mrs Fee, Mrs Swan, Miss Handley, Misses Bagnall (2), Miss Marnie Hesketh, Miss Mab Rice, Miss Abbott, Miss Metcalfe, Miss Foot, Mrs Cooper.

#### Personal.

Mrs W. R. Bloomfield and Miss Hilda Bloomfield, who have been on a trip to Gisborne, returned in the Waimera on Sunday.

Mr and Mrs D. Cumming, accompanied by Miss Ethel Martin, left for Sydney, en route for South Africa, on Monday, sailing in the Waimera.

Mr and Mrs Wallace Alexander and the Misses Alexander, who have been spending the summer in Raglan, returned to town last week, and are living at "Arundel."

Miss Sybil Greig, who for the past year has been in hospital on the staff of the Wellington Hospital, is on holiday leave, which she is spending with her parents.

Mrs O'R. Younghusband, of Napier, is paying a short visit to her uncle, Sir Maurice O'Rourke.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

### WELLINGTON.

#### A Delightful Tea.

Mrs. Malcolm Ross' pretty house in Hill-street was the scene of a delightful tea on Tuesday as a farewell to Mrs. Stott. Mrs. MacEwan was a joint hostess with Mrs. Ross, and among the guests were several voyagers to England. The decorations were unusually artistic, autumn foliage being deftly combined with midsummer flowers, and on the tea table were graceful trails in autumn tints. Two songs by Mrs. Fisher gave great pleasure, and a recitation by Mrs. Malcolm Ross was heartily enjoyed. Mrs. MacEwan wore a Princess dress of

ivory lace with a silk dessous, and a big pink rose on her black plumed hat; Mrs. Ross, aluminium grey Shantung, the guimpe of net outlined with Eastern embroideries; Mrs. Stott wore ivory charmeuse with an overdress of lace, showing a glimpse of palest blue at the waist, white ostrich boa, black picture hat; Mrs. Fisher, Princess gown of pastel crepe de chine, and picture hat with long plumes and a cabochon; Mrs. Bristow, black nylon over ivory dessous, a black toque; Mrs. Izard, a dull amethyst voile with a guimpe of the same shade, and an amethyst toque; Mrs. Watson, dark blue Shantung, and a dark blue hat.

#### The Arts Club.

The Arts Club has become quite a social centre, and on Thursday there was a successful evening party in the pretty club-house. Presentations to two members—Mr. Hackworth and Mr. Kellick—were the reasons for the "At Home," and the little ceremony was preceded by a concert, at which some of the Club's musical members distinguished themselves. Tea and coffee were obtainable upstairs, where there was also a most interesting little collection of Mr. Hodgkin's pictures, which would well repay another inspection when the light is not artificial. Many of the pictures were lent by Mr. Hodgkin's daughter, Mrs. Field, who is herself an artist of note. The soft brown tones of the walls made a most harmonious background to the decorations of trailing lycopodium and yellow flowers. Mrs. McVilly and Mrs. Montague acted as hostesses, the latter wearing black crepe de chine with a scarf of lace; Mrs. McVilly was in pale blue charmeuse with touches of gold on the corsage and the trained skirt; Mrs. Johnstone, ivory charmeuse and lace; Mrs. Wylie, black satin, embroidered in jet; Mrs. Field, a graceful gown of crepe de chine with a fasciua of delicate lace; Miss Lees, black nylon de soie, and a scarf of lace; Mrs. Young, black charmeuse and jet.

#### Tea at Karori.

The Misses Bristow were guests of honour at a tea given on Thursday by Miss Moss at Karori. Mysterious and exciting fortunes were foretold by a palmist who predicted all sorts of delightful things for those who—like the Misses Bristow—are off to England for the Coronation. In the tea-room the table was done with vivid red salvia, and white sweet peas, while elsewhere were vases of golden coreopsis and tawny galliardias. Mrs. Moss wore pale grey crepe de chine, and her daughter was in pale blue and white floral muslin; Miss Bristow had a cream shantung coat and skirt, and a teal hat with flowers; the two younger girls were in white.

#### At Home.

Mrs. Morris Fox, who is going to Sydney, was hostess at a very pleasant "At Home" on Tuesday. It was held at the Hotel Windsor, where the rooms were decorated with dahlias, coreopsis, and phlox, the many small tea tables each being laden with sweets. A string band discoursed music from a corner of the big room. The hostess wore hydrangea tinted nylon over ivory satin, the guimpe being delicately worked in pale pinks and blues to correspond, while her hat carried out the same scheme of colour. Many good wishes for luck and a delightful stay in Sydney were bestowed on Mrs. Fox, whose departure is to be regretted.

#### A Farewell Tea.

On Saturday afternoon there was a very enjoyable little tea at Kelburne to bid farewell to Mrs. B. Cooper, who, after a stay in New Zealand, is going back to her home at Batie Gajah, in the Malay Peninsula. The hostesses were Mrs. Lewis and Miss Banks, the former wearing black nylon, with a guimpe and sleeves of lace and net; Miss Birch was in pink flowered nylon, with a lace guimpe, touched with pink. There was a most amusing competition, which demanded an intimate knowledge of magazines and their titles, two Miss Coopers, both named "Hilda," winning the prizes. Mrs. Cooper wore white embroidered linen, with insertions of lace, and a hat with shaded roses; Miss H. Cooper had a lingerie robe of lawn and lace, and a hat with flowers; Miss Lewis, white muslin embroidered, and inset with lace; Miss Cooper, pale blue shantung, and hat with flowers.

#### Personal.

Mrs. and Miss Barron went South on Monday night to be present at the marriage of Mr. W. Barron to Miss Lube Roberts, which took place in Dunedin on Wednesday.

A presentation to Mrs. John Barton was made last week by the colonel and officers of the Trentham rifle range staff, who have received so much hospitality at her hands ever since the range was established. The silver epergne was very handsome and artistic, and the accompanying speech was made by Col. Collins, who is head of the staff out there.

The Hon. Mrs. Denman (England), who has been staying here for a week or two, has gone on to the South Island. She means to visit the Southern Lakes, and then to do the overland route from Te Anau to Milford Sound. Mrs. Denman is a sister-in-law of Lord Denham's, who comes out to Australia shortly to take up the duties of Governor-General in succession to Lord Dudley.

Capt. Mackgill-Crichton-Maitland, who recently resigned his position as aide-de-camp to His Excellency the Governor, has left for England, via Australia. Capt. Maitland came out from England with Lord Illington in June last year.

The Bishop of Wellington and Mrs. Wallis have arranged to leave New Zealand by the Arawa about the 21st of April. Miss Williams, who is Mrs. Wallis' sister, is travelling with them to the Old Country.

There is sad news about Mr. Lionel Riddiford, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Riddiford. Three or four months ago he developed acute phthisis, and was taken to the Blue Mountains, but the relief obtained was only temporary, and he died a few days ago. The deepest sympathy is felt for his people, especially for his young fiancée, Miss Fitzherbert, in her tragic bereavement. Mr. Lionel Riddiford was 24 years of age.

OPHELIA.

### WAIHI.

March 16.

An afternoon tea was given on Thursday, 16th inst., at "The Bungalow," Waihi, by Mrs. McArthur, wife of Mr. D. W. McArthur, borough engineer, and her daughter, Mrs. T. M. Pattullo, as a farewell to Mrs. (Dr.) Robertson and Mrs. James Thomson, who are going to England for a six months' trip, and Mrs. McKinnon, who is leaving for Riverton. Tea was served on the lawn, and competitions of celebrities and jumble tray were taken part in. Mrs. McRobie winning the former and Mrs. Swears the latter. Mrs. McArthur received her guests in a white embroidered linen gown and large brown hat; Mrs. T. M. Pattullo was dressed in green striped cambric; Mrs. McArthur, in white muslin, with brown straw hat trimmed with velvet and pink grapes. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Robertson, wearing a pretty blue and white muslin trimmed with white silk insertion, blue straw hat with wreath of small pink and blue flowers; Mrs. Thomson was gowned in a smart costume of blue grey material, with toque to match; Mrs. McKinnon looked well in a pretty blue linen coat and skirt, white vest with black and white hat; Mrs. McRobie wore a very handsome dress of cinnamon brown silk voile, the skirt draped and trimmed with brown silk, brown silk scarf and sunshade to match, black picture hat; Mrs. Forster, handsome black dress, black toque, and dove grey silk scarf; Mrs. Swears, brown silk costume, and pretty hat to match; Mrs. Baber, navy blue tailor-made costume, with old gold toque; Mrs. Gordon, Cumming wore a cream straw hat with flowing black veil; Mrs. W. Russell, beautiful white cloth coat and skirt, trimmed with white silk braid, pretty hat trimmed with white ostrich feathers and black velvet; Mrs. John Simmons, pretty navy blue tailor-made costume, lovely black picture hat trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. Benge, black silk voile, black hat, and lovely Spanish lace scarf; Mrs. Mueller, black voile skirt, pretty white silk embroidered blouse, floral hat; Mrs. Campbell, black silk dress, with black and white lace neckwear; Mrs. Wynyard, pretty black silk dress, white hat swathed with pink silk, large pink rose at side; Miss McGregor (matron of the Waihi Hospital), white cloth skirt, with lovely white silk blouse handsomely trimmed with lace and French knots; Miss Hildreth, pretty black and white striped coat and skirt, with handsome black hat trimmed with jet; Miss Henge, cream voile dress, with pretty black hat; Miss Smith, pretty

petunia coloured crepon costume, with hat to match; Miss Forster, lovely blue and white floral muslin, daintily trimmed with Val lace, very pretty hat with large roses; Miss J. Forster, black and white striped coat and skirt, white embroidered vest, white straw hat trimmed with black silk.

### HAMILTON.

March 17.

#### Personal.

On Tuesday afternoon last the members of the committee of the Hamilton Horticultural Society met to bid farewell to Mrs. Furby, who is leaving Hamilton to reside in Christchurch. During the afternoon, in the absence of the president, Dr. Douglas (who had been unavoidably called away), Mrs. Valder asked Mrs. Furby's acceptance of a small token—a silver vase—of their esteem and appreciation of her many kindly services on behalf of the society.

On Thursday the staff of the Post Office presented Mr. Furby with a silver liqueur stand, in recognition of many years' faithful work as head of the Post Office in Hamilton. The senior clerk also asked Mrs. Furby's acceptance of a silver vase as a small token of their regard.

ZILLIAH.

### ROTORUA.

March 18.

#### Personal.

Miss M. Earl, of Remuera, who has paid a lengthy visit to Rotorua, left on Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Mirams (Hutt) are staying at the Grand Hotel, after visiting Taupo and Wairakei.

Captain Hill (Fiji) is at Waiwera House.

Miss Carmichael, who has been on the nursing staff of the Sanatorium, left last week to take up an appointment at the Dunedin Hospital. She was entertained prior to her departure by Mrs. Moorhouse and Miss Corlett, who each gave a delightful little farewell party for her at their separate homes.

Miss C. Smith is recovering from her severe illness, and will soon be convalescent. Her mother, Mrs. Emilius Smith, of Wellington, is here.

Mrs. Omond and Miss Kathleen Omond (Hutt) have taken a furnished house in Rotorua.

Miss Esa Empson has been on a visit to Wairakei.

Captain Mrs. and Miss Ross (Auckland) are staying at Brent's.

Miss M. Rathbone (Hutt) has been visiting Rotorua.

Mr. and Mrs. Goringe, of Mangaweka, have been visiting Rotorua and Wairakei.

Dr. Hay, of the Sanatorium, has gone South on leave.

RATA.

### GISBORNE.

March 15.

#### Polo Tournament.

Last week proved quite a gay time in Gisborne. The N.Z. Polo Tournament was held here, and the consequence was two balls and a moonlight picnic in one week. The first ball was given on Monday night by a committee of seven ladies, and proved a huge success. The dance was held in His Majesty's Theatre. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Dornier, amethyst nylon over satin charmeuse, mauve passementerie, amethyst ostrich tip in hair; Mrs. W. G. Sherratt, pale green taffeta pearl and bead embroidery; Mrs. R. Sherratt, old rose silk overdress of chiffon and spangled net, touches of vieux rose velvet; Mrs. J. Murphy, salmon pink satin hobbled skirt, sunset shade passementerie; Mrs. H. Kenway, gown of wedgwood blue nylon, black velvet touches; Mrs. Willock, wedgwood blue silk, overdress of black lace; Mrs. W. Bloomfield (Auckland), white satin gown, covered with white spangled net; Mrs. Hine, black chiffon taffeta; Mrs. Mux-Jackson, soft black silk and lace; Mrs. Simmonds (Morere), black silk, touches of emerald green; Mrs. E. Willock, cream satin charmeuse trimmed with beautiful Limerick lace and pearls; Mrs. Jamieson (Hawke's Bay), trained gown of white satin and nylon de soie; Mrs. Matthews, pale blue nylon and lace; Mrs. Pitt (Auckland), black lace over white satin; Mrs. O. Sainsbury, dove-grey satin, corsage of sequined steel; Mrs. C. Sainsbury, soft white satin and lace; Mrs. Holdsworth, pink rainbow net, banded with brown silk; Mrs. Dodd, pale blue nylon; Mrs. Bennett, black and white striped nylon trimmed with lace; Mrs.







ton, Mrs Christie, Miss Maling, Mrs Babbage, Mrs Lomas, Mrs James Anderson, Miss Anderson, Mrs Innes, Miss Scott (Gisborne), Mrs Earle, Mrs Peck, Mrs Izett, Mrs H. Jackson, and others.

Garden Fete.

On Thursday the weather was simply perfect for the garden fete in aid of the funds of the Beautifying Society. The attendance was very good, and the racecourse grounds were looking their best. All the arrangements were carried out most successfully, and reflected great credit on the various officials.

Tennis. On Saturday at the tennis courts afternoon tea was provided by Miss Willford and Mrs. Good. Amongst those present were Miss Kerr, Miss W. Anderson, Miss Blundell (Dunedin), Mrs. Addison, Mrs. T. Addison (Australia), Mrs. G. Saunders, Mrs. O. Lewis, Mrs. Willford, Miss Moore, Miss H. Anderson, Miss Ashcroft, Mrs. Hesse, Miss Cave, Miss Darby, Miss Christie, Miss Krull, Miss Parsons, and many others.

Personal. Mrs. Barnicoat, of Wanganui, left this week for Wellington. She leaves New Zealand in the s.s. Corinthic on March 23rd, and will be absent for about eighteen months or two years.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stevenson and Miss Ila Stevenson, of Wanganui, left on Monday for Auckland where they join the Moldavia, and go to Sydney for some weeks.

Miss Williams, of Sydney, is the guest of Mrs. E. Cowper in Wanganui.

Mrs. Lomax, of Wanganui, left this week for Australia. She will be away for some weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. McNaughton Christie, of Wanganui, left last week for Auckland, where they join the Moldavia. They intend to reside in England for some years.

Miss Hilda Blundell, of Dunedin, is the guest of Mrs. H. F. Christie, St. John's Hill, Wanganui.

NELSON.

March 17.

A Concert.

A most delightful concert was given by Mlle. Dolores in the Theatre Royal this week. There was a large and enthusiastic audience, and the singer was recalled many times. Mlle. Dolores, who has always been a great favourite in Nelson, wore a very handsome gown of white satin and silver, with lace guimpe. Amongst those in the audience were: Mrs. Marquarie, Misses Edwards, Mrs. Hayea, Mrs. J. S. Evans, Mrs. Renwick, Mrs. Glasgow, Mrs. and Miss Ledger, Miss Lorimer, Mrs. G. Hoby, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. D. Edwards, Mrs. and Miss Leggett, Mrs. and Miss Houliker, Mrs. and the Misses Clark, Miss Richmond, Mrs. Fred Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Stevens, Mrs. Styche, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. H. Cook, Miss Earl, Miss Blackett, Miss Sutherland-Smith, Mrs. P. Moore, Mrs. P. Andrew (Stoke), Mrs. W. Johnston, Mrs. S. Gibbs, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. and Miss Dodson, Mrs. and Miss Bunny, Mrs. Styche, Mrs. Burnes, Mrs. and Miss Magnity, Misses Gibbs, Miss Atkinson, Miss G. Harley, Mrs. and Miss Cutbertson, Miss Sealy, the Misses Hamilton.

Bridge Party.

An enjoyable bridge party was given by Mrs. W. H. Price at the "Harem." After the evening's play, the prizes were won by Miss M. Houliker and Miss V. Leggett. Mrs. Price wore white satin; Mrs. Renwick, natter blue cologne over silk; Mrs. Burnes, black satin; Mrs. Rooth, bronze silk; Mrs. Broad, grey taffeta; Mrs. D. Edwards, pink taffeta veiled with pale grey chiffon; Mrs. Hamilton-Smith, black silk; Mrs. N. Adams, geranium red nylon over silk; Mrs. G. Hoby, white chiffon over pale pink satin; Mrs. Dodson, black chiffon; Mrs. Allen; Mrs. Harrison; Mrs. Harris; Mrs. de Castro; Mrs. Archie Hamilton; Mrs. S. Gibbs; Miss Roberts; Miss Stevens; Miss Clark; Miss E. Ledger; Misses Gilkinson; Mrs. J. Sharp; Miss Gibbs; Miss Harkness.

A small bridge party was given by Miss Roberts, when the prize-winners were Miss Gilkinson and Miss Rooth. Some of the players were: Miss Hodson, Miss Earl, Misses Ledger, Houliker, Magnity, Richmond, Booth, and Clark.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Heyd have left for Auckland.

Miss Sheila Carter (Christchurch) is staying with friends here.

Mr. Selwyn Kempthorne, of the Eastern Extension Co., has left for Adelaide.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Brown have left on their trip to England. They are accompanied by their niece, Miss C. Haldane.

Mr. Justice Sim has left for the South.

Miss Vera Bamford has gone, for an extended visit to the North Island.

Mrs. and Miss Fell have returned from their visit to Wellington.

PICTON.

March 10.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Jo. Tripe, Koromiké, have gone North for a change.

It is likely that golf will take on a new lease of life this year. Mr. H. Western has offered to put the links in order, and a meeting has been called to fix the opening day.

Miss Willis, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Tosswill, at Pelorus Sound, has returned to Christchurch. Captain Willis arrived on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Tosswill, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kenny are staying at Spring Creek for a few weeks.

Mrs. Gregg, Mahakipawa, spent a few days in Pictou and Blenheim this week.

Mr. W. Cullen, Mahakipawa, has returned home from a trip to the North Island.

Miss Alice Philpotts, who has lately been appointed sister at the Blenheim Hospital, passed through Pictou from Dunedin, where she has been stationed for some time this week.

Mrs. Linton, Masterton, has been in Pictou for a few days this week.

BELLE.

BLenheim.

March 16th.

Tennis.

On Saturday afternoon there was a fair attendance on the Marlborough lawn tennis grounds, when various matches were played between the St. Andrew's Club and Marlborough. A dainty tea was provided and dispensed by the ladies of the club. Some of the present were: Mrs. Bennett, rose pink costume, hat to match; Mrs. Adams, grey costume, black toque; Mrs. R. Adams, white Empire gown, hat with flowers; Mrs. E. Clouston, pink linen dress, white hat with green leaves; Mrs. Malcolm, blue linen costume, fawn hat lined with pink and trimmed with pink flowers; Mrs. Cannvan, white dress, large blue hat with flowers; Mrs. Wicks, navy costume, cream hat with shaded sweet peas; Mrs. J. Treshenaker, heliotrope dress;

Mrs. Griffiths, navy costume, black hat; Miss E. Fiesquide, brown costume; Miss B. Griffiths, white dress, black hat; Miss Neville, white dress, black hat with roses; Miss C. Greenfield (Nelson), fawn costume with pink revers, fawn hat with black; Miss Harley, white dress, black hat wreathed with small flowers; Miss Wilson (Pelorus Sounds), black dress, black toque; Miss A. Neville, white dress, pink hat with shaded flowers; Messrs. Waddy, Brock, Jenkins, McShane, Collins, Parker, Anderson (Christchurch), Fisher, Dr. Anderson and Dr. Bennett.

Personal.

Miss M. McRue, "Albimarlock," has been spending a few days with Mrs. J. Mowat, "Springlands."

Mr. E. Florence (Gisborne) is spending a holiday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Florence, in Bayevue-road.

Misses Davis (2) (Napier) are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Davis (Hawkesbay Street).

Miss Lovelidge (Sydney) is spending a holiday with Mr. and Mrs. H. Burden.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Strachan have gone to Wellington for a short holiday.

Miss Wilson (Pelorus Sounds) is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. R. Adams, Maxwell road.

Miss Goyen (Dunedin) has returned, after some weeks' holidays in Blenheim.

Miss R. Foster (Stoddon) is visiting friends in Feilding.

Miss Neasia Grace and Miss M. McNab have returned from a most enjoyable holiday to Wanganui.

Mr. G. Anderson has returned to Christchurch.

JEAN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

March 17.

Polo Dance.

On Friday night a most successful polo dance was held at the Alexandra Hall. The room was tastefully draped with green and white art muslin, the festoons overhead being caught up at intervals by hanging baskets of foliated plants and ferns. The corridors were furnished with easy chairs and cosy arm-chairs decorated with beautiful palms. The



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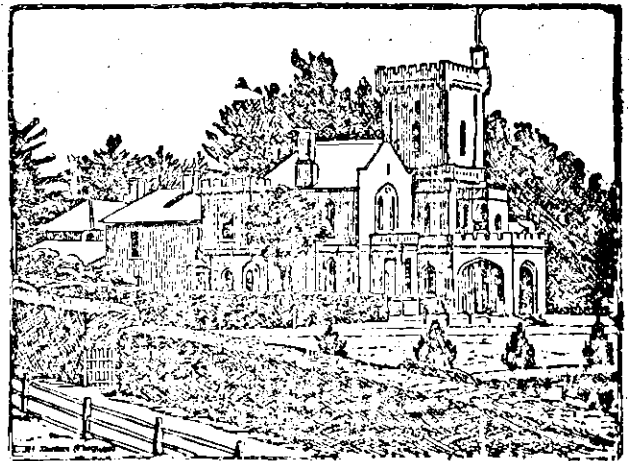
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committees are to be congratulated on the success of their arrangements.

Amongst those present were: Lady Clifford, in a robe of rich black satin, relieved with cream lace; Miss Clifford, pretty frock of soft white tulle; Mrs Reswick, a gown of peacock blue satin, veiled with black tulle; Mrs C. Reid, white satin, with overdress of vieux rose nixon; Mrs Boyle, oyster grey satin, with beautiful tunic of black tulle richly embroidered in jet; Miss Boyle, pale pink satin, veiled with drowdrop tulle; Mrs T. Cave, black lace and net over black silk; Miss Lougihan (Hamilton), white net embroidered in gold, over white silk; Miss Ogle, a beautiful frock of white satin, with tunic of crepe nixon edged with ermine; Miss Bliss (Auckland), pink satin, with overdress of pink nixon; Miss Harley, black satin, with jetted embroidery on net; Miss Thomas, rose pink nixon, with deep lace of pink satin; Miss Prins, pale green crepe de chine; Miss I. Prins, white satin covered with tulle; Miss Macdonald, rose satin veiled with tulle of the same shade; Miss Symes, black satin, with jet embroidered net; Miss Merton, blue and white floral net, the tunic edged with bands of pale blue satin; Miss O'Brien (Timaru), white satin robe, with overdress of black net embroidered in jet; Miss Denniston, gown of ivory satin, the corsage swathed with pale green crystallized tulle; Miss Moore, pale blue satin, with touches of silver; Miss G. Moore, heliotrope mouseline de soie; Miss Pyne, white satin frock, with tunic of silk embroidered net; Mrs C. Millar, blue satin, with bugle embroidery; Mrs Arthur Elworthy (Timaru), pale blue satin, with deep tunic of black tulle, richly embroidered with gold; the Misses Anderson, frocks of apricot satin covered with tines of nixon; Miss Park, black crepe de chine; Miss Guthrie, frock of cream lace, with touches of gold; Miss Knight, reseda green chiffon tulle; Miss N. Knight, frock of tangerine silk and cream lace; Miss Burns, pastel blue satin embroid. edged with gold; Miss H. Burns, pale blue doral nixon, with cluster of pink roses; Miss Fulton, pale blue satin; Miss Marchison, vieux rose satin, with tunic of oxidised silver net; Miss Chrystal, pretty frock of rose pink nixon; Miss Milne, can de nil satin, with bugle embroidery; Miss Robinson, frock of white crepe de chine; Miss Phillips (The Point), pastel blue satin, with clusters of pale pink roses; Miss Lucas, vieux rose satin frock, with overdress of nixon of the same shade; Mrs Henry Woods, robe of emerald green satin, with green and gold embroideries; Miss Lyon (Woodbury), frock of white satin veiled with crystal embroidered nixon; Mrs J. D. Hall, white satin robe veiled with black lace. Others present were: Messrs J. D. Hall, Montgomery, Harper (2), Fell, Preston, Gould, Anderson (2), Macdonald (2), Elworthy (3), Rhodes (2), Jameson, Wood (2), Thomas, Millar, Orbell, Nancarrow, Rutherford, Stead, Boye, Sinclair, Baker, and Dr. N. Guthrie.

**Polo Sports.**

On the following day (Saturday) the polo sports were held at Addington. The day was fine, and a number of ladies were present. Lady Clifford wore a coat and skirt of tussore silk faced with black, large black hat; Miss Clifford, a cream serge coat and skirt, cream hat to match; Mrs Arthur Rhodes, tailor-made gown of grey cloth, relieved with black, black hat with cream lace; Mrs George Rhodes (Meadowbank), costume of pale grey cloth, black and white hat; Mrs Arthur Elworthy, coat and skirt of black velvet, braided with silk; Mrs Pyne, gown of mole coloured silk crepon, embroidered with mauve, black hat; Mrs Wendrop, coat and skirt of black Slantung, black hat; Mrs T. Cowlishaw, dark grey cloth, braided with black, large black hat with silver cord; Mrs George Gould, tailor-made coat and skirt of tweed, black hat; Miss Lee (Sydney), black and white checked tweed costume, black and white hat; Mrs Donald Macdonald, fawn cloth coat and skirt, faced with pink; Mrs Guyon Macdonald (Orari), duck-egg blue costume, black hat with mole coloured feathers; Mrs C. Reid, electric blue cloth, large tuscany hat; Mrs Allen, grey coat and skirt, faced with black and silver, cream toque with black wings; Mrs Veanon, cream cloth coat and skirt, black toque; Miss Ogle, coat and skirt of mole coloured satin, large black hat with mole plume feathers; Mrs C. Millar, blencht cloth costume, orange straw hat with white wings; Mrs Boyle, navy blue silk coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Boyle, blue linen costume, black and blue hat; Mrs J. D. Hall, coat and skirt of brown tweed, blue and black hat.

**A Delightful Dance.**

On Saturday evening a delightful dance was given by Mrs Ranaid Macdonald, "Hambleden." The hostess wore a gown of pearl grey satin, with beautiful lace fichu; Miss Macdonald, white satin frock, with silver and diamond embroideries; Mrs George Gould, robe of pale blue satin, with black tulle, jet embroidered tunic; Miss H. Gould, pretty frock of ivory white silk and silver embroidery; Miss Bowden, white satin frock with white chiffon tunic edged with bugle fringe; Mrs Arthur Rhodes, black satin gown embroidered with jet; Miss M. Rhodes, frock of white crepe de chine, with pale blue sash; Miss Humphreys, white satin and lace; Miss A. Humphreys, white satin frock, with tunic of white tulle, silk embroidered; Miss M. Clifford, frock of ivory spotted tulle; Miss Wood, blue satin, with overdress of black tulle embroidered in gold; Miss Symes, dark red nixon, with oxidised silver embroidery; Miss Pyne, ivory white nixon over silk, with touches of pale blue; Miss Jessie Wilkin, white chiffon frock, with trellis pattern of pink rosebuds and green leaves; Miss Hamner, ivory white net, with touches of pink and pale blue; Miss Ogle, frock of black crepe de chine, with lattice embroidery of turquoise blue beads; Miss Moore, pale blue satin, trimmed with silver and crystal; Miss Strachy, frock of lavender satin; Miss Boyle, sapphire blue satin, with tunic of blue spotted tulle; Miss J. Wells (Amberley), frock of white crepe de chine. Others present were: The Misses Anderson, Denniston, Merton, and Thomas, Messrs Harper (2), Montgomery, Lawrence, Anderson, Wood, Wright, Fryer, Neave, Fell, Rhodes (2), Jameson, Douglas, and Gould (2).

**Tennis Party.**

A small tennis party was given by Mrs George Gould (Feundalton) on Tuesday afternoon. The players in the American tournament were: Mrs J. D. Hall, Mrs Pyne, Miss Pyne, Miss Wigram, Miss Boyle, Miss Gould, Miss Bowden, Miss Rhodes, Mrs C. Reid, Mrs Boyle, Mrs T. Cowlishaw, Miss Moore, and Mrs H. Cotterell.

**The Victorian League.**

The general meeting and conversazione which was held on Monday night in the Provincial Council Chamber, was quite a successful and brilliant affair. The beautifully painted and decorated Council Chamber lights up so well, and forms a fitting setting for the dainty evening frocks and finery of the ladies. The President (Mrs Arthur Rhodes) wore a lovely gown of pale pink satin and white lace, with diamond ornaments; the Hon. Secretary (Mrs Carey Hill), a Princess dress of black velvet, the guimpe and sleeves of white lace; Mrs Boyle, oyster satin veiled with long tunic of black chiffon, richly embroidered with jet; Miss Boyle, white silk, with overdress of black net embroidered with jet; Mrs Percy Cox, black silk robe, relieved with white lace; Mrs Walter Stringer, a lovely gown of electric blue nixon over silk of the same shade; Mrs Hanmer, pale pink brocade and lace; Mrs Gower Burns, deep cream nixon, with lace scarf; Mrs Turnbull, frock of black and gold; Miss Turnbull, white silk, with touches of emerald green silk; Mrs Blunt, black silk, with gold embroidery; Mrs Julius, white silk veiled with black nixon; Mrs Hallenstein, robe of rose pink satin; Mrs Henry Wood, Princess frock of cream satin, with overdress of richly embroidered chiffon; Mrs P. Wood, pale pink silk and lace; Mrs Clifton, cream silk and lace; Mrs F. Graham, black nixon over silk, embroidered with jet; Miss A. Wray, pale blue silk; Miss Guthrie, black and gold net over silk; Miss Gibson, black silk, with white lace; Miss Olivier, white silk and lace; Mrs Firth, brown and cream striped dress; Mrs Appleby, black crepe de chine relieved with white; Mrs Cross, heliotrope silk and silver; Mrs Percy Smith, black silk and lace, trimmed with jet. Amongst others present were: Mesdames Blaxam, Gibbs, Merton, Wanklyn, Bennett, McBeth, Miss Bullen, Bishop and Mrs C. Wilson, Miss Julius, Dr. and Mrs Stevenson, Miss Fairhurst. Light refreshments were handed round after the meeting. Mrs Gower-Burns and Mrs Firth sang, the accompanist being Mrs Percy Smith. A recitation was given by Mrs Cross, and some of Moore's melodies were charmingly sung by a gentleman whose name I do not know.

**Art Society.**

The Conversazione and Private View in connection with the Canterbury Art Society was held on Thursday night at

the Art Gallery. The newly-elected President, Mr. W. Reece, made a short speech, and declared the exhibition open. The attendance of members and their friends was so large that it was difficult to get even a peep at the pictures until late in the evening. Those present included; Mrs and Miss Reece, Mrs Dennis-ton, Dr. and Mrs Stevenson, Mrs Goulburn-Gibson, Miss Gibson, Miss Stoddert, Mr and Mrs Monteth, Misses Devenish Meares, Mrs and Miss Symes, Mrs W. Wood, Miss Wood, Mrs and Miss Burns, Mr and Mrs Montgomery, Mrs Wigram, Mrs and Miss Thomas, Mrs and Miss Turnbull, Mrs and Miss Duncan, the Misses Hay, Mrs Murchison, Mrs and Miss A. Collins, Mr and Mrs J. Collins, Mrs Cross, Misses Way (2), Mrs R. Harman, Mr and Mrs Maxwell, Mr and Mrs A. McKellar, Mrs Blunt, Dr. and Mrs Jennings, Mr and Mrs Menzies-Gibb, Mrs and Miss Murray, Miss Mailing, Dr. and Mrs R. Anderson, Mrs and Miss Guthrie, Misses Rose and Spooner, Mrs T. Cowlishaw, Miss Cowlishaw, Mr and Mrs Menzies-Gibb, Mr and Mrs Hine, the Misses Gardner, Mr and Mrs G. Hanmer, the Misses Hanmer (3), Mr and Mrs Wood.

**Afternoon Tea.**

A Girls' Afternoon Tea and Guessing Competition was given on Thursday at Avonside by Miss Trolove in honour of the Misses Coulter (Blenheim). The winners of the competitions were: Miss Stella Murray, Miss M. Symons, and Miss Heather Campbell.

**Personal.**

Mrs Randall returned to Christchurch this week from a lengthened visit to England. Recent visitors to Christchurch include: Mrs E. D. O'Rourke (Auckland), Miss Laing-Meeson (Wellington), the guests of Mrs Arthur Rhodes, Merivale; Mrs T. Riddiford (Wairarapa), the guest of Mrs F. G. Westener, Oxford-terrace; Mrs and Miss Lougihan (Hamilton), guests of Mrs Ranaid Macdonald, Bealey-avenue; Mr and Mrs Guyon Macdonald (Orari); Mr and Mrs C. Millar (Timaru), guests of Mrs J. D. Hall, Middleton; Mr and Mrs L. Malet (Clearwell), the guests of Mrs F. de G. Malet, Christchurch; Mr and Mrs J. G. N. Grigg (Longbeach), and the Misses Grigg; Mr and Mrs Arthur Elworthy (Timaru), the guests of Mrs W. Fox, Armagh-street; Mr and Mrs J. Miles (Marton). Mr and Mrs Henton Rhodes have returned to Christchurch from a visit to Australia. Mrs J. Barker (Woodbury), who was the guest of Mrs Boyle (Riccarton) has returned to the South. Mrs F. Barker has returned to Timaru from Christchurch.

DOLLY VALE.

**SEDDON.**

March 15.

**Handkerchief Tea.**

Mrs Horn gave a handkerchief tea on Friday for Miss Margaret Humphreys, who is to be married on the 24th. The guests present were: Mesdames Humphreys, Williams, Cunliff, Fuller, and the Misses Humphreys (2), Warinck, Horn. The amusement was a guessing competition, and Mrs. Williams won the first prize. A dainty tea was served in the dining-room.

**A Social.**

The school social, held in the Seddon Hall on Friday night, was a decided success. Four wee mites danced the "Rose Dance," which was greatly admired. After several other items had been creditably rendered, the prizes were distributed by Mr. C. Ferguson. Another pleasing item on the evening's programme was the presentation to Miss Hilda Cameron (a late pupil) from the School Committee. Mr. Humphreys made the presentation, a vote of thanks to Mr. Ferguson and Miss Young concluded the first portion of the programme, after which the children did ample justice to the supper, and dancing was kept up till the early hours.

**Personal.**

Mr. E. S. Rutherford (Kekeranga), who has been spending a few days in Blenheim, passed through Seddon on his way home. Mr. Thomas (Tyroangu) has returned home. Miss Foster (Starahro) has gone to Pelding for a holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Vavasour have gone to the North Island. GENEVIEVE.

**THE MODERN FIGURE.**

**HOW TO REGAIN BEAUTY OF FORM.**

The vagaries of fashion are a great trial to ladies inclined to over-stoutness; but it is a great mistake to go in for physical repression in the shape of special stays. Fasting and violent exercising are also dangerous. One very soon becomes limp, depressed and sallow of complexion when such methods of getting thin are adopted. There is absolutely no necessity to study dietetics or deprive oneself of wholesome rest and enjoyable bodily comforts. The following is a prescription which will restore beauty of form without any sacrifice of health or strength. Any chemist will make it up for you or supply the harmless ingredients, viz.: One ounce of pure Glycerine B.P., one half-ounce of Marmola, one ounce of fluid extract of Glycyrrhiza B.P., and Peppermint Water to make six ounces in all. The dose is two teaspoonfuls after each meal. Don't be afraid of a good appetite, especially as the digestive system will be much benefited by this simple treatment. Indeed, the whole body is beautified, and the reduction of weight occasions no wrinkles. The skin and complexion are rebeautified.

**ONCE USED ALWAYS USED**

**The Dalli**

For Household Use.—To use it is the best, most simple, and most comfortable way of ironing. Independent of steam and gas, it can be used anywhere. Non-inflammatory fuel without noxious fumes. No risk from fire; healthier and safer than any other iron. For light work and traveling only. The "DALLINETTE," a smaller "Dalli."

For general household work use the "Dalli." Having a larger ironing surface, and greater heating capacity every description of ironing can be done with it.

Of all Storekeepers. Stocked by—  
E. W. MILLS & Co., LTD., Wellington, N.Z.  
JOHN BURNS & Co., LTD., Auckland.  
Beware of worthless imitations.

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**Housework is the Enemy of the Hands.**

An infallible recipe to keep the hands white is to do NOTHING.

But when a woman is compelled by circumstances to "do the dishes," scrub, clean stoves and the like she needs

**SYDAL**

If her hands are to remain presentable. A little Sydal rubbed into the hands regularly will remove all roughness and stains. It has also great healing properties, used as an ointment.

PRICE, 1/6 per Jar at all Chemists and Stores.

**Geo. W. Wilton,**  
25a CURA EXTENSION,  
WELLINGTON.

**IMMATURE GREY HAIR IS A TROUBLE** which annoys many people in the prime of life. The best thing is to use a little Hair Syde. Hair Syde's Vegetable Hair Dye is quite harmless, easy to apply and produces natural colours in shade required. 3/8 bottle, post free. State shade wanted. MISS CLOUGH, Ladies' Depot, 44, George-street, Dunedin.

# The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

**T**HE tendency of the new fashions is toward the Directoire influence, and it seems possible at this moment that it will end in a complete resurrection of that period in winter fashions. Before they have really been out of fashion, the shortened waistline is back again, for the fashions of to-day seem to incline to what is becoming graceful and best adapted to woman's form. Nothing is exaggerated and changed merely to alter the line of clothes, and for this reason we are again back to the shortened waistline, although many of the designers, Poirer, Cherult, and Paquin, have never discarded it entirely.

This, too, is the fourth season for the plain-fitting sleeve and smooth shoulder line. The plain shoulder line is more noticeable than ever before, and with the shorter coats and narrower skirts make the distinctly new points in the winter fashions.



PICTURE GOWN FOR EVENING WEAR.

In spite of the many exasperations which the Directoire lines may lead to, for every distinct fashion brings with it a trail of exaggerations from some of the less important designers who hope by this method to reach the pinnacle of fame, the Directoire fashions possess many charms, and now that we are accustomed to narrow short skirts, bare lower arms and open, low necks, it is only a step further to the open tunic slit at the side, to disclose the soft draperies of the underskirt. The polonaise and overskirt is just as strongly in favour as it was when first adopted, but it gives more the suggestion of drapery than heretofore, by which I mean it has lost its regular outline. It begins with a short end at the side front or toward the back and drapes the figure, gradually lengthening as it envelops the form. Again, the reconstructed tunic starts at the side front in a short apron and extends around the side of the back panel, leaving the opposite side absolutely undraped.

It is not only in the matter of over-skirts and tunics that femininity in Paris is draped and swathed, but likewise in soft scarfs of silk, satin, and chiffon, some of the younger, more slender and graceful ones skilfully drapes themselves not only around the shoulders, but the scarfs are arranged to encircle the lower portion of the body. And surely there is no other nation whose women can excel in grace the Parisian woman in the wearing of all types of clothes and feminine accessories. They are perfectly at ease in floating scarfs, enormous hats and hanging veils, and adapt themselves like the native Japanese to the short steps required in the wearing of skirts no wider than a yard and a-half at the lower edge. There is no doubt but that the present fashions are designed to reveal the silhouette of the figure, and yet not in the ungraceful manner of the tight sheath skirts of a couple of seasons ago.

Skirts are narrow to the point of actual discomfort and embarrassment in walking, but they are hung from the waist in soft, vague fullness and a suggestion of width is often given by loose bands, stitched on one edge, overskirt draperies or a loose hanging panel sash.

The long shoulder line is given by the arrangement of the trimming material or the cut of the dress, but nearly every gown is seamless at the natural shoulder line. It is impossible to see the end of this vogue, for the kimono outline is used not only in blouses, but suits as well, and it has been the inspiration of the loveliest wraps for afternoon and evening wear.

It is certainly a most fortunate fashion for the home dressmaker, as it facilitates the making of waists, for everyone knows the extreme difficulty of properly fitting shoulders or setting a sleeve in at the right line to best bring out the contour of the shoulder.

It means the elimination of the problem of wrinkles from the neck to the underarm across the shoulder and in back as well. This simple and practical design is suited to the slim woman as well as to the stout form, as it only means a rearrangement of the pattern. While a slim figure can wear the plain patterns perfectly well, a woman with more form would require a plait or slight fullness at the end of the shoulder.

## FASHIONLAND.

LONDON, February 3.

Sales, thankful to relate, are at an end in nearly all the largest shops in London, and dowdiness has given place to fresh and delightful displays of spring goods.

There is no season like spring in the shops, as in the weather, and in individuals, and perhaps only in a place with a winter like London's does one note the pleasant upheaval that the "morning of the year" creates. Dark gowns, heavy looking and heavy-coloured millinery, stout boots and gaiters, furs, and cold weather comforts in general, must have their moral effect of depression, one would think, since, with even the sight of spring dainties, the feminine spirit rises to a brave atmosphere of buoyancy though the eyes that appreciate may not be accompanied by the purse that will buy!

Think, for instance, dear feminine reader, of a great window made to look a very fairyland of beauty—to our eyes!—in order to display lingerie of all descriptions, and I defy you not to feel that you own the lot.

It is a French shop—would that I had not to confess that!—and the floor is a billowy mass of amethyst silk on which, with their bows of palest pink and blue and mauve, and garnished with great bunches of Parma violets, lie vanities galore, trimmed with lace fine as cobwebs, and wonderful hand embroideries. It is surely the Spirit of Spring, and though one nightdress may represent the price of a serviceable gown to many of us, we cannot but appreciate the beauty of the unattainable as we would a painting or anything perfect in its kingdom.

Fashion now has a decided trend, after some months of indecision, and, as a good many of the changes predicted are only old favourites revived and can be easily copied at home, it is well to pay attention to them.

## BLOUSE FRILLS

are again shown on the spring models and very pretty and dainty these look in soft silk, muslin, or cambrie. Nearly all, it is to be noted, are gathered, and many are edged with very narrow real lace edge.



TWO AUTUMN COSTUMES FOR SCHOOLGIRLS.

The costume on the right is of mulberry tweed with light braid embroidery; that on the left is designed in plum-coloured faced cloth adorned with soutache.



## The Corsets the New Styles Need.

The Gowns for winter are so ideally graceful that the figure must be exquisitely proportioned in order to set them off. This throws the entire burden upon the Corset. A study of the subject reveals the fact that

## Royal P.D. Rustproof Corsets

Include all the slender lines demanded for the proper wearing of modish gowns. The youthful, naturally perfect form, is protected by one type of Corset; the plump and over-solid figures are provided for by others.

All these and many more figure-types besides are fitted to their comfort and satisfaction by P.D. Corsets.

ROYAL P.D. SELF REDUCING CORSETS ARE PROCURABLE FROM ALL LEADING DRAPERS.

ing. The Magyar style is still a favourite, though it is not as prominent as it was last year.

Jabots of cambrie and narrow lace insertion, and "casades" of lace are much worn still.



There is quite a craze for cloth and velvet dresses at present—and a more suitable combination of materials could not be found for late autumn and winter wear. For a tall, slim girl the above would prove exceptionally becoming. Carried out, in mole colour, the under-dress of velvet, and the over-dress of cloth a shade brighter, ornamented with cloth buttons, this would be a smart and useful frock.

**FICHUS.**

There is no doubt about the return of fichus, and some particularly graceful specimens are being exhibited in the shops. One that I was shown was of fine white lawn, delicately embroidered. Of course in this cold weather they will only be worn in the house, and few are seen in actual wear except on evening gowns, when they are of nion or some clinging, soft material.

**FOOTWEAR**

alters very little, save that high heels—fortunately for the health and safety, of the women of fashion—grow less popular. Coloured boot-tops are still to be seen everywhere, and coloured stockings, with elaborate clox, are just as fashionable as ever, though one notices them, in the winter, only in the evenings. A smart pair of boots I noticed in an Oxford-street shop this week, were of morocco, the golph black and the top dark purple. These are rather more serviceable than the suede and velvet samples that would seem to be for carriage folk only.

**SHOULDER SCARVES**

are evidently determined not to go out of date, and now, still another way of "serving them up" has been discovered. All but the ends of the scarf are the same as last year—that is to say, black or coloured charmeuse is lined with white or colours—but about a foot from the end, the silk is now held in by a cord, and the bit below, which is allowed to hang straight, is absolutely embroidered in silks.

Without a doubt we shall see much hand embroidery in the coming season, so the clever home girl will have her chance of being in the forefront of fashion if she chooses. Great flat bags, of velvet or silk to match the costume, and in shape sometimes like an envelope, sometimes six or eight cornered, are a mass of elaborate embroidery studded with imitation jewels, and are the very last thing in bags, those now indispensable adjuncts to a woman's toilet.

**REVERS**

are evidently to be important features in the new styles, and one model coat and skirt shown has the extraordinary innovation of large revers on the back of the coat. They are of fine cloth like the dress, at the waist are caught in with a buckle of the satin, and two long ends fall to the edge of the coat. The front is similarly arranged, but with smaller revers.

If our ideas as to suitable back and front trimming are to be upset like this, we shall soon have pleating at the front and none at the back. The idea of back revers seems absurd, but there they are!

One very stylish evening gown that I saw this week was of black nion over satin, and with no touch of colour except that given by two pointed revers on the front of the bodice just below a chemisette of nion. The revers curved over

**SCARBOROUGH'S**  
BEST FOR  
**SEASIDE-TOWN SERGES**  
BY LEADING DRAPERS, Scarborough, Nippon, & Co., Ltd., Wellington.

like the petals of a flower, and were of royal blue silk.

It cannot but be remarked by anyone who goes to many evening parties just now, how simple are the gowns worn—of a rich and expensive simplicity probably, but still unobtrusively charming.

One very pretty model that may appeal to some of my readers, was of soft white satin with a simple overdress of pale green mousseline de soie, both the bodice and tunic being made baby style. The décolletage was trimmed only with a simple row of green Egyptian beads, and a girle and wash was formed by a double string of the same beads.

**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. Sizes 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. Sold by Stores, Chemists, & A. Rowland & Sons, Hatton Garden, London.

**Stewed Apples and BIRD'S CUSTARD**

Sing a Song of Sixpence  
A pocket full of Rye

A Delicacy Dish of Custard  
Improves an Apple Pie.

Only with **BIRD'S** Custard do you really obtain that rich creaminess & exquisite flavor which make a perfect Custard.

Insist on the Best! Always the Best! The Best is **BIRD'S!**

Ask also for Bird's Blanc-Mange, Bird's Jelly Crystals, Bird's Egg Substitute (Powder), Bird's Pudding Powder; they are all as good as Bird's Custard. **FREE SAMPLES** on receipt of address, sent by **ELLIS & MANTON**, Wellington.

**SHAKESPEAR & CO.**  
Art Needle-work Depot.

Drawn Thread and Art Linen all shades; Filoselle; Mallard Floss and Crewel Silks; Mercine, coarse and fine; Ivory Cotton and Canvas; also Coloured Canvas; Berlin Wools; Ribbons in every shade; Point Lace Patterns; Silk and Linen Braids; Threads, etc.; also Knitting Wools in great variety.

His Majesty's Arcade, Auckland, and Karangahape Road.

**HOW IS YOUR HAIRBRUSH?**

Use a good one if you wish a good head of hair. Have one stiff enough to reach the scalp and brace it up. This is the kind you need in the Autumn Season when it lacks tone.

We are showing a splendid line of the best bristle brushes, in Ebony, Redwood, Batonwood, N.Z. Woods, Xylomite (black & white) with concave or convex backs. The prices run from

**3s 6d to 22s 6d**  
and each one is a sound investment.

We've a **SPECIAL LINE** in Ebony Hand Mirrors too. At **17s 6d and 21s** they make charming gifts, and are ornaments to any dressing table. Make your choice early, or, if you cannot call, let us post your order.

**J. WISEMAN & SONS, LTD.**  
"The Quality Shop," 175 Queen St., Auckland.

**W. A. BUNKER**  
"Genuine" Ladies' Tailor,

Habitmaker and Ride-astride Costumes.  
Plain and Fancy  
Tailor Suits, Coats, etc.  
Unexcelled Fit. Perfect workmanship.

3 Floor Premier Buildings,  
**QUEEN AND DURHAM STS.**  
Please Take Lift.

# Verse Old and New.

**Modern.**  
**D**EW clothes, new hats, new streets,  
 new flats,  
 New restaurants and drinking  
 places,  
 New gems and gauds, new shams and  
 frauds,  
 New poor, new rich, new sights, new  
 faces,  
 New truths, new lies, new laughs, new  
 cries,  
 New shows, new facts, new lofty prices,  
 New gilded bits, new loves, new hates,  
 New fashions, virtues, and new vices.  
 New crimes, new goals, new bargain  
 sales,  
 New spendthrifts, misers, thieves and  
 gleaners,  
 New foreign ears, new pretty girls,  
 New servants and pneumatic cleaners,  
 New failures? Yes, and new success,  
 New news of life that ever varies,  
 New cheap cigars, new Broadway stars,  
 New suburbs and new cemeteries.  
 New pleasures, pains, new water mains,  
 New slang, new books, new songs, new  
 dances,  
 New clubs, new signs, new foods, new  
 wines,  
 New "snug retreats"—and new ad-  
 vances,  
 New "swell" hotels, new "tubes" and  
 "L's,"  
 New homes just gladdened by the  
 stork,  
 New sport, new noise, new woes, new  
 joys,  
 New names, new fames, new games—  
 NEW YORK!

**Kept in the Heart.**  
 When the white-winged vulture, the  
 Frost,  
 Takes in his talons the leaves—  
 The green and the red and the  
 gold—

And stiffens the silver-crossed  
 Web which the spider weaves;  
 And seals with his bitter cold  
 The lips of the laughing brook;  
 And waves his wings o'er the nook  
 Where the aster knits her blue;  
 I gather every hue—  
 The red and the green and gold  
 And blue in my heart to hold.

When the tempest roars so loud  
 That I cannot hear the clock  
 Tick-ticking upon the wall;  
 When the stoutest trees are bowed  
 Like a shivering flock  
 Of sheep at the gray wolf's call;  
 When the crackle of the fire  
 On the hearth dies, as desire  
 Unnourished; and the wild winds beat  
 The dead leaves at my feet;  
 Then, like a pleasant psalm,  
 I hold in my heart a calm.

When blossom the almond's snows  
 Drifting upon my head;  
 When the strong one is afraid;  
 When veiled and darkened are those  
 Who look from the windows red,  
 (The "windows of agate" He made);  
 "When the doors are shut in the street"  
 And the low bird-warblings, sweet  
 With their songs of other years,  
 Come not to my famished ears;  
 I will hide life's music deep  
 In my heart, to hold and keep.

**The Plough.**  
 From Egypt behind my oxen with their  
 stately step and slow  
 Northward and East and West I went to  
 the desert sand and the snow;  
 Down through the centuries one by one,  
 turning the clod to the Shower,  
 Till there's never a land beneath the sun  
 but has blossomed behind my  
 power.

I slid through the sodden ricefields with  
 my grunting hump-backed steers,  
 I turned the turf of the Tiber plain in  
 Rome's Imperial years;  
 I was left in the half-drawn furrow with  
 Coriolanus came  
 Giving his farm for the Forum's stir to  
 save his nation's name.

Over the seas to the North I went; white  
 cliffs and a seaboard blue;  
 And my path was glad in the English  
 grass as my stout red Devons  
 drew;  
 My path was glad in the English grass,  
 for behind me ripened and curbed  
 The corn that was life to the sailor men  
 that sailed the ships of the world.

And later I went to the North again and  
 day by day drew down  
 A little more of the purple hills to join  
 to my kingdom brown;  
 And the whelps wheeled out to the moor-  
 land, but the grey gulls stayed  
 with me  
 Where the Clydesdales drummed a  
 marching song with their feather-  
 ed feet on the lea.

Then the new lands called me Westward;  
 I found on the prairies wide  
 A toil to my stoutest daring and a foe to  
 test my pride;  
 But I stopped my strength to the stiff  
 black loam, and I found my labour  
 sweet  
 As I loosened the soil that was trampled  
 firm by a million buffaloes' feet.

Then further away to the Northward;  
 outward and outward still  
 (But idle I crossed the Rockies, for there  
 no plough may till!)  
 Till I won to the plains unending, and  
 there on the edge of the snow  
 I ribbed them the fenceless wheat fields,  
 and taught them to reap and sow.

The sun of the Southland called me; I  
 turned her the rich brown lines  
 Where her Parnamatta peach-trees grow  
 and her green Mildura vines;  
 I drove her cattle before me, her dust,  
 and her dying sheep,  
 I painted her rich plains golden and  
 taught her to sow and reap.

From Egypt behind my oxen with stately  
 step and slow  
 I have carried your weightiest burden, ye  
 toilers that reap and sow!  
 I am the Ruler, the King, and I hold the  
 world in fee;  
 Sword upon sword may ring, but the  
 triumph shall rest with me!  
 —Will Ogilvie.

**A Story of the Holly Tree.**  
 All holly berries, long ago,  
 Were just as white as mistletoe;  
 And prickly spikes were never seen,  
 For holly-leaves were smooth and green.

But once a discontented tree  
 Quarrelled and raged incessantly;  
 In consequence, despite her grief,  
 Spikes soon appeared on every leaf.

Her wrath increased until one day,  
 The sun, their monarch, passed that  
 way;  
 "Ah," he exclaimed, "spiked leaves," I  
 see,  
 Sure sign of a bad-tempered tree!"

Ashamed, the holly hung her head,  
 Each berry hotly blushing red;  
 And red they stayed, a punishment  
 And symbol of her discontent!  
 —Leslie Mary Oyley.

**Battle.**  
 Thy beauty is bugle and banner—bugle,  
 and banner, and prize,  
 I march to the beat of thy heart and the  
 orillimur of thine eyes;  
 My falchion flashes, thy smile as I fight  
 to the far-off goal,  
 To the love that burns like a star on  
 the battlements of thy soul.  
 O, Queen, the bugle is blowing, the ban-  
 ners flutter and stream;  
 Thy heart is beating and beating, I hear  
 it as in a dream.  
 I grow blind; in my blood there is thun-  
 der; there is lightning around and  
 above.  
 I have chosen a cohort asunder I swoon  
 on the ramparts of love.

# Anecdotes and Sketches.

## GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

**Without the Sting.**  
**A** CHINESE editor, in rejecting a  
 manuscript submitted, thus  
 wrote to the author: "We have  
 read your MS, with infinite de-  
 light. By the sacred ashes of our ances-  
 tors, we swear that we have never read  
 such a splendid piece of writing. But  
 if we printed it, His Majesty the Em-  
 peror, our most high and most mighty  
 ruler, would order us to take this as a  
 model, and never print anything in-  
 ferior." As this would not be possible in  
 less than a thousand years, we, with  
 great regret, return the divine MS, and  
 ask a thousand pardons."

**Tired Of It.**  
 After some ages had elapsed, develop-  
 ing all sorts of problems, womenkind ap-  
 proached the Gods with a large package  
 of something or other.  
 "What have you there?" demanded  
 the Gods sharply, for they suspected a  
 trick.  
 "It is the sun of genius which our  
 emancipation has enabled us to develop!"  
 replied womenkind.  
 "And what, pray, do you wish to do  
 with it?"  
 "We wish to trade it off for real  
 charm!"  
 "Hah! Of course you can't expect to  
 get much real charm in exchange for  
 even so large a quantity of genius."  
 "Oh, no! We shall be satisfied with a  
 very little real charm. In fact, we are  
 so disgusted with genius and its wretched  
 fruits that we shall probably have no  
 more of it in the future, anyway!"  
 Here womenkind gave their package a  
 vicious little kick to indicate their dis-  
 appointment and chagrin.

**Pertinent.**  
 It is taking some time for the flood  
 of stories about the discovery of the  
 North Pole to sweep past. Along comes  
 this belated one from old Kentucky:  
 The owner of a plantation said to a  
 favourite dorky:  
 "Mose, they've discovered the North  
 Pole."  
 "Dead!" exclaimed the old negro.  
 "Where at?"

**The Gallant Playwright.**  
 A pretty story of Miss Ellen Terry and  
 a gallant young playwright has gone the  
 rounds of the Players' Club. Miss Terry  
 attended in New York the first night of  
 this playwright's latest work, and at the  
 end of the third act he was presented to

her. She congratulated him warmly.  
 "It is very good," she said. "Your play  
 is very good indeed, and I shall send all  
 my American friends to see it." "In  
 that case," said the playwright, with a  
 very low and courtly bow, "my little  
 piece will sell 90,000,000 tickets."

**Ambitious.**  
 Clerk: "If you please, sir, I shall have  
 to ask you to excuse me for the rest of  
 the day. I have just heard of—er—an  
 addition to my family."  
 Employer: "Is that so, Penfold? What  
 is it—boy or girl?"  
 Clerk: "Well, sir, the fact is—er—"  
 (somewhat embarrassed) "it's two boys."  
 Employer: "Twins, eh? Young man,  
 I'm afraid you are putting on too many  
 heirs."

**No Cause for Complaint.**  
 Eugene Walter, the playwright, told  
 at a dinner a story about a New York  
 critic. "He is very brilliant," Mr.  
 Walter said. "As he and I were taking  
 supper at the Cafe Martin one night a  
 passing playwright glared terribly at

him. 'Why is Playwright Dash so down  
 on me, I wonder?' said the critic. 'Oh,'  
 said I, with a laugh, 'you know well  
 enough why he's down on you. You  
 wrote last month that the plot of his  
 new play was no good.' 'Well,' said the  
 critic, 'why should he mind that? I  
 said at the time it wasn't his plot.'"

**The Wrong Man.**  
 Some spiritualists were at one time  
 very anxious to persuade the famous  
 novelist Charles Dickens to become a  
 Spiritualist. He was on one occasion in-  
 duced to attend a seance, so that he  
 might be converted to their cult. He  
 was asked whose spirit he would most  
 like to appear, and he said at once, "Lind-  
 ley Murray." In due course they in-  
 formed him that the famous master of  
 grammar was in the room. Dickens  
 asked, "Are you Lindley Murray?" and  
 the "spirit" answered "I am!" All  
 hope of making Charles Dickens a spirit-  
 ualist was gone from that moment.

**Could be Trusted.**  
 The late Lord Young, of the Scottish  
 Bench, was responsible for enlivening  
 many a dull case. One of the best re-  
 marks that ever fell from his lips was  
 the reply to a counsel who urged on be-  
 half of a plaintiff of somewhat dubious ap-  
 pearance: "My client, my lord, is a most  
 respectable man, and holds a very respon-  
 sible position; he is manager of some  
 waterworks."  
 After a long look the judge answered:  
 "Yes, he looks like a man who could be  
 trusted with any amount of water."

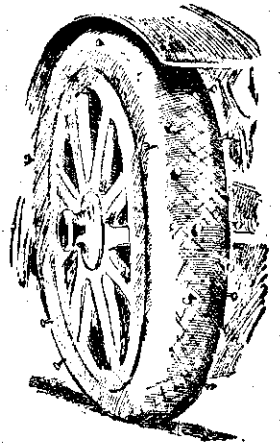


THE AFRICAN NUT-CRACKER.  
 Or, how to get the milk of the Coconut.



WONDERFUL.

The Mayor of Squeedoodle, N.J.: "Wal, wal! Them city papers is wonderful! I ain't been in town an hour, and they already got the news about it."



CITY TAX COLLECTOR.

Hostess (anxious to make an effect on the new curate): "Dear me, Janet, cook has surpassed herself in the border round the pie! How did she do it?"

Janet: "Please, mum, she made it with her false teeth!"



"In conclusion, we can only assure you of the pleasure we feel at having such a distinguished stranger in our midst."



"Humph! I wonder how my wife got them all in there in the first place."