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AND

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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.

University Reform.

THE University Reform Association has come forward with a somewhat bulky pamphlet in support of its claims. The pamphlet contains much valuable information on the problems that confront all students of higher education, and few will contest the statement that our University badly needs overhauling and that its principal defects are clearly traceable to faulty organisation. Forty years ago Parliament framed a temporary system to meet special conditions that no longer exist, and Parliament has never devised or inquired into the system since. The pamphlet deals exhaustively with organisation, appointment, finance, examinations, libraries, research and reorganisation. The two outstanding features in regard to finance are the haphazard distribution of the funds, and the fact that accounts are kept in such various forms that comparisons of expenditure are not easy. As regards libraries, it is of great importance that the books should be readily accessible to students. There is always a tendency to make a college library into a museum where the books are securely locked away in glass cases or wire cages. There should be a lending department, distinct from the reference library. All books should be available for reference, and the lending library should consist mainly of duplicate copies. Many modern text books are so full of references that no student can make any material advance in his studies unless he has ready access to a really good library.

External Examiners.

The crux of the whole reform agitation seems to be the question of outside examinations. Our students are examined by their own professors at the college examinations, and the final examinations are conducted by English examiners. The reformers object to this last arrangement. To us it seems in every way undesirable that the actual teacher should examine his own class. At the large English schools no form master examines his own form, and the services of outside examiners are frequently requisitioned in scholarship, and other important examinations. At Oxford and Cambridge the examiners are seldom those who have been engaged in the immediate tuition of pupils. Frequently at both these universities outside assistance is obtained. The value of our degrees depends to a large extent on the fact that the examiners are men of world-wide eminence in the respective spheres of learning. The art of the teacher, and the art of the examiner are not necessarily akin, and we cannot see what useful end would be

served by altering our present system in this matter. In America the teacher often has the absolute right to confer degrees on his own students, but no one could pretend that American degrees have anything like the same value as our own. The reformers would have us believe that our University is in a bad way. That it is not perfect we admit, but we think it compares favourably with most of the American Universities, and the pass degree demands a higher standard of knowledge than a similar degree at either Oxford or Cambridge. It is not to be expected that a young country should be able to compete with older lands in the domain of pure scholarship, but we have shown that in the world of science we can more than hold our own, and we have every reason to feel proud of a University that has turned out so many eminent graduates in the few short years of its existence.

Levelling-up Process.

The ancient Spartans, the finest soldiers the world has ever seen, were proud of their long hair which they carefully combed before going into action. But it would seem that our local territorialists are to be compelled to wear their hair very short on the grounds that long hair is unhygienic. A staff-sergeant-major told the members of his company that many of them were wearing their hair too long, and added "A lot of you have not got your hair cut yet; you can never be soldiers with hair like that. It does not matter about the girls; get it cut." One associate very short hair with convicts, but it is difficult to see why the length of the hair should affect a man's efficiency as a soldier. The sixty thousand Spartans who marched against Mardonius and his 300,000 troops, and who crushed the Persian host and so altered the whole face of history, wore hair reaching to the waist. The historian tells us that on the eve of Thermopylae Leonidas and his three hundred "combed their long hair for death" before they entered on the most heroic struggle the world has witnessed. Facts are against the staff-sergeant-major. Anyway, it seems absurd that men who serve in the territorials should be compelled to go about like shorn lambs, and it is small surprise that many members of the company should have expressed indignation at the regulations which require them to do so. The Defence Department, however, states that it only requires short hair one day in the week, and the men may wear it long on the other six days. That is some comfort.

The Eugenics Society.

The Eugenics Education Society of New Zealand has issued its first annual report. The objects of the society are to set forth the national importance of eugenics, to spread a knowledge of the laws of heredity, and to further eugenic teaching at home and in the schools. Dr. Gloss, in his address on "Eugenics and Disease," sketched the history of tuberculosis and its ravages amongst the races of the world. He said that it was only within comparatively recent years that medical attention had been aroused to its grave importance. Attempts had been made in all the chief medical centres of the world to combat this scourge, but the goal appeared to be as far off as ever. All the anti-tuberculin preparations discovered had hitherto proved unavailing to cope with the insidious disease. The legislative and charitable and philanthropic institutions

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had apparently disregarded the law of natural selection while trying to cure this most intractable disease. It was well for the people to recognise the danger of alliances with tubercular subjects, and it was the aim of eugenic teaching that such alliances should not be entered into. The remedy was in the hands of the people themselves, and the science of eugenics recognised the potent influence of educating the minds of the people to dread the disease. By means of education marriage into conspicuous families would be diminished, and in time the disease would lessen also. Personal sacrifices, therefore, would have to take the place of the law of natural selection. Nature was constantly endeavouring to improve the race by ending the diseased stock, and the efforts of man were in many instances directed towards the preservation of the tainted stock, and consequently towards the propagation of disease. These efforts were the outcome of sentiment and ignorance, and it seemed that the science of eugenics had come into being with the main object of educating people to think seriously about improving themselves physically, morally, and in every possible way, and also that their offspring should be the better equipped to pass on to posterity a healthier and a stronger race. It was often noticed that an hereditary disease in the ancestors was missed for one or more generations, and then, perhaps under the best environment, it suddenly showed itself again in all its hideous qualities. This clearly showed that heredity told in the end, no matter how good the environment might be. As legislation now stood man, with all his sympathy for suffering humanity, tended to override Nature's laws in its eliminating process, and to prolong the unit in the land to propagate their species, trusting to environment to work a cure.

The Influence of Heredity.

The question as to how far medicine tends to preserve the lives of the unfit is, of course, an old one. History is full of records of attempts to secure a race that should be physically sound. The exposure of infants to climatic hardships was the primitive way of securing the survival of the fittest. Plato, in the third book of his Republic, contended that the science of medicine was of very disputable advantage. He thought that it should never be employed to prolong the lives of those who had bad constitutions. The sooner the weaklings died the better for the race. Bacon, on the other hand, thought that it was a great thing to bring comfort to the invalid and to cheer the sufferer. It is curious to find Macau-

lay, the arch-apostle of British Philistinism, supporting Bacon against Plato in this matter, and denouncing Plato's views as impractical while "Bacon fixed his eye on a mark which was placed on the earth, and within bow-shot, and hit it in the white." As long as doctors differ as they do on the laws of health, and as long as Nature defies our most cherished theories, we can never regard eugenics as an exact science. Athletes, "as sound as a bell," are seldom long-lived. Scholars, with bent shoulders, far more often attain longevity. A master of a college at Oxford or Cambridge is young at seventy. Gerald Massey came of a weak stock. His parents were chronic invalids—poor, underfed, under-sized. The family never had more than ten shillings a week amongst them, and they lived in the damp, insanitary surroundings of the English marshes. Massey left school when he was eight, a puny weakling, and worked as an errand boy. At twenty-one he produced a book of verse, which Landor described as equal to anything he knew in literature, and which won unqualified praise from Ruskin. Massey lived to be nearly ninety, and enjoyed good health to the end. Lord Doughton came of a thoroughly healthy stock. His parents on both sides belonged to families noted for longevity, and not devoid of intellect. He was educated with every care. Yet he died at a comparatively early age; he was always more or less of an invalid, and he produced nothing in the way of verse equal to Massey's lyrics. We find in the same family children that are healthy and children that are weak; we find the intellectually brilliant and the mentally defective. Charles Lamb was one of our most charming essayists; his sister had to be confined in an asylum. Hereditary doubtless counts for much; environment, perhaps, counts for more; but Nature has an uncomfortable way of trumping our best card.

Daylight Saving.

Joshua has his imitators in the advocates of the Daylight Saving Bill. The idea is to put forward the hands of the clock in the summer so that when the clock points to 7 it will be in reality only six. By this means lazy people will be cheated into getting up earlier. The farming community does not seem enthusiastic in its support of the measure. Farmers contend that they get up quite early enough as it is, and that they are often astir at three in the morning. Sir Joseph Ward thought that it would be an excellent thing if Parliament sat in the daytime and rose at 6 p.m. Mr. Witty thought we ought to get the sun to fall in with the proposal by rising at

hour earlier. This however, could only be done by an order of the Governor-in-Council, and the sun might appeal to the Privy Council. Mr. Witty's amendment passed for want of a seconder. Mr. Anderson thought that the bill would interfere with many young couples who like to indulge in courting in the twilight. It would, undoubtedly, be a good thing if people started work earlier in the summer and so had more leisure for recreation in the afternoon. There would also be a considerable saving effected in the use of artificial light. The alteration would also be beneficial as regards the public health. Our legislators did not seem inclined to take the bill seriously, but in England there is a strong body of public opinion in favour of the proposal, and there seems every prospect that the scheme will grow in favour as it becomes better understood.

The Straight Line.

A writer in the "London Observer" says that of the many designs imputed to Germany in West Africa none strikes her fancy like that which embodies her "desire merely to expand the boundary of the Cameroons eastward, so that it will have a regular formation instead of the present ragged shape." The theory of the rectification of frontiers has never before been pushed quite to the point of rectangularity. Have we really reached the point when the symmetrical German mind cannot bear to be divided from France by anything but a straight line? As a matter of fact, the straight line, abhorred by nature, plays an inconsiderable part in geography, and that only in the newer countries. Who can detect one in the map of Europe? In this bloodstained continent every inch of frontier land has had to be fought for, time and again; hence its geography of unconscionable raggedness. In that configuration of the Australian and the North American States, on the other hand, high regard has been paid to the claims of geometry. The northern boundary of Victoria is the only "irregular" one in all Australia; and many of the United States achieve what we must presume to be the Teutonic ideal of the rectangle (as much as a rectangle as is compatible with spherical surface). In both cases the coast line, unfortunately, remains incurably erratic. Meantime, the passion for the Straight Line need not be confined to geography. It is an excellent model for diplomacy.

A Novel Strike.

The latest form of strike is a strike of candidates for examinations. In an examination for the B.A. degree in Paris the candidates struck against their examiners on the ground that the Latin prose paper was too difficult. All the male candidates refused to tackle the paper as it was set, but two girl candidates did not join in the strike, and they endeavoured to turn a passage of very modern French into the classic phraseology of Pully. The test seems to have been, however, beyond them, as they spent the whole afternoon in producing a few lines. Though the ostensible reason for the demonstration was to protest against the difficulty of the Latin prose—originally set for the "Bourse," a much stiffer examination—there was a deeper meaning behind it. It was really one of a series of battles being fought between the forces of classicism and modernism. A certain number of the professors at the Sorbonne are opposed to the teaching of the dead languages, except as a supplementary subject, whilst the old and conservative section adheres to the Humanities. But for once the "no Latin and less Greek" school got the upper hand, and they hit upon the plan—so it is alleged of screwing up the Latin so as to disgust the student. Thus we have all the elements of a lock-out on the part of the examiners, and a strike on the part of the students introduced into the cloister-like calm of the examination hall.

Art and Engineering.

The London "Times" in discussing the hideous monstrosities that pass as public buildings, says that the blame rests with the people themselves. Art, like politics, is everyone's concern. We can no more throw the whole responsibility of art upon our artists than we can throw the whole responsibility of our politics upon our politicians. It is a general lack of energy and ideals that produces corruption in both; and it is because we suffer

from a signal lack of energy and ideals in all matters of art that we have failed so abjectly to turn our modern engineering triumphs into triumphs of architecture. The business of engineering is to solve a material problem, and that we can do as it has never been done before. But engineering only becomes fine architecture when it expresses some emotion relevant to the material problem which it solves; and that kind of expression we cannot achieve, for our engineering has no imaginative significance for us. Thus, when we make a bridge and wish to adorn it, since the bridge itself means nothing to us, we can only adorn it with ornament that has been developed in the solution of some other problem, and is therefore irrelevant to this one. We try to make the Tower Bridge look like the drawbridge of a medieval castle, because we take no imaginative delight in its real purpose or in the modern power and skill with which it performs that purpose.

British Sport.

Mr. P. A. Vaile has contributed to an English journal an outspoken article on British sport. He deplores the "slow intelligence, heavy thinking, and dulled imagination" of the Englishman. New Zealanders, he says, are full of brains, individuality, strength, resourcefulness, and fine sportsmanship. Mr. Vaile thinks that not only is the Englishman's mind sluggish, but his knowledge is less scientific and extensive than that of our own people. This applies to other things than sport. In every walk of life the New Zealander shows more alertness than the Englishman. Mr. Vaile thinks that not only are the English too slow in thought, but they are also too slow in taking advantage of the thought of New Zealanders whose mental alertness is so far above their own. Following up Mr. Vaile's trenchant criticism of British sport, we can only add that we are ourselves to blame to a great extent. We lack the missionary spirit. It is true that we send home a few Rhodes scholars to stimulate the mental activities of the fossilised English don, and we have recently allowed our Premier to shake up the comatose Home politicians. But we ought to do more than this if we really love our Motherland. At any cost to ourselves, we should see to it that our immense superiority in brains, individuality, strength, resourcefulness and fine sportsmanship is used for the benefit of the Empire at large and not merely for our own corner if it. Only thus can we be real imperialists. Even if Britain can build our Dreadnoughts, create the "Olympic," and manufacture many of our requirements, we still have Mr. Vaile's assurance of our immense mental superiority.

Women on the Bench.

The French Senate has decided in favour of women magistrates for children's courts. At first sight this may seem a revolutionary proposal, but laying aside all prejudice, we would ask what could be more appropriate than a woman on the Bench in a children's court? By common consent and universal experience women are the right people for the nursing, educating, and governing of young people. Our preparatory and public elementary schools are all largely managed by women. Why are naughty children not brought before women to be judged? In many countries children's courts were set up so that troublesome boys and girls who fall into the hands of the police might be dealt with not as criminals or grave offenders, but as disobedient children, and so escape the taint of crime. The atmosphere of the children's courts would be freer still from all influence of criminal jurisdiction were women on the Bench, and juvenile offenders could be judged and punished without feeling they had incurred more than the displeasure of school or home authority. Women magistrates would help to kill that romantic notion of crime which is so strong an incentive in youth. Who could hope to become a Jack Shepherd or a Dick Turpin after being made to stand in a corner by order of some old lady on the Bench? There would be nothing un-English in women magistrates, for the lady of the manor in earlier centuries ruled her domains with the same sovereignty that the lord of the manor possessed. Readers of Scott's "Peveril of the Peak" will readily recall the autocratic way the stern old Countess of Derby governed her lands.

Psychology v. Brutality.

A GREAT AMERICAN DETECTIVE AND HIS "THIRD DEGREE."

ABOUT forty years ago, when William Allen was running for governor of the State of Ohio, a convict in the prison in Columbus picked up an old circular saw in the yard where he was allowed to have a little workshop, and proceeded to engrave on it a portrait of the gubernatorial candidate. The convict was one of the most skillful counterfeiters that had ever been "pinched," and his portrait of Allen, done to kill time, was a remarkably fine piece of work and was exhibited with pride by the warden. A small boy by the name of Billy Burns, son of a police commissioner of Columbus, saw the portrait and the artist and heard the latter's story. When later on the artist was pardoned by Governor Hayes at the warden's solicitation and was set up by the warden himself as an engraver in Columbus, Billy used to watch to see him walking along the street, fascinated by his career of crime. On one or two

Billy, now a grizzled man of fifty and known to fame as William J. Burns, one of the cases included the explosion that wrecked the building of the Los Angeles "Times" and killed a score of men, and numerous other explosions that wrecked millions of pounds' worth of buildings and bridges and other structures in various parts of the country. The other case to which we have referred was one of alleged bribery in which fifty members of the Ohio Legislature were implicated.

In other words, upon the work of William J. Burns these days, national destinies may well be said to be turning.

Probably as long as we live, says a biographer of Burns in the New York "Times," we shall have a romantic fancy that detectives are long, thin, wiry men like Sherlock Holmes. As a matter of fact, most of them are very prosy, matter-of-fact looking individuals, inclined to be short and stocky rather than thin and wiry. Burns is short and stocky and matter-of-fact. He has a reddish brown



WILLIAM J. BURNS, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN DETECTIVE.

occasions the hypnotised small boy dared even to go into the engraver's shop and hold tremulous but glorious converse with him.

As the twig is bent the tree's inclined," Billy grew up fascinated by crime and criminals. He hung as much as possible about police headquarters, and chummed with the detectives. Sometimes they let him into secrets and gave him little jobs to do in connection with their cases. He was intelligent, vigilant, and reliable. By the time he was twenty-four he was a real detective and had a real case. There had been a lot of tally-sheet forgeries committed in the elections in Columbus and Cincinnati, and he was assigned to discover them. The revelations brought to light by him developed a big political scandal which affected Ohio politics for many years thereafter.

Recently the whole of the United States was startled by the developments in two big cases handled by this same

monstache, which he turns up at the ends, and he has pale blue eyes, which, we are gratified to learn from another newspaper writer, are penetrating and steadfast and "seem to bore right into the core of things" just as the eyes of all detectives do in the story-books. "The lids never so much as flicker," we read further, "when the man fixes them on you." That sounds good too, though the carping critic will ask why Burns or any other detective should want to fix his eyelids on anybody else!

It is not upon Burns' personal appearance, however, that public attention is just now fastened, but upon his methods of securing evidence.

The biggest of all the stories in which Burns has figured was that which ended as the imprisonment of Ruff and Schmitt in San Francisco. Henry was the prosecuting attorney in that great case, and most of the glory has gone to him. But

Sayings of the Week.

Civil Servants in Paradise.

IF we hand over the public service of this country to a Czar we should have ructions of the most awful kind, and yet that is what the honourable gentleman proposes in regard to the public services. In a country such as this is, it is of the utmost importance that there should be a good public service, and that the Civil Servants should have as good a return made them for their services to the State as is possible. The present position of the public servants, as compared with what heretofore existed, is as paradise to the other extreme.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

Fermentation.

The whole of the staff of the Railway Department are in a state of ferment and discontent.—*Mr. Herdman, M.P.*

What is a Tory?

A Tory is a man who uses public funds for his own private purposes. If there are any Tories in this country we don't want them to support the party in opposition.—*Mr. W. F. Massey, M.P.*

Fighting or Skiting?

I believe Mr. McLaren calls himself "Fighting Mac," but if the public were here night after night and listened to him they would call him "Skiting Mac."—*Mr. Herdman, M.P.*

Only Second Class.

Unfortunately it is well nigh impossible to get the best class of workman to emigrate from the Old Country.—*Mr. Nicholas, Auckland Employers' Association.*

Patronage.

The principal reason why I oppose the Public Service Reform Bill is because it throws open to almost everybody who has any society or wealth in the community the whole of the Civil Service. The very composition of the Bill from the beginning to end is patronage.—*Mr. E. H. Taylor, M.P.*

Political Purity.

In no country is there less political influence than in New Zealand at the present time, in no country in the world.—*Mr. E. H. Taylor, M.P.*

Unionism or Home Rule?

Some young women, on entering a factory, said they did not bother about unionism. They looked forward to another sort of union later on.—*Hon. J. T. Paul, M.L.C.*

The Public Service Reform Bill.

If this Bill were submitted to a vote of the public service, there would be, if not a unanimous, an almost unanimous, vote against it. From what quarter of the public service has come any demand for an alteration in their status.—*Mr. G. W. Russell, M.P.*

The People's Pocket Pays.

Personally, I do not care if the country gives the railway men £1 a day, so long as they know that they will have to put their hands into their pockets before this takes place. I am prepared to pay a higher wage to honest men.—*Hon. J. A. Millar.*

Thieving Made Easy.

It often happened that the amount of Customs duties was disputed, and while the matter was being adjusted the goods were left on the floor of the shed, and could be removed by anyone with business about the wharves without let or hindrance.—*Mr. Duncan Macdonald, Auckland.*

Brains Coat Money.

I do not think we pay half enough salary for the men in the higher positions of the public service. We want to encourage men with brains, and to give them something to look forward to. It is cheap to pay a man well; in order to get the best out of his brains it always pays to pay brains, and search out the man who has brains.—*Mr. J. Vigor Brown, Napier.*

A Timely Flea.

I think we should exercise a greater amount of generosity in our criticism of public men. It should be our endeavour to avoid mistaking parochialism for patriotism, or, in other words, contracting the habit of grasping the telescope at the wrong end. That besetting sin is part of the mission of this institution to counteract. The club stands for the recognition of honest motives, the condonation of honest mistakes, and the generous appraisal of public services honestly performed. Post-mortem eulogy never did a statesman any good, but even the most profound patriot may fall a prey to evil thinking.—*Mr. Pierre C. Freeth, president of the New Zealand Club.*

A Rival to Hausard.

It is not the duty of Parliament to provide a library of fiction for the citizens of Wellington.—*Hon. Geo. Foulds.*

Libraries for Schools.

I should like to see boxes of books from our libraries sent out to our schools for educational purposes. That is a branch of library work that would be of great value.—*Mr. McLaren, M.P.*

Evolution of Conscription System.

Modern militarism in Europe was a growth merely of the last 40 years, when after the Franco-German war, Bismarck and Von Moltke—those men of blood and iron—imposed for the first time the conscription system on the States of the Fatherland until Germany had become the greatest military power, to be followed very closely by France, Russia, Austria, Italy and the other States of Europe.—*Mr. Herbert Carter, Wellington.*

Government and Daylight.

I am quite willing to apply this Daylight Saving Bill to the Government offices of the Parliament of New Zealand for two years as a trial.—*Mr. Massey, M.P.*

A Credit to Parliament.

I believe our Parliamentary library is well maintained, and equal to any Parliamentary library in Australasia. I hope it will develop into a national library, and that it will contain a complete record of all books on New Zealand.—*Hon. Geo Foulds.*

Taking His Measure.

The Boundary Commissioners had been fairly kind to him in regard to his electorate (Wellington North). They had extended the electorate nearer to Porirua, and on the west had brought it closer to the cemetery. At the southern extremity also he still had the goal.—*Mr. Herdman, M.P.*

A Corner in Books.

If the majority of the larger booksellers stood aloof, and refused to sell controlled works of fiction, the result would be that huge stocks would be left on the syndicate's hands. Of course, the public would suffer in not being able to obtain certain novels, but the booksellers could not be blamed for protecting the interests of their trade.—*Mr. H. J. Edmiston, Auckland.*

Beautiful New Zealand.

In New Zealand was to be found the greatest variety of beautiful scenery in the world. The fjords there surpassed those of Norway, and he had seen both. Tropical plants could be found in the North Island, and also gigantic trees which had taken centuries to grow, but were unfortunately falling fast under the axe and could never be replaced.—*Lord Ranfurly.*

A Plethora of Pictures.

Getting in the Academy or Salon means nothing. There is splendid work refused at both places. I realised the absurdity of the present method when I acted as one of the jurors appointed to select the paintings for the Autumn Salon last year. Think of devoting four solid days to the scrutiny of about 3000 pictures! The most sincere man loses judgment under these circumstances, and selecting becomes a caprice.—*Mr. Rupert Bunny, Melbourne.*

Liberal Interest.

The rate of interest which we paid for our loan money when the Liberal party came into power was 16 3/4 per cent higher than the rate of interest paid last year, £3 14/6. On the total amount to date if we had got the old rate that the Tory-Conservative antiquated predecessors left us, it would have cost us £698,627 a year more than we paid last year.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

Britain's Weakness.

What was the evil that beset the Motherland to-day? What was it that was weakening her? The answer was found in the figures that John Burns gave to the Conference, not in a spirit of despair, but in a spirit of profound sadness. He showed that in 1906 no fewer than 190,000 British people left their native country to scatter in places over the seas. In 1910 this number had grown to 240,000, while in 1911 Mr. Burns estimated that fully 300,000 sons and daughters of Britain would leave their motherland for other countries.—*Sir John Endley.*



A NEW SON-IN-LAW.

Britannia: "He is a very attractive person, but it always pains one when a stranger wins the heart of one's daughter."

The Bard as an Irishman.

If Shakespeare were to come back to us talking as he did in his own time, his speech, not only in pronunciation, but in many more essential characters, would be better represented by what we know as the Irish brogue than in any other way.—*Dr. J. J. Walsh.*

Inquire Within.

For the last four years the Opposition had been urging increased rates—anything, in fact, to relieve the railways from the consolidated fund. We heard them again and again before last election on the same plaint. Now the cry is: Reduce the rates, reduce the upkeep, reduce everything, and inquire into everything.—*The Prime Minister.*

The Great Unwashed.

Solicitors, clergymen, actors, writers, and others had nothing in common with the wage-earner. These were the very people, who in the past looked down upon the working class as "the great unwashed," and treated them with the utmost scorn.—*Mr. Cunham, Auckland.*

A Distant Relation.

A good many of the English people seem still to hold to the idea that New Zealand is a part of Australia. In one case at a dinner, Mr. Blomfield was placed beside another colonial, because they would probably be acquainted, although the other man had come from Canada.—*Mr. W. J. Geddes, Napier.*

Mixed Marriages and Daggers.

To prevent apostasy and adultery, I will never sanction a mixed marriage without having a dagger driven through my heart.—*Archbishop Kelly, Sydney.*

Boycotting Novels.

The only way to put a stop to the "corner" in books is for the booksellers to hold meetings, and send their united protest to the Publishers' Association of Great Britain. If this is not sufficient, we shall have to adopt more drastic measures, and we may, if necessary, go as far as to boycott the fiction controlled by the "trust".—*Mr. W. E. Arey, Auckland.*

Womanly Strength and Beauty

The woman who is really beautiful is the woman who is well. The languid nervous style of beauty once so popular with fiction writers is no longer in favour, either in books or in daily life. The beauty of to-day eats heartily and sleeps well, and trusts to nature to paint its roses in her cheeks. No medicine is better adapted to women's needs than

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Extract

It appeals at once to the palate and the eye, pleasing them by its taste and its tempting appearance. Its action is very simple and natural, since it builds up the bodily health by stimulating the appetite and digestion, and renews and enriches the blood by introducing more iron. It can always be depended upon, for besides being the best of tonics, it speedily breaks up hacking coughs and other bronchial troubles. Get Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Extract at your chemist's, and be sure you get the genuine, STEARNS'.

News of the Dominion.

OUR WELLINGTON LETTER.

WELLINGTON, September 2.

Affairs Political.

SIR JOSEPH WARD'S return has been celebrated in Parliament by the usual congratulations and re-eminations but hard words from his enemies do not seem to worry the Prime Minister overmuch. He looks well and in good fighting trim, and his speeches are brisk and lively, as of old. He has had to reply once more to the charges about the Coronation invitations, of which everyone is heartily sick and tired. These petty matters have wasted a good deal of time this session, but time is no object to the gentlemen of the Opposition. It is not likely that anything particularly useful will be done during the remainder of the session; members are only too anxious to get away to their constituencies. Another two months will be worried through somehow by Parliament; then for the elections.

Sir John Finlay's declaration of his intention to resign from the Upper House and contest a seat in the House of Representatives is warmly commended on all hands. The Attorney-General is a very different man to-day to what he was a few years ago, when he was rejected by a Wellington constituency, and he will not have a great deal of difficulty in obtaining his heart's desire—if only a suitable district be chosen, and there are several offering. His choice is not yet announced, but seats all over the Dominion are mentioned, from the Bay of Islands to Parnell, and Wellington Suburbs to Dunedin West. Sir John Finlay is not the most popular man with the great body of the electors, but this is simply because they do not know him. He is the cleverest man in the Ministry at this moment, and I confidently predict that before very long he will succeed Sir Joseph Ward as Prime Minister. It is the Mr. Asquith of the New Zealand political world; the brains behind the throne.

The House of Representatives was considerably amused on Thursday night over Mr. T. K. Sides and his Mean Time Bill, the Bill which was merely stonewalled out of existence. That is its usual fate; and as Mr. Sides has brought it forward now for three or four sessions one imagines he must feel rather dubious about ever introducing it again, even if his constituents give him the chance. About the funniest feature of the debate was Dr. To Rangihirua's comparison of Mr. Sides with his daylight-saving measure to Maui Tikiki-o-Taranga, the ancient Polynesian hero who set out to delay the progress of the Sun-god across the heavens. The comparison ended with the setting out, however, for Maui the Sun-god never succeeded in his endeavours, while Mr. Sides failed. The House was considerably tickled by the notion of likening the mild, even ladylike, Mr. Sides to the Maori Prometheus and Hercules.

The Parliamentary Library.

Mr Charles Wilson, Parliamentary Librarian, very properly pointed out to Parliament this week the impropriety of allowing recess-privilege holders to take out so much fiction from the General Assembly Library. The Librarian Committee has shown its approval of Mr Wilson's point of view by deciding that no fiction be issued to privilege-holders. Some people, according to the Librarian, take out nothing but novels from the Parliamentary Library, and fifteen to twenty per cent of the whole of the volumes issued are fiction. One cannot but strongly agree with the Hon. George Fowlds when he declares that it is not a function of Parliament to provide fiction for the people of Wellington, and so compete with the Municipal Public Library; but that the Parliamentary Library should be developed into a great national library, containing all books and pamphlets published in and relating to New Zealand.

There is undoubtedly a great abuse of the Library, not only by those who get the recess-privileges, but by members of Parliament themselves. Some members are exceedingly careless in their treatment of valuable books; leave them lying about in hotels and even trains, and try to persuade to see them restored to the Library. No doubt the best cure

for the complaints on the score of the rush for fiction would be to discontinue buying novels for the Library. Members of Parliament can do without fiction very well, and so one doesn't see why it should be provided for them at the taxpayers' expense. A Parliamentary Library is an absolute necessity if members are to keep themselves abreast of the times, but the average modern novel is not necessary; if M.P.'s want it they should go out and buy it. The library privileges are very highly appreciated by many Wellington people, such as journalists, who value the access thus gained to books of reference, and who are able to consult the latest works in science, biography, travel, and so forth. Mere novel-readers should be severely barred. They can get novels from the City Library, on payment of a small subscription, and that ought to content them. But they want their reading for nothing.

Whales and Whalers.

The laws and customs of whaling on the New Zealand coast have been investigated at great length and in interesting fashion over at Picton this week. John Keenan, head of one of the Tory Channel whaling parties, claimed from James Jackson, another old whaler, the sum of £100, value of a humpback whale, killed in the Channel. One of the witnesses called as a whaling expert, was John Love, a half-caste sheep-farmer, who said he had lived on the shores of Queen Charlotte Sound for sixty years, and had been whaling for forty years, starting with his father, Dan Love, one of the earliest pakehas in these parts. Other veterans gave evidence, too. The question in dispute was whether a whale-boat crew were entitled to a whale if their line parted after they "made fast," and the whale got away and was claimed by another crew. The incident in Tory Channel, out of which the lawsuit arose, seems to have been an exciting bit of work. They chase whales in oil-launches as well as in whaleboats now, over in Tory Channel, and they use bomb-guns as well as harpoons and lances.

"Whale-oh!" was the yell raised at the look-out station near Te Awaiti, and off set the whaling crews—Keenan's, Jackson's, and Poreno's. Two humpback whales were in sight. Keenan's crew got up close to one of them, and the headman (Keenan) put a bomb from his gun into it, and then threw the harpoon and made fast. The line attached to the iron was about twenty-five fathoms in length, at the end of which was attached a "drogue," or "drag," as it is familiarly called, which stops the progress of the dying whale. Whilst still in pursuit, Jackson's party came in between Keenan's boat and the whale, harpooned the big sea-creature, and claimed possession. For the plaintiff Keenan it was claimed that the custom which had prevailed in Tory Channel waters from time immemorial was that "first iron holds the whale." There were two rules known among whaling men, said counsel for Keenan on the opening day of the case. One was the "fast and loose rule" and the other "the iron holds the whale," the latter being the one adopted in Tory Channel.

The veteran, John Love, gave an interesting account of whale law, as practised in the Sounds ever since the days of the real old-timers in the whaling business. Joe Baker, Isaacs, Phil Himes, Billy Keenan, Jimmy Keenan, Dan Love, and the Jacksons. When he commenced whaling the custom was the same as it is now, and that is when one got fast to a whale, and the line parted, he claimed the whale because of the rope and "iron" attached. Supposing the iron came away from the fish, there would be no claim; the whale was free to an'one. If the rope was intentionally cut away by any of the crew the whale was reckoned to be abandoned, but if it was accidentally cut it would still be claimed. If the line gave out, it was the old custom to put a drag on, and the man that owned the line could claim the whale. He gave an instance of the old days, in which W. Keenan got fast to a whale, and it took all the line out. Witness got up to the whale, asked Keenan's permission, fastened on and got half the value. At that time he was with Jackson's party. He asked permission because Keenan had his rope and harpoon attached to the whale. This was over twenty years ago.

So the Picton Council House has been redolent of whale-lore and harpoons and humpbacks for a week or so. The S.M.'s judgment had not been delivered at the time quoting, but as each party announces its intention of taking the case to the Supreme Court if it loses in the Magistrate's Court, we shall probably hear a good deal more about it, and someone will have to go back to Te Awaiti singing the doleful old chant:—

"For we didn't get that whale, bravo boys,
We didn't get that wha-a-ale!"

About Some Maori Names.

One can hardly imagine any drier reading than the "Schedules of Applications for Confirmation of Alienations," of native land, published in the "New Zealand Gazette." But there is interesting stuff in everything, if you only knew how to look at it. For instance, the lists of Maori names in these schedules. How would they read if they were English, after the fashion adopted with Red Indian names in America? Just translate a few from a couple of pages in the "Gazette," published this week:—

"Old Man, Sky-Streaked-with-the-Rays-of-Dawn" wants to lease part of the Haututu block to John Davis.

"Long-Poll Stand-like-a-Tree" is another applicant for leave to transfer some of his ancestral acres. "Flax-Cloak" also has some surplus land to lease. "Tommy-Without-a-Sweetheart" is transferring a section at Orarohi to one Robert Young. "Heart of River-Girl" and "Cut-up-Alive" are two Maori ladies' names, rather suggestive of cannibalism.

Some of the combinations of Maori and pakeha names emphasise the commonplace of the latter, as, for instance: "Lift-up-the-Sky Brown"—no comma between Sky and Brown, please. Mr. "Stand-Naked" is surely a Maori of the Maoris. "Zachariah Hot-Water" parents evidently were under missionary influence when they got him baptised. "The Sound of Many Birds" (Tangimau-hau) is about as poetical a family name as one could wish to own, but the gentleman to whom he is leasing his share of the Ohra blocks is not nearly so romantically called, for his name is Doherty. Old "Dogskin Mat" is getting rid of some of his Rangitoto-Tuhina lands to a pakeha by the name of Otto. "Dying-in-the-Morning" and "Ward-it-Off" are similarly ridding themselves of their patrimony, and so are "The Spread-out-Sky" and "The Tui-Bird's Tail." Decidedly, there's a good deal in a name—a Maori name at any rate.

Preservation of Native Fauna and Flora.

The report on scenery preservation just submitted to Parliament by the Lands Department contains some interesting bits of information about beauty spots and native trees and birds. The most noteworthy item is Mr. E. Phillip Turner's report on his work as inspector and surveyor of scenic reserves. Mr. Turner is the right man for the position, an enthusiast for forest-preservation, and for the protection of our vanishing native bird life. During the past year he did a great deal of field-work on the Upper Wanganui and in the King Country. In his Wanganui River surveying he cut out three scenic reserves near the famous "Drop-Scene" (Aratira), above Pipiriki. Of this place he says: "This is without exception the roughest country I have surveyed in New Zealand; the bush is light, but it is one tangled mass of supplejacks, lawyers, and other vines. On nearly every line I cut out, a rope had to be used to scale the cliffs. In one line of fifteen chains there was a rise of over 1000 feet. Field-work in this locality is therefore difficult and slow."

Regarding native bird life, Mr. Phillips-Turner writes: "While camped at Waimarino I was pleased to find that the bell-bird (korimako, or, on the Wanganui, kokomako) is now very plentiful there. It was absent from there (and from the Wanganui also) for some years, but is now again plentiful. This bird far surpasses in the beauty and variety of its notes any bird I have heard. At day-break at Pipiriki the chorus sung by bell-birds, tuis, native canaries, sky-larks, blackbirds, and thrushes in praise to the great Author of Life and Day (who, one says to the contrary) is music that should compensate a tired and sleepy tourist for the hot he may have reluctantly left. At Waimarino also I saw a few robins, and heard occasionally the mournful but sweet note of the kokoko. The robins were so tame that they would

pick for insects under the tripod of the theodolite whilst I was observing; I even had to be careful that I did not tread on them. A bird of so unsuspecting a nature is not likely to last long. I found the canary as far north as Marukopa. As all shooting and killing of birds on scenic reserves are statutory offences, it must be strongly impressed upon bird-collectors and hunters that they are liable to heavy punishment if they take birds from our reserves. It may be mentioned that Maoris are in the habit of ornamenting baskets and mats, which they sell to tourists and the public, with the feathers of kiwis, tuis, and kokus. Such a practice leads to the wholesale destruction of such birds, and must be strongly deprecated."

On the cliffs of the Wanganui River, near its junction with the gory Alangai, Mr. Turner had the good luck to find a plant that is new to the botanical world, and which is one of the most interesting finds made of recent years in New Zealand. The plant grows only on damp, shady, precipitous cliffs, and belongs to the genus Senecio; it is rather a handsome plant with large bright green cordate leaves about 1ft. long, and is quite unlike any other Senecio. It is confined to a very small locality, and probably there are not more than a hundred plants in existence. "It will be another fact," says the surveyor, "to support de Vries theory of mutants."

"We have treasures in our scenic reserves," concludes Mr. Phillips-Turner, "which in years to come will be thought priceless by our successors. If it is largely our scenery that makes this Dominion one of the most delightful countries in the world, surely it is worth our while to make strenuous attempts to preserve what nature has so lavishly supplied. As Roosevelt lately stated, no nation with purely utilitarian ideals ever reached real greatness in its highest sense. Our unimaginative settler who protests against the reservation of a very small percentage (and that generally poor land) of the country for scenic and like purposes would be astonished at the stupidity of the Londoner, Berliner, and Parisian for not cutting up into allotments the beautiful parks of their cities."

Bound for the Pole.

Seven interesting little passengers, in the shape of Indian transport mules, arrived in Auckland on Friday by the Union Steam Ship Company's Aparima, en route to the Antarctic, where they will be used by Captain Scott in his dash for the South Pole. In view of the fact that there are four expeditions out for polar exploration—Scott's, Amundsen's, Mawson's and Shirase's—and that the book rights are pretty rigidly conserved, it is, perhaps, not surprising to find that even about the importation of this portion of Scott's equipment quite an extraordinary amount of secrecy is being observed. Public interest in the race for the pole has been increased by the knowledge that the British expedition, under Captain Scott, is to race a Norwegian expedition under Captain Amundsen. A great struggle is assured, for the opposing forces, early in the present year, spent themselves wintering in the same sphere of influence, and Captain Amundsen came in for severe criticism when it became known that he had so concealed his plans that nothing was known of his position until the Terra Nova reached King Edward VII. land. The Norwegian, having secured a base in the Bay of Wales, has the advantage of a starting point 70 miles nearer the Pole. For Scott's last stage will be about 350 miles; for Amundsen perhaps 280 or 300 miles. In the opinion of Professor David, given in a recent interview in Sydney, a sensational race will take place, and the Norwegians will have an advantage of travelling by reason of greater strength in the number of Greenland dogs which they possess.

Possibly, therefore, the secrecy which enveloped Amundsen's equipment and movements, and enabled him to spring a surprise on scientists in every part of the world, by unexpectedly establishing a base in the vicinity of Shackleton's old headquarters, and within a point of Scott's base, has led to similar tactics being observed by Captain Scott in regard to further movements connected with his expedition. Accordingly, when a "Star" representative on Friday boarded the "Aparima" he was informed by Captain Stringer that instructions had been issued from the head office to the effect that absolutely no information was to be given out regarding the shipment of mules from India. When the steamer

berthed, however, the seven sturdy little animals were to be seen on the main deck, looking none the worse for their long trip from Calcutta to Auckland. They were unaccompanied by any member of the expedition, and had simply been shipped at Calcutta, and given into the charge of those aboard the vessel. No trouble was experienced with the animals en route, and they will be transhipped to Lyttelton, there to join the Terra Nova when that ship leaves for Cape Evans in December.

While Amundsen's equipment comprises a fine lot of dogs, capable of travelling 60 miles per day, Scott is at present depending on 19 white Siberian ponies, which can only travel between 20 and 25 miles per day. These, when landed at Cape Evans, were in good condition, but should these fail him during the present winter, he would be heavily handicapped, and would probably miss his goal. Should this occur, Capt. Scott's plan is to make another attempt next season. Hence the arrival of the Indian mules in Auckland this morning.

Captain Scott, before giving directions for the dispatch of a further supply of ponies, went thoroughly into the matter with Captain Oates, of the Inniskillen Dragoons, who is in charge of the Western party's transport animals. Captain Oates suggested that mules would be better than ponies for the work required of them, and that trained Indian transport mules would be ideal. Both Captain Oates and Mr. Meares, his helper, have seen wonderful work done by mules in Northern India, especially during the expedition to Tibet, and there seems little doubt that these animals would do as well on the voyage and in the Antarctic cold as ponies, while they would draw greater loads at a more uniform pace. The Indian transport mules used by the Tibetan expedition accomplished remarkable work at great altitudes in very low temperatures, when ponies, yaks, etc., broke down. Captain Scott accordingly decided to fall in with Captain Oates' suggestion, and before the Terra Nova left Cape Evans he wrote to Major-General Sir Douglas Haig, Chief of Staff of the Army in India.

The mules now in Auckland were selected by the officers of the Army Department at Simla, and were for some time trained to sledge work at high altitudes, before being sent down to Calcutta for shipment by the Aparima. They are very small—scarcely bigger than large dogs—shaggy-coated, fong-eared, with hard sinewy legs, and looking as though, despite their size, they are possessed of great strength and endurance. It was also part of Captain Scott's plan to have arranged with a firm at Vladivostok for a supply of trained Siberian dogs, but these were not included in the Aparima's shipment.

Mails, Cables, and 'Phones Accountancy.

Sir Joseph Ward made some important statements in regard to cable services and carriage of mails at the letter-carriers' dinner on Saturday. There was, he said, a movement for uniformity of postage stamps, but he held strongly to the opinion that it would be a great mistake for different parts of the Empire to have a uniform stamp. The individuality of each country should be preserved. New Zealand's extraordinarily magnificent scenery was good reason for this.

In regard to interchange of Civil Servants, he saw no reason why members of the Post and Telegraph Department should not exchange with members of Great Britain's service. An interchange would promote the exchange of ideas, and our officers would bring back valuable information.

The Imperial Conference, he said, had agreed upon a definite course of action in regard to the penny postage system. Every opportunity would be availed of to bring other countries into line. England, France, and America had come into line, and Germany could not lag behind. The Conference had decided that the system should be extended.

The revenue of the Post and Telegraph Department of New Zealand was the highest of any country in the world in proportion to population. It exceeded one million pounds last year, equal to one pound per head of population. Ninety-six and a half million letters were posted in New Zealand last year, and over one hundred million were delivered. In addition to this nearly eight million postcards and twenty four million newspapers were delivered.

Some time ago the Pacific Cable Board decided to lay down a new cable between New Zealand and Australia. This scheme was prevented for the time being owing to disagreement in regard to the proportion of cost to be borne by the British Government. Mr. Asquith had informed him that the question would be reconsidered before long. He hoped there would be a second cable laid from New Zealand to Sydney. Doubtless Bay would be abandoned, and the present cable would be brought over from the coast, and carried through pipes to the Auckland telegraph office, resulting in the dispatch of messages from Auckland to Sydney as rapidly as from Auckland to Bluff. Similar arrangements would be made on the other side; instead of the cable ending at La Perouse, it would be carried through a pipe to Sydney.

The telephone habit was growing to such an extent in the country that the Government had decided to get an up-to-date system installed. He was sanguine that before long they would be able to materially reduce the telephone fee to subscribers at a distance, and additional facilities would be provided for establishing private lines.

Go Not to Law.

An action was pending for some time at the Auckland Supreme Court, and both parties got ready for hearing. Just on the eve of the hearing the defendants wrote a letter to the plaintiffs, pointing out that both parties were of a particular denomination, and it was contrary to the tenets of such sect to engage in litigation. In the letter, the defendants referred to I. Corinthians, chapter 6, verses 1-6. On being turned up, the context was as follows:—

"There any of you, having a matter against another, go to law before the unjust, and not before the saints? "Do you not know that the saints shall judge the world? And if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters? "Know ye not that we shall judge angels? How much more things that pertain to this life? "If then ye have judgments of things pertaining to this life, set them to

judge who are least esteemed in the church.

"I speak to your shame. Is it so, that there is not a wise man amongst you? No, not one that shall be able to judge his brethren?"

"But brother goeth to law with brother, and that before the unbelievers." The action was ultimately discontinued on friendly terms.

Why It Was in Camera.

Mr. Massey asked the other day whether the Government would give the House their reasons for not acceding to the requests of counsel and accused in the recent prison inquiry at Auckland to the effect that the inquiry should be public and not held behind closed doors. The Hon. Mr. Fox, in his reply this afternoon, said: "The inquiry referred to is being held under the authority of the Civil Service Act and the regulations made thereunder. Regulations which were made in 1873 provide that, except when otherwise directed by the Governor-in-Council, the proceedings of boards of inquiry shall be private. I am informed that it had been the invariable practice to hold such inquiries in private, and no adequate reasons had been given in this case for a departure from the usual practice."

Tontine Policy Methods.

"The matter has been under consideration, and great difficulties have been encountered in suggesting an effective remedy, which, in the circumstances, would require to be retrospective." The above is the Prime Minister's answer to Mr. Jennings' inquiry whether the expressed wish of a majority of the members of the House in the direction that the methods of the Colonial Mutual Assurance Company re tontine policies should be inquired into by the Government has been carried out, and, if so, what report is to be submitted to the House.

In War Time.

Speaking at a luncheon given by the New Zealand Club to-day, the Prime Minister (Sir Joseph Ward) said there was no one more concerned in the question of Imperial unity than the working classes of New Zealand. If anything went wrong they would be the first to suffer. New Zealand might protest herself against raids, but what could she do without a navy against vessels which carried guns capable of firing shots 15 miles, and at the distance piercing armour plate? Who, too, would keep open ocean highways for the mercantile fleet carrying away New Zealand produce to feed millions in the Old Country?—produce which made and kept New Zealand prosperous. The only way to keep the navy upon which New Zealand's existence as part of the Empire depended, was by a contribution from each of the countries of the Empire on a per capita basis, and not as had been done in Australia and Canada by diversity of navies.

The Prime Minister strangely condemn-

ed Canada's attitude in regard to the navy, viz., reserving the right of holding off in time of battle between England and other foreign Powers. "It was a good thing for New Zealand that the Anglo-Japanese treaty had been renewed, for the Pacific would be protected by a friendly ally when, it need be, British warships would be needed elsewhere. The people at Home were conservative and slow to move, "but," added Sir Joseph, "the seeds are sown, and they will grow." Everyone at the Imperial Conference, and outside of it, recognised that something must be done, but the details had yet to be settled. "It was better to have moved and to have withdrawn, than never to have moved at all," Sir Joseph concluded amid cheers.

Via Wireless.

New Zealand is already able to communicate with vessels in some of the surrounding seas by way of wireless, but the ethergram is at present but a very limited and uncertain quantity, for, although under very favourable atmos-

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Table with columns: Date, Goods received till, Passen, Mangapai, Paruan, Bay. Rows include dates from 1st to 29th with corresponding times and destinations.

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phic conditions, communications can be sent from the present installation on top of the Wellington post office to a distance of 500 or 600 miles, fortuitous circumstance enters largely into the arrangement. The intervening hills between the station and the ocean are a serious handicap as ray absorbers, and this detriment it is hoped to overcome shortly by the removal of the installation to the top of the Tinkoriki hills. The Dominion's chief places of talk with the outer world along the ether waves will, however, be situated not at the capital of the country, but at the Bluff in the extreme south, and at Awaniwi, in the far north. At Awaniwi, which is seven or eight miles distant from Doubtless Bay, and near Kataia, the task of forming the road approaches to the big station is already in the hands of the Works Department, and everything should be ready for the contractors to make a start with the erection of the wireless plant by November.

"The erection of this apparatus will be a pretty big job," remarked Sir Joseph Ward in the course of a conversation today; "for it means that ninety acres of wire lattice have to be erected, something in the shape of a huge umbrella, the centre-stick of which will be a pole four hundred feet in height. The area to be covered is, to be exact, a square 2000ft. by 2000ft., and the mass of swinging wires that are to catch the sound waves and transmit their messages to the delicately tuned instruments awaiting them will be supported by scores of lesser poles, so varying in length that the immense work will look very much like a great wire woven dome. The contract time for the completion of this installation is August next, fifteen months from the date of the signing of the contract, but it is confidently anticipated that the erection of the station will be finished by about April or May."

"As to the radius," said the Postmaster-General, when questioned on the subject, "the guaranteed range for the transmitting of messages from this high-power station is 1250 miles, day or night, but there is little doubt that this range will be easily doubled at night; in fact, I do not think anyone knows how powerful the station will really be. There seems to be little question, however, that we shall often be able to pick up South America. A rather remarkable thing about this wireless telegraphy is that it is good for a much longer distance north and south than east and west, and when we get the Bluff station erected I shall be surprised if we do not have pretty well continuous wireless communication with South America by way of the South Pole. The ethergrams will travel due south right across the Pole, and north again to the Continent. In this way we shall be able to pick up South America every time," said Sir Joseph.

Another peculiarity about wireless is that it is very difficult to get it to work satisfactorily across the equator. As a matter of fact, the working distance for transmission is reduced to an astonishing extent anywhere in the region of the equator, so that under the present state of development to which this mysterious medium of talking has reached it would be well-nigh impossible for a station of the utmost attainable power in New Zealand to keep in touch with, say, the Vancouver or San Francisco mail steamer after they had crossed the equatorial line on their way north, or to pick them up before having entered the southern hemisphere.

The machinery to be used in connection with wireless installation at Gisborne is now on order, and is expected to arrive at Wellington in the course of a few days. Sir Joseph Ward, informed your representative today. As the outcome of the chief telegraph engineer's recent visit to Gisborne, it had been decided to erect the installation on the Government block at the rear of the Post Office. The scheme provides for the erection of two masts, each 150 feet in height, from which the aerial will be suspended. Special timber is required for the latter work masts, and this was also on order. The only matter that was delaying the work was the question of the new Departmental building shortly to be erected in Gisborne.

The Gisborne station, the Minister went on to say, would have a guaranteed range of from 600 to 800 miles, while the daylight range would be about half that distance. As a matter of fact, the station would be the same as the present Wellington installation, which had proved to be of a much larger range, exactly how far they could not yet tell definitely.

PERSONAL NOTES.

The Rev. W. Day, who has been for a number of years pastor of the Mount Eden Baptist Church, has definitely decided to resign the charge.

Mr. T. K. Grigson, A.M.I.C.E., who has acted as assistant engineer to the Auckland Drainage Board since the drainage scheme was started, is leaving Auckland shortly for Victoria. He has received an important appointment under the Metropolitan Board of Works in connection with the new water supply scheme for Melbourne, and he will enter on his duties by the middle of next month. Mr. Grigson's departure will mean a serious loss to local tennis circles, as for some seasons past he has been one of the leading players in the Parnell Club and in the district tournaments.

A large and representative meeting of railwaymen was held at the railway station last week for the purpose of making presentations to Messrs. W. Oliver and W. Madigan, two well-known and popular guards, who have recently retired from the service. Mr. M. Bennet presided, and expressed the regret felt on account of their departure, and good wishes for their future success. A number of speakers endorsed the remarks of Mr. Bennet. The recipients, in reply, thanked their comrades for the presents, which consisted of a travelling rug, a case of cutlery, a case of pipes, and a silver matchbox each.

An early settler passed away last week in Mrs. Andrew Stewart, widow of the late Mr. A. Stewart, gun merchant, of Auckland, who died at her residence, Home Bay, in her 70th year. Mrs. Stewart arrived in Auckland as a little girl by the ship Jane Gifford, and lived practically all her life here. Her husband died 22 years ago, leaving her with a family of three sons and three daughters, these being Mr. J. W. Stewart (of the firm of Stewart and Johnson, solicitors), Mr. W. F. Stewart (secretary to the Auckland Gas Company), Mr. R. L. Stewart (of the firm of Brown and Stewart), Mrs. T. G. Brown, Miss Nellie Stewart, and Miss Beta Stewart. The deceased lady was one of the first parishioners of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Ponsonby, and took a keen interest in the local branch of the Young Women's Christian Association. The interment, which was private, took place today at Waikumete, the Rev. I. Jolly officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Cotter (Maunaki) left by the Navau last week for Fiji on a holiday visit to their son.

Mr. Henry D. Baker, United States Consul-General for Australasia, has returned to Wellington from Sydney in order to complete the report which he is making on trade conditions in New Zealand.

The "Tomka Leader" understands that Mr. F. R. Flatman has definitely decided not to offer himself as a candidate for Parliament at the general election. Mr. Flatman is not in the best of health, and he is afraid to risk the strain of an election.

Mr. M. Rudd, who has been appointed from the Union S.S. Company's New Plymouth office to be chief clerk at Auckland, arrived last week to take up his duties. Mr. J. A. Grimwood, whom he succeeds, leaves early next month to take up a position in the Company's Canadian-Australian and Islands department in Dunedin.

Mr. J. A. Valentine, headmaster of Timaru Main School, has been elected to the seat on the Teachers' Superintending Board rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. T. Hughes, who represented the South Island contributors. There were two nominations.—Mr. Valentine, who polled 526 votes, and Mr. E. A. Just, of the Lyttelton District High School, who polled 521 votes.

Dr. and Mrs. de Clive Lowe left for Suva on Friday by the Makura on a holiday trip.

Mr. T. M. Wilford, M.P. for Hutt, has been granted a fortnight's leave of absence from Parliament on the ground of ill health.

Mr. H. J. H. Okey, M.P. for Taranaki, has been incapacitated for nearly a week owing to an attack of influenza, but is now recovering. He has been granted the necessary leave of absence from Parliament.

Messrs. E. W. Alison and Chas. Ranson left by the Main Trunk express on Thursday to represent the Auckland branch of the N.Z. Shipowners' Federation at the hearing of the shipping dispute before the Arbitration Court at Wellington.

Mr. J. H. Gunson, chairman of the Auckland Harbour Board, left by Thursday's express for Wellington in connection with the Auckland Harbour Board Empowering Bill. Mr. Gunson also intends to interview the Minister for Railways regarding the Railway Department's proposal to reclaim for the extension of the Auckland goods yards.

Mr. F. Lawry (Parnell) has been elected to the position of chairman of the Agricultural, Pastoral, Stock, and Commerce Committee of the House of Representatives. This will be the 23rd session during which Mr. Lawry has presided over the proceedings of the committee, and in re-electing him the members of the committee spoke in highly complimentary terms of Mr. Lawry's services.

Mr. H. Elder, who has retired from the Wellington Education Board, has returned the whole amount he drew in expenses as a member of the board. His first refund enabled first-class microscopes to be purchased for the district high schools in his ward—Levin, Petone, and Hutt. The balance is now offered for such purpose in the Horowhenua ward connected with agriculture as the inspectors may consider most desirable.

Prior to leaving Christchurch for Auckland to take charge of the "Miss Gibbs Company," Mr. S. Stewart was presented by the Williamson Pantomime Company with a set of solid silver entrée dishes. Mr. Jack Cannon, the principal comedian of the company, made the presentation, which he stated was a concrete appreciation of the feeling of the company for Mr. Stewart's unvarying consideration and courtesy towards every member of the combination, from the call boy to the comedian. Mr. Stewart left for Auckland today.

Mr. T. Ford, of Belling, Victoria, arrived from Sydney yesterday, and is staying at Cargen.

Mr. Ben Myers returned by the Victoria on Sunday from a holiday trip to the Islands and Sydney.

Mr. William E. Burley, B.A., at present on the staff of the Lyttelton District High School, has been appointed science master at the Auckland Technical College.

Mr. W. D. S. Macdonald, M.P., who has been attacked with appendicitis, is making satisfactory progress, and expects to be back again in the House this week.

Messrs. W. Wallace Bruce and A. B. Robertson, of Auckland, have been re-elected president and vice-president, respectively, of the New Zealand Society of Accountants.

Mr. Hubert Burnett, who has been vicar's churchwarden of Holy Trinity Church, Woodville, continuously for twenty-five years, was presented by the parishioners at the annual meeting on Thursday night with a gold and silver service and tray, suitably engraved.

Mr. G. L. Cook, district engineer, was farewell at Tauranga by the Public Works staff on Saturday night on the occasion of his retirement from the service. He was the recipient of two presentations. Mr. J. Hannah becomes resident engineer. (Press Association.)

The Rev. F. W. Young, B.A., late vicar of Northern Wairoa, has been nominated to the charge of Northcote and Birkenhead in succession to the Rev. A. F. Smith, who has left for England. He will be formally instituted on Wednesday evening by the Bishop.

Mr. J. A. Grimwood, late chief clerk in the local office of the Union Company, who has been appointed to the Vancouver and Islands department of the Company's head office, left for Dunedin by the Tarawera on Saturday. Previous to his departure he was presented with a handsome rose-bowl by the office staff.

Mr. John Brodie, Mayor of Miramar, has consented to allow himself to be nominated as a candidate for the Wellington East seat at the coming general elections. Mr. Brodie will stand as an Independent Liberal, reserving to himself independence on a no-confidence motion. Mr. Brodie makes the fifth candidate announced for the Wellington East seat.

Sir Joshua Williams, responding to congratulations on his knighthood offered him by the Invercargill Bar, said:—

"It will be, gentlemen, thirty-six years next December since I first came to reside in the court here. I see before me a new generation of the profession, but during all those thirty-six years I have received from members of the profession nothing but kindness in the performance of my duties. I may truly say I have received from members of the profession throughout all that long period the most valuable assistance. I think I may also say that during the whole of that time there has not been any friction whatever between the members of the profession or, indeed, any member of the profession and myself."

Canon Long, who has been elected Bishop of Bathurst (N.S.W.), will be one of the very few colonial Bishops who are colonial by birth. He is the youngest son of the late William Long, of Christchurch, and is 36 years of age. He was educated at Trinity College, Melbourne, where he took his degree in 1900 with first-class honours in logic and philosophy. After taking orders, he was successively senior curate of Holy Trinity Church, Kew, near Melbourne, headmaster of Trinity Grammar School, which he helped to found, and Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne.

Private advice was received in Auckland today by Mr. H. B. Massey that Mr. Theo Bowling, the well-known Auckland sportsman, died at Christchurch on Saturday evening. Mr. Bowling left Auckland for Christchurch last month to see his horse Antares compete at the C.J.C. National meeting, and just after that gathering concluded, was in such a weak state of health that he had to be removed to a private hospital. Despite every attention he gradually sank, and the end came on Saturday. Mr. Bowling has been in indifferent health for some time, and his death was not unexpected. The body will be brought to Auckland for interment.

An optimist when nothing could dishearten worked in a skyscraper's twenty-eighth storey, and one afternoon while admiring the glorious view he lost his balance and fell from the window. Loud cries of horror from the street below at once filled the windows of every floor of the skyscraper with agonised spectators. To these horror-stricken people the optimist, as he dropped swiftly past storey after storey, shouted in cheery tones: "All right so far!" And his optimism was justified, for he alighted, quite unharmed, on a mountain of excelsior piled in the court.

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NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

LONDON, July 23

Mrs. Wm. L. Turnbull, of Auckland, and her son, Mr. Henry L. Turnbull, have recently returned to London from a visit to Switzerland and Paris, and, after an interval in the metropolis, intend to go on to the West of England. They return to Auckland by the Orontes, sailing November 24th.

Captain J. Southern Maitlow, R.F.A., who has been selected by the War Office as Instructor in Artillery to the Dominion Forces, will leave for New Zealand with his wife and family by the s.s. Turakina at the end of August.

Among the new Licentiates of the Royal College of Physicians announced at the quarterly Comitia held on July 27th, were Miss Maysie A. M. Collie, who studied at Otago University and the Royal Free Hospital, and was admitted under the Medical Act of 1876, and Mr. J. G. Crawford, of New Zealand. Miss Collie was also admitted a member of the Royal College of Surgeons at the meeting of the Council held on the same day.

Three died at Tunbridge Wells, last Monday evening, at the ripe old age of 92, one who many years ago served New Zealand in war and peace—Sir William James Tyrone Power, sometime Agent-General, and a veteran of the Maori War of 1846-7. Sir Wm. Power was the eldest son of Tyrone Power, in his day the leading Irish comedian of the London stage, who was drowned at the age of 44 in the ill-fated steamer President, while crossing from New York to Liverpool. Sir William entered the commissariat Department in 1841, became Assistant Commissary-General in 1855, Deputy Commissary-General in 1856, Commissary-General in 1863, and Commissary-General-in-Chief in the following year. He served in China, New Zealand, 1846 to 1847, in the Kafir War of 1851 to 1853, in the Eastern Campaign of 1854 to 1856, in the China War of 1857, and in Canada in 1862. Sir William served on the Board of Works in Ireland from 1849 to 1850, and was appointed a Commissioner for the settlement of frontier claims at the end of the Kafir War in 1853. From 1869 to 1871 he held the post of Director of Transport and Supply, and in 1870 was appointed Agent-General for New Zealand. He was created a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath in 1865, and was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for County Monaghan, serving the office of High Sheriff in 1874. Sir William, who was the author of several books of travel, married, in 1859, Martha, daughter of Dr. John Moorhead, of Armaghmakingrigg House, Co. Monaghan. His wife died in 1890.

Another veteran of the New Zealand War of 1863 has gone to his last rest. The death of Major Edward Brutton, late 57th Regiment, has taken place at the age of 74, at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, where he held the appointment of Captain of Invalids. Major Brutton entered the Army in 1855, reached the rank of captain in 1870, and retired with the honorary rank of major in 1881. He fought in the Crimea and in the Indian Mutiny, and also saw active service in the China War in 1860, when he was mentioned in General Orders and awarded the medal with clasp, and in the New Zealand War of 1863, when he was three times mentioned in dispatches and given the medal.

Among the visitors to the High Commissioner's this week were:—Lieutenant-Colonel R. Logan (Otago), W. H. Collis (Wellington), A. Mafinton (Wellington), W. C. McKnight (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. David (Crewe) (Wellington), A. J. Palmer (Otago), Mr. and Mrs. H. S. A. Clench (Otago), Miss Jean McKinley (Dunedin), Gordon Keesing (Auckland), H. R. Boyne (Wellington), H. G. Green (Wellington), H. W. E. J. and M. S. Jennings (Christchurch), R. P. Lempriere (Auckland), W. L. Falconer (Auckland), Wm. Parkinson (Auckland), Nurse Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. P. Moore, Captain J. S. Maitlow, R.F.A.

Mr. Martin Taylor, of Auckland, has been in England for the past two months and will be here for another four weeks on holiday. Mr. Taylor, who is a very keen bowler, played recently at the Crystal Palace, in the National Championship tournament—pitted against Ross, the champion of the Crystal Palace and Canada. The match was won by London. Mr. Taylor has travelled extensively in Scotland, Ireland, and the

HOME RULE.

WHAT DOES IRELAND WANT?

A NEW ZEALANDERS' IMPRESSION.

LONDON, July 23.

"I went to Ireland an ardent advocate of Home Rule. I've come away not knowing exactly where I am, and not at all sure that the majority of Irish people want it."

Thus Mr Wm. Davidson, the well-known educationalist of Dunedin, to me on his return this week, after a lengthy trip to Ireland.

Few New Zealanders have made better use of their holiday than Mr Davidson, who has spent a considerable space of time in the old cities of Italy, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and France, as well as journeying through Scotland and England. His tour of Ireland was made for a reason for which not many tourists would find leisure on a pleasure trip, viz., to investigate not only the desirability of Home Rule from his own point of view for the Irish, but their own ideas on the important subject. To do this effectively Mr Davidson mixed with all sorts and conditions of people in all sorts and conditions of ways, travelling first, second, and third class on the railways, stopping at good and at second-class hotels, and losing no opportunity of talking over the question with anyone interested.

His experiences, naturally, were varied. Some desired Home Rule ardently, some actually severance from England, and, startling though it sounds, a King of their own; many were indifferent, or prepared to follow wherever they were led; a great many appeared actually opposed to Home Rule and only too anxious to continue as they are to-day.

"In Dublin there is no doubt as to the general wish," Mr Davidson told me, "it is for Home Rule, and since Dublin would be the seat of government business men can see the many advantages that would accrue were the city strengthened in importance. On the other hand there is a large section of Irish people who told me quite frankly that England is doing more for them than they can hope to do for themselves. They recognise, in short, that she is doing a good deal more for Ireland than for some of her other children, a state of things that they think Ireland should consider carefully before despising."

On the question of education the New Zealander was, of course, in a position to be specially interested. "I had a conversation one day with a very sensible old peasant woman on the subject," he said, "and her views are probably more practical than those of a good many men who haven't given much thought to the question. She had no doubt in her mind but that it was infinitely better that England be allowed a hand in the question of education. 'I've got a girl at school,' she told me, 'that's learning how to cut out her own clothes and make them up, to make butter, dress poultry, and cook, and all this at school, and it's costing me nothing.' This she attributed to England's good management in the system of education. The very poor are much under the influence of the priests, and the priests are for Home Rule."

The M.C.C. team for Australia will be considerably weakened by the non-inclusion of C. B. Fry and Jessop. Fry has shown exceptionally fine form this season, and in the test trial he made 93 on a wicket that was all in favour of the bowler. He is always an interesting personality with his athletic figure and wide trousers, suggestive of "Jack Ashore." He is hardly ever still on the field, the abundant energy and vitality of the athlete keeps him, like a caged tiger, always on the move. Jessop, popularly known as the "Croucher," is renowned as a mighty hitter, and his appearance at the wicket causes the field to be spread wide to the boundaries. His reputation in the field is a by-word, and

North of England since his arrival. He is of the opinion, by the way, that New Zealand is insufficiently advertised in the United Kingdom, and thinks something should be done to improve matters in this direction. He intends to spend the rest of his time in London. Mr. Taylor, talking of bowls, says that he could pick out a team in New Zealand fit to compete against anything in England.

when in a match against Surrey he dropped a catch, and let a ball go by him the crowd could hardly believe their eyes. Never since the days of the celebrated Vernon Royle has there been a finer cover-point than Jessop. The clean grip of the ball and the lightning-like return are the very perfection of the fielder's art. But even with these two famous players left out, the team for Australia will be fairly strong, and we fully expect to see it give a good account of itself.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT 10000 ACRES OF THE AKAU BLOCK, RAUHLAN COUNTY, subdivided into 10 Sections (16 first class and three second class) are open for selection on the optional system, and applications will be received at this Office up till 4 p.m. on TUESDAY, the 23rd September, 1911.

Sale posters, giving full particulars, may be obtained at this Office.
ERIC T. GOLD SMITH,
Commissioner of Crown Lands,
District Land Office,
Auckland, 24th August, 1911.

AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S

SPRING FLOWER SHOW,
Will be held in the
CHORAL HALL,
On
THURSDAY AND FRIDAY,
Sept. 14 and 15.

HEAVY ENTRIES FOR DAFFODILS.
Afternoon Tea, Refreshment Band.
Admission 1/-, Children 6d.
ENTRIES CLOSE FRIDAY, 8th INST., AT FIVE P.M.

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Swanson Street.

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This is to intimate that we shall at once commence proceedings against any other persons who may sell or attempt to sell under our trade mark "Irish Moss" not manufactured by us.

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Christchurch, July 14, 1911.

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Antarctic Exploration.

THE AURORA SAILS.

LONDON, July 28.

The Australasian Antarctic ship Aurora, under command of Captain Davis, of Nainoa fame, left the West India docks this week for Sheerness, for Hobart.

Only two members of the staff of the expedition go out in the ship, viz, Lieut. Nimmo, assistant surveyor, and Dr. Metz, zoologist. All told, the officers and crew of the Aurora will number twenty-five; they will throughout remain with the ship. The bulk of the stores for the expedition is going out by the Aurora, which will also take forty-eight dogs, which have been secured in Greenland; thirty sledges, which have been built in Norway; and a very extensive oceanographical equipment, which has been lent to the expedition by the Prince of Monaco.

The monoplane, built for the expedition by Messrs. Vickers, is now being tried at Brooklands, and will be sent by mail steamer to Australia.

After her compasses have been adjusted by the Admiralty at Sheerness, the Aurora will ship 550 tons of coal at Swansea or Cardiff. On August 1 the vessel will leave for Capetown, and after coaling, will proceed to Hobart, the main base of the expedition. Here the dogs will be landed, and Dr. Douglas Mawson, the leader, and the staff of the expedition, numbering in all twenty-seven scientists, will be embarked. After visiting Melbourne and Sydney the Aurora will return to Hobart, whence she will finally leave for the Antarctic on December 1.

The vessel will then steam south on the 150th meridian to Victoria Land, and by the middle of December will land fifteen of the explorers who will establish a main base. The Aurora will next go west to Claire Land, where a second party of six men will be landed in January on the 150th meridian. Captain Davis will then take his ship west, and land a third party of six men towards the end of January in the vicinity of Knox Land.

Having disembarked the land parties, the Aurora will endeavour to penetrate to the South in the latitudes explored by the Challenger in 1874, where it is believed that open water extends for some distance south. When lack of coal renders it necessary the vessel will set her course for Kerguelen Island, and after obtaining ballast will proceed to Fremantle under canvas. In April the Aurora will again go south with a number of Australian scientists in order to carry out dredging and sounding in the seas between Australia and the Antarctic. In December of next year she will leave to pick up Dr. Mawson and his companions from the three Antarctic bases. As it is hoped that the work of the expedition will extend over more than one season, the Aurora will then retire, and leave again during the following season for the explorer. It is hoped that it will be possible to have the expedition completed in time to present its results to the British Association when it meets in Australia in 1914.

Captain Davis expresses the indebtedness of the expedition to Dr. Bruce, of the Scottish Oceanographical Laboratory; Dr. Charcot, of the French Antarctic Expedition; Mr. J. Buchanan, late of the Challenger; the Carnegie Institute of Washington; and to Dr. Glazebrook, for the valuable assistance they have given in the way of equipment.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Buchanan has presented to the Aurora a case of madeira, which was originally sent out in the Challenger in 1874, and which is to be opened when Dr. Mawson's expedition first sights new Antarctic land.

Dogs for Mawson's Expedition.

Mr. T. W. Arthur, who was head-keeper at the Wellington (New Zealand) Zoo, is going out in Hobart in charge of 48 dogs for the use of the expedition. Mr. Arthur has been spending a short holiday in London, after delivering a consignment of animals for Dr. Hornaday in New York. This trip to New Zealand will make the 35th that Mr. Arthur has made since 1879. On Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur took 21 of the Maoris now at the White City to "Jack's Palace," Commercial road, which was lately opened by the King. The Rev. Mr. Matthews, of the British and Foreign School Society, entertained the Maoris at tea, and gave each a souvenir, to take back to New Zealand with them. The Maoris were greatly delighted with their visit and reception.

Psychology v. Brutality.

Continued from page 2.

Burns was the man who supplied the evidence. Of some of the important scenes in that drama Lincoln Steffens was an eye-witness, and he has told the story of the part played by Burns in graphic language. The detective first got a grip on the situation by ascertaining that one of the ring, G. M. Roy, was wanted elsewhere for crimes committed in Guthrie, Oklahoma, and Washington, D.C. Confronted by his record, Roy became pliable as wax in the detective's hands. Burns had bills introduced in the board of aldermen that would seriously affect the business of Roy and others. Then he had Roy send for the supervisors and offer them money—supplied through Burns by speakeas—to kill the proposed ordinance. One or two of the supervisors walked into the trap while Burns was peeping through a guilet hole in the partition. That gave Burns a hold upon them. Through their confessions he got the other supervisors; and finally Ruef himself, driven into a corner, made his confession. But this was a long time in coming. Burns had his man under arrest for weeks and played upon his fears, his love for his relatives and his vanity. Finally, after Ruef had become pretty well convinced that Schmitz was about to confess, this appeal by Burns won the day.

"By Jove," said Burns, using his last and most potent plea, "if you do plead guilty in that French restaurant case, Ruef, we will make a sensation of it. We'll keep it dark until the day of the trial. The courtroom will be filled, everybody will be there or watching, and you and Schmitz will be arraigned. I wouldn't tell even my own attorneys, if I were you. Oh, well, one; tell— But pretend to tell him in court; let him tell the others. They will jump and you can all go off in a side room and have an agitated conference. We'll play innocent, our side, and you can come back, all paralysed. The attorney you tell night walk up and down as if he were suffering and angry, while you read your statement— And say, that statement, we can make that a perfect corker. I'll help you on it. You can act as if you drew it up at your little conference, but by preparing it in advance, you can make something that'll move the whole room to tears, and the town. Even the judge will feel it, and Schmitz—! Say, the mayor will drop in his tracks; for, I can give you this straight: Mayor Schmitz is not expecting you to do this."

This appeal to his vanity was what fetched Ruef at the last. All criminologists tell us that personal vanity is the weak point common to most of the criminal class. Ruef proceeded to play his part like an artist. His statement was carefully prepared, and Ruef preferred to read it himself rather than give it to an unemotional clerk to read. Says Steffens: "He held the centre of the stage in that scene; he drank the joy of the pain of it to the dregs. With choking voice, tears welling to his eyes, sipping water after every sentence, he read his farewell address. He told how he had started out in life; what he, a university man, had hoped to do for good government; his surrender to conditions; his fall; he recited the claims of his family upon him, their sickness since his arrest; and how he had decided to help from now on to 'destroy the system that destroyed men.'" Ruef went to the penitentiary freely admitting that "Burns is a great man." As the story is told, Burns employed not the astute deductive methods of a Sherlock Holmes, but what may be called the psychological method. By sowing distrust among the members of the ring with ingenious skill, and then appealing to the fears that grew out of this distrust, he induced everyone of the grafting supervisors and finally Ruef himself to confess. Even Schmitz wanted to confess and make overtures, but too late.

The same psychological method was employed by Burns in the case of Ulrich, the counterfeiter. This was the man who had made the portrait of Allen on a circular saw, and whose career so fascinated Burns as a boy. The sequel to that story is interesting. After Ulrich's release from the Columbus penitentiary, he tried hard to settle down as an honest engraver. But his friends got after him and again persuaded him to help them in their counterfeiting schemes. He was caught again, "penalised" on his pals and given a suspended sentence. Again he tried to live an

honest life, going to Trenton, where, we are told by Mr. Gatlin, he was the first man to introduce into the United States the painting of pottery, now grown to large proportions. Again Ulrich drifted back to evil ways, starting a bogus commission business in Germany and clearing up £40,000 before he was again caught and sent to prison. By the time he was out again, the small boy Billy Burns had become a trusted member of the secret service of the Federal Government. Ulrich came back and located in Cincinnati. Burns was assigned to watch him. He took an apartment opposite Ulrich's, and for five months he and his wife watched day and night before Ulrich made a move of consequence. Then the watched man made a start for New York, Burns on his trail, to join the Brockway gang of counterfeiters. Burns tells the incident of the arrest:

"When we arrived, Charley (Ulrich) went into a telegraph office and sat down to write a telegram, commencing with the body of the message, without writing the name of the person to whom it was to be sent.

"Have just arrived," he wrote, and then realised that somebody was looking over his shoulder. He looked up at me; I looked down at him.

"Are you interested in this?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well," he said, "maybe you had better write it."

"All right; I will." I took the pen and wrote in the name and address of the fellow the message was to, and signed it with Ulrich's name.

"Charley sat back, looking at me. 'You are interested, aren't you?' That was all he said.

"Yes," I replied. 'And I want you to come with me.'

"May I ask your name?"

"Burns is my name."

"Burns?"

"Yes—Burns."

"William J. Burns?"

"Yes, William J. Burns."

"Well, Mr. Burns, I'm very glad to meet you—but not under these circumstances. I know of you, but have never seen you before."

"Are you quite sure that you never saw me before this?"

"Never in my life."

"Do you remember engraving a picture of Governor William Allen on a circular saw blade in Columbus?"

"Yes, I remember that very well—very well."

"I used to live in Columbus, and I used to go out and see you there." And we shook hands."

Then Burns started in on Ulrich with his psychological method. He began by recalling to "Charley" the story of the latter's many betrayals by pals. Then he appealed to the counterfeiter as follows:

"It was a succession of betrayals, one after another, Charley. There never has been a man who has profited by your work who has ever helped you out. The man who let you do the work has always got big money, whilst you went to prison to live. Your wife had to come from Europe alone, and wash clothes early and late. When you came home you found that she had worked hard, had made good friends, and brought up your children well. You, like a big loafer, were willing to sit around and allow your evil friends, who are not friends at all, to get you into trouble again and put you in prison. You never take a thought of those young girls, just becoming women, that your wife has worked so hard for. You don't mind their being pointed out as the daughters of Charley Ulrich, the notorious counterfeiter." I handed talk like that out to Charley until the tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"What's the use of reuinding me of all that?" he cried.

"Because you need it. I want to ask you a question. Do you want to go to New Jersey and take the fifteen years that's coming to you, or do you want to come in with us—help us round up these crooks that have never done anything but play you false—and live right with God and man and your family?"

"By Gott! I want to go with you. Mr. Burns, I'll be absolutely loyal to you."

He was loyal. The whole Brockway gang was convicted. He and Burns became much attached to each other, and Ulrich lived an honest life thereafter, dying about three years ago.

Another striking illustration of Burns' methods related to a prominent federal official. When Hitchcock was secretary of the interior, Burns was assigned to some land fraud cases.

Hitchcock called on him for a report. "How far have you gone?" asked Hitchcock. "Far enough," was the reply, "to know that ——— is taking graft and has been chiefly instrumental in protecting the frauds." The name he mentioned was that of a man very high in Hitchcock's own department, close to Hitchcock himself and a Republican party leader in the Far West. "Stop right there," said Hitchcock in a hard tone. "You can't accuse a man of that sort unless you have the evidence. Have you got it? If not, get out of my office." Burns did not reply. He put on his hat and went out. Half an hour later he came in again with the very man he had named, and said to him quietly, "Will you kindly repeat to the Secretary the confession you made to me a few hours ago?" The official did so. Burns's psychological methods had prevailed with him as they prevailed with Ulrich and Ruef and Orhard. "Throughout Burns's career," says Chief Wilkie, of the U.S. Secret Service, "he has been noted for his ability to secure confessions from criminals he has caught. With but few exceptions he has led his prisoners to tell all they know. Sometimes he has gained confessions by tricks, but usually he has succeeded because of his remarkable knowledge of the cases on which he was working. This knowledge enabled him to notice the slightest slip on the part of his quarry and to catch him up immediately."

And Chief Wilkie adds that he "never knew Burns to take action in a case until he was absolutely sure of all his facts, and never knew him to fall down." He is absolutely honest, Wilkie further declares, according to the Washington "Post," which is also authority for the statement that Burns was offered £20,000 by Ruef and Schmitz to let the guilty men escape in the big graft case in San Francisco.

Burns's method, which we have called the psychological method, is, of course, one form of what has come to be known, more or less approvingly, as "the third degree." But the form of "the third degree" which has aroused a protest that has even reached the footlights has little or no psychology in it. It secures the criminal's confession by physical torture. Burns secures confessions by his head work and his skilful study of a man's mentality. The one is psychology, the other is brutality.

A lawyer is like a working man—his time is his capital.—*Mr. Justice Edwards.*

A good cure and a quick cure,
And a cure that's cheap beside;
A safe cure and a sure cure,
And a cure that works inside.
A nice cure and a sweet cure,
One that works so speedily;
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure for coughs
and colds.
Is the only cure for me.



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Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Sports and Pastimes.

ENGLISH ATHLETICS.

LONDON, July 28.

THE New Zealand sprinter, R. Opie, was among the competitors in the 150 Yards Invitation Scratch Race figuring on the programme of the British Press Charity Sports held at the Stadium last Saturday. The New Zealander won his heat easily by four yards in 15.5sec., which time was equalled by D. H. Jacobs, of the Herne Hill Harriers. So easily did Opie appear to win his race that the New Zealander's chance in the final was considered to be very poor. Opie, however, was not to be outdone by Jacobs, V. D'Arcy, of the Polytechnic, P. A. Robby, of America, J. A. Wells, Herne Hill Harriers, and M. Chapman, Finchley Harriers. Jacobs was first away, with Opie in hot pursuit. At the half-distance Jacobs was leading, but D'Arcy came with a rare rush in the last 50 yards and won a great race by 18 inches from Jacobs in 15 seconds "dead," Opie being beaten four feet for second place.

Considering the loose state of the track Opie's performance was a splendid one. Another Antipodean fighting in the sports was W. A. Stewart, of Tasmania, who won the 75 Yards Invitation Scratch Race from Robby, D'Arcy, and Wells in 8 seconds, his margin being four feet. Stewart is probably the fastest starter at present sprinting.

On the same day W. A. Woodger was competing in the Invitation Hundred at the Salford Harrier sports. He was beaten by Slangton of the promoting club, in his heat in 10.5-sec., but qualified for the final. In this he completely turned the tables on Slangton, but was beaten three yards by the American, F. L. Randall (the English 100 yards champion), though the latter could do no better than 10.5-sec., thanks to a rough track and a head wind.

The New Zealand cyclist, A. J. Taylor, and the Australian, E. W. Schneider, were both competing at the joint meeting of the Putney Polytechnic and Paddington C.C.s, held at Herne Hill on Saturday last. Taylor's event was the Mile Open Handicap, but he was beaten by inches in his heat by Chandler, of the Kentish Wheelers, after a rare set to.

Schneider was in the Half-mile Open Scratch Race. He won his heat easily, but in the final was beaten into third place by Bailey and Ryan, of the "Poly." The former winning by a wheel in India, 21.2-5 sec., with Schneider a couple of lengths behind Ryan.

The Antipodean tennis players, A. W. Handley and E. C. Pockley, became prominent in the New South tournament, completed last Saturday. Their great achievement was in the final of the Gentlemen's Doubles, in which they played magnificently together, they beat M. J. G. (Hobart) and A. H. (Sydney) by two sets to one. It was to win the scores in their favour being 6-3, 6-7, 6-3.

Pockley got in the semi-final round of the singles, only to get a rare thrashing from Ritchie, who only allowed him to take a couple of games in two sets. He then beat Ritchie in his first set, 6-2, and then to love at 6-4 each.

In the Mixed Doubles Dunlop and Mrs. Webster were beaten by Pockley and Mrs. O'Neill after a hard tussle by two sets to love, 7-5, 0-7, and the victors were booked out in the semi-final by R. S. James and Mrs. McNair, who won 6-2, 6-3. The conquerors beat Ritchie and Miss Talloch in the final 6-3, 2-0 retired.

Australia also figured to much advantage at the Netis Association tournament, concluded last Saturday. The victors were C. P. Dixon, S. N. Doust won the Open Doubles, beating in the final, the French crack A. H. Gobert and G. W. Hilliard, who gave the Anglo-Australian pair as hard a set match as they cared to play. The best set fell to Doust and partner at 6-2, but they lost the next at 7-5, and the third at 8-6, only claimed the fourth at 11-0, and the decider at 6-4, thus winning by three sets to two and 34 games to 32. Their association with Mrs. Lambert Chambers, Doust won the Mixed Doubles, the opposition consisting of A. H. Gobert and Mrs. Edington. Doust was fired after his 6-2 set match in the men's set, and did not play up to his form, but Mrs. Chambers played up magnificently, and the Anglo-Australian combination proved victors by three sets to two and 10 games to 15: 6-3, 2-6, 8-6.

Another Australian success came in the singles championship, Nottingham, in the final of which R. W. Heath beat C. P. Dixon by two sets to one and 10 games to 13: 6-3, 4-6, 6-4. Dixon was not seen at his best, but Heath played extremely well, and thoroughly deserved his victory.

An interesting feature of the "Weekly Dispatch" S.C. last Saturday was the appearance on the river in their war canoe of some of the Maori contingent now in London. Although the native contingent of the "President" (training ship) met at Blackfret, is 14 miles 1000 yards, and Battersby covered it in 3 hours 37 minutes, the slowest time on record, and that could have been cut down very considerably had the winner found it necessary to hurry up. Of the 20 starters 14 finished, the last man home occupying just 61 minutes longer than the winner.

CHESS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail," Box 283, Auckland.

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

The Y.M.C.A. Chess Club meets on Friday evenings.

The Hamilton Chess Club meets in the Public Library, Hamilton, every Friday evening, at 7.30.

Answers to Correspondents.

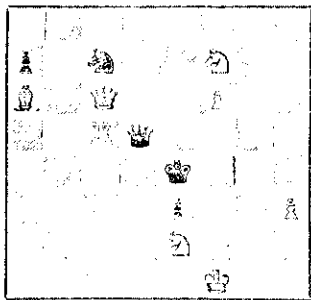
R. Mears, and E.K.K.—Thanks for letters and news.
P.C.C.—Your solution of 106 is correct.

Position No. 108.

By K. ERLIN, Vienna.

(Second prize, "Thskrift for Schack.")

Black five pieces.



White eight pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.
Forsyth Notation: 8: pK2N2; BQ2 P2; 2R3d; 4K3; 4p2P; 4S3; 5K2.

Another Capablanca Brilliant.

Played in a simultaneous exhibition at New York against a strong opponent.

White.	Black.
Capablanca.	Mnisenen.
1. P-K4	P-QB4
2. P-QK4 (a)	PxP
3. P-QK3	P-K3 (b)
4. PxP	BxP
5. P-QB3	B-K2
6. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3
7. P-K5	Kt-Q4
8. P-B4	Kt-B5
9. P-Q4 (c)	B-Ktch
10. B-Q2	Q-K2
11. BxB	QxRch
12. R-QK4	Kt-Qch
12. QKt-Q2	Q-B6
14. BxKt	QxB
15. R-Kt3	Q-Kt3(d)
16. Castles	P-B1 (e)
17. PxP e.p.	PxP (f)
18. Kt-R4	Q-R3
19. R-KR3	R-Kt1
20. Kt-K4	P-Q4
21. PxP	PxP
22. Kt-Qch	K-Q2
23. Kt-Q6	Q-B1
24. Q-B3	Kt-B3
25. Kt-Kt6 (g)	Q-B2
26. RxP (h)	QxR
27. QxPch	K-B2
28. Q-Q6-h	K-Kt3
29. R-Ktch	K-R3
30. Q-R3ch	Kt-R4
31. Q-Q3ch	Resigns.

(a) The Wing Gambit, admittedly risky, but offering chances to an attacking player. White secures a strong centre, and many things happen before Black is able to use his Queen's side pawns.
(b) Black's best plan undoubtedly is to "go the whole hog" with PxP. Afterwards P-Q3 may be played, and the KB developed by P-KK3, etc.
(c) This seems to let Black in, but White has considered all the possibilities.
(d) And the effort is that Black has changed off all his active pieces, and remains with a hopelessly undeveloped game.
(e) Black's only chance is by P-Kt3, etc.

(f) If QxP, 18. Kt-K4 followed, if Q-B5, by 19. Kt (R3)-Kt6, and if Q-K2 by 19. P-B5, etc.

(g) A beautiful sacrifice. Of course if PxKt, 26 R-Rch. If RxKt, 26. RxPch.
(h) Another fine move, finishing off the game.

"Daily News."

Chess in the 18th Century. (Continued.)

We now give a further extract from Philidor's treatise. The opening chapter is entitled "Game the First, with Reflections on the most material Moves; and two Back Games; one beginning from the 12th, and the second from the 37th Move of this Game." We do not propose to reproduce the "Back Games," as even without them the extract promises to be of considerable length. The text runs: -

1. White: The King's Pawn two Steps.
Black: The same.

2. W: The King's Bishop at his Queen's Bishop's fourth Square.
B: The same.

3. W: The Queen's Bishop's Pawn one Move.
B: The King's Knight at his Bishop's third Square.

4. W: The Queen's Pawn two Moves (a).
B: The Pawn takes it.

(a) This Pawn is played two Moves for two very important Reasons; the first is, to hinder your Adversary's King's Bishop to play upon your King's Bishop's Pawn; and the second, to put the strength of your Pawns in the Middle of the Echiquer, which is of great Consequence to attain the making of a Queen.

5. W: The Pawn retakes the Pawn (b).
B: The King's Bishop at his Queen's Knight's third Square (c).

(b) When you find your Game in the present Situation (viz.) one of your Pawns at your King's fourth Square, and one at your Queen's fourth Square, you must push neither of them before your Adversary proposes to change one for the other; in this case you are to push forwards the attack'd Pawn. It is to be observed that Pawns, when sustained in a front Line, binder very much the Adversary's Pieces to enter in your Game, or take an advantageous Post. This Rule may serve for all other Pawns thus situated.

(c) If instead of retiring his Bishop, he gives you Check with it, you are to cover the Check with your Bishop, in order to retake his Bishop with your Knight, in case he takes your Bishop; your Knight will then defend your King's Pawn, otherwise unguarded. But probably he will not take your Bishop, because a good Player strives to keep his King's Bishop as long as possible.

6. W: The Queen's Knight at his Bishop's third Square.
B: The King castles.

7. W: The King's Knight at his King's second Square (d).
B: The Queen's Bishop's Pawn one Move.

(d) You must not easily play your Knights at your Bishops third Square, before the Bishop's Pawn has moved two Steps, because the Knight proves an Hindrance to the Motion of the Pawn.

8. W: The King's Bishop at his Queen's third Square (e).
B: The Queen's Pawn two Moves.

(e) Your Bishop retires to avoid being attack'd by the black Queen's Pawn, which would force you to take his pawn with yours; this would very much diminish the Strength of your game, and spoil entirely the Project already mentioned, and observed in the first and second Reflections. Vide a and b.

9. W: The King's Pawn one Move.
B: The King's Knight at his King's Square.

10. W: The Queen's Bishop at his King's third Square.
B: The King's Bishop's Pawn one Move (f).

(f) He playeth this Pawn to give an Opening to his King's Rook; and this

cannot be hindered, whether you take his Pawn or not.

11.

W: The Queen at her second Square (g).
B: The King's Bishop Pawn takes the Pawn (h).

(g) If you should take the Pawn offer'd to you, instead of playing your Queen, you would be guilty of a great Fault, because your Royal Pawn would then lose its Line; whereas if he takes your King's Pawn, that of your Queen supplies the Place, and you may afterwards sustain it with that of your King's Bishop Pawn. These two Pawns will undoubtedly win the Game, because they can now no more be separated without the Loss of a Piece, or one of them will make a Queen, as will be seen by the Sequel of this Game. Moreover, it is of no small Consequence to play your Queen in that Place for two Reasons: the first to support and defend your King's Bishop's Pawn; and, secondly, to sustain your Queen's Bishop, which, being taken, would oblige you to retake his Bishop with the above-mentioned last Pawn; and thus your best Pawns would have been totally divided, and by Consequence the Game inhospitably lost.

(h) He takes the Pawn to pursue his Project, which is to give an Opening to his King's Rook, and make it fit for Action.

12.

W: The Queen's Pawn retakes it.
B: The Queen's Bishop at his King's third Square (i).

(i) He playeth this Bishop to protect his Queen's Pawn, and with a View to push afterwards that of his Queen's Bishop. Observe that he might have taken your Bishop without Prejudice to his Scheme, but he chuses rather to let you take his in order to get an Opening for his Queen's Rook, tho' he suffers to have his Knight's Pawn doubled by it; but you are again to observe, that a double Pawn is no way disadvantageous when surrounded by three or four other Pawns. However, to avoid Criticism, this will be the Subject of a Back game, beginning from this twelfth Move, to which you are sent after the Party is over: the black Bishop will then take your Bishop. It will then be seen, that, playing well on both Sides, it will make no Alteration in the Case. The King's Pawn, together with the Queen's, or the King's Bishop's Pawn, will play'd, and well-sustain'd, will certainly win the Game.

N.B. In regard to these Back games, I shall make them only upon the most essential Moves; for if I were to make them upon every Move, it would be an endless Work.

13.

W: The King's Knight at his King's Bishop's fourth Square (k).
B: The Queen at her King's second Square.

(k) Your King's Pawn being as yet in no Danger, your Knight attacks his Bishop, in order to take it, or have it removed.

14.

W: The Queen's Bishop takes the black Bishop (l).

(l) The Pawn takes the Bishop.
(m) As it is always dangerous to let the Adversary's King's Bishop batter the Line of your King's Bishop's Pawn; and as it is likewise the most dangerous Piece to form an Attack, it is not only necessary to oppose him by times your Queen's Bishop, but you must get rid of that Piece as soon as a convenient Occasion offers.

15.

W: The King castles with his Rook (n).

(n) The Queen's Knight at his Queen's second square.
(o) You chuse to castle on the King's Side in order to strengthen and protect your King's Bishop's Pawn, which you will advance two Steps as soon as your King's Pawn is attack'd.

16.

W: The Knight takes the black Bishop.

B: The Queen takes the Knight.

17.

W: The King's Bishop's Pawn two Steps.
B: The King's Knight at his Queen's Bishop's second square.

We hope to give the remainder of this game in our next issue.

Traps.

The play shown below is described in Gossip's "Chess Players Vade-Mecum" as a notable trap in the Ginoco Piano. It hardly comes within our conception of a trap, because the ensnarement is not immediate. Indeed, the subsequent play requires great care and circumspection to prevent the victim's escape. The play might perhaps more aptly be likened to the weaving of a spider's web, or the playing of a trout. However, the play is so full of interest and excitement that we think our readers will relish it perhaps even more than an ordinary trap.

The web is woven thus:—After 1. P-K4, P-K4, 2. KKt-B3, QKt-B3; 3. B-B4, B-B4; 4. P-Q3, Kt-B3; 5. Castles, P-Q3; 6. Ql-K5, P-Kl3; 7. B-B4, P-KK4, 8. Ql-K5, Black continues P-KR4, leaving his KtP to be taken. If White takes the Pawn, the game proceeds:

9. KtXP P-R5
Steinitz claims to have first brought out the idea of this counter-attack (starting from Black's 6th move) in the London tournament of 1862 in a game against Signor Dubois (white), who, however, at this point played 9. P-KR4. In his "Modern Chess Instructor" (from which the text and most of the following notes are taken), he suggests that if White here plays P-KR3, the following continuation:

10. KtXP PxB
11. KtXQ QB-Kt5
At this point Gossip leaves one to find the right continuation, which is not unlike putting a man down on a deserted mining field on a wet and dark night, and telling him to find the hotel, where he will get a change and a good feed.

12. Q-Q2
If 12. Kt-B7, Black's best answer, is 12. RXP, which leads to the same position by a transposition of moves.
13. Kt-Q5
13. Kt-B7

If 13. P-Kl3, Kt-K7 ch; 14. K-R8, RXP ch; 15. PxB, B-B6 mate. If 13. PXP, Kt-B6 dbl. ch; 14. K-R sq, RXP mate.
14. RXP
14. Kt-K5 K-K2
15. Q-K3 Kt-K7 ch
16. QxKt QR-R sq
17. Kt-B3 BxQ
18. Kt-Q2 Kt-K5
19. P-Q4 BxP
20. BxB QRxKt
21. PXR PXP ch
22. RXP BxR ch

followed by Kt-K6 mate. The concluding moves are borrowed from Salvioi.

ITEMS.

We learn from the "Illustrated London News" that the 58th annual report of the City of London Chess Club, recently issued, presents a continued satisfactory chronicle of progress and success. The outstanding feature of the year was the victory over America, by which the Newnes Challenge Cup becomes the absolute property of the club.

Auckland Workingmen's Club.

A well-attended meeting of the chess and draughts playing members of the Auckland Workingmen's Club was held in the club's social hall, Colough-street, last Wednesday, when it was decided to form a chess and draughts section on lines somewhat similar to those obtaining in the sister club in Wellington. The following sectional committee was appointed: President, Mr. C. F. Mack, the president of the club; hon. sec., Mr. W. Eymann; hon. treas., Mr. Chas. Clarke; additional members of committee, Messrs. Geo. Donaldson, E. A. de Montalk, R. Mackay, and J. Trickett, with Mr. R. Barrows as consulting member. The appointment of handicappers and referees was left in the hands of the Sectional Committee. We understand it is intended to start matches and tournaments as soon as possible.

Hamilton Chess Club.

The return match with Tauranga, which was played by telegraph, resulted in a win for Tauranga by 6 games to 4.

LAWN TENNIS.

WELLINGTON.

(By "ROMULUS.")

W. Sheppard (ex-Newtown and Wellington Clubs) is rapidly developing into a first-class player in Christchurch. At the last tournament held there he won the handicap singles from scratch, and also reached the semi-final in the championship singles and doubles. Last Saturday he met the veteran, W. Goss, in the first round of the United Club's championship, but was defeated by two sets to one, 6-1, 5-7, 6-2.

Alec. Duncan and Percy Wright, two of the most promising colts in local tennis during the last couple of seasons, have migrated to Auckland, and as they are both very keen and enthusiastic, they should make a name for themselves in Auckland tennis. Their doings will be followed with great interest by the younger generation of Wellington players, amongst whom these two Petone and Miriri representatives were deservedly popular.

At the Khandallah Club's annual meeting, held on 21st August, hearty votes of thanks were passed to Messrs. J. H. and G. H. Richardson in recognition of their invaluable services to the club. The father has been president since its inception several years ago, while George has carried out the executive duties season after season in an efficient and tactful manner.

Subject to the approval of England and America, the challenge-round for the Davis Cup has been fixed for 29th and 30th December and 1st January at Christchurch. The Canterbury Association will take charge of the New Zealand championships after all, the meeting taking place on the usual dates, 26th, 27th, and 28th December. Following on the Davis Cup meeting, the New Zealand L.T.A. has decided to hold an invitation championship singles event, in which the Davis Cup players and the

crack Australian and New Zealand representatives are expected to compete.

The annual general meeting of the progressive Newtown Club was held on 29th August, when the following officers were elected for the year:—President, Mr. W. H. P. Barber; vice-presidents—Hon. C. M. Luke, M.L.C., Messrs. J. P. Lake, M.P., F. Grady, sen., E. Y. Redward, W. Fraser, P. H. Muter, J. H. Pollock, T. H. Gill, and R. F. Lynch; Management Committee—Messrs. E. Y. Redward, F. R. Curtis, H. L. Godher, J. H. Clark, and P. A. Lewis; hon. secretary, Mr. G. S. Pratt; hon. treasurer, Mr. F. B. Spitsbury; delegates to W.P.L.T.A., Messrs. F. A. Lewis and F. B. Spitsbury.

The annual report stated that the membership was 79, the receipts for the year £205 10/2, and the expenditure £201 14/3 (of which £77 10/9 was the cost of erecting the club's fine new pavilion).

At the quarterly meeting of the New Zealand Council, held in Wellington on Monday week, Professor T. A. Hunter (chairman) announced that the Management Committee had arranged for an Australian ladies' team to visit the Dominion and play matches in Wellington at some convenient date, either before or after the Davis Cup contest.

The Khandallah Club has every reason to be satisfied with its position, both from a financial and playing point of view. The balance-sheet shows an excess of assets over liabilities to the extent of £57 18/1, while the men's and ladies' teams in the C grade competitions of the W.P.L.T.A. earned distinction for the district. The ladies were champions for the season with a record of nine wins and one loss; the men's team just missed championship honours, and was runner-up to Brougham Hill, winning seven and losing two matches.

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Wilding's inability to represent Australasia in the challenge round of the Davis Cup comes as a great surprise to Wellingtonians, as the principal factor in leading to the change of venue from Wellington to Christchurch was the matter of sentiment surrounding Wilding's engagement (called out on Wednesday) no doubt accounts for his decision not to come out to New Zealand for the challenge rounds, thereby vitally affecting Australasia's chance of successfully defending the cup.

Wellington Chess Club.

The six players who qualified for the "Petherick Finals" were paired as follows in the first round: Kelling v. Gyles, Hicks v. Cimino, and Pochy v. Carman. Gyles, as was expected, maintained his unbeaten record, proving too good for the scratch man who had to concede the odds of knight and move. Hicks, giving the odds of rook and move, won from Cimino after a desperate struggle. Carman, receiving pawn and move, beat Pochy.

The ladder match, Purchas v. Gyles, was won by the former. The second game in the James-Hicks match ended, after a prolonged contest, in a draw.

The "New Zealand Times" states that a tourney, to decide the championship of the Wairarapa district, will shortly be played in two sections—North v. South. The two winners ultimately playing off until one of them scores three wins. This will afford a sure test of superiority. We hope the two winners will live long enough to see it out.

Solution of Position No. 106 (Shinkman.)

- 1. R-R4, B-Q5 (any other reply means sudden death.)
2. R-QKt4 Any move.
3. R mates.

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, hand-icaps 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 junior championship was started on Saturday, when the qualifying round was played.

The following players took part:—Richmond, Louissou, John Frater, St. J. Clark, A. Carrick, C. Nathan, R. Towle, C. A. Gillies, H. Milnes, Leo Myers, S. A. Carr, W. W. Bruce, G. Pierce, M. George, J. H. Jackson, F. W. Thorne, A. E. Kinder, E. D. Benjamin, C. J. Owen, S. A. Longuet, F. Binney, C. O. Maloney, W. Gorrie, B. S. Finn, J. J. Kingston, E. W. Cave, J. B. Macfarlane, J. Evans, T. D. Ball, W. Fairclough, A. Farmer, B. Noakes, C. R. Brown, A. M. Ferguson, B. B. Dawson, H. Allen, J. W. Hall, James Frater, S. Hanna, A. Cooper, S. Brigham. The conditions were medal play, the 16 players returning the best scores to qualify for match play. The following 16 qualified:

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W. Fairclough 90, T. Ball 101, Kingswell 102, J. Frater 102, C. Mahoney 103, J. W. Hall 103, C. Nathan 103, B. Dawson 104, John Frater 104, J. Binney 104, C. Brown 105, H. Richmond 106, S. Hanna 106, J. B. Macfarlane 106, H. Allen 106, A. Ferguson 106, G. Pierce 106. Ferguson and Pierce play off for 16th place.

The draw for the first round of match play is as follows:—Macfarlane plays Binney, Allen plays Brown, Hall plays Dawson, Kingswell plays Richmond, Fairclough plays Mahoney, J. Frater plays Nathan, T. Ball, S. Hanna plays the winner of the Pierce-Ferguson tie.

WELLINGTON.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

WELLINGTON, Saturday. The Wellington Golf Club's competition for the captain's (Mr. W. B. Lees) prize was played to-day on the Heta-tanga Links, and resulted in a win for A. J. Abbott and Miss Wheeler, with the excellent score of two up. The next best cards handed in were G. T. George and Miss R. Simpson, three down; C. J. Nathan and Miss Burnes, four down.

RICHMOND.

The first round of the junior championship was played last week. Results: Watts beat Dublin, Symes beat Goyen, Spanger beat Modlin, Ciffin beat J. Harley, C. Preston beat Button, F. Preston beat Crawford, Ledger beat Hamilton, Parson beat De Thier, Staveley beat Francis, Hawker beat Sherwin.

Manawatu Tournament.

There was beautiful weather on August 29, for the opening of the Manawatu golf tournament, and the links were in splendid order.

Driving and Approaching Competition.—Kapi Tareha, first, 101. 1/2m. from flag; Arthur Duncan, second, 141. 1/2m. from flag; W. Bendall, third, 221. 1/2m. from flag; J. R. McLennan, fourth, 237. from flag.

Kurepo Tareha, Hawke's Bay, champion, was unable to be present.

36 Hole Competition.—First Round: The four best cards sent in were:—K. Duncan 75, V. Harman 75, R. P. Abraham 100, J. C. Bidwill 168, K. Duncan 108; total, 664. Manawatu A: A. Barrard 176, L. Seifert 177, J. Strang 179, H. L. Young 180; total, 712.

36-Hole Stroke.—C. Louissou, 185, 36 1/4; R. P. Abraham, 182, 26 1/4; St. C. Jounneaux, 186, 30 1/4.

In the play-off for the second place in the 36th-hole stroke competition, R. P. Abraham beat St. C. Jounneaux.

The Nathan Cup goes to F. Seifert. Last year's winner, Mr. R. P. Abraham second. Details of the playe are as follows:—

Championship.—Second round: Kapi beat R. P. Abraham 3 up and 2; A. Strang beat Butterworth 6 and 5; J. C. Bidwill beat W. Read 2 and 1; K. Duncan beat A. Barrard 4 and 3.

Bogey Handicap.—Butterworth, 3, 2 down; Dr. Cox 5, 2; S. Seifert 6, 2; H. Cooper 8, 3; N. Green 3, 3; J. C. Bidwill scratch, 3; A. Barrard 2, 3; A. Duncan owes 4, 4; L. Seifert 3, 4; W. Bendall 16, 4; H. Cheroot 4, 6; Jounneaux 9, 5; W. McIntosh 7, 5; W. Seifert 10, 5; the rest ranged from 6 to 8 down.

Stroke Handicap.—A. Duncan 76, over 4-80; R. Abbott 91, 10-81; H. G. Moore 94, 11-84; A. Gillies 93, 10-83; J. R. McLennan 101, 18-83; D. C. Moore 95, 11-84; W. Seifert 98, 14-84; J. Strang 93, 5-88; G. Lang Meason 107, 18-89; K. Duncan 98, 3-90; W. McIntosh 100, 10-90; St. C. Jounneaux 103, 12-91.

The meeting was continued on August 31, when the semi-final of the championship resulted in A. Duncan defeating Kapi

3 up and 2 to play, and Ken. Duncan defeating J. C. Bidwell 2 up and 1 to play.

The bogey handicap was won by L. Seifert, handicap 4, 1 up; H. R. Cooper being second, handicap 0, 1 down.

The Championship.—The championship went to Arthur Duncan, who already has a long record of championships. He fought out the final with his brother Ken, who played excellently, making the finish an exciting one. In the final K. Duncan was 2 down at the fourth, and got square at the 10th, and was still square at the 14th. The cards were as follow:—A. Duncan, 3 up. A. Duncan (out), 3, 5, 6, 7, 5, 4, 5, 4, 5, (in) 4, 5, 4, 5, 6, 4, 3, 4, 4.

K. Duncan (out) 4, 4, 6 (—), 5, 4, 5, 4, 5, (in), 4, 4, 3, 6, 5, 6, 5, 4, 4.

Continuous putting: H. G. Moore 1, Harden 2, H. Cooper 3.

Bogey Handicap: L. Seifert 4, 1 up; H. Cooper 9, 1 down; W. Bendall 15, 1 down; H. G. Moore 7, 4 down; H. N. Watson 14, 4 down; Jouneauux 10, 4 down.

Four-ball Competition: F. and W. Seifert, 75—11—64; H. R. Cooper and L. Seifert 72—7—65; Laing-Meason and Green, 77—11—66; Cherout and Gillies, 75—8—67; L. M. Abraham and D. G. Moore, 78—11—67; McLennan and Bendall 85—18—67; Slack and Jouneauux 79 12—67; McFaidy and Butterworth, 75—7—67; Kapi and P. Sim, 75—7—68; Louison and Wright, 84—15—69; Young and Tyerman, 76—6—70.

After the matches were over players gathered at the pavilion, where the prizes were awarded by Mrs V. Harman, wife of the President of the Club.

New Zealand Championship Meeting.

The New Zealand Golf Championship meeting opened at the Belmont links, Wanganui, on Monday, September 4th. The first two days were occupied with the first, second, third, and fourth rounds of the open, the first and second qualifying grounds of the amateur championship and the Inter-Club Challenge Vase. Following is the programme for the last four days of the meeting:—

Wednesday, 6th September.—9 a.m., professionals' match, first round; 9:30 a.m., amateur championship, first round; 1:30 p.m., bogey handicap.

Thursday, 7th September.—9 a.m., professionals' match, second round; 9:30 a.m., amateur championship, second round; 1:30 p.m., foursome bogey handicap.

Friday, 8th September.—9 a.m., professionals' match, third round; 9:30 a.m., amateur championship, third round; 1:30 p.m., amateur championship, fourth round; 2 p.m., medal handicap.

Saturday, 9th September.—9 a.m., professionals' match, final; 9:30 a.m., final amateur championship; 1:30 p.m., final amateur championship.

STRATFORD.

The final for the men's championship of the Stratford Golf Club was played last week, between J. R. L. Stanford, the previous holder, and S. Spence, who has also held the position on a previous occasion. The match was played over 36 holes, Spence leading one up at the first 18; this lead he increased to 4 at the beginning of the afternoon's play, and from then on maintained a good position till Stanford drew level with him 5 holes from home. Spence succeeded in winning the next 3 holes, thus taking the match by 3 up and 2 to play.

The following are the results of the various rounds:—1st round: Stanford beat Cardale 3 and 2; Fussell beat Thompson 2 and 1; Spence beat Umanke 3 and 2; Cargill beat Robinson 9 and 8. Second round: Stanford beat Fussell 3 and 1; Spence beat Campbell 9 and 8. Final: Spence beat Stanford 3 and 2.

The August monthly medal was won by J. H. Thompson, with a nett score of 94.

POVERTY BAY.

A great deal of interest was taken in the semi-finals played on Saturday for the championship. F. H. V. Traill beat G. M. Doudgshan (the present champion) by 1 up on the nineteenth; a most exciting game throughout and well contested.

In the second match, G. Willock (a

former champion) beat W. Gibson by 1 up; also closely contested games.

The result of Saturday's play leaves F. H. W. Traill and G. W. Willock to fight out the final. This is postponed until the 17th.

FEILDING.

Last week a team of ladies and gentlemen of the Feilding Golf Club visited Kimbolton, and enjoyed a friendly game with the local club. Results were in favour of the Feilding players. Following are the detailed results, Feilding players being mentioned first in each case:—

Ladies.—Miss Prior 0 v. Mrs. Beedie 1; Mrs. Harding 1 v. Mrs. Astbury 0; Miss Bruce 1 v. Mrs. Henderson 0; Miss Haybittle 1 v. Mrs. Bartlett 0; Mrs. Tingley 1 v. Miss Cross 0; Miss Shannon 1 v. Miss Brown 0; Miss O'Halloran 1 v. Mrs. Palmer 0.

Gentlemen.—Power 1 v. Palmer 0; Banks 1 v. Verry 0; Lewis 0 v. Baddeley 1; Davey 1 v. Aikman 0; Hawk 1 v. McBeth 0; Harding 1 v. Bloxam 0; Chabner 0 v. Beedie 1; Prior 0 v. Henderson 1; Lokie 0 v. Baker 1; Ellis 1 v. Curayne 0.

MARORO.

The bogey matches played last week resulted in a win for W. Young on Thursday, who was in good form, finishing 3 up on the Colonel.

On Saturday, A. Woon won the senior competition, being 1 down, Sigley coming second, 3 down.

Wells easily beat the Colonel, finishing 7 up, and winning the junior medal. Dickson, quite a new player, came second, 3 up.

NELSON.

The final of the men's championship was played off on August 26th between Messrs. Price and Brown, over 36 holes, which occupied just on six hours, and an exciting match resulted in Brown's favour, 1 up.

In the final of the junior championship, Messrs. McLaren and Waller had a good fight, and Walker eventually finished 2 up and 1 to play.

NAPIER.

A handicap foursome, medal play, was played on the Waiohiki links last week. Following are the best scores handed in:—

A. F. Roberts and R. D. Kettle, 84—6—78; H. J. Smith and A. O. Russell, 89—8—81; Kurapo Tareha and Kapi Tareha, 81—2—83; G. F. Thorburn and E. L. Gordon, 87—4—83; G. Kelly and P. H. Kelly, 93—10—83; A. M. Retemeyer and H. von Dadelzen, 98—15—83; C. Brabant and A. D. Brown, 104—20—84; Dr Harvey and J. K. Thornburn, 99—12—87; F. V. Kettle and J. Hindmarsh, jun., 102—15—87; D. R. Murray and T. Rome, 99—11—88.

HAGLEY.

The match between New Brighton Club and a Hagley team was played at the Hagley Links, and resulted in a win for Hagley. The results are as follows, Hagley players being mentioned first in each instance:—H. Matson 1, J. Stable 0; D. Hoare 1, W. L. Milner 0; J. H. C. Bond 4, D. Craig 3; D. Mann 1; A. H. Clarke 0; F. M. Warren 1, D. Collins 0; S. H. Seager 1; J. Clarke 0; F. B. Brown 1, R. S. Williams 0; E. J. Ross 1, T. G. Blakely 0; H. M. Ross 1; H. E. D. Wilcock 0; C. H. White 1, H. F. Francis 0; H. D. Andrews 1, L. H. Wreathall 0; Totals, 104; 4.

ASHBURTON.

A mixed foursomes match played last week in connection with the Ashburton Golf Club for prizes presented by Mr W. J. P. Hodgkins, resulted as follows:—Mrs D. Friedlander and J. R. Hart (handicap 21), 3 up; Miss B. Makeig and U. P. Boat (24), 2 down; Mrs E. A. Denham and E. W. Cardale (9), 7 down; Mrs E. G. Crisp and R. G. Allington (23), 7 down; Miss D. Keith and A. T. Robertson (24), 8 down; Miss Q. Keith and E. A. Denham (15), 9 down; Miss D. Deanshire and R. Friedlander (17), 10 down; Miss O. Friedlander and L. Owen (22), 10 down; Mrs H. Friedlander and H. H. Hammond (24), 11 down.

The final for the championship was played on Saturday, when D. Wood beat E. A. Denham. At one stage of the game Denham led by 3 holes, which later was altered to 5 down against him. Then the score was "all square," after which Wood established a lead, and ultimately won by 6 holes.

NGAMOTU.

The following are the results of the qualifying rounds for the men's club championship:—E. S. Jones, 88, 81—109; W. C. Weston, 86, 84—170; A. H. Glasgow, 88, 88—176; H. H. Ward, 88, 88—176; A. Bewley, 95, 82—177; W. Bewley, 88, 91—179; J. Paton, 92, 93—185; J. S. S. Medley, 90, 97—187; E. Bury, 90, 99—189; J. W. Haslam, 95, 95—190; W. S. G. Paton, 98, 101—199; D. Hutchen, 107, 102—209; C. A. Beuhow, 106, 114—220. The first eight players have qualified.

For the best net scores for players with a handicap of 10 and under, A. H. Glasgow takes first prize, and E. S. Johns second. Results:—A. H. Glasgow, 176—16—160; F. S. Johns, 169—4—165; W. C. Weston, 170—sev—170; A. Bewley, 177—6—171.

For players with a handicap of over 10, J. W. Haslam takes first prize, with 190—12—168, and W. S. G. Paton second with 190—24—175.

TAIHAPE.

The only cards handed to the secretary, in connection with the stroke competition on August 17, were:—Eiby, gross 101, handicap 35 net 66; Ryan, 96—24—72; Shergold, 96—23—73.

In the second round of the championship, Boyd beat Garratt, Nichol beat Neagle, Ryan beat Moffatt, and Todd beat Garner.

CAMBRIDGE.

The August medal competition was played off on Wednesday and Saturday last, and resulted in a win for Mr. A. Richardson with a card of 82 net, Mr N. Banks and Mr. J. Bryce tying for second place with 87.

In the ladies' section, Miss B. Taylor won with a score of 94 net.

Mr. J. Arnold has presented a prize for competition by any lady player who has not won a trophy. This is being played for this week; the conditions are the best score for nine holes only, with club handicap.

The president, Mr. C. C. Buckland, has presented trophies for a mixed foursomes competition to be played about the middle of the month. Partners and opponents will be drawn for.

The September medal competitions have been postponed until Wednesday and Saturday, 20th and 23rd inst.

Messrs. Nicoll, M. Wells, and D. McCormack (Auckland) have left to take part in the Wanganui championship meeting.

HAWERA.

The final of the Hawera Golf Club's senior championship was played between Messrs. Kitto and O'Callaghan, and an extremely interesting game was fought out. In the morning round Kitto took the lead from the first hole, O'Callaghan squaring the second. Then the bullets, the return and the next three all went to Kitto in 5's. O'Callaghan was 4 down at the end of the first 18 holes. In the afternoon Kitto again took the lead with a 4 at the 19th. The next 5 holes went to O'Callaghan. The players were all square at the end of 27 holes; Playing the last round O'Callaghan made himself one up at the Waste, Land's end, the bullets and the return were all halved. O'Callaghan won the crossing in 5 and also the valley in 5. O'Callaghan was then downy 3 and winning the glade with a beautiful 3, won the match and the 1911 championship by 4 up and 2.

The junior championship also proved to be a very interesting game. Messrs. Mason and Gibson being the contestants. The first nine holes produced good golf, Gibson being 2 up at the turn. Mason squared at the 14th, and Gibson ended 1 up at the end of the 18 holes. In the afternoon Mason at the 17th was 3 up. He increased his lead and won the match and junior championship by 5 up and 4.

LADIES' GOLF.

LADIES' OPEN TOURNAMENT FIXTURES.

Wanganui Club—12th September, and following days.
New Zealand Ladies' Championship—2nd to 7th October.
Manawatu Club 11th October, and following days.

AUCKLAND.

The match for Mrs Mitchell's prize has now reached the semi-final stage. There were several interesting matches played in the third round, notably: Mrs W. R. Bloomfield v. Miss Mely Cotter; the former player having to concede three strokes, and winning 4 up and 2. Miss A. Carr had a handsome victory over Miss Jean Richmond, beating her 4 and 3. Miss Winnie Cotter beat Miss M. Kissling 6 and 5. Miss Ethna Pierce beat Miss A. Henderson 6 and 5. In the semi-final Mrs W. R. Bloomfield plays Miss Ethna Pierce, and Miss Winnie Cotter plays Miss A. Carr.

Miss Pearce, who has just won the Wellington championship, is in splendid form. After winning the championship of the Wairarapa, and doing several rounds low down in the eighties, she put up a record for the Trentham links, doing a 78, I believe. Mrs Guy Pierce was the runner-up, and was beaten on the putting green, time after time, there not being much to choose between their long game. Miss Pearce won 2 up and 1 to go.

Again these two players contested a final, this time that of the Hawke's Bay, championship, which is decided by a 36 hole match. Mrs Guy Pierce won at the 37th hole. All the Auckland Club members are delighted at Mrs Guy Williams return to form. Mrs Guy Williams broke the record for the Napier course, doing an 84.

Great interest is being taken in the coming provincial championship which starts on Monday 11th at Middlemore Park. The qualifying round for the junior championship will be played on Thursday, 7th inst., the first eight to qualify.

The monthly medal handicap was played on Monday, with the following result: Miss Stella McLean, gross 113, handicap 36, net 77; Miss Sybil Payton, 110—27—83; Miss Ethna Pierce, 94—9—85; Miss Midge McLean, 102—26—86; Miss Mary Goddes, 126—40—86.

The tie between the Misses Gwen Gorrie, Winnie Cotter and Midge McLean, was played off concurrently with the medal, and was won by Miss Midge McLean, 102—26—86.

Waitemata.

A competition held for second division players of the Waitemata Club, for a prize presented by Mrs Ernest Benjamin, was won by Miss Dunster.

The first round of the club's championship was played, Miss Harvey beating Mrs Martin.

A driving competition was held on Wednesday for a prize presented by Miss Cousins. Miss Miller was the winner.

The final for the gold medal will be played for next Wednesday, 6th inst. Miss Miller plays Miss Newell, and Miss Duder plays Miss Bray.

NELSON.

The ladies' team from Mirimar arrived on Saturday and spent the afternoon on the links on Monday and Tuesday. On Saturday evening the ladies captain, Mrs. A. P. Barnes, entertained the visiting team and the local players at a bridge party. The visitors are as follows: Mrs. Freeth, Mrs. Frith, Mrs. Watkins, Misses Didsbury, Doughty, Gray, Gavin, Seed (2), Mrs. Holmes, Miss Marks. Eleven matches were played, the Nelson Club winning, 9 Mirimar 2.

WANGANUI.

In the final round of the Wanganui ladies' club championships, Mrs. Izard beat Mrs. Good, 2 up and 1 to play.

POVERTY BAY.

The final of the Ladies' Championship Match played on Tuesday between Miss Adams (an old champion) and Miss Bull resulted in a win for Miss Bull by 1 up; a closely contested game. Miss Bull is quite a young player, only this year taking her place in the A grade. The win was a most popular one.

NAPIER.

The members of the Napier Ladies' Golf Club played the final round for the president's and vice-president's medals last week. Results: President's; Miss Cross, gross 97, handicap 21—net 76; Miss Dean, 103, 19—84; Mrs. Gato, 103, 16—87; Miss Davis, 114, 27—87; Miss Macfarlane, 120, 24—97. Vice-president's; Miss F. Clark, 105, 27—78; Mrs. Smolgrass, 127, 33—94; Miss J. Macfarlane, 129, 34—95.

MANAWATU.

The senior club played a one-club competition on Tuesday last for a trophy given by Mrs. Sim—Mrs. F. Seifert, 115, 28—87; Miss Sybil Abraham, 100, 11—89; Mrs. G. Seifert, 116, 24—92.

The junior members had a putting competition for Miss Wray's trophy. Miss Tripe and Miss L. Mison tied for first place, and in the play-off Miss Tripe won. The local championship matches have been played during the week.

First round: Miss Wray beat Mrs. Abraham; Miss McLellan beat Mrs. Moore; Miss Abraham beat Mrs. L. Seifert; Mrs. Mellison beat Mrs. Mellan.

Second round: Miss Wray beat Mrs. McLellan; Miss Abraham beat Mrs. Mellison.

Final: Miss Wray beat Mrs. Abraham.

On account of the Men's Annual Tournament, the Ladies' weekly match was played on Friday. Mrs. Ball gave a trophy for the seniors, and Mrs. Holmes one for the juniors. Results:—

Seniors: Mrs. L. Seifert, 107—24—83; Miss Sack, 102—18—84; Mrs. F. Seifert, 111—27—84.

Juniors: Miss L. Mason, 101—10—91; Mrs. Bendall, 100—scr.—100; Mrs. Journiaux, 107—scr.—107.

CHRISTCHURCH.

The monthly bogey match was played on Friday, Aug. 25th, at Shirley, the winner in the senior division being Miss Symons 1 down, and in the junior Miss Reeves 1 up.

The following is the result of a match played by the Ashburton Golf Club against a team from the Shirley (Christchurch) Ladies' Club, on Wednesday, Aug. 23rd, on the Ashburton links.—Mrs. E. A. Deuham (Ashburton) 1 v. Miss P. Anderson (Shirley) 0, Miss D. Denshire (A.) 0, v. Miss D. Anderson (S.) 1, Mrs. E. F. Nicoll (A.) 1 v. Mrs. W. A. Day (S.) 0, Mrs. E. G. Crisp (A.) 0 v. Mrs. Donald (S.) 1, Miss G. Keith (A.) 0 v. Miss Holmes (S.) 1, Miss D. Keith (A.) 1 v. Miss N. Holmes (S.) 1. Totals: Ashburton 21, Shirley 33.

NGAMOTU.

On Tuesday the Ngamotu Ladies played off for the Edmunds' Medal. The following were the six best cards handed out—Miss Husham, 116—40—76; Mrs. Gunson, 112—29—83; Miss Percy Smith, 113—27—86; Mrs. Johns, 109—22—87; Miss Hawley, 107—19—88. Miss Standish and Miss E. Randle are leading for the bachelors' prize.

HAWERA.

The final for the Ladies' Championship was played between Mrs. Bell and Mrs. McLean, ending in a victory for the former by 9 up and 7. Mrs. Bell went round the first nine holes in 46, which is one of the best scores put in by a lady.

TIMARU.

This match was played on the Highfield Links, Timaru. The result was as follows, Timaru players being mentioned first in each instance:—

Miss N. Wright 1, v. Miss N. Campbell 0; Miss N. Hay 1, v. Miss Cowlishaw 0; Mrs. McLaren 1, v. Mrs. A. Campbell 0; Mrs. Cox 1, v. Miss Fisher 0; Miss B. Hay 1, v. Miss Hill 0; Miss L. Kimbly 0, v. Miss Trolove 1; Mrs. Costello 1, v. Miss Symons 1. Totals: Timaru 51, Christchurch 11.

A delightful afternoon was spent on the links on 30th August, by a large number of ladies, when putting and approaching competitions took place for

prizes given by Mrs. G. Kerr. In the senior competition, Miss L. Knubley and Miss N. Hay tied for first place. The play-off was won by Miss L. Knubley. The junior competition was won by Miss L. McLaren.

A match was played at Timaru on August 25th against a team of ladies representing the Otago Ladies Golf Club. Following are the scores, Timaru players being mentioned first:—

Miss N. Wright 1, v. Miss Ward 1; Miss N. Hay 1, v. Mrs. Sargood 0; Mrs. McLaren 1, v. Mrs. Mackie 0; Mrs. Cox 1, v. Miss M. Law 0; Miss B. Hay 1, v. Mrs. Glendinning 0; Miss L. Knubley 1, v. Mrs. Cohn 1; Mrs. Costello 0, v. Miss V. Reynolds 1; Miss Matheson 1, v. Miss Orbell 0. Totals: Timaru 5, Otago 1.

German "Red Tape."

People who think that in some experience of their own they have come in contact with an instance of the extreme in "red tape" will, we imagine, concede without hesitation precedence to the following: A German workman, going home, caught sight of a man lying on the railway, evidently with the intention of committing suicide. A train was approaching, so if the man was to be saved, immediate action was necessary. The workman took it. Waving a handkerchief to stop the train, he flung down his tools, climbed a fence, rushed along the line, and pulled the would-be suicide out of danger. Then, no doubt congratulating himself on having performed a meritorious action, he went home. A day or two afterwards he received a letter from the police. The envelope did not enclose a medal or testimonial to his courage and cool-headedness, or even a few words of thanks. What it did cover was a schedule of fines to which he had made himself liable.—Damaging fence by climbing over it, 3 marks; trespassing on railway, 4 marks; stopping express train without first communicating with stationmaster or signalman, 10 marks; leaving bag of tools to danger of the public, 2 marks.

TORTURING INDIGESTION.

RESTLESS NIGHTS UNFITTED HIM FOR WORK.

BILE BEANS TRIUMPHANT AGAIN.

Mr Percy J. Francis, of the Federal Hotel, Hunter-street, Newcastle, N.S.W., says:—"Indigestion in a most severe form tortured me for many months. My appetite failed me, and what little food I did take brought on excruciating pains in the chest and back. I could not get to sleep at night, and would get up in the morning after a restless time in bed, feeling quite dull and heavy and absolutely unfit for work.

"For a long time I continued in this state, and during that period tried all kinds of remedies, but not one of them did me any good. I read of the cure by Bile Beans of a great friend of mine in Victoria which so impressed me that I commenced taking Bile Beans myself. The first few doses greatly relieved me, and soon I was able to sleep at night, and my appetite returned. I persevered with Bile Beans until I was completely cured, and am thankful to say I have had no return of any of the symptoms since. Now I always keep a box of Bile Beans by me, for should I feel at all out-of-sorts a dose or two soon put me right."

Bile Beans are a safe and reliable family medicine. A dose or two in time may save pounds in doctors' bills. Obtainable from all chemists and stores.

"I wish these people would go home!" "So do I, dear, but I can't turn them out!" "No, but you might play the piano!"

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS. HAY FEVER, Whooping Cough. Try the most efficient remedy for all oppressions of the respiratory organs. ZEMATONE. POWDERS & CAPSULES. MESSRS. SHARLAND & CO., LTD.



By WHALEBONE.

FIXTURES.

September 20, 23—Avondale J.C. Spring. November 1, 4—A.R.C. Spring. December 2, Takapuna J.C. Spring. December 26, 29, Jan. 1, 2—A.R.C. Summer. January 29, 31—Takapuna Summer. April 6, 8—A.R.C. Autumn. May 24 or 25—Takapuna Winter. June 1, 3, 5—A.R.C. Winter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G.W.E.—No, Moitua was not wrecked on the voyage to England.

A half-brother to Truganui is the latest addition to Frank Ross' stable.

The two-year-old filly by Waikiki from Tambourina has gone into R. Hall's charge.

The Rambler gelding Bugey is now an inmate of E. Pope's stable at Ellerslie.

Old Crusoe has been nominated for the Second Hurdle Race at the Avondale Spring Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Auckland Trotting Club is fixed for Wednesday, September 6, at 4 p.m.

J. Conquest left for Marton by the express on Sunday evening, to ride Mithura in his engagements.

The Auckland horses, St. Wood, Mithura, and Whatashot, have accepted for their Marton engagements.

The Double, Sea Elf and Jack Delaval, is at a very short price for the Avondale Cup and Flying Hurdle.

Mr. Morse's adjustments for the minor events at the Avondale Meeting are due on Wednesday, September 6th.

Mr. T. W. Twist, sporting representative of the "New Zealand Times," arrived in Auckland last week on a short visit.

The Wairarapa Hunt Club's Meeting, which was held on Thursday last, was stated to be a very lifeless affair.

Unless something unforeseen occurs, H. French will be the drivers from Papakura to Avondale on Monday next.

It is stated that Wirral will be taken to Melbourne shortly, where there are a number of two and a-half mile steeplechases.

Mr. Walters had a bit of bad luck recently, Lady Hob, which was due to foal early in August, slipping her foal to Marble Arch.

A useful working gallop over six furlongs was registered at Ellerslie on Thursday morning by Echo, Haku, Miss Ada, and Paisley.

The gelding Royal Amour got cast in his box last week, but was not seriously injured, and has resumed work again at Ellerslie.

The local horseman H. Dealey left for Marton on Sunday by the express to ride riding engagements at the Marton J.C. Meeting.

E. Howard left for Sydney by the Maheno on Monday with Loch Eyne and Lady Patricia, both of which are to be raced at the Sydney Spring Meeting.

The South gelding Grenadier is a regular attendant on the tracks at Ellerslie, but so far his tasks have been of the lightest order. Grenadier looks healthy and well.

The mishap which occurred to Aristos on Tuesday did not keep him out of the track, and he was in evidence again on Thursday morning, when he galloped without showing any ill effects.

The gelding Hukau, which has been having an easy time of it during the winter, was given a turn over the big jumps at Ellerslie on Thursday morning, fencing very carefully.

Just on 1800 horses competed at totalisator meetings in the Dominion last season, and of this number only 250 odd won over £200, leaving well over 1500 on the wrong side of the ledger.

Only one Auckland nomination, that of Dogger Bank, has been made for the Wanganui J.C. Spring Meeting. Very little prominence was given the date of the closing of nominations in Auckland, which probably accounts for the paucity of entries from this end of the island.

Sydney writes express regret that Will West was not nominated for the Epsom Handicap. The son of South is regarded as one of the best sprinters New Zealand has yet sent across.

F. Tong left for Marton on Friday with Mithura, Whatashot, and St. Wood, all of which claim engagements at the Marton meeting. The trio are also engaged at the Dannevirke meeting.

The favourite for the Flying Handicap at Avondale, Jack Delaval, is moving freely in his work at Ellerslie, and on Thursday morning strode over five furlongs about, but was not out to make time.

Accommodation for four horses for A. Rhodes has been secured at Avondale. The two-year-old half-brother to Manapou, which is engaged in the Avondale Stakes, will be one of the team.

The well known local sportsman Mr. J. Marshall has left Auckland on a visit to Japan. Mr. Marshall's mare Pearl Noddle is in foal to Birkenhead, and is this year to be mated with Penury.

Mr. H. Thibker arrived in Auckland by the Main Trunk express on Wednesday morning. Mr. Thibker informs me that his mare Colleen Mary is in work again, and all going well will be seen out at the spring meetings.

While galloping in company with Veitalia at Ellerslie yesterday morning Aristos broke a blood vessel and suddenly stopped. The son of Explosion was bleeding freely when he was brought back to the boxes.

The Regal gelding Hongo is back on the tracks at Ellerslie after his southern tour. Hongo has stood the racing he was asked to do very well, and although perhaps a bit lighter than usual looks seasoned.

In the Height Class Thousand, to be run at Ascot on September 7th, the ex New Zealand pony Masonic has been awarded the steeple of H.S. Another ex New Zealander in Merrie Oliver is third on the list with 5.9.

The Salvadan gelding Oksithar was schooled over the big fences at Ellerslie on Thursday morning, but did not jump so cleverly as usual. His stable companion, the hunter Hauliti, was also schooled, but shaped poorly.

J. Chasaf, jun., paid a visit to Pukekohe on Tuesday, and had a look at the Merriwae gelding Jack Johnson, which has been enjoying a spell for some time. John's son is progressing favourably, and will probably resume work again shortly.

The local trotting champion, Mandarone, is to stand this season at W. Orange's stable, Kōhātara. Mandarone, which has proved himself an exceptionally fine performer, is standing at a very low fee, and his list should not be long in filling.

According to a Napier writer, the New Zealand Cup candidate Fort William has made a complete recovery from the effects of the accident which befel him some time ago, and is now going on the right way. It is said that he is likely to be placed in charge of a Hawke's Bay trainer.

To Whareton, which figures amongst the Avondale nominations, is a member of A. Rhodes' stable, and won the Open Handicap at the Taranaki Hunt Club Meeting on Thursday. To Whareton will probably be put in the running again, and may go into R. Hannon's charge to be schooled.

The fastest three furlongs run at Ellerslie so far this season was registered on Thursday morning, when eight and Prince King ran from the new mile post to the five furlong post on the course proper, in 37 1/2 sec. Tact and the Waikiki—Tambourina, which started with them, being beaten out.

A private letter, received in Wellington, states that the Birkenhead colt, Elbow, which was shipped to Sydney some weeks ago, contracted "ship's pneumonia" on the voyage, and was in a very bad way for some time. He has been turned out in Sydney, and will not be able to race for some months.

The N.Z.-owned mare Lady Lury was given a run at the recent V.R.C. meeting, the daughter of Seaon Delaval starting in the August Handicap, run over a mile and a half. She figured at an outside price in the letting, and finished abjectly. Lady Lury was shipped to be some what backward in condition. At the same meeting Osborn and Sharnphooter were also seen under silk, but neither ran forward.

Mr G. P. Donnelly's brown colt Formula, after which his owner was offered and refused £1000...

The St. Paul gelding Tropet, which is at present enjoying a spell, has fully recovered from the soreness...

The nominations for the classic events of the Auckland Racing Club show a falling off in all the events for now yearlings...

The Birkenhead geldings Dawn and Presently, were schooled over the big hurdles at Hasting's last evening...

The Avondale Jockey Club has received marvellous entries for its Spring Meeting, and the gathering promises to go down in history as a record one...

The Royal Artillery colt Royal Scotch, which ran four times last season, winning three of his engagements...

On Saturday last, whilst the acceptor-dancer Prospector, by Gold Reef—Dazzle, was being given a gallop on the Clifden racecourse...

The two-year-old Prince Sault, His Excellence and Tact were champions in a three gallop sprint, finishing in the order named...

Although the majority of the acceptors will be more at home in a back race, an acceptance of 40 for the New Zealand Cup is most satisfactory...

A bit of jumping was witnessed at Ellerslie last week. Bogdan and Presently were champions over the flight fences...

As showing the advance made in trotting in the Dominion, Mr Selig, in his speech at the annual meeting of the New Zealand Association...

The annual meeting of the Manawatu Jockey Club was held in the Cathedral Concert Hall, Palmer. Mr J. Nathan presided over an attendance of about forty.

properly by the gates in March, 1910, and a further £200 had been paid off the mortgage. The profit and loss account showed that the net profit of the season amounted to £518 16s 6d...

At the annual meeting of the Manawatu Racing Club last evening, R. S. Abraham brought up a question that has for some time past been a subject for discussion among racing men...

It is stated that a member of the Auckland Racing Club Committee intends bringing forward a motion in the effect that the horses are not sent to the races until the bell closing the totalisator has ceased ringing...

An amusing incident in connection with the Wairarapa Hunt Meeting occurred on the 25th inst. when the "New Zealand (Daily Times)" at the last moment Mr S. Bishop, the owner of Prince Hassan, rode himself without a rider...

A Sydney cable message which appeared in last week's issue gave some information relating to the disqualification of a gelding named Kurti Kurti on the grounds of "bringing in" at the Sydney Mail...

Before the English mare Sceptre was sold for 7000guineas, "Viviant" in the "London Sportsman" wrote regarding her:—"The shrewdness of buyers' fancies may be illustrated by the case of Sceptre, who has been bought by the Palmers Trust...

by no means well-chosen alliances were made of the Maid and Maid of Cornish, good winners both, and the latter the undoubted best 2-year-old filly of her year...

The crack English miller, Hornet's Beauty, who won twelve races in a career straight foot for the Grand Prix at Oxford on Sunday, 9th July, 1910...

WAIKAPU NOTES.

Mr C. P. Vallance, of Kahurangi, has a fine-looking three-year-old bay by St. Andrew's name and white, named Amber and White, being bred at J. Gravestock's stable at Clarendon.

A start will be made shortly with the erection of the new grandstands and other buildings on the Opaki racecourse, which were recently destroyed by fire.

The Masterton mare Sylvia Maid will compete in the business events at the Marton meeting. Her owner, Mr E. Macaulough, of Masterton, was disappointed with the mare's showing at the C.C.C. Grand Stand...

The Lakosell-Tarawai gelding at present in J. Kaness's stable at Martinborough has been christened and named. He will be raced at the early Wairarapa meetings.

Bob Knox has a nice-looking two-year-old colt by Kitchener, Phylipus in hand. He is a shapely horse, well grown, and his gelding, Phylipus, is being put over strikes, and is showing out a decided success at the game.

The Masterton-owned brood mare Morrie Morrie Gorr, and Morrie Time have been shipped to Sydney, where they will race in the early Wairarapa meetings.

Sir Knox is performing his training tasks very ably, and will start at the Marton meeting. Sir Knox will also compete in the C.C.C. Derby, probably in a contest that he keeps us well as at present.

Mr H. Nor is not yet certain whether he will send Sir Laddie to compete in the Canterbury Derby. Mr Nor has a son-in-law a half brother to Sir Laddie, by Kitchener. The colt is well grown and shapely, and will be put to work shortly.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday. The most interesting sporting event locally this week has been the announcement tonight of the first acceptance for the New Zealand Cup. The payment has left a field of forty in the race, and the number is quite as large as could have been expected...

A.R.C. NOMINATIONS.

Table with 2 columns: Race Name and Stakes. Includes events like 1000, 1001, 1011, 1012, 1013, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1020, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1024, 1025, 1026, 1027, 1028, 1029, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, 1040, 1041, 1042, 1043, 1044, 1045, 1046, 1047, 1048, 1049, 1050.

There will probably be a few more nominations to come from the other centres at which entries could be lodged for the above races.

NEW ZEALAND CUP ACCEPTANCES.

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday. The following are the first acceptances for the chief event to be decided at Canterbury Jockey Club's Metropolitan Meeting:

Table with 2 columns: Race Name and Stakes. Includes events like Los Angeles, Port William, Mervyn, Lady Lucy, Midstate, Prim, Goldfinder, Frank, The Rover, Manaberges, Miscom, Crossfire, Noddy, Wairarapa, Miska Hill.

Teddy came home late from school. Gave a horrid sneeze. Had a tugging in his throat. Soon began to wheeze. Mother took his temperature. But his mind was to bed. Gave him Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. "Booker stuff" said Ted.

OCCASIONAL CONSTIPATION is a fertile source of many of the minor ills that flesh is heir to. The best way of restoring a state of healthy activity to stomach and bowels is by taking a wholesome dose of HERRING'S Compound every day before breakfast.

Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH.

BOOKINGS.

(Dates subject to alteration.)

AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S.
 September 11—"Our Miss Gibbs."
 October 9—"The Woman in the Case" Company.
 November 25—"The Gay Gordons."
WELLINGTON OPERA HOUSE.
 September 11-30 Clarke and Meynell's "Gay Gordons" Company.
 October 11-27 J. C. Williamson, "Our Miss Gibbs" Company.
 November 3-16 Clarke and Meynell.
 December 23, January 16—J. C. Williamson.

Bernhardt, the Evergreen.

HERE is no greater marvel of endurance and vitality on the stage of the world to-day than Madame Sarah Bernhardt—not even Ellen Terry. She recently concluded a big tour of America, stretching from New York to San Francisco. Jeannette L. Gilder, a well known dramatic writer in America, sums up for "The Argonaut" of San Francisco the concluding hours of the great French woman's latest achievement. Writing from New York she says: "Sarah, the evergreen," has sailed away. It was rumoured that she was coming back for a few nights on her way home, but we all had our doubts. But sure enough, back she came. And notwithstanding the fact that the thermometer was well up in the eighties she drew packed houses to the Globe Theatre, and on the last night, the night before she sailed, not even standing room could be had at a premium. The house was packed to the fire fluit; people pleaded with her manager for a place to rest the soles of their feet, but he only shook his head and said that if he let one more person inside the doors he would get in trouble with the fire department. Even in the galleries people were standing back against the wall, from which coign of vantage they might see with the aid of glasses, but could scarcely hear. Bernhardt is a wonderful woman; she confesses to sixty-seven years, and a woman is not likely to say that she is older than she is, so she certainly is no younger. There are those who are mean enough to say that she is seventy; but there are always people mean enough to say anything, and there is nothing about which more untruths are spoken than the age of actresses. They—the actresses—usually underestimate their age, while the public usually overestimates it. Never has Bernhardt been more affable than on this return trip.

Not only has Mme. Bernhardt been acting every day and night since she left New York, but she has done other things. She has gone down into copper mines; she has climbed mountain tops; she has hunted birds; and, according to her manager, done everything but go up in a flying machine. This shows that Mme. Sarah's courage is not what it was a quarter of a century ago; for then, if you will remember, she attained some of her wisest advertising by going up in a balloon.

Her manager has given out some of the figures of Mme. Bernhardt's earnings with much frankness; in fact, they have been posted on the boardings. In the thirty-three weeks of her engagement she appeared at 285 performances, the gross receipts of which amount to 900,000 dollars, and this has been brought up to a million very nearly by a few days' farewell performances in New York. San Francisco alone paid 37,000 dollars for a week of ten performances. She tells us that she is coming back in 1915. That is three years from now, and in three years Mme. Sarah will be seventy according to her own counting, and seventy-three according to the counting of the sceptics. But no matter what age she may be, she will always be a great actress. Whether she will have the success in this country in 1915 that she had in 1910 and 1911, who shall say? One can never bet with any certainty in these matters. Thousands of people were disappointed, in not seeing her during her last engagement, in New York, and they will probably rally around the box-office if she comes in three years from now.

The night after her farewell performance her manager gave her a supper at

her hotel, to which all the members of her company were invited. You must know that a supper after the theatre is likely to be in full blast in the small hours. Mme. Sarah and her company could hardly have gotten to the hotel from the theatre before twelve, and they must have been an hour or more at the table; but nevertheless this active and evergreen Frenchwoman was up at five o'clock in the morning and was the first aboard the French liner that took her home. She is going to rest all summer, she says; and she deserves to. Then in the fall she will open her own theatre in Paris.

An Unwelcome First Performance.

Massenet's opera "Thais," written some seventeen years ago, obtained its first performance in London recently at Covent Garden with rather dispiriting results.

It is a thousand pities that Strauss did not get hold of the story of "Thais" before Massenet. It is just the theme for him. It calls aloud for the same treatment as "Salome" and "Elektra"—unflinching realism and unbridled musical expression.

At any rate it is no subject for a composer whose intensive note of passion usually rises no higher than the prima ballerina's high leap, and whose chief artistic aim seems to be to lull the senses with sweetly flowing melodies and ear-catching rhythms. The London notices justify this opinion.

"England saw Massenet's opera at Covent Garden for the first time last night," writes a critic, "seventeen years after its production in Paris, and, therefore, little discredit attaches by its shortcomings to the composer to that inspired little failure of a later date, the Jougler de Notre Dame." For operatic taste, like battleship types, changes rapidly nowadays. What is new one season is obsolete the next.

"In 'Thais' the drama is filtered slowly out till no action is left, and the tragedy is honeyed with lighthearted, cheerful strains that unconsciously bear out the opera's misnomer, 'lyric comedy.'"

"But what a chance there is in Anatole France's story of the monk and the courtesan for the modern lyric dramatist! Richard Strauss would have wrung the last drop of passion from the great conflict of emotions that follows the assignment made by Thais with Athanase—Thais on the one hand fighting for love, the monk on the other battling for a soul. The man wins. The woman renounces all the vanities of her former life, and the world in general, and retires to a convent.

"But apparently there was only enough goodness between the two for one person. For no sooner is the one redeemed than the other feels the virtue has gone out of him. The gospel of Venus had not been preached in vain. The man is now all for love, but, breaking into the convent and declaring his passion to the dying Thais, finds she is all for Heaven, spiritually and actually."

Beautiful Music.

There is much beautiful music in "Thais," however, and one can only marvel at Massenet's boundless melodic resources. But it is the music of a good ballet (there is a fine one in the opera), always spontaneous, often sensuous, but never passionate or dramatic, never even devotional. Other critics describe the music as "colorless" and "dull," and altogether Massenet's inept handling of a powerful libretto met with a rough handling by the London juries.

Dollar-making Indecency v. Profession Play.

Writing from New York, a correspondent to a London daily has something to say about a production that is regarded as being frankly indecent. "Apropos of the 'lid being off' in this town, there is a performance now going on here (I will not say where because I do not care to advertise it) that for indecency outdoes anything that has ever been seen in New York in my time. People from other countries who have seen this performance, say that it exceeds in indecency anything that has ever been seen across the water. And yet it is going on; I am happy to say, not attracting very large audiences; but no complaint is made; no Anthony Comstock has raised the place; it is all done openly and above board. The man-

gera probably know that nothing will be said. Not even the newspapers, so far as I have seen, have made any adverse criticisms of it; and yet people tell me that it is the most disgusting and indecent show that they have ever seen, or ever expect to see. I have not seen it, and I do not intend to. But I have heard of it from those who were unfortunate enough to attend the performance without knowing what was before them. It makes one smile to remember the plays that have been suppressed by the police; and then to think that this hideous exhibition of immorality is allowed to flaunt itself in the face of the public."

New York is usually Puritanical in such matters. It tried down "Salome," Richard Strauss' famous opera, on the ground of being a disgusting performance. It held up its hand in sanctimonious hypocrisy when Bernard Shaw endeavoured seriously to elucidate a world-wide social and moral evil in "Mrs Warren's Profession," and yet—the play written to make dollars by deliberate trafficking in filth is allowed to go on night after night. Anything that makes dirty dollars is permissible, but when genius endeavours to make people think, the process is disastrous. Men are curious bipeds.

Auckland v. Ponsonby—A Protest.

This week will see two readings of Sheridan's comedy "The Rivals" at the Y.M.C.A. one by the Auckland Shakspeare Society on Tuesday and the other by the Ponsonby Shakspeare and Rhetoric Club on Wednesday. The first reading will be over before these lines can reach the reader. It seems a pity that the two Auckland societies, who seem bent upon ignoring both the interests and existence of each other, cannot avoid this unnecessary clash. It can only provoke misunderstanding, and both hinder and discredit the good work that is being done in amateur circles to popularise the legitimate drama. It is not the duty of any critic to enter into the question whether either one or both are to blame, but it can only be regretted that there seems to be at present not any hope of promoting more cordiality and understanding between the file, if not the rank, of both institutions. Under the circumstances I do not propose to enter into the relative merits of the two performances, but ignore both as a protest against what the intelligent public (who are not members of either society) can only regard as being a foolish and unnecessary proceeding.

The Auckland Shakspeare Society is due in Wellington the week the New Zealand competitors arrive for the first time, when it is intended at present to give readings of "Twelfth Night," and either "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" (Shaw) or "Much Ado About Nothing."

New Zealand Competitions at Wellington.

Everything points to the New Zealand Competition Society's first annual festival at Wellington being a phenomenal success, far eclipsing all previous efforts hitherto made in this direction within the Dominion. The secretary, Mr. Dykes, reports that he is daily receiving entries and inquiries from all parts of the Dominion, thus undoubtedly justifying the society in its claim to be recognised as a Dominion, rather than a parochial, institution. The slight opposition which was at first shown by a few professional musicians has apparently faded away, whilst, on the contrary, the society numbers among its most enthusiastic members several leading teachers of music and elocution, who, realising the impetus that these competitions must give to their Art, are doing all that lays in their power to help the society to make its first festival one that will long be remembered by lovers of the arts throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand. All who possess talent in any shape or form should obtain a copy of the official text book from the secretary, Mr. James Dykes, at his office, 149, Featherston-street, Wellington.

"Our Miss Gibbs."

"Our Miss Gibbs," the money-making musical play of the firm of J. C. Williamson, Ltd., will be presented in Auckland on Monday, September 11th. It is officially announced that the play will be sent to the Dominion cast, staged, mounted, and costumed in precisely the same manner as has been the case in Australia. No musical comedy presented to the Australian stage has so easily won in the race for popularity as "Our Miss Gibbs." It started with a record run in Sydney of eight and a-half months

to the greatest business ever known at His Majesty's Theatre in that city. It is said that fully 516,800 people paid for admission during that period. Some months ago it was presented at His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, for the first time, and was lately withdrawn. We have yet to know whether "Our Miss Gibbs" is the most attractive of the comic operas that have recently been heard out here in respect to its music. The names of Ivan Caryll, who has for some time past figured in the bulk of latter-day musical successes, and Lionel Monckton, who first sprang into favour with his "Soldiers in the Park," appear in connection with the new musical attraction. Years ago Mr. Caryll was a music teacher, and Mr. Monckton was struggling to get a footing as a lawyer—the former was lifted out of his drudgery when he composed his first light opera, "The Lily of Leoville," and the latter took the first step on the ladder of modern notoriety when he became musical critic on the London "Daily Telegraph." With "Our Miss Gibbs" will come Miss Blanche Browne. Miss Browne played the part of "Mary Gibbs" in London two years ago in the production. The cast will also include Messrs. Leslie Holland, Andrew Higginson, Fred. Leslie, G. R.

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THAT all competitors may travel on the Railways at holiday excursion rates.

THAT Entries close on SEPTEMBER 25, 10.00 (TUESDAY).

THAT Test Books and Entry Forms (free of charge) may be obtained from the Secretary, JAMES DYKES, 149-151 Featherston-street, Wellington.

C O M P E T I T I O N S.

Bantock, and Bertie Wright, Misses Fitzmaurice Gill, Connie Milne, Nellie Wilson, Ivy Schilling, and Nellie Calvin.

The Auckland season will be for 12 nights, with the usual matinees.

The box plans will be opened for the first six nights on Thursday, September 7th, at Wildman and Arey's. With "Miss Gibbs" will commence the system of "first-nighters" tickets, a scheme which has been in vogue for years on the Australian side. The management have evidently pinned their faith on the drawing power of the well-advertised musical play as a test for the proposed change.

"The Gay Gordons."

The Highland girls are a pleasant feature of "The Gay Gordons," which opens in Wellington on September 15th, under the Clarke and Meynell management. In London they were called the "gun girls." An English visitor who saw the production in Australia wrote the first performance of the Seymour Hick's play, and added:—"I think your 'gun girls' are some of the prettiest I have ever seen on the stage or off. It seems to me that the prettiest Australian girls are on the stage, and 'The Gay Gordons' seems to have captured some of the best."

Pipers and soldiers figure largely in the new piece. The uniforms of the Gordon Highlanders make an effective note of colour, and the music of the pipers thrills with its wild sweetness. Drama and musical comedy are represented by their most attractive features in the piece, which had a phenomenally successful run in all the Australian towns in which it was produced. It added yet another success to the long list already standing to the credit of the Clarke and Meynell management.

Wagner's Operas in London.

The season of German opera at Covent Garden, London, next October and November will be under the direction of Dr. Hans Richter, and the repertoire will include Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen," "Tristan and Isolde," "Lohengrin," "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Tannhäuser," and Humperdinck's new opera "Königskinder." New works have achieved popularity since Wagner's death, but his reputation has not suffered. Only one opera of his, the early "Rienzi," has fallen into the shade, but that is not surprising seeing that when he wrote it he was trying to imitate Meyerbeer's style. The real Wagner only commenced with "The Flying Dutchman," and London audiences still flock to hear performances whenever announced. A lot of interest appears to be centred in Humperdinck's new opera "Königskinder." This work, like "Hänsel and Gretel," is based on an old folk story. The excitement over "The Girl of the Golden West" when Königskinder was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last November may have prevented full recognition of its merits; anyhow, one writer expressed the belief that in time its popularity would become nearly as great as that of the composer's first venture. It is fifteen years since "Hänsel and Gretel" was produced, yet it still sounds as fresh and attractive as it did at first.

Story of a Lost Symphony.

The story of Wagner's Symphony in G, which was lost, but recovered after many years, was recently told in these columns. An account is now given of another discovery. After Wagner had composed his Symphony, in 1832, he went to Prague, and there he sketched and verified an operatic text of tragic import, based on an old medieval subject. It told of a frantic lover who climbed to the window of the sleeping chamber of his friend's bride, and of her struggling with him, finally hurling him into the courtyard below. At his funeral the bride was to sink lifeless on the corpse. Wagner only wrote an introduction, a chorus, and a septet for the first act. He showed the libretto to his favourite sister, Rosalie, ten years older than himself. An accomplished actress with, consequently, practical knowledge of the stage, she was not pleased with the book, and Wagner destroyed the poem. The music, however, remained in his hands for many years, but was evidently left in Dresden when, in 1840, he had to leave that city. Thirty years later he heard of its being announced for sale. He offered to buy his own work from the music dealer who possessed it, but the price demanded, £250, he thought exorbitant. Wagner went to law, claiming that the manuscript was his, or rather its contents. But he lost his case and had to pay the costs of the suit. The manuscript is said to have been recently found by an English collector in a sur-

rosity shop in Berlin and bought by him for the sum of £1750.

All About Dogs.

Mr. Arthur Bourcier, the well-known English actor, delivered himself of some funny observations concerning "dogs" in London recently. "The collection," he said, "embraces dogs of every kind; so, I am told, do some of the exhibitors. Many varieties are here shown; many variety ladies are 'terriers' themselves. The Isle of Dogs and Barking have been ransacked for specimens, and we have actually gone as far afield as the Dogger Bank, which produces the dogfish and the water spaniel, whose sole diet is naturally 'Spratt'n.' (Applause.) We have here, or, if not, we can get them for you, the mastiff, or yard dog, and the dachshund, or yard and a half dog. Dogs are, I believe, still of some value in medicine; for a cold we take horehound, for fever Peruvian bark, and young gentlemen with bad morning heads are in the habit, it is said, of taking a hair of the dog that bit them by way of remedy—another 'nip,' in fact. Dogs have naturally made a great noise in history. Mother Hubbard is the first person re-

if anything more than a twenty-four hours' growth is discerned they are docked three-pence. We are always doing the wrong thing. Now that baldness is so fashionable, why should not men shave their hair, and let the pent-up whiskers run riot over their features. Variety gives the whole spice to existence.

American Venture in London.

Mr Oscar Hammerstein, whose invasion of London with a grand opera venture is being jealously watched by the Royal Covent Garden Syndicate, announced recently that the London Opera House, which has been constructed for him in Kingsway, will open on Saturday, November 11th, for a twenty weeks' season. The inaugural performance, as already stated, will be one of Nougé and Cain's "Quo Vadis?" for which Mr Hammerstein possesses the sole English rights of production. Nothing but grand opera is to be presented at the new theatre. Prices for seats range from a guinea to 2/. The operas to be presented are as follows:—

In French: "Quo Vadis?" "Don Quichotte," "Thais," "Le Jongleur de

welcome. Mr Hill was, as we have said, the first New Zealand composer to be represented in a London programme by a work for orchestra; but, if we may borrow a sporting phrase, he won by only a short head, for a little later in the programme Mr Arnold Trowell, of Wellington, played two movements from his own Concerto in D minor for violoncello and orchestra. As a composer, Mr Trowell has hardly Mr Hill's originality, but his music, if rather reminiscent, is very charmingly written, and he played it beautifully." One pauses here to observe that while Mr Alfred Hill is claimed to be a New Zealand composer, he is so merely by adoption, since by birth he is really an Australian. He was born in Richmond, Victoria, and went to New Zealand when only a child. The recognition which his work is receiving in London will not surprise anyone in this part of the world, where it has long ago been generally admitted that, given only the opportunity to be heard, Mr Hill would unquestionably gain high distinction as a composer. At the Crystal Palace concert the New Zealand artists also included Miss Audrey Richardson, the talented violinist; Madame Zela, Miss Mabel Manson, Miss Irene Ainsley, and a Maori singer, Rangina.



"Is he a well-known critic?"
"O, yes; he always finds fault with every thing."
—Fliegende Blätter.

rounded who trained a dog, although the ancient Egyptians used to tell the time by their watch-dogs. The Vikings in their ships abolished the watch-dog and substituted the dog-watch. Canute first brought dunes to England. Macbeth has a kind thought, in his rough way, for dogs; he threw physic to them; Chaucer wrote the first English doggerel in the reign of Edward the Third, and Henry the Eighth was, as you know, the dog of English history. The only dog that doesn't bark is the 'fire-dog,' or terrier del Fuego.

Whiskers Are Of.

Little by little the whole truth is leaking out about the rules concerning the shaving of operatic artists in Europe. The conspiracy appears to be widespread, and it is suspected that the directors of the Vienna and the Covent Garden operas are at the head of it. Hans Gregor, of the Vienna Royal Opera, recently issued an edict making a clean sweep, "a clean shave" suggests a commentator, of every beard and moustache in the company from chorus man to principal. Now it comes out that there exists a similar clause in the contract of every male member of the chorus at Covent Garden. He must shave or be shaved once a day. For this he has an allowance of eighteen-pence weekly. It is lucky he does not have to shave in New Zealand. The faces of the Covent Garden chorus men are carefully examined every night, and

Noyre Dame," "Hérodiade," "Manon," "Werther," "La Navarraise," "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," "Faust," "Roméo et Juliette," "Lakmé," "Le Prophète," "Les Huguenots," "Lohengrin," "Aïda," "Carmen," "Hänsel und Gretel," "Die Traviata," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Aida," "Andrea Chénier," and "Un Ballo in Maschera."

Mr. Alfred Hill's Success.

Mr Alfred Hill, whose gifts of melody and originality as a composer have been long recognised in this part of the world, is coming into his own in London as well, for this week's mail brings copies of the highly-favourable notices written by the London critics concerning his music at the New Zealand concert at the Crystal Palace. "The Adagio from Mr Alfred Hill's Symphony in B flat," says the London "Daily Telegraph," "is indeed real music, and not merely a carefully-thought-out arrangement of notes. There is nothing in it whatever that savours of the lamp. It is a lament over the ages vanished, over the tombs of heroes, and over the mighty chieftains which is finely felt, and expressed with dignity and with pathos, and it stamps Mr Hill as a composer who has not only technique, but also imagination. An opportunity of hearing the symphony in its entirety would be most

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The Fake's Progress.

On Nerves and Noises.

THE STORY OF AN ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

TRIALS OF A LONDONER.

By D. Donaldson.

By D. Donaldson

WHEN first I met him he had just left the Academy. He had brains, and he did not lack friends to tell him so. He played the piano charmingly, with the natural facility that is worth all the practised expertness in the world. He was radiantly young, he knew no sorrow, and seemed always to live in the sun. His soul was transparent and responsive to every impulse for good or ill. He was full of enthusiasm, expansive and undirected; he was ready for anything, and did nothing.

I liked him, and he knew. He came to me when he thought he was ill, but was really down with Brahms's malady—the congestion of ideas. He had an extraordinary capacity for feeling, and no real experience to help him. He would play to me, at these times, anything I asked him. He forgot, or affected to forget, his aversions; he played Brahms as readily as he did Chopin, and took up the Beethoven sonatas without derivatively crossing himself as he did on more public occasions. He complained, as boys will that Brahms was a bore and Beethoven a preacher, but I knew he really did not think so—for at this stage he was innocent of thought. He posed a good deal when others were watching him, but with me he was generally natural. I knew him, and I saw that he had stuff which would last.

I lost sight of him for two years. I well remember our last evening together before he went to Germany. He stayed with me until long after midnight—playing and talking and trying to drink whisky. He was then in a high state of fever about Tchaikovsky. He had nightly convulsions every now and then; very sudden they were, and short-lived. He had only a week or two before staked his life on Palestrina; but now it was the Russians, and, more than them all, Tchaikovsky. The dear boy thought he knew what the Russian outlook really was—but he had never been in trouble.

When he left me early in the morning I felt that it was the last time I should see him. Not that I thought he would die or that I expected him never to come back to England; but I knew that when he returned he would be altered and I should never see him as he was.

He did come back, and he had changed. He had assumed, for how long I could not guess, the airs of a decadent, after the manner of Tito-street rather than of Montmartre. His trappings were fearfully and wonderfully made, and he seemed all soft and velvet. Physically he had matured; and although he tried his best to appear neurotic, I could see he was as healthy as ever. His face, which often amid derision I have pronounced beautiful, was as clear as ever it was; and his eyes, in spite of his efforts to keep them half closed, were as bright as when I first knew them. His impulse on meeting me was, I saw, to take both my hands in his and wring them, as he used in the old days; but he checked himself in time and, languidly turning his eyes upon me, murmured with half a sigh:

"Do you remember me? How charming of you!" I was rather sickened at first, but I knew him better than he knew himself, and I was certain that this new intonation would be but a phase.

While in Germany he had learned that Oscar Wilde was a great writer and a still greater prophet of art; that Aubrey Beardsley was a supreme artist and Ernest Dowson the very poet of poets. The stony Hellion of the middle twenties seemed to him the very latest of Prometheus—so easily are the poorest things hallowed by time and distance. He had accepted the creed of the fantastic Irishman without question, and, with a sure faculty, poured out of Beardsley he found irresistible. The beauty of Wilde's

language and the luxury of his thought made an instant appeal. Moreover, just then young Englishmen in Germany were making violent attempts to show that they were free from the narrow prejudices which led to the persecution of the unhappy author by their fathers. The pathos of poor Wilde's downfall touched them, and served to quicken their interest in his work, and, in no small degree, to raise their estimate of his greatness. He seemed to them the spirit of Petronius speaking with the lips of Christ. They admired Wilde's writing and liked the things he praised. They took as gospel his brilliant misinterpretations of Gautier of Baudelaire, of Barbey D'Aurevilly; they aped his misbegotten mediocrity and his spurious aesthetic postures. Their talk was much broadened, and they thought in terms of decoration.

Of course they missed the real man: the Dandy so sorely misplaced, and so hideously out of his day, that his tragedy was as certain as death. There is something fascinating in the gorgeous danger of the last days of Wilde's success: something of the grand manner in his brazen attitude under fire. The personality was everything; the writings but its withered slough. Young England in Germany held the creed but missed the prophet: learnt the gibberish but lost the tragedy.

And so he came back an aesthete. He found sweet-sounding names for his laziness, and hid behind a veil of elegant languor the insincerity of his pose. Like all conscious revivalists he was just a little ridiculous. It was then they first called him "the Fake": but they were quite wrong. I knew him better than they did; and I was content to wait.

I did not see much of him for some months, and when we met we spoke but little. I think he felt uncomfortable with me. He went out a good deal and played lazily and very badly to stuffy, sham-aesthetic crowds in fashionable houses. His clean, boyish face fascinated—even though it appeared amid an eclectic scheme of tailoring in velvet and soft felt. It was of the type strong women like and most men distrust: the face of a pure Uranian. He talked airily of "strange scarlet things" by Dvorak, and "delicious indiscretions" of Chopin. He yawned charmingly over Brahms and Beethoven; but of Mozart he never spoke. For this I liked him; it proved that the capacity for reverence was only dormant.

After some months of a kind of half-estrangement he sent for me suddenly. His telegram bade me come to him at once because his wife was ill. I had no idea that he was married. I went, and found him walking up and down outside the house in Chelsea where he had rooms. . . . He told me that he hoped it would be a girl.

I pitied his wife instinctively: I wondered whether she had reached his standard as a decoration. I tried to imagine her, and something he had once said in commendation of "unsullied dairymaids" gave me a clue: I wondered how they could live under the same roof.

He was manifestly uneasy and he had forgotten the pose. He was as anxious as a schoolboy suddenly called, for reasons unknown, into the presence of the Head. He had a suspicion that she was in pain, and pain was a thing he disliked. . . . We waited. . . . Presently the doctor came out, full of professional optimism that masks a forlorn hope. . . . We two looked at each other for a moment: it was more than I could bear. . . . He went up to her room and the doctor followed; but I walked home alone.

When I saw him next day he had aged ten years. He asked me to go with him and see her. I did not go, for I knew that he had passed the night with death. . . . He is no longer the Fake; he has found himself. And now he can play Beethoven.



URS is the day of fervid activities and frenzied motion. All our machinery is driven at top speed and our nerves are always in dangerous tension. We have wondrously sharpened our senses and quickened our sympathies. We are so delicately strung, and so nicely poised, that every breath from without can sway us. We are supremely sensitive recording instruments and our stability is as easily disturbed as that of the magnetic needle. We have developed our capacities both for pleasure and for pain; we can enjoy more than our ancestors, but we can suffer more also.

Among the means of agony made accessible to us by the over-development of nervous sensibility, not the least distressing is that of the magnetic needle. Schopenhauer eloquently expressed the anguish of the super-impressionable brain of his day; but, compared with the sufferings of the "second-rate sensitive minds" of our time, his troubles are negligible. We have become accustomed, it is true, to much that would indubitably have alarmed our grandfathers; the hiss of turbines, the drone of dynamos, the roar of railways and the tangle of tongues. We live with these, and we have ceased to notice them; they have, moreover, a rhythm that is not unrestful in its constancy. The rough average produces a feeling of balance and rest. Continuous noises, no matter how hideous in themselves, are sporadic so long as they are uninterrupted. It is to the spasmodic and unrhythmic caesura that we owe most of our pain. The fitful silences hurt us more than the continued din. There is something infinitely restful in the regular pulse of the wheels of a railway carriage; but the jagged chirping of a sparrow, though perhaps essentially more beautiful, is as salt in our wounds. So, also, the jangling "treble bob" is less exasperating than the irregular vocalisation of the domestic cat. The little, snarling tents of quiet try us more than the thundrous cannonade.

Noises in the open air, and when we are moving, have a vagueness that exalts them almost to the dignity of sounds; a kind of barbarian music which would crumble before analysis, but has in its very evanescence a charm. The rustling of trees and the splashing of pebbly streamlets, although we find in them neither books nor sermons, cause us no pain; but the least sensitive must know the cruel potentialities of a creaking door. A kindly wind will often screen us from the more fearsome irritations of a shunting-yard, and distance dilute the acid of a fife band until it becomes almost soothing. Few things can so increase the annoyance of a sleepless bed as the cooing of doves; yet, in a country ramble, we welcome whole choirs of shrill voices. The petty affects are more than the noble; our senses are all for detail. We have complicated the mechanism of our minds; and for this, as for all elaboration, we must pay; we are more sensitive than our ancestors, but we are also more frail.

The daily increasing ugliness of human expression, including that attained in the fine arts, is shown most startlingly in our new noises. At home we have substituted for the kind crackle of coal fires the sickly oozing of hot water pipes; for the happy swishings of the carpet beater, the hungry suckings of vacuum cleaners. Domestic euphony is further endangered by the changes due to electricity; instead of the crisp sound of match-striking we hear the snick of little buttons on the wall, and our meals are announced by shrill electric noises in place of the pleasant human hummings. The soothing sneeze between man and beast, until lately to be heard in any lively stable, yields to the horrid grating of steel rails; the coachman's cheery "cluck" is supplanted by the hoarfings of infamous chauffeurs. The bracing tones of the post-horn have died, to reappear as something new and strange; and the pleasant patter of hoofs has ceased with the coming of the petrol engine. The

countryside that echoed, but a few years ago, all the beloved noises of farm and meadow, is now but a sounding-board for the already hideous belchings and bakings of motor drivers. The lurid campophones in use on all our high roads, if they are to be read as indirect to the souls of their owners, make our look to Hell for relief.

It may be that we of to-day are too puny for our environment; our conditions of life, perhaps, have outrun our powers of accommodation. We may be exotics in this age of steel, and the ugliness and noise we so fruitfully lament may be but the idiom of tomorrow. We may lack insight, and our feeble complaint may serve only to amuse our children. We may be degenerate, but our pain is real. We may be a dying race but we will have our swan-song.

SHOOTING SCIATICA.

Tortured by sharp, hot pains in Hip and Legs.

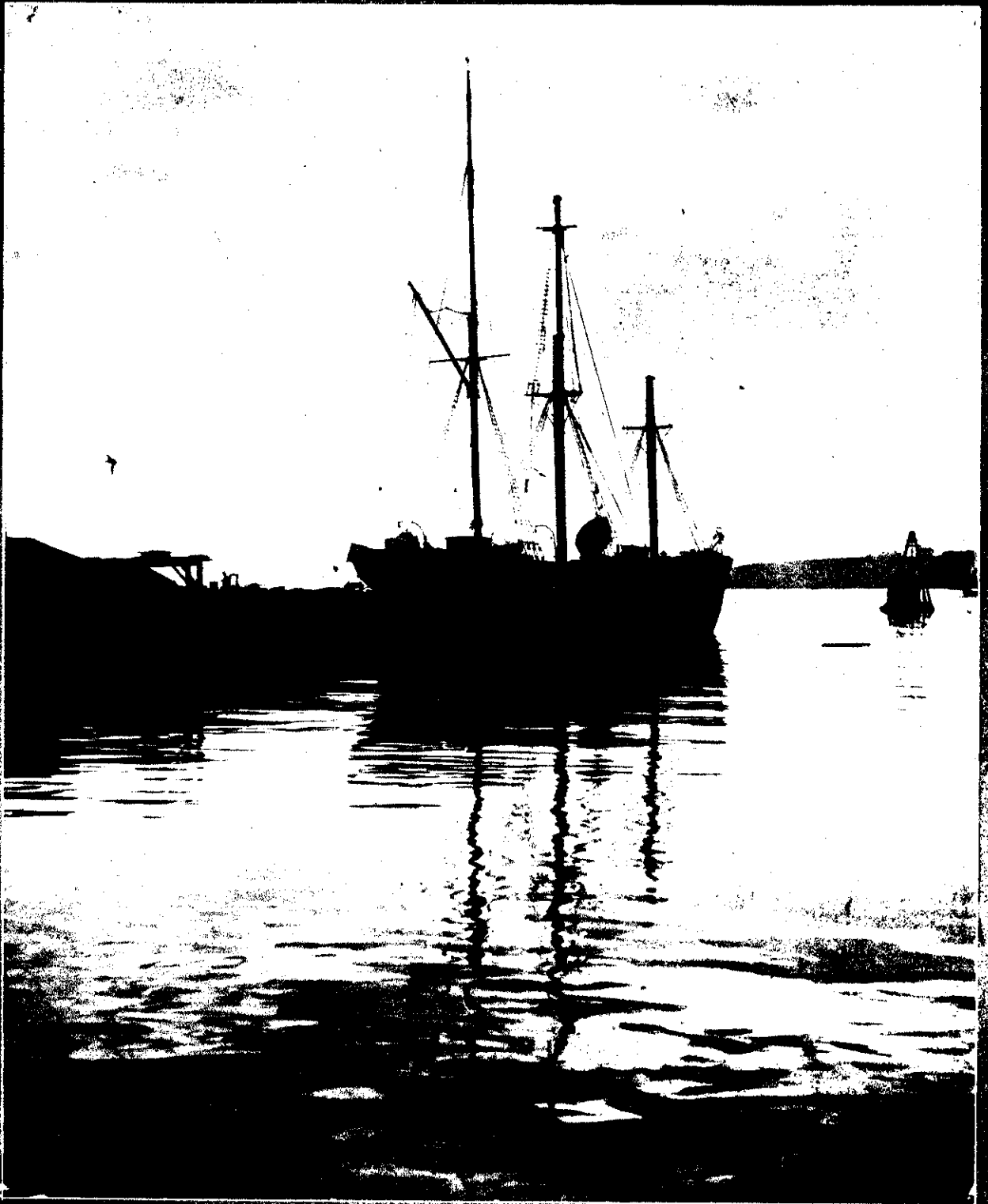
This man crippled till he had to give up athletics. Tells how he was cured.

In the case of Mr Arthur J. Grace, a prominent Tasmanian athlete, living at Dunfield-street, Queenstown, he was compelled to abandon football and sport by recurring attacks of Sciatica. After long suffering Mr Grace was completely cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. As Sciatica, like Neuralgia, is a disorder of the nerves, the direct treatment to cure the cause aims at restoring the nerves to their proper state of tone. Hot applications cannot do this. As Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood and tone the nerves, they have achieved great success in curing Sciatica, and Mr Grace's case is a striking instance. He said:—

"Up to the age of 23 I was always strong and healthy and a well known athlete. From that time forward I was compelled to give up all sport, such as running, football, etc., owing to repeated attacks of Sciatica in the right hip, extending to the right knee. I consulted several doctors who prescribed for me some medicine to take; some blistering me and giving me lotions. The blistering was so severe that it took all the skin off my hip to the knee. The pain at times was well nigh unbearable. It was very sharp, like needles being pushed into the flesh. I got wet or had been working in water. The sciatic nerve was very tender to the touch. The attack used to vary, sometimes lasting for a week or more, and at other times for a day or so. It was always a burning pain; walking would irritate it. The muscles wasted away. I had been in this state for about two years, and whenever it came on I used to consult the doctors, but without receiving permanent relief, and had come to the conclusion that it would come and go whenever it liked. Eventually a fellow worker man who had been cured of Sciatica after being bedridden for three weeks, advised me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, as they had cured him. I got a box, and benefited so much from their use I kept on with them, and by the time I had taken four boxes I felt completely cured. They are nearly two years since, and I am happy to say I have never had a twinge or any sign of the complaint since, and I can conscientiously recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to anyone suffering as I did, or for any other complaint arising from a disorder of the blood, as I have known several who have benefited by their use.

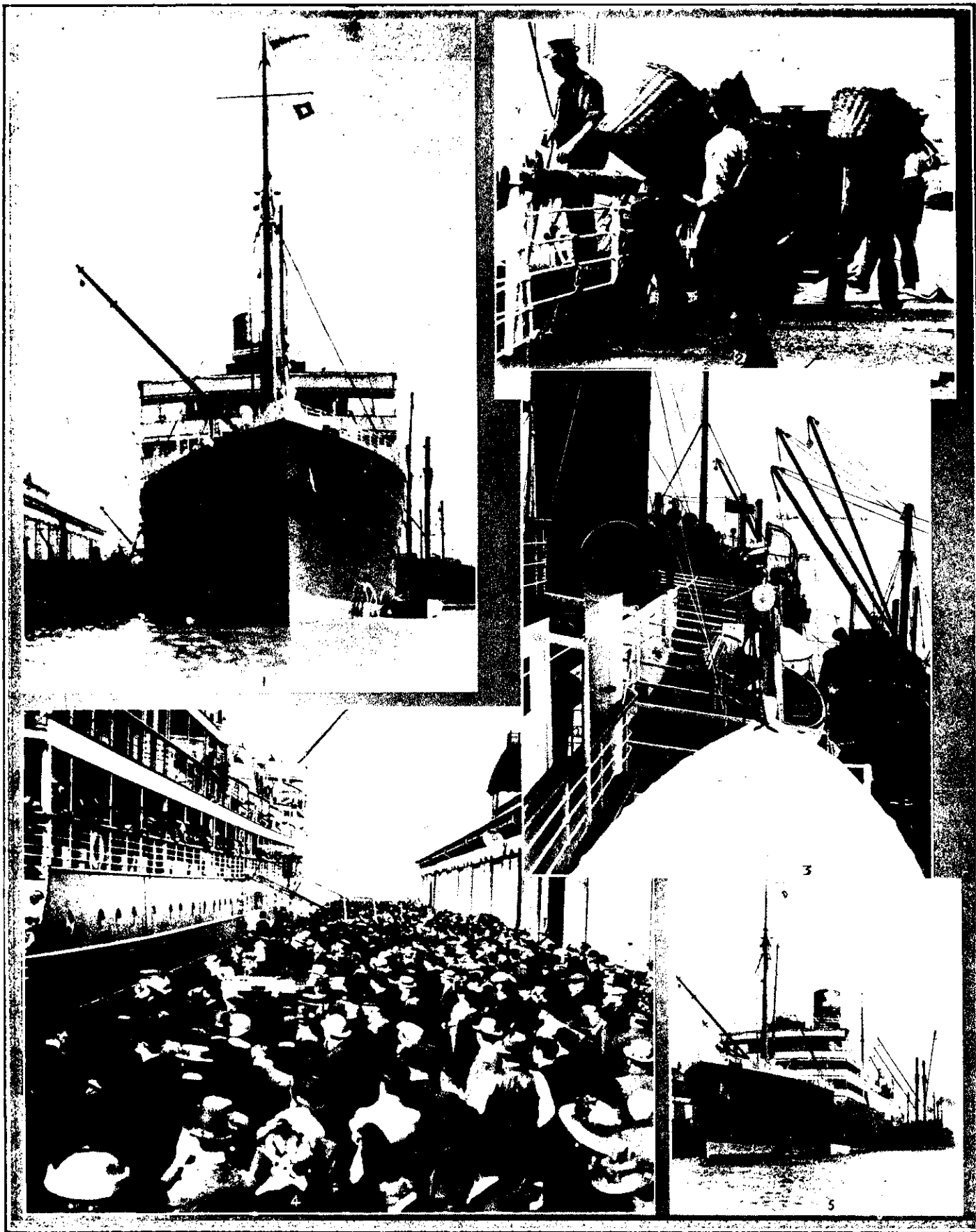
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are in a box of boxes 10/6 of all dealers, or from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia, Ltd., Wellington.

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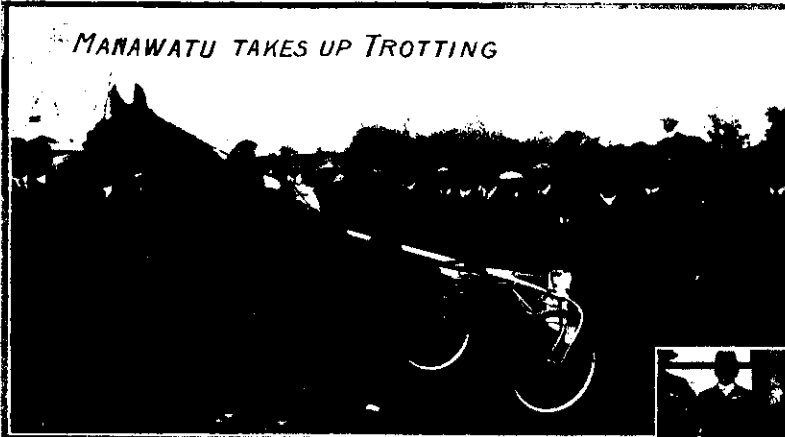
A. S. Brooker, photo.

HER LAST MOORINGS—THE CONQUEST OF COAL OVER CANVAS.



FIRST VISIT TO AUCKLAND—T.S.S. MAKURA TAKES UP THE RUNNING IN THE NEW VANCOUVER SERVICE.

The Union Co.'s magnificent liner Makura, which there is probably no better equipped vessel south of the line, arrived in Auckland from Sydney on Friday, and took her departure for Fiji, Honolulu, and Vancouver the same day. The appearance of the Makura created a great deal of interest, both among shipping people and others, her Blue Lines and general equipment and appearance being universally commented upon. She is the embodiment of all the latest improvements that science can devise for the comfort and safety of the traveller. Her four decks, sheered high above the wharf, and she over-lapped the top of either end. (1) A bow view of the Makura alongside the Queen-street wharf. (2) Taking in coal for the voyage. (3) Officers alongside the big mail structure. (4) Part of the crowd which watched the vessel's departure. (5) Another picture showing the liner alongside the wharf.



E. Denton, photo.

THE NEW MANAWATU TROTTING CLUB MAKES A GOOD START.

The executive of the Manawatu Trotting Club is to be complimented on the success that attended the inaugural meeting on the Manawatu Racing Club's five course. Large numbers of trotting enthusiasts were present from Wellington and Christchurch. (1) D. Nylund's Havoc, scratch, winner of the Electric Handicap. (2) J. C. Mastellore's Erin Tracey, winner of the Ladies' Bracelet and the Palmerston North Handicap. (3) H. Wick's Lady Richmond, winner of the Manawatu Trotting Club Handicap. (4) The committee and stewards of the Manawatu Trotting Club.



Central News, photo.

See "News of the Dominion."

TO CHART THE UNKNOWN COASTS OF ANTARCTICA.

The S.Y. Aurora, the ship of Dr. Mawson's Australian Antarctic Expedition, lying at the South-west India Dock, London. The main object of the expedition is to chart 2000 miles of unknown coast on the North of Antarctica.



A PRETTY FANCY COSTUME

Miss M. Howarth as "The Chinese Girl" at the Fancy Dress of the 1911 season at the Wellington last month.



MOUNT RUAPEHU—A TELEPHOTO PICTURE FROM WAIOURU.

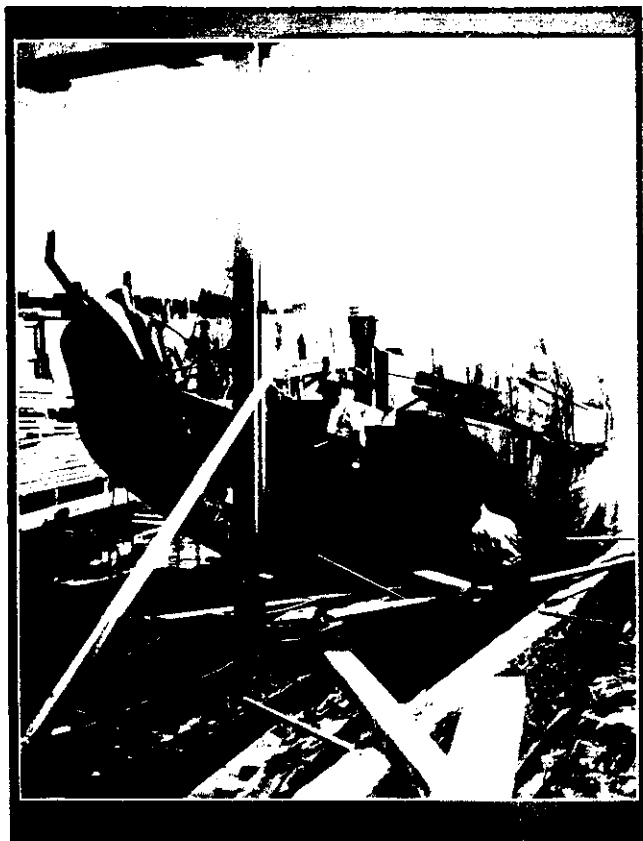
Parfitt, photo.



STRANGE PLAYMATES IN THE LONDON ZOO—DOG EMPLOYED TO KEEP BEARS IN ORDER.

By the News, photo.

Two young Polar bears who have been "boarding" at the London Zoological Gardens have proved a source of great amusement to visitors. They are the property of Alva Holm del Monte, a Swedish lady, who has been appearing at some of the English provincial theatres. The authorities of the Zoo took care of the animals for a few days. Pluck, a large black and white St. Bernard dog, looks after the young bears, and, as the photograph shows, thoroughly enjoys his work.



THE RESULT OF A COLLISION.

The scow Dain, showing the gap in the bows caused by her being run down by the Northern Company's steamer Wakatere.



A. G. Tibbott, photo.

A MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT IN TE AROHA.

A telescopic ladder which has been lately imported by the Te Aroha Borough Council to facilitate the work of attending to the overhead wires of the electric lighting system.



Hickey, photo.

THE MINE WHICH REGULATES THE PRICE OF COAL.

The State coal mine at Seddonville, showing the bins and part of the township in the distance.

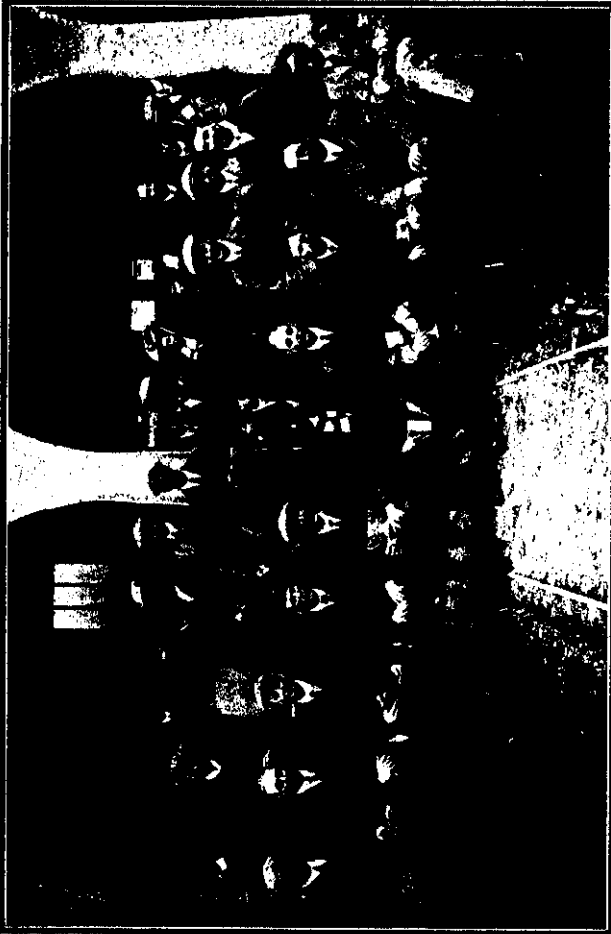


May and M. Moore, photo.

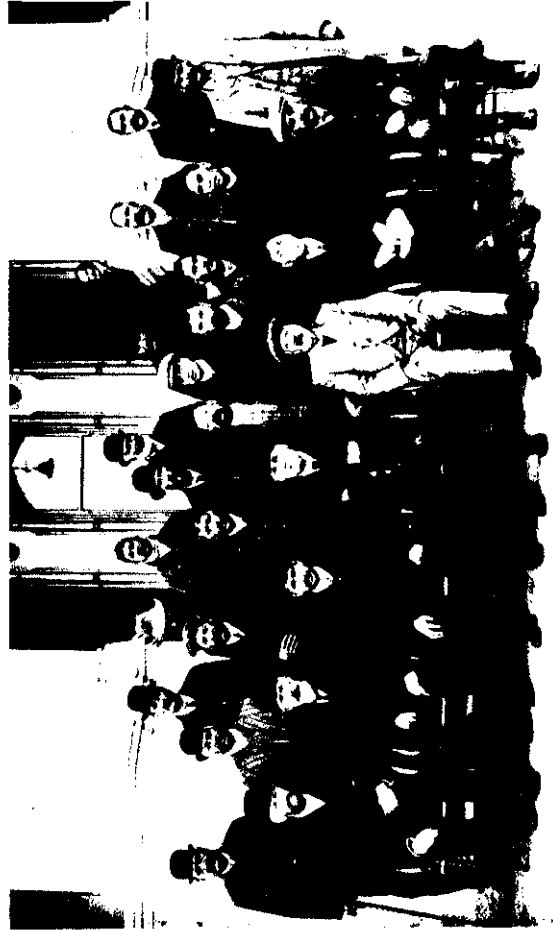
THE GLORIFICATION OF GIRL—"OUR MISS GIBBS" DESCENT ON NEW ZEALAND.

See "Music and Drama."

Mr. J. C. Williamson's Company, which is to produce "Our Miss Gibbs" throughout the Dominion, opens its tour at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on September 11th. The above illustration shows the portraits of various lady members of the company. (1) Miss Vera Pearce, (2) Miss Phyllis Warner, (3) Miss Ellen Redmond, (4) Miss Ellen Cotter, (5) Miss Ima Coffyn, (6) Miss Ida Milne, (7) Miss Bertha Gordon, (8) Miss Hilda Smith.



E. Barton, photo. COMPETITORS IN THE MANAWATU GOLF CLUB'S TOURNAMENT. See "Golf Notes." The Manawatu Golf Club's tournament, which took place last week, was productive of some fine play. Entries were large, and the tournament extended over three days. The photo, shows a group of competitors, and fourth from the right seated is A. Dunlop, the winner of the championship.



Barton, photo. THE CHAIRMEN OF THE MAORI COUNCILS IN CONFERENCE AT WELLINGTON.



BOUND FOR THE POLE—INDIAN TRANSPORT MULES FOR THE ANTARCTIC.

Seven interesting little passengers, in the shape of Indian transport mules, arrived in Auckland on Friday by the Albatross en route to the Antarctic, where they will be used by Captain Scott in his dash for the South Pole. The mules were selected by the officers of the Army Department at Simla, and were for some time trained in sledging work at their altitudes, before being shipped. They are very small, but, as they are, though, despite their size, they are possessed of great strength and endurance.

PREPARING FOR



THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE AUCKLAND WATERFRONT

The immense strides which have been made of recent years in the tonnage of ocean liners make big demands on the ports to which they ply, as, for instance, the mammoth steamer *Mauretania* which is now under construction in this part of the world as well as the growth of the big vessels which come to our ports is easily noticed from those which traded here a few years ago, and so all ports of any pretension in this part of the world have been undertaking, and the reconstruction of the old wooden piers in ferro-concrete is still steadily proceeding. The photo shows the new Queen-street wharf, which is rapidly replacing the old wharf, and further inshore is an inter-colonial steamer with her bows close up to Quay-street. In the con-

BIG OCEAN LINERS



TO MEET MODERN REQUIREMENTS OF DEEP SEA COMMERCE.

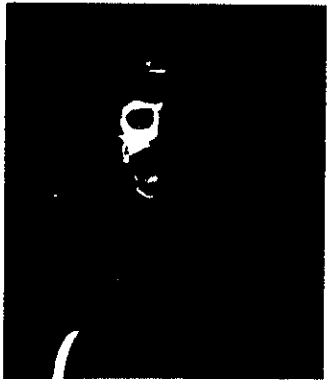
... which was built before there was a pier long enough to accommodate her, with the result that these big works had to be undertaken at once both in England and America. In Auckland we had to spend large sums in providing modern wharves, deep water berths, and up-to-date harbour appliances generally. In Auckland a very large scheme of harbour improvement works had to be carried out. Some of the wooden piers and goods sheds are still in use and can be seen on the right. On the left is one of the harbour dredges preparing a deep water berth. To be observed the huge steel pontoon which is being built to carry a 60-ton floating crane, another detail in the equipment of the port.



Sorell, photo.

EXPONENTS OF THE ANCIENT GAME AT THE NAPIER LADIES' GOLF TOURNAMENT.

The tournament held last week by the Napier Ladies' Golf Club was a highly successful meeting, competitors being present from clubs in many parts of the Dominion. 1. Miss Campbell (Christchurch). 2. Miss McBeth (Kilmolton). 3. Miss M. Williams (Hawke's Bay). 4. Miss A. Pearce (Wellington). 5. Waiting their turn at the tee. 6. Miss M. Whitmarsh (Napier). 7. Out of the bunker. 8. Miss Davis (Hawke's Bay). 9. Miss Williams (Dunedin). 10. Miss Humphries (Christchurch). 11. Miss Dean (Napier). 12. Mrs Snodgrass (Napier). 13. Miss F. Beard (Hawke's Bay). 14. Miss Taylor (Wellington). 15. Miss B. Abraham (Palmerston North). 16. Mrs H. Smith (Hawke's Bay). 17. Mrs Tomoma (Hawke's Bay).



COL. ALLEN BELL,
Independent, Walkato.



MR. G. WILKINSON,
Opposition, Bay of Islands.



MR. D. D. MACFARLANE,
Opposition, Haranui.



Bartlett, photo.
W. J. NAPIER,
Liberal, Waitemata.



MR. G. R. WHITING,
Liberal, Christchurch South.



"FATHER OF THE HOUSE."

During the week the announcement was made of the retirement of Sir William Steward, the father of the House, who for thirty years has represented the district of Wairaki. Sir William, to use his own words, does not want to fight any more elections, as he is not so young as he was. He will take up his residence in Johnsonville, a suburb of Wellington. The probabilities are that he will be given a seat in the Legislative Council.



Bunting, photo.
F. O'DEA, M.A., LL.B.,
Liberal, Paten.



Schmidt, photo.
MR. L. R. PHILLIPS, M.P.,
Retiring from Waitemata.



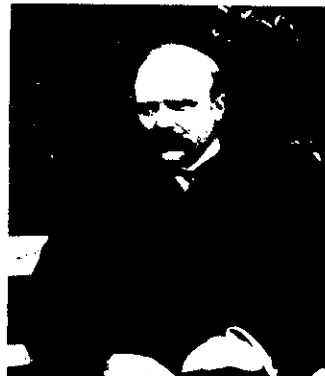
Macey, photo.
MR. R. McCALLUM,
Liberal, Wairau.



Tasini, photo.
MR. H. M. MICHEL,
Liberal, Westland.



Armstrong, photo.
MR. ROBERT SCOTT, M.P.,
Opposition, Otago Central.



MR. ROBERT MCNAIR,
Liberal, Palmerston North.



MR. ROBERT MILLIGAN,
Liberal, Danmaru.



A LAKE WITHIN A LAKE—LAKE McDOUGALL ON MANUKA ISLAND, LAKE WANAKA.

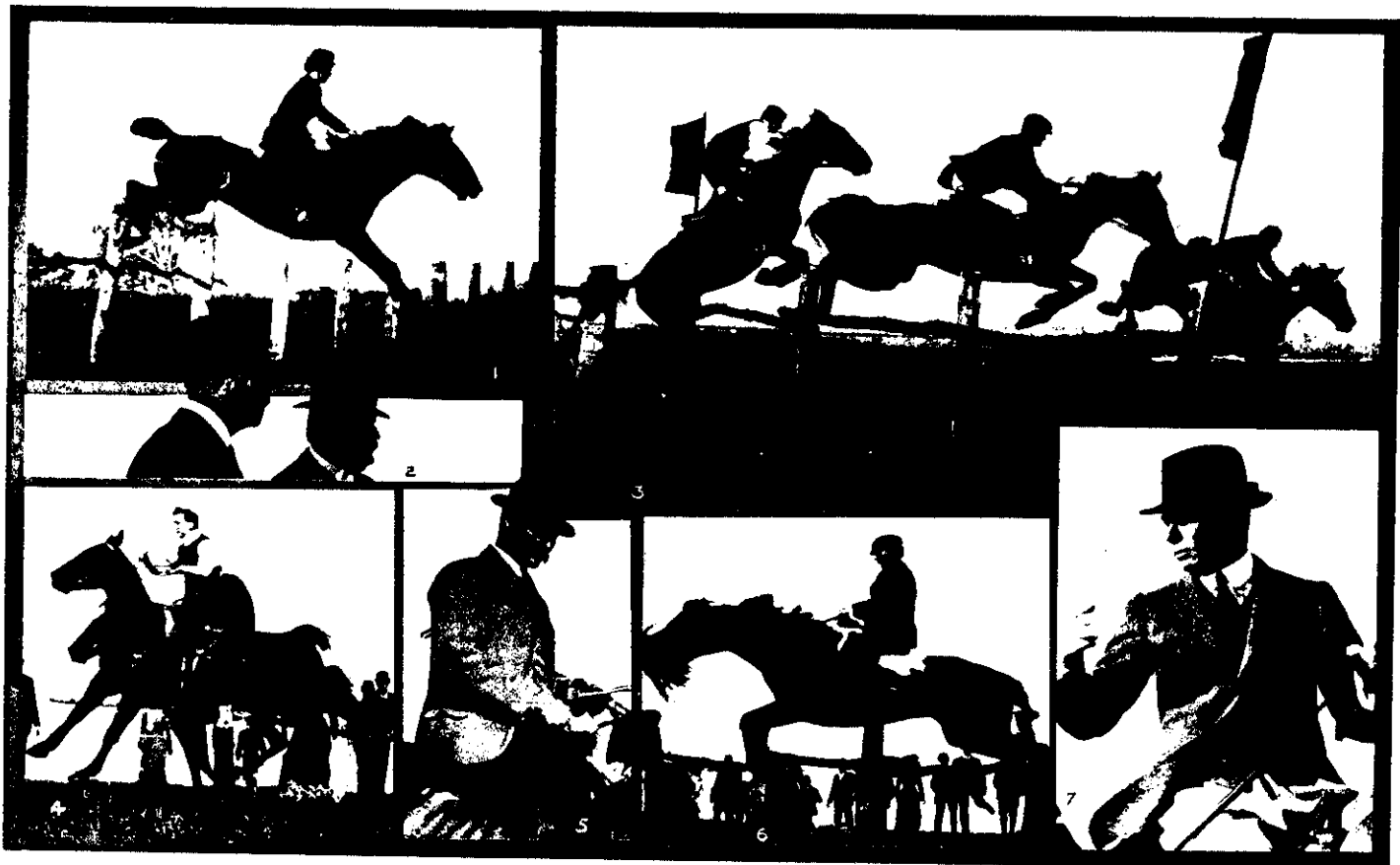
IN THE COAL BEARING COUNTRY.



ROAD, RIVER AND RAIL—ROUND ABOUT TAUPIRI ON THE BANKS OF THE WAIKATO.

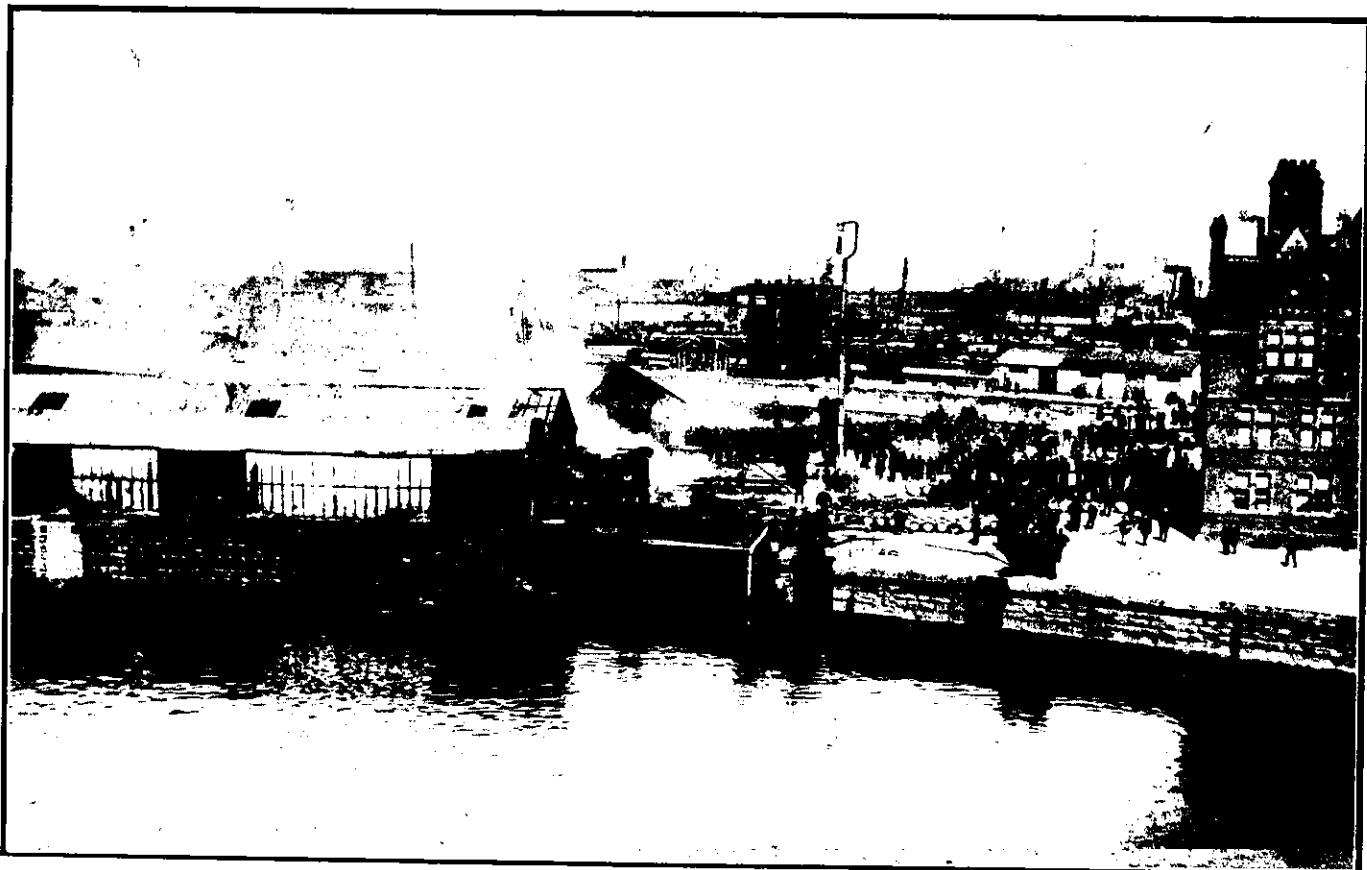
Waring photo.

(1) A calm reach on the Kōwhiri, a tributary of the Waikato, near Taupiri. (2) A country road near Taupiri. (3) On the banks of the Waikato. The railway line runs close to the river. (4) On the Mangawata Creek at Otūhā, Taupiri.



THE PAKURANGA HUNT CLUB'S POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASE MEETING.

The annual point-to-point steeplechase meeting of the Pakuranga Hunt Club took place on Saturday in splendid weather. The attendance was very large. There were several spills, but, fortunately, without serious results. (1) Miss E. Gill (winner of the ladies' meet) on Tokiere. (2) Messrs. H. T. Gorrie and H. O. Nolan. (3) Leaders at the second fence in the heavy-weight race. (4) Mr. W. Dalton (the winner of the heavy-weights) on Captain Jack. (5) Mr. R. P. Kitchin, secretary. (6) At the tail of the winner (Lexton). Mr. C. Wallace on Galeator. (7) Mr. E. D. O'Rourke, muster.



FIERCE RIOTS AT CARDIFF—A WAREHOUSE FIRED AND LOOTED.

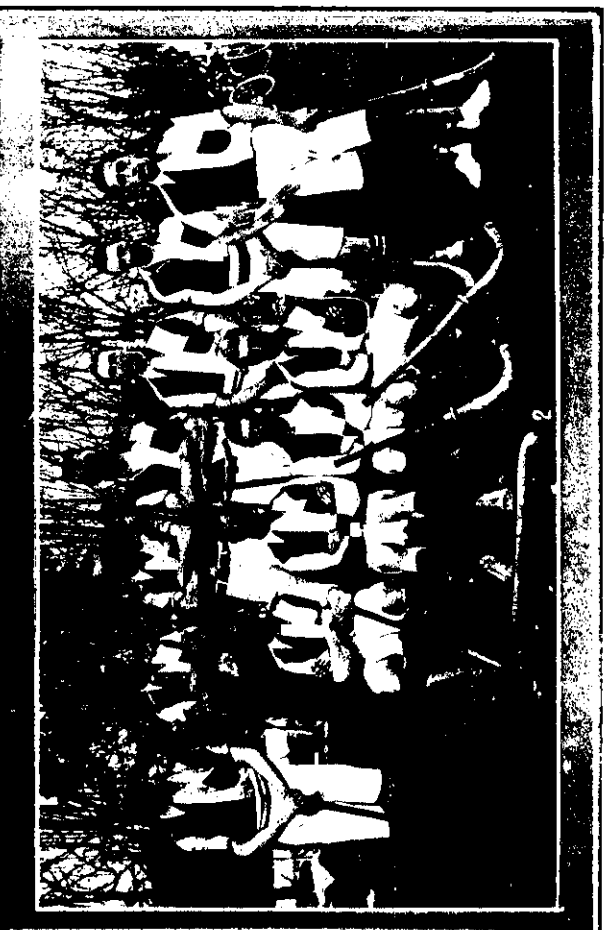
Topical photo.

The seamen's strike at Cardiff underwent a dramatic development on July 28. A warehouse on the Bute Docks estate was fired and partly looted. Barrels of beer were broken open and rolled into the docks. The loss which the Brethren were using to extinguish the flames was cut by strikers, and throughout the day there were serious conflicts with the police. Police reinforcements gradually resulted in the strikers being driven off the dock premises. Later on some of the more fiery of the mob, who had partaken freely of the looted beer, attempted to recross the West Dock Bridge. Half a dozen constables held the bridge against a hundred half-drunken men and youths, many of whom behaved in the most reckless manner, climbing over each other's backs in order to get on to the parapet, heedless of the fact that a false step might send them headlong into the empty dock basin thirty feet below.



NEW ZEALAND IN FRANCE—THE DOMINION'S EXHIBITS AT ROUBAIX.

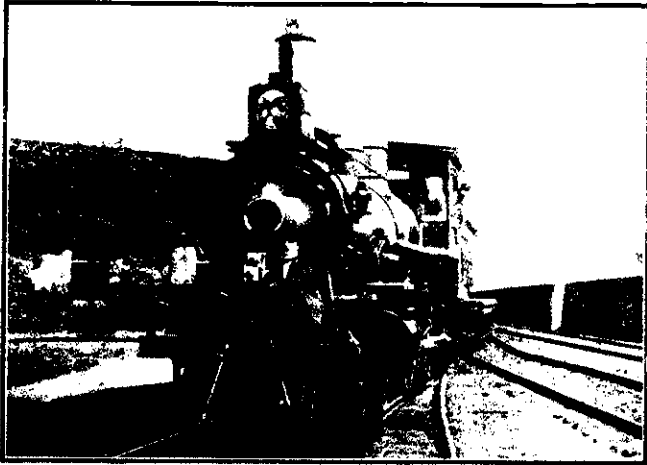
The interior of the New Zealand pavilion at the Roubaix Exhibition. (A) The information bureau and animal prints section. (B) The wood exhibit.



INTERPROVINCIAL HOCKEY IN MARLBOROUGH.

Camera, photo.

(A) The Nelson hockey representatives, who were defeated by Marlborough (No. 2) by two goals to one. The match was played in Blenheim on August 27.



A MOVING PICTURE CAMERA ATTACHED TO A LOCOMOTIVE.

In the beginning such pictures as only showed the passing scenery were considered wonderful. In this case a small railway and all its equipment was leased for a day to depict the "drama" of the engineer and his sweetheart who saved him from an accident.

How Moving Pictures are Produced.

THE FAKER IN HIS ELEMENT.

WHAT is the most popular form of entertainment to-day? If a public vote were taken on this question, it is safe to say that an overwhelming majority would be given in favour of the moving-picture theatre. No means of diverting the public in their leisure moments have created such a furore or wrought such changes upon the community as the camera which records life in motion upon a long strip of sensitised celluloid film, and projects it in animation upon a white screen by an improvement of the limelight lantern. Indeed, it has relegated the "magic lantern," so fascinating in our younger days, to the limbo of things that were.

Paris was responsible for this latest development; was the seat of the contagion which has swept throughout the world. About four years ago an enterprising Frenchman sought a new magnet to fascinate the public. He cast round, but inventors appeared unfortunate in hitting upon the right thing to hypnotise the masses, or else the latter had become somewhat blasé. The ordinary forms of diversissement which hitherto had attracted the people in their thousands failed to rouse a particle of interest. Suddenly he bethought himself of the cinematograph.

Up to this time the quasi-coffee grinding magic lantern had been seen but little. Its chief point of attraction was curiosity, and it was regarded more as a scientific toy. This Frenchman decided upon a new plan of action. He would produce tragedy, comedy, drama, and farce in pictures upon the screen in addition to mere scenic pictures. He secured a selection of varied films, leased a hall suited to their projection on a life-size scale, and in this way gave a pictorial pantomime reproduction upon the white-sheet. He furnished his hall upon the most up-to-date lines with tip-top comfortable seats, gaily bedecked the exterior of his building, illuminating it brilliantly and attractively by night, and charged only a few pence for admission.

He nursed half an idea that he would succeed. And he did, but in a manner that exceeded his most sanguine ambitions. The first night there was a fairly large curiosity-provoked audience which did not think for a moment that it would tolerate such an exposition for a solid hour. But its attention was so absorbed that the sixty minutes slipped by as if they were seconds.

The result was that the enterprising Frenchman found his theatre and new

attraction the one theme of conversation in Paris. Crowds flocked to his doors the people fought round the box-office to secure admission, and every inch of space within the building was crammed. The people shrieked with laughter, applauded vigorously the thrilling escapes of the inanimate hero, hissed the villain; in fact they were so enthralled as to think that they were looking upon the real thing, and not a mere pictorial representation thereof.

The moving picture show swept over Paris like an epidemic. The pioneer within a month found that he had reaped his initial outlay and was well on the right side of his profit and loss account, while the rush still at the flood gave no signs of abating. He saw a fortune looming steadily in the distance. Others, following his example with alacrity, and in a short time the boulevards and side streets from the west end to the slums were bristling with moving-picture theatres. It developed into an absolute rage.

Other countries soon fell victims to the epidemic. In Germany, where the cinematograph had scarcely been seen or heard of, as it was somewhat foreign

to the tastes of the stolid Teuton, picture theatres sprang up on all sides. In Italy, Belgium, Spain, Austria, and Russia it was the same. The wave swept across the channel and caught up the English in its mad rush. Hitherto the biograph display had been merely a turn in the legitimate music hall entertainment a side issue turned to convenient use to rivet the audience while a big stage scene was being set. Now it became the entire programme of an establishment.

Large buildings which had been standing vacant for years suddenly were in great demand, were metamorphosed quickly and changed into humming restless hives of activity. Companies sprang up on all sides and as the profits realised by the early concerns were so over-whelming, the public subscribed lavishly. Four years ago it is safe to assert that in the British islands there was not a single building devoted to the exclusive presentation of moving pictures. Today there are over 4000 cinematograph palaces. As the majority of these undertakings give two shows an evening at least, and seat an average of 300 people for the two houses, which is a very modest computation, over 1,200,000 people patronise the moving-picture theatres every evening.

But inasmuch as the show lasts on the average about an hour, and is continued without interruption for six or nine hours per day it is safe to assert that the number is nearer three millions per day. It is well within the mark to say that the British public spend £25,000 a day on this amusement. Probably the sum is double that figure, but taking the average expenditure of twopence per head this is the result obtained from an attendance of 3,000,000 people per day.

The effect upon the manufacturing industry devoted to the production of animated pictures for the delectation of the public is amazing. It is an industry concentrated in but a few hands, comparatively speaking. Three hundred firms would represent the total number for the whole world. This fact is due to the expensive character of the work. That it is highly remunerative is evident from a little investigation.

One firm in Paris, which is probably the largest of its class in Europe, pays a dividend of ninety per cent. upon its capital. In the United States Mr. T. Mva Edison, the American inventor of the cinematograph, nets anything from £1000 to £3000 a week in royalties accruing from the use of his kinematograph appliances.

But between these firms there exists a healthy rivalry. The public having survived the first effects of the craze have become critical as much so in fact as the legitimate playgoers. As a play may fail to draw the public so may a film. The result is that the moving-picture record manufacturer is a somewhat complex personality. In the first place he must be thoroughly an art with the techniques of the photographic side, so as to be sure to produce a film free from all blemish. Then he must be a keen student of human emotions so as to be able to produce pictures which strike the right chord.

With these two attributes he must assimilate a first rate knowledge of stage-

craft, more difficult in his particular instance as often he has to move the pieces over an actual chess board—in other words stage. Also as comedy must be well combined with the dramatic he must devote special attention to its detail. Moreover everything must be absolutely perfect, inasmuch as the camera is relentless in its record.

What is the result? The film maker draws the character for his pictorial drama, comedy, farce, or what not from the profession. The players have to learn and study their parts with far more infinite care than is necessary upon the stage, inasmuch as there is no dialogue to counteract defects in action. The public merely sees the representation, and everything must be carried out so as to convey a perfectly lucid impression of the subject, the action must in every respect explain and portray the dialogue.

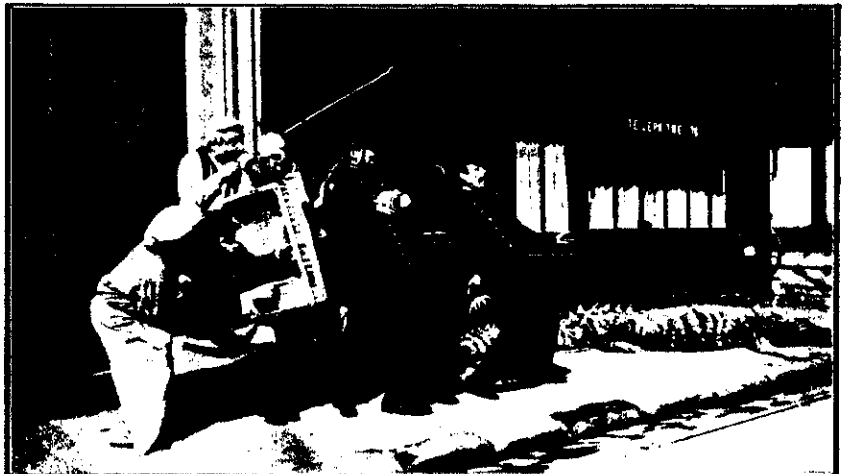
For this reason the actors and actresses have to be selected very carefully. A popular idol may be a perfect success before the footlights, but that is not to say that he will be so in front of the camera, no more than a popular



THE ENGINEER AND HIS SWEET HEART.

nightingale is a success on the phonograph. Cold blooded mechanism has no regard for human popularity.

The actors and actresses in the play having been found suitable the next step is the preparation of the setting of the scene. This may take place either in the open air in a natural environment, or upon a stage. If the latter the scenic artist has to be brought into evidence, and here again much depends upon the individual. He is severely fettered by limitations. Everything has to be painted in monochrome and in black and white at that. The stage is as large or larger than that of the average theatre, and externally resembles a bit of greenhouse. As a rule the front is made movable so that the whole stage can face the open air. In reality it is an immense studio, a multiplicity of blinds being required to secure the requisite lighting effects when



A SCENE POSED IN THE STREETS OF PARIS

A quiet day is chosen, and French actors hired to enact such comic farces as this one entitled 'An Act of Astory.'

taken under natural daylight conditions. But the weather may be inclement and then elaborate artificial lighting has to be resorted to. This takes the form of powerful electric lamps which bathe the whole scene in a brilliant glare. Anything from 50,000 to 100,000 candlepower may be concentrated upon the scene.

This stage is complete in more senses than one. Crowds of scene-shifters are necessary in order to set each scene; and in this connection almost as much speed is shown as upon the orthodox stage, inasmuch as time means money. Costumes, scenery, and properties for any period or situation have to be wrested from the property room, and while the scene-shifters are busy at work upon the stage between the scenes the actors and actresses are hastily changing their costumes.

Then, again, the whole thing has to be timed. A too lengthy film bates the audience just as much as a long drawn out play, perhaps more so. Also in order to hold the public, action must be continuous, soliloquies are blanks and must be ruthlessly cut out. "Keep on the move" is the one adjuration urged upon the members of the company, and rehearsals have to be carried out time after time to make sure of the merest detail before the whole is presented before the camera. At last when all is ready the first night before the sensitive silver film takes place. The operator sets up his camera and carefully focuses and stops down the lens. The coil of film is slipped into the camera and passed over the various pulleys which bring successive small areas of the sensitized



THE AUDIENCE WHICH COMES AND GOES ALL DAY.

The film makers estimate that in England and in America at least six million people attend the moving picture theatres daily.

two and a half hours the moving-picture manager compresses it within a fifth or sixth of that time expunging everything but action. It appears simple

If the scene is being enacted out of doors amid natural surroundings the scene painter and stage carpenter are dispensed with. The company hustle off to the scene of action with their properties stowed in a motor-car, and garbed ready for the event. The operator sets up his machine, and the scene is carried through. When completed the whole outfit returns to headquarters, and possibly days may elapse before the next scene is taken.

The picture secured, the remainder of the task is purely mechanical. The films are consigned to the dark-room and by special contrivances passed through the developing bath, fixed, and dried. The positive then has to be prepared in much the same manner. In due course the manager is informed that the picture is ready, and he repairs to the testing-room to see the reproduction of the play.

In this hall the drama or what not is put through in sections just as taken. The manager follows it carefully, making notes of what periods in the film could be dispensed with very well. In short the play-picture undergoes relentless pruning and editing. Six inches are cut out here, a foot there, and so on; care being exercised that such cuts do not affect cohesion or continuity of action. Possibly the whole reproduction is unsatisfactory, in which event it has to be enacted again with all revisions. When the manager has completed his work the various sections are joined up to form a continuous homogeneous whole. From this negative the positive is print-

ed, and once again the manager witnesses projection of the whole drama in complete form. It receives his earmark of approval, and then is multiplied by the dozen to be sent to picture theatres throughout the world.

It seems a simple operation, but as a matter of fact the preparation of the play from the writing of the manuscript, the drawing-up of the characters, the rehearsal, and the final projection in the testing theatre occupies several weeks or perhaps months. Nothing is hurried. Waste in this particular field inevitably spells failure. When it comes to a huge production such as, perhaps, a moving picture dramatic representation of "A Tale of Two Cities" or other scenes of the French revolutionary period—which be it noted are particularly popular—it is a complex problem. Any theatrical manager will tell you that the staging of a crowd is a difficult undertaking, and the manner in which the moving-picture manager handles such masses of humanity is remarkable from the stage effect point of view. The crowd is seen in the zenith of its excitement and from the artistic point of view is of distinct merit. Yet, as you see the spectacle pass before you on the screen, you cannot form the faintest idea of the labour and worries through which the producing manager passed to secure that effect. They were rehearsed time after time, the controlling personality slaying like a dog to work the crowd up to the requisite pitch of excitement.

And what of the expense? A peep at



THE FIGHT ON THE "PLAINS OF ARABIA" IN PROGRESS.

Stage management of a high order is necessary so to display two bottles of troops before the camera as to produce the illusion of war.

surface before the open lens. The electricians switch on their lamps and the manager takes a last look round to see that everything is in perfect order and that the scene can rattle through without a hitch. The actors and actresses stand in the wings ready to take their cue, and those "discovered on the stage" give themselves a final draw up.

"All ready?" asks the manager. "Now, then, go ahead." The play starts. Scarcely has the first movement begun when there is heard the steady rhythmic pinging of the revolving mechanism of the camera as the operator turns it steadily and persistently, making some twelve or sixteen exposures per second. The members waiting in the wings at their appointed times make their entrances and exits in truly theatrical manner. One and all speak the dialogue, as may be observed by the movements of the lips on the screen in projection. There is not a sound beyond the commutations of the players, but round the little scene is grouped an abeyant body of electricians and others all on the qui vive for an emergency, and under the eagle eye of the manager.

"Right" shouts the manager and the camera ceases its monotonous purring. The curtain—or rather the shutter of the lens—has fallen. In a second everything is hustle and bustle, the scene-shifters setting the next scene, while the company are hurriedly changing their costumes if necessary. Meanwhile the operator has slipped a new film into his camera, and calmly awaits the opening of the next scene.

In this way the whole drama is enacted. It may be a play which would occupy the boards of the theatre for some

but five minutes on the stage of a moving-picture film manufacturer is more exhausting than half an hour under general conditions on a stage.



A REHEARSAL FOR THE PICTURE DRAMA "CHARLOTTE CORDAY."

Elaborate rehearsals are necessary for training the actors and the crowds to accustom them to the requirements of the camera.

the books of some of these manufacturers would startle the average moving-picture theatre-goer who pays perhaps, but sixpence for his seat. In staging a big scene £500 goes but a very little distance. The properties, costumes, travelling expenses, and salaries represent no small item. The staging of the "Life of Christ" ran into £2000, but it is said to have netted its during producer a matter of £30,000, as it was seized by various religious societies for their propaganda. One Parisian firm spends several thousands of pounds every week in this direction, for it has no less than five special stages for the production of dramatic films.

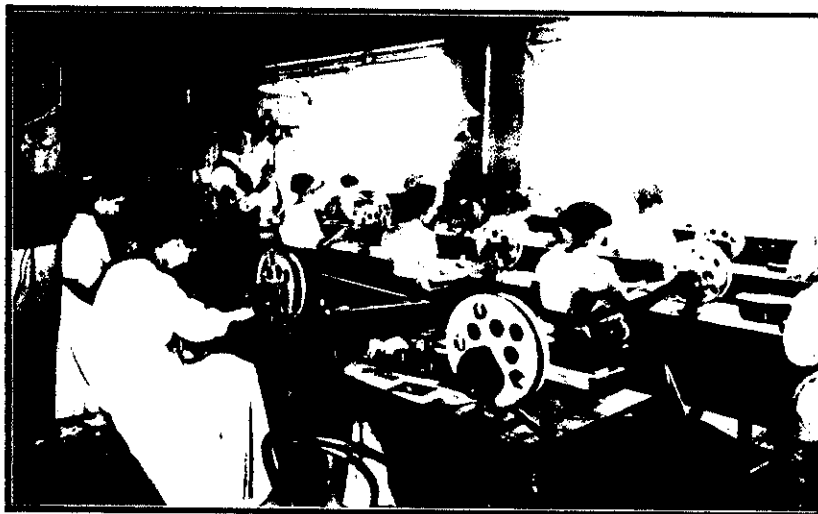
The historical subjects are among the most expensive to produce, especially when accompanied by large crowds. But in this direction the manufacturer sometimes displays considerable ingenuity by working up the subject from extraneous sources. That is to say he will take incidents from other subjects and introduce them into the particular film in hand. For instance, when England was suffering from "paganitis," some two years ago, the enactment of various scenes by certain towns interested in the pagan craze so far as it affected their particular localities, enabled the animated picture maker to secure incidents full of detail at no expense beyond the film, which were afterwards introduced into a suitable historical subject.

The film itself is of celluloid—recently the non-inflammable material has been adopted as a substitute for the highly inflammable transparent medium—about an inch in width. In reality it is nothing but an adaptation of the continuous roll film which the snapshotter uses. The picture is seven-eighths of an inch deep, and being taken and projected on the average at about sixteen pictures a second, this represents no less than 960 pictures a minute. In the case of a film occupying half an hour, no less than 28,800 pictorial records of the event portrayed on the screen will pass before the eye. The total length of such a film will be 2,100 feet. The average charge for a black-and-white film is 4d per foot net, so the cost of such a film would be about £35.

Inasmuch, however, as a film is very much like a newspaper, in that its period of utility to a single theatre is severely limited, the proprietor does not purchase it outright. If such were done the capital outlay per week for a show lasting, say, ninety minutes, representing some £105, would be prohibitive, especially seeing that in the large towns it is necessary to effect a complete

theatres have sprung up like mushrooms in all directions. He makes the purchases from the manufacturers, and then hires them to the theatres at so much a week, or for three days, as the case may be. Through the middleman it is possible to secure a pictorial programme lasting sixty minutes for a small theatre for a little as two guineas per week. When the boom first started the middle-

snowball, the film recouping its original cost within a very short time. Then, after its term of useful service is completed, it is thrown into the junk market and sold for a mere song, possibly torn, scratched and cut, to finish up its career in a meandering side-show visiting the fonder villages which are not sufficiently populated to warrant the foundation of an established theatre, or



WOMEN AT WORK IN A FILM FACTORY.

Last year more than £2,000,000 worth of films were sold in England and the United States alone.

change of programme once or twice weekly. Unless the proprietor possessed a circuit of theatres the films after three days' use would be waste. Even if he owned a ring of theatres it would not pay him nowadays to purchase a film.

The middleman has come to his aid, and it is due to his existence that these

man by hiring out the films made money easily and rapidly, but his trade like that of his ilk in other industries, has become diminished.

Many manufacturers now lease the films out direct, and as they have an extensive clientele, can keep films running round the country, serving a widely distributed chain of theatres like a

falls within the clutches of a scientific youth who utilises the film for the entertainment of his companions at home in a toy lantern.

Though the belief that the camera cannot lie has long been exploded, there are many people who believe everything they see projected upon the screen to be substantially the real thing. As a

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matter of fact the moving picture manufacturer is the biggest and most undiluting taker extant. There are no limits to the tricks and devices that he presses into service. In this field of activity he is more fertile than the most expert illusionist and conjurer.

For instance, you are following the rejuvenating effects of a mysterious potion. It is in the hands, say, of a witch, and you see the transformation take place before your eyes. How is it done? is a common question. The answer is very simple. You see an individual bent double with age. For this purpose the actor is made up. He meets the witch who instantly performs some weird actions, at the same time blessing the subject with sprinkling of her famous youth restorer. At that point the camera stops working. While out of action the actor without moving his position discards his garments and appearance of age and beneath he is attired in garments characteristic of youth. When the camera starts working once more you see the decrepit individual erect himself in the new garments and strut along like a youngster in his teens. It is the same all through. Just at the moment that the change is to take place under the action of the mystic medium the camera stops working and the requisite change is effected.

The trick film is really one of the most popular forms of amusing pictures in vogue today, and it was brought into use at first through the enterprise of a French "magician," who pressed into his services the ordinary devices associated with his art. From that it was but a short step to faking. In this work superprinting two or three films is a common artifice, as well as double exposures upon the same film. In this way we see visions such as the miner in the Yukon dreaming of his home and mother in the North of England.

The majority of these tricks are absurdly simple, but as their lucid explanation is impossible without the aid of diagrams it is impossible to dip into those of an apparently intricate character. It will suffice to say that sensational scenes such as a leap over a cliff, an execution, and such like are produced by resort to a lay figure. At the critical moment in the incident when the sensation is to occur, the camera is stopped, and the real actor slips out of the scene, and a dummy is substituted. The stoppage is only momentary and none of the characters change their relative positions, becoming rooted to the spot like statues at the instant the manager gives the signal to introduce the dummy which is held in reserve near by.

When the cinematograph first entered the amusement world the scenes depicted were of a commonplace character such as an ordinary street scene or event in

everyday domestic life. But enterprise struck out daringly. Thrilling dramas and absurd comedies were written, and these proved immensely popular. Then the manufacturers became more ambitious. They prepared pantomime productions of popular romantic stories. In this way you can become acquainted with the story and adventures of "Monte Christo," being carried pictorially through the volume within thirty min-

ute manufacturer has the knack of knowing just how to rivet the interest of the public. In the days of the magic lantern by the attachment of the microscope cheese mites were shown upon the screen. The cinematographer goes further than that. He shows you the chameleon stalking its prey, the interior of an ant's nest, and the physical force possessed of the house fly.

Recently this movement has made a

the mysteries and fascinating lives of the most minute living things in a pond and follow in detail the habits and peculiar movements of varying members of the brute creation.

It has also brought life in the most inaccessible corners of the world before the millions in teeming cities, and is widening our knowledge of the world very materially. A quarter of a century ago an expedition to a remote



HOW THE DOMESTIC DRAMAS ARE ENACTED.

The actors who work on this stage have a small but important audience of camera men and electricians.

utes or less. "Alice in Wonderland," "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," and the fairy stories of "Aladdin," "Cinderella," and so on, have been produced in this way. The picture manufacturer is ready to produce anything that the public may desire, from the Creation to the Burning of Rome, from prehistoric times when dinosaurs roamed the earth to the execution of Charles the First; from the Deluge to the early days of Christianity. No matter what particular phase is desired, be it historical or religious, the frankly impossible, or the severely commonplace, all can be produced. It is merely a question of public fancy and expense.

From being a mere form of amusement, the cinematograph has now passed into an educational force. Science, no matter what its branch may be, is being illustrated more and more every day, and it is encouraging to note its meeting with increasing popularity, for the pic-

ture manufacturer has the knack of knowing just how to rivet the interest of the public. In the laboratories of one of the Parisian manufacturers, the writer witnessed the testing of a film depicting the main blood stream of a live frog. It had been a tremendous task to secure such a photographic record, inasmuch as the magnification ran up to 75,000 diameters. It was somewhat remarkable to see the corpuscles of the blood reproduced inches across, and to follow the attacks thereon by the infinitesimal germs, looking in the picture like tadpoles.

More wonderful things have since been attained. A German scientist by means of elaborate and costly apparatus has secured the flight of a bullet from the moment it leaves the muzzle of the rifle until it strikes the target. In this instance owing to the high velocity, the necessity for very rapid photography and brilliant illumination, the electric spark was pressed into service. We can also be introduced upon the screen to

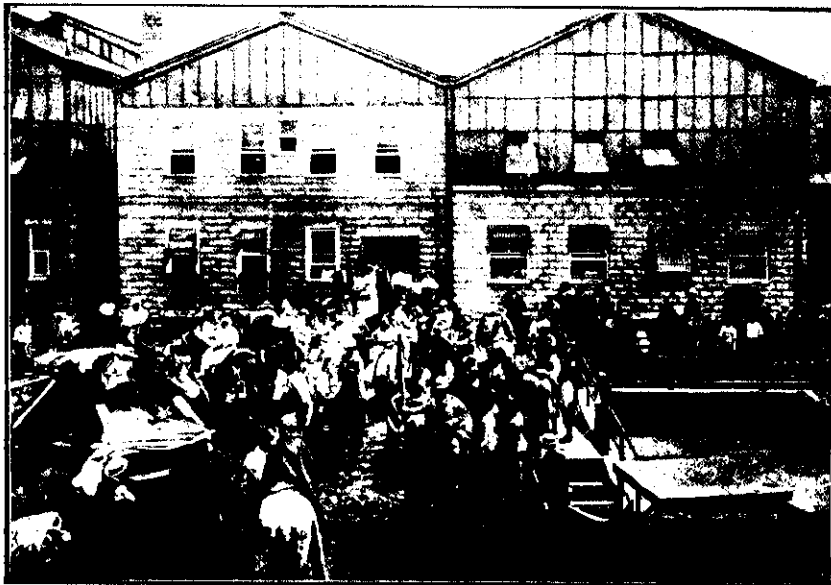
corner of the earth was always accompanied by an artist, or included a member of artistic bent; ten years later the camera was considered indispensable; but to-day it is the moving picture camera which constitutes one of the most important features of such equipments.

In this way Shackleton brought the South Polar regions with its life and dreariness before the people living in proximity to the Equator; the Duke of Abruzzi harnessed the peaks of the Himalayas and displayed their majestic grandeur before those to whom the name of mountains were scarcely known. We secured an animated picture of Mr. Roosevelt's tramp through Africa, and we were brought face to face with the pitiless jungle and all that lurks therein.

To-day one can tour the world for a few shillings, and do so without the slightest effort. The camera hitched to the front of a locomotive, will whirl you through the snow caps of the Rockies or the Andes; will give you an idea of what the earth looks like to an aviator; will carry you round the Bay of Sydney; will show you the very primitive manner in which the natives of the Solomon Islands fish; will bring the roaring waters of Niagara or Victoria Falls within a few feet, and all with every phase and detail of movement faithfully recorded.

It has also given birth to another calling the writing of pantomime dramas and comedies essentially for cinematograph production. The moving picture play is the condensed version of its counterpart in the legitimate theatre. It must be short, action must be continuous, and it must possess extreme holding power. In the early days the producer was content with indifferent work in this field so long as it was dramatic, but now the audience has become more critical, and demands a pictorial play with as much virility and grip as that given on the boards.

Many manufacturers now invite plots and synopses, as the demand for something novel and ingenious is very keen. The Edison Company has a special department for dealing with these contributions, which peruses, sometimes as many as 150 a week. The successful contributor receives anything from £5 to £15 for a scenario. This affords magnificent scope to him who is fertile in evolving plots. That it is not a despised opening for ingenuity is evidenced from the fact that in France some of the leading younger dramatists before the public to-day Alfred Capus, Edmond Rostand, Paul Hervieu, to mention



THE ARMY OF "BRITISH SOLDIERS AND ARAB HORSEMEN."

Leaving the film works for the field of battle accompanied by a strong battery of cannons.

only one or two well known names are engaged in the writing of plays for the kinematograph.

What class of pictures prove the most popular? This question is difficult to answer since it is a factor depending upon the calibre of the audience. Out-and-out farce of the knock-about variety generally secures a success, especially when assimilated with some stage trickery. The drama of the Surrey type is a sure winner in limited doses. The travel picture, one dealing with some ramifications of science treated in a popular way, and those portraying manufactures and industry are always trump cards. The great point is to secure variety, and the successful control of a moving picture theatre demands as much careful blending of the turns and as much variety as a music-hall.

Inventors are now striving to give us pictures which talk and sing, by a careful association of the camera with the phonograph. It is a difficult quest, inasmuch as the picture is somewhat handicapped by the severe limits of the talking-machine record. Still, success has been achieved, and if it should result in a handful of inhabitants in a remote village hearing Caruso sing while pictorially acting in "La Boheme," certainly that would be the acme of success. The great difficulty in this development is to secure synchrony between the talking machine and the moving picture; since, obviously, a representation of this character becomes ludicrous when the movements of the lips of the actor do not coincide with the words enunciated from the phonograph.

Another field of research is the perfection of a process for reproducing the pictures in their natural colours. This is almost as elusive as still-life colour photography. One firm in London has been exhibiting pictures of this character for some time past, and although such are not perfect, the results are certainly sufficiently satisfactory to warrant further endeavour in the same field. Recently a new means for achieving the same end have been produced in the United States, and this marks a still further advance inasmuch as it dispenses with any special attachment to the projector as has been requisite hitherto in colour projection. But considerable effort will have to be made in this field yet before natural kinematography becomes as successful as its monochrome rival.

Every picture palace throughout this country and the same movement prevails on the continent and in America - considers the "animated newspaper" an indispensable "turn" on the programme, wherein the chief events of the week are pictorially shown. It is edited severely, and the length of any particular picture news depends upon its importance. There is the unveiling of a public monument; a few seconds' glimpse is given of a famous race in progress; you see a French aviator set out and return after a momentous flight; a new submarine is accompanied for a brief while; a new battleship is re-launched before your eyes; and so on.

The correspondents of this latest journalistic move are posted all over the world armed with the camera, to re-enact a scene at will before the eyes of thousands, hundreds of miles distant. He is kept on pictorial copy as his pen-picturing rival. The kinematographer has become as ubiquitous as the snap-shooter, and the world is being ransacked from Pole to Pole every day for new attractions to throw upon the screen.

An Automobile Census.

A list of the automobile registrations, actual and estimated, for all the States of the American Union, which has been made up by the Auto Directories Company, shows startling figures. The compilers arrive at a total of about 780,000 registrations in the whole country. This, however, doesn't mean that this many individual automobiles are registered, because one man may have several State licenses for his own machine. New York leads in the number of registrations, with approximately 70,000. But Michigan, one of the most populous areas and which contains Detroit, is credited with only 18,000 registrations. New Jersey figured at about 17,000, Pennsylvania and California come second to New York, tied with 40,000, and Ohio with 32,000, is fourth, Illinois has 30,000 and is fifth. Iowa, Massachusetts and Nebraska have big totals.

How It Feels To Be Shot.

General Nelson A. Miles, writing in the "Cosmopolitan" of his "Biggest Days of Battle," says that he has often been asked how it feels to be wounded on the field of battle. His answer is to relate an experience at Chancellorsville. Before this, at Fair Oaks, and at Fredericksburg, he had received slight flesh wounds, which disabled him but a short time. But at Chancellorsville he was riding down the line, as he tells the story, when "one of the enemy's bullets struck, with great force, my metallic belt plate."

"This caused a slight deviation as it entered the body. The result was an instant of deathly, sickening sensation; my sword dropped from my right hand; my scabbard and belt dropped to the left; I was completely paralysed below the waist. My horse seemed to realise what had occurred; he stopped, turned, and walked slowly back. I holding on to the pommel of the saddle with my hands. We soon reached a group of soldiers who took me off, and placing me in a blanket, carried me to the Chancellorsville House. Here I remained until the horse was struck by a bursting shell and set on fire. I was then taken out and carried five miles on a stretcher, rested in the woods that night, and the next day was carried in an ambulance over a rough country road 12 miles to a field hospital.

"Here I was sent to Washington, where my brother met me and carried me to my home in Massachusetts. Two weeks afterward I was able to move slightly the toes of my right foot, and the doctors concluded the bullet must be somewhere in the left side. A consultation was held, and after a thorough examination it was found that the ball had crushed through the hipbone and lodged down in the strong muscles of the left leg. The bullet and broken bones were removed, and after several weeks of convalescence I was able to return to the field.

"I was always curious to know how close to me the man must have been who fired the shot, as the force of his bullet was terrific. Many years afterwards, by accident, I discovered and made the acquaintance of the Confederate soldier. In a letter to me he said: 'I used a sharpshooter's rifle at a range of about

150 yds. I aimed for your heart, but think the motion of the horse carried the ball a little low. After what has occurred during these 36 years, I am glad I missed that shot.'

A Lucky Fluke.

A good story is going the rounds at Aldershot (says an English contemporary). Quite recently a Captain was unceremoniously chaffed at mess for his want of skill with the rifle, so much so that when his brother officers laid five to one that he would not hit the target at 200 yards, he covered all their bets. Next morning they accompanied him to the butts, and one of them handed him a rifle and he was told to "blaze away." But there was no target to be seen. On remonstrating with his tormentors, who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the joke, they told him that there had been no stipulation as to the position of the target, and they had had it placed edge-ways! Although a bad shot, the Captain was a good sportsman, and, seeing there was no getting out of it, he determined to have a run for his money. By a remarkable "fluke," at the third of the five shots he was allowed, he hit the edge of the target, to the immense chagrin of his onlookers, who lost the sum of £140 between them.

World's Dreadnoughts.

The following are stated by Mr. Alan Burgoyne, M.P., editor of the "Navy League Annual," to be the relative positions which the great naval Powers will hold in the matter of Dreadnoughts in 1914: Great Britain, 32; Germany, 21; United States, 12; France, 10; Japan, 8. The British Empire, says Mr. Burgoyne, has twelve such vessels now in commission, four others to be commissioned this year, four more launched and to be commissioned next year, five more to be launched this year, four to be launched next year, and three to be laid down next year, giving the total of thirty-two Dreadnoughts to be in commission in 1914. Germany has five

Dreadnoughts in commission, four more to be commissioned this year, and four each to be commissioned in the three succeeding years. The United States now has four Dreadnoughts in commission, and two coming into commission this year, and in each of the three following years. Japan has two in commission, two coming into commission next year, one in the following year, and three in 1914. France has six Dreadnoughts coming into commission this year, and two each in 1913 and 1914.

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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, Fruits or New Vegetables, or Garden Scenes, will be welcomed.

COMING SHOWS.

Manawatu Horticultural Society Spring Show, September 13. G. W. Keeling, Secretary.

Auckland Horticultural Society Spring Show, Choral Hall, September 14 and 15. Rose Show, Choral Hall, November 9 and 10. Sweet Pea and Carnation Show, December 1 and 2. W. Wallace Bruce, Financial Secretary; W. Satchell, Managing Secretary.

Canterbury Horticultural Society Spring Show, September. Rose Show, December. Carnation and Sweet Pea Show, January, 1912. Miss E. Sneyd Smith, Secretary.

Masterton Horticultural and Industrial Society Rose and Sweet Pea Show, November. H. M. Coddington, Secretary. Box 23, Masterton.

GARDEN JOTTINGS.

All pruning should by this time have been completed. Roses may still be pruned, and in the colder localities any time during September will answer. When pruning these take out all weak

and dead wood, and don't interfere with the roots. A spade should not be used in the rosebed. A dressing of bonedust will materially help in securing a good crop of blooms. The bonedust should be forked in lightly.

Cuttings of chrysanthemums may now be taken off the old clumps and propagated. These are easily rooted. The old clumps should be lifted, and, if required, some of the stronger growths can be transplanted, but not in the same place. Better results are obtained by growing in fresh ground.

Cuttings of fuchsias, petargoniums, and geraniums if set in sand, will root readily. These should not be neglected, as they will come in very useful later on.

A sowing of *Phlox Drummondii grandiflora* may be made under a frame or in some sheltered spot. Keep a watchful eye on slugs.

Carnations should be breaking into growth by now in Auckland and other parts of the North Island. In order to secure good stock plants, any straggly growths should be pinched back. This will cause the plant to send out a bushy lateral growth. Gently hoe over the beds, and keep free from weeds.

Primroses and polyanthus will be greatly benefited by watering with weak liquid manure. This can be made from fowl droppings, and applied once a week till flowering ceases.

Where lawns are intended to be top-dressed, the work should be attended to. See that what you put on is free from weed seeds. The dressing, if lumpy, can be put over a half inch sieve, and it should not be overdone. A light dressing will generally do more good than an extra heavy one.

Where stable manure is available, the rosebeds should get a liberal top-dressing. Apply after the pruning is all finished.

We learn from Anstratta that the new Spencer strain of early or Christmas flowering sweet peas are a great success there, and there is every probability of there being a much greater demand for these in the future. Those in the Auckland province who have tried these early flowering sorts, are loud in their praise, as they come in so much earlier than the standard sorts. We expect to hear of a much larger number of growers going in for them next season.

ALL ABOUT DAFFODILS.

(By Mr. Robert Sydenham.)

Any pamphlet, catalogue, or book from the pen of Mr. Sydenham is certain to be interesting, and the one under notice is no exception. One thing we have always noted in connection with Mr. Sydenham's productions is their originality. "All About Daffodils" is written in a chatty way, giving one the impression you are having a yarn with the author on the subject. The little book gives the new classification of narcissi adopted by the R.H.S., and also a detailed descriptive list of over a thousand varieties. A very important matter to men with small means is the matter of prices, and the author gives his opinions freely on the merits and values of many varieties. What must have cost the author an immense amount of labour is the details he gives regarding the size of the flowers described. This is given in inches opposite each variety, so that on referring to this work one can get at a glance the size of the perianth, the length and breadth of the segments, and the length and depth of the cup or trumpet, and also the size across the mouth. We are quite sure this work will be of much use to daffodil growers, and a source of great interest to all flower-



A FINE EXHIBIT OF RAMBLING ROSES, SHOWN BY MESSRS. CANNELL AND SONS AT THE TEMPLE SHOW, 1911.

lovers. We congratulate the author on the production of such a readable and useful work. Orders for Mr. Sydenham's book should be sent to Messrs. Champa-loup and Edmiston, stationers, Queen-street, Auckland, who will have a supply at the end of September. Price, one shilling.

enthusiasts will prefer me to say a word or two about what is coming in 1911-12 rather than to discuss the relative merits of the flowers in the competitive classes. But I must not omit to men-

tion that the new star which has arisen, and which threatens to eclipse even the brilliancy of Mr. Stevenson. In the Coronation Class, Mr. E. Cowdy, of Loughall, Ireland, put up

twelve bunches such as have never been seen at Westminster before, the more power to his elbow. This letter, I am afraid, will be little more than a catalogue of varieties, but I do not see how to avoid it. The centre of attraction for enthusiasts was, of course, the vases containing varieties which had gained awards. First-class certificates were given to Barbara Holmes (Holmes), a lovely salmon apricot, and to Messrs. Dobbie and Co.'s stock of Thomas Stevenson. If a humble mit like myself may venture an opinion, I consider it a very wise plan to give awards to particular stocks grown by individual seedsmen; it is a strong incentive to improvement and purity. There were five awards of merits given: To E. Seymour Davies (Davies), a pale rosy blue; to Mavis Queen (Dobbie), a pleasing shade of mauve; to Red Star, a new settler from Mr. Malcolm, of Duns; to May Campbell (Dobbie), standard cream with crimine marbling in the centre, wings slightly veined carmine on cream. Messrs. Dobbie give the parentage as The King, Janet Scott. From this cross the result is an interesting one. Last and almost, if not quite, the prettiest, is Mrs. B. Gilbert (Gilbert), which was first sent to the trials about four years ago as Grace Wilson. It is a lovely shade of heliotrope, flaking on a white ground, so placed that a broad margin of white surrounds each petal.

Of good things to come, but not yet, I may mention two, a clear cherry-coloured seedling raised by Mr. Holmes, and Tortoise-shell (Aldersey), the seed of which will not be sent out till 1912-13.

In these snapshot days when everyone likes to have his thinking done for him by someone else, perhaps a list of the twelve most attractive novelties in the show, may be acceptable. The following dozen took my fancy more than any others: Juliet (Deal), a soft Zarin pink on a cream ground, deepening towards the edge of the petals; Elfrida Pearson, really a last year's novelty, a lovely clear pink on a white ground, splendidly shown by Messrs. Dobbie; Melba (Dobbie), a soft rich apricot salmon, not so orange as Earl Spencer; Boris Usher, also a last year's variety, a deep cream pink; Messrs. Sutton and Sons say that their stock is true; Iris

The National Sweet Pea Show at Westminster.

NOVELTIES FOR 1911-1912 DESCRIBED.

(Specially Written for the "Weekly Graphic.")

The event of the year has come and gone. Last year we were bewailing a July that rivalled December for cold and senselessness and rain. This year we are grumbling at heat and drought, complaining of short stalks and scalded flowers. I left home at nine o'clock on a cloudless morning, and after a pleasant journey through cornfields just touched with the first golden tinge of harvest, and meadows burning brown with drought, I reached London, fragrant with the perfumes of taxi-cabs and motors. Then, having satisfied the needs of the inner man—who did not want much in that atmosphere—I took the underground to Victoria, and walked from there to the Horticultural Hall. If you ever get the chance, I advise you to go to the Sweet Pea Show there; no other flower that I know provides such a perfect mass of blended colours in tints that never clash. It is not a blaze of colour, the shades are too soft for that; there is nothing garish about it, but one delicious harmony of pink and cream and lavender, crimson, orange, and purest white. The scent, too—how different from the petrol-laden air outside!—though with the thermometer over 80deg. in the shade, as it was on Tuesday, it was almost too fragrant.

On my own behalf, I went to see what novelties there were rather than to see whether Messrs. Stevenson and Jones had surpassed themselves with the magnificent flowers with which they carry off prize after prize, so that most of my time was occupied with the trade exhibits, and I think that New Zealand



D.T. ROSE, MRS. R. DRAPER.

Flowers rich pink. Gold Medal, National Rose Society, July 7. Mr Hugh Dickson



ROSE, FRANCES CHARTERIS SETON, EXHIBITED BY MESSRS. WM. PAUL AND CO., AT THE OLYMPIA SHOW

(Breadmore), a very lovely pea of a soft tinge of pink, flushed with apricot; King Manuel, a magnificent maroon, raised by Mr. Stark; Moonshine (Aldersey and Marsden Jones), a delicate lavender grey, and very fragrant; Chas. Foster (Bolton), pastel pink, more striking than beautiful, but yet somehow a very attractive flower; Coronation (Bolton), an apricot pink on a cream ground, distinct from Iris, though it is difficult to express the difference in words; Edith Taylor (Sydenham), a lovely shade of old rose; Bertha Massey (Bale), lilac mauve, one of the best; and Seamon (Cautley), the newest approach to Cambridge blue that I have seen. There was no new crimson equal to Maud Holmes, and no scarlet better than Scarlet Monarch. The long looked for yellow has not yet appeared, nor has the wavy Lord Nelson.

Turning to other good things among the trade exhibits, Mr. Deal exhibited Bosquet, a marbled pink of the Helen Pierce type, and Francis Deal a deeper form of Winsome. Messrs. Dobbie had Mrs. Cuthbertson, a finer bicolor than Mrs. A. Ireland, with a white instead of a cream ground; Mrs. Besington, which is Masterpiece intensified, and

embarras de richesse of which Red Chief, a chocolate, and Mrs. Warren, a wavy Helen Pierce, are distinct and attractive. Aquila (Cautley) is a very delicate shade of French grey.

I have no doubt I have omitted from the above list some things well worth enclosing, but there was so much to see, and so little time to see it in that any sins of omission must be forgiven. I had only time to note the very cream of the show. I think, however, my catalogue here given will include something to please every taste, and no one should fail to give one or two at least of my best twelve a trial.

Then tea and home again through ripening fields that glow in the evening sunshine, while, as the shadows lengthen, the dark foliage of oak and elm grows darker, and the everlasting peace of the country side deepens towards the twilight calm of the summer night.—T. H. Dymall.

The Rose Show of the Year.

The ever-increasing popularity of the rose was emphasised in an unmistakable manner at the annual London exhibition



NEW H.T. ROSE, MRS. S. ROSS.

Flowers rich cream colour tinted rose. Gold Medal, National Rose Society, July 7. Mr. H. Dickson.

roses were disappointing, two only receiving the premier award of a gold medal, several others, however, receiving the lesser awards of silver-gilt medals or cards of commendation. But there was no new rose to create the sensation that Rayon d'Or caused last year.

The arrangement of the exhibition was admirable in every way, and reflected the greatest credit on the hon. secretary, Mr. E. Mawley and his committee.

In the nurserymen's championship class the competition is always keen, and on this occasion there were six entrants for the trophy. Seventy-two roses, distinct, were required, and Mr. Hugh Dickson, Royal Nurseries, Belfast, was the winner. His best flowers were of Frau Karl Druschki, Coronation, Snowstorm, J. Bell, Chas. K. Douglas, Tennyson, Chas. de Lapize, Leslie Holland, Arlette Gray, Mrs. D. McKee, King George V., Mme. Maurice de Lutz, Mrs. T. Roose-

velt, Mrs. C. Rosa, Mrs. Stewart Clark, Hugh Dickson, and Florence Peaberton. Messrs. Alex. Dickson and Sons, Newtownards, came second with a bright set in which their own varieties figured well; Messrs. R. Harkness and Co., Hitchin, third; and Messrs. D. Prior and Son, Colchester, fourth.

For forty varieties, three blooms of each, Messrs. B. R. Cant and Sons, Colchester, led, and their best flowers were of Yvonne Vacherot, Her Majesty, O. Terks, Maman Cochet, Dean Hole, The Bride, Mme. Jules Gravereaux, Mrs. T. Roosevelt, and Avoca; Messrs. Robt. Harkness and Co., Hitchin, second; and Messrs. Alex. Dickson and Sons, third.

The Ching Trophy and first prize for forty-eight blooms distinct was annexed by Mr. G. Prince, whose flowers were very bright and fresh, especially his Comtesse de Nadailiac, White Maman Cochet, Bridesmaid, Madame Jules Gravereaux.



NEW GARDEN ROSE, DANAE.

Flowers of medium size, soft cream yellow. Silver-gilt Medal, National Rose Society, July 7. The Rev. J. H. Poulton.

Lady Knox, an improved Paradise Ivory, with a buff edging, Mrs. Breadmore's Freda, a white of more substance than Etta Dyke, will take some beating, and Iris is worthy of the name. Besides King Manuel, Messrs. Stark and Son showed Premier a deep velvety scarlet, and Hercules, a huge Countess Sausser pink. Messrs. Aldersey and Marsden Jones divide their titles between butterflies and jewels. Tortoiseshell and Moonstone I have mentioned, and Beyle, a soft creamy pink, and Amethyst, "Bishop's violet standard, peacock blue wings," are worthy of a trial. The latter is hard to describe, so I have taken refuge in the raiser's own words. Mr. Robert Bolton had a lot of good things, which I would hazard a guess are from the same cross as produced Charles Foster, having all the same combination of colours with one tint or another predominant. Of these Prince George, Atterglow, and R. E. Felton, are all taking. The best pea shown by Mr. Landley was Mrs. E. Nookes, a good lavender, but not the wavy Lady G. Hamilton we want so badly. Mr. Sydenham's exhibit was as usual an

held by the National Rose Society at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, on July 7. Although the exhibition blooms were not of quite so high a standard as usual, due, no doubt, to the early season, this was more than compensated for by the excellence of the decorative varieties. The wonderful strides that have been made in these roses during the last decade was one of the most noticeable features of the show. In place of the heavy massive hybrid perpetuals we now find exhibitors making use of the lighter single and semi-double blooms, which lend themselves admirably to artistic arrangement. Even among these notable developments have taken place during the last few years and it was interesting to note how growers and exhibitors are realising the possibilities of those charming shades of pink such as we find in Lyon and Irish Elegance.

In the table decorations too, these colours are being largely used, the first-prize dinner-table decoration arranged by Miss Florence Molyneux being composed of Roses Lyon and Irish Elegance with foliage principally of Rosa rubifolia.

Generally speaking the new seedling



SWEET PEA, BARBARA.

Flowers large, rich orange red. F.C.C., N.S.P.S., July 11. Mr. H. Dymall.

Lady Ursula, and Kaiserin Augusta Victoria; there were nine entries, Mr. W. H. Frettingham, Beeston Nurseries, Notts, coming second; and Messrs. G. and W. H. Burch, Peterborough, third. Mr. W. R. Chaplin, Joyning's Nursery Waltham Cross, came to the front for two dozen blooms, winning from seven competitors, Her Majesty, Dean Hole and Miss Isabel Milner were good in this class; Mr. E. J. Hicks Hurst, Berks, second; and Mr. J. Mattock third.

The best set of sixteen trebles out of nine entries was from Mr. Hugh Dickson, who had a capital lot of Mrs. D. McKee, Hugh Dickson, Mrs. H. Dickson, Countess of Catholn, Leslie Holland, etc.; Messrs. G. and W. H. Burch second; and Messrs. Dakins and Sons, Coventry, third.

The D'Umbraia challenge cup for two dozen tea or noisette roses was won by Mr. H. Prince, Longworth, with some lovely flowers, some of the best being *Niphetos*, *Mdme. Jules Graveraux*, *Blanc-maid*, *Innocente Pirola*, Mrs. E. Mackay, and *White Maman Cochet*; Mr. Henry Drew second; and Messrs. B. R. Cant and Sons third. The best dozen tea roses came from Messrs. Chapman and Collin, Royal Road, Leicester; Messrs. Jefferies and Son coming second; and Messrs. G. and W. H. Burch third.

Sixteen trebles of tea or noisette roses is a severe class, and here Mr. G. Prince scored with a set that contained fine examples of *Mdme. Jules Graveraux*, *White Maman Cochet*, Mrs. E. Mackay, *Molly S. Crawford*, *Souv. de Pierre Notting*, and *Muriel Grahame*; Mr. Henry Drew second; and Messrs. W. Crisp and Sons, Colchester, third.

The premier award for a dozen vases of exhibition roses, seven flowers of each, fell to Messrs. Alex. Dickson and Sons, Newtownards, whose best examples were of *Mabel Drew*, *Duchess of Wellington*, *Bessie Brown*, *Lyon Rose*, *Duchess of Portland*, and *Mrs. Cornwallis West*; Messrs. D. Prior and Son second; and Messrs. G. Jefferies and Son, Greenocaster, third. For nine vases under similar conditions Mr. G. Prince was an easy first, and his *Mdme. Jules Graveraux* was very fine; Mr. J. Mattock, second; and Mr. H. Drew, Longworth, third.

There was a fine competition in the class for the President's prize for nine baskets of perpetual decorative roses, and here Mr. Walter Eastlea, Eastwood, Essex, secured first prize for beautiful baskets of Mr. A. R. Waddell, *Mdme. Melanie Souperet*, *Betty*, *G. C. Vaud*, *Princes de Bulgarie*, *Gen. McArthur*, *Mdme. Abel Chateaufay*, and *Lyon Rose*; Mr. J. Mattock, Oxford, second; and Messrs. S. Bide and Sons, Farnham, third. For five baskets of perpetual decorative roses Mr. Hugh Dickson, Belfast, was to the front with lovely baskets of *Lady Pirie*, *Nellie Parker*, *Hugh Dickson*, *Sea Bird*, and Mrs. James White.

with purple shading. A.M., R.H.S., July 4. Messrs. Wm. Paul and Son, Waltham Cross.

Mrs. Charles E. Allan.—A charming rose of a pretty apricot-yellow shade. A.M., R.H.S., July 4. Mr. Hugh Dickson, Belfast.

Mrs. Sam Ross.—A hybrid tea rose of buff colour with a basal flaming of deep gold, and a pretty flesh pink flush over the centre. A wonderful colour combination. Gold medal. N.R.S., July 7. Mr. Hugh Dickson, Belfast.

Mrs. R. Dräper.—A very sweetly fragrant H.T. rose of large size and full form. The pale pink of the inner surface of the petals harmonises with the darker carmine pink shade on the exterior. Gold medal. N.R.S., July 7. Mr. Hugh Dickson, Belfast.

Danae.—A perpetual-flowering cluster rose with yellow flowers, blooming from June to October. In the bud state the colour is quite deep yellow, but the fully-opened flowers are creamy white. Of vigorous habit. Silver-gilt medal, N.R.S., July 7. Rev. J. H. Pemberton, Havering, Essex.

Souv. de Portland, Oregon.—This is a pretty H.T. rose with moderate-sized prettily-shaped blooms, and slightly reflexed petals. It is a fragrant variety, and of fairly vigorous growth. Silver-gilt medal, N.R.S., July 7. Mr. Hugh Dickson, Belfast.

Ethel.—A Wichuriana variety with semi-double flowers of medium size, and of a lovely soft pink shade. The blooms are carried in large clusters, and are most effective. Card of commendation, N.R.S., July 7. Mr. Chas. Turner, Slough.

Mrs. Muir Mackean.—A fine hybrid tea of brilliant rosy crimson shade; the flowers are of fair size, and excellent shape, broad petalled, and fragrant. Card of commendation, N.R.S., July 7. Messrs. S. McGredy and Sons, Portadown.

Nancy Williams.—A very large flowered broad-petalled H.T. rose of full size and form, and making a deep bloom. The colour is deep flesh-pink, approaching the shade of *Mdme. Abel Chateaufay*. Card of commendation, N.R.S., July 7. Messrs. S. McGredy and Sons, Portadown.

British Queen.—A hybrid tea rose of purest whiteness; the blooms are of large size, fragrant, deep, and broad-petalled. Appears to be a vigorous grower. Card of commendation, N.R.S., July 7. Messrs. S. McGredy and Sons, Portadown.

Sunburst.—A very showy H.T. rose of deep banket yellow shade, with long buds and broad petals. It is sweetly scented, and of vigorous habit. Card of commendation, N.R.S., July 7. Messrs. G. Beckwith and Sons, Hodeedon.

Coronation.—A large full H.P. rose of silvery-pink shade; it has an excellent habit, and is of bold appearance; slightly fragrant. Card of commendation, N.R.S., July 7. Mr. Hugh Dickson, Belfast.

of the hired boy. This had been useful to him, inasmuch as he learnt to do his own work. Women always see immense potentialities in a garden. The girl students at Cambridge once asked the Master of Trinity if he would allow them to use his garden for the purpose of playing croquet and tennis with the undergraduates, to which the Master replied that his garden was intended for horticulture not for husbandry. If the term profit is to be extended to mean indirect profit, who is there who does not come under the award?

ST. MARK'S DAFFODIL EXHIBITION.

This annual event took place on Tuesday, August 22, at St. Mark's Parish Hall, Remuera. The date is fixed so as to be well clear of the Auckland Horticultural Society's Spring Show, and also to give lovers of the narcissi an opportunity of seeing the earlier varieties. There was a large and varied exhibit of daffodils, including collections sent by Mr. W. Rosser, Mr. Douglas Kirker, Mr. H. B. J. Bull, Mr. A. E. Grindrod, and Rev. W. Heatty. The blooms on the whole were well grown, clean, bright, and very effectively staged. A white *Tridymus* seedling, shown by Rev. W. Heatty, attracted much attention. A feature of the show was a table of spring flowers sent by Mr. C. A. Whitney. There were seven table decorations for competition, all of which were attractive. The first prize was carried off by Mrs. Lance Brodie, the second was awarded to Mrs. J. W. Nichol, and the third to Miss Mavis Edgerley. Prizes for children's baskets were won by Irma Lusher, Ruth Robertson, Janet Robertson, Bess, — Colbeck, and by the pupils of the Remuera Kindergarten. From an aesthetic point of view the exhibition was one of the best so far held. The arrangements were admirable, and great credit is due to the ladies who were responsible.

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SWEET PEA LADY KNOX.
A strong-growing variety, cream ground with rose flushing. A very pretty form. A.M., R.H.S., July 4. Messrs. Dublin and Co., Edinburgh.

GLADIOLUS NANCY QUEEN MARY.
An early-flowering variety with elegant spikes of soft salmon-coloured flowers, with creamy blotches on the lower segments. A.M., R.H.S., July 4. Messrs. Barr and Sons, Covent Garden.

STRAWBERRY OLYMPIA.
A late heavy-cropping strawberry derived from a cross between Givon's Late Profusion and St. Antoine de Padoue. The roundish fruits are of good size, bright red, and of fine flavour. A.M., R.H.S., July 4. Mr. Peters, Givon's Grove, Leatherhead.

ROSES.
Leslie Holland.—This deep glowing crimson H.T. variety has already been well shown this year, and it promises to be a first-class exhibition variety. The petals are broad and substantial, making up a bold flower. A.M., R.H.S., July 4. Mr. Hugh Dickson, Belfast.

Francesa Charteris section.—A lovely new H.T. rose with pointed buds and plump flowers that have slightly reflexed petals. The colour is rosy-crimson

PLANTS AND PROFIT.

Some amusing evidence was given during the hearing of the demands of the Nursery and Landscape Gardeners' Union, in the Canterbury award, owners of private gardens were exempted, but in Auckland a number of private persons were cited on the ground that they grew flowers for profit. A Mrs. Brown-Clayton, who confessed that she sometimes got rid of a surplus by exchanging with a seedsman, was informed that her transactions amounted to barter, and she had to give an undertaking to discontinue the practice. This sounded the first note of comedy, and when Professor Thomas was called the argument as to what constituted profit became worthy of the old Greek sophists. It was admitted that the professor reaped no pecuniary gain from his bulbs, but Mr. Catley argued that the professor made a profit by extending his knowledge. The professor replied that gardening was with him a hobby, just as some people had a hobby in knocking a ball about with a stick or by toe. If increased knowledge is to be taken as meaning profit, the question crops up as to whether every person who owns a garden does not make a profit. In fact, the greater the financial loss the more knowledge is gained in most things. Alfred Austin has a garden and he writes poetry about it, and the poetry sells. He thus actually makes money out of it. Dean Hole grew roses, and wrote about them, and he also made money. A writer in the "Field" a few years back, said that he had gained much useful knowledge while attempting to grow fruit in New Zealand. He had had a good deal of his capital, but he had acquired a profound insight into the manners and customs

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The Lonely Farm.

By HENRY MEYER.

A Weird and Terrible Story From the Transvaal.

HERE was something wonderfully pathetic about the slim, frail-looking lady as, with simple dignity, she slowly mounted the steps leading on to the verandah running round the low Dutch homestead.

I had travelled many miles that day, under a fierce sun, for the greater part of the journey through sparsely-timbered country, where the advantages of shade had been reduced to a minimum.

How welcome this habitation was, therefore, the reader can realise. The miles, urged on by the masterful hand of the driver, put forth a final effort, until, panting and with dripping flanks, they came to a standstill about thirty yards from the farmhouse.

The undulating nature of the ground screened my approach from the lady until I was making preparations to descend from the cart. Then she perceived me, and a strange look of surprise and fear spread itself over her features as she made an attempt to rise from the chair upon which, a few seconds ago, she had seated herself.

I apologised to her for appearing so suddenly and with so little ceremony, explaining that official business was taking me through that part of the country, and, as a storm appeared imminent, I had, under direction from my Kaffir boy, driven somewhat out of my way to crave her hospitality for the night, it being quite impossible to reach Roo-drift that evening.

As I explained she appeared to grow visibly ill an ease, and, whilst accepting the position of hostess, did so in a spirit that seemed to lack the whole-heartedness that is usually characteristic of those cut off from communication with the distant towns.

Her age I supposed to be about forty, which I afterwards ascertained, was correct within a few years. Her manner in regard to the subtleties of etiquette, no less than her perfectly modulated and concise utterances, spoke indubitably of culture and refinement.

With a request that I would pardon her absence for a few minutes, uttered in a strangely determined manner—almost as if she feared I would overstep the limits of courtesy and raise an objection to being left on the now rapidly darkening veranda—she entered the house.

Quite twenty minutes elapsed when an apology broke in on my ear as I leaned over the veranda-rail watching the storm, and my hostess stood beside me.

She motioned to me to follow her, and we entered a low, long room, essentially Dutch, in the centre of which stood a table set for two.

Except for a desultory conversation—merely monosyllabic on her part—we ate in silence; I had therefore better opportunity of studying the features of Mrs D'Arcy. This name, I felt sure, for what reason I cannot explain, was an assumed one. One thing I noticed with surprise. When, at times, I appeared intent on my food, she always fell into a listening attitude, as one who listens for a sound of someone moving stealthily in some other part of the house. Her lapses into this attitude were so frequent that I, who am nothing if not curious, felt an uncontrollable desire to ascertain the reason for her meanness.

Immediately upon our concluding the meal she again excused herself, in the same quietly determined manner, and left me alone.

When she re-entered the room she seemed more at ease, and presently commenced quite an interesting discussion on books and art. Eventually, however, her conversation became disconnected, and I saw once more, with a little irritation, that she was merely lending me a fraction of her attention.

I was on the point of asking her consent to my withdrawal when she anticipated me by rising from her chair

with a statement to the effect that my room was in order if I wished to retire.

I acknowledged this to be my desire, so, without more ado, she took a lamp in her hand and I followed her down a long passage to a room at the extreme end, where she placed the light on a bracket beside the door and bade me good night.

The bedroom was comfortably furnished with the massive, old-fashioned Dutch furniture. An ancient muzzle-loading gun hung over a commodious fireplace, and a few Scriptural texts in Dutch adorned the walls.

For a few moments I sat down by the window. The storm had passed overhead, and now only fitful flashes of lightning came stabbing from out, the dis-

ing eyes roved round and round the room, as if in search of some thing or person, and presently he entered.

On the wall in the room—I forgot to mention it before—there hung an oil-painting of a fair young face, which might have been taken for the daughter of my hostess.

As my horrible visitor passed this I noticed he cowered and shrank back against the bed, on the farther side of which I sat in the high-backed chair, pressing myself back as far as possible. Then, ambling over to a chest standing in a corner of the room, he opened a drawer, and with an attenuated arm drew therefrom a pair of riding leggings and a heavy whip. The former he gravely proceeded to put on, the condition of his legs making an awful contrast to the width of the leggings.

This done he grasped the whip, and, with a low guttural cry, threw his leg over an imaginary horse. His eyes glowing like fire, he started to slash and cut at the animal which his distorted mind led him to believe he was riding.

Presently—horror of horrors!—he seemed to become aware of the fact that he was not alone, for his eyes roved suspiciously around the room until they rested on me.

He stopped his antics, his eyes shone

As she approached, so he crawled back over the bed, furtively glancing at her with the mein of a thrashed dog treacherously waiting, yet afraid, to spring from behind.

Mrs D'Arcy, having replaced the book, turned and left the room again, at the same even pace, though I noticed with thankfulness that her face bore only a steady look of sympathy. The madman was now beside the door, some three yards in front of her, and, as she advanced, so he fell back step by step along the passage.

I rose from my chair and walked into line with the door, watching the pair. Never shall I behold such another scene.

The reader must visit the low-lying fever districts of Africa; he must see the dark and clammy malarial mist shrinking back before the rays of the morning sun. Then only can he conceive the picture of this loathsome creature reluctantly giving way, foot by foot, as the lady advanced, until he finally retired into what I supposed was his own room.

Suddenly the reflection that this might be but a temporary respite, and that in all probability, immediately Mrs D'Arcy had gone, he might creep back to pay me a second visit, flashed over me. This had no sooner crossed my mind that I followed immediately behind the somnambulist, keeping as close to her as caution would permit. Thus I passed the room of the poor wretch, noticing with a shiver as I did so, two eyes, like balls of fire, glaring savagely out of the darkness within.

I gained the dining-room and, securely locking the door behind me, lit a match. By its light I moved across to a couch, on which I threw myself, giving way to so prolonged a period of trembling that I felt ashamed of myself.

Then I fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed of Dante's Inferno. Half an hour could not have elapsed before I was sitting bolt upright, listening to the most blood-curdling cries imaginable. At intervals shrieks of insane laughter would echo out, gradually merging into a sob or wail. Finally, to my horror, thin streaks of fire appeared round the door-jamb, waning and glowing.

When I summoned up sufficient courage to open the door a thick cloud of smoke drove me temporarily back into the room.

Out again into the passage I dashed, groping for the room of my hostess. I found it; it was unlocked. Fervently striking a match, I discerned her lying unconscious on the bed, apparently overcome by the choking fumes.

It was the work of a second to seal the window and shatters flying outward, and I soon stood with her out in the cool night air.

My first duty seemed to my hostess, so I left to my driver and Kaffir servant—who, disturbed from their sleep, were gazing foolishly on the hopeless task of subduing the conflagration.

It soon became apparent that my efforts to restore her to consciousness could avail nothing at the moment, so, making her as comfortable as was possible in one of the outhouses, I turned my attention to the now rapidly disappearing homestead.

The walls of the room which had been the scene of my terrible experience had fallen in, and only the front portion of the house withstood the fury of the flames.

The three of us worked like Trojans, but the chilly air of the June morning found us standing out on the velvet looking at a mass of charred debris—all that was left of the homestead.

About midday I insinuated the mules into my Cape-cart and, placing Mrs D'Arcy, who was still unconscious—upon a heap of thick rugs at the bottom, set out for the nearest town, a small place called Klipdorp, some forty miles away.

Before leaving I searched among the ruins of the homestead. In one corner I found the madman's charred bones, and a feeling of thankfulness came over me.

Strange to say, one of the few things to escape the fire was a book—the very one Mrs D'Arcy had placed to her lips. I glanced at the title-page, and saw it was a copy of Shakespeare's works. At the flyleaf were the words, still quite legible:—

"To Ruth from Johannes. December, 1887."

Below this a woman's hand had written:—



"He started to cut and slash at the animal which his distorted mind led him to believe he was riding."

trance, fighting up the velvet and making the neighbouring kopjes stand out grim and harsh against the sky.

Soon, however, the storm died away, and the world outside became quite dark save for the starlight.

Idly I took up some old school-books belonging to my hostess, and wondered what chain of circumstance had buried "Ruth Folkus, Grahamstown Convent" away in the back velvet, practically cut off from all communication with the outside world.

I must have dozed off in the chair, when a stealthy turning of the door-knob brought me back to a thoroughly-awakened state. Then, very quietly the door opened, and a human head appeared! I pray Heaven that I may never see such a spectacle again.

The creature's face was practically gone; the bones stood out through the skin with livid distinctness. His lips—it was a man, or had been—had disappeared, and blackened stumps of teeth chattered and gnashed continually.

Even my enemies cannot account me a coward, but this ghastly object, seen at dead of night, terrified me. Thus far he had not seen me, though his glitter-

angrily, and, repeating some unintelligible gibberish, he came crawling over the snowy counterpane towards me.

It was all like some horrible dream. My legs and tongue refused their office, and I simply sat spellbound, watching his slow advance.

Then, through a sort of haze, just as the loathsome creature was reaching out a claw-like hand to touch me, something passed between us and the light. There stood Mrs D'Arcy, a white robe draping her slight form, her feet bare, hands clasped loosely in front of her, and a look of unutterable anguish and despair stamped on every line of her sweet face. Her eyes stared fixedly before her, and not a tremor disturbed the evenness of her gaze. Wonderingly I perceived that she was asleep.

A book—luckily one I had not disturbed—was lying on the low shelf, and this, with an indescribably tender action, she took up, lovingly kissed, and placed back again.

All my sense of danger, all my fear of the maniac, seemed to vanish at her approach. Even the natural instinct to protect her from the creature seemed wanting, for it appeared unnecessary.

"How often is our path crossed by some spirit whose bright presence spreads a passing fragrance over it, but whose course lies down a different current, never more to mix with ours!"

We reached Klipdorp about eleven that night, and I saw my charge safely into the care of Dr Bressell. I had resolved that until Mrs D'Arcy recovered consciousness I would keep the account of my night's adventure to myself, so, whilst informing the doctor of the fire, I was careful to appear ignorant of the cause.

I left my address with the doctor, instructing him to wire me when it was safe for his patient to see me.

Quite a month later a telegram arrived at my office in Johannesburg, reading, "Come straightway.—Bressell," so I was soon speeding towards Klipdorp on the first outward train from the golden city.

Arriving at my destination, the door was opened to me by the doctor himself, and together we went into his study.

He was looking quite anxious, I thought, and when I asked a question concerning the welfare of my late host, his face grew graver still.

"Yes," he answered, "she is quite conscious now—unfortunately. It would have been immeasurably better had she fallen a victim to the fire, for a death a thousand times more horrible awaits her. She is a leper, and the shock has aggravated the disease intensely." He paused, and then continued: "I was nearly distraught on finding this out, and lost no time in sending my family away to a place of safety. Mrs D'Arcy has expressed a wish to see you before she is removed to the Cape Town Leper Asylum. Come, I will now lead you to her room."

I followed him to the most isolated portion of the house. Here, pointing to a door, the doctor left me, bidding me stay no longer than was really necessary. Knocking softly on the panels, I turned the knob and walked on tip-toe into the room.

Reclining on her pillows lay Mrs D'Arcy, looking now a mere shadow of her former self. Death had unmistakably marked her as one of his own.

Hardly able to express my sympathy, I muttered something sincere, if unintelligible, yet she understood and, smiling very tenderly, said, "Yes, the good doctor has told me all; I have that which for years I dreaded, yet loved to live with. Now I am no longer afraid."

"I sent for you," she went on, "to thank you for your great kindness,

though perhaps I ought to have died with him. Ah!"—and she seemed to recollect—"But I forgot; you did not see him."

Now, therefore, I told her of my awful adventure, and gave her the only possible reason or explanation of the fire—namely, that the maniac must have displaced the lamp on his return in search of me.

She appeared horror-stricken at my tale, and for a long time did not speak.

Then she told me her life-story, which, in my own words, I now give to the reader.

Johannes Verster was a man pre-eminent amongst men—utterly fearless, tall, and with features remarkable for their frank, energetic, and commanding expression.

With his mother and the eight year-old Petrus, his brother, he lived on a comfortable little farm some ten miles from Grahamstown. During one of his numerous journeys into town he had been the means of rescuing from certain death an elderly gentleman and his daughter, by stopping, at great risk to himself, a runaway pair of horses attached to a carriage.

Between the rescued—Mr Folks and his daughter Ruth—and Johannes a ripe friendship arose. Then came the only possible conclusion, and a day was fixed on which Johannes should take Ruth home as his wife.

Unfortunately at this time there was trouble at the Verster farm. Petrus, the boy, began almost imperceptibly to evince strange symptoms, against which all the prescriptions handed down from past ages in the Verster family were of no avail.

However, one June morning, by a strange coincidence, the very day, fifteen years back, from the night of the fire—the two lovers, Ruth Folks and Johannes Friedrich Verster, were made husband and wife.

She walked back down the church in a dream of happiness, fingering the girdle of blossoms Johannes had made for her that morning.

She knew there was not another man in Grahamstown to compare with her husband, and she covertly looked for the admiring glances levelled at him. Short-lived happiness.

The joyous faces around took to themselves looks of dismay, and all stared aghast at the woman standing in the doorway of the church, her clothes and hair all awry; her breath coming and going in great gasps.

It was Mrs Verster. "Petrus!" she

cried, and fell fainting on the threshold.

Johannes seemed to understand what his mother meant, for over his handsome face came a look of horror. While Ruth ran to the fallen woman he rushed outside, sprang on to the back of the horse his mother had ridden in on, took the

heart would break; and he, now looking less robust than we have seen him, vainly tries to quieten her agony.

What a terrible and fiendish change the succeeding years brought! That dread disease, leprosy, without respect to his fine physique, had seized upon Johannes, Grief, melancholia, and then madness,



"I discovered her lying unconscious on the bed."

churchyard fence at a bound, and was soon a mere speck in the distance.

The wedding guests never saw him again.

He ran the last three miles to his house, for the horse, dead-beat, had fallen under him. In the farmyard stood a cart harnessed to four strong mules, and tied up near the gate was a well-groomed saddle-horse.

The cart conveyed to him all he wanted to know—they had come to take his little brother away to the leper establishment! Good! He should go away, but not with them. To steal up like thieves with such an object! Brutes! To take the boy he loved better than himself whilst he was away paying his vows to God! He took in the situation at a glance—the boy, ready dressed for a journey, the articles of clothing lying about, all told of a projected departure.

One man tried to stop him. Johannes felled him to the ground and snatched the lad up. Before their astonishment was over he was a good quarter of a mile away, the stolen horse galloping madly with its double burden.

On, ever on, he dashed. Through rivers, down valleys of fresh green grasses; then back to the parched veldt again. And so he continued day after day, only stopping to get food and rest when Nature made it imperative. At no time during the flight did the pursuit make itself known.

A fortnight later, about eight o'clock in the evening, Johannes might have been seen encamped at a distance of about forty miles from Klipdorp, the boy sleeping comfortably on a bed of veldt grasses, covered by the upper garments of the man.

We pass over five years: On or near the spot where the encampment had been made a comfortable homestead now stands, surrounded by cultivated lands.

To the south of the house, beside an angle in the garden fence, sit a man and woman. They are reading the inscription scratched on a tiny stone cross:—

"To the Memory of Petrus,
Who died May 20th, 1890."

Two years later the man and woman are again sitting in the garden. As he clasps her tightly towards him he bends his head and speaks to her. He tells her something which causes her to blanch with fear and to cling to him pitifully, almost convulsively. Now she has her hand on his breast, sobbing as if her

each succeeded the other, until the strong and noble Johannes Verster became a repulsive creature that labbed to itself through the long nights.

His wife alone retained power to control him.

Often in his madness he rehearsed that terrible ride from the old farm with Petrus, in his imagination, clasped tightly in his arms, the while uttering exultant cries, as though, in his disordered mind, he saw his pursuers far behind him.

On the approach of any person to the farm, which fortunately occurred very seldom, Ruth, his wife, would administer a narcotic sufficient to send him into a sound sleep for many hours.

By some mischance, on the fatal night which opens the first chapter of this story, the maniac had recovered from the effects of the drug much sooner than usual.

At the conclusion of the poor woman's story a lump rose in my throat which made me feel as though I was choking.

I took her hand, leper though she was, and raised it to my lips.

At this moment the doctor entered and, seeing I was upsetting his patient, peremptorily bade me to retire.

I was glad to get out of the room; I felt I must have fresh air.

I walked to the front door, opened it, and remained there until I heard the doctor descending the stairs. I walked towards him. Something in his face prepared me for his message.

"She won't go to the asylum," he said, gravely. "Death has mercifully released her. I shall bury her here to-morrow."



"As she advanced, so he fell back step by step along the passage."

HOW DID YOU DO IT?

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Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

A MISSING SWORD.

AS a rule ceremonials in which Royalty figure are carried out with such automatic precision that one is apt to forget that the time-worn maxim concerning "the best laid schemes" applies just as much to the great as to the humble.

It has leaked out this week that a little comedy as well as an impressive ceremony was performed within the ancient walls of Carnarvon Castle last Thursday. It seems that when the ceremonial was about to commence, and the Prince was due to arrive at the Castle, it was discovered that the Sword of State had been mislaid.

Whether some official had blundered in not sending it on to Wales is not known here. At all events, the Earl Marshal and his staff were in a state of perplexity, for in a few minutes the King's procession was due at the Castle, and the Sword of State was to be borne before him by Earl Beauchamp.

The Duke of Norfolk, however, proved himself resourceful, and hit upon the idea of a substitute emblem. For this purpose he borrowed the civic sword of Chester, which, in accordance with precedent, had been borne before the Mayor in his progress through Carnarvon. The sword, a massive and handsome one, proved a good substitute, and no one was the wiser, and certainly none the worse, for the little scheme that was played.

The sword of Chester was presented to the city by Henry VII. in 1506. By the charter of that monarch the sword is allowed to be carried before the Mayor in the presence of the King's nobles with the point erect. A sword given to the city by King Richard II. in 1394 disappeared, and the more ancient sword of Hugh Lupus, once at Chester, is in the British Museum.

A second amusing incident of the Royal visit to Wales occurred at Machynlleth Station, Montgomeryshire. In compliance with the Royal consent to accept an official welcome, the county council had prepared an ornate illuminated address. This was to have been presented to the King at Machynlleth by the chairman of the Council.

The clerk had charge of the address, which was carefully conveyed with his luggage, but though the clerk's wife kept a close watch over it, the luggage mis-carried on the journey from Carnarvon to Machynlleth. The loss was discovered some hours before the arrival of the royal train, and his Majesty was promptly notified of the incident.

As a result, the chairman at once improvised an address. Some parchment was secured, enclosed in the most appropriate case that could be found, and tied around with ribbon. Fortunately the arrangements were that the address should not be read, but merely handed to the King, and his Majesty received the improvised blank scroll as graciously as though it had been the real document.

£8000 FOR A FIGHT.

Jack Johnson must be accounted a lucky man. He may not have made much out of his fight with Tommy Burns at Sydney, but he scooped in a very large pile of dollars when he dressed down the white man's stale hope at Reno, and now the big negro is in for the big end of a purse of £8000 which is to be found for a match between him and Bombardier Wells. This match will take place on or before September 30th, and meanwhile Johnson will keep his hand in, and earn a nice little sum by taking the ring with Petty-officer Curran—a man whose boast it is that though beaten many a time he has never succumbed to a knock out.

Nothing approaching £8000 money down for a boxing match has been dreamed of in any part of the world. Heavier amounts may have been paid out as the result of gates, but in hard cash the deposited £8000 has not so far been approached. The syndicate giving the money have faith in their venture, and have agreed to deposit the full amount with the "Sportsman" four days prior to the contest. By way of a start a cheque for £200 was paid over on Saturday. Johnson and Wells and the syndicate finding the money look like furnishing us with the biggest thing in gate-money matches ever seen—anyway in England. The public have read much of the champion and of his wonderful skill and cleverness. We all know how he toyed with Tommy Burns, and of the way in which he defeated Jeffries. In mimic warfare, he has been seen on the halls, but as a fighter Johnson is still a stranger to England. A little over two months and Jack will be on view as a fighter, and that in opposition to the best material we can put in the ring against him.

Judging by the records of the two men Johnson should have little difficulty in disposing of Wells, but the match may not prove such a bad one for the white man as it looks on paper. The soldier has shown us that he is pretty fast and fairly clever, and under a steady course of physical culture he has filled out until he tips the beam in good settle at 14 stone or thereabouts. When he fought Gunner Moir, the Bombardier looked more like an overgrown youth, his long, lean, lathy build contrasting queerly with the stocky, muscle-clad frame of the Gunner. He looked as though a punch in the middle piece would settle him out of hand, and it did.

When he took the ring against "Porky" Flynn, and beat that plucky American pointlessly, Wells was somewhat more "furnished" about his body, but was still a bit weedy. Undoubtedly, however, he has filled out a good bit, and his friends aver that he has continued to develop marvelously in the right direction under the tuition of Tom Inch, the well known "strong man" and physical culturist.

Possibly, therefore, Wells may prove the Simon Pure among the white man's hopes that have been put forward dur-

ing the past two years, but Johnson is very high game indeed for a man with Wells' limited experience to tackle. However, he is the best we have got, of that there is no doubt.

Win or lose Johnson will, of course, get the lion's share of the purse. The terms of division are not public property, but it is said that, whatever the result, Johnson will pick up a good deal more than the £8000 Tommy Burns got when the big black beat him in Australia.

LONDON'S "DROUGHT."

London, and indeed the country generally, is at present suffering from drought. In England fourteen days without rain is, officially, a "drought," and as for the past twenty-one days there has been no "official" rain in the metropolitan area, we reckon it to be quite a severe visitation. It is not an unprecedented occurrence for Jupiter Pluvius to go on a three weeks' holiday during our summer, but it is, to say the least of it, a most unusual procedure on the part of the rain-maker. He has done so only five times in 54 years, his longest spell being in the year of Jubilee, 1887, when he absented himself for 25 days. And once in the early spring he allowed his watering can to remain idle for 29 days. This was in 1893, and is the record drought within the memory of even "the oldest inhabitant."

Apart from the lack of rain, which is spoiling the beauty of the flowers and vegetation in our gardens, parks and open spaces in town, and doing considerable mischief to the crops in the country, London is at present a place to get out of. The hot, muggy atmosphere has a terribly depressing influence on the mind and nerves of those tied to town. The mental lassitude and physical torpor, with the absence of appetite and lack of enthusiasm for action of any kind, which have been produced by hot, windless days, are felt even by the most vigorous. Indeed, it seems that the weather affects the strong more adversely than the weak, who seem to derive a certain amount of extra energy from continued heat and sunshine, whereas the average healthy Londoner seems quite unable to thrive and do his best work with the temperature anywhere above 75 degrees in the shade.

But it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good, and our "drought" should mean good times ahead for Antipodean producers of butter and cheese, and maybe for grain raisers, fruitgrowers, apiarists also.

Almost everywhere in the country cows are suffering from the lack of pasturage, and the supply of milk is showing a marked decrease; already they are being fed on cake, at a season when they should yield milk without it.

Harvesting has started, and whilst oats and barley show a great deal of straw, the grain is small. The sweeties are suffering from mildew, while the green fly and black spot that have come to orchards and vegetable gardens in the past few days in myriads are an added danger.

The honey dew is making its appearance on the trees, to the great disgust of apiarists, for the bees will accept it when nothing better offers, and the result is unsaleable honey.

THE CURE OF CANCER.

"For the first time it is fully demonstrated that it is wrong to make statements of a disquieting nature about the increase of cancer in general." That is the most remarkable thing that has been said for years about the most dreaded of all human diseases, and it is Dr. Bashford, the general superintendent of research and director of the laboratories of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, who says it. Such a declaration, coming as it does from the highest authority, should demolish the widespread impression that cancer is a disease which is increasing its hold on the race.

This is the good news contained in the report on the progress of the Cancer Research Laboratories towards the discovery of a cure for this, the most horrible scourge of mankind. Though we are assured that the investigations of the past years have been of the utmost importance, it does not appear from the report that any particular progress has been made in the direction of discovering a cure for the disease. Certain facts, however, have been established, which are no doubt, of the greatest importance. For example, to use the scientific jargon of the report, it has been proved that "the relation of each malignant new growth to the affected animal is a new one, parallel to that obtaining between the organs of the body and the organism as a whole."

"More precise conceptions have been obtained," Dr. Bashford states, "of the influence of heredity in place of the indefinite and contradictory views previously current."

It has been ascertained that during the period 1801-1909 the increase of deaths attributed to cancer was referable to certain anatomical regions, and not to others.

Among men, the main increase was in the alimentary tract, especially the stomach, whilst among women it was also mainly in the stomach and intestines, but also affected the breasts, while other parts showed little or no increase. Most of the increase chiefly affected the higher age periods.

It has also been established that the practice of peculiar customs, involving the subjection of particular parts of the body to chronic irritation, provokes the disease in situations and organs from which it is absent when these customs do not obtain.

"So definite," writes Dr. Bashford, "is the evidence of the mediate causation of certain forms of cancer by chronic irritants, that the possibility of variations in the cancer death-rate must be admitted as regards particular organs and regions of the body. The possibility of a variation of the main incidence of cancer, in conformity with changes in certain customs, must also be admitted."

As the result of the most elaborate experiments, Dr. Bashford claims that "the individuality of cancer would thus appear to have been placed at last beyond all further discussion. . . . A long step has thus been taken in defining the direction in which the future investigation of cancer is alone likely to be profitable."

A number of cases of natural healing of spontaneous malignant new growths has been observed in mice affected with spontaneous cancer, and Dr. Bashford concludes that the changes leading to natural cure appear to depend, as in propagated cancer, on an altered condition of the cell and its contents, rather than on an alteration in the general condition or constitution of the affected animal.

"Means must be devised," he states, "for elucidating the nature of the change in the cell before curative measures can be discovered."

Thinking in Bed.

"Thinking in bed killed Harriman. He worked all day and thought out his problems at night," says J. C. Stubbs, director of traffic of the Harriman lines. The "thinking in bed" habit, comments a writer in "Mansley's Magazine," is full brother to worry, and both are by-products of our consuming business life. As a nation, we never know when to quit, and the result is that we are the most nervous people in the world. Mr. Harriman once declared that he would retire when he became sixty, but he went beyond that mile post. Death caught him still bound to the wheel of his masterful ambition.



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

American Fathers of British Peersess March in Ancestral Costume in the Coronation Parade.

A NATURAL REMEDY.

Time was when disease was thought to be due to the direct influence of evil spirits, and exorcism and magic were invoked to cast it out.

Science has taught us wisdom. The evil spirits exist still. We call them "Disease Germs," and they also must be cast out. Once lodged in the stomach or intestines, fever with its hallucinations or biliousness with its aches and pains are the results.

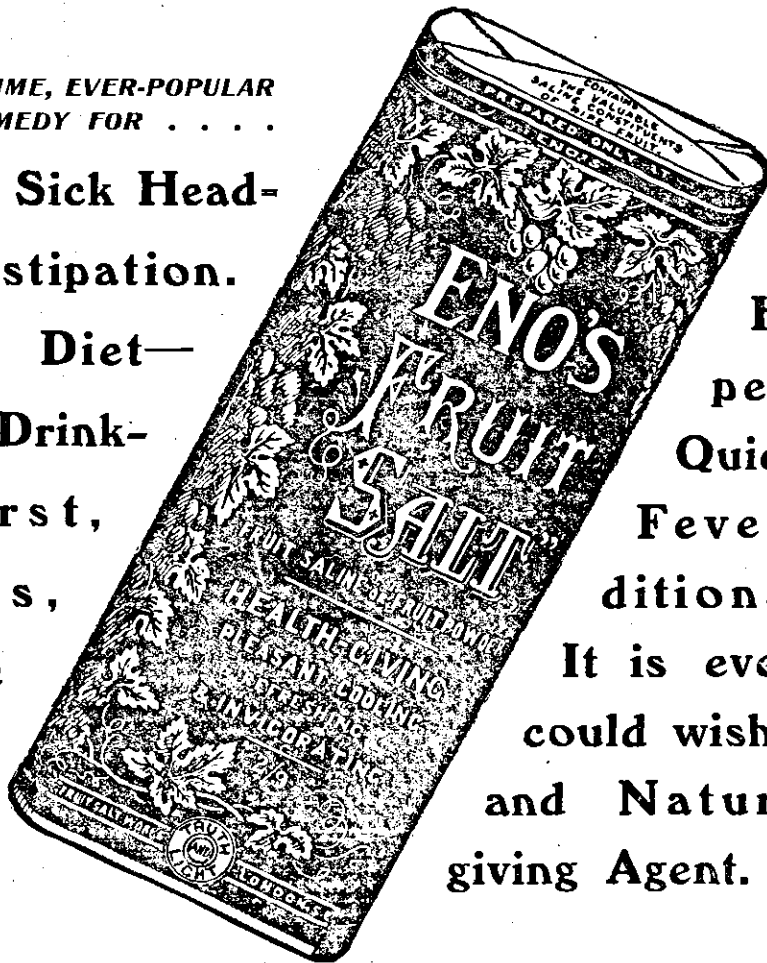
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BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

Robert Louis Stevenson and George Bernard Shaw.

HERE is probably no modern writer, whose utterances, spoken and written, provoke such extravagant eulogy or adverse criticism, as those of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. For, curiously enough, one either admires Mr. Shaw immensely or dislikes him intensely, which, of course, speaks volumes for his powers as a reflector and a moulder of modern thought and feeling. Fresh from a remarkably good rendition of that splendidly written comedy of his that bears the enigmatic title of "You Never Can Tell," and a fourth period of a letter written by R. L. Stevenson, so long ago as 1887 or 1888, to Mr. William Archer, the eminent writer and critic, regarding G.B.S.'s "Castel Byron's Profession," which Mr. Archer had sent to Stevenson, we reviewed a past, rather harsh judgment of Shaw, feeling that a writer who could so splendidly approximate the real good that lay beneath the repulsive exterior of a Crampton, and who could divine the single-heartedness and the unselfishness of a William Robin (alias Boin), and endowed with all the attendant clearness of vision that had gone to the making of "You Never Can Tell," must be a man, who, if he has satirically and mercilessly laid bare the hollow shams, conventions and pretensions on which society is based, at least comprehends the inherent generosity and self-sacrifice that lies deep down in the heart and soul of most men. So interested in deed have we been in this letter written nearly a-quarter of a century ago, when Shaw was just coming into prominence, that we have ventured to give our readers the letter intact. Here it is:—

Saranac Lake, Winter, 1887-88.—My dear Archer. What am I to say? I have read your friend's book with singular relish. If he has written any other, I beg you will let me see it; and if he has not, I beg him to lose no time in supplying the deficiency. It is full of promise; but I should like to know his age. There are things in it that are very clever, to which I attach small importance; it is the shape of the age. And there are passages, particularly the rally in the presence of the Zulu King, that show genuine and remarkable narrative talent—a talent that few will have the wit to understand, a talent of strength, spirit, capacity, and sufficient self-sacrifice, which last is the chief point in a narrator.

Shaw Described As a Delirious Visionary.

The second part of the letter is devoted to Stevenson's summary of "Castel Byron's Profession" as a whole: "As a whole," continues Stevenson, "it is, of course, a fever dream of the most feverish. Over Bashville the footman I howled with derision and delight; I dote on Bashville—I could read him for ever: de Bashville je suis le fervent—there is only one Bashville, and I am his devoted slave; Bashville est magnifique, mais il n'est guère possible. He is the note of the book. It is all mad, mad and deliciously delightful; the author has a taste of chivalry like Sir Walter Scott's or Dumas', and then he daubs in little bits of socialism; he soars away on the wings of the romantic griffin—even the griffin, as he cleaves air, shouting with laughter at the nature of the quest—and I believe in his heart he thinks he is labouring in a quarry of solid granite realism. It is this that makes me—the most hardened adviser now extant—stand back and hold my peace. If Mr. Shaw is below five-and-twenty, let him go his path; if he is thirty, he had best be told that he is a romantic, and pursue romance with his eyes open; or perhaps he knows it; God knows! My brain is softened. It is horrid fun. All I ask is more of it. Thank you for the pleasure you gave us, and tell me more of the inimitable author. (I say Archer, my God, what women!)—Yours very truly, Robert Louis Stevenson."

An Interesting Analysis of Shaw's Art.

In a postscript to the above, Stevenson dissects Shaw's art, componently, as follows:—One part, Charles Reade; one part, Henry James, or some kindred author, badly assimilated; half-part, Disraeli (perhaps unconscious); one and a-half parts, struggling, overlaid original talent; one part blooming gaseous folly. That is the equation as it stands. What it may be, I don't know, nor any other man. *Vivere fortes*—O let him remember that—let him beware of his damned century; his gifts of insane chivalry and animated narration are just those that might be slain and thrown out like an untimely birth by the Daemon of the epoch. And if he only knew how I adored the chivalry! Baskerville!—O Baskerville! *J'en chortle* (which is fairly polyglot). This letter and postscript shows clearly that Shaw's work must have moved him profoundly, presaging as it did the coming signs of the times. In a later letter to William Archer we find the following postscript:—"Tell Shaw to hurry up; I want another."

A Coming Great Australian Novelist.

In the current number of the Melbourne "Book-lover," Mr. Champion, its versatile editor and proprietor, gives a very interesting sketch of Mr. Alfred Buchanan's career, together with a prediction of his coming fame as a front-rank novelist. Mr. Buchanan will be, perhaps, best remembered as the author of "The Bubble Reputation." Should Mr. Champion's prediction be verified, there will be, as in Mr. Marriott Watson's case, considerable discussion as to whether this Dominion or Australia shall have the privilege of claiming him as one of her distinguished sons. Mr. Buchanan was born in Southampton, England, in September, 1872, but at the early age of two he was brought to Canterbury, New Zealand. He went through the New Zealand University, winning the Junior and Senior Scholarships in 1891 and 1894 respectively, and also won the Bowen prize for English. At 20 he graduated as B.A., and two years later he went to Australia, and joined the staff of the Sydney "Morning Herald." In 1898 he joined "The Age," with which he has been connected ever since, with the exception of four years, which he spent in Perth, W.A. His latest and fourth work, "Where Day Begins" (John Onseley, London, 5/6) is a book that should on no account be missed.

Approps Australasian Literature.

Mr. Champion has, we think, but voiced the opinion of many lovers and critics of literature in Australasia, in the following excerpt, which we have taken from his journal:—"It is," he says, "perhaps the misfortune of literature that in Australia the writer has to get his living, and there are but two ways open to him—the life of the 'free lance,' which ends necessarily in long sleeves and a handsome memorial; and the ordinary journalist's work; than which nothing can be more corroding to the finer self. If you want a proof of this statement, look around you! How many men are there who can and have written books? Donald Macdonald's 'of The Argus', Ambrose Pratt (of 'The Age'), Edward Dyson (of 'Punch'), and one or two on the Parliamentary 'Hansard' staff—they have shown a certain aptitude, and then got swallowed up in the coil of things." "When Day Begins," followed by a still better novel, which Mr. Champion evidently thinks Mr. Buchanan is equal to writing, would place that author on a pinnacle attained by few Australian writers of fiction, for in this return to the province of fiction Mr. Buchanan has shown "that he has the power of drawing a dramatic story out of the Australia of to-day, without either bus-brangers or gold-diggers figuring in it."

A New Corelli Novel.

We state candidly that we are no admirer of Miss Corelli's art. But many readers and writers do admire Miss

Corelli's novels very much, and a thinker and scholar as profound as the late William Ewart Gladstone confessed himself delighted and impressed by "A Romance of Two Worlds." In the early autumn Methuen and Co. are going to publish a "New Romance," by Miss Corelli, entitled "Life Everlasting." The advance demand for this new life is tremendous, it is said. "Life Everlasting" deals with the occult and unseen. It will be remembered that Miss Corelli started her career with a psychic novel, namely, the novel aforementioned. The present work is also psychic, and deals with the love story of a mortal and an immortal. There are also, we are told, some new and startling suggestions on the cause of life and death. The latest discoveries in science have been used to elucidate the theories the author has advanced, and altogether, considering the fascination of the subject, the book should sell here like hot cakes.

Some Other Methuen Autumn Publications.

Mr Methuen has written a short book on the reform of the Peers. It is entitled: "A Simple Plan for a New House of Lords," and is published at 2/ by Messrs. Methuen. Mr Methuen's pamphlets on the Boer War and the fiscal controversy were very successful. "The Crooked Way," by Mr William Le Queux, was added to this firm's "Novelist" series on July 13. On the 27th of the same month an exciting romance of the wilder North America of to-day, entitled "Two on the Trail," was issued by this firm. It is an exciting account of a husband-hunt which ends in the saving of a life.

What Constitutes Plagiarism.

A lady correspondent writing to a Melbourne literary journal proposes of an appreciation of Mr John Masefield, which appeared in that paper, complains as follows:—"Your contributor charges Mr Noyes with borrowing the idea of 'Apes and Ivory, Skulls and Roses,' in 'Stunks of Old Hong Kong,' from Masefield's poem 'Cargoes.'" Our readers will doubtless remember this latter poem, as it is a favourite one of ours in its class from which we quote when we wish to instance an example of perfect word painting. Well, the Book-Lover's correspondent says that Masefield borrowed "ivory and apes and parrots" from the first Book of Kings, chapter ten, and twenty-second verse, which states that "Once in three years came the navy of Kharshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, apes and peacocks." It is quite possible in the near future that some other extensive reader of "Stately Spanish Galloons," and "Dirty British Coasters," etc. but it won't detract in the least from the value of the poem as a gem of an example of perfect rhythm, a mastery of colour, and absolutely correct local colour. Just where real plagiarism begins, it is difficult to define, since for every theme there must be inspiration, and there is nothing new under the sun, least of all themes that have not in some shape or form been improved or elaborated upon before. There is a glory of Mr Alfred Noyes, and there is a glory of Mr John Masefield. And there is glory enough for each in their separate orbits. In this double suggestion of plagiarism, it is interesting to read what R. L. Stevenson says about the inspiration that prompted him to write "Treasure Island," the said inspiration it was afterwards suggested, being stolen from various works of fiction. Here it is below:—

"Treasure Island."

"On a chill September morning," said Stevenson, "by the cheek of a brisk fire, and the rain drumming on all the windows, I began 'The Sea Cook,' for that was the original title of 'Treasure Island.' I have begun (and finished) a number of other books, but I cannot remember to have sat down to one of them with more compacency. It is not to be wondered at, for stolen waters are proverbially sweet. I am now upon a painful chapter. No doubt the parrot one belonged to Robinson Crusoe. No doubt the skeleton is conveyed from Poe. I think little of these, they are trifles and details; and no man can hope to have a monopoly of skeletons or make a corner in talking birds. The stockade, I am told, is from 'Masterman Ready.' It may be, I care not a jot. These useful writers had fulfilled the poet's saying: 'departing, they had left behind their footprints on the sands of time.' Footprints which perhaps another—and I was the other! It is my debt to Washington Irving that exercises my conscience, and judds so, for I believe that plagiarism



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(A Week Later They Fawn Them to Pay the Butcher.)

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was rarely carried farther. I chanced to pick up the 'Tales of a Traveller' some years ago with a view to an anthology of prose narrative, and the book flew up and struck me: Billy Bones, his chest, the company in the parlour, the whole inner spirit, and a good deal of the material detail of my first chapters all were there, all the property of Washington Irving. But I had no guess of it then, as I sat writing by the fireside in what seemed the springtides of a somewhat pedestrian inspiration; nor yet day by day, after lurch, as I read aloud my morning's work to the family. It seemed to me original as sin; it seemed to belong to me like my right eye."—R. L. Stevenson, in "The Art of Writing."

The Irish Tangle.

The Rev. Robert H. Murray, Litt. D. has written, and Macmillan's have published, at 10/ net, a book entitled "Revolutionary Ireland and Its Settlement." The period covered by Dr. Murray is brief if pregnant, viz., the period which elapsed between 1688-1714, during which time the conflict between William III. and James II. was being waged on what is now known as the "Irish question." The outcome of that conflict, is, thinks Dr. Murray, part of the complicated fabric of modern Irish politics. The question frequently raised by Dr. Murray in the book, says a writer in "The Literary World," is, whether difference of race or of religions, or both combined, is behind this complexus of Anglo-Irish relationship, and he gives material upon which may be founded some understanding of the stubborn resistance Ireland has always offered to British rule. Irish self-government, as this book makes clear, is more than a hope and sentiment; it is a memory and a tradition. In the quarter of a century covered by this history, Ireland was the cockpit in which the battle between liberty and despotism, between Gallicanism and Vaticanism was fought, and the Revolution in Ireland must be viewed in the light of contemporary international politics. The European schemes, of Louis XIV, reacted upon the domestic history of Ireland, and for a time at least, she was under the influence of the diplomatic and military movements created by the rivalry of the Grand Monarch and William III. Enough has been quoted to show the trend of this very able work on the "Irish Tangle," and which we

commend to those interested in Home Rule and Irish history in general.

Books to Read.

New fiction well worth the reading is "Book of a Bachelor" and "Magic of the Hill," by Duncan Schwann; "The Broken Phil," by Percy White; "Exchange of Souls," by Barry Pain; "Mrs. Maxon Protests," by Anthony Hope; and "Adventures of a Modest Young Man," by Robert Chambers.

"Myrtle Reed"—Obit. August 17, 1911.

"Myrtle Reed," (McCallough) according to a London cable, dated August 18, died the day before that date from "an overdose of sleeping powder." It has been said so often that it has come to be a generally-accepted truth, that no really happy woman ever took to the writing of sentimental fiction. In Myrtle Reed's case she has left documentary proof reflecting upon her husband's ill-treatment of her. No one who has the gift of reading between lines could have come to any conclusion other than that "Lavender and Old Lace," and kindred novels, were written by a woman at the point of heart-break. For the excessive sentimentality of Myrtle Reed's little books we never cared. But there was a certain old world daintiness about them that always pleased and satisfied our fastidious senses. And her ideals of love and duty were beyond cavil. We regret exceeding the manner of her death, as will countless readers to whom Myrtle Reed was ever the last word in sentimental prose, and whose pages fairly exuded dainty old-world scents of lavender, lads' love, lilac and alas, rosemary and rue.

Our Modern Ways.

"Nothing on earth is quite so easy to understand as what is popularly called Science. The only way that men have been able to make it at all difficult is by inventing a very frantic terminology— which they habitually mispronounce—and by carefully suppressing all habit of simple and lucid speech." "Education for the child means a march into the unknown. He is told that he has to do quadratic equations, but nobody ever dreams of telling him why. He has to know the name of the capital of Portugal. He has, in extreme cases,

to know the names of the kings of Israel and Judah. The patience of the child is remarkable. He really does consent to lumber up his mind with all this nonsense, merely because papa, or the governess, or the schoolmaster wishes him to do it."—"An Exchange of Souls," by Barry Pain. Eveleigh Nash. 2/.

The Oriental Attitude.

"Prince Li Hung Chang was escorted to Wall-street, and in a certain broker's office he was shown a 'ticker' machine rolling off the prices of stocks. It was expected by his host that he would be astonished, if not bewildered, at these financial heart-beats made visible on a strip of paper. When asked what he thought of it he replied: 'I think I should prefer to play in a game where I can see the cards shuffled.'—"The West in the East, from an American Point of View," by Price Collier. Duckworth and Co. 7/6 net.

One Hundred Years Hence.

A somewhat unusual case will shortly engage the attention of the courts. Last year the Republic of Nicaragua sold the entire cinematograph rights in its wars to a well-known New York firm. This firm is now suing the Republic for heavy damages because in a recent Revolution, it is alleged, the Government forces, in direct contravention of the agreement, began a battle before the cinematograph apparatus was ready."—"100 Years Hence," by Walter Emmanuel. Nash. 1/ net.

How to Write a Comedy.

"Comedy is the manufacture of a misunderstanding. Having manufactured it, you place its culmination at the end of the last act but one, which is the point at which the manufacture of the play begins. Then you make your first act out of the necessary introduction of the characters to the audience, after elaborate explanations, mostly conducted by servants, solicitors, and other low-life personages (the principals must all be dukes and colonels and millionaires), of how the misunderstanding is going to come about. Your last act consists, of course, of clearing up the misunderstanding, and generally getting the audience out of the theatre as best you can."—"The Doctor's Dilemma," etc., by Bernard Shaw. Constable. 6/.

A Contest of Wits.

"Goethe was so often intruded upon by the curious in his house in Weimar that one day, made impatient by the determination of an unknown Englishman to force an entrance, he suddenly ordered his servant to show him in. The Englishman entered. Goethe planted himself erect in the centre of the room, his arms crossed, his eyes on the ceiling, motionless like a statue. Surprised for the moment, the stranger soon comprehended the situation, and, without being in the least disconcerted, he put on his glasses, walked slowly around Goethe, inspected him from head to foot, and went out."—"Wagner at Home," from the Fresco of Judith Gautier, by Effie Dunreith Massie. Lane.

A Barlesque Heroine.

"Gertrude cherished the memory of her parents. On her breast the girl wore a locket in which was enshrined a miniature of her mother, while down her neck inside at the back hung a daguerreotype of her father. She carried a portrait of her grandmother up her sleeve, and had pictures of her cousins tucked inside her boot, while beneath her—but enough, quite enough. From her earliest infancy Gertrude had been brought up by her aunt. Her aunt had carefully instructed her in Christian principles. She had also taught her Mohammedism to make sure."—"Nonsense Novels," by Stephen Leacock.

Our Interesting Lower Class.

"In England, while good form restrains and levels the Universities and the Army, the poor people are the most motley and amusing creatures in the world, full of humorous affections and prejudices and twists of irony. Frenchmen tend to be alike, because they are all soldiers; Prussians because they are all something else, probably policemen; even Americans are all something, though it is not easy to say what it is; it goes with hawk-like eyes and an irrational eagerness. Perhaps it is savages. But two English cabmen will be as grotesquely different as Mr. Weller and Mr. Wegg."—"Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens," by G. K. Chesterton. Dent. 7/6 net.



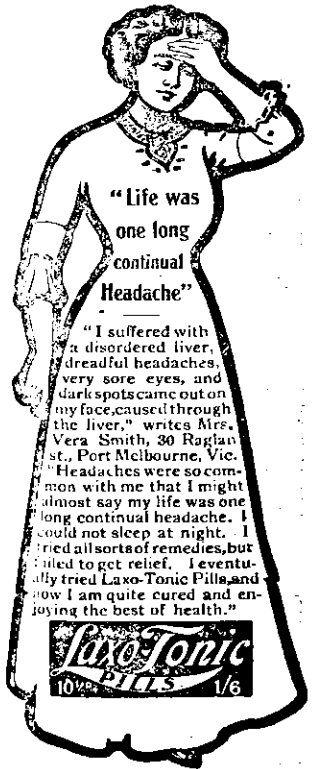


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NEW ZEALAND STORIES.

[The Editor desires to state 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."]

"A Secret of the Ruahines."

By ALF. R. W. KREBS.

YES, some mighty strange things have happened in those very same hills," remarked the driver of the old Rangiwahia Kiambolton coach, as his nearest companion's glance travelled away to the distance, where the serrated ridges of the Ruahine mountains pierced the air like uneven teeth of an immense upturned saw. "I know of an affair that caused a great stir in the Oroua some fifteen years ago, and it has never been cleared up yet."

"Well," answered the man whom he addressed, "let us hear the yarn. We want something to kill the monotony of this beastly journey."

"I don't know very much about it," returned the weather-beaten John; "but it is a well-known fact that there is gold in those hills, and about fifteen years ago a couple of chaps set out from Aputi to prospect for it. Only one of them came back, and he brought samples of the metal with him, that must have been taken from a fabulously rich reef. This man, however, disappeared—no one knows how or why—and the whole business has died out long ago; but it is certain that somewhere in those gorges lies untold wealth."

"You know the story well, my friend," broke in a heavily-bearded passenger named Robert Dalton, who up till then had remained apparently disinterested in the conversation. "However, I am still better acquainted with it. The man who returned with the gold-bearing quartz was well known to me, and his story has become mine also."

"Thunder!" exclaimed the coachman. "Did you know Kahl Neilson?"

"Yes; well; but he has been gone these many years. I'll give you the tale if you wish."

The men settled themselves comfortably in their seats, and Dalton unfolded the strange narrative.

It was in the year 1896 when Kahl Neilson first got the idea of organising a party to prospect for the gold, which, it was rumoured, lay hidden in the Ruahine mountains. His proposal was treated with amusement and it was only after the greatest trouble he secured a partner in his proposed venture. Ned Haulon was in every way suited for the work, and moreover, was as true a white man as ever stepped. They were to share alike in whatever was the outcome of the expedition.

On the 20th November, 1896, Neilson and Haulon left the haunts of civilisation and struck out from the back of Aputi for the wilds of the range. The men were in high spirits and set the township with pleasant anticipations for the future.

"Mark my words," said Kahl to the friendly Aputi storekeeper, "in three months we'll bring these bags back full of the yellow stuff," and he slung the stout canvas bags on the back of his pack horse.

"Well, boys, I wish you 'God speed,' but you are going on a wild goose chase," replied the storeman.

The would-be prospectors laughed gaily at this pessimistic forecast, and rode merrily away in the direction of the hills.

A few days later the search for wealth began in earnest. Leaving their horses at the foot of the range, the two men struck upward, forcing their way through tangled undergrowth and over ridges and gorges where human foot had never before been planted, until they struck a small stream far back in the rugged country.

"We have dropped on the very spot, matey," delightedly exclaimed Neilson, on catching sight of the creek. "See the rock on the bank there; it's strange if that is not quartz."

A closer inspection proved that he was right, though whether the rock bore gold or not had to be proved.

"You are correct, Kahl, it is," announced Haulon. "It is a case of do or die now. Hurrah for the Ruahines and the gold they are going to give us."

Day after day went by, and mile after mile of the stream was severely scrutinised, but none of the precious metal came to light. Still, there were "signs" in abundance, and the prospectors—now growing weary with incessant hardships—stuck to the work with that doggedness which the lust for gold seems to implant in every human being, but the limit of endurance was almost reached.

"It is no use," ventured Haulon, as he threw himself down on his rough bunk one night; "we'll have to give it up mate, or pass out. Tucker is low, and there is not much to kill in these confounded hills. We can't afford to die of starvation for all the 'yellow' in the country."

"You are right," answered Neilson. "To-morrow we must go, but we will take the stuff with us."

The man's eyes sparkled with a curious lustre, and every fibre in his body was quivering with suppressed excitement.

"We must leave the range by twelve o'clock to-morrow, but, hark ye, we will take the gold with us," he cried again, and struck his knee with a force that would have dislocated the joint in any ordinary person.

The dawn of a new day had scarcely broken, when the weary men once more set out on their seemingly hopeless quest.

"We will part this time, Ned," said Kahl. "You take the right bank and

I the left. We are going to 'strike off' this morning."

Hour after hour passed in silence, save for the lapping of the water and tapping of hammers on the flinty rock. Several hundred yards of the stream's course had again been traversed unsuccessfully, when an anxious, startled exclamation escaped from Kahl Neilson. His mate glanced up to see him feverishly fingering a piece of quartz he had broken from the main body.

"Look, Haulon, old chap," he cried in a high pitched voice. "Here it is. The rock is full of it. Gold! Gold! Gold!"

All the energy of the man was aroused. There at his feet lay the fortune they had struggled for. The quartz, where he had broken it, was glistening yellow in the sunlight. The treasure of the Ruahines was in their grasp. Haulon dropped on his knees and examined the find.

"Our pilgrimage has ended, Kahl. We are rich men," he said, and once more bent over the rock.

At the sound of his partner's excited words, Kahl Neilson was beset with an awful temptation. Something seemed to whisper in his ear: "You are a rich man. Do not let him have a share. You found it." The man made one ineffectual struggle against the demon at his heart, but the tempter was too strong. "It's yours, put him out of the way, and keep it all." As the terrible thought entered his mind, all the man in Kahl Neilson departed. Controlled by an insensibly selfish desire for wealth he did not care. Friendship, honour, human life—the greatest of all—were nothing. Gold was everything, and he must have it all, whatever the cost. As the unsuspecting man made to rise from examining the metal, Neilson swung his heavy prospector's hammer—only once.

Three weeks later a miserable specimen of humanity struggled into the township of Aputi. Covered in rags and racked with fever, he was but a shadow of the vigorous Neilson who had set out so confidently on the search for wealth some months previous. The wretched man was quickly placed in the hospital at Palmerston North, where for weeks he lay in the grasp of rheumatic fever.

Neilson had brought back rich specimens of gold quartz, but he was unable to tell anything for the delirium which seized him. Rumour was rampant. Everyone knew all about it. Where was Ned Haulon? Where was the reef? These two queries excited the public mind.

One night Kahl Neilson escaped from the hospital. How he got away no one knew; but he disappeared absolutely without answering the two great questions which everyone was asking his neighbour. It seemed as if the man was spirited away from the earth, so completely has he been hidden from that day to this.

While the hoarded traveller was concluding his narrative, the sky had darkened rapidly, and fell-drops of rain and mutterings of thunder forebode one of those sudden storms peculiar to mountainous country. The passengers drew their great coats more closely around them, and waited for the outbreak which soon made its appearance. There are many on the Oroua who remember with a shudder the terrible storm which took place that day. The heavens seemed determined to create an extraordinary battle of the elements, while amidst the beating of the rain, the darting of the lightning and crash and roar of thunder, the horses dragged the rickety coach towards its destination.

"By the power of Jove," raved the driver to the man nearest him, his face hardly discernible above the din of the tempest, "this is the worst I have ever gone through, and I've seen some darlings in my time."

The words were hardly uttered when a blinding flash of light, followed by a deafening crash, startled the horses into wild confusion. A big maire tree, growing on the cliff's edge above the coach, struck from its foundation by the supernatural lightning, pitched down right across the helpless coach, but the driver had seen the danger in time.

"Jump me, jump for your lives," he shrieked in terrified accents, and made a flying leap from his seat.

Too late! The mass of charred wood rushed downward, and crushed the vehicle to splinters, while beneath the ruins lay the man who had received the tragedy of Kahl Neilson's gold find.

The storm abated as quickly as it rose, and the other traveller, who luckily had escaped without injury, at once assisted the coachman to extricate their unfortunate companion. The man was seriously hurt, though he still retained consciousness.



THEIR ATTRACTIVE MOTHER.

Penelope: He's been awfully nice to me all summer.
 Gladys: And to me, too.
 Maude: No nicer than he's been to me.
 Penelope: And he inquired if I minded if he asked mama.
 Gladys: He asked me that, too.

Maude: That's no more than he asked me.
 Penelope: And I said he might.
 Gladys: And I said so, too.
 Maude: No objection from me.
 All: And now he's proposing to her.

"I'm done for," Dalton whispered hoarsely. "I seem to be completely smashed up. Listen closely, you two. I have not finished that yarn yet. I am KAHL NEILSON!"

A cry of surprise and horror broke from the man who was supporting the injured passenger.

"Kahl Neilson? But you told us he had passed away!"

"True, Kahl Neilson did pass away—but in name only. Robert Dalton took the place. I am the man who found the cursed gold. That tremendous force which draws human beings back to the scene of a crime, forced me here once more to gaze upon the mountains where my murdered mate is lying. I killed him for gold, but I did not get it. My life has been a terror to me since. Conscience-stricken I have wandered over the face of the globe seeking to bury my memory; but it's no good. Evil deeds will find us out. Not all the gold in the world would have taken me back to the reef again. It is there, though. Gold everywhere. Ned Hanlon has guarded the secret for fifteen years now, and the Ruahines have kept the secret well."

A spasm of pain passed over the speaker's features. He paused and struggled for breath.

"I am dying, friends, and I am terrified to go with this blot on my soul. I cannot face my Maker now that He has called me. Can you not say something to help me?"

The awful entreaty of the dying man's voice would have touched a heart of stone. The old coach driver was not a religious man, but kneeling down on the sudden roadside, he offered up a simple petition for the man who was soon to meet the Judge.

"Thank you, friend," whispered Neilson. "That gives me some hope at any rate. Now, before I die, I will give you the secret of the reef, and may it prove a blessing to you, and not a curse, as it did to me. You will find a plan of the route—in—"

The wounded head fell back. Kahl Neilson—homeless, wanderer, conscience-stricken—had passed the portal. The two men remained for some moments gazing fixedly on the human wreck at their feet.

"I say, mate," the driver said softly, "we are the only two who know who

and what he was. He has taken the secret of the reef's hiding place with him, and perhaps it is better so. He was 'Robert Dalton.' What do you say?"

The other extended his hand, and they clasped in a fervent grip across the body of him who had been called to the last tribunal.

"Right. He was nothing else but a traveller named Robert Dalton. Let the Ruahines still keep the secret they have carried so long."

Calling a Man a Liar.

The other day a resident in Louisville, Kentucky, expressed his opinion to another man that he was a dirty liar, and was promptly knocked down. He commenced an action for assault, but lost the case. The judge declared from the Bench that to call another man a liar was to deliver him a blow, and honourably discharged the defendant. It is justifiable defence in many of the American States to claim that the man you have assaulted has first called you a liar. A bill containing such a provision was introduced in the Texas Legislature some years ago, and has not yet been repealed. The Senator who introduced the bill declared that he based it on a law which makes the offensive use of the word a misdemeanour punishable by a £5 fine. Calling a man a liar is not only an offence against the law in Virginia; it is a crime. There is a law on the Statute Books of that State, which reads as follows:—"If any person shall, in the presence or hearing of another, curse or abuse such person or use any violently abusive language to such person concerning himself or any of his female relatives in circumstances reasonably calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, he shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanour, and on conviction shall be fined not less than 5/, nor more than £6." To call a man a liar in Georgia is slander, for which one may be punished by a fine of £200, or imprisonment for a year, or both. The defendant has the right, however, to prove his charge and go clear. On the criminal side of the courts the law holds, as it does in Kentucky, that the lie constitutes the first blow and justifies

violent response. In Arkansas the use of the epithet is a misdemeanour punishable by a fine. In Mississippi it is not specifically mentioned in the laws, but all insulting words are made civilly actionable. In South Carolina it is not a crime, but may be used as a basis of civil action for defamation of character. In North Carolina the user of the epithet and the man to whom it is applied are held equally guilty in cases of assault and battery. But every State is careful to warn the public that "all words which, from their usual construction and common acceptance are construed as insults and tend to violence and breach of the peace shall be actionable."

prince will only be charged for the exact number of places he occupies. Another regulation is that when a prince expresses a wish to travel in a particular compartment of an ordinary express the compartment must be placed at his disposal, and even where no wish is expressed, the stationmaster is to offer the prince a compartment to himself. When princely specials are running, locomotives with steam up are to be kept in readiness at all the chief stations along the line of travel, and the Royal waiting rooms are to be kept ready. Whether the train stops at them or not. The prince's special, of course, takes precedence of all other trains, no matter at what cost in the way of delay to the latter.

Royal Privileges in Germany.

The Prussian railway administration, which spreads almost over the entire German empire, has just issued regulations granting new privileges to Royalty in travelling. For the future the princes are to have special trains at specially cheap rates, and while the ordinary traveller must pay for at least 12 places when he orders a special train, the

"What a strangely interesting face your friend, the poet, has," gurgled the maiden of forty. "It seems to possess all the elements of happiness and sorrow each struggling for supremacy."
"Yes, he looks to me like a man who was married and didn't know it," growled the Cynical Bachelor.



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From "Hoops to Hobbles"



THE EVOLUTION OF FIFTY YEARS

As one looks back upon the days of '61, various and interesting reminiscences are brought to mind. For instance compare the seemingly weird styles of head-dress, gowns; the crude means of conveyance, the mode of living, and many other things characteristic of that period, with present-day methods and modes, and the modern achievements appear almost miraculous.

This fact is illustrated in the accompanying picture which reveals two of the fair sex as they wore then and as they are to-day—the wonderful evolution of fifty years. The **Bon Ton** and the **Royal Worcester Corsets** have likewise been a part of this magical evolution, and have proved an all-important factor in giving **Milady** health, grace, and beauty. These world-famous Corsets are stocked in an immense variety of styles and prices by **Smith and Caughy, Limited**. Ladies are cordially invited to inspect without being asked to purchase.

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LADY'S ADVENTURES IN NEW ZEALAND.

SCENIC MARVELS.

LONDON, July 21.

Messrs. Witherby and Co., of London, recently published Mrs. Maud A. Moreland's "Through South Westland," a fascinating and liberally illustrated volume, concerning her adventures in that part of the South Island which lies between the Southern Alps and the Pacific. Much of this region was practically unexplored when the author, accompanied by a friend whom she calls Transome, went through it on horseback and about three years ago. It embraces a great variety of mountainous and forest country, rich in grand scenery, and abounding in difficulties for the adventurous travellers, who had often to make their way at much risk, and more than once their lives were in peril. The author describes the romantic features of the district traversed with a facile pen, and draws so fascinating a picture of what she saw that many who read her book will possibly be tempted to realise for themselves the pleasure of exploring a region so full of attraction for the adventurous spirit. The journey

began at Christchurch, but its real difficulties did not commence until the mountain range had been crossed, and Hokitika had been reached. From this point the Main South Road was followed as far as it remained a practicable road, and then the travellers had to make their way as best they could.

Since the author and her companion passed that way the road has been made a good driving track as far as the Franz Josef, with the main rivers bridged. Their journey extended south to some distance on the farther side of the river Haast, a stream which had never before been crossed by a lady tourist. Then the travellers turned to the east, crossed the boundary of the province of Otago, and made the homeward journey by Lake Hawea, the Ländis Pass, over the McKenzie Plains, and through South Canterbury, covering altogether some seven or eight miles. It would be impracticable to attempt to follow the author through all the stages of her tour. A few features only of her interesting narrative can be indicated.

The Primeval Forest.

She has a good deal to say about the botany of the South Westland forests, which for the most part are occupied by plants and trees peculiar to New Zealand, and she is profoundly impressed by the primeval condition of much of the country passed through:

"When Transome teased me by reviling the forest for its lack of human interest, enough spirit returned to contradict. But in very truth that is what strikes one so forcibly. League after league, range beyond range—

"A land where no man comes nor hath come Since the making of the world."

A Noble Glacier.

There is a very effective description of the Franz Josef glacier:—

"When we had climbed over the mountain pile of frozen dirt and stones, and stood at last on the great frozen river, the ice proved to be in the worst possible condition. The waves of that river had tossed themselves into every fantastic shape. Glassy pinnacles and serrated edges rear themselves hundreds of feet over deep crevices—at times it seemed like climbing the walls of a vast cathedral of crystal, and every step had to be cut. The colouring was marvellous: turquoise and green—and that blue of glacier-pools which is neither—mingled with opal and pink. In two hours we had not progressed a quarter of a mile, but we were high enough to see its winding course, and the glittering snow-fields at its head. Then we turned to look back. An enormous roche moutonnée seemed to block its course to one side, and we looked away to the wavy forest with its crimson ratas and Okarito lying in a blue haze."

Passages like this show that the author is able to realise her impressions with real graphic power, and she is always equal to the occasion.

River Rock and Snowfield.

"Many fine descriptive passages will be found in the second section of the volume, in which is recorded a trip made twelve months later to Mt. Aspiring. Here the scenery is on an even grander scale than that of the region previously visited, and it was then practically unexplored; though since the central peak has been conquered by Captain Head, R.A. The author's curiosity had been whetted by a member of the Government survey staff:—

He spoke of wonderful ice-falls, of great glaciers, of a river that shot full-grown from beneath an arch of ice, of ice-crevasses, and a vast blue ice-fall, where thousands of tons plunged into an abyss with deafening roar. "Aye," he said, "and the finest sight I ever saw was the top of Mt. Aspiring, where it rises up like a great silver cone against the blue."

Mrs. Moreland realised, when she was able a year later to see it all with her own eyes, that not one-half of the marvels of this region had been told, and she convinces the reader of it by an impressive series of word-pictures, only one of which the limitation of space permits me to quote:—

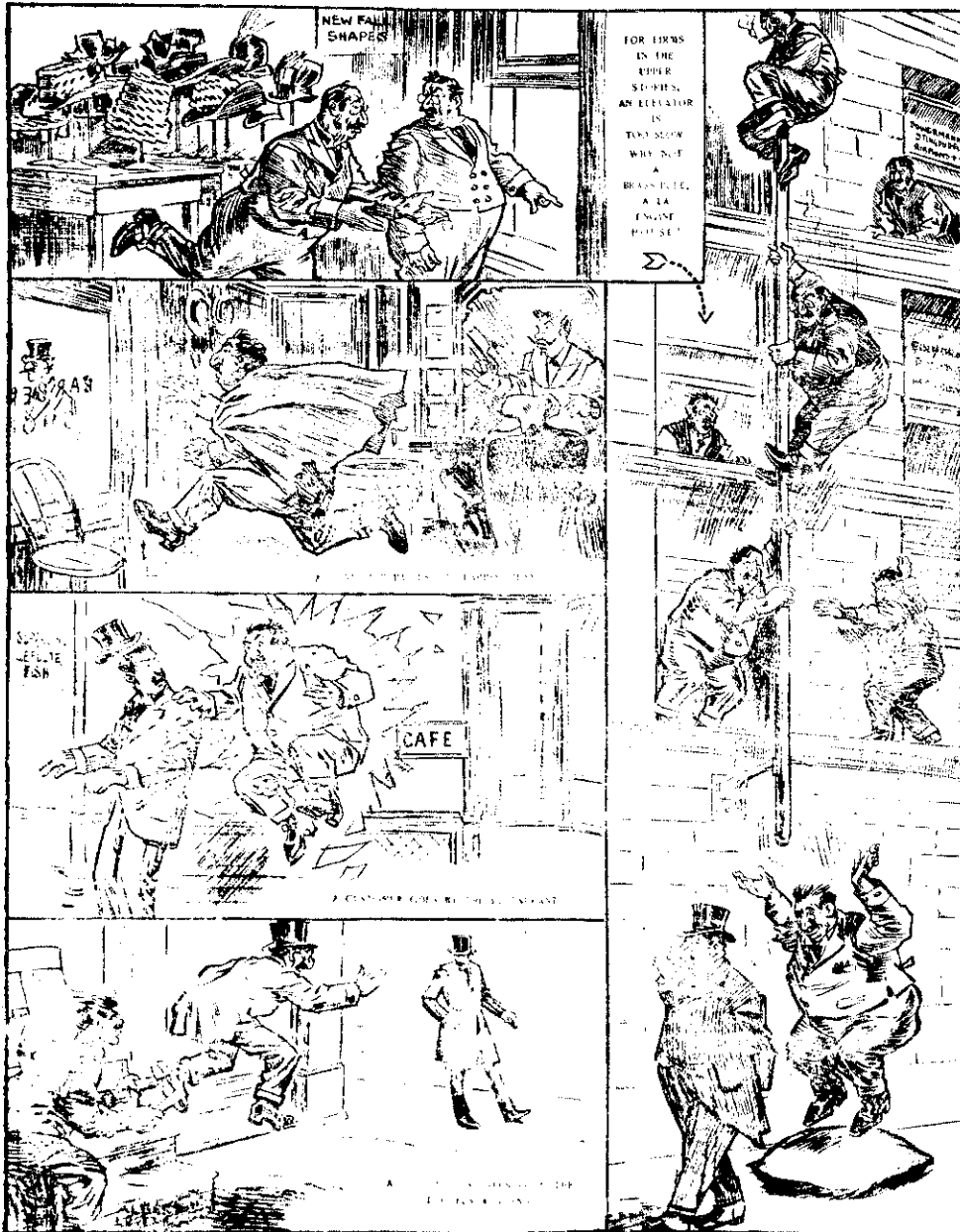
"And now we began to see the full beauty and the solemn grandeur of the place. To right and left the mountains converged till the whole valley was blocked by a mighty mass, well-nigh perpendicular, whose summits were snow-covered to within a few hundred feet of their tops, where the black rocks ran up in pyramids too steep for snow. Along this wall the eye travelled eastwards over pure snowfields to a magnificent ice-fall, looking . . . as if it must be actually moving, its colour exquisite in its tones of green below the snow-white waves. And then rose clear and pure 'the great silver cone against the blue.' One unbroken wave of snow seemed to run up one side to the very top, which, looked at with the naked eye, appeared almost a point, but the field-glasses revealed a double crown. The face towards us was only lightly powdered with snow; it was almost sheer from where it rose. The mountains presented a savagely broken view of river rock and snow-field, culminating in a mighty curved wave of glacier which overhung a sheer precipice—a purple, misty gulf, so deep and dark we could only guess its probable depth. . . . Farther up it looked like a great cliff in the mountain wall; and another glacier blocked the head of it—an awesome chasm. . . . As we gazed in silence we saw the whole lip of the curved wave break and plunge downwards, the roar reaching our waiting ears like artillery."

Mrs. Moreland gives many interesting sketches of the isolated settlers whom she met here and there, some of them quite pathetic—as in the case of Mrs. Macpherson, the lady of the "line-shedding" up in the hills between Pembroke and Mt. Aspiring, who avowed that she was nearly driven deaf by the roar of the avalanches and the waterfalls when the snows were melting. "And then, it is that lonely, too—oh, you don't know what it is to see another face up here beside your children's! It's sometimes eighteen months, and once it was two full years, before I saw the face of a living woman!"

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

STRIKING APPEAL BY A DUKE.

Not far from the scene of the recent Anarchist outrage in London are situated the headquarters of an institution which for forty-five years has been carrying on a work of Imperial importance. "Ringed in with closely packed acres of brick and mortar," in the squalid East End, the Barnardo Homes are the Mecca of tourists from all parts of the world. During this, the Coronation year of our King and Queen, colonial visitors in unprecedented numbers have passed through the famous Ever-open Door in Stepney Causeway. To many of these it must have seemed strange that work of this noble character should be carried on amid such unpleasant surroundings. In the early days, when Dr. Barnardo was known as the "Young Man with the Lantern," and sought by night the wof and homeless lads of London sleeping under bridges, railway arches, and in



"THERE GOES A CUSTOMER!"

Business is Business Everywhere, but still Business is Everything.

Coughs and Lung Troubles

Angier's Emulsion has been prescribed by the medical profession and used in the hospitals for the last twenty years and is now universally recognised as the standard approved remedy for coughs, bronchitis, asthma, consumption and all forms of lung trouble. It is superior to other lung remedies simply because of its greater soothing and healing powers, combined with exceptional tonic and strengthening qualities. Angier's Emulsion is soothing alike to throat, lungs, stomach and intestines, and it has a most invigorating influence upon the general health. It is pleasant to take and agrees perfectly with delicate stomachs.

ANGIER'S EMULSION

"I consider it superior to all other Emulsions."

Dear Sirs,—I have used Angier's Emulsion in a number of chest cases, notably in cough following influenza and in the later stages of Bronchitis, and have never known it to fail. In one case of advanced Phthisis it gave a good deal of relief. After trial in a multitude of chest cases I consider it far superior to all other Emulsions.

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Free Sample Coupon.

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Address

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Of all Chemists, 1/3, 2/9 and 4/6.

empty stables. Stepney Causeway was a convenient haven to which to conduct them for immediate shelter and food, and to thousands of grateful men and women the Empire over it will always have hallowed associations.

What a sad and motley procession it is that has passed through that first Ever-open Door! Seventy-three thousand destitute, neglected boys and girls, from infants a few days old to the lad and lass of twenty. Many clad in filthy rags, gaunt, hungry, and apparently hardened; others in the pathetic "mourning" of the respectable poor, their thin, pale faces tear-stained for a dead father or mother; others with a cowed, animal-like expression which tells of cruelty and ill-usage; brothers and sisters hand-in-hand, with timid and wondering eyes; deaf and dumb children, crippled children; children led by the hand because they are blind, and frail little creatures borne in on ambulances. Some of the latter are only admitted that their last few days or weeks in this world may be as bright and free from pain and sorrow as medical skill and loving care can render them. But the rest of this great army pass out again after a time—pass out as strong, healthy and happy youths and maidens, trained and disciplined that they may enter the battle of life with courage, hope and confidence; pass out to become citizens good and true, to people the colonies with honest, industrious men and women. Truly a glorious resurrection.

Convenient as it is for a receiving centre, Stepney Causeway was not regarded by the late Dr. Barnardo as an ideal training ground. He believed that children should be reared in the country, and not in crowded cities. He said of his boarded-out little ones: "Most of them have hitherto only seen the blue sky from amidst the city shams, and are now entering upon what is to them a new world among green fields and pleasant country sights and sounds." He delighted in his beautiful Village Home for Girls at Hford, and longed to give the boys similar advantages. Always looking ahead and planning for the future, he conceived the idea of a Garden City for his boys some years before his death, and only waited for opportunity and means to carry it into effect.

Not for nearly five years after he had passed away was it practicable to make an actual start in the desired direction. By the generous help of interested friends, the Gwynne House Estate of 39 acres of well wooded land at Woodford Bridge (less than twelve miles from London) was purchased, and in July of last year were laid the foundation stones of the first three cottages of the Boys' Garden City. Building has since steadily progressed, and twelve houses are either constructed or in course of erection. Two East End branches have been closed, and their inmates transferred to the rural surroundings of Woodford Bridge, there to be trained for work on the land, in the flower, fruit and vegetable gardens, and for service in the house. A basket-making school has been established for the crippled boys, and their work is being sold to advantage.

When completed, the Boys' Garden City will consist of 39 "cottages" accommodating 900 lads. One of the houses already occupied will be of peculiar interest to colonials, as it has been presented by the son and daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Howard Angus, of Collingrove, South Australia, as a loving memorial of their parents. "King Edward the Seventh Cottage" has been named in honour of the late King, whilst "Barnardo Cottage" and "Canon Fleming Cottage" perpetuate the memory of the founder and the late Canon Fleming respectively. "Coronation Cottage" commemorates the coronation of King George and Queen Mary.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes have always enjoyed a wide popularity in New Zealand, and it is felt that many residents in the Dominion would like to "take a hand" in the building of the Boys' Garden City. A fund has therefore been opened for this purpose, and local honorary treasurers have volunteered to receive contributions towards the erection of the "New Zealand Cottage." The "New Zealand Cottage" will accommodate 30 lads; its construction and furnishing will cost £1,800, a very moderate price for this class of work. Donations of £50 will each provide an "In Memoriam" or a "Thanksgiving Bed" in the "New Zealand Cottage."

It is particularly desirable at the present time that the cost of the Boys' Garden City should not fall upon the general funds of the Home. In 1910

STRIKING EXPERIMENTS

AT THE REQUEST OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD FOR IRELAND.

The remarkable feeding experiments conducted in the School of Physiology, Trinity College, Dublin, at the request of the Local Government Board for Ireland, prove that

BOVRIL

when added to a fixed diet, has a body-building effect equal to from 10 to 20 times the weight of the Bovril taken.

DETAILS OF THESE EXPERIMENTS CAN BE HAD UPON APPLICATION.

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Anchovies in Brine.
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TRY THIS HAIR HEALTH TEST.

It will tell you the state of your Scalp or Hair.

A WEEK'S TRIAL OUTFIT FREE.

Try this Test today. 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 unfailing indication that you are troubled with Hair Trouble of some sort or other.

But, fortunately, there is a way 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' Hair Dressing and Discoverer of the well-known "Hairs-to-Go-Hair," and "Hair-Drill," and you will at once be sent, or passed on with a Free Outfit for a *White Brick's* "Hairs-to-Go-Hair-Drill," containing everything you require (including full instructions) and a seven days' supply of *Hairs-to-Go* to clean up the hidden weakness that is undermining your hair, to stop your hair falling out or losing its colour, and to renew the strength, vigour, and luxuriance. 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 "Hairs-to-Go" at any leading chemist's or stores, or direct from the *Edwards' Hair Co.*, 95, High Holborn, London, W.C., in 1s., 2s., 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles.

HARLENE HAIR TEST FREE COUPON

To Messrs. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO. 95-9, High Holborn, London, England.

Sirs,—Having carried out the interesting Hair Test described in your latest issue I wish to apply for one of the Free Outfits for seven days' "Hairs-to-Go-Hair-Drill," to which this coupon entitles me.

Enclosed 3d. postage, and shall be glad if you will send me the outfit to the following address:

Name

Address

"119"

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CIGARETTES.

"ASTORIAS" "555" "TURKISH LEAF NO. 1" "950" "DE LUXE"

ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE IN THEIR QUALITY.

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HOLLOWAY'S Pills & Ointment.

These valuable remedies have been before the public for many generations and have been most successful.

Thousands of the Sick and Ailing have been cured.

They are still at the Top for most ailments.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Assure you against serious illness by thoroughly cleansing the system of all impurities and bringing it up to the point of resistance. They produce functional activity and regularity, and are the surest remedy for Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Feverishness, Headache, Dizziness and Depression. They give renewed vitality and make life bright and enjoyable.


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Assures you against aches and pains—Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness of the Limbs and Joints, Sprains and Strains. It cures Bad Legs, Old Wounds and Sores with amazing rapidity, and is magical in the treatment of all Skin affections. In cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throats, Hoarseness and Tightness of the Chest it gives immediate and lasting relief.

To be had of all Chemists and Stores.
English Prices 1/6, 2/6, 4/6 per Box.

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"ROYAL" IN THE STABLE.
ELLIMAN'S
 For Sprains, Rheumatism, Cuts, Splints when torn, Sprains, Swollen Lapped Wicks, Overreaches, Broken Lids, Broken Hoofs, Sore Shoulders, Sore Throats, Sore Backs, La Heras, Sprains in Dogs, Cramp in Birds, etc.

"UNIVERSAL" HUMAN USE.
ELLIMAN'S
 For Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Lumbago, Sore Throat, Tramp, Headlight from Cold, Cold at the Chest, Chronic Bronchitis, Cramp, Rhabdism, Success of Limb after amputation, etc. Elliman's added to the Bath is beneficial.

ELLIMAN, BROS & Co., SLOUGH, ENGLAND

there was a deficiency in the year's income of over £38,000, and this diminution has continued during 1911. The Hon. Director, Mr. William Baker, is "a good deal troubled by the outlook," and an urgent appeal has been issued by the Duke of Somerset, President of the Council of the Homes. "Our present income," says his Grace, "is insufficient to support the 9,400 children now in the Homes. We have practically no endowments, and must either reduce our expenses, or increase our income. There are no high salaries to be cut down, no excessive staff to be reduced—we can economise in children only. We have hitherto followed strictly Dr. Barnardo's rule that no destitute child shall be refused admission; by abandoning it we could in six months bring our expenditure within our present income.

"Is it worth it?" the Duke continues. "Looked at merely as a matter of pounds, shillings and pence, the thousand children who would be refused admission would, if admitted, be worth to the country in the future many thousands of pounds as honest, hard-working citizens. If left destitute, who can say how much they will cost?"

Mr. W. Floyd Harrop, who has for some years taken an active interest in the Homes, has consented to act as Hon. Treasurer in Auckland for the "Boys' Garden City Fund," and will be glad to receive and acknowledge donations. All gifts for the "New Zealand Cottage" should be addressed to Mr. Harrop, at the offices of Reuter's Telegram Co., Ltd., 18, Shortland Street, Auckland.

Dry Cough stopped by SCOTT'S Emulsion

after it had hung about for a long time and resisted other treatments. Miss L. Staniland, Ash Street, Barmcaldine, Queensland (16th June, '10) writes that:

"Suffering with a very dry cough I tried several mixtures without success. But after one bottle of Scott's Emulsion the cough began to loosen, and after five bottles disappeared. I had been troubled with the cough for about six months, and you cannot imagine how grateful I am for the cure effected by Scott's Emulsion."

All over the world Scott's Emulsion has a reputation for stopping coughs and other chest and lung troubles; a reputation built upon attested cases. Scott's Emulsion is the only emulsion which can make this claim. Its bearing upon YOU is that in buying Scott's Emulsion you buy CERTAINTY of relief: Scott's has long ceased to be an experiment. Scott's cures irrespective of age. Therefore, do not ask for "emulsion"—ask for SCOTT'S EMULSION.

Of all Chemists and Dealers in Medicines

Fell in Love With Her Voice.

That a voice, soft, gentle, and low, is an excellent thing in woman has been accepted as a truth ever since King Lear first made the remark; and if Mr. William McCalpin, of St. Louis, is the latest to illustrate the opinion, he will most certainly not be the last. He fell in love with the voice of a telephone girl, and he was very soon imploring its unseen owner to let him know her name and to favour him with her acquaintance. For two years the damsel resisted, but at last she allowed Mr. McCalpin to call on "Poppa," and now the couple are married. She was Viola Kortkamp. He is said to be on the road to enormous wealth. The story—which is given at length in the London "Daily Chronicle"—has, of course, a moral, which is, however, too obvious to be drawn in this column. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with bidding the unseen young ladies of the Exchange who respond so musically to our occasional appeals, to remember Mr. William McCalpin and be of good cheer. We would further exhort those other maidens, who occasionally snap us up so testily, also to bear this St. Louis idyll in mind, and to mend their voices before it is too late. Who can tell how many William McCalpins there may not be at this very moment in town, sighing for just some such vox humana as that which has fascinated that gallant knight-errant of St. Louis?

The Mercantile Marine.

The United Kingdom is experiencing a boom in shipbuilding, the tonnage under construction at the close of the quarter ended June 30 being the highest on record. The returns, compiled by Lloyd's Register of Shipping, show that, excluding warships, there were 495 vessels, of 1,476,394 tons gross, under construction in Britain on the date mentioned, being 62,000 tons more than the previous record total, which was reached in September, 1901. The figures for June, 1909—745,000 tons—have just been about doubled in the last two years. The tonnage now under construction is about 192,000 tons more than that which was in hand at the end of last quarter, and exceeds by 358,000 tons the tonnage building in June, 1910. Britain's great pre-eminence as a ship-building nation is still unassailed, for the tonnage under construction on June 30 was a little over twice as much as that under construction in all the rest of the world put together.

THE WORKINGMAN SHARES



THE RIPEST PLEASURE OF THE EPICURE WHEN HE USES

MELLOR'S SAUCE

WITH FLESH FISH OR FOWL



WOMAN'S UNFAILING FRIEND.

TOWLE'S PENNYROYN AND STEEL PILLS

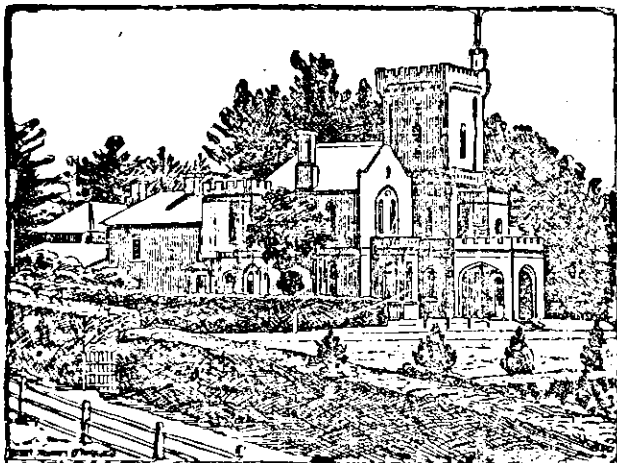
FOR FEMALES

54 Years' Reputation. Are the Oldest, Safest, and only Reliable Remedy for all Ladies' Affections. Quickly correct and relieve the Disagreeable Symptoms so prevalent with the Sex. PREPARED ONLY BY E. J. Towle and Co., Ltd., Nottingham, England. Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout Australia.

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FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House.



This first-class Private school provides Modern High-class Education and Moral Training on Christian and Unsectarian principles. Home life is combined with the Culture and Disciplinary influences of School under Maternal Supervision and with Selected Companionship. Full staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses, English and Foreign. Prospectus on application of Messrs. Tipton and Co., or Principals. MRS. B. A. MOORE JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., B.E.

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Sold by all First-Class Drapers and Storekeepers.

LATEST VICTORY GRAND PRIZE BRISBANE EXHIBITION, 1910

An Anonymous Guest.

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

WHEN Professor Phillips received his appointment as a member of the faculty of the Ocean summer school, he was much gratified. Moreover, his pride was largely tinged with relief, the two summer holiday months being usually a period of financial stress. But Mrs Phillips was less exultant.

"It's all well enough for you, William, to talk of closing the house and leaving to-morrow, but I tell you it can't be done. With all the furniture to cover, and the silver to take to the safe deposit vault in town, and the curtains to take down and put away, not to mention packing the woodlens, and putting newspapers over the carpets—and it's so hard to find homes for the canary and the cat—"

Poor Mrs Phillips subsided, breathless and incoherent into a chair. The professor looked at her mildly over his glasses.

"I should think, Amelia," he said, "that you could close the house in a more leisurely manner and follow me a few days later. It is absolutely necessary for me to be present at the opening of the school on Thursday morning."

"And leave me to take that long journey alone? Never! With my tendency to car-sickness, too! Besides, there is Jane."

Yes, there was Jane. For thirteen years all the Phillips' arrangements had been made with reference to Jane. Guests were invited or not invited as it was Jane's day in or out; dishes that Jane disliked to cook were omitted from the daily menu; and Mrs Phillips had been known to curtail the number of bourees on her summer gowns to save Jane's strength and temper on ironing day.

It was not strange, therefore, that at this question the professor became thoughtful. It was manifestly impossible to take Jane along, and it was equally inexpedient to discharge her. As weighed in the balance, a future containing Jane, with her abilities in the line of scrubbing brushes and well seasoned viands, more than outweighed a summer at the seashore and a comfortable, Janeless winter thereafter. It is quite possible that the elderly couple in the osy library would have decided accordingly had not fate, in the shape of a telephone bell, intervened. At the imperative ring the professor rose with a sigh.

"That's Wilson, I suppose. I told him I would see if any of the neighbours wanted to rent their homes for the summer. Ruth isn't well, and he and Mrs Wilson want to get her out of the city for the warm weather. I have been so engrossed with this other matter that I have forgotten to inquire."

But Mrs Phillips was looking at him with eyes in which hope was rapidly dawning.

"Why, it's the very solution of the difficulty," she said eagerly. "Why not rent them this house?"

The professor had taken down the receiver.

"Yes—yes—hello, Wilson, just hold the line a minute," he said. Then, with his hand over the transmitter, "What about Jane?" he queried in a strange whisper.

"They can take Jane along with the house," Mrs Phillips replied in a similar tone.

And that is how it happened that the following evening saw the professor and Mrs Phillips departing down the gravelled walk for the train, Mrs Phillips calling back directions about the canary and the water heater as she vanished into the darkness, while Mrs Wilson and Ruth waved farewell from the porch.

The older woman went indoors, but Ruth stood for a moment in the cool night air and looked about her. On either side of the pretty suburban street were brightly lighted houses, while the sounds of cheerful voices and laughter floated to her across the smooth lawns. She listened a moment to the tuneful tinkle of a guitar, then turned with a sigh, and stepped into the house, closing the door behind her. She paused at the

library door, summoning a smile. Smiles had been rather infrequent on her charming face for several months.

"You're to go to bed at once, both of you. Father, put away your pipe like a good boy. The unpacking is going to wait until morning, and besides, by the time I count ten, the electric light is going out. Now, ready—one, two, three!"

The professor rose reluctantly from the depths of a comfortable chair and emptied his pipe carefully. Mrs Wilson, after examining the window locks, picked up her glasses, and, obedient to her imperious daughter's command, proceeded up-stairs, followed by her husband. Ruth stood for a moment in the hall, her hand on the electric light switch, her eyes on a pale face reflected from the mirror above the hall table, and communed with herself.

"You're a sentimental, wish-washy idiot, and I'm ashamed of you! Your complexion has gone, or nearly, and you go around sighing—an, it's simply, utterly disgraceful!"



"The young gentleman! What young gentleman?"

Which reflection did not prevent her crying herself to sleep with a photograph and a half dozen letters under her pillow—a proceeding not at all original with Ruth.

It was still quite early. Jane in the kitchen put down the almanac and prepared to set the sponge for the morning's baking. Up-stairs everything was quiet and dark. Jane had just dived into the flour barrel—figuratively, of course—when the bell rang. She pulled down her sleeves, tied a white apron round her expansive waist, and leisurely answered the ring.

A young man, tall and well set up, carrying a suitcase and a light overcoat, stood on the porch.

"Is the professor at home?" he asked.

"He is in bed," said Jane ungraciously.

"Well, don't disturb him. I wrote him that I would arrive either to-night or to-morrow morning. Just hold the screen open until I get the suitcase in. That's it, thank you. Now, which way?"

The young man's manner was magnetic, and his smile friendly and winning. Jane's ungraciousness vanished. She closed and locked the front door, and, cautioning him to step lightly, led the way to the immaculate guest-room. Then, after filling the water pitcher and bringing a fresh supply of towels, she departed complacently to her interrupted bread making.

II.

The family slept late the next morning. Ruth was the first to come down, and she stood listlessly sorting over the mail, all for the Phillipses, when her father and mother entered the room. When Jane brought in the coffee urn, Mrs Wilson commented amiably on the fourth plate at the table, but Jane looked bewildered.

"It's for the young gentleman, ma'am," she said.

"The young gentleman!" exclaimed three simultaneous voices. "What young gentleman?"

Whereupon the dismayed Jane related the previous evening's experience, and created a small sensation.

"A burglar!" said Mrs Wilson hysterically. "We must count the spoons at once. I'm so glad we locked our bedroom door last night. That pearl brooch was lying out on the dresser, and this morning's market money was in the upper drawer. Oh, I wish we had stayed in the city!"

"Nonsense, mother," said Ruth. "My door was not locked. Don't you understand? It's some guest of the Phillipses, and he doesn't know of the change that has been made. Go, please, and call him to breakfast, Jane."

But Jane came down in a few minutes to announce that the room was empty, and to place before the professor a slip of paper which had been conspicuously fastened in the corner of the mirror. Professor Wilson straightened his glasses and read it aloud:

Dear Professor:
I am accepting, somewhat tardily, your kind invitation to make this Liberty Hall. I'm off early to watch the football practice game, and will spend the remainder of the day trying to locate a

beyond reach. Even Jane acquiesced, entirely forgetful of the half dollar which rested at that moment on the kitchen mantel-shelf, a mute witness to the evanescence of human gratitude. And so, after a morning spent in unpacking and an afternoon devoted to calls, the ladies hastened to dress for the eventful dinner. Both took especial pains with their toilettes, Ruth looking her best, which was very good indeed, as soft, lacy white. Jane announced dinner punctually.

"But the visitor, Jane," said Mrs Wilson. "Hasn't that young man come back yet?"

"Oh, yes! I forgot to tell you. He was here this afternoon. He said his trunk must be lost, and after he took a bath he borrowed one of the professor's dress shirts, and went out to dinner. He'll be back late to-night."

"Mother," said Ruth, "this is simply disgraceful! The idea of his wearing one of father's shirts! I am not going to stand it. The first time he allows us the privilege of seeing him, I am going to tell him just what I think of him."

"Don't be rude, Ruth, I implore you. Don't say anything you will regret later."

"I can look a great deal that I might not care to say," said Ruth, and being a young woman of spirit there is no reason to doubt that she could.

III.

The evening was not cheerful. The professor amused himself, as was his wont, with the Greek poets. Mrs Wilson crocheted blue bedroom slippers with pink scallops around the tops—an evening custom of hers that derived its sole variety from periodical changes in the colours employed. Ruth spent fully an hour outlining a comprehensive scheme of vengeance against the intruder upon the family peace. Then she went upstairs, took off her wasted fringe, and sat down by the open window in the starlight.

Long after the house was dark and silent she sat there, dreaming of that last summer which had meant so much to her, and which now seemed as dead as its roses. The quarrel had been over such a trifle, and she had deeply repented her hasty return home. She had thought the man would follow her, forgetting that in her anger she had told him that she had never cared for him. He had a very proper pride of his own, and now she was suffering the punishment of the impulsive and wilful.

She rose with a sigh, and prepared for bed, her lips tightening ominously when she heard the click of a latch-key in the front door, and a firm though carefully muffled step on the stair.

She was again disappointed at breakfast. Jane reported that the young man had taken a cup of coffee half an hour before, and had started for the city.

"He's powerful anxious to find a friend that's moved away," she reported. "He says he'll settle down and visit with the family as soon as he finds him. He'll be back late to-night."

That day Ruth and her mother spent in town shopping. When they got home late in the afternoon, Jane met them at the door with a smile. Leading the way into the library, she pointed with pride to the centre table, on which a huge cluster of American beauties



"I wish, if you have the time, you could sew a button on my coat."

friend who has disappeared. Don't worry about my meals. I'll get them wherever I happen to be. Regards—and many thanks to your good wife for her hospitality.

P.S.—Mother sends her love.

"Very surprising, very," said the professor. "The signature is most indelible. 'A' might be anything from Adam to Ananias."

But the professor's attempt at jocularity fell flat. Ruth's eyes were flashing with indignation.

"Outrageous!" she stormed. "Even if the Phillipses were here, such conduct would be insufferable! Then, more mildly: 'What does he look like, Jane?'"

But Jane, thus appealed to, was not a very enlightening witness. Was he tall? Yes, very—or rather, now she thought of it, not so very. Was he dark or light? Well, she thought his hair was brown, but perhaps it was a little red. She knew it looked red in the hall, but of course there was a red globe on the chandelier.

Ruth's small foot tapped the floor impatiently.

"Now, father and mother, and you too, Jane, listen to me." Ruth being an only child, her father and mother always did listen to what she said, but of course Jane was an unknown quantity. "It was extremely rude of this person—there are a great many possibilities of inflection in that small word 'person'—to go away this morning without waiting to say a word to his entertainers, and he needs a good lesson. We will allow him to come and go to-day as he wishes, and Jane, you must not tell him anything. Then, when he presents himself for dinner to-night, there will be a few surprises in store for him!"

There really did not seem to be anything else to do, for the young man was

towered almost to the low chandelier. "There's more in the dining-room," said Jane, breathless with importance. "He brought them!"

Mrs Wilson was delighted, but Ruth, unable to believe any good of their uninvited guest, was suspicious.

"What did he borrow this time?" she asked.

Jane laughed. "He was pretty mad when he found his trunk wasn't here. He got the professor's razor and shaved himself, and he nearly cut his ear off; I heard him talking about it clear downstairs. Then he borrowed a necktie and a couple of handkerchiefs out of Mr Wilson's chiffonier. I didn't want to lend him the rain-coat, but he said: 'Great Scott, Jane, the professor won't mind. Why he slept in my pyjamas and wore my underclothes once for a week when he was visiting us and his trunk was lost!'"

"Is that all?" said Ruth ominously. "That's all," said Jane cheerfully. "He shaved in your room, Miss Ruth, because the light was better."

"That settles it! We are not going to allow any strange man to live in our house, wear our clothes, and make himself generally obnoxious! I don't care if he did bring those flowers! I am going to have some kind of an explanation with him. Jane, please waken me early in the morning. I'll try to see him before he goes out."

It was quite early the next morning when Jane tapped lightly at Ruth's door.

time-table, and, right at her feet, a small, flat leather case. It was palpably a photograph case, and as such was entitled to respect; but Ruth was very human, and so, of course, she opened it. There was a girl's picture inside, and on the back, in bold, masculine characters, was a quotation from Meredith:

How fair is her forehead, how calm seems her cheek! And how sweet must that voice be, if once she would speak!

Ruth looked long at the little inscription. Then, putting the various articles back in the pockets, she went with the coat to the kitchen.

"I've changed my plan, Jane," she said, hurriedly. "Take this coat up to him, and tell him that the professor particularly wants him to be home for dinner to-night. He is to meet a friend."

IV.

The house looked very gay that night. There were roses in the dining room, and pink shades on the candles, while Ruth, in her pale pink frock, putting the finishing touches to the table, looked like a rose herself. Promptly at the dinner hour the Wilson family assembled in the library, but at the sound of a firm step descending the stairs Ruth beat a hasty retreat. As the tall, immaculate young man in evening clothes appeared in the doorway, Mrs Wilson rose to greet him, and without noticing his evident astonishment shook hands heartily.

Aeroplanes of the Future.

CRAFT TO CARRY 4000 ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. GRAHAME-WHITE.

LONDON, July 21.

There is probably, save the King and members of the Royal Family, no more widely photographed individual than Mr. Claude Grahame-White, the famous aviator. Those who take any interest in flying will know him as a tall well-developed young man, dark, clean-shaven, and looking, in his air rig-out, rather like a jockey, since he often favours, as they say in men's fashion-articles, clothes of check tweed.

The writer is an associate of the Women's Aerial League, and while waiting a few evenings ago in the flying grounds at Hendon for a high wind to subside and allow a flight in a trim 97 miles-an-hour biplane, had an opportunity of asking Mr Grahame-White his ideas and ideals concerning the aeroplanes of the future. The wind, it may be remarked, remained obstinately boisterous or this article might never have been written. On the other hand it might have been much more interesting than I can make it now.

"Flying you think will be a regular method of travel in the future?" I asked the young expert.

"Oh, without a doubt," he replied. "In another twenty years' time I shall be surprised if we don't have air vessels capable of carrying four thousand passengers flying over the Atlantic."

"Of course there will be endless alterations and improvements made in all sorts of flying craft before then."

"I predict that the aeroplane of the future will be a very different style of machine from that of to-day. It will probably have only tiny wings, will be made of steel and will be a much heavier concern altogether. Wings such as these," he pointed to the biplane beside us with wings some thirty-four feet long, "will become quite obsolete."

"What about speed?" I queried. "Will that increase?"

Two Hundred Miles An Hour.

The aviator smiled. "Oh, certainly, yes I think within a short time we shall be able to travel at 150 to 200 miles an hour without any difficulty."

"The improvement needed most urgently and the one that will lessen the danger of many of the accidents that now befall aviators concerns the wings. We are still far removed from the ideal in those, and the fact that a flying man must assume high speed directly he starts, and descend at that same high speed is a thing that badly wants remedying if only some one could do it."

"We want wings on the principle of birds, that will expand and contract so that we can regulate our speed as we want it."

Here, to make amends for a flight that

undoubtedly would not come off that day, Mr Grahame-White had a baby biplane wheeled from the aerodrome out into the field, and there kindly gave a demonstration of how such a machine is worked.

It was first firmly secured with ropes to sturdy posts, and, after the long aviator had clambered into his seat and disappeared from view in the body of his "bird," some nine men stood near ready to hang on grimly when the order was given.

Flight Demonstrated.

The tail was first elevated and the working of the blades of the great propeller shown, a demonstration that speedily gave one an idea of the damage possible if such an affair ran amok. With the raising of the back of the biplane the wings in front lay low and Mr Grahame-White's head came into view. It was then easily seen why aviators are not attacked with giddiness. The great wings spread out in front make an excellent platform, and only beyond that can what is below be viewed.

"It's a totally different sensation from looking down a sheer cliff or a steep wall," Mr Grahame-White said in acknowledging that both those experiences made him giddy instantly. "Once you begin to rise you lose the idea of exact distance, and whether an object is 90,000 or 9000 feet below you would make little difference when you were flying."

"All flying men love flying high, and dread hugging the ground for the same reason that the sailor dislikes getting too near shore. You know the mariners' saying: 'There are no rocks at sea.'"

Now with an injunction to the mechanics "Hold tight and don't let go," the motors were set in motion, and for five minutes the onlookers might have been in a hurricane such was the result. The nine men hung on for dear life, the muscles on their arms and hands standing out stiffly after half a minute's experience, their hair on end like grass with the draught. I ventured into line with the front of the machine, and was instantly nearly knocked down with the force of the air.

A short conversation on risks followed, in which Mr Grahame-White gave it as his opinion that some of the conditions attached to large prizes offered to aviators recently are nothing short of criminal. Then, as we said good-bye, Mr Grahame-White, in reply to a query, shook his head decisively.

"I assure you we do not fly for pleasure," he said.



"If there is anything else in the house that that young fellow would like to have you may as well go and get it!"

"He's up," she whispered. "I hear him moving around. And look here, Miss Ruth, don't be too hard on him. He hasn't any idea the Phillips aren't here. Suppose, when he rings for his shaving water, I bring it here, and you can give it to him."

Ruth assented. She dressed hastily, and was just fastening her neck-ribbon when Jane brought the hot water and retreated to the kitchen, beyond reach of the threatening storm. Ruth picked up the pitcher, and, holding it gingerly, tapped at the spare room door. It was opened about six inches; a hand took the pitcher, and dropped a quarter into hers.

"Wait a minute, Jane," said a loud whisper. "I wish, if you have the time, you would sew a button on my coat. Here it is!" And before Ruth quite realised the situation, a coat and a button were passed to her through the aperture, and the door gently closed.

Stunned, Ruth took the offending garment to her room and contemplated it dispassionately. It was a big coat; evidently the visitor had shoulders. Also, it was a handsome specimen of the tailor's art. She might sew on the button, as he had asked; then, when she returned with the garment, it would be a good time to spring the trap as she had planned, beginning with "Have you not made a mistake" and finishing with his utter debarment and chagrin.

Ruth threaded a needle and picked up the coat. She must have upturned it as she did so, for out rolled a number of objects—a fountain pen, a cigar case, a

"And this is my husband, Mr Wilson," she said, turning to the professor.

The professor was urbanity itself. He pushed forward a comfortable chair and a box of cigars, with an air of having known his guest for years. But the young man was plainly battling with a state of mental chaos.

"Delightful evening," said the professor, cheerfully.

"Terribly so—that is, I should say, charming," he replied in an abstracted voice. What did Phillips mean, thrusting him on the other dinner guests without the formality of an introduction? Where was Phillips, anyhow?

"I haven't had the pleasure of seeing my hostess yet," he said, "strange as it may seem, I hope she is quite well!"

"Oh, very well, thank you," said Mrs Wilson with a smile.

The young man eyed her for a moment, but she seemed unconscious of his scrutiny, and went on placidly with her embroidery. Jane at the door announced dinner, and she rose.

"Come, gentlemen," she said.

But the young man did not move. Something seemed to dawn on him all at once.

"But the Phillipses?" he said.

The professor was really enjoying himself.

"The Phillipses? Oh, they are spending the summer at Ocean Park."

son to her husband, and back again to the lady.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I hope I have misunderstood you. You do not mean that the Phillips family is away from home?"

"Exactly that."

The professor was an adept at calling luckless students before him and holding them up to the ridicule of the class, but never, perhaps, had he made a query that caused quite the embarrassment that followed his next remark.

"Did the shirt fit?" he asked.

The young man hastily brought out his handkerchief and mopped his face.

"I nearly choked to death in the collar-band," he said. "My trunk had not come, and—"

"Dinner will be cold," said Mrs Wilson perceptively, and the little procession filed into the dining-room. Ruth was standing in the candle-light, and as the young man caught sight of her he stopped short. Another instant, and his arms were close about her.

"My sweetest heart!" he said. "I have been searching everywhere for you!"

The professor groped his way near-sightedly around the table and dropped into a chair.

"Marie," he said plaintively to his astonished wife, "ask Ruth to introduce us to Mr Adam, or Ananias, or whatever his name may be. And if there is anything else in the house that that young fellow would like to have, you may as well go and get it!"

Advertisement for Benger's Food. Text includes: "FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS and the AGED. 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 '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., Oster Works, Manchester, Eng. Benger's Food is sold in 100g by Druggists, etc., everywhere."



To Our Young Readers.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of Cousins.

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.

All Cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins.

A Badge will be sent to each new Cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Palmerston North.

DEAR COUSIN KATE, I received the badge you sent me, and was very pleased with it. We celebrated Arbor Day at our school on August 1st...

Palmerston North.

Dear Cousin Kate, I received my pretty red badge, and I thank you very much for it. Dear Cousin Kate, have you ever been to the Square...

Dear Cousin Nell, Thank you for your dear little letter. I am glad you liked the badge. I was in your town yesterday...

Palmerston North.

Dear Cousin Kate, May I become one of your Cousins, I am nine years old and am in the second standard. We celebrated Arbor Day at school on the 16th August...

Dear Cousin M.—You have forgotten to sign your name, but as you have sent the address you will get your badge early, I hope. Why not call your kitten "Minnie"?

Manukauharuru.

Dear Cousin Kate, I was so pleased to see my letters and your reply in the "Graphic"...

next Monday. My pony has had a rest. We do have some fun, as a number of my schoolmates ride, and we often give our mares a ride. With love to all the Cousins.

Dear Cousin Vivienne, I am glad your cold is better. I can well imagine what fun a lot of you girls get taught sewing, dressmaking, and such like at school?

Oakahau.

Dear Cousin Kate, I was indeed glad to be enrolled in the "Cousins Society." I will really have such a lot to tell you when we come to know one another better.

I hope you did not leave your name out intentionally, because I think that would be silly, and rather mean, as you are poking fun at another cousin.

Palmerston.

Dear Cousin Kate, I have not written to you for a good while. I have often attempted to, but I never finished. I went to Jack and the Heapsstalk on Friday afternoon and enjoyed it very much.

Dear Cousin Orella, I am glad to hear from you again. The Panlomatic was very pretty. I thought, and those little boys were the nearest chaps, and oh, so clever.

Kimbolton.

Dear Cousin Kate, I suppose you will think I am a very poor correspondent. We have got some more very pretty little birds. Father went to Wellington and brought some very funny little animals home called tortoises.

Dear Cousin Grace, Many thanks for your nice little letter. Don't you think a tortoise is an uncanny looking thing; they always give me the creeps.

members of lambs on our golf links, such dear little things, and one is quite black. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Felding.

My Dear Cousin Kate, May I become one of your cousins? I am twelve years old, and am in the fourth standard.

Dear Cousin Doris, I am pleased to welcome you as a cousin. Next time you write you must tell me about your home life, and your school life.

Kimbolton.

Dear Cousin Kate, I must write and thank you for the pretty badge you sent me. I am sure you will think I am a very poor correspondent.

Dear Cousin Dorothy, I am glad to hear from you again. What a jolly lot of pets to have, and how quiet they must look playing together.

Palmerston.

Dear Cousin Kate, We get the "Graphic" every week, and I see my sisters and brothers writing, so I thought I would try to be a cousin, too.

Dear Cousin Alice, I am glad you want to join our circle, but as you have not sent your full name and address I can't send you a badge.

Felding.

Dear Cousin Kate, I should like to be one of your cousins. We lived in Dunedin until three months ago. Have you ever been there? It is a much larger place than this, and we found it very strange and quiet when we first came here.

Dear Cousin Evelyn, I am very pleased to welcome you among us. I spent two days in Dunedin some years ago, and thought it a charming place.

Oakahau.

Dear Cousin Kate, I received the badge and thought it very pretty. We are having the fun up here just now with the rabbits. My brother, myself, and our dog have dug out a burrow, and we got six rabbits and just the other night we caught three.

Boya's College, Nelson.

Dear Cousin Kate, May I become a member of your happy circle? I am thirteen years old, and am boarding at the Boys' College, Nelson.

Dear Cousin Roy, I am delighted to enroll you as a member of our circle. This week the boys have been at our school examining the children.

Wanganui.

My Dear Cousin Kate, Please could I have a red badge? I go to school, and I like it very much. Well, first of all, I will tell you what I learn.

Dear Cousin Charles, I am delighted to have you for a cousin. I think you must have to work very hard to learn so many things.

Stanley Brook.

Dear Cousin Kate, I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic." I hope you will excuse me writing in pencil, because Fred is writing with the pencil.

Dear Cousin Mona, I am pleased to hear from you again, and don't mind the pencil a bit. It must seem funny to have to buy milk in bottles, when you usually see it in buckets.

Harelock Bush.

Dear Cousin Kate, I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic." We are going to have our examination on Friday next. I have some nice violets out in my garden.

Dear Cousin Ivy, Violets have been very plentiful in Auckland, and such lovely big ones. Supposing you call your dolly Myrtle. I should think the cow goes over the hill because it can't go through it.

Kimbolton.

Dear Cousin Kate, I received my badge, and was very pleased with it. We had very heavy showers of rain up here yesterday.

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 upwards.

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' RUSKS (Malted). A valuable addition to baby's diet when ten months old and after. They provide an excellent nourishing and appetising meal, especially useful during the teething time of tooth-coming.

The Allenburys' Foods.

Small pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management Free.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, and Market St., Sydney.

No can say a few words. We have a little lamb; it is the first this year in the flock of sheep. I will close with love. With love, Cousin KATE.

[Dear Cousin Gladys, I am glad you liked the badge. Do you try to teach the parrot to talk? Some birds are very clever; they can even mimic the tone of a voice. I suppose you will want a pet lamb; they are nice for a little time. With love, Cousin KATE.]

Blenheim at 4 p.m. was thrown off the line by a slip coming down near Para. No people were hurt, but they had to stay at the place all night and part of the next day. All communication between Picton and Ward was suspended for two days. I think this is all this time, so I will close with a riddle, "What is the difference between a rooster, a Yankee, and an old maid?"—I remain, Cousin FRANK.

[Dear Cousin Frank, You must have had a lot of rain indeed, judging by the pictures I saw in the "Graphic" of the flooded streets. There is great excitement over a flood; the horrid part comes when the water goes down, and everything is in a mess. I can't guess the riddle. With love, Cousin KATE.]

Dear Cousin Kate, Thank you for the nice badge you sent me. We are to have a library at our Sunday-school. We had a bazaar a few days ago, and I got a little lot of bouquets of the Christmas tree and a little silk bonnet for my doll. Do you like flowers, Cousin Kate? We have hardly any except a few violets, jonquils, and daffodils. I have a big bed of violets of my own. I helped mother to weed the garden yesterday. My sister is going to write to you tomorrow night. I think I will have to close now, as I have not much time to do my school lessons.—With love, from Cousin GWEN.

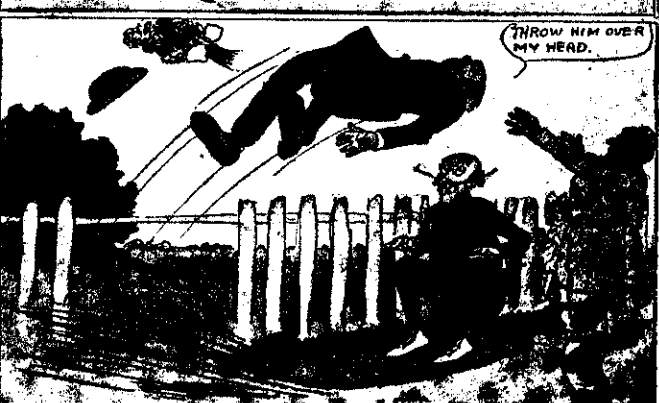
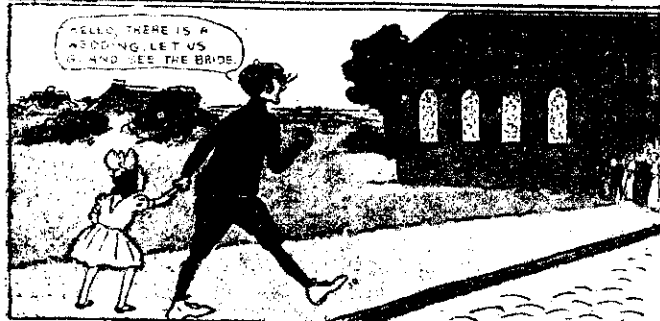
[Dear Cousin Gwen, Are you fond of dolls? It is good fun making clothes for them if you are. We have lots of spring flowers out. The flower shops are looking lovely, just ablaze with them.—With love, Cousin KATE.]

Papakura. Dear Cousin Kate, I am afraid that you will think I have forgotten you. I do not get home from school till about five o'clock, as my little sister and I go to play with some little girls who are staying in Papakura, and we have great fun with them. I have a dear little kitten, and would you please give me a name for it? One morning, when we got up we found it at the door, and it has made its home here ever since. Well, I think I must close now.—With love, Cousin GERALDINE.

[Dear Cousin Geraldine, I quite forgive you, as long as you don't forget me altogether. I can well understand how it is to have fresh playmates. How would "Tim" do for the kitten? I am glad you took it in, poor wee thing.—With love, Cousin KATE.]

Walkawa-road, Picton. Dear Cousin Kate, We are having very foggy weather here now. This week we are having our half-yearly exam. About two weeks ago we had very heavy rain in Marlborough. Blenheim was under water in some parts. The train that left

UNCLE MUN



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."

In order to give practical emphasis to an appeal made in this column three years ago for the provision of a free flow of pure outside air through our houses at night we published the following list of Popular Fallacies.

In view of the fact that the great majority of bedrooms still remains stuffy and insufficiently ventilated, we feel it is our duty to bring the matter again before our readers in the hope that some few at least will have the wisdom to accept henceforth this the most essential of all health-giving agencies, if not for themselves, at least for the children entrusted to their care.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

That Country Air is Pure and Town Air Foul.

City air is unduly abused. Serious contamination is nearly always mainly an indoor condition. The air of bedrooms in the country is often ten times as foul as the open air of the densest city; indeed, there are very few bedrooms in which the pollution every night does not greatly exceed that of any ordinary outside air. There is no excuse for this. Air can be kept pure and healthy in the smallest town cottage by providing a sufficient inlet and outlet, and thus ensuring a free current all night. This would be provided by an ordinary open fireplace and a sash window wide open—not merely opened a few inches—and unobstructed by any blind or curtain. When the bedroom itself has no fireplace, the door leading out of the bedroom and into the kitchen can be left open. Then if the kitchen window be shut, the air to supply the chimney must enter through the open window of the bedroom. If windows are kept open on both sides of a cottage, and all the doors are kept ajar, fairly good cross ventilation can be established without the aid of a chimney. In the absence of any means of establishing a regular cross current, a window uncovered by blind or curtain and kept wide open top and bottom is the best substitute.

If people had the slightest appreciation of the added health and happiness which would result from such simple measures, they would make nothing of overcoming the trifling objections which tend to obstruct themselves, such as the need to keep out cats or other intruders, or the need to prevent strong winds blowing on the sleepers. A wide mesh wire netting, which can be bought for a few pence a yard, will keep out intruders, and any handy man can improve a cheap, effective draught screen (see illustrations and text pages 55 to 60, "Feeding and Care of Baby.")

That Wooden Houses Need No Ventilation.

This is often said, but it is absurd. Wooden houses need as much ventilation as any others, and by rights every passage or hall should have a ventilating shaft at least a foot across, taken right up through the roof and not merely opening into the space under the galvanised iron.

That Night Air is Dangerous.

The reverse is the case. Night air tends to be purer than day air. A humorist has aptly said: "Night air is only dangerous if you keep it bottled up in a room all night!" However, the popular fear of night air is almost universal, and has arisen from the fact that in certain countries it is apt to give rise to ague. This is not really an account of impurity of the air itself, but, as has recently been proved, because it is infected by mosquitoes, which convey the disease.

That Cold Air is the Essential Cause of Colds.

This has been disproved in many ways. (1) Arctic explorers don't catch cold until they return to stuffy, germ-infested houses.

(2) Consumptives who have become debilitated by repeated colds find they no longer "catch cold" after a few weeks in a sanatorium, where no fires are allowed, and where the entire side of a room may be removed so that the patient sleeps either on an open balcony or something equivalent to it. These sanatoria are often established in high mountain regions, where the cold is intense.

(3) Tender, delicate babies cease to take cold if kept out in the open air as much as possible, and if, when indoors, constant ventilation is maintained by means of an open window and chimney. This is the condition at the Baby Hospital near Dunedin, even in midwinter, though the air in the bedrooms sometimes falls as low as 40deg. Fahr. Of course, every care is exercised to keep the babies out of direct draught, and to ensure that they are adequately covered. Further, sudden changes are never made. It may take a week or more to accustom to pure, cool air a delicate baby, or one who has been previously coddled.

Colds are really catarrhal fevers due to rapid growth of germs. Cold is not the essential cause of these fevers, though chilling of the surface predisposes to an attack under certain circumstances. Thus persons who habitually coddle themselves, and live in warm, stuffy rooms, and who fail to take enough exercise, become readily debilitated by being chilled in any way, and in this depressed state their tissues may be unable to repel invasion by hostile germs.

That Airing a Bedroom Overnight Suffices.

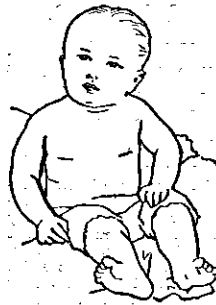
This fallacy is almost universal. People imagine that if they start with pure air it will not become injuriously fouled in the course of the night. This can be disproved at once by entering such a bedroom direct from the fresh air an hour or so after the occupant has gone to bed, or a fortiori, when he is about to get up. The room will be found offensively stuffy, and chemical analysis of the air would show it to be loaded with carbonic acid gas and other poisonous matters. A few ascertained facts and figures should satisfy anyone. For the last half-century it has been recognised that for health each human being

should be supplied with at least 3000 cubic feet of pure fresh outside air per hour, or 24,000 cubic feet in the course of an eight hours' night. The ordinary 10-foot bedroom has, of course, a capacity of about 1000 cubic feet, and if no fresh air be admitted during the night the allowance for one occupant will be only 1000 cubic feet for eight hours, instead of 24,000ft., his proper allowance. Indeed, the capacity of the room makes little difference, the vital question being whether there is a free flow of pure air through it or not. One can secure a sufficiency of fresh air in a ventilated coffin, and one would die under the dome of St. Paul's if it were sealed! Remember, that a child should have as large a sup-

Would Scream for Hours With Eczema.

Baby a Dreadful Sufferer. Could Not Keep Him from Scratching. Every Joint Affected. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and He Is Well.

"Enclosed find my son's photo., and I feel by writing these few lines to you I am only doing my duty, as my son was a dreadful sufferer from eczema. At the age of two weeks he began to get covered with red spots on his legs and groins, which mother thought was red gum or thrush; but day by day it grew worse until every joint and crevice were affected and baby started screaming for hours day and night; such a thing as sleep was out of the question. I took him to two of Sydney's leading doctors; one said it was one of the worst cases he had seen; the other did not think it so serious; one ordered ointment for rubbing in, the other a dusting powder. I followed their prescriptions for over four months, and still baby kept getting worse. I could not keep him from scratching, so great was his agony.



"When he was five months old I tried the Cuticura Remedies, and I am very thankful to say my baby is to-day free from all his suffering. His groins were bleeding when I started, and other parts affected were the lower parts of his body, under the knees, arms, in arm joints, eyelids, and neck; but after twice using Cuticura Ointment I began to see a difference, and by the time I had used one tin, along with the bathing with Cuticura Soap, baby was nearly cured. I still kept on using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and now, thank goodness, he is quite well, and, although he is now ten months old, has not had any further return of the trouble." (Signed) Mrs. G. Martin, 2, Knight-street, Erskineville, Sydney, N.S.W., March 31, 1911.

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have afforded the purest, sweetest, and most economical treatment for affections of the skin that torture, disfigure, itch, burn, crust, scale, and destroy sleep. A single cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient. Sold throughout the world. Send to R. Towns & Co., Dept 21, Sydney, N.S.W., for a liberal sample of Cuticura Ointment, with 32-page book on skin and scalp troubles.

RENDELLS

Outfitters by appointment to HIS MAJESTY THE BABY!

Baby Outfit Parcels

We have been sending these Outfits to delighted customers for 12 years, and the parcels for value, have become FAMOUS THROUGHOUT NEW ZEALAND.

No. 1 BABY OUTFIT - 40/- Complete.

- 6 Shirts, or 3 Silk and Wool Vests
- 3 Night Gowns
- 3 Day Gowns
- 3 Long Flannels
- 3 Flannel Binders
- 3 Swathes
- 1 doz. Turkish Towelling Squares
- Puff, Box and Powder
- 1 Nice Robe or Shawl

No. 2 BABY OUTFIT - 60/- Complete

- 6 Shirts, or 3 Silk and Wool Vests
- 3 Night Gowns
- 3 Prettily-trimmed Day Gowns
- 1 Monthly Gown
- 2 Flannel Binders, 3 Swathes
- 1 Silk or Woolen Jacket
- 3 Long Flannels, scalloped
- 1 doz. Turkish Nursery Squares
- 1 Waterproof Cot Square
- 1 Long Shirt
- Puff, Box and Powder
- 1 Handsome Robe or Shawl

These Goods may be returned if unsatisfactory.

RENDELLS LTD., Auckland.

We Pay the Postage.

Pageant of Empire.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Orange Blossoms.

CLOSE OF NEW ZEALAND SECTION. A CONSPICUOUS SUCCESS. (From Our Lady Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 28. The closing performances of the overseas sections of the Pageant of Empire took place last week at the Crystal Palace, and very great credit is due to those who helped to make the Treaty of Waitangi—the New Zealand contribution—the undoubted success it was.

It was originally intended that the Maoris who are now visiting this country should take a part and dance a haka at its termination, but the fates ruled otherwise (when the Maoris took up quarters at the White City) and it was left to a faithful band of New Zealanders to carry the scene through. To the uninitiated, however, the principal interest consisted in the fact that alone amongst the scenes which comprised this portion of the pageant all the leading parts were taken by the direct descendants of the men who acted in the original drama. Thus the part of Mr Tisbury, the first British resident in New Zealand, who, by the way lies buried in Norwood cemetery, was taken by his grandson, Mr Hal Williams, the well-known engineer. The part of the Rev. Henry Williams, who was chiefly instrumental in bringing the Maori chiefs into line, soothing their suspicion and removing their difficulties, was taken by his great grandson, the Rev. Keith Williams, who is destined shortly to join the Maori Mission, and so follow in his ancestor's footsteps, while the part of his son Edward Marsh Williams, prince amongst Maori scholars and afterwards a judge of the Native Lands Court, was in the hands of his grandson, Mr Carleton Williams. Yet again the part of Mr Kemp, another early settler in the Bay of Islands, the first seat of Government, was taken by his grandson, Mr Oswald Williams, who is studying medicine at Caius College, Cambridge. Captain Hobson, who represented the Queen on that occasion was impersonated by Captain Asa Whitney, of Auckland.

Certainly no other of the overseas scenes boasted such an interesting personnel, or one so closely connected with the original actors. The absence of the Maoris robbed the scene of a great part of its picturesque quality, but it was well and worthily acted, and served to bring home to the spectators the event which gave to the British Crown one of its fairest jewels—New Zealand.

Mr Paul Chamberlain, the young Maori adopted son of Mr Chamberlain Chamberlain, of Dunedin (who was also in the scene) took the part of Ihou Heke in the Treaty of Waitangi, and in the Masque Imperial he acted as page to Miss Russell, of Hawke's Bay, who was Queen of New Zealand.

Mrs Abington, of Canterbury, acted as Mistress of Robes of the New Zealand sections, and, in the Masque, was Queen of East Africa.

The following New Zealanders also took part in the Treaty of Waitangi, or the Masque Imperial:

Miss Russell (Queen of New Zealand and sometimes Britannia), Mrs. Kilgour, Miss Tolman, Mrs. Boyle, Miss Nellie Reese, Miss Handyside, Miss Bealey, Miss R. Mellon, Miss Irvine, Miss Stuart Menzies, Miss H. Carlton Williams, Miss R. Hall-Jones, Miss R. Beard, Miss Halse, Miss Carr, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Boys, Miss Hastings

ply of fresh air as an adult. If habituated to living in pure air, even a baby will become intolerant of filth in this direction, as if guided by instinct, just as it can be trained to abhor impurity and filth in other directions. At three years of age such a baby, left to itself, will toddle to a window and open it rather than continue in foul air, in the same way as a cat will bury its excrement. Infancy is the natural time for establishing healthy quasi-instinctive life habits.

No notice of Engagements or Marriages can be inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person with Full Name and Address.

The engagement is announced of Mr J. J. W. White, of Menzies, and Miss Barbara Lyne of "Lake Rowan," Melbourne, and of Oamaru. The marriage will take place in September at Oamaru.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elsie Buchanan, of Ponsonby, to Mr W. A. Lupine, ex captain Grafton Hockey Club.

The engagement is announced of Miss Chisnell, eldest daughter of Mr. Chisnell, "Waterfalls," to Mr. E. Bodington.

Bridge, Mrs. A. D. Houston, Miss Rutherford, Miss Ethel Rutherford, Miss B. Russell, Miss V. Russell, Miss Beard, Miss D. Beard, Miss Sutherland, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss D. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Warnock, Mrs. J. Hiplop, Miss Evans, Mrs. Reese, Miss Herrish, Miss V. Herrish, Mrs. Henry Reynolds, Miss Skeet, Miss Levon, Miss L. de Holt, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Craig-Lang, Mrs. H. Montague Nelson, Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Cheppie, Miss B. Kennaway, Madame Betty Brooke, Mrs. Bethel, Mrs. Beetham, Mrs. Palaret, Miss A. L. Bartleman, Miss Izard, Mrs. Gillies, Miss Burne, Miss Kennaway, Miss Acheson, Miss McLean, Miss E. Taylor, Mrs. Connor, Miss Ethel James, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Murray, Miss Ward, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Crewe.

MADDENING BAD LEG.

DOCTORS COULD NOT GIVE ANY RELIEF.

TERRIBLE SORES HEALED BY ZAM-BUK.

Mrs Martha M. Langley, of 172 Lord-street, Burnley, Melbourne, says:—"About two years ago the veins in my legs began to swell, and then broke out in the form of small blotches. These increased in size, with festering heads which resembled the form of boils. As they increased they gave out nasty discharge, which caused so much irritation that I would wake up in the night and tear at them until my legs would be covered with blood. I could not stop or keep my hands from them. I became run-down in health and was soon reduced to a very low condition. The holes in my legs left by these sores were so great that I could put my thumbs right into them; even on the shins I could do this. The doctor tried all he could do to give me relief, without any beneficial result.

"I had given to me one day a pot of Zam-Buk, and I used this balm on the wounds. Very soon after I felt greatly relieved, for all the irritation and itchingness left. I could not contain myself for the pleasure I felt when I saw the sores get smaller. The edges contracted to the centre, the flesh healed from the middle, and in a month the holes closed up completely. I feel very grateful to Zam-Buk for my cure, and now always keep a pot by me."

Zam-Buk is a wonderful balm for eczema, blood-poison, ringworm, piles, ulcers, bad legs, festering sores, old wounds, children's sculp troubles, running sores, cuts, scratches, burns, boils, bruises, chapped hands, chilblains, cold sores, and all skin disease and injuries. Sold by all chemists and stores at 1/6 per pot, or size containing nearly four times the quantity, 3/6.

DERHAM'S VICTORIA HOTEL. Victoria Street West, Auckland. Half Minute from Queen Street. This Hotel has recently been enlarged, renovated, re-furnished and electric light installed throughout and offers excellent accommodation for the travelling public. Phone 258. 5s per Day, 25s per Week. W. DERHAM, Proprietor.

HOLDEN—MITCHELL. A WEDDING of much interest to residents of the Kiwitea district took place at the Presbyterian Church, Feilding, on August 29, the Rev. G. Budd being the officiating minister. Mr Robert Holden, of Dane-din, was married to Miss Ethel Mitchell, third daughter of Mr and Mrs William Mitchell, very old residents of the Kwi-tea district. A large number of relations and friends attended the ceremony to wish the contracting parties all success. The bride was handsomely and tastefully attired in a dress of chiffon taffeta, trimmed with silk lace; she wore the orthodox wreath and veil, carried a beautiful shower bouquet, and her dress was ornamented with the groom's presents, a gold watch and gold brooch. The bridesmaids were Misses Gladys and Eileen Mitchell (sisters), each wearing a pretty white embroidered dress, and lace, and each wore a gold brooch the gift of the bridegroom. Mrs Mitchell (mother of the bride) was attired in black silk. The bride was given away by her father, and the bridegroom was supported by Mr Sidney Mitchell.

MILLER—FALCONER.

At Knox Church, Masterton, on August 30, the wedding was celebrated of Mr Henry R. Miller, of Christchurch, to Miss Constance Mary Falconer, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs W. L. Falconer, of Masterton. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr A. Falconer, was becomingly attired in champagne satin, wearing the orthodox veil and orange blossoms, and she also carried a bouquet of fresas and maiden hair fern. Miss Ivy Falconer, sister of the bride, and Miss Lexie Green were the bridesmaids. Both bridesmaids wore pretty cream silk dresses, and the former wore a pink hat and the latter a green hat. Mr S. Miller, brother of the bridegroom, was best man, and Mr J. Carr, groomsmen. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. T. Thompson.

A reception was held subsequently, when a large number of guests were entertained.

HORTON—IHAKA.

Mr Joseph Horton, of Hastings, was married in Knox Church, Masterton, on August 30, to Miss Annie Kanara Ihaka, eldest daughter of Mr. Phillip Ihaka, of Taueru. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr George Ihaka, wore a beautiful white silk dress, and the usual veil and orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of white camellias and maiden hair fern. Miss R. and M. Ihaka, sister and niece of the bride, attended as bridesmaids, dressed in white silk and pink sashes. The bridesmaids carried bouquets of pink camellias and maiden hair fern. Mr P. O'Callaghan was best man, and the Rev. A. T. Thompson officiated.

KOBERSTEIN—CUFF.

The marriage of Maud, fourth daughter of Mrs. E. Cuff, of Halcombe, to Otto Koberstein, of Wellington, took place in Marton on Wednesday. Mrs. Jackson, of Feilding, filled the position of organist, and the Rev. Hogg was the officiating minister. The bride was tastefully attired in cream taffeta, with veil and orange blossom, and carried a beautiful bouquet (the gift of Mrs. Jordan). The bridesmaids, the Misses Florence and Mabel Cuff, sisters of the bride, were becomingly dressed in pink silk muslin, and they wore cream hats trimmed with pink flowers, and carried bouquets of blue and white violets, which were also the gift of Mrs. Jordan. Mr. and Mrs. Koberstein are to reside in Wellington.

GRAY—HAY.

A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated at St. John's Cathedral, Napier, on Thursday morning, when Miss Ethel Hay, only daughter of the late Mr James Hay, was married to Mr Camplin Gray,

second son of Mr Charles Gray, of Gisborne. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Williams (grandfather of the bridegroom), assisted by Canon Mayne. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr Louis Hay, wore a lovely white satin gown with silver trimming, and her bridal veil was most artistically arranged. Miss Essie Gray (sister of the bridegroom) and Miss MacDonald acted as bridesmaids, and wore gowns of pink satin veiled in grey and blue tulle, large black hats wreathed with pink roses. Mr Lionel Maclean (cousin of the bridegroom) was best man, and Mr W. Hay, groomsmen. Amongst the guests were: Mr and Mrs Gray (Gisborne), Mr and Mrs Leonard Gray, Mrs Webber, Miss Spratt, Mrs C. H. Maclean, Misses Maclean, Miss Williams, Miss Edith Williams, Mrs and Miss Anderson. Mr and Mrs Camplin Gray left for Sydney by the afternoon boat.

ELDER-SMITH.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated in Knox Church, Masterton, on August 28th, when Mr. Thomas Lawson Elder, formerly of Masterton, but now of Wai-pukurau, was married to Miss Louise Smith, daughter of Mr. W. J. Smith, of Worksop-road, Masterton. The bride, who was given away by her father, was prettily dressed in a cream costume, and wore a black hat. She also carried a shower bouquet of snowdrops, and heath. The bridesmaid, Miss Rose Smith, was attired in cream delaine, and wore a pale green hat. Miss Smith carried a shower bouquet of violets. Mr. Reginald Anderson was best man, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. T. Thompson.

LUTMANN—QUELCH.

An extremely pretty wedding was solemnised in the Parish Hall, Frankton, on Wednesday morning last, the contracting parties being Miss Rubetta, daughter of Mr. Quelch, Wingham, Kent, England, and Mr. R. Bivater Lutman, of Tuakau. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. E. M. Cowie. The bride looked very pretty as she entered the hall on the arm of her brother-in-law, Mr. J. E. Herbert, attired in a lovely white hand-embroidered Indian muslin gown, with tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carrying a beautiful shower bouquet the gift of the bridegroom. She was attended by two dainty little bridesmaids the Misses Betty and Violet Jolly in dresses of soft white silk and large white hats, each carrying pretty baskets of daffodils. The bridegroom was accompanied by Mr. Bramwell as best man. The hall was beautifully decorated by Mrs. Harry Biggs and Miss Graham. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome gold bracelet, and to the bridesmaid, pretty gold brooches.

After the ceremony the bridal party adjourned to "Perry Court," the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Herbert, where a reception was held. The bride's travelling dress was an amethyst cloth coat and skirt with black facing, and large amethyst hat to match. Mrs. Herbert, sister of the bride, wore a cream silk toilette, beautifully trimmed with lace, and large burnt straw hat wreathed with grapes; Mrs. W. A. Graham, handsome black broche silk trimmed with lace, and violet toque; Mrs. Cowie, green costume, toque to match; Mrs. Owens, handsome black silk and pretty bonnet; Mrs. Warren, navy costume and Coronation blue toque; Mrs. J. Jolly, dark grey silk, trimmed with black and touches of blue, grey and blue loquet; Mrs. Valder, peach colour crepe de chine, handsomely trimmed cream hat with roses; Mrs. H. Biggs, black silk, pretty fringe trimmings, brown hat with brown and blue daisies; Mrs. C. Holloway, heliotrope voile, lace yoke and sleeves, and hat to match; Mrs. J. H. Hume, brown costume, prettily bridled hat to match; Mrs. T. Jolly, pale grey shantung trimmed with black lace, with cerise velvet toque; Mrs. McDiarmid, navy coat and skirt; nattier blue hat; Mrs. W. H. Hume, petitina silk with pretty braid and lace, black plumed hat; Miss Jolly, handsome

The Original Scotch Winney White & Colman's. The Best of Flour for Baking. For BABY. JAMES SPENCE & CO. Glasgow, Scotland.

Society Gossip.

Special to the "Graphic."

dove grey paillette, with cream net insertion, black and pink hat; Miss Shepherd, black and white velvet costume, black hat; Miss Owens, cream costume, cream and pink hat; Miss Graham, lovely grey silk trimmed with violet, and violet hat.

MORRIS-CHIVERS.

A wedding which attracted much interest at Island Bay on the 31st August, was that of Miss Edith Annie Chivers (niece of Mr. and Mrs. Keene) and Mr. Campbell Morris, son of the late Captain Morris, of Tauranga. The ceremony took place at St. Hilda's Church, the Rev. T. Fancourt being the officiating clergyman. The church was prettily decorated and the service was choral. The bride who was given away by her uncle wore a soft white lace gown over silk, with a tulle veil, and small wreath of orange blossom. The bridesmaids, Misses Morris (sister of the bridegroom), Cattell Lacey and Edie Reid, wore cream cloth gowns, large black velvet hats with plumes, and carried bouquets of rose-coloured camellias, tied with rose ribbon, their presents from the bridegroom were wish-bone brooches. Mr. J. A. Young, Mayor of Hamilton, was best man; Messrs. Robertson S. Chivers and Keene were groomsmen. The wedding reception was held at Mrs. Keene's picturesque house and garden standing on a hill. Inside was a perfect wealth of flowers, feathery mimosa in the hall, pink and rose camellias in the drawing-room; the dining room where tea was laid was mainly done with tree lucerne; the tables with white flowers and delicate foliage. Mrs. Keene wore a green silk gown with small lace yoke and a toque with pale pink roses; Mrs. Williams (Mrs. Keene's mother), black silk gown and a black felted bonnet with pink flowers; Mrs. Shearer, black brocade, heliotrope toque. Mrs. Masson, black crepe de chine, chiffon toque. The Hon. T. Hislop, and Dr. J. P. Luke, M.P., were also present.

CONDON—SEYMOUR.

A wedding in a country town always creates a general stir, but something near a record was established on Tuesday (says our Dargaville correspondent). The occasion was the marriage of Miss Cathie Seymour, youngest daughter of Captain Seymour, to Mr. James Condon. A great crowd assembled from all quarters, and before 1.30 p.m. the church was filled to overflowing. The bride was charmingly attired in white mervic silk, silk all-over lace, and silk-corded girdle. She also wore the orthodox veil of orange blossoms, and carried a large shower bouquet. Miss Condon, first bridesmaid, wore a pretty pale blue glace silk and nylon dress, silk all-over lace, and corded girdle, also a large cream lace hat, with forget-me-nots and red velvet trimmings. She carried a bouquet of white blossoms, with blue streamers. Miss Kitty Ashby, second bridesmaid, in a chic pale blue Japanese silk dress, with insertion trimmings and silk girdle, and a large clip straw hat with white roses, looked very pretty. She also carried a white bouquet, with streamers. Mr. J. Brown was best man, and Mr. T. Main groomsmen. The bride was given away by her father. After the ceremony Captain Seymour entertained over 300 guests at a sumptuous wedding breakfast, beautifully arranged in a daffodil setting. A number of appropriate toasts were honoured. The bride's travelling dress was a becoming navy blue tailored costume, with a dark green velvet toque. Mr. and Mrs. Condon left for Auckland the same afternoon. After their honeymoon they will reside at Dargaville.

A million germs woke up one day
 Went on journeying ails away;
 Cough, cold, and fever, asthma, too,
 These germs were named by those who
 knew
 And people grew so much alarmed
 They realised they might be harmed;
 And all at once the germs fell dead,
 They'd met Woods' Peppermint Cure 'tis
 said.

There is a monument in Hempstead, Long Island, erected to the members of a shipwrecked crew, who were drowned off Far Rockaway one stormy night. On three sides of the monument are ordinary inscriptions. On the fourth appears the best bit of humour ever found on a grave-stone. It reads as follows: "This monument was erected by the humane people of Queens County to the memory of the shipwrecked crew—out of the money found on the bodies of the deceased."

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 recognised.

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.

Something New.

THE Protection of Women and Children, and Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society instead of having a bridge party or a dance, whereby to gain funds for these two very deserving causes, hit upon the happy idea of working "name quilts." Each helper was given a square of white linen divided into twenty-five squares, in each square the name or initial of someone was worked, and for this you paid one shilling, which also gave you a chance of winning the quilt when finished. Each of these squares was joined with an insertion of torchon, and the whole edged with a frill of the same lace. In the centre of one quilt was Lord Islington's signature and the other Lady Islington's. These quilts were surprisingly handsome, and gave the effect of all-over embroidery. On Monday afternoon the raffle took place. Mrs. McKail Geddes very kindly lent her ballroom for the afternoon. Everything was done in the most business-like manner. On a table were two barrels, in one the numbers of the names (some fifteen hundred, I believe) were placed, and in the other all blanks but two, tickets which were marked "prize." Mrs. Parkes drew the numbers, and the Mayoress (Mrs. C. J. Parr) drew the others, and not until what seemed hundreds of numbers had been called, was "prize" drawn. This number was found to belong to a syndicate of six men. These names were put together, and drawn, Mr. Whittaker being the lucky man. The second quilt was won by Miss Saunders, of Melbourne, who was the guest of Mrs. Benjamin for some time last winter. The lady had worked a square of names, and sent it over. Mrs. Benjamin, who has worked so hard organising this huge piece of work, read a statement of accounts. After all expenses had been paid, the societies will benefit to the extent of £68 odd. Mrs. Parkes called for a vote of thanks to Mrs. Benjamin, which was carried with enthusiasm. Among those present were: Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. John Reid, Mrs. Louis Myers, Mrs. Lawrence Nathan, Mrs. Devore, Mrs. McGregor, Mrs. David Nathan, Mrs. Colgrove, Mrs. Reinstein, Mrs. Felix Kelly, Mrs. Allen.

At Home.

The Misses Bews, staff and pupils issued a very large number of invitations for Friday night to an "At Home" in St. Andrew's Hall, which was simply packed to the doors. Miss Bews received the guests at the entrance to the hall, and when everyone had found seats the programme started with a scene from early English history, "King Alfred and the Cakes." This was remarkably well done, and the lines were spoken clearly and well. Marjorie Moir as the Godmother's wife was a most charming little girl. Marjorie Regan was Alfred, King of England. Kathleen Ball was Earl Ethelred, and Olive Hutchison was a Minstrel—all very good. The second item was a country hornpipe, which was well danced by the following: Dorothea Wyatt, Betty Shorman, Marjorie Leary, Betty Fisher, Cecile Lerner, Kathleen Knight, Betty Gillian, Gwenilian Good, Marian Macfarlane, Bessie Walker, Nora Dargaville, Ruth Shepherd. Then came a scene from "Robin Hood." King Richard (Coeur de Lion), Rae Dunnett. Three nobles, attendants on the king, Cecile Lerner, Rose Thornton, Ema Colby; Robin Hood, Margaret Puget; Little John, Betty Shorman; Much, Gwen Lyons;

Allan-a-Dale, Doris Bayly; Friar Tuck, Kathleen Irving; Merry Men, Mariel Newland, Doris Hume, Kathleen Abbot, Doreen Simon, Jean Buckleton; Maid Marian, Marjorie Allen; Lady Christabel, Marjorie Billing. This was effectively staged, and the children seemed to enter into the spirit of the play with zest. Then came the most ambitious item on the programme—the operetta, "The Enchanted Palace," a new version of the well-loved "Sleeping Beauty." The King, Elsie Neill; Prince Emerald, Jessie Geddis; Chancellor, Aileen Lindsay; King's Wise Man, Priscilla Moore; King's Jester, Minna Kronfeld; King's Poet, Belle Wilson; Queen, Mary Stericker; Princess Crystal, Heather Bews; Chief Maiden, Dorothy Coldcut; fairies—Beryl Knight, Edith Hall, Lydia Bayly. The staging of this operetta was very good. Some charmingly effects were made with the gaily-dressed children and the soft-coloured lights. The "hit" of the evening undoubtedly was the exceedingly funny trio given by the Chancellor, Aileen Lindsay, who has a pretty clear voice; the King's Wise Man, Priscilla Moore, who sang and acted well; and the Jester, Minnie Kronfeld, who was most fascinating and showed decided talent in both her acting and dancing, which was charming. Jessie Geddes as Rene Emerald was charming. Heather Bews as the Sleeping Beauty filled the part beautifully, and sang sweetly. Some charming dances were given during the operetta, which were most enjoyable. Mrs. Heaps, I understand, arranged these. Those who took part in them were: Leslie Sanderson, Rita Ashton, Nora Frater, Nita Annandale, Hilda Wiseman, Marjorie Buckleton, Minna Kronfeld, Belle Wilson. The girls were dressed in short dancing frocks of red tulle, and were much admired. The second troupe consisted of Gertrude McCutchan, May Newland, Bella Wiseman, Lorna Kenderline, Ora Paget, Marjorie Macfarlane, Moana Paget, Dorothy Kenderline. The evening was a great success, and most enjoyable.

Luncheon Party.

Among the parties given for Miss Grace Buller during the past week was a luncheon party given by the Misses Towie, Epsom, on Friday. Most of the guests going on to Mrs. Roberts party in the afternoon.

The Misses Kissing also gave a tea at which Miss Buller was the guest of honour.

Mrs. George Roberts, Lower Symonds street, gave a charming "Handkerchief and d'Oyley Tea" for Miss Grace Buller, who is to be married shortly. Tea was served in the diningroom, the table being daintily decorated with spring flowers in tall silver vases, and after we had enjoyed the dainties, we returned to the drawingroom and were delightfully entertained by Mrs. Parkes, Miss May Kissing, and Miss Branda Kenderline, who sang charmingly. Miss Ruby Coleman gave a most amusing recitation, and then came the most interesting part of the fun, when the bride eld opened the parcels, and such a lot of dainty things were displayed, mostly handkerchiefs, but some lovely d'oyles. Mrs. Roberts wore a black Marquessette over black silk, relieved with a yoke of white lace and net; Miss Buller, dark grey cloth tailored suit, dark grey hat with soft grey wings and sealskin necklet; Miss Mildred Buller, grey cloth coat and skirt, and a becoming red hat; Mrs. Parkes wore a lovely frock of palest grey crepe de chine, with lovely soft-toned embroideries and touches of white lace, black hat with white lamer plumes; Mrs. David Nathan, biscuit coloured shantung coat and skirt, and a smart black and white hat; Mrs. Howard Richmond, dark blue coat and skirt with black braidings, and a becoming hat; Mrs. Hayward wore pale brown crepe de chine with touches

of a deeper tone, and a toque to match; Miss Hayward, dark coat and skirt, green hat with grey wings; Miss Alice Walker, dark blue tailored suit with black braidings, a smart blue straw hat sharply turned from the face with dark

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Cerebos Salt.

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

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THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS

The very beauty of country and climate seems reflected in the masterly work of its manufacturers.

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Hydroleine Soap



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blue velvet, blue wing at the back; Miss Kissling, amethyst frock and a smart hat in the same tone, with dark green shaded wings; Miss M. Kissling wore amethyst in a brighter tone, and hat to match; Miss Marjorie Tugley wore a blue nixon over white, with a deep band of dark blue, black hat with touches of coronation blue; Miss Dorothy Towle wore a pretty grey striped voile, and a pretty hat; Miss Henderson, cream cloth coat and skirt, black hat with violets; Miss Brenda Kenderline looked charming in rattle blue, with a smart hat; Miss Dorothy Nathan wore a smart frock of palest pink pastel cloth, with braidings of the same colour, a black velvet hat, with wreath of tiny pink roses; Miss Rosyie Greig, blue coat and skirt, large blue hat with tiny blue flowers and grasses; Miss Ruby Coleman looked well in a well cut coat and skirt, of palest grey pastel cloth, with smart touches of black, a large black velvet hat and lovely white furs; Miss Hazel Lindsay, dark blue coat and skirt, blue and black hat, with band of white lace caught with pink flowers; Mrs. Brenstein (Dunedin), nee Daisy Benjamin, who wore a pretty grey cloth frock, a black and white hat with touches of vivid cerise, and lovely black furs; Miss Prickett, mole cloth with a lighter stripe, mole velvet hat; Miss Marjorie Lindsay looked pretty in a pale heliotrope frock and a becoming hat; Miss Eva Firth wore a dark navy blue cloth coat and skirt, a black velvet toque with touch of emerald green; Miss Jean Richmond wore a dark cloth coat and skirt, and a becoming hat; Miss Lennox, dark blue coat and skirt and black hat; Miss A. Carr.

Pukuranga Hunt Club.

The Point to Point Steeplechases this year were held out at Bayleys, just about a mile from Penrose Junction. The weather was simply glorious, and it was a very fine sight to see such a large number of people on horseback—all sorts and conditions. Needless to say, there were some very fine horses. Then those on whose every sort of courtesy, and a goodly array of smart mobsters. The course seemed very severe, so much of it lying uphill, and it was really thrilling to see the horses come thundering down the steep hills and pop over the fences. The last jump was on top of a hill, with a slope to the winning post. Two nasty falls occurred there, first in the heavy weights, when the second horse fell, throwing its rider badly. After a sickening wait, most people thinking the rider was badly hurt, he got up and walked away. The next race was for ladies only. About eight started, and it was a capital race from start to finish, and the finish was thrilling. The last fence was jumped by Miss Harris and Miss Gill neck and neck. Then Miss Harris seemed to shoot forward, and would have undoubtedly won, but her horse struck the fence, and over it went. Miss Harris seemed to be underneath, but willing help soon released her, and after a time of painful suspense we were all delighted to see it was nothing serious. Miss Gill won, with Miss Sturges second. After the races, Mr. O'Rourke, the Minister, put a few species, and Mrs. O'Rourke was called upon to present the prizes, which she did in her usual charming manner. Mrs. W. Egan, and Mrs. Scudbury Baker dispensed tea to their very large circle of friends, and we had a very merry time, doing very ample justice to our hosts' hospitality, and we all voted it a delightful treat, and just the "one" thing needed to make the outing thoroughly enjoyable. Among the guests were: Lady Lockhart, Mrs. O'Rourke, Mrs. Walter Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Buge, Dr. and Mrs. Hope Lewis, Mrs. Hagen Williams, Mr. H. G. Nolan, Mrs. Buckle, Mr. H. Tombs, Mrs. Edmunds, Mrs. Weyman Williams, Mrs. J. Ferguson, Mr. Walter Johns, Mr. M. Markham, Miss Lloyd, Miss Jessie Reid, Miss E. Hamilton (Napier), Mrs. and Miss Spencer, Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. G. G. Cook, Mr. De Groot, Mrs. M. D. Kettle, and crowds of others.

At Home.

The Anti-Bowling Club's "At Home," held in the Society of Arts' Hall on Wednesday evening, was a pronounced success, three hundred guests responding to the club's invitation. The entrance hall was carpeted and arranged as a reception room, the lounges and chairs being interspersed with bowls of lilies and mimosa and pot palms on pedestals. The stairways were decorated with palms and bunting. The sitting out-

room was arranged with Japanese effects. The decorations of the supper-room were most original, the general scheme of colouring being pink on yellow. The tables were arranged in an oblong, with a buffet table in the centre. From a large gold basket of mimosa suspended from the ceiling were strings of amber coloured electric lights with butterfly shades, reaching to the tables of the oblong. These were decorated with vases of almond blossom and mimosa and giant buttercups, with electric lights for centres. From the basket to the buffet table were streamers of pink satin ribbon, and this table was one mass of pink almond blossom. Altogether the effect was exceedingly charming and original. The decorations were carried out by Misses Webster and Buckworth, who were assisted by Misses Norton, Ziman, and Clark. The electrical effects were kindly supplied by Mr. G. L. Thorburn and Mr. S. Houghton. Arranger's orchestra provided excellent music, and delightful extras were played by Misses Clark, Harvey, Barker, and Mr. John Fernandez. The arrangements for the dance were in the hands of a capable committee consisting of Misses Backworth, Webster, Probert, and Norton, and Messrs. J. Probert, John Fernandez (hon. sec.), R. E. Bridgman, L. Ellison, T. Dryland, R. George, A. Egan, M. Kronfeld, F. Knight, and W. Mogenic. The chaperones were Mrs. Myers, the Mayresses, Mrs. Ernest Davis, Mrs. J. D. Webster, Mrs. Tackle, Mrs. W. J. Vaughan, Mrs. G. Kronfeld, and Mrs. W. Gaudin.

Overseas Club.

The Auckland branch of the Overseas Club held its usual monthly social evening on Friday last at Buchanan's restaurant, Karangahape-road, when about 70 members and friends were present. Most of the time was spent in playing cards, the games being enjoyed by all. After refreshments had been handed round, several musical items brought the pleasant gathering to a close. A few remarks were made during the interval by Captain Young, who explained the objects of the club, which was started to maintain the pre-eminence of the British race. Incidentally it was mentioned that there are members in almost every part of the globe, the total now being over 50,000. This is a remarkable number for an institution only established a few months. One advantage of membership is that if a member visits another place from that in which he resides, it gives him an introduction to fellow members in that place; in fact, there is a strong brotherhood now formed amongst the members all over the British Empire. The subscription is only a small one, and intending members should communicate with the hon. secretary, Mr. J. C. Raine, 24, High-street. The next social will be held on the last Friday in September.

Afternoon Tea.

Mrs. Buckleton gave a very large "tea" on Wednesday afternoon. The weather was perfect, and the crowds of folk who were present, many of whom wore their new spring hats, made a very gay scene. Mrs. Buckleton's new house is well arranged for parties, having a large hall, drawing-room, and morning-room, which can all be thrown into one room, divided by sliding doors. Bowls of violets were everywhere, and other spring flowers. Tea was laid in the dining-room, and the table looked lovely decorated with daffodils. Tea and ices were handed round by a box of young folk who looked after everyone charmingly. It took one quite a while to mount the stairs to get to the balcony, so great was the crowd, but when one did arrive, the view was charming. Lots of people wisely spent the afternoon here. A string band played and could just be heard above the din of voices. Mrs. Buckleton received her guests standing just inside the hall door, and looked well in a handsome frock of white silk, with beautiful silk embroidery on the bodice, and black silk fringe on the tunic; Lady Lockhart wore a lovely black cloth frock with panels of handsome embroidery and a hat to match; Mrs. C. J. Parr wore a pretty blue velvet frock, the bodice prettily arranged with palest pink silk, beautifully braided, and a large becoming hat; the Misses Buckleton looked charming dressed in dainty white frocks. Among the guests I noticed: Mrs. E. Horton, who looked charming in pale grey faced cloth tailored suit, and a daintier natter blue turban toque; Mrs. Duntie wore a smart and most becoming black velvet coat and skirt, and a black hat

with white lavender plumes; Mrs. John Reid, black coat and skirt, and smart toque and grey ostrich feather boa; Mrs. Leys wore a beautiful frock of amethyst crepe de chine, and a floral toque of shaded flowers; Mrs. Cole, grey cloth coat and skirt and black hat; Miss Hamilton, dark purple cloth, braided with black and a black hat; Mrs. Duncan Clark, black velvet, and black seal toque; Mrs. Greig, black crepe over silk, and a smart black toque with shade amethyst to pink roses; Mrs. Towle, black crepe de chine over silk, a mole velvet toque, and lovely furs to match; Mrs. W. Colbeck wore a pretty frock of peacock green chiffon velvet, with toque to match; Mrs. Pitt, dark purple and black hat; Mrs. P. Dignan looked smart in a dark green cloth coat and skirt and a smart black and white hat; Mrs. C. V. Houghton wore a handsome dark grey cloth suit lined with black and a smart hat with a touch of vivid pink in it; Mrs. Sydney Nathan, wore a frock in a lovely deep shade of blue, with smart touches of black and a black hat; Mrs. P. A. Lindsay, wore black silk, with yoke of white lace and a floral toque; Miss Lindsay, dark blue suit and a black hat; Mrs. E. Allen, mole coloured velvet, handsomely trimmed, and an amethyst hat with feathers; Miss Duntie wore a handsome frock of natter blue cloth, beautifully braided, and a black hat; Mrs. Markham, cream cloth coat and skirt, a pale blue straw, with dark coronation blue velvet trimmings and tiny bunches of pink flowers; Mrs. J. R. Reed looked well in a lovely frock of dark amethyst charmuse, with a toque in a lighter shade, and ermine furs; Mrs. Macfarlane, dark fawn velvet, with handsome embroideries, and a pretty hat of cream covered with brown lace, and trimmed with bunches of ermine wheat ears; Miss Macfarlane, grey velvet; Mrs. Sloman, black silk, and a shaded mauve toque; Miss Sloman, dark blue coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Gwen Beale looked charming in a cream cloth and a pretty light hat; Mrs. Archdale Taylor wore a smart frock in deep blue cloth, with small hat to match, and black furs; Mrs. W. Scott, light tweed cloth coat and skirt, black hat lined with white; Mrs. Dery, black charmuse coat and skirt, black and ermine hat; Mrs. Hellaby, black and a black hat with touch of white; Mrs. Workman wore a very smart toilette of mole cloth, with handsome embroideries, and a black hat; Mrs. J. A. Toke looked well in black; Mrs. J. J. Craig, handsome black charmuse with some lovely lace on it, and a black toque; Miss Shuttleworth, blue frieze coat and skirt, with straw toque to match; Mrs. Duncan Cramming, white cloth coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Dick Abbot, vieux rose cloth frock and black and white toque; Mrs. Goodwyn Archer wore a pretty frock of pale blue silk, veiled with black nixon and embroideries, a smart black hat with touch of ermine on it; Mrs. P. Olliphant, white charmuse veiled with black lace, black hat with white feathers and long moire silk coat; Mrs. P. Luckie, Mrs. H. H. Metcalf, Mrs. S. Hill, Mrs. E. Larner, Misses Kissling, Mrs. C. A. Brown, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Brunton Sweet, Mrs. Pierce and Miss Pierce, Mrs. and Miss Horrocks, Mrs. H. P. Kissling, Mrs. G. S. Elliot, Mrs. Louis Meyers, Mrs. Tom Mahoney, Mrs. Newcombe, Mrs. Erson, Mrs. Percy Butler, Mrs. and Miss Tylden, Mrs. and Miss Spedding, Mrs. S. Vail, Mrs. C. Rhodes, Mrs. B. Dargaville, Mrs. and Miss Fryer, Mrs. Gresham, Mrs. and Miss Whyte, Mrs. and Miss Lennox, Mr. and Miss Nolan, Mrs. Walklate, Mrs. Roy Wilson, Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. R. M. Beatrice, Mrs. W. and Miss Douglas, Mrs. R. J. Lusher, Mrs. W. W. Bruce, Mrs. and Miss Buckland, Mrs. Hesketh, Mrs. Lawford, Mrs. Nokes, Mrs. H. M. Hume, Miss Bews, Mrs. Cheesman, Mrs. C. P. Bourne, Mrs. and Miss J. Stuart Reid, Mrs. H. E. Vail, Mrs. and Miss Cochrane, Mrs. and Miss Devore, Miss Blanche Peacocke, Mrs. and Miss Barstow, Miss Thorne, Miss Draper, Mrs. and Miss J. S. MacDonald, Mrs. Ware, Mrs. Wallace Alexander, Mrs. L. B. Morrison, Mrs. Langwith, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. and Miss Prickett, Mrs. Hartland, Mrs. Pond, Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Miss H. B. Morton, Mrs. Remford, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. B. Neill, Mrs. and Miss Brook-Smith, Mrs. Keeble, Mrs. Plummer, Mrs. and Miss Commons, Mrs. Ranger, Mrs. F. J. Kenderline, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Leo Meyers, Mrs. Jax Robertson, Mrs. Benjamin, Mrs. Bernstein.

At Home.

Mrs. W. E. Hutchison, of Mount St. John, Epsom, issued a large number of invitations for an "At Home" on Tues-

day, 29th, to meet Miss Stillwell, the general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. Mrs. Hutchison's house is charmingly arranged for entertaining, and the large number of guests were seated in the drawing-room and dining-rooms, which thrown into one, make a very large room, and the verandah, which opens from the drawing-room, was also made use of. Of course, the most interesting part of the afternoon was Miss Stillwell's speech, in which she gave a condensed history of the aims and objects of the society she represents. Miss Stillwell speaks well, and was listened to with rapt attention. Interspersed between this speech, afternoon tea, and chatter, was some very good music. Mrs. Fred Hesketh played some fine selections on the pianola. Mesdames Mc-Nair, Walter Smith, Hume, Stanton, and Madam Dea, sang pleasingly, and Miss Rendell recited well. The tea table was arranged in the hall, and was artistically decorated with Achmea Berries. Lovely flowers were arranged in the rooms with charming effect. The party was a great success in every way and most enjoyable. Our hostess looked well in a handsome black silk toilette, the bodice and sleeves were trimmed with beautiful white lace; Miss Stillwell wore a pretty frock in a soft shade of natter blue and a black hat. Among those present were: Mrs. A. Miller, Mrs. Docherty, Mrs. and Miss Commons, Mrs. Arthur Blomfield, Mrs. Baskett, Mrs. Ernest Shepherd, Mrs. G. Archer, Mrs. and Miss Booth, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Peat, Mrs. and Miss Baulbury, Mrs. W. A. Holman and Mrs. Hobnan, Mrs. and Miss Knight, Misses Fowlds (2), Mrs. Siddall, Mrs. McLaughlin; Mrs. J. M. Brigham, Miss E. Lodge, Mrs. Chandler, the Misses Chandler, Mrs. Isenmenger, Mrs. J. Craig, Mrs. and Miss Macklow, Mrs. and Miss Daw, Mrs. Headley, Mrs. and Miss Dalton, Mrs. Ernest Craig, Mrs. S. H. Baker, Mrs. and Miss Penman, Mrs. Harry Cooke, Mrs. T. H. Garland, Mrs. Rendell, Mrs. La Trobe, Mrs. T. Caley, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. and Miss Sneath, Mrs. Dewsbury, Mrs. E. May, Mrs. Bennetts, Mrs. Catten, Mrs. G. Bond, Mrs. E. C. Firth, Mrs. J. W. Court, Mrs. and Miss Moody, Mrs. Ernest Bough, Mrs. W. Loughton, Mrs. S. Green, Mrs. Rapson, and Miss La Roche, Mrs. and Miss Melville, Mrs. Gilmore, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. H. O. Wiles, Mrs. James Wiseman, Mrs. Pullin, Mrs. E. C. Brown, Mrs. and Miss Henderson, Mrs. and Miss Thorne, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Philcox, Mrs. E. W. Burton, Mrs. Teed, Mrs. and Miss McMaster, Mrs. A. E. Hobbs, Mrs. Hazard Mrs. L. B. Murriner, Miss Murriner, Mrs. Edward Coleman.

The Oaia Club.

A very successful and enjoyable "At Home" was given by the "Oaia Club" in the Masonic Hall on Friday, August 25th. It speaks well for the club that in spite of the wet and dismal night that such a number of enthusiastic young people were present to enjoy the delightful programme provided. Lester's orchestra provided the music. The committee had been to some considerable trouble with decorations, and the supper tables were very beautiful with violets and daffodils, representing the club colours of violet and gold. The following lady members of the club as usual ably fulfilled their duties as chaperones: Mesdames Malcolm, Henley, Kingsley-Smith, Hamilton, Curry, Towner, Maltch and Pullinger. Mrs. Malcolm wore a charming black silk robe; Mrs. Henley, a lovely black silk, with jewelled net tunic; Mrs. Kingsley-Smith, dainty white silk and gold embroidery; Mrs. Towner, looked very nice in white silk; Mrs. Pullinger, cream silk and gold trimming; Miss Harvey, rich white satin; Miss G. Greger, pale pink silk and silver trimming; Miss E. Joy, amber and cream silk and heavy silk embroidery; Miss Curry, dainty white silk; Miss J. White, looked very sweet in white book muslin; Miss D. Hamilton, white charmuse, with nixon trim; Miss Wardlaw, cream silk; Miss Malcolm, sage blue crepe de chine and silk; Miss S. Malcolm, cream silk and silver trimming; Miss F. Gregory, white silk frock; Miss A. Wheeler, sage blue satin; Miss Highway, pale pink silk; Miss Heighway, cream silk; Miss Wynne-Seymour, white silk and silver; Miss Plummer, lovely lace tunic over silk; Mrs. Gregory, pale pink nixon; Miss Bruce, cream silk frock; Miss E. Bruce, white nixon and silk; Miss Grey, floral crepe de chine; Miss White, white muslin; Miss Dalton, cream silk; Miss M. Dalton, pretty pale blue silk; Miss E. Macowan, heliotrope silk; Miss Clark, apricot satin; Miss Wolterholm, white silk; Miss Wheeler, cream silk.

Personal.

Dr. R. Michell, Mrs Michell, and their little son, after having spent some months in New Zealand, mostly in Auckland, as the guests of Mrs Michell's mother, Mrs Gillies, left on the Makura, en route for their home in England.

Miss Burke, who for so many years lived with the late Mrs Street, was also a passenger on the same boat.

Mrs J. H. Arnold left in the Makura for Vancouver, on a visit to her sons.

Mr and Mrs Walter Johnson, Wellington, are the guests of Mr Walter Johnson, senr., Remuera.

Mr and Mrs Burge are staying with Mrs T. C. Williams, Wickford, Princess-street.

Mrs J. Baker is at present in Auckland, and is staying at "Cargen."

Mrs Matthews, wife of Captain Matthews, arrived at "Cargen" on Friday.

Dr. G. Fenwick, son of Mr Fenwick, managing director of the "Otago Daily Times," has decided to start practice here as an eye and ear specialist, having just arrived from London, and is staying at "Cargen."

In consequence of the return from London of Mr. Frank Burt to his home in Remuera next week, Mr. and Mrs. John Mills have taken up their residence at Cargen. Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Williams (nee Mills), who have been travelling in Europe since their marriage several months ago, are shortly expected in Auckland, and will also stay at Cargen while here.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Minnitt have returned to Auckland after a long absence in various parts of the world, and are staying with Mrs. Thomas Ruddle, Remuera.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

September 1.

The Home-coming.

Everyone is glad to see Lady Ward back looking so well after her long trip, with its tempestuous voyage home. The Ruapehu was late in arriving in the harbour, and the enthusiastic welcoming party, which set off early in the afternoon in the Government steamer, had to cruise about or anchor until 10 p.m. There were two ladies on board, a deputisation from the Women's Political League, who presented bouquets of daffodils, violets and freesias to Lady Ward and Lady Findlay, together with hearty congratulations on their new honours. Miss Eileen Ward, who decided to remain in England some months longer with her son, Mrs. Boyes, has altered her plans, and is now on her way back to New Zealand, arriving by the Aggleshire in rather over a fortnight's time. Had she remained in London she would have been bridesmaid to Miss Ruby Seddon, whose marriage with Staff-Surgeon Woods (H.M.S. Cambrian) is to be celebrated in London in October. Mr. Cyril Ward, who with Mrs. Ward and their small son came up from Southland to meet his parents, went off by the Hinemoa to welcome the Ruapehu. The boy—a bonny little fellow—is, of course, a great pet with his grandparents, and will one day succeed to the baronetcy.

All day Saturday and Sunday the telephone was ringing incessantly at Awarua House with congratulatory and welcoming messages for Lady Ward, and Awarua House is still being inundated with callers.

Vice-Royal Dinner.

A few days after the arrival of the Ruapehu, there was a dinner at Government House, when their Excellencies invited Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Ward and Lady Ward, Hon. Sir James Carroll and Lady Coriell, the Hon. Sir John Findlay and Lady Findlay, the Hon. J. A. Millar and Mrs. Millar, the Hon. George Fowlds and Mrs. Fowlds, the Hon. R. McKenzie and Mrs. McKenzie, the Hon. D. Buddo and Mrs. Buddo, the Hon. A. Ngata and Mrs. Ngata, the Hon. T. Mackenzie and Mrs. Mackenzie and Miss Mackenzie, the Bishop of Wellington and Mrs. Sprout, Major-General Gully and Mrs. Godley, Archbishop Redwood, Captain Thornton, and Captain Clifford (s.s. Ruapehu).

At Home.

Mrs Newman's "At Home" in the Art Gallery was a notably well managed affair. There were many visitors to Wellington among the guests, and the "opposition" was numerously represented, Dr. Newman being one of the strongest and most influential supporters of that party. The gallery was decorated

in a spring-like harmony of green and gold; the floor carpeted with green, and the many tea tables each holding its little party, were done with daffodils and jonquils. On the stage were alternate clumps of stately white arums—with their handsome glossy green leaves—and tall jars of feathery golden wattle shedding its delicious perfume. To those who had not seen the Gallery for some time, the pictures were a great source of interest, several new and important works having been added fairly lately. The much-travelled "Leader" was naturally a topic of discussion, having made two mysterious excursions into the unknown, but just at present it seems to have settled down in the Gallery again.

There was no lack of entertainment, as besides the pictures there was a programme of music, songs by Mrs Fisher and Mrs Hadfield giving a great deal of pleasure.

Miss Gow played the accompaniments deftly, and also a couple of delightful solos, while recitations by Mrs Ross and Miss Handing-Matthy were very much enjoyed.

The hostess, who received with Dr. Newman, wore a graceful gown of mole chiffon velours, made en tunique, with a guimpe and sleeves of helix Irish lace; an effective note was supplied by a tiny fold of geranium souple satin, which also was introduced into her hat, which was massed with violets. Mrs Menzies wore black crepe de chine, and a toque with violets; Mrs Fitzgerald, a dark blue tailor-made, with a blouse of nixon and net, black togal hat with plumes; Miss Fitzgerald, white shantung, leghorn hat, with foliage and shaded berries; Mrs Grace had a long seal coat over her black charnouse dress, and her black and white toque had up-standing tips; Mrs Elgar, black velours, en tailleur, with black military braid, and a black stretched satin hat with black plumes; Mrs. Herdman, dark blue souple cloth, braided in black; champagne togal hat with folds of velvet; Mrs. Nosworthy, mole velvet tailor-made, green toque with iridescent embroidery and wings; Mrs. Ian Duncan, navy serge, strapped, and piped with emerald green satin, black hat with Lancer plumes; Mrs. Hadfield, cream shantung with touches of black, black satin hat; Mrs. Brandon, grey tailor-made, lace jabot, and black hat with white pleureuse plumes; Mrs. Von Haast, brown bengaline coat and skirt and brown hat; Mrs. Duncan, black nixon de soie, souple cloth, black toque; Miss Duncan, champagne Princess dress with a guimpe of lace; Mrs. Pearce, dark blue tailor-made, and black hat with aluminium and steel cabochons and black feathers; Mrs. D. R. Menzies, black tailor-made, and black hat; Miss Wardell, dark blue cloth and black plumed hat; Mrs. Tweed, blue cachemire de soie with soutache and a black picture hat; Miss Tweed, champagne cloth tailor-made and togal hat with flowers; Mrs. Peat black coat and skirt and black toque; Miss Peat cream cloth tailor-made with braided revers; black picture hat; Mrs. E. Newman (Marton), dark petunia tailor-made, braided in black, black hat with feathers; Miss Newman, ivory cloth en tailleur, and black picture hat; Mrs. Keane, cedar brown cloth, tailor-made, biscuit-coloured hat with blue velvet flowers; Mrs. Hine, black and white tailor-made, and black tailor-made, braided in grey hat; Mrs. F. M. B. Fisher, oyster grey, black satin revers, Coronation blue hat with black plumes; Mrs. Gow, black braided tailor-made, and black hat; Miss Gow, pale blue shantung, white hat with black feathers; Mrs. Wright, burnt-red tailor-made, black picture hat; Mrs. Earle, violet costume and blue velvet hat; Miss Beatrice Day, black velvet en tailleur, and a touch of erie in her white togal hat; Miss Pollen, cream cloth braided Princess dress, cream hat with wings; Miss Handing-Matthy, violet souple cloth, guimpe of Irish lace, and black picture hat; Miss Nathan, marine blue cloth, with black braid, and a black hat; Miss Brandon, doll amythast shantung, hat of the same shade; Miss Keldell, black colienne, long fur coat, black hat with roses; Miss Miles, mole charnouse coat and skirt, and mole satin hat; Miss W. Miles, gunmetal cloth, braided in the same shade.

the college colours, and knots of black ribbon among the daffodils on the supper table carried out the scheme. Mrs Charlesworth wore black satin, with entre-deux of lace over white silk; Miss Charlesworth, pale pink nixon and charnouse, with pearl passementerie; Mrs. Evans, black brocade; Miss Evans, black velvet, with a tucker of lace; Mrs. Johnston, black crepe de chine; Mrs. Worboys, mole satin, with a tunic of beaded net; Miss Worboys, pale blue crepe de chine; Miss Roskrug, black chiffon velours; Miss Jacobsen, pale blue nixon over blue charnouse; Miss Jensen, coronation blue satin, with a tunic of black jetted net; Miss Cunningham, cream charnouse, with silver passementerie; Miss Moyes, emerald green crepe de chine; Miss Hill, white tuncu net over white satin; Miss Bentley, white satin, with silver embroideries; Miss Warren, ivory charnouse; Miss McKenay, black velvet and honiton lace; Miss Rouse, ivory colienne and lace; Miss Barry, mole nixon over pale pink satin; Miss Houghton, pale blue nixon over satin of the same shade; Miss Lennox, orange charnouse veiled in leaf-green nixon; Miss Nixon, pale blue satin with a tunic of black net; Miss Christie, ivory satin and gold fringe; Miss Moore, pale blue satin.

There was no lack of entertainment, as besides the pictures there was a programme of music, songs by Mrs Fisher and Mrs Hadfield giving a great deal of pleasure. Miss Gow played the accompaniments deftly, and also a couple of delightful solos, while recitations by Mrs Ross and Miss Handing-Matthy were very much enjoyed. The hostess, who received with Dr. Newman, wore a graceful gown of mole chiffon velours, made en tunique, with a guimpe and sleeves of helix Irish lace; an effective note was supplied by a tiny fold of geranium souple satin, which also was introduced into her hat, which was massed with violets. Mrs Menzies wore black crepe de chine, and a toque with violets; Mrs Fitzgerald, a dark blue tailor-made, with a blouse of nixon and net, black togal hat with plumes; Miss Fitzgerald, white shantung, leghorn hat, with foliage and shaded berries; Mrs Grace had a long seal coat over her black charnouse dress, and her black and white toque had up-standing tips; Mrs Elgar, black velours, en tailleur, with black military braid, and a black stretched satin hat with black plumes; Mrs. Herdman, dark blue souple cloth, braided in black; champagne togal hat with folds of velvet; Mrs. Nosworthy, mole velvet tailor-made, green toque with iridescent embroidery and wings; Mrs. Ian Duncan, navy serge, strapped, and piped with emerald green satin, black hat with Lancer plumes; Mrs. Hadfield, cream shantung with touches of black, black satin hat; Mrs. Brandon, grey tailor-made, lace jabot, and black hat with white pleureuse plumes; Mrs. Von Haast, brown bengaline coat and skirt and brown hat; Mrs. Duncan, black nixon de soie, souple cloth, black toque; Miss Duncan, champagne Princess dress with a guimpe of lace; Mrs. Pearce, dark blue tailor-made, and black hat with aluminium and steel cabochons and black feathers; Mrs. D. R. Menzies, black tailor-made, and black hat; Miss Wardell, dark blue cloth and black plumed hat; Mrs. Tweed, blue cachemire de soie with soutache and a black picture hat; Miss Tweed, champagne cloth tailor-made and togal hat with flowers; Mrs. Peat black coat and skirt and black toque; Miss Peat cream cloth tailor-made with braided revers; black picture hat; Mrs. E. Newman (Marton), dark petunia tailor-made, braided in black, black hat with feathers; Miss Newman, ivory cloth en tailleur, and black picture hat; Mrs. Keane, cedar brown cloth, tailor-made, biscuit-coloured hat with blue velvet flowers; Mrs. Hine, black and white tailor-made, and black tailor-made, braided in grey hat; Mrs. F. M. B. Fisher, oyster grey, black satin revers, Coronation blue hat with black plumes; Mrs. Gow, black braided tailor-made, and black hat; Miss Gow, pale blue shantung, white hat with black feathers; Mrs. Wright, burnt-red tailor-made, black picture hat; Mrs. Earle, violet costume and blue velvet hat; Miss Beatrice Day, black velvet en tailleur, and a touch of erie in her white togal hat; Miss Pollen, cream cloth braided Princess dress, cream hat with wings; Miss Handing-Matthy, violet souple cloth, guimpe of Irish lace, and black picture hat; Miss Nathan, marine blue cloth, with black braid, and a black hat; Miss Brandon, doll amythast shantung, hat of the same shade; Miss Keldell, black colienne, long fur coat, black hat with roses; Miss Miles, mole charnouse coat and skirt, and mole satin hat; Miss W. Miles, gunmetal cloth, braided in the same shade.

There was a very cheery dance at St. Peter's Hall on Saturday, given by the Old Girls' Hockey Club attached to Wellington College. The electric were shaded in yellow to match the decorations of daffodils, wattle, and in front of the stage was a trellis work of lycopodium and yellow flowers. Black and gold were

the collage colours, and knots of black ribbon among the daffodils on the supper table carried out the scheme. Mrs Charlesworth wore black satin, with entre-deux of lace over white silk; Miss Charlesworth, pale pink nixon and charnouse, with pearl passementerie; Mrs. Evans, black brocade; Miss Evans, black velvet, with a tucker of lace; Mrs. Johnston, black crepe de chine; Mrs. Worboys, mole satin, with a tunic of beaded net; Miss Worboys, pale blue crepe de chine; Miss Roskrug, black chiffon velours; Miss Jacobsen, pale blue nixon over blue charnouse; Miss Jensen, coronation blue satin, with a tunic of black jetted net; Miss Cunningham, cream charnouse, with silver passementerie; Miss Moyes, emerald green crepe de chine; Miss Hill, white tuncu net over white satin; Miss Bentley, white satin, with silver embroideries; Miss Warren, ivory charnouse; Miss McKenay, black velvet and honiton lace; Miss Rouse, ivory colienne and lace; Miss Barry, mole nixon over pale pink satin; Miss Houghton, pale blue nixon over satin of the same shade; Miss Lennox, orange charnouse veiled in leaf-green nixon; Miss Nixon, pale blue satin with a tunic of black net; Miss Christie, ivory satin and gold fringe; Miss Moore, pale blue satin.

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An Address of Loyalty.

It will be remembered that a few weeks before the Coronation an address of loyalty from the women of New Zealand was suddenly thought of, Mrs. Dyer being one of the leaders of the movement. Time was short, but the idea caught on well, and signatures from most of the leading women of New Zealand were readily obtained, the address being sent off just in time for presentation before the Coronation day. His Excellency the Governor has written to Mrs. Roderick McKenzie, conveying Their Majesties' thanks for the loyal message, and asking that the other signatories may be informed.

Bridge Afternoon.

Mrs. Pike's delightful new house at Horelaunga was the scene of a bridge afternoon lately. Violets and daffodils decorated the rooms, which are artistic in their design and furniture, and the same colour scheme was seen on the tea tables. Silver vases of daffodils were set among pale violet tulle, with posies of fragrant violets. The hostess wore black crepe de chine with a nixon tunic, and a guimpe of rennaissance lace. A silver and velvet jewel case rewarded the first prize winner, Miss Cameron, and a charming violet leather marker fell to Mrs. Watkins, who was runner-up. Mrs. Bateson received the consolation prize.

A Round of Festivities.

Miss Beatrice Day, who has been spending a holiday visit here where she has so many friends, left for Sydney by Friday's steamer. During her stay she was responsible for a good deal of festivity one way and another, and every day there was something going on. She was hostess at a very jolly theatre party last week, and one morning lately she gave a very pleasant little tea at Kirkcaldie's. On Thursday Miss Day was the guest of honour at a morning tea given by Mrs. MacEwan, who was wearing navy cloth and a beaver hat; Miss Day was in grey, and a white hat with erie bows. The long table was decorated with yellow narcissi in crystal vases.

Some of the guests met again in the afternoon at a bridge party given for Miss Beatrice Day by Mrs. Wylie. The pretty house was fragrant with spring flowers, and the prizes were delightful. Miss Day appropriately securing the most important. Other winners were Mrs. Covendale, whose violet suede bag was much coveted, and Mrs. Hals, who received a quaint little bell. The hostess wore a smart gown of Paisley foud and with djibbah sleeves and a veiling of blue nixon; Miss Wylie's white crepe de chine gown was delicately embroidered in white and was finished with a high black colletiere. Miss Day had on a black velvet dress, and a becoming hat with wings.

Hockey Tournament.

The Girls' Championship Hockey Tournament begins on Saturday. Over 200 players are taking part, and at the hockey dance when play is over, Her Excellency, Lady Islington, will present the trophies.

At Home.

On Monday afternoon Mrs Godley was again "At Home." She was assisted in entertaining by the General, and some of his staff. It is a long and steep climb

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has been almost universally accepted as the Best Corset construction for well-developed women. Without injury to the wearer, it subdues the hips and abdomen, gracefully proportions the outlines, encourages erect poise and regal bearing.

Well Bored!

Wear Best!

to the cypress on the hillside above Oriental Bay where General and Mrs Godley live when they are not travelling about the Dominion, but once arrived fatigue is forgotten in the wonderful view over the water to the city opposite. Mrs Godley's pretty rooms were cool and inviting, and the verandah was a delightful spot. Wonderful ensembles of all shades of purple, crimson, and pink decorated the drawing-room, and through the folding doors one could see the same flowers arranged on the tea tables in the dining-room. The hostess wore a princess' dress of black velvet with a guimpe of Irish lace. Some of the guests who included a good many military people went on to Mrs Newman's "At Home."

Golf.

Golf is gaining in interest as the time draws near for the championship tournament next month. After the conclusion of the tournament on the Heretaunga links, a number of the best players have been travelling about playing at various centres for the local championships. Miss Agnes Pearce's career is being watched with admiration and some of the best critics here consider she shows good promise of the New Zealand championship. At present this honour is held by her cousin, Miss Vida Collins, whose sensational win last year at Christchurch is well remembered. Miss Collins is on her way out from England, but travelling by America she will have little chance of playing en route, and she only arrives in Wellington a week or so before the meeting begins.

A Successful Dance.

A very successful little dance was given on Thursday by Mrs Arthur Warburton. The hall was decorated with ferns and greenery, and in the supper room there was a profusion of wattle, daffodils, and narcissi. For those who did not care to dance, there were bridge tables in a cosy situation, and a gramophone was kept going all the evening. The hostess wore ivory satin, delicately embroidered in pastel shades and silver. Her sister-in-law, Miss Violet Warburton, wore golden brown chiffon velours, with a deep tucker of gold embroidered net; Miss Rathbone, ivory satin, veiled in embroidered nylon; Miss G. Rathbone, pink and white charmesuse and nylon; Miss D. Rathbone, pale blue satin, the nylon tunic bordered with crystal embroideries; Mrs Parker, ivory satin with lace and crystal embroideries; Miss Hoggard, black satin and Spanish lace; Mrs G. Wright, black chiffon velours, with a deep collar of lace; Mrs Buckenidge, white messaline, with lace sleeves, and a lace tucker; Mrs Dixon, vivid pink charmesuse, draped with lace; Miss Moyes, pale blue chiffon satin; Miss E. West, emerald charmesuse with gold galon veiled in mousseline de soie; Miss Wright, pale blue nylon over satin of the same hue; Miss Barraud, primrose nylon and satin, with embroideries in the palest shades of blue; Miss Zohrab, black chiffon velvet, with silver and crystal embroideries.

The Arts Club.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the Arts' Club on Friday. The entertainers were the members of the Shakespeare Club. There was a large attendance. The president, Mr. Hayward, presided, and welcomed the visiting club. The programme was then proceeded with, the first item being the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" on the gramophone. Miss Harding Malby and Mr. Bach read the wailing scene from "Richard the Third," the former also being associated with Mr. Gorham in a scene from "Beatrice and Benedick." Various musical items brought the programme to a close, after which supper was handed round. A suggestion from Mr. Hayward that the three clubs—Arts, French, and Shakespeare—be amalgamated, was the subject of some discussion, and is to be considered in due course.

College Old Girls' Association.

The College Old Girls' Association gave a capital dance on Wednesday night. The columns of the college are black and yellow, and at this time of the year they are easily carried out, thanks to the spring flowers. Trails of Lupulinum adorned the walls, interspersed with yellow flowers, and strings of dancing gait the hall a very festive appearance, one corner being cordily furnished for the clappers. Miss McLean was in black, jetted, not over white satin; Mrs. Eadesfeld, black figured crepe de chine and lace; Miss Holm (who is the Lactin hon. secretary) was in black velvet relieved with lace; Mrs. Bradley wore blue nylon, with lace

entre deux over blue satin; Miss Flux, was in black velvet; Miss O. Smith, smoke grey nylon, relieved with vivid cerise; Miss Hastings, pink charmesuse, with silver and crystal embroideries; Miss Hardwick (a debutante), a charming frock of white Liberty satin, with nylon and crystal embroidery; Miss Mele Alpine, white satin, the nylon tunic bordered with fur; Miss Winter, pale blue figured nylon over pale blue satin; Miss Fleming, floral nylon over ivory satin; Miss Dora Meek, ivory satin and nylon with a posy of scarlet roses; Miss Webb, cream satin, the tunic edged with crystal fringe; Miss E. Meek, black velvet en Princesse; Miss Sheridan, a tambour lace tunic over ivory satin, with touches of black; Miss Jacobsen, pale blue satin with an overdress of blue and silver net.

OPHELIA.

HAMILTON.

September 1.

Amateur Theatricals.

On Tuesday evening last the Hamilton amateurs gave an entertainment in aid of the Polo Club. They were assisted by the Hamilton Orchestral Society—Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Towsey (Miss Mary Cooper), who sang several solos beautifully, and Mr. Allen McElwain (of Auckland), whose comical recitations were greatly appreciated. The first piece staged was "My Lady Help," the characters being Lady Eva Desborough (Miss Gillespie), Jack Desborough (Mr. F. Swarbrick), Benjamin Pennygrass (Mr. J. Luxford), all three of whom acted their parts extremely well. The second play was "A Highland Legacy," the chief parts in which were taken by Miss Ida Pickering, as "Clara," and Mr. W. Ranstead as "Gordon Macdonald." The former acting with a good deal of girlish charm, while Mr. Willie McNeil was exceptionally good as the Highland servant, who eventually turned out to be the Scottish Laird in disguise. The rest of the cast, Mr. F. Swarbrick, Mr. Gaze, Mr. Salmon, and Mrs. Harry Valder, all acquitted themselves well and during the evening several bouquets were handed over the footlights. Amongst those present were—Mrs. Towsey, in pale blue satin, with cream net overdress; Mrs. Going, pale blue velvet; Mrs. McLeod, brown silk; Miss O'Neill, pale blue satin, pretty cloak, with chiffon; Miss Katie Chitty, grey cloak with black; Miss Mariel Chitty, pretty pale blue dress and cloak; Mrs. Upton, Mrs. Paillaret, Mrs. Insell, Miss Insell, Mrs. Yule, Mrs. Tompkins, Mrs. Pickering, Misses Pickering, Mrs. Jackson, Miss Primrose, Mrs. Graham, Miss Graham, Mrs. Hume.

Personal.

The parishioners of Frankton Anglican Church presented Miss Quich with a handsome travelling bag on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Lutman, as a slight token of their appreciation of her services as organist. Her Sunday school class sent a beautiful crest as a token of remembrance from them.

Mr. McNichol and family are leaving Hakamaui, having disposed of their property.

ZILLAH.

CAMBRIDGE.

September 2.

Bridge Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Middleton entertained a large number of friends on Thursday evening at their residence, Hamilton-road, at a most successful bridge party. There were eight tables, and the rooms were gay with spring flowers. Mrs. Hammond was the winner of the first prize and Mrs. Caldwell of the second. Mr. Hindmarsh took the men's second prize and Mr. McBride the first. A dainty supper was served at the close of the bridge. Mrs. Middleton received her guests in a smart black lace blouse, made over white silk and trimmed with black velvet, and black silk skirt; Miss Middleton, black silk gown, bodice trimmed with lace; Miss M. Middleton was much admired in white crepe de chine frock trimmed with silk insertion, creme scarf, and bandeau of cerise ribbon in her hair; Mrs. E. E. Roberts, a lovely gown of heliotrope paillette silk, bodice trimmed with white chiffon embroidered with white bugles, black and silver, and a bunch of violets on the bodice and the same flowers in her hair; Mrs. Caldwell, a handsome gown of aeroplane blue silk,

with Parisienne lace coat of the same shades, and creme lace guimpe and under-sleeves worked in gold; Mrs. Russell (Waihi), white silk, with tunic of white nylon; Mrs. Hammond, black silk gown; Mrs. C. W. McBride was much admired in white satin with tunic of white nylon, bodice richly trimmed with fine white lace and white satin cording; Mrs. Gibbons, black satin with overdress of black spangled net; Mrs. Bunyard, white satin with tunic of crepe de chine; Miss Willis, pale green chiffon tulle gown with tunic of white nylon trimmed with deep white silk fringe, violets on corsage and black velvet bandeau in her hair; Miss Atfield, a dainty white satin gown trimmed with silk embroidered insertion and violets on her bodice and in her hair; Miss Wells, white crepe de chine frock, creme lace scarf, and bandeau of pearls in her coiffure; Miss Vida Caldwell, a becoming frock of black velvet, with yoke and sleeves of fine Swiss embroidery, and coral ornaments; Miss Brooks, white silk frock, bodice trimmed with silver; Miss Gwynneth, grey silk gown trimmed with black and silver; Miss J. Brooks, white silk, trimmed with white lace; Miss Hally, vieux rose silk with overdress of vieux rose spangled net; Miss Hill, a becoming gown of palest pink silk, with a touch of ruby velvet. Amongst the men present were: Messrs. Middleton (2), Willis (2), Hindmarsh, McCormack (Auckland), Russell, Shaw, Hammond, Ranvard, Palmer, Lea, Caddie, Bown, K. Caldwell, and Dr. Roberts.

A Dance.

A most successful young people's dance was given in the Town Hall on Friday evening for the girls and boys home for their holidays. Mrs. C. Hunter was the prime mover in it, with a large committee of mothers to assist. There must have been fully 200 present. The music provided by Miss McFarlane was excellent, and extras were played by Mrs. Chitty, Mr. G. Warren, and others. A lovely supper was provided, and the table decorations were artistically arranged by Mrs. Wallace Hunter. Amongst those present were Mrs. C. Hunter, in black satin, trimmed with silk applique, and black lace scarf; Mrs. Lunlon, black paillette silk, with creme lace yoke; Mrs. McCullagh, black silk, with tunic of black nylon, yoke and sleeves of black tosea net, and large Oriental butterfly finishing the front of corsage; Mrs. Middleton, wue-thyst silk, trimmed with silk applique and white net yoke, pretty grey cloak; Mrs. Caldwell, black and white nylon gown; Mrs. R. J. Roberts, black voile and lace; Mrs. Chitty, black satin and jet; Mrs. M. Butler, black silk; Mrs. McDermott, black silk, and gold lace on bodice; Mrs. Hally, black silk, reseda green silk coat, beaten silver and white scarf; Mrs. Gibbons, black satin, with overdress of spangled net; Mrs. Foster, white satin, with overdress of pink nylon, bordered with floral silk; Mrs. Vosper, black silk, grey coat; Mrs. Hammond, black silk, crimson cloak; Mrs. Naim, black silk and lace; Miss B. Taylor, white satin, with pointed tunic of white nylon, laced with silver; Miss Myra Taylor, white muslin, with white lace tunic, and tangerine belt; Miss H. Taylor, white muslin, pink sash and hair ribbon; Miss M. Hunter, white muslin; Miss V. Caldwell, white muslin; Miss Lunlon, white silk, with overdress of white nylon, pink rose on corsage; Miss M. Hay (Auckland), shell pink satin, with tunic of nylon, bodice trimmed with bugle and silver trimming; Miss G. Roberts, white satin, with overdress of white crepe de chine, and pearl trimming; Miss M. Roberts, white muslin and blue ribbons; Miss D. Mackay (Devonport), white crepe de chine over silk; Miss Bollard, pale blue satin; Miss Whight, white satin, and wreath of small red roses; Miss N. Pickering, pale blue satin; Miss I. Pickering, cream crepe de chine, with silver lacings; Miss M. Pickering, white muslin; Miss C. Cox, white silk, with a touch

of black; Miss D. Ackin, white crepe de chine; Miss A. Lunlon, pale green crystalline silk; Miss Vosper, white satin; Miss — Vosper, pink voile; Miss J. Sutherland, white muslin; Miss Clark, rose pink muslin; Miss Onyona, white silk; Miss — Onyona, pink voile and satin; Miss Hally, vieux rose silk, with overdress of spangled net; Miss K. Hally, white muslin; Miss Hill, white silk; Miss C. Hill, white silk; Miss Kyre, pale blue silk; Miss J. Barnard (Auckland), white satin and nylon overdress, and pale Wedgwood blue ribbon in her hair; Miss Cox, black satin and net gown; Miss Floesie Cox, white muslin; Miss Butler, white muslin; Miss — Butler, pale blue muslin; Miss E. Souter, pink muslin; Miss J. McCullagh, white muslin; Miss Lewis, white satin and pale pink coat; Mrs. Cameron, white net blouse, black silk skirt; Miss J. Cameron, white muslin, and blue ribbons; Miss Isabel Lunlon, white muslin; Miss M. Cox, white muslin; pink sash; Miss C. Cooper, white muslin, mauve sash; Miss Allwill, white silk; Miss Swayne, white cloth, braided; Miss Bertleson, creme silk; Miss — Middleton, white muslin; Miss Allan, white silk; Miss A. Boyce, white silk; Miss L. Boyce, white silk; Miss L. Saunders, white silk; Miss McVeagh, blue voile; Miss J. Sutherland, white muslin.

Personal.

Mrs Willis leaves on Monday for Auckland to stay with her daughter, Mrs. J. B. Lusk.

Mr. N. Maddison has been paying a flying visit to Cambridge, after an absence of five years, during which time he has been home to England.

Mr and Mrs D. McCormack, of Auckland, have been spending a week in Cambridge enjoying golf. The former left for Wanganui last night and Mrs McCormack returned to Auckland.

Miss Mitchell, of Auckland, is staying with Miss Hally, of "Valmai."

Miss Keyes, of Cambridge, is spending her vacation with friends in Gisborne.

Mr and Mrs A. H. Nicoll have gone to Wanganui for the Golf Championship Meeting.

Miss H. Wells and Mr M. Wells have gone to Wanganui for the Golf Championship Meeting. The former will stay on for some time longer. ELSIE.

ROTORUA.

September 1.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Audrey Christchurch, Miss Hark of N.S.W., Mrs. Meddle of Christchurch, Mr. Andrews of Christchurch, Mr. and Miss Holland of Auckland, Mr. Rutherford and son of Otaki, Mr. H. Mahon of Auckland, are staying at Grand Vue.

Mr. Hesser of Masterton, Mr. and Mrs. Stringfellow of Canterbury, Mr. Anderson of Ashburton, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews of Gisborne, Miss Davidson of Victoria, Miss Graham of Auckland, Mrs. and Master Mills of Auckland, Mr. Stringfellow of Tauranga, Mr. and Mrs. Kellow from Foxton, are staying at Bathgate House.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook, St. Leonards, Mr. and Mrs. Dulls, visitors from England, Mr. Godfrey of Sydney, are staying at the Geyser Hotel.

Mrs. Cutten, from England, Mrs. Buchanan and her two sons, Mrs. Duddle of Auckland, are staying at Waitera House.

Mr. Barlow, from South Africa, Mr. Walker from Liverpool, Mr. Jackson from New York, Mr. and Mrs. Terhise of Auckland, Mr. Phelan of Wellington, Messrs. Solomon and Grant of Melbourne, are staying at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Barker, of Timaru, Mrs. Walker and her son, from Auckland, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod of Avondale, are staying at the Bungalow.

Judge Brown has gone to Opatiki to open a Native Land sitting.

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is indispensable. It enables him to prepare, without labour, a delicious, stimulating cup of coffee. Symington's is most economical, and absolutely free from adulteration.

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TE KUITI.

September 1.

Competition Afternoon.

Mrs. Alex. McCordle had a very pleasant little gathering this afternoon (Friday) at her house, when a competition, "What I most dislike," was the chief amusement, and caused great fun. Many and varied were the dislikes, but the one which received the greatest number of votes was "scandal," and was won by Miss Irons (Wellington). Amongst the ladies present were: Mrs. Julian, navy tulle-made costume, Coronation blue velvet toque; Mrs. R. C. Jordan, black; Mrs. Wolfe, black; Mrs. Stevens, navy costume, black hat; Mrs. Verece, navy costume, violet velvet toque; Mrs. Graham, brown costume, blue hat; Mrs. Cory Matthew, fawn costume; Mrs. Byrt Jordan, brown costume; Mrs. Spencer, navy costume, pink toque; Mrs. Dransfield, grey costume; Mrs. Darrow, wedgwood blue velvet; Mrs. Pine, grey costume, red and black hat; Mrs. Hine, black; Mrs. Gladby, brown costume; Miss Irons (Wellington), cream costume.

Bachelors' Ball.

This much talked of ball is to eventuate next Friday night, and by all accounts is going to eclipse everything yet attempted in the King Country. Visitors from all parts of the Dominion have accepted invitations, so that a big crowd is sure to crown the strenuous efforts of the bachelors, who are working so hard to make the ball a success.

Personal.

Miss Irons (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. W. Gadsby.
Mrs. Hunt (Thames) is spending a short holiday with her mother, Mrs. Jas. Boddie.
Miss Hall (Christchurch) is the guest of Mrs. Alfred Julian.

RITA.

GISBORNE.

August 29.

A Dance.

The last of the winter dances, held on Friday night, was proclaimed by all to be the best of all the dances held this winter. There was a great number present. I shall only attempt a few of the many pretty gowns worn; Mrs. Mann, black net over white satin, emerald green on corsage; Mrs. Palmer, mauve satin, beautiful lace trimming; Mrs. Anderson, black crepe de chine; Mrs. Rowley Murphy, pale pink satin; Mrs. J. Murphy, orange ninon over satin same shade; Mrs. Henderson, pale pink satin, pearl trimming; Mrs. O. Sainsbury, black crepe de chine; Mrs. O. Sainsbury, grey net over satin same shade; Mrs. R. E. Barton, black ninon over satin, vieux rose on corsage; Mrs. Ruby, black silk, and lace fichu; Mrs. Adair, white satin, pearl embroideries; Mrs. Gover, white satin, and net overdress; Mrs. H. E. Dodd, white crepe de chine, real roses; Mrs. Hine, black velvet; Mrs. Murray, Saxe blue velvet, tunic of black lace; Mrs. A. Rees, black satin; Mrs. R. Sherratt, pearl and embroidered net over vieux rose; Mrs. T. Sherratt, white crepe de

chine; Mrs. Pattullo, green crepe de chine, Oriental trimmings; Mrs. H. Williams, black net over satin; Mrs. Jeffreys, black silk; Mrs. Foster, pale pink ninon over silk; Mrs. Branson, iridescent net over white satin; Mrs. Jex-Blake, blue ninon tunic over pale pink satin; Mrs. Burns-Graham, pretty pale pink satin, looped with gold tissue; Mrs. W. G. Sherratt, pale pink ninon over grey; Mrs. R. U. Burke, black net, silver trimming; Mrs. Rex Willock, pale pink crepe de chine; Mrs. R. Black, white net, edged with pale pink; Mrs. H. de Lattour, black net over satin; Mrs. Blair, black lace over pink satin; Mrs. Chrisp, black satin; Miss Rogers, white lace over silk, Oriental trimming; Miss Bradley, white satin, with pale blue touches; Miss Williamson, vieux rose ninon; Miss M. Williamson, pale blue satin, silver trimmings; Miss M. Williams, white ninon over orange satin; Miss E. Macfarlane (Hawke's Bay), magenta ninon over grey crepe de chine, a very striking costume; Miss Bennett, peacock blue ninon over emerald green; Miss Black, white lace over satin; Miss B. Black, green crepe de chine, pearl embroidery; Miss Nolan, maize-coloured net over satin; Miss Sherratt, white net over satin; Miss Evans, gold net over vieux rose; Miss Ogle (Christchurch), black crepe de chine, trimmed with lattice of blue; Miss Wells (Christchurch), silver tunic over pale pink; Miss Ensor, grey ninon over apricot; Miss Chrisp, white ninon and pearls; Miss S. Chrisp, white satin and pale blue; Miss V. Davies, lace overdress, pearl embroidery over satin; Miss Murray, black velvet and lace; Miss Bull, white ninon; Miss Preece, white crepe de chine; Miss V. Williams, pale green net over satin; Miss Busby, white ninon; Miss E. Busby, pale blue silk and silver; Miss M. Rees, pale pink and Oriental satin; Miss Smith, white satin; Miss Hine, white satin, red roses; Miss Minnitt, white lace over satin; Miss Scott, pale pink and silver; Miss Bright, sky blue ninon over satin same shade; Miss Lewis, pale blue ninon over satin; Messrs. MacLennan, Bright, Brabant, Curtis, Jeffreys, Fulton, Williams, Sainsbury, Palmer, Burns-Graham, Nolan, Evans, Murray, Barton, Murphy, Black, White, Coop, Symes, Mann, Anderson, Dymock, Sherratt, Milne, Bull, Smith, Dorrner, Branson, Foster, Rees, Johnston, Busby, Burke.

Personal.

Miss Ogle and Miss D. Wells (Christchurch) are at present guests of Mrs. E. V. Palmer, Whataututu.
Misses E. and T. Busby (Tokomaru) were in town for a few weeks, returning home last Wednesday.
Mr and Mrs F. B. Barker returned from Christchurch on Wednesday last.
Miss Macfarlane (Hastings) is at present the guest of Miss Bennett, Childers-road.
Mrs Stephenson returned on Saturday from Timaru.
Messrs C. N. Kettle and L. T. Symes were passengers by the s.s. Monowai for the South on Sunday last.
Messrs T. H. W. Traill and G. M. Dodgshun leave Gisborne on Wednesday to take part in the golf tournament in the South, and the New Zealand Championship Meeting held in Wanganui.

ELSA.

NAPIER.

September 1.

Competitions.

Everything has been given up to competitions of one kind or another this week. The Napier ladies' golf tournament has attracted a number of visiting golfers, and not withstanding the fact that the wind has been uncompassionately high some very good scores have been made, especially yesterday, when Miss Pearce of Wellington put up a ladies' record for the links, her round being 88.
The musical and elocutionary competitions closed on Wednesday evening with a grand prize-winners' concert. The house was packed in every part, and long before the concert commenced large placards announced "stage room only."

Personal.

Mr and Mrs J. F. Myles, who have been staying at the Masonic Hotel, returned by motor car to Marton this week.
Mrs Gifford Moore and Misses Moore (2), Palmerston North, are visiting Napier.
Miss Paisley has returned from Wairon.
Mrs J. Hall, Palmerston, is on a visit to Napier, and is staying at the Masonic Hotel.
Miss Hamlin is visiting Auckland.
Mr and Mrs J. B. Adean, Takapanu, are spending a few days in Napier.
Mrs Montague (Wellington), the official accompanist at the musical competitions, was presented by the competitors with a silver card case.
Mr and Miss Graham are staying with Lady Whitmore.
Mrs and the Misses Dalziel are visiting Napier.
Mrs Waterhouse and Miss Nella Waterhouse are spending a few days at the Masonic Hotel.
Miss Cave, Wanganui, is in Napier for the golf tournament.
Mr and Mrs Gray and the Misses Gray (Gisborne) have been in Napier for Mr Camplin Gray's wedding to Miss Hay.
Miss Williams (Dunedin) is visiting Napier.
Mrs Guy Williams (Masterton) and Miss Campbell (Christchurch) are amongst the visitors here for the golf tournament.
Miss Kennedy has returned from Gisborne.
Mrs Scott and Miss Baldwin leave next week for Sydney, en route for England.

MARJORIE.

DANNEVIRKE.

September 1.

A Ball.

On Thursday, August 24th, the Tennis, Croquet and Golf Clubs combined in giving a ball in the Drill Hall. The committee consisted of the following members from each club: Mesdames Macallan, Soundy, Dawson, McDowell, Sinnamon, Mackay, Mair, Hartgill, Rathbone, Baddeley, Lawford, Misses Ryan, Young, Pettit and B. Robertson, Miss Baker acting as secretary. All arrangements were perfect for the pleasure of their guests,

and the committee must have worked merrily in their efforts to make the ball a success. A most sumptuous supper was provided, the tables and room being beautifully decorated with lovely jonquils, daffodils, wattle and violets, forming colours of the clubs—green and white for the Tennis and Croquet, and blue and gold for the Golf Club. The main hall was most artistically draped in pink, white and red hunting, with huge bunches of hibiscus arranged around the walls, while the stage was comfortably furnished as a drawing room, and cosy corners were discovered at the lower end of the hall. Delightful music was supplied by Hanley's Band from Palmerston North. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Soundy, black velvet; Mrs. Hartgill, oyster grey charmuse, handsomely trimmed; Mrs. D. Williams (Te Aute), black gown; Mrs. Milne (Umuraro), soft pink satin charmuse; Mrs. Lawford, black chiffon taffeta, gold sequin net tunic; Mrs. Webber, black gown; Mrs. Wright, black chiffon taffeta, ninon tunic; Mrs. Fitzherbert, white silk; Mrs. Baddeley, white satin charmuse, ninon tunic, edged with pearl embroidery; Mrs. Tunsey (Woodville), black gown; Mrs. Veitch (Norsewood), white silk, net tunic; Mrs. Macellan, black chiffon taffeta; Mrs. Pickering (Thames), white satin gown; Mrs. Hindmarsh, handsome black silk; Mrs. Tunsey (Matamau), white glace; Mrs. Baker, white satin charmuse; Mrs. Knight, black silk gown; Mrs. McLennan, black gown; Miss Hartgill, pale green satin charmuse, Oriental trimming; Miss Barker, dove grey ninon over silk; Miss Currie, pale blue satin charmuse; Miss Russell, blue silk veiled net; Miss Knight, white silk frock; Miss Young, handsome black chiffon velvet; Miss Soundy, blue silk veiled in net; Miss Keeling, white satin charmuse; Miss Brown, vieux rose silk; Miss Baker, blue chiffon taffeta; Miss Hindmarsh, soft pink silk frock; Miss N. Hindmarsh, white silk, pearl trimming; Miss Riddell, green satin charmuse, black ninon tunic; Miss Edkins, pink silk; Miss Todd, blue charmuse, handsomely trimmed; Miss Freeman, pink silk; Miss Wiltshire, blue chiffon taffeta; Miss Michell, pale blue satin charmuse; Miss Tansley, white silk, veiled dew-drop net; Miss M. Tansley, white silk, tunic edged with gold; Miss Robertson, black velvet; Miss Ryan, lavender ninon over silk.

Enchre Party.

Mrs. G. W. Wright gave a delightful enchre party on Tuesday evening. Quite a number of the guests were college boys and girls home for their holidays, and, with a big sprinkling of "grown-ups," it was indeed a merry party. The prizes were won by Miss Myra Tansley and Mr. Clarke, Miss Edkins and Mr. Natuseh appropriating the "boozy." A few of those playing were: Misses Ryan, Tansley (2), Hindmarsh (2), Maude (Napier), Fookes (New Plymouth), Keeling, Irvine (2), Cowper (2), Riddell, Hartgill, Knight, Baker, Soundy (2), Edkins, Jenson, Phillips, Robertson, Young, Hall (2), N. Keeling (Palmerston North), Russell, Michell, Brown (2), Messrs. Rowe, Clark, Soundy, Natuseh, Lloyd, Morgan, Simpson, Reardon, Wellwood, Wells, Pettit, Ryan, Irvine, Robertshaw, Macdonald, Russell, Kerr.

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Personal.

Miss Fookes (New Plymouth) is on a visit to her sister (Mrs. P. B. Fitzherbert).
 Miss M. Wishaw is spending a short holiday in Dannevirke.
 Mrs. Witchell (Foxton) is staying with Miss Gaulton.
 Miss Maude (Napier) is the guest of Mrs. Gordon Lloyd.
 Miss Robertshaw has returned from a long visit to Melbourne.

SARA.

HASTINGS.

September 1.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Williams have returned from Christchurch.
 Mr. and Mrs. Ormond have returned from Christchurch.
 Mrs. and Miss Luckie have gone to Wellington for a short holiday.
 Miss Elsie Newbigen has returned from Wellington.
 Mr. and Mrs. G. Pharaazan have returned from Christchurch.
 Mr. and Mrs. A. Rainbow are staying at Rotomua.
 Mrs. Fairclough (Dunedin) is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) McKilbin.
 Mr. G. P. Evans has gone to reside in Palmerston North.

Mrs. and Miss Russell have returned from Christchurch.
 Miss Lowry (Havelock North) has been staying with her aunt, Mrs. Geamish, "Stoneycroft."
 The friends of Miss Austin (Australia), who was visiting her aunt, Mrs. Mackerey, last year, will be pleased to hear of her marriage to Mr. Walter Mason, son of Mrs. Maurice Mason, of Hastings.
 News has been received of the death of Sir Harry Goring, of Tamworth, England. Sir Harry Goring, who is a brother of Colonel Goring, "Twincham," Hastings, was a resident of New Zealand when quite a young man.
 Mr. and Mrs. Beamish, "Stoneycroft," are staying in town with their daughter Mrs. (Dr.) Barcroft. Mrs. Beamish is much improved in health.

SHEILA.

FEILDING.

September 1.

A Dance.

A very enjoyable little dance was given in the Parish Hall by a committee of ladies on Thursday last, August 21. A few of those present were: Mrs. Long, black silk; Mrs. Walker, black frock, white lace on bodice; Mrs. Hare, black velvet, handsome trimming on bodice; Mrs. Hault, black silk with touches of blue; Mrs. Montgomery, dove grey silk; Miss Shannon, pale green satin tunic, blue nylon edging of blue bands; Miss Pance, pretty pink frock with silver trimming; Miss Cook, pale blue, overdress dew-drop chiffon; Miss Foote, yellow satin, yellow roses in hair; Miss Barrall, soft white satin, white in hair; Miss Hill, white lace frock; Miss Jackson, red velvet; Miss Hare (debutante), pretty white silk silver vest, white bow in hair; Miss Haybittle, blue silk, blue satin bands, blue in hair; Miss Ballinger, Coronation blue nylon, blue in hair; Miss Sandilands, white satin overdress spotted net, gold band in hair; Miss Wyatt, soft white satin trimmed with lace; Miss Johnson, white spotted net, gold trimming; Miss Florence, pale pink silk bands of pink satin, touches of black, wreath tiny pink roses in hair; Miss Dewes, blue velvet frock, overdress of jewelled nylon; Messrs. Goodheller, Davie, Foote, Spain, Mills, Knyvel, Hault, Barton, Cellers, Barrall, Bruce, Seymour, Long, Karkeet.

TUI.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

September 1.

A Dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey gave a very jolly little dance in the Brougham-street Hall last Friday. The music, which was excellent, was rendered by Miss K. Bennett, while the supper table looked charming with its specimen vases of violets and spring bulbs. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Dempsey, black silk; Miss Dempsey, dark green silk, relieved with gold embroidered guimpe; Miss N. Dempsey, pale blue tulle, decolletage finished with cream lace; Mrs. Fookes, black silk; Miss Wade, white embroidered muslin; Miss C. Bayly, white nylon over white satin charmeuse;

Miss D. Simpson, pale blue crystalline; Miss G. Fookes, very pretty pale blue satin tunic edged with silver; Miss Mathews, pale pink crystalline; Miss Wheatley, cream satin veiled in sequined net; Miss Stott, white silk; Miss Grant, peltumia coloured cream, berthe of cream lace; Miss Sturtivant, heliotrope silk, trimmed with a darker shade of velvet; Miss D. Roy, pale blue crystalline; Miss S. Thomson, cream satin; Miss Webster, pale blue silk, veiled in black net; Miss W. Webster, cream crepe inset with lace; Miss Bradbury, white silk; Miss Brewster, cream embroidered net, relieved with pale blue; Miss D. Bedford, pale pink nylon over flame coloured satin; Miss Blundell, cream lace robe, caught up on one side with large pearl buckle; Miss R. Clarke, pale blue silk, veiled in net; Miss Kyngdon, rose pink tulle; Miss L. Fitzherbert, vieux rose nylon veiling pink satin charmeuse tunic, lightly touched with silver; Miss K. Mills, white satin, relieved with tiny pink roses on decolletage; Miss Kirkby, white silk veiled in embroidered net; Miss Colson, white chiffon tulle; Miss O. Kirkby, pale pink satin; Miss Bewley, pale blue silk, trimmed with silver; Miss Glasgow, rose pink tulle, with tunic of pale heliotrope nylon; Miss MacDiarmid, pale pink silk; Miss A. Crawford, white silk.

High School Dance.

The members of the Napier and Palmerston North High School football teams were entertained by the old boys and old girls of the local High School at a most enjoyable dance held in the Theatre Royal last Monday evening. The hall was prettily decorated with flags and evergreens, while the front of the stage was cosily arranged as a drawing room. The supper table was beautifully decorated with pale pink and red camellias intermingled with bowls of violets. Mrs. Pridham was much admired in dove grey charmeuse, veiled in black net; Miss Pridham, white silk; Miss Grant, black lace over satin, black sequined sari; Mrs. MacDiarmid, brown chiffon tulle, relieved with cream lace; Mrs. Ward, white silk, veiled in black embroidered net; Mrs. Wills looked charming in a rich cream chiffon tulle, with panel and drapings of oxidised silver embroidery; Mrs. B. Griffiths, pale blue silk, berthe of cream lace; Miss Bewley, pale blue silk, veiled in embroidered net; Miss Standish, hydrangea blue headed net over pale blue satin; Mrs. R. George, rich embroidered net, lightened with pale pink roses; Miss C. Bayly, cream satin charmeuse, banded with rich lace insertion, with a tunic of cream nylon; Miss Kyngdon, rose pink tulle; Miss V. Kirkby, pale blue silk; Mrs. Penn, rose pink satin relieved with gold guimpe; Miss Penn, pale blue satin; Miss K. Penn, pale blue crystalline; Miss D. Bedford, tomato coloured satin, with tunic of shell pink nylon; Miss S. Thomson was much admired in a pretty reseda green silk, with chemise and sleeves of old gold and green embroidered net; Miss Saxton, pale blue silk, veiled in silver embroidered net; Miss Blundell, pale blue crystalline; Miss Glasgow, rose pink tulle, veiled in heliotrope nylon; Miss Dempsey, pale blue chiffon tulle, corsage finished with cream lace insertion; Miss Colson, cid blue silk, finished with grey and pink embroidered; Miss N. Dempsey, heliotrope satin; Miss R. Clarke, lemon coloured silk; Miss L. Fitzherbert, vieux rose nylon tunic draped in silver, over a foundation of pink satin charmeuse; Miss S. Fitzherbert, rose pink tulle, veiled in eau de nil nylon; Mrs. Alice MacDiarmid, pale blue broadcled silk, corsage softly finished with cream lace; Miss MacDiarmid, blue silk; Miss Percy-Smith, black satin; Mrs. Percy Webster, heliotrope crepe; Miss D. Roy, pale blue crepe; Miss G. Fookes, periwinkle blue satin, braided with silver; Miss Pridham, vieux rose crepe; Mrs. H. Stocker, pale pink silk; Miss Kirkby, cream lace robe; Mrs. Palmer, black silk; Miss O. Ambury, looked charming in pale pink silk; Mrs. T. Cartnow, grey silk; Mrs. Hutchen, black satin, cream lace berthe; Miss Doyle, white silk; Miss Wade, violet floral chiffon over white silk; Miss Laing, pale green charmeuse veiled in sequined net; Mrs. S. Cotter, goblin blue silk; Miss Avery, black chiffon tulle, cream lace berthe, with touches of pale blue; Miss Hanna, pale pink, with folds of a darker shade; Miss Snowball, rose pink silk, finished with silver headed fringe; Miss Hurle, pretty lavender silk; Miss Blyth, cream silk; Mrs. Duckell, black silk; Miss G. Foote, rose pink silk veiled in net; Mrs. Rollo, black

chiffon tulle; Miss H. Rollo, white muslin; Miss J. Hempton, pale blue silk; Mrs. Clem. Webster, black silk; Miss Greatbatch, white silk, pale blue centre; Mrs. Bacon, black silk tulle, real lace berthe; Mrs. S. Toed, white satin; Miss O. Baker, pale blue crystalline; Miss — Howell, rose pink silk; Miss Pope, white silk, corsage softly finished with lace; Miss Livingston, white muslin; Mrs. Walter Bayly, black net, veiling white silk; Miss Brown (Inglewood), pale blue silk; Miss McKellar, black and white silk; Miss Wilson, black lace robe; Miss Stoddart (debutante) looked charming in white satin, with nylon tunic, trimmed with silver; Miss Cooke, black silk.

Hunt Club Races.

On account of the absence of book-maker and totalisator, there was not a large crowd at the Hunt Club Races last Thursday, but those who did attend thoroughly enjoyed themselves, as they saw horse-racing simply as a sport. Amongst those present were: Mrs. J. Smith, navy blue coat and skirt, cream silk vest, hat finished with ribbon and roses; Miss McGrath, navy costume, blue and black hat, black furs; Mrs. Paget (Stratford), green costume, black feathered hat; Miss V. Kirkby, navy coat and skirt, black hat lined with pale blue; Miss Colson, dark green striped costume, black hat, trimmed with lace wings; Miss Turnbull, navy coat and skirt, black feathered hat, white furs; Mrs. F. Cartnow, cream costume, black feathered hat; Mrs. Fitzherbert, grey striped coat and skirt, black feathered hat; Miss L. Fitzherbert, navy costume, black hat with erise roses; Miss Salway, navy costume, black hat, relieved with pale blue; Mrs. Hooper, rich black velvet robe, toque to correspond, handsome fox furs; Mrs. F. Orbell, Coronation blue costume, braided with black, pretty coloured hat; Mrs. Walter Bayly, tawed costume, blue hat; Mrs. Johns, navy costume, moss green hat; Miss A. Roberts, navy blue coat and skirt, dove grey hat, relieved with pink wings; Miss N. Bennett, grey tweed costume, black hat; Mrs. C. Mathews, navy coat and skirt, saxe blue hat; Miss Snowball, grey tweed Norfolk coat and skirt, black hat, lightened with pale blue; Mrs. Foreman, green tweed costume, black hat; Miss Culgher, saxe blue costume, hat en suite; Mrs. T. Cartnow, cinnamon brown tulle, finished with cream lace, brown hat with pink roses; Miss C. Bayly, wine-coloured costume, black velvet toque; Miss Bishop, cream costume, braided with black, black hat to correspond; Mrs. Wheatley, black coat and skirt, hat en suite; Miss Atkinson, grey costume, pretty Coronation blue hat with black wings; Mrs. P. Lawson, cream costume, saxe blue hat lined with brown; Mrs. P. Mitchell (Auckland), grey coat and skirt, black feathered hat; Mrs. G. Kelbell, cream costume, pretty saxe blue and black hat; Mrs. Birding (Waitara), mole-coloured costume, black hat with feathers; Mrs. K. Webster, green coat and skirt, black hat with erise roses; Mrs. Little, cream costume, Coronation blue hat, trimmed with fur, black furs; Miss Wheatley, navy costume, pretty purple hat.

Progressive Party.

A most enjoyable evening was given by Mrs. Home last Thursday evening, which took the form of progressive games. The prizes were awarded to Messrs. A. Bewley and C. Webster, and Mrs. F. Wilson and Miss Armstrong. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Home, lettuce green nylon over moss green velvet, and corsage finished with folds of same; Miss Wade, violet floral chiffon over white tulle; Miss L. Webster, pale heliotrope tulle, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade; Miss Saxton, hydrangea blue striped veil; Mrs. F. Wilson, rose pink silk, cream lace berthe; Mrs. Armstrong, cream silk; Mrs. Remand, black silk; Mrs. Bewley, black velvet; Miss Bewley, white muslin; Miss A. Wilson, black lace robe; Miss Glasgow, cream cashmere de soie, finished with silk lace insertion; Miss Whitton, cream silk; Miss G. Fookes, black silk, sequined berthe; Miss Mathews, cream silk; Miss D. Thomson, moss green silk, relieved with gold embroidered guimpe; Miss Anderson, cream silk; Miss McKellar, black and white silk; Miss Percy Smith, rose pink silk; Miss Dempsey, bottle green silk, trimmed with gold embroidery; Miss Douglas, pale pink veil; Miss C. Bayly, pink flowered tulle.

Personal.

Mrs. Paul has returned to New Plymouth after her pleasant trip to Blenheim and Wellington.
 Mrs. M. Fraser, who has been on a

visit to Auckland, has returned to New Plymouth.

Mr. C. H. Burgess has been on a short visit to Wellington, but has now returned.

Miss Anderson (Wanganui) has been the guest of Mrs. Whitton (New Plymouth), but has now returned.

Miss Cunningham has returned after her most enjoyable trip to Christchurch and Wellington.

Mrs. Horrocks, who has been the guest of Mrs. Quilliam (New Plymouth), has returned.

Miss Bewley left last week to attend the Golf Tournament in Wanganui, then on to Wellington and Palmerston.

NANCY LEE.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

HAWERA, September 1.

Farewell Tea.

Mrs. Welsh gave a delightful farewell tea for her sister, Mrs. Buckley, last Friday afternoon. Fortunately the day was fine, and the guests were enabled to wander round the beautiful garden. Mrs. Welsh received her guests in a brown Shantung silk frock, and a pretty hat to match; Mrs. Buckley, pretty blue green frock, black hat, black fox furs; Mrs. Parrington, navy blue costume, hat to match; Mrs. Nicholas, black coat and skirt, braided, black and white bounet; Mrs. Barton, violet costume, black velvet toque; Mrs. H. Lyssight, grey coat and skirt, black hat with wreath of white flowers; Mrs. Moore, grey coat and skirt, grey hat; Mrs. Nalder, navy costume, black hat lined and trimmed with pale blue; Mrs. Foyster, grey frock, grey hat trimmed with shaded pink roses; Mrs. Gillies, black skirt, sealskin coat, black hat; Mrs. Page, navy costume, mole coloured hat trimmed with black wings; Mrs. Nolan, navy blue costume, braided in black, toque to match; Mrs. C. Goudson, violet coloured crepe, violet hat; Mrs. Bell, brown costume, brown hat; Mrs. Harrison (Ehuta), saxe blue coat and skirt, trimmed with wide black braid, black velvet hat with wreath of blue roses; Mrs. Paget (Stratford), peacock blue frock, braided, large black plumed hat; Mrs. Webster, stone grey

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cloth, black hat; Mrs Parkinson, grey coat and skirt, blue hat; Mrs O. Hawken, black and white check costume, violet hat; Mrs Tonks, black velvet, seal-skin jacket, violet coloured hat; Mrs R. McLean, black velvet, black hat with feathers; Miss McLean, green frock, braided, black hat; Miss Koch, blue striped costume, navy blue toque; Miss Glenn, blue tweed costume, black hat; Miss G. Glenn, brown serge frock, hat to match; Miss Nolan, green tweed costume, black hat; Miss E. Moore, green tweed costume, cream toque; Miss Tonks, navy blue coat and skirt, violet hat.

Bridge.

On Wednesday evening, Dr. and Mrs McDiarmid entertained some friends at a bridge party, which was most enjoyable. Mrs McDiarmid wore a dainty pale blue frock, veiled in net and finished with fringe. Some of those present were: Mr and Mrs G. McLean, Mr and Mrs R. McLean, Mr and Mrs Raine, Mr and Mrs Webster, and Miss Koch, Mr and Mrs Naidler, Dr. and Mrs Campbell, Dr. and Mrs Thomson, Mr and Mrs Hawken, Mr and Mrs Bell, and Miss Hill (Auckland), Mr and Mrs Foyster, Mr and Mrs Barton, Mrs Nicholas, Mr and Mrs Page, Mrs F. Parkinson, Mrs Gibson, Mrs Harris, Miss Littlejohn, Mr Parkinson, Mr Wilkie.

A Concert.

Mr Frank Hutchens, the young musician who has lately returned from England gave his first public recital on Thursday evening to a large and appreciative audience. He was ably assisted by his brother, Mr Will Hutchens, and Miss C. Reilly.

Personal.

Miss Lysaght has returned from her trip to the South Island. Mrs Buckley and her small son left here on Thursday morning for their home in India. Mrs Farrington accompanied them to Wellington. Miss Hogan (Auckland) is staying with her sister, Mrs Holder. Mr and Mrs Gillies have gone to Palmerston North, the former to take part in the Manawatu Golf Championship. JOAN.

STRATFORD.

September 1.

Rinking.

Rinking to the accompaniment of music has a great fascination, judging by the number of members who patronised the rink on Saturday evening. An excellent supper was provided by a committee of ladies comprising Mesdames Paget, Remell, Johnstone, and Chindan.

Bridge.

Miss Glasgow entertained a few friends on Friday evening, when the ever popular game of bridge was played and enjoyed. The hostess was wearing a pretty gown of blue silk, trimmed with hand-ome gold embroidery and net; Mrs Carey wore black silk, relieved with cream lace; Mrs Rennell, eau de nil silk and tisher net; Mrs Cardale, cream embroidered net; Mrs Stubbs, black silk; Mrs Richards, white charmeuse; Mrs Hogg (Wellington), handsome black satin, trimmed Oriental insertion; Mrs Grant, brown voile and cream lace; Mrs Budge, black velvet.

Personal.

Mr and Mrs Norton Thompson are the guests of Mr and Mrs Budd, Miraudastreet. Mrs Hugh Good returned from New Plymouth on Saturday. The many friends of Miss Butler (The Vineage) are pleased to see her about again after her long and serious illness. Mrs Richards has returned after spending some days in New Plymouth. Mrs Budd was a passenger by the mail train on Monday for Christchurch. DENISE.

WANGANUI.

Sept. 1.

At the Races.

The Eglmont-Wanganui Hunt Club held their annual race meeting on the race-course last Thursday. It was a beautiful day and a very successful meeting. It seemed quite strange to have neither the totalisator nor bookies. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. Fred Moore, Miss Baneth (Amsterdam), Mrs. (Gonville) Saunders, Miss Wilford, Mrs. Oscar Symes, Mr. and Mrs. W. Taylor (Waver-

ley). Mr. and Mrs. H. Hole, Mr. and Mrs. McLennan (Palmerston North), Mrs. A. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn-Potts, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Cutfield, Miss Cutfield, Mr. Nolan (Hawera), Mrs. Clay, Mr. and Mrs. Gill-Carey, Miss P. Jones, Miss Sowerby, Miss I. Jones, Miss Todd, Miss P. Nixon, Miss R. Jones and others.

Morning Tea.

The Old Girls of the Wanganui Girls' College gave a very enjoyable dance in the Assembly Hall at the Girls' College on Friday evening. The floor was good and the music excellent. The supper table was very artistically arranged with masses of violets, yellow bulbs and heliotropes, and trails of ribbon in two tones of heliotrope. The committee and secretaries wore powder and patches and it was most becoming. Amongst such a large number it was difficult to distinguish people, but among others I noticed: Mrs. Wall in a becoming pale blue crepe de chine robe made quite short and draped skirt, the corsage had silver embroidery, in her hair she wore a white osprey with diamond ornaments, powder and patches; Mrs. Strouts, beautiful gown of cream charmeuse made with pointed tunic, lovely lace on her corsage, powder and patches; Miss D. Christie wore a becoming frock of black crepe de chine over black charmeuse, the tunic skirt was short, and from the waist was a black silk girdle, powder and patches, with black velvet ribbon in her coiffure, finished with a diamond buckle; Mrs. A. Wilson wore a cream charmeuse with tunic skirt of cream nylon, and lace on her decollete; Miss Meta Leithbridge, cream charmeuse frock with pearls, embroidery on her corsage, and a spray of crimson poppies; Miss W. Brettagh wore a white silk frock with chiffon and a spray of shaded roses on her decollete; Miss G. Duigan, very pretty rose pink silk with tunic overskirt of soft blue chiffon, tiny pink roses edging the corsage; Miss Paul, silvery pink chiffon velvet with tunic of nylon in the same tone, edged with lovely Oriental embroidery; Miss Moore wore a maize surah silk, with chiffon the same tone; Miss Todd, white charmeuse robe with tunic skirt of chiffon and a band of emerald green satin in her coiffure; Miss Bates wore an emerald green silk richly embroidered with flowers in same tones made in Princess robe; Miss Kerr, white silk frock with chiffon and touch of silver on her corsage; Miss Asheroft, black silk frock with touch of pale blue on it, powder and patches; Miss Pansy Nixon short frock of pale blue charmeuse, black nylon tunic with chiffon on her decollete, pale blue satin shoes and stockings to match; Miss Parsons, cream charmeuse robe with lace on her corsage and gold rose and foliage; Miss Brewer, pale grey crepe de chine gown, with silk embroidery in tones of grey on her decollete; Mrs. Allison wore a pretty pale pink charmeuse robe, with black chiffon tunic; Mrs. Jacob, pink silk gown with overskirt of pink nylon and folded on corsage; Mrs. Craig wore a becoming cream satin frock; Miss Lambert pale blue nylon gown with chiffon and silver tissue on her decollete, and pale blue and silver in her coiffure; Miss Currie, electric blue nylon frock with draped skirt caught into a band of silver bead trimming, the silver bugle beads edging her decollete, in her belt she wore some soft pinkish blue roses; Miss Darley, pretty white charmeuse frock, with chiffon; Miss B. Cooper, pale pink silk gown, tunic of black chiffon, with the same in her decollete; Miss P. Jones wore a black silk gown with lace on her corsage; Miss I. Jones (Wellington), pretty white silk with chiffon; Miss Knapp, black silk gown; Miss W. Anderson, pink silk frock, with tunic of chiffon in the same tone, edged with silver, the same on her decollete, pink shoes and stockings; Mrs. Gibbons, cream charmeuse with trained skirt, panel of silver embroidery on it, and bordering the corsage, powder and patches; Miss R. Bignell, sky blue charmeuse robe, with chiffon and silver on her decollete.

Afternoon Tea.

Last week Mrs. Fred Jones gave a morning tea at Mrs. Blair's tea rooms for her daughter, Miss Ippie Jones, of Wellington, who is in Wanganui for a few weeks' holiday. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. D'Arcy, Miss Gould (Auckland), Mrs. John Stevenson, Mrs. A. Wilson, Mrs. Meldrum, Mrs. Strouts, Mrs. Hutton, Miss Watt, Miss D. Brettagh, Miss P. Jones, Mrs. P. Krull, Miss Hawken, Miss Kerr, Mrs. Pattle-Izett, Miss Anderson, Miss R. Jones.

Afternoon Tea.

On Wednesday afternoon tea at the Belmont golf links was provided by Mrs. A. F. Izard and Mrs. James Watt. Prizes presented by Miss Alexander were played for. In the seniors Miss Bates was the fortunate winner, and in the juniors Miss G. Christie. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. H. Sargeant, Mrs. Izard, Mrs. Brookfield, Miss Dymock, Miss Currie, Miss R. Nixon, Miss Wilford, Miss D. Christie, Miss Bates, Miss D. Brettagh, Miss Stevenson, Miss Harper, Mrs. James Watts, Miss Darley,

Miss Anderson, Miss Alexander, Mrs. Cooper, Miss G. Christie, and others.

Golf Championship.

The New Zealand golf championship is to be played this year in Wanganui on the Belmont links, starting on the 4th of September, and continuing for a week. There has been a very large number of entries, and already a great many visitors from different parts of the Dominion have arrived. On Friday evening a ball is to be held in the Denials' Hall, given by the Wanganui Golf Club for the visitors and the Ladies' Golf Club.



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Afternoon Tea-cloths, from 3/11 ea. Sideboard Cloths from 5/6 ea. Cushion Covers from 2/- ea. Bedspreads for double beds, from 21/- ea. Linen Robes, unmade, from 12/6 each.

Dress Linen.

White and all newest shades, 45 in. wide, 1/6/3 and 2/- per yard. Union Linen Poplin, in all new shades and white, 27 in. wide, 1/11 per yd.

Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 2/11 doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs, hemstitched and embroidered, from 6/11 doz. Gent's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 3/3 doz.

Underclothing & Laces.

Ladies' Nightdresses from 3/11 ea. Chemises trimmed embroidery, 2/4 ea. Combinations, 4/6 ea. Bridal Trouseaux from 15/9. 6d. Laces, 12/9. 6d. Irish Lace goods direct from our own workers at very moderate prices.

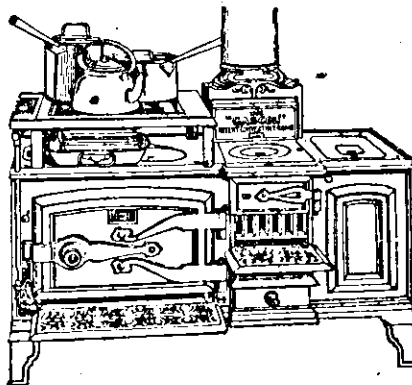
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PERSONAL

Mrs. E. Knight, of Dannevirke, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Christie, St. John's Hill, Wanganui. Mr. Gore, of Wellington, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Izard, in Wanganui. Mr. Selanders, of Masterton, is staying in Wanganui for the golf championships. Mr. Bidwell, of the Waitarapa, is in Wanganui, and taking part in the golf championship.

HUIA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

September 1.

Savage Club.

It was ladies' night at the Savage Club on last Saturday, when about 200 guests were present. Several savages from the Masterton Club arrived in the afternoon, who contributed enjoyable items to the concert part of the programme. Of the visitors, Savages Jago, Bianson, and Fenton gave vocal and instrumental items. Those present included Mr. and Mrs. M. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Armstrong, Miss Warburton, the Misses Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Gibbons, Miss Watson, Mrs. W. Keeling, Mrs. Shute, Mrs. and Miss O'Brien, Dr. and Mrs. Peach, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Bosworth, Mrs. Trask, Mr. and Mrs. Moodie, and others.

Personal.

Miss Sybil Abraham is in Napier competing in the golf tournament being held there. Miss Martha Coombes leaves next week on a long trip to Melbourne. Mrs. E. W. Hitchings, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Tripe, returned to Levin today. Mrs. Gifford Moore is away in Hawke's Bay. Mrs. J. Ballance stayed a day or two with her nephew, Mr. R. M. McKnight, on her return journey from Wellington to Wanganui. Mrs. Neald, Wellington, is the guest of Mrs. H. R. Waldegrave. Mrs. R. S. Abraham, Mrs. L. A. Abraham, and Mrs. H. R. Waldegrave have issued invitations for children's parties. I hear of several others that are coming off.

VIOLET.

BLenheim.

August 30.

The Troubadours.

The Scarlet Troubadours, who appeared in the Blenheim Town Hall on Monday and Tuesday evening received a hearty reception, the hall being packed on both occasions. Some of those among the audience were:—Mr. and Mrs. J. Tostemaker-Shute, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mount, Mrs. R. Bell, Dr. and Mrs. Bell, Dr. and Mrs. Meade, Dr. and Mrs. Adams, Dr. and Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. McKee (Auckland), Mrs. Satchell, Misses Neville (2), Mrs. Griffiths and Miss Griffiths, Mr. and Mrs. P. Dillon, Misses Mowat (2), Dr. and Mrs. Walker, Miss Grace, Mr. and Miss Barnett, Mr. O'Meara, Miss Vavasour, Miss Urquhart, Miss E. Macdonald, Dr. Churchward, Mr. and Mrs. Cory, Mrs. W. Clouston, and Misses Clouston (2), Mrs. Dolson.

Personal.

Mrs. Walker has returned from a short visit to Nelson. Miss Ross has gone to Wellington for a holiday. Miss Urquhart has returned from Wellington. Miss Drake (Christchurch) is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Maxwell-street. Mr. and Mrs. Conolly and Miss Gard have returned from a short visit to the Empire City. Mr. and Mrs. B. Steaps and family have gone to "The Sound" for a holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner and family (New Plymouth) have arrived in Blenheim. Misses Bennett (2), Nelson, are the guests of Mrs. S. Flower, Bouverie-st. Misses Rutherford (2), who have been staying with Mrs. H. Howard (Maxwell-street) left for Wellington on Tuesday. Mrs. Paul, who has been staying with Dr. and Mrs. Bennett, has returned to New Plymouth. Mrs. Mitchell, who has been with her sister, Mrs. D. Lambert, has returned to Nelson.

Mrs. Wicks is spending a week in Picton with her mother, Mrs. Macallister. Miss J. Horton is spending a short holiday with her parents. Mr. A. Morton (North Island) is the guest of Mrs. W. Bell, "Flexmere." Mrs. E. Rose has returned from Wellington.

JEAN.

NELSON.

August 31.

Visiting Golfers.

The ladies' team from the Miramar Golf Club, who are on a visit to Nelson, played a singles match with the Nelson ladies on the first day of their visit. They were taken out to the links in drags, and entertained at luncheon at the clubhouse. Eleven matches were played, the Nelson club winning nine to Miramar's two. The visiting ladies are: Mrs. Freeth, Mrs. Frith, Mrs. Watkins, Mrs. Holmes, Misses Doughty, Seed (2), Didsbury, Grey, Gavin, Marks.

Euchre Party.

A delightful euchre party was given by Miss Stevens at the Haerona! this week. There were forty players, and the successful players were Miss Selanders and Mrs. Burns, who won the first and second prizes respectively, and Messrs. Price and Houlker, who won the men's prizes. Miss Stevens wore a handsome gown of white satin with sequined net; Mrs. Horn also wore white satin; Mrs. Holmes (Wellington), black net over white glace; Mrs. Burnes, white crepe de chine; Mrs. Holy, pale blue rathum over blue satin; Miss Richmond, rich black velvet; Mrs. Watkins (Wellington), black chiffon and lace; Mrs. Price, white silk; Miss Gladys Adams, black crepon with Maltese lace; Miss Ethel Ledger, black lace frock; Miss G. Clark, sky blue ninon; Miss Didsbury (Wellington), pale pink ninon over silk; Miss Grey, black ninon over white satin; Miss Dodson, white embroidered chiffon over pale blue; Miss E. Gilkison, white taffeta; Miss Houlker, amethyst velvet frock; Miss D. Webb, black net over satin; Miss Gladys Harley, pale blue silk; Miss Hair, pale pink silk; Mrs. Booth, emerald charmeuse; Miss Wright, pale blue velvet; Miss Hunter Brown, green ninon over satin; Miss Selanders, pale blue net over satin; Miss Doughty (Wellington), white satin; Miss Gavin (Wellington), pale blue satin, with tunic of blue ninon; Miss Bell Marks (Wellington), mauve ninon over satin; Miss Seed (Wellington), shell pink taffeta; Miss Mary Seed, turquoise satin.

Personal.

Miss Tolmie, accompanied by her niece, Miss Haggitt, has arrived from Queensland. Mrs. Renwick has returned from a short visit to Wellington. Miss G. Heaps has returned from Wanganui. Miss Ethel Ledger has gone for a holiday visit to Auckland. Miss Vera Leggett has gone to Wellington, and her brother, Mr. Eric Leggett, is visiting friends in Napier. Mrs. H. Robinson has gone to Sydney. Miss S. Fell has arrived from a several months' visit to Wellington. Captain Pinwell, who has been staying in Nelson in connection with defence matters, has left for Wellington. Miss Kirton has gone to Christchurch.

DOLCE.

PICTON.

August 31.

Hockey.

The Kaikoura Ladies' Hockey Club played a match with Mauriti (Picton) last Saturday. The weather was exceptionally bad, but that could not damp the energy of the players nor the enthusiasm of the onlookers of whom there was a goodly crowd.

A Social.

A social was tendered to the visitors in the evening at Fay's Hall, when dancing was indulged in, and a few songs by Mrs. Nicol and Miss Craig made a pleasant interlude. Some prizes to the best players of the day, donated by the captain (Mrs. Petherick) and the referee (Mr. G. K. Stocker) were presented. The winners were Miss Dorothy Whitehouse and Miss Agnes Schroder (Kaikoura) and Miss Lily Craig and Miss Liza Jackson (Picton). The Kaikouras remained in Picton till Monday, and in the morning they were taken for an excursion down the sound in an oil launch, a trip they enjoyed thoroughly.

At Home.

Mrs. G. Morris gave her friends a happy time at her afternoon. Some of those present were: Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Nicol, Mrs. S. Fell, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Williams, Misses Dawkins, Williams, Arthur, Chambers, etc.

Euchre Party.

A euchre tournament was held in the Foresters' Hall last week in aid of the horticultural society's funds, and was as successful as others of the series. The prizes were won by Mrs. Burns and Mrs. A. Smith and Mr. Jackson and Mr. Fryer.

Rinking.

A skating carnival was held in Fay's Hall last week, which was much enjoyed by those taking part in it, as well as by the big crowd which filled the available space. The prizes for the best fancy dresses were won by Miss Watson (Picton Rowing Club) and Mr. Betchley (cook).

Personal.

Mrs. H. Robinson has gone to Wellington to visit her mother Mrs. Tregear. Mrs. Paterson, who has been visiting her daughter, Dr. Paterson, in Picton has returned home to Dunedin. Mr. T. Price, who has been staying for some weeks at Rotorua, has returned home much improved in health. Mrs. C. C. Robertson, Wellington, is visiting friends in Marlborough. Mrs. T. Cayte, Mahakipawa, has returned home from a visit to her sister, Mrs. H. Greenell, at Wharehunga, Queen Charlotte Sound. Mr. and Mrs. Foster are on a visit to Picton. Mr. Henderson is also a visitor to the town.

BELLE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

September 1.

Luncheon Party.

On Wednesday a small luncheon party was given by Mrs. Stephenson (Fendalton) in honour of Miss Symes, whose engagement was announced last week. The guests included Miss Symes, Misses Burns (2), Miss Merton, Miss Russell, Miss Nancarrow, and Miss Wood.

Dances.

Hostesses have devoted themselves this week to the entertainment of the various school football teams. A dance was given in Miss Cox's Assembly Rooms by the Boys' High School, and one was held in the Art Gallery by Christ's College Grammar School. A dance was given in Miss Cox's Assembly Rooms on Friday night by several girls who took part in the recent Swiss Fair, which was such a decided success. The hostesses were the Misses Robinson (2), Cargill, Murray, Spooner, Fairburn, Biss, Arrowsmith, Munro, Smythe, and Toswill (the Gipsy Revelers). They were wearing their Gipsy costumes. Amongst the guests were: Mrs. Wanklyn, gowned in white glace, veiled with black lace and net; Mrs. Norton, re-seda green silk, with overdress of black chiffon; Mrs. Hazelden, black velvet frock, with touches of white lace; Miss Murray, white silk; Miss Rose, black velvet, and emerald green; Miss M. Norton, white satin, with tunic of pale blue chiffon; Miss Williams, pale blue silk, with overdress of dark grey silk net; Miss Chrystall, black crepe de chine frock; Miss Pinwell, blue silk frock, with blue tunic; Miss A. Collins, red frock; Miss Martin, black velvet, with blue silk embroidery on the bodice; Miss Lucy Williams, pretty frock of pale pink, with overdress of pale blue chiffon, with kind of wide silver embroidery; Miss Turnbull, maize-coloured striped silk voile, touches of black; Mrs. Bruce, pink silk, with black lace, and wide band of black satin at the foot of the skirt; Miss Guthrie, blue poplin, and tunic of ninon to match; Miss Bean, pretty frock of pale blue silk; Miss Booth, blue silk frock, touches of pale pink; Miss Hamner, blue velvet, and berthe of white lace; Miss M. Hamner, black velvet; Miss Stratchley, black silk; Miss Cunningham (Raungora), pink silk, with tunic of silver sequins; Miss Bayley, white satin frock, with lace; Miss Bennett, frock of pale pink silk; Miss E. Thomas, grey silk, and lace insertions. Messrs. White, Murray, Robinson, Cargill, Webb, Thomas, Francis, Harris, Arrowsmith, Williams, Guthrie, Carroll, Ormond, Boyes, Benish, Grace, Prins, Smith, Hansard, Hobbs, Guyne, Haskins, Toswill, Sellar, Fryer.

The Amberley Races.

Amongst the Christchurch people who motored to the Amberley races last Thursday were:—Mrs. E. Turrell, Miss Gould, Mr. and Mrs. N. Acton-Adams, Mrs. G. O. Stead, Mrs. G. Burns, Mrs. Nancarrow, Mr. and Mrs. G. Stead, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. F. Courage, Miss Raine, Mrs. Wells, the Misses Wells.

At the Art Gallery.

Mr. Menzies-Gibb has to day (Friday) opened an exhibition of water-colour, which chiefly comprise works executed during his recent visit to Great Britain.

Personal.

Mrs. Boyle (Christchurch) is spending a short time in Wellington. The Misses Humphreys (Christchurch) and Miss Campbell, are visiting friends in Napier and competing in the Hawke's Bay open golf tournament. Mr. and Mrs. Derek Westera, who have been the guests of Mrs. Nicolle, "Mansfield Avenue," have returned to Dunsandel. Mrs. Studholme (Coldstream) has been staying with Mrs. Wigram (Park Terrace). Mrs. Percy Johnson (Mt. Torlesse) is spending a few days in Christchurch. Mrs. Maurice Harper (Woodbury) is staying at the deanery (Christchurch). Miss C. Gosset has returned to Christchurch from Wellington. Mrs. W. Montgomery (Little River) has been spending a few days in Christchurch. Mr. and Mrs. McBride (Christchurch) have been visiting Rotorua and Auckland. Mrs. Randall and Miss Cowlishaw have returned to Christchurch from Timara. Mrs. Henry Wood has returned to Christchurch from Sydney, where she has been staying for some months.

DOLLY VALE.

SEDDON.

September 1.

A Social.

The Awatere footballers held their annual social on Friday evening at the Town Hall. A special train conveyed a large number from Blenheim. Excellent music was rendered by the Andrews' orchestra from Flaxbourne, and the supper arrangements were carried out by the lady friends of the team.

Hockey.

A match was played between Kaikoura and Marlborough, which ended in a win for the latter by three goals to nil.

Personal.

Mr. T. Hall, "The Pines," Blenheim, is on a visit to friends in Seddon. Mr. Bursill has gone for a short visit to Wellington. Mr. H. D. Vavasour is visiting the Empire City. The Misses Rutherford (2) and Mr. Rutherford, "Kekerangu," are visiting friends in the North Island. Mr. and Mrs. Well, Flaxbourne, have gone to Wellington.

GENEVIEVE.

CARE OF THE SKIN.

There is a saying that a woman is as old as she looks. Which means that she is as old as her skin looks. Keep your skin young, and the years need have no terrors for you. It is all a matter of taking thought and a little trouble. But the trouble entailed by the Valaze treatment is so pleasant that it becomes a sort of new joy. Valaze Skin Food—the superb, the unique, the inimitable—has revolutionised beauty-culture, and put the treatment of the skin on a thoroughly sound basis. Valaze perfects the good skin, purifies the bad skin, and beautifies all skin. Valaze is a Skin Food and Beautifier par excellence. (4/ and 7/). Valaze Soap, perfect for toilet use, is a natural skin cleanser and stimulant. It is beyond comparison the finest skin soap on the market. In cakes 2/3. Novena Cerase, a perfect skin cleanser, soothes and preserves for a dry, sensitive skin. For skins too sensitive for soap and water, Novena Cerase forms an excellent treatment. 2/ and 3/6. "Beauty in the Making." Miss Rubenstein's book, will be sent post free with order. All Valaze preparations obtainable from leading chemists, or direct, post free, from Maison Valaze, Brandon Street, Wellington.

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

THE fichu has become a very important adjunct to the modern woman's dress. This fashion is revived from time to time, as the soft folds lend an air of old-time simplicity that is extremely becoming to both old and young. However, in the case of a stout figure keep the folds very flat or else the size will be accentuated.

To the majority of faces the plain lines of the collarless waist are rather trying, but the ever useful fichu covers a multitude of sins. A frock of last year's cut can be brought up-to-date with the addition of a short length of mill edged narrow Cluny or Valenciennes lace. Embroidered batiste is in excellent taste for the modern fichu, and those made of white marquisette, hand-embroidered, in a skilful combination of colours and edged with ball fringe, are particularly smart. Of course, all hand work is infinitely to be preferred to that done on the machine, but the deep fine flouncings that look almost like hand-embroidery, may be readily fashioned into the most charming deep collars that actually come under the head of the fichu. A drapery formed of fine mull, edged with a narrow ruffling of footing, might be used by an older woman, who wears mourning and would brighten up an otherwise sombre toilette. To a slender form the fichu waist and fastening in the back is particularly becoming and graceful.

A simple morning frock may be quickly transformed by the fichu to a really quite dressy costume.

Silk in Serges and Taffetas.

For tailored suits that will be used for a slightly dressy occasion nothing could be better than a silk serge. It is more difficult to handle in making up, but then the result is worth any extra trouble.

Striped and changeable effects also come in this line of goods.

Besides something new in serge, the new taffeta deserves mention. With the craze for soft, sweeping lines, taffeta proved too harsh a material. Now the chiffon taffeta has taken its place, possessing all the lustre of the old material without its brittleness, and allowing itself to be draped into soft folds like chiffon.

We have the opportunity now of being picturesque, as for example if we adopt the mediæval cap, after the fifteenth century headgear. Then the Eastern turban may be seen. They are formed of one long scarf wound tightly round the head, perfectly simple with no aigrette, nor flaring feather standing almost

Attention must be drawn to the vest of tuckled net, which in order to be thoroughly practical should be provided with strings to hold it in position. This model is quite unrivalled for girls (or wearing with their blue-serge and other frocks). The majority of school authorities commend this style, as they contend, and justly, that lace or net sleeves for children in the schoolroom are quite out of place, as after they have been worn a few hours they lose their first freshness. Another advantage of this vest is that it can easily be removed.

Fashions from London.

LONDON, July 14.

The English summer is, indeed, doing itself proud this year and the feminine world goes in light silks and linens and all the delightful trilles that sunshine permits.

Men London men, at least—seem to dislike making any radical change in their clothing, and the poor creatures go about in lumpy-looking tweeds not much lighter in appearance than when there is frost on the ground. Why they do not do as New Zealanders in summer, and clothe themselves rationally, it is hard to say. Probably because no one



A SMART SPRING COSTUME.

One very smart gown shown at this affair was of scarlet serge, trimmed with white band. With it were worn white stockings, scarlet satin shoes, and a delightful little scarf cap of white spotted scarlet silk. Another very smart French model on a pretty fair girl was of black silk stockette. Black silk stockings and black satin boots accompanied this gown.

THE SINGLE REVER.

is still in fashion, and gives a very effective note to a dress. This week, on a brilliantly sunshiny morning, one of the coolest looking women I met had on a coat and skirt of pale pink and white striped linen, faced with pink linen. The side of the coat had a rever of the plain material, and at one side of the skirt, proceeding from a band of pink, round the white hem, was an captured single pink rever, held with three pearl buttons to match those on the coat.

CHEAP SACHETS.

Does meadowsweet grow in New Zealand? I forget. If it does, here is a use for it that may not be generally known. The flower, it should be noted first, retains its odour when dried. The simplest way to make wardrobe sachets is to tie the flowers in bunches and hang them to dry, then to tie squares of mus-



A BECOMING TOQUE.

at right angles to the head, and those which a year or two ago would have been considered mad, are now worn as generally almost as a pair of earrings. Many leading dressmakers send home a hairband with most evening gowns. There is another pretty picturesque headgear borrowed from quite a different period in the form of soft lace falling towards the face, a wreath of roses for trimming surrounding a metal crown, and the lace may be gold or silver or other metal thread. One thing we may be very sure of, gold and silver lace will appear on our headgear as on our low bodies veiled on our skirts, and plays a scintillating part in the toilettes of to-day.

Fashionable Accessories.

Now that we are standing on the threshold of the summer season the minor details of dress including neckwear are of topical importance. Illustrated on this page are many fascinating ideas, which the woman who is clever with her needle can make for herself from those many oddments picked up at the sales.

The three phases of the Shelley collar are extremely attractive, two with and one without a jabot. Now that there are signs on the horizon that the carefully boned bodice with the material up to the throat will make its debut in the near future, it is safe to predict that these collars will be requisitioned to break the severity of line. The collar bands with turnover Puritan collars look extremely smart with corages of this persuasion, and are certainly more appropriate for those who have passed the summer of life.

is sturdy enough to brave public opinion, and wear what he'd like to.

One large dressmaking firm this week has had groups of mannequins, for women's eyes only, parading their showrooms (got up to represent the seashore) in bathing creations, and just how much would be left of these delectable dainties after an hour's battling with the waves I leave my readers to guess.



SPRING COAT.

of Ferns-mauve faced cloth, with deep revers of pansy-purple velvet and soutache.

Habitmaker and Ride-aside Costumes
Plain and Fancy Tailor Suits, Coats,
etc.
Unexcelled Fit. Perfect Workmanship

W. A. BUNKER

GENUINE
LADIES' TAILOR

THIRD FLOOR,
PREMIER BUILDINGS,
QUEEN AND DURHAM STREETS
PLEASE TAKE LIFT

On over the heads. These bunches will wait the linen cupboard until next summer's supply of window-sweet comes.

SUEDE AS TRIMMING.

It, of course, by no means a novel idea, but interesting as it is just now, to give the only touch of colour to a costume. It is, I think, new. One pretty coat and skirt shown last week was of black and white striped tweed, the edge of the coat revers, round the back only, having a strap of dull blue suede attached, and the cuffs edged with it also. Small tabs of suede were let into the bottom of the wide revers in front and the neat holiday hat, for wear with the dress, was of blue straw to match the suede.

HOBBLER IN AMERICA.

Whether American women are more terrifying and heartless in their passion for fashion than Englishwomen, who

mills in the State of Rhode Island have completely failed. So great is the power of fashion, and so thoughtless the women who pander to it!

CAMEO TRIMMING.

Cameos are now used as ornaments on some of the smartest hats, whilst other cameos are used to catch up the draperies of skirts or as the fastening ornaments for sashes.

BETTER THAN A BODKIN.

When running ribbons through lingerie insertions, it is a good plan to use a small safety pin, fastened in the end of the ribbon, instead of a bodkin. There is then no fear of the ribbon becoming unfastened, and the pin will not catch in the insertion.

THE NEWEST FABRIC.

on the dress market is soie-serge. In appearance this is a kind of bengaline

take off the flannel and dry the face with soft linen. The lines must never be rubbed, but only patted when drying or applying cream. Hot olive oil should now be patted thoroughly in, ten minutes being given to this treatment, then wipe off the oil, and pat in pure wool fat, patting on the lines, not along or across them. Allow the wool fat to remain on the face for an hour before removing the superfluous grease for the night.

This treatment must be persevered in for a fortnight, by which time the underlying tissues should be plumped and the forehead be smooth and white.

HAND EMBROIDERED VEILS

are among the latest presents made to friends in Paris.

CRUEL MILLINERY.

In the fashionable shopping streets of London this week the progress of a

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. 3s. 6d. Sold by Store Chemists, & A. Rowland & Sons, Hatton Garden, London.

Half the trouble with SUNLIGHT SOAP



Mrs. L. Whitney, Emmore, writes:—
"Washing isn't half the trouble it used to be now I use Sunlight Soap. I don't have to boil the clothes at all, yet they look whiter and newer than if I boiled them for hours with the old-fashioned kind of soap."
"And what is more, Sunlight Soap doesn't crinkle and chap my hands."

No. 57. GUARANTEED UNDER THE "PURE FOOD ACT, 1908."
BY LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, SYDNEY, N.S.W. No. 57.



FASHIONABLE ACCESSORIES.

often astound Colonials by their obstinacy to the capricious dame, I am not in a position to know, but the following notice concerning the hobble skirt is cut from a recent New York journal, and appears to tell a mournful tale:—

"Although the reign of the hideous hobble skirt is practically over, it leaves a record of misery in its trail which is unparalleled in the whole history of fashion. Through its disgraceful vogue 3000 mill girls are now without work, owing to the closing down of the mills. The demand for cloth has so decreased through the small quantities needed for the hobble skirts that nearly half the

or Ottoman silk; the colour is almost invariably black or navy blue, but the silk does not really belong to either of the varieties named, but much more resembles serge of a similarly fine weave, to which a silken surface has been given.

A TOILET HINT

for those worried by the fine creases appearing on their brows is the following:—

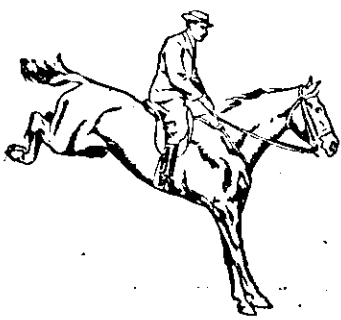
To a basin of hot water add a few drops of ammonia. Soak in this some strips of flannel, wring them out, and lay them on the lines, covering them with a warm towel. After a few minutes

troop of ten sandwich-men bearing posters illustrating the cruelty caused by the smart society woman who insists upon having her millinery trimmed with the delicate sprays of the egret caused much interest.

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds is responsible for the crusade.

SCARBOROUGH'S
BEST FOR SEASIDE-TOWN COUNTRY
SERGES
OF LEADING DRAPERS: Scarborough, Mepham & Co. Ltd.

RELIABLE!



In the hunting-field, next to the horse you must have reliable equipment.

"Wiseman's" stands strain. It lets you take your fences with confidence, and because all leather put in is absolutely first-class—it WEARS.

Do you hunt? Before the next run let us show you our line of hunting saddles, bridles, breast-plates, crops, spurs, stirrup leathers, etc., and place a trial order with us.

It's worth it.
"The Quality House,"
J. WISEMAN & SONS, LTD.,
175 Queen Street, AUCKLAND.



The Corset First The Gown Afterwards.

Almost from the time a French girl takes to studying dress she learns that the gown must be selected after the corset and lingerie are chosen.
When New Dresses are the uppermost thought will you do the same? Examine carefully

Royal **P.D.** RUSTPROOF CORSETS

And consider the new gown's requirements simultaneously.
Gowns made of supple fabrics, lovely colour, and long graceful lines are to be in demand. You should if you can wear something very low in the bust, do so, but you must have length below the waist to get the hipless look. Stiffness will ruin the Gown. P.D.'s full requirements are provided.
THE LEADING DRAPERS STOCK P.D. SELF REDUCING CORSETS.

Verse Old and New.

The Ambidextrous Grad.

I've read my Latin, coned my Greek,
Translated many a classic lay
The French and German tongues
I speak,
The calculi I've put away.
Psychology to me is play.
Philology I have not missed,
But proudest am I when I say
I have a punch in either fist.

Epics I love to seek
And other Grecian poets gray.
I love Iz Walton, gently meek,
And Froussart's stories of the fray.
I love to read of Gil Blas gay
And so on down the famous list,
But proudest am I when I say
I have a punch in either fist.

The wise owl whets his rending beak.
Beware of Pittheus brought to bay.
Minerva's vengeance rose to wreak
While Jupiter on Olympus lay.
His thunderbolts she hurled to slay
Her enemies till Mars they kissed;
Yea, proudest am I when I say
I have a punch in either fist.

L'ENVOI.

So Prince, beware, before your day
Is ploughed in murky, mournful mist,
For proudest am I when I say
I have a punch in either fist.



A Hopeful Case.

"I can't take your case," said the lawyer
"You are doubtless an innocent man;
But on evidence quite circumstantial,
If they try to convict you they can."
The prisoner replied, "You're mistaken;
I'm guilty as guilty can be."
And the lawyer grew suddenly hopeful.
"I think I can clear you," said he.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Boy's Whistle.

If I could whistle like I used when I was
just a boy,
And fill the echoes just plumb full of
that old-fashioned joy,
I guess I would be willin' then to turn
my back on things
An' say farewell to scenes down here
and try my angel wings;
O just once more to pucker up an' ripple
soft an' trill

Until the music seemed to fall against
the far-off hill
Like dew falls on a half-blown rose, till
it gets full an' slips
Like jewels twinklin', tinklin' down from
pink, bewitchin' lips.

Oh, yes, if I could whistle now like I
could whistle then!
Just pucker up these grim old lips an'
turn things loose again!
I'd like to sit upon the knoll where trees
was all around,
Just sit there punchin' my bare toes into
the smelly ground
An' trillin' just the same old tune I
used to trill of yore,
With all the verve and ecstasy that
won't come back no more,
Until I'd seen old brown-throat thrush
come stradin' from his bush
An' look around, like he would say, say
to the whole world: "Hush!"

If I could whistle now I'd like to go
along the road
Awakin' with my whistle all the scenes
that once I knowed:
Just sendin' rippin' music through the
famaracks an' pines
An' stirrin' all the blossoms on the morn-
in' glory vines;
Just go sendin' all about me, all behind
me an' before,
First loud an' shrill as anything an' then
a-gittin' lower,
The same old whistle that was mine, the
same old carol shrill

That used to bid the day good-night an'
mock the whippoorwill.
I saw a boy go past just now—his
cheeks was like balloons—
An' oh, the air was rendered sweet by
old remembered tunes!
An' oh, the world sat lightly on that
childish, happy imp!
His trousers was all patched behind, his
hat was torn an' limp,
While one big toe that had been stubbed
was twisted in a rag;
But oh, that imp-stepped high an' proud,
with shoulders full of brag,
An' whistled in the same old way that
I was wont to do,
Till my old heart was in the tunes the
little rascal blew.

If I could whistle like he did but now
there's something gone!
The trill is gone, the skill is gone! Some-
times when I'm alone
I pucker an' purse up my lips an' try,
an' try, an' try,
An' then the noise of my old lips makes
ain't nothing but a sigh,
It ain't no thing of leavin', it can't be
contrived by art,
A boy must be behind it, an' a great,
big, boyish heart;
A boy just out of heaven must go whist-
lin' of the song;
No use in tryin' when we're old, we've
been away too long!
—Judd Mortimer Lewis.



Another Species.

"Your brow is like a lily, dear!"
"Ah, no," she said, "You're silly!
Imagine, now, a maiden's brow
As perfect as a lily!"
But still I swore that it was true;
And still the girl protested,
And shook her fair head sagely, where
Upon my arm it rested.
A trilling thing for pigment,
And yet, Oe alteration,
Furnished us two the evening through
A theme for conversation.
"Ye—ye!" And that you are wrong," said
she;
And when I had departed,

Her wares moved right. That very
night
Poor I was broken-hearted!
For, were her brow had rested on
My shoulder for an hour,
Brings proof in sight that "lily's"
Another kind of flour!
Milwaukee News

The Sliprails and the Spur.

The colours of the setting sun—
Without across the western land—
He raised the sliprails, one by one,
And shot them home with trembling
hand;
Her brown hands clung her face grew
pale—
And quivering chin and eyes that
bein'—
One quick, fierce kiss across the rail,
And, "Good-bye, Mary!" "Good-bye,
Jim!"

Oh! he rides hard to raze the pain
Who rides from love, who rides from
home!
But he rides slowly home again,
Whose heart has learnt to love and
ream.
A hand upon the horse's mane,
And one foot in the stirrup set,
And, stooping back to kiss again,
With "Good-bye, Mary! don't you fret!
When I come back" he laughed for
her—

"We do not know how soon I will be;
I'll whistle as round the spur—
You let the sliprails down for me."
She gasped for sudden loss of hope,
As with a backward wave to her
He centered down the grassy slope
And swiftly rounded the darkening spur,
Black penciled panels standing high,
And darkness fading into stars,
And blurring fast against the sky,
A faint white form beside the bars.
And often at the set of sun,
In winter bleak and summer brown,
She'd steal across the little rim,
And shyly let the sliprails down,
And listen there when darkness shut
The nearer spur in silence deep;
And when they called her from the hut
Steal home and cry herself to sleep.
Henry Lawson.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

Her Turn.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, the popu-
lar novelist, was talking to a re-
porter about the artistic tem-
perament.
"I have little patience with the ar-
tistic temperament," Mr. Chambers said.
"Its synonym is selfishness. Mrs. Words-
worth was right.
Mr. Chambers smiled.
"The poet Wordsworth," he resumed,
"used to compose in bed at night. Nudg-
ing his wife in the small hours, he would
say:
"Maria, get up. I've thought of a
good word."
"Mr. Mrs. Wordsworth would rise
sleepily, light a candle, and write at her
husband's dictation for ten or fifteen
minutes.
"A couple of hours later Wordsworth
would wake her again.
"Get up, Maria. I've got a good
word," he would repeat.
"That one night Mrs. Wordsworth put
a stop forever to this nocturnal dicta-
tion. Her husband, awakening her with
the usual "Get up—I've thought of a
good word," was startled to hear her re-
ply:
"Oh, get up yourself! I've thought
of a bad word."



The Porter First.

The lone bandit was about to enter
the sleeping-car.
"Stand back," cried the furious porter,
confronting him with a magazine-gun in
each hand. "I haven't gone through
these passengers myself yet!"
With a yell of impotent rage the
buffed villain threw himself from the
train.

Up Against It.

"In the days of the ancient drama,"
said the pedantic person, "performances
were given in the open air."
"What a discouragement that must
have been," replied Miss Cayenne, "to
the man who insists on going out of the
theatre to get a breath of fresh air!"



The Politician and the Cot-bed.

A Western politician tells the follow-
ing story as illustrating the inconven-
iences attached to campaigning in cer-
tain sections of the country.
Upon his arrival at one of the small
towns in South Dakota, where he was
to make a speech the following day, he
found that the so-called hotel was
crowded to the doors. Not having tele-
graphed for accommodation, the politi-
cian discovered that he would have to
make shift as best he could. Accord-
ingly, he was obliged for that night to
sleep on a wire cot which had only some
blankets and a sheet on it. As the politi-
cian is an extremely fat man, he found
his improvised bed anything but comfort-
able.
"How did you sleep?" asked a friend
in the morning.
"Fairly well," answered the fat man,
"but I looked like a wattle when I got
up."

Precocious Baby.

A professor of the University of Penn-
sylvania, who has greatly endeared him-
self to the students on account of his
kind-heartedness, has one particular
failing—that of absent-mindedness.
He visited his married nephew a few
days ago and had listened to the young
wife's praises of her first-born.
The gentleman felt that he must say
something to give the impression that
he was interested.
"Can the dear little fellow walk?" he
inquired quietly.
"Walk?" shouted the mother. "Why he
has been walking for five months!"
"Dear me!" exclaimed the professor,
lipping again into abstraction. "What a
long way he must have got!"



Her Little Knowledge.

The lady was reading a nautical novel.
She struggled along bravely for a few
minutes, but finally had to appeal to her
husband.
"Gerald," she said, "the author says
that the boat was sailing wing and
wing." "What does that mean? I've
been on a yacht, but I never heard that
before."
"That means," answered Gerald, re-
joicing in the fact that he, too, had
spent several hours on a sailing vessel,
"that means that the schooner had her
masts' out to port and her fores'l out to
starboard—or vice versa."
"O, I see!" cried the lady. "It's just
like a chicken—a wing on each side.
And now I understand why they call
those little sails in the middle 'jibs.'
It's short for 'jiblets' of course. Isn't
sailing interesting?"

Try This.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Smith told us, "my
husband is an enthusiastic archaeologist.
And I never knew it till yesterday. I
found in his desk some queer-looking
fickets with the inscription "Mudhorse,
8 to 1." And when I asked him what
they were, he explained to me that they
were relics of a lost race. Isn't it in-
teresting?"



Censure and Curiosity.

"Mr. Johnson," says Mr. Miggles, "I
don't want to hurt your feeling, but that
story you started to tell at my house
last night was one no gentleman of re-
nement would have told in mixed com-
pany. I feel that it is my duty to ex-
press my disapproval of such conduct."
"I'm quite sorry," says Mr. Johnson,
"I should have thought before beginning
it. Halfway through I realized what I
was telling, and, you remember, I did
my best to end the thing at once."
"Yes, I noticed it fell pretty flat, and
everybody could see that you were
terribly ashamed. Er, how does the
story finish, Johnson?"



How He Judged.

"I love you more than anybody in the
world," she whispered, as she sat on
lady's knee, her lips close to his ear.
"Don't add hypercity to unfaithful-
ness," he responded sternly, pushing
her away.
"Why, what do you mean, dear?" she
asked, ready to cry.
"You care more for some other man
than you do for me!" was the bitter
response. "I don't know his name, but
I think he is a Chinaman."
"You must have, lever, dear. Do let
me call a doctor." Her face was white
with anxiety, and the tears were falling
fast as she started for the telephone.
"No. Sit down, and explain if you
can. You wear a lock of my hair in
your pocket—just one little lock?"
"Yes."
"And the entire queue of some China-
man on your head!"



WHY NOT THE KING, TOO!

SURE WAY.

Willie: I wonder if there will ever be universal peace.
 (Gillis: Sure. All they've got to do is to get the nations to agree that in case of war the winner pays the pensions.)

Preacher: Where are you going, Uncle Eben? You are all fussed up!—Uncle Eben: Going down to New York. Coming back with something that will surprise you, too.—Preacher: What's that?—Uncle Eben: Got a letter from a fellow down there offerin me a chance to buy an autograph copy of the Bible for 13.

Doctor: You're bound to get well—you can't help yourself. The statistics show that one of every hundred cases like yours recovers—I've treated ninety-nine, and everyone has died.



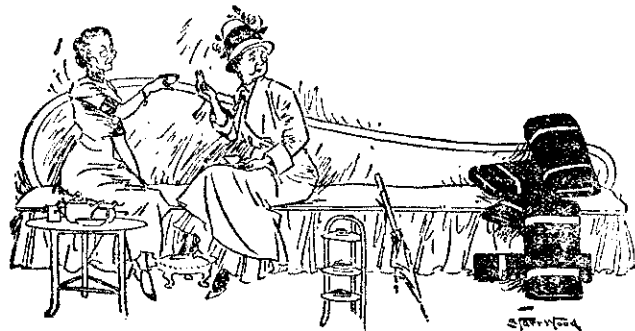
REMINISCENCE.

The boy bethought himself of a great many remarkable things which were not taking place all about him. And right shrewdly.
 "For these," quoth he, with wisdom beyond his years, "are what one need be prepared fondly to recall in one's old age."

Voice from Beneath Hat: Is that you, Mr. Smithers?
 Smithers: Yes, by Jove! Who is it?
 The Voice: It's me—Miss de Style. I thought it was you by your trousers. I've lost my way. Would you mind taking me home or calling a taxi?

WEAR AND TEAR.

Randall: You say you've been making love every minute for three weeks. You look pretty well.
 Rogers: Yes, but you ought to see the girls!
 Griggs: Weren't you surprised that the customs inspector didn't find those things you smuggled in?
 Briggs: O, no; my wife stowed them away. She can pack things in a trunk where she can't even find them herself.
 "How queer Agnes looks of late!"
 "Yes. I can't make out whether it's dress reform or hard luck."



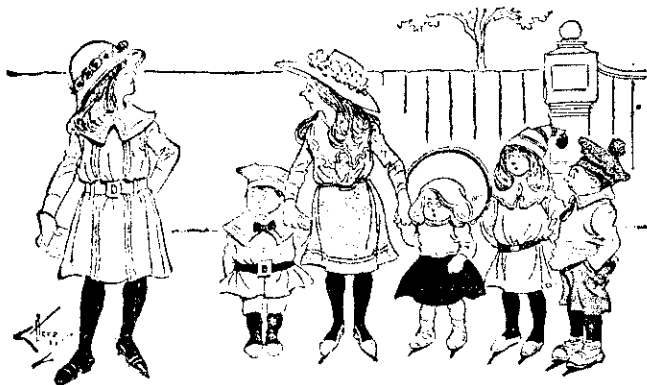
"Gracious, what is all that crape for?"
 "I had a chance to get it at a bargain, and, you know, my husband gets in for flying!"

A RISING PROFESSION.

"What's your friend's business?"
 "Oh, he's a discoverer of new Rem-brands."
 "You have kept my nose to the grindstone, Serepta," spoke her husband, nerving himself up to say something at last, "for fifteen years."
 "I've done more than that, Volney," snapped Mrs. Vick-Sonn. "I have made you turn the grindstone."

DEADLY NICOTINE.

Some years ago in Indiana one of the questions in an examination was: "What is nicotine?"
 The answer given was: "Nicotine is so deadly a poison that a drop on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man."
 "James is a physical wreck." "Why, he used to have a strong constitution."
 "Yes, but the doctors have amended it several times."



Mary Jones (to the doctor's daughter): "You needn't be so stuck up, if you are going to the seaside. If all of us hadn't the measles, perhaps you'd have had to stay at home!"

BETTER.

Clara: He says he thinks I am the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?
 Sarah: No, dear; let him keep on thinking so.
 "Talk about Napoleon! That fellow Wombat is something of a strategist himself."
 "As to how?"
 "Got his salary raised six months ago, and his wife hasn't found it out yet."
 Willie: All the stores closed on the day my uncle died.
 Tommy: That's nothing. All the banks closed for three weeks the day after my pa left town.
 He: You certainly have a trim little waist.
 She: Yes; there's no getting around that!



Harold: "I know that I'm not worthy of you, darling."
 Fair One: "Remember that, Harold, and my married life is sure to be happy!"

THE INTERVIEW.

"What did that statesman say, when you asked him for an interview?"
 "Very little," replied the scribe.
 "What's that big bundle of manuscript?"
 "That's what he'll think he said, when I get it written out."

THE SEASHORE IDOL.

"Why, Ethel, did you notice that this seaside hotel advertises to furnish young men escorts?"
 "I know the kind. They are such silly sissies, that a girl feel like a champion every time she walks out with them!"
 Singing Teacher: Now, children, give us "Little Drops of Water," and get some spirit in it.
 Principal (whispering): Careful, sir. This is a temperance school. Say "it some ginger in it."

The Duchess of Blankshire (who has made a poor driver).—A little too much to the right, I'm afraid.
 Obsequious Professional (who is instructing the Duchess).—O, not at all, your Grace; the hole has been cut too much to the left.

Waters: He has suffered more than most men.
 Whitford: In what way?
 Waters: Four of his daughters sing and an only son plays the cornet.

Kalem: Duler seems to be looked up on as the most famous man in your town; what is the reason? Sidg: He was the first inhabitant to mortgage his home to buy an airship.



Guest (after a particularly bad lunch): "There is one thing on your table which is unsurpassed in the finest hotels in London."
 Seaside Hotel Proprietor: "Very kind of you to say so, sir. May I ask what you refer to?"
 Guest: "The salt!"
 London Opinion.