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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.

HERE are few matters in which there is greater need to proceed with caution than university reform. It is quite easy to find fault and defects in the system both of teaching and examining at the different universities throughout the world. Everybody, whether he is a University man or not, thinks himself fully qualified to deal with all matters affecting higher education. From a schoolboy in the first primer to the occupant of the highest professorial chair, they one and all are willing to give opinions on the very difficult matter of the functions of a university, which is not wholly a teaching or an examining body. While it fulfils both these functions, its primary duty is to train the mental faculties and to create a thirst for knowledge. It has been well said that the honour schools should test the acquisition of a faculty, and the pass degree the acquisition of knowledge. Thus a wrangler should have the faculty of solving problems, and a classical honour man should have the faculty of transferring the thought and idiom of the ancient world into that of the modern. A man who has taken honours in science should have a taste and aptitude for research and original work. Different schools have different traditions, and in the older universities these traditions are the growth of centuries, and have left a deep impress on the whole trend of thought. Thus the impress of the mathematical school at Cambridge is seen in the classical school. A Cambridge classic is generally more accurate in pure scholarship, while an Oxford classic excels in the thought rather than the language of the great writers of Greece and Rome. Scientific accuracy is the keynote of a Cambridge education, and deep thinking is the characteristic of the man trained at Oxford. So it has come about that Cambridge has produced great men, while Oxford has produced great movements. It would be quite easy to reform the system of education at both these universities. They could be modernised. We could have chairs of typewriting, shorthand, or even cookery and woodwork. In a word the degree might have a far higher commercial value than it has at present. But the question is, would the universities, if reformed, still preserve their present strongly-marked characteristics. We doubt it. All reform is not necessarily for the better. It takes centuries to build up a tradition, but only a moment to destroy it. That is why both at Oxford and Cambridge the authorities are loath to make any change that might impair the present university tradition.

New Zealand University.

How does this affect our own University? The reformers seem to centre their agitation for reform round the much-vexed question of outside examiners for degrees. The value of the present degree largely depends upon the fact that the examiners are men of special eminence in their own particular subjects, and have wide experience in the art of examining. For the real examiner does not merely set questions and correct answers. He is able to judge of the mental capacity of the student. In the first place have we sufficient men in the Dominion, outside the professorial staff, capable of examining for honour degrees? If not, are the teachers themselves to be the examiners? If so we can foresee great difficulties in the way. A teacher would be exposed to two great temptations. He might either favour a pupil or else from fear of favouritism he might be unduly severe. The provincial jealousies which are so marked a feature of life in New Zealand might also enter into the question of examinations conducted by professors from the different centres. We do not say that it would, but it might. What is the advantage that it is proposed to gain by altering our present system? First, it is said that the expense will be less. Then it is urged that there would be less delay in ascertaining results. We cannot see that there is much force in either of these contentions. We want the best, and no question of money or saving of time ought to enter into the matter. Of course, if we have in the Dominion a body of men with the requisite knowledge and training to conduct the final examinations with the same degree of skill and accuracy as the English examiner, by all means let us have the examinations conducted locally. But this body of men ought to be entirely dissociated from the teaching staff. It is idle to suppose that any permanent good could result from local examinations conducted by the teachers themselves. We doubt very much whether outside the professorial staff it would be possible to find a body of examiners skilled to examine with special knowledge in the many and varied subjects required for our various schools.

Where Reform is Needed.

But there are aspects of our university education in which reform is urgently needed. The main value of an education at Oxford or Cambridge does not consist so much in the degree itself as in the corporate life of the University. That is why men talk of their college rather than their university. A Cambridge man says that he was at Trinity or King's, just as an Oxford man says that he was at Merton or Balliol or New. This is because it is the college life that is valuable rather than the degree. We have practically no corporate life. It may be inevitable, but nevertheless it is so. The energy that has been spent in agitating against the present system of examination might have been employed to much better purpose in devising some means for fostering a spirit of camaraderie amongst the students. We are too apt to think of the commercial advantages of the degree rather than the university life. It is the corporate life of a university that gives a knowledge of men—a knowledge far more useful than any acquired from text books or lectures. Again we want to have real professors

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and not merely tutors. At present the major part of the professor's time is taken up with purely coaching work. This ought not to be. It is no part of a professor's duty to cram students for a degree, whether pass or honours. Further, our professors have to cover too wide a field. We expect one and the same man to teach botany, zoology, and entomology. The professor of classics is largely occupied in correcting elementary Latin prose. We should have an efficient teaching staff, and leave our professors leisure for original work. It is quite a mistake to suppose that in higher education you can get good results by overworking the professorial staff. Every inducement should be given to our professors to regard their university duties as their life's work. At present our professors are underpaid, overworked, and have neither security of tenure, nor adequate provision for old age. In education as in other matters you get what you pay for. In New Zealand, thanks to the devotion of the University staff, we get a great deal more than we pay for. But this cannot go on for ever, and the sooner we recognise the fact the better it will be for us all.

The Value of Education.

In a democracy such as ours it is essential that the highest education should be free to all. The State which can pay so liberally for experimental public works grudges the few thousands necessary to place our university on a sound footing. We want to train our students in such a manner that their character may be developed as well as their intellectual faculties. We cannot show them the dignity of learning so long as we are content to house them in such ramshackle old shells as those that are present dignified by the name of the Auckland University College. We cannot train their characters as long as we neglect altogether the corporate life of a university. Education means training and developing the intellectual faculties, not merely filling the head with facts. What are we doing for the children of our out back settlements? What, indeed, are we doing for the majority of our population? Practically nothing. We want a well organised system of university extension lectures. We want libraries in the country districts, and we want men capable of lecturing on the contents of these libraries, and rousing interest in different subjects. It is quite a mistake to suppose that our young people in the back blocks could not be interested in the matter of higher educa-

tion. The man in the country has abundant leisure for reading; he wants to know more about science, literature and history. At present he has to pick up for himself such education as he may desire without receiving any help from duly qualified lectures. Not only in the matter of roads and bridges and railways are our settlers neglected, but also in most matters of education. The best schoolmasters are located in our towns, the best lecturers and exponents of the arts and sciences seldom leave our large cities. Is it any wonder that parents look for a city life for their children, and the country life is chiefly praised by those who write of it, as Pope wrote his description of landscape, with their backs to the window of a comfortable suburban residence.

Sharks and Bathing.

At this time of the year when such a large number of people take advantage of the splendid natural bathing facilities afforded them in this country the appearance of a large shark in Auckland Harbour last week is very disconcerting. We are thankful to note that we are not often menaced from this source. At the same time it behoves our bathers to be very careful where they bathe, and not to venture too far out. The unwelcome visitor was first noticed by two launch masters. It was swimming about off the Man-o-war steps in chase of smaller fish. The two men immediately made preparations to catch him, and after some difficulty, the capture was effected. The shark, a rather large specimen, nearly ten feet in length, and weighing half a ton, attracted considerable attention, being the object of curiosity to many people. Perhaps the largest shark known to have been seen in Auckland Harbour was one which a few years ago followed the Northcote ferry boat, and was said to have measured twenty-two feet in length. Fortunately it is very rarely that a shark will attack bathers in the harbour, and we can only recollect one occasion in which a bather suffered this awful experience. At Dunsonby a few years ago, a man was attacked whilst bathing, and bitten rather badly. He recovered from his injuries, but still bears the mark. At the majority of the beaches about Auckland the water is rather shallow for bathers, and consequently sharks are not likely to venture in. The Takapuna and Milford beaches are considered quite safe for bathing, and the people of Auckland, judging from the crowds that have bathed from these beaches since Christ-

mas, thoroughly appreciate the safety and pleasure to be derived from sea bathing.

The Cricket Trouble.

Once more sport has been the cause of a considerable amount of friction in Australia, and it is very unfortunate in the interests of their great national pastime. On this occasion the trouble has arisen over the management of their representative team that is to tour England next year. The custom has been for the players to choose their own manager, and now that the Board of Control has decided to appoint a manager the cricketers in all the States are up in arms. If the players were able to choose their own manager it is practically certain that Mr. Frank Laver, the famous Victorian, who was such a signal success in both the 1905 and 1909 tours, in the dual capacity as player and manager, would be chosen. The players complain that this action on the part of the managers is another proof of the Board's intention to exercise autocratic authority over the whole game, and they point out that, in accordance with the rules under which the English tours are arranged, the Board has no right to interfere with the English tours arranged. The Board has no right to interfere with the choice of the manager. Several players, whose position in the team is considered a certainty, have intimated that they will not go if the Board continues in its present action. But the worst side of the squabble is rather squalid. According to the "Age" several well-known cricketers have declared "decidedly and without qualification" that the idea is to "ring in" either the perennial Mr. P. McAlister, the "stormy petrel" of Australian cricket, or the Board's own secretary, who resides in Sydney, and who is to receive this trip and £400 as a reward for his fidelity to the Board throughout its troublous career. There is also a strong impression that an attempt is being made to "jockey" Laver out of the team to make way for McAlister, while imputations as to the divisions of the gate money are constantly being hurled by Laver's supporters. How the trouble will end we cannot say, but it is a great pity that the national game cannot be carried on without controversies and continual bickering.

The Manchu Dynasty.

The Manchu dynasty, which has just fallen in China, was, perhaps, more plottled against than any other known to history. China is seething with secret societies. Perhaps the reason for this is to be found in the regime of misgovernment and extortion that has characterised the Manchu dynasty. At the time of the siege of the Legation we heard much about the Boxers, who were generally supposed to be the biggest revolutionary party in China. But that is not so. The biggest of these societies is known as the Triad, and the members, who are under the control of enlightened men, such as Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen, have been working for years for the purpose of obtaining a better government and the overthrow of the hated Manchu dynasty. They have at last succeeded. The Boxers are quite a different class of men and much inferior to the Triads. Every resident in Peking keeps a watchman or door-keeper, who is qualified for the position by virtue of his being a member of the Ta-Chuan, or Big Fist, and is known to the European as a Boxer. The members of this Society are men who from their youth have been trained in not only guarding houses, but conveying treasure. Up to a few years ago there was not a single case of a Boxer being faithless to his trust. The Society's reputation suffered considerably during the anti-foreign riots, when all sorts of disreputable characters appeared, calling themselves Boxers, avowing that their object was to exterminate the missionaries and all native Christians. Thus the Boxers became divided up into various organisations. Among these were the followers of the Red Shade, the Golden Bell, the Iron Shirt, and also the Sect of the Great Water. Another powerful Society is one named the White Lily, which is about two hundred years of age, and which but for an accident would have blown up the Palace at Peking. The conspirators were discovered in the act of lighting the gunpowder through one of their number crying out in alarm owing to the light they were being suddenly blown out by a gust of wind. However, this Society still exists, and is characterised

by a fierce hatred of the Manchu dynasty. Scores of secret societies in China bear no animosity towards the Government, and their aims are in direction of trade reformation, while others devote their time to religious matters and philanthropic schemes. In fact, China is the land of secret societies.

Wireless Telegraphy and the Weather.

The question as to whether the climatic conditions are affected by wireless telegraphy or not, is one that has caused a considerable amount of discussion. When we come to consider what delicate matters climatic conditions are, it seems quite possible that the introduction of a new element into the atmosphere might have some effect on the weather. There is something refreshingly new about associating a certain behaviour of the atmosphere with the winged flight of the electric waves through space. We might imagine them stirring up the air into a tempest-tossed as the Bay of Biscay in a cyclone, for the Herzian waves are started daily from hundreds of wireless stations over land and sea. Practically every large ship on the Atlantic—English, French, German, American—nearly every warship in the world's navies is fitted up with wireless apparatus, and, consequently, there is a ceaseless flight of messages. If we could be hoisted into the air at a spot where messages intercept (supposing these messages could become audible), we should hear something worse than the original Babel. With all this energy passing through space, and apparently in perpetual violent collision, it is easy to imagine that the air is, as it never was before, a seething cauldron. However, when we come to consider waves, whether in water, in air, or in ether, are merely undulations. That is, there is no actual forward movement of matter or gas, as is apparently the case when a rope is used to produce undulations. Even in our own small baths it is possible to inaugurate a series of small waves which pass and re-pass from one end to the other until their energy is exhausted. Nevertheless they maintain their individuality to the last, and there is no violence whatever caused by the meeting of their crests.

Miniature Mankind.

In Paris there exists a colony of mid-gets. They are not dwarfs, but perfectly normal human beings. There are some three hundred of these people banded together under Mr. Nicola Gerson, who has brought them together from all parts of the world. Living largely to themselves they are not so much under-sized humans, but another species, the opposite say of the superman. Practically all the work of the civilized world is done by people varying in height from five to six feet. A man who stands over seven feet or below four may be said to face life with a considerable handicap. Mr. Gerson's colony contains Welshmen, Turks, Danes, Roumanians and Americans. Happily the midget is as a rule a born linguist, and his capacity for learning is quite astounding. Therefore Mr. Gerson had little difficulty in selecting a theatrical company of fifty members who have quite distinguished themselves. The stage manager of this company is Mr. Deiderich Upts, a Hanoverian. His parents were curiously enough of normal size, and young Upts received the usual education. Then he went into business, but soon found that the stage would raise him to a higher level among his fellow men. Now at the age of fifty he occupies a prominent position, and an interest in German politics proves that the small mind is not always the result of a diminutive body. The trials peculiar to life in miniature are several. Careless and stupid people are apt to treat them like dolls. To a mature man who knows two or three languages and follows a profession, this is somewhat embarrassing. Tailors, too, charge them more for their clothes as they are so difficult to fit. Shoes of course, must be made to order, and clothes generally cost them considerably more than the normal man has to pay. They are very sensitive about their size, and do not like to be regarded as freaks. They have all the seriousness of adults, and to be addressed in baby talk as they sometimes are is a terrible insult.

HUDSON MAXIM.

THE WIZARD OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

ALTHOUGH the subject of the present sketch has been a tireless worker in many fields of activity, his name is best known in connection with his work in the development of high explosives and their application to modern ordnance.

Hudson Maxim was the fourth son of a family of eight children—six boys and two girls. He was born February 3rd, 1853, at Orneville, Piscataquis County, Maine. His parents, Isaac and Harriet Boston (Stevens) Maxim, were of sturdy stock of English and French Huguenot descent.

In 1875 he formulated the hypothesis of the composing nature of the so-called atoms, which has only recently been generally accepted as a proven theory through experiments on radiant matter. His theory is that all matter is one in the

addition to other desirable qualities, has the great advantage that it may be used as soon as produced. This, in view of the fact that ordinary nitro-cellulose smokeless powder requires several months to dry, renders stabilite of the greatest importance in the event of war. For the larger guns, more than a year is often required to dry out the solvent. Stabilite does away with all this difficulty.

Simultaneously with the invention of stabilite, Mr. Maxim produced a new self-combustible compound, which he named motorite, intended to be employed instead of compressed air for driving torpedoes of the Whitehead type. The motorite is made in bars about five feet long and seven inches in diameter. These bars are then coated on the outside and forced and sealed into steel tubes. The bar is ignited at one end, to which the



HUDSON MAXIM

ultimate, and that the difference in the various forms of matter and manifestations of force is due to the difference in the relative positions of the ultimate atoms.

From 1883 to 1888, Mr. Maxim was engaged in the subscription book publishing business at Pittsfield, Mass., and during this period he wrote and published a book on "Penmanship and Drawing," of which nearly half a million copies were sold by subscription. In 1888, he left the publishing business for the more fascinating occupation of inventing and experimenting with ordnance and explosives.

In 1890 he erected a dynamite and smokeless powder mill at Maxim, New Jersey, where he developed and manufactured the first smokeless powder to be adopted by the United States Government.

Following exhaustive experiments by the United States Army at Sandy Hook, Mr. Maxim sold the U.S. Government in 1901 the secret of his high explosive Maximite. It was the first high explosive to be successfully employed as a bursting charge for armour-piercing projectiles.

Among the others of his successful inventions is a detonating fuse for high-explosive projectiles, which has proven itself superior to all rival fuses, and has been recently adopted by the U.S. Government. A later invention is stabilite, a new smokeless gunpowder, which, in

combustion is confined until the bar is entirely consumed. Water is forced into the combustion chamber and is instantly converted into steam by the flame blast, the products of combustion and the steam mixing to produce a motive fluid which is employed to drive a turbine or other engine.

There is probably none of his inventions upon which Mr. Maxim has expended more time and effort than upon this. In addition to driving torpedoes it is also applicable for driving small torpedo boats during the run of attack, and Mr. Maxim has designed a new type of torpedo boat, which itself forms a veritable torpedo, driven by motorite during the run of attack through the gun-fire of a warship. The boat will carry a ton of high explosive in the war-head, which will be delivered against the hull of the war vessel attacked.

The process of making calcium carbide continuously by the electrical resistance of a molten carbide conductor, removing the carbide as fast as formed, and simultaneously supplying fresh material to the heating fluid, now in general use in this country, was invented by Mr. Maxim, the invention being sold to the Union Carbide Sales Company in 1900. During experiments in the manufacture of calcium carbide, he invented a process

Sayings of the Week.

Israelites Indeed.

AFTER 20 years in the wilderness Moses is going to lead us into the promised land. A man who had shown such bulldog courage and such loyalty as Mr. Massey had would take a lot of shifting, and he would have a good team behind him.—*Dr. Newman, Wellington.*

A Speculative Indication.

Within five years there will be an agreement between the Commonwealth and the Dominion on defence, and within 20 years New Zealand may join the Federation.—*Mr. Fisher, Prime Minister, N.S.W.*

Over-insurance.

We must rely to a great extent on the honesty of our agents and the persons insuring. Insurance companies do not, you may rest assured, deliberately

they knew the Reform party the more they liked it, and the less they liked the Government.—*Mr. Massey.*

Doubtful Plays.

It was certainly the desire of his profession that the stage should be kept clean, and he was strongly in favour of the institution of the censorship of plays, in spite of occasional illogical acts by the censor. It was much better than a doubtful play should be suppressed altogether than that it should be presented and stopped later by the police.—*Mr. H. B. Irving.*

Territorial Registration.

As far as the registration of territorialists—which had now been completed—was concerned, there had been a very excellent and sympathetic response. The registration in the Auckland military district compared favourably with that in the other districts.—*General Godley.*

History.

History should not be viewed merely as an academic subject. It was not, however, a subject that admitted of being taught in the same way as other subjects. It could be far better read by students that taught by a professor. What would a man do who was appointed in the University to teach the history of England? Could he give them something better than they had already?—*Professor Salmon.*

The Worst Sinner.

The University was the worst sinner in its neglect of history. He agreed that it had been difficult to find a place in the curriculum for history. The study of history had not been neglected by any means by the Education Department.—*Mr. G. Hobson.*

Not to be Bought.

There were men there that night whose names would be writ large in the history of the country, men who had fought through many a long sitting for what they believed to be right. Not all the gold in the Bank of New Zealand could buy any one of them.—*Mr. Massey.*

Bulldozed.

The Senate had always invited expert advice, and such had always been listened to attentively. He hoped that no members would be "bulldozed" by what had been suggested or threatened by people outside.—*Sir Robert Stout.*

"Stew in Their Own Gravy."

I oppose handing over to the Commonwealth the control of the domestic commerce. I favour giving the Commonwealth power to deal with the new protection, industrial arbitration, and the nationalisation or control of inter-State monopolies. If the States permit internal monopolies they should stew in their own gravy.—*Mr. Holman, Attorney-General, N.S.W.*

How?

If the Government wanted to encourage local industries let it be done without penalising the backblock settlers.—*Mr. J. E. Magill.*

The Governor's Wisdom.

The Reform party and their chief would not falter if the Governor, in his wisdom, sent for Mr. Massey to assume the control of the affairs of this country. As far as was humanly possible, he would endeavour to place the reforms they had advocated, and which had been asked for and endorsed by the vote of the people.—*Mr. Herries.*

Two Eastern Potentates.

Two visitors whom M. Paoli encountered caused him a good deal of anxiety from various reasons—the Shah of Persia and the King of Cambodia. Their habits and ideas were somewhat extreme. On one occasion the Shah was permitted to witness an execution, and, on arriving on the scene, took compassion on the condemned man:—

"Not that one . . . the other!" he ordered, pointing to the public prosecutor, who was presiding over the ceremony.

And the potentate thought it discourteous of them not at once to yield to his wishes. There is quite a Chocolate Cream Soldier touch about the Shah's retort to M. Paoli, when the latter showed him the three camels in the Jardin d'Acclimatation:—

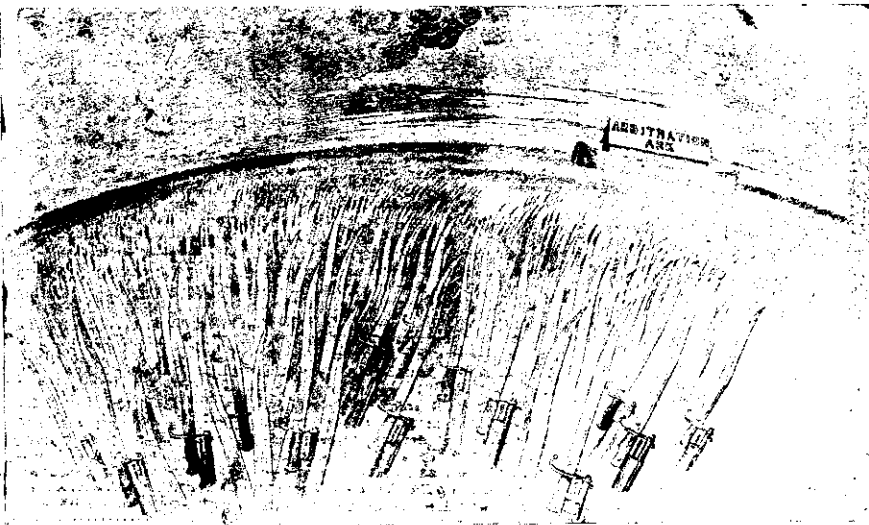
"I own nine thousand!" he replied with a scornful smile.

As for the King of Cambodia, he was a handful to send a man distraught. He would be up in all manner of tricks, took a troupe of dancing girls with him wherever he went, nearly caused a riot by scattering gold and silver from the windows of hotels, kissed the daughters of hall porters, and finished up by showing his gratitude for M. Paoli's protection and assistance by presenting him with his (The King's) State breeches done up in a pink silk handkerchief. Each country to its taste!

FOR ALL EYE TROUBLES.

W. PARKER,
F.S.M.C.
London. **OPTICIAN**

Rooms over Pond's homoeopathic pharmacy, 165 Queen Street (4 doors above Wyndham Street); also at Gallagher's Pharmacy, top of Symonds-st., (late Grocott). We had the highest diploma in Visual Optics and Sight Testing. Consultation and Testing Free. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed in every case.



BACK TO THE AR

No Refuge for the Dove in All the European Sea.

attempt to accept over-insurances on properties. It would be bad business to do so, and they, therefore, certainly do not enter knowingly into such transactions.—*Mr. Wansley, secretary Commercial Union Assurance Company.*

The Last Gasp.

If we are determined to fight against Home Rule to the last gasp, as we are, it is not for the sake of party interest, but because we know this proposal is not only intolerably unjust to our loyal fellow subjects in Ireland, but it is also ruinous both to Ireland and Great Britain.—*Mr. Bonar Law.*

Salvation Army Administration.

The recent creation of New Zealand as a self-working colony for Salvation Army administration should give great impetus to the cause, and under the new system, Auckland, as well as the chief centres of the other provinces, would become more important headquarters.—*Adjutant Hayward, Salvation Army.*

The "Tote."

The "tote" had practically to create its own clientele. It had largely increased the volume of betting, and there had been a very large number of cases of defalcation because of the facilities which the machine offered. Young men in offices could send out money to the courses by friends, and an employer would never suspect that the members of his staff were gambling.—*Hon. George Forde.*

"The Real Reason."

The real reason for the victory of the Reform party was that during the last three years the electors had gained a more intimate knowledge of the two parties than they had had before, and the better

The New Zealand Institute.

The chief work of the Institute lay in the publication of the annual volume of transactions, the forty-third volume issued during the past year, comprised 808 pages, the largest single volume issued by the Institute.—*Mr. T. F. Chessman, President New Zealand Institute.*

Human Members.

In the present Parliament there existed a distinct majority in favour of the totalisator, for the reason that members were human, and country members, if they went against the totalisator, would end their political careers.—*Mr. L. M. Isitt, M.P.*

Territorials and Strikes.

The territorial forces have been created solely for the defence of New Zealand against foreign aggression, and I am of the opinion that the Government would never contemplate the use of territorials in the event of a strike.—*General Godley.*

Weather Forecasts.

As soon as the New Zealand wireless stations are erected, arrangements will be made whereby vessels at sea will supply daily reports regarding local weather conditions to the various New Zealand bureaux, and I anticipate greater accuracy in the weather forecasts as a result.—*Mr. Bates.*

Auxiliary Hospital.

One thing he wished to emphasise was that the temporary provision now being provided must be supplemented by the erection of the auxiliary hospital within six months, and no delay must take place in providing this further accommodation.—*Hon. D. Buldo.*

Overlapping.

There was a great deal of overlapping in university work. If the matter was to be considered he hoped that inquiry would be made into the desirability of having all closely allied special schools of engineering and all its adjuncts brought into close touch with one another.—*Professor R. J. Scott (Canterbury).*

Commerce and Agriculture.

At present there was considerable anxiety throughout the university colleges to provide a course in commerce. He had no objection to the teaching of commerce, provided it was thorough and academic, but a cynic would smile at the idea of a university being anxious to teach commerce in a country that could not be called a commercial country when there was no provision for the study of agriculture in the four colleges. To him it appeared that the two things were peculiar and illogical.—*Professor Brown.*

HEALTH FOR THE CHILDREN

Every parent notes with anxious eye the first symptoms of the children's failing health: the pale cheek, listless manner, and capricious appetite speak more plainly than any words, for the well child is a veritable storage battery of animal spirits.

Renewing the appetite is the first step back to health, and

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Extract

given faithfully for a short time will do it. The children need not even know it is a medicine, for the taste is very pleasant, and does not suggest cod liver oil in the least. But the effect is certain.

For persons of every age Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Extract is an unfulfilling tonic, appetiser, and strength renewer. Get it at your chemist's, and be sure you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

Our Wellington Letter.

January 26.

Politics.

THE political excitement has long since simmered down, and the rumour-monger and the amateur Cabinet-maker are hardly receiving the attention they did a few weeks ago. Most people are content to wait and see what the gods will give them at next month's session. We have heard a good deal about the personnel of the Massey Government that is to be, and some people seem to delight in riving the changes in the matter of portfolios. The rumour is busy with the name of the Hon. J. A. Millar, who is said to contemplate abandoning politics altogether, in order to go to Sydney and manage a big ship-handling business or something of that sort, at a handsome salary. However, Mr. Millar is not troubling about these reports; he is making happy holiday up at Taupo, smoking the pipe of peace, and catching his twenty or thirty trout a day. As for Sir Joseph Ward, he, too, has been busy with his rod on Taupo's waters, but he is being dragged away from the sweet seclusion of the Island's heart to assist at the Napier-Gisborne railway end-turning, which takes place on Monday afternoon.

Next month's session will be a very short, if merry, one. It is not expected to last more than ten days at the outside. In the meantime, political prognostications are but vanity and vexation of spirit.

Suburban Air Spaces.

The Miramar Borough Council has taken a sensible stand on the subject of parks and breathing spaces in residential areas. The trail of the land speculator is over the suburban district of Miramar, and little regard has been given to the public good in the planning out of the building areas. The idea of the land companies which monopolise these areas has been, of course, to park as many houses as possible on the land. Now the Recreation Grounds Committee of the Miramar Borough Council has had this matter under consideration, and last night it reported to the Council, recommending that the question of the land companies giving land for recreation purposes in lieu of street-formation be considered. Mr. Brodie, Mayor of the borough, explained that a great many of the roads constructed in the district in the past were practically useless, and would only become a burden on the Council for maintenance. If the land companies, instead of constructing the roads, had given the Council four or five acres of land here and there, and allowed the Council to make streets when and where required, there would have been a great saving. The playing fields need not be very large—four or five acres would do—but they would be very much appreciated when Miramar was built over. Without such air spaces, Miramar would be an unhealthy place in the future. The Council generally approved of Mr. Brodie's idea, providing the Council were not committed to any policy of purchasing land in all cases that offered. It was decided to write to the various land companies interested in Miramar flat, with a view to bringing about the arrangement suggested by the Mayor.

This is undoubtedly an excellent proposal; the only pity is that the municipal body controlling the Miramar Peninsula—and the suburban bodies as well—did not have the forethought to propose it years ago. The Miramar flat—it was a fresh-water lagoon of several hundred acres in the ancient days—is being closely built on, and public recreation grounds and parks will be badly wanted in the future. The surrounding hills, too, are being studded with houses. The flat is shut in by these hills on all sides but one—that facing towards the sand-dunes of Lyall Bay—and in summer time the heat is great. For the sake of the Miramar of the future, let us hope that the Council will succeed in its rather belated crusade for air-spaces. This is the first step in the direction of national town-planning that has been taken in Wellington; one trusts that many more such steps will yet be taken in the suburbs. As far as the City itself is concerned, the town-planning comes too late.

Passing It On.

As I predicted last week, the Wellington Harbour Board is going to make the public pay the money which it is forced to hand over to the waterside workers as the result of the industrial agreement entered into lately. The Harbour Board will have to find an extra sum of £6000 to meet the new demands for increased pay. The Board had proposed to make concessions to the tune of about £7000, in inward wharfage charges, and in a reduction of the harbour improvement rate. The wharfage charges were to have been brought back to what they were about two years ago. However, the Board this week debated the desirability of rescinding its resolution granting the proposed concessions. It must find that £6000 somehow. "We could only pass it on to the consumer," said Mr. Cohen. "The general public will have to pay," said Chairman Fletcher. The question of the rescission by the motion was eventually postponed till next meeting, but it looks as if the concessions were doomed. So the importers and the shipowners will pay that £6000, per medium of the Board, and they in turn will pass it on to the public, who buy their foods and ship by their vessels, and the shopkeeper will do his little share towards it, and the wharf-labourer will pay his share to the shopkeeper, and so the game will go on. It all comes back to the public's shoulder in the long run.

University Reform—The Study of History.

Some decidedly important innovations were decided upon at the session of the New Zealand University Senate in Wellington this week. The principal change introduced in connection with the government of our system of higher education is the decision by that Senate to arrange for an annual conference of representatives of the various professorial boards, to act as a sort of advisory board to the Senate. The Conference will, of course, have no legislative powers, but it will be able to give invaluable assistance to the Senate in the matter of courses of instruction and degree examinations. The Senate has long been in need of such advice from the professorial body, notwithstanding the vigorous assertions of one or two Senators that it can manage its business all right without the advice or interference of the College teachers.

Another important change was in respect to the study of history. A recess committee, of which Mr. von Haast was chairman, presented a report on the subject of history, making the following recommendations:—

"Junior Scholarship.—For history in the Junior Scholarship Examination, the maximum marks obtainable should be 600.

"B.A. Degree, Repeat and Senior Scholarship.—History (including Constitutional History) should be a single full subject with an extended curriculum worthy of the increased importance of the subject. Jurisprudence and Constitutional History together should also be a separate subject for the B.A. degree, but not for repeat or senior scholarship.

"M.A. Degree and Honours in Arts.—History should form a separate group with an enlarged curriculum. Economics should form a separate group and include history treated from the economic side.

"Languages for Arts Degree.—The prescription for a language, either ancient or modern, for the arts degrees, should require from the student some general knowledge of the history of at least the period to which the set books belong."

The report was adopted, and it was decided to communicate the recommendations to the Minister for Education, and to press upon him the importance of history and study in the primary and secondary schools.

Undoubtedly history is a neglected subject in our system of education. We all remember the foolish old fashion of teaching history in our schools—a mere string of dates of battles and accessions, and a list of kings and queens and the various manners of their deaths, from a headdress to over-eating. Nowadays sinner fashions prevail, but history has not yet taken its proper place in our schools and colleges. As Dr. Hight very sensibly remarked at the Senate meeting this week, it is especially important in New Zealand, because of

our extreme democracy, that history should be studied. Our civic system, the doctor pointed out, is based on the assumption that everyone over twenty-one years of age is an expert in history. "There should be this knowledge of history if our young people are to enjoy properly the privileges thrust upon them. It is important also because of our isolation. We tend to become parochial. We must regard other nations in the proper light. We can do that, and discover our real relations with them only by a study of history and perhaps of prophecy."

Wise words these, that were echoed by most of the other members of the Senate. So history is now to take its proper place in our educative system. It might also be well if our schools and colleges of all grades were to devote a little attention to New Zealand's own history. It is perhaps a smaller matter, but we have a history that deserves study. The average New Zealander is strikingly ignorant of his own country and its story. A good working knowledge of the Dominion's past is a desirable, in fact, a necessary acquisition. But the average young New Zealander knows a great deal more about football records and cricket scores than he does of the stirring story of the land he lives in.

Lord Kitchener.

Lord Kitchener's popularity in Egypt has increased since his appointment as British Agent in such a manner as to bring about a remarkable change in the country (writes the correspondent of the "Daily Mail" under date of the 2nd ult.) The Nationalist movement has for the time being almost died out.

The Egyptians go to Lord Kitchener for everything, and he sees all who come. There have been so times like these since the early days of Lord Cromer. During the early days of the war in Tripoli some Bedouin Sheikhs went to see him and explained that they wished to go to the assistance of their friends and relatives in Tripoli. Lord Kitchener listened gravely and answered, "Yes, you may go, and as many of your men as you like to take, and I hope you will have good luck."

Then he paused, and said slowly, "Now, you Bedouins are exempt from military service by the favour of Mohammed Ali (the Khedive), but of course if you go to Tripoli and beat the Italians the exemption would be cancelled at once, for it would never do to lose the services of such good soldiers." The Bedouin chiefs were content and did not go.

Some Egyptian officers also asked permission to go to the war and to take a regiment of the Egyptian soldiers with them. "Yes, certainly," said Lord Kitchener, "you may go, and at once." "But it will take a long time to arrange transport," said the officers, "and there may be objections." "Oh, no," replied Lord Kitchener, "if I say you may go you may go. Pray start to-morrow morning. There is only one thing, though. The standing army of Egypt is small, and at this time I must have trained troops. If you take a regiment with you I must send to England for an English regiment to replace them."

Needless to say the matter dropped and the men did not go.

In discussing the war with some Arabs and Egyptians, I was staggered by the question, "But why did not we (the Egyptians) annex Tripoli?" The thought of the Egyptians annexing anything by force of arms took my breath away. I pointed out that to have done so would have been to have brought down the wrath of the Turks and they would have made war upon Egypt. "Mallah" (Never mind), was the reply. "Kitchener is here."

They do not regard Lord Kitchener as being so much associated with England as was even Lord Cromer. They seem to have annexed him, he belongs to them. Egyptian officers and men who have served under him simply idolise him. "I was with 'K.' in the Sudan" stamps a man with honour at once.

Private Wireless.

Instructions have been issued by the Post and Telegraph Department to the owners of the 15 wireless aerial installations in Christchurch and vicinity to dismantle them forthwith, or otherwise they will render themselves liable to a penalty not exceeding £500. It is understood that the Department has taken these steps

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- CLAYMORE ... Every Monday.
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TIME-TABLE S.S. NGAPUHI, SEPT., 1912

Date.	Goods received till per train.	Passen.	Mangapai.	Parau Bay.
2nd-8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.	
5th-8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	7 a.m.	No str.	
7th-8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	7 a.m.	9 a.m.	
9th-8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	9 a.m.	
12th-8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	9 a.m.	No str.	
14th-8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	9 a.m.	11 a.m.	
16th-8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.	
19th-8.45 a.m.	1.15 p.m.	Nostr.	No str.	
21st-8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	7 a.m.	9 a.m.	
23rd-8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	9 a.m.	
26th-8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	9 a.m.	No str.	
28th-8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	9 a.m.	11 a.m.	
30th-8.45 a.m.	11.24 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.	

Goods outward must leave up-country stations by afternoon train previous day.

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going to a wireless message sent from Wellington to a steamer in the vicinity of the coast of New Zealand having been tapped by one of the private installations in Christchurch.

So far as is known, there is only one set of wireless apparatus in Auckland, that installed at the Sacred Heart College, Richmond-road, and this seems unlikely to be disturbed until a Government wireless station is established close to the city. It is understood that the Government does not intend to proceed with the erection of the Auckland low-power station until the high-power station at Awanui, in the far North, is in full working order. The erection of the necessary buildings for this station, which will have a range of 1,250 miles, has been placed in the hands of the Public Works Department, which has made a road to the site, and started on the work of erecting the buildings, etc. On the completion of this part of the construction, the station will be handed over to the Australasia Wireless, Ltd., who will install the plant, including dynamos and aerial wires. The complete plant will then be tested by the Government experts, and if all is necessary will be taken over at once. It should be sufficiently powerful to communicate with Sydney and the Islands, and will thus have the longest range of any station in the Dominion. The low-power station which is to be established later on in the neighbourhood of Auckland will have a range of not more than 500 miles, and should serve as a connecting link between the Awanui station and the station lately erected on the Tinakori hills, Wellington, besides being capable of talking to ships some two days out from the port. The Awanui station may possibly be complete within about six months, but at present the station nearer at hand is so much "in the air" that its exact site has not even been decided upon.

P. and O. Steamship Company.

The report of the 71st ordinary general meeting of the proprietors of the Penin-

sular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, held at the company's offices, London, on December 12 last, is now to hand. Sir Thos. Sutherland was in the chair.

The chairman, in presenting the report, said that the same dividend and bonus would be paid as had been done for some years past. The handsome sum of £359,542 would be carried to the depreciation and reserve, and a sum of £67,617 would be carried forward to balance. These, he considered, very gratifying figures in the peculiar circumstances under which the company had been working for a good part of the year. He hoped that no one would forget that the prosperity of the company was due in a great measure to the safe navigation of their ships and to the general efficiency of the service.

Perhaps the most interesting figure in the report was that of the passenger traffic, which amounted to £1,294,421, an increase of nearly £47,000 over the traffic of the previous year, and the largest amount the company had ever earned under that particular head. The freight account amounted to £1,721,566, which was a few thousand pounds short of the previous year. This was owing, of course, to the fact that the company had disposed of a good many cargo vessels. There was one part of the business which he was glad to say had turned out favourably, the purchase of the Blue Anchor line. They carried on that line only one class of passenger via the Cape to Australia.

In regard to expenditure on the whole £20,000 less had been spent than in 1910. This was due to the fact that the mileage covered had been somewhat less. The general tendency of the expenditure was, however, to rise very rapidly, and in three years from 1907 to 1910, navigation expenditure increased at the rate of £75,000 per annum. Half of this increased cost was due to coal. Not only had the price of coal increased very considerably, but the speed and size of the latest mail ships called for more fuel. Fourteen of the company's steamers had been held up by strikes, which meant a

loss in freight of about £35,000. He wished to call attention to the company's capital account. They had a fleet of upwards of 400,000 tons standing on the books, net, after allowing for cash reserves at between £1 and £4 per ton. On the chairman's motion, seconded by Sir Wm. Adamson, the report was adopted.

Predicting Storms.

While in Australia, Mr. D. C. Bates (Dominion Meteorologist) inquired into certain meteorological matters. "I find," he told a reporter in Wellington, "that there have been great developments during the past three years. It is probable that about £20,000 has been spent in instruments alone during that period, and the staffs have been greatly increased, the results thoroughly justifying these steps. Still greater things are expected in the future, and the new capital site will be the centre from which these developments will emanate. Mr. H. A. Hunt (Commonwealth Meteorologist) intends to establish an observatory for the special study of solar physics, and preparations are already being made in that direction. At Melbourne, every opportunity was afforded me of seeing the system and equipment of the Commonwealth Bureau. I also visited the State Bureau, under the divisional officer, Mr. Stewart Wilson. This Observatory is now of secondary importance. Others I saw were at Newcastle and Wagga Wagga. One thing that struck me very forcibly was the use of rainfall maps and telegrams, and also sheets showing the rainfall for every day in the year at each place. I am sure we could do much in this direction, and I know our postal and telegraphic authorities are only too anxious to do all in their power to assist. I hope my visit will prove profitable, for I have reaped in a fruitful field where many good and clever men are devoting their lives as priests of science, and the study of the weather."

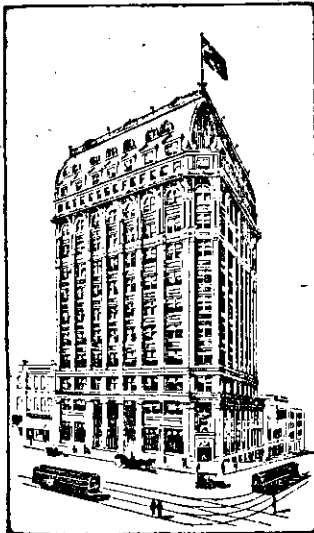
Mr. Bates' experience has revealed a new use of wireless telegraphy, which, he says, opens up great possibilities in

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mr. Mrs. and Miss Schiepschuloff, of Samara, Russia, are at present visitors to Wellington.
Mr. Jack Arnat, brother of Richard Arnat, world's champion sculler, arrived in Wellington from London last week.
Mr. Arthur M. Myers, M.P., is at present in Rotorua. He intends to spend a holiday at Mount Cook prior to the meeting of Parliament on February 15.
Professor Coleridge Farr, of Christchurch, who has been for a trip round the world, returned to Wellington by the Moeraki last week.
The Hon. J. A. Millar, Minister for

weather forecasting. As the telegraphic system made possible the synoptic charts on which weather forecasts are based, so we may expect still further advances from wireless. "The weather," said the Dominion Meteorologist, "depends upon the movements of the low and high pressure areas or departures from the normal. For instance, if I get a barometrical reading of 30.50 at Wellington, and 29.00 from a ship at sea coming towards New Zealand from the West, I should know that we would have a severe cyclone with northerly gales. A knowledge of what is happening on the sea where storms travel, develop, and dissipate would be of the utmost value to meteorologists, and add materially to the value of the daily predictions. We are 1,200 miles from the nearest observatories, and estimation of the course, development and duration of storms is a most important desideratum in our work. I have no doubt that the steamship companies will gladly fall into an arrangement to supply such information daily to the various bureaux; and the Secretary of the Post and Telegraph Department, Mr. Donald Robertson, has already given me great encouragement to develop the activities in this direction, while the Marine Department has allowed me to supply a few reliable barometers of our own standard to steamers equipped with wireless."

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*Late of Auckland, N.Z., and 21 One-time Director of the Northern Steamship Company, and Bycroft, Ltd., and a member of the Thames Drainage Board.

It is often said that there is no happiness like that resulting from work well done. Consequently pride in achievement is pardonable. Some figures regarding the growth of this company may therefore be interesting, because this company recommends only such investments as it makes for itself, and if it can demonstrate that it is successful in handling its own funds, then it can be successful in handling those of clients or estates.

The paid-up capital on	
March 31, 1906, was.....	\$48,939
December 31, 1906, was.....	74,100
December 31, 1907, was.....	103,916
December 31, 1908, was.....	134,800
December 31, 1909, was.....	213,321
October 1, 1911, was.....	695,787
The assets of the company on	
March 31, 1906, were.....	\$80,437.60
December 31, 1906, were.....	251,836.33
December 31, 1907, were.....	371,482.62
December 31, 1908, were.....	482,551.54
December 31, 1909, were.....	923,015.51
October 1, 1911, were.....	1,648,496.90
October 1, 1911, were.....	2,490,000.00
The reserve and undivided profits on	
December 31, 1908, were.....	\$52,042.47
December 31, 1909, were.....	100,000.00
December 31, 1910, were.....	225,000.00
October 1, 1911, were over.....	410,000.00

While these results are most encouraging, it must be stated that they are not the result of lucky speculation. The company's business consists of acting as executor under wills or by appointment of any court.
As trustee for bondholders or in the management of sinking funds, etc.
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As transfer agent and registrar.
As confidential agent for the investment of funds of persons or corporations.
As escrow agents.
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Lends money on first mortgages on improved city property, never exceeding 60 per cent. of a conservative valuation of the property, increasing in value.
Purchases debentures from municipalities and disposes of them at retail.
In no case does it deal in speculative securities.
Further information about the company or about investments will be gladly furnished on application.

This Company keeps its reserve invested in first mortgages on improved real estate. It is prepared at any time to sell such mortgages at their face value or invest funds for investors in such securities.
All moneys advanced on mortgages by or through this Company are protected by the following safeguards:
Each mortgage is a first mortgage.
Not more than 70 per cent. of the value of the property is loaned.
The property under each application is valued by our valuator, who, we know, is conservative.
Each application for a loan is passed upon by our Board of Directors.
The title to the property is examined and the mortgage drawn and registered by one solicitor.
The buildings must be worth at least 90 per cent. of the amount of the loan.
The land must be worth at least 60 per cent. of the amount of the loan.
The buildings must be insured for at least 80 per cent. of the amount of the loan in reliable British companies, with loss (if any) payable to the lender.
No security can be better than first mortgages when so protected, especially in a growing community, where the security is continually increasing in value.
Money may be invested in this way to return 6 per cent. to 7 1/2 per cent.
Neither this Company nor any client of this Company has ever lost any principal or interest on such investments.
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NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

LONDON, December 22.

The Rev. W. F. Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy are returning to New Zealand on the 2nd December. They sail by the Rotorua, but break their journey at the Cape, where Mr. Kennedy has been asked to relieve the Rev. Ramsden Balmforth, of the Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church for a couple of months. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy purpose settling in Dunedin for the present, and should arrive there about the second week in April.

Mrs. H. Feldwick, of Invercargill, accompanied by the Misses Edith, Mabelle and Cora Feldwick, sailed by the P. and O. Malwa for Egypt, where, after spending some time in Cairo, they travel up the Nile to Assuan (the first Cataract), breaking the journey en route to stay for some days at Luxor. Returning to Port Said they join the s.s. Mantua, travelling by her to Auckland, where they arrive on January 19, 1912, at the end of which year they return to England.

New Zealand papers are asked to record the fact that on December 13, at Leytonstone, there died suddenly (of pneumonia) Horace Cotton, aged 53, eldest son of Stapleton Cotton.

Mr. Cathcart Watson, M.P., who has sat in the N.Z. Parliament, and now is a member of the English House of Commons, and Mrs. Watson, left Southampton on Wednesday by the R.M.S. Trent for the West Indies and New York.

Miss Catherine Anl-brook, of Auckland, has recovered from her recent illness, and is singing at Brighton, Eastbourne, etc. in the near future. She has a number of engagements at New York.

Mr. W. J. Crowthier, of Remuera, Auckland, with his brother and sister, is at present at the Grand Hotel du Champs-Élysées, in Cheshires, where all are enjoying the winter sports. They spend Christmas there and leave Marseilles on December 28th by the Orsova.

Recent callers at the High Commissioner's office: — Mr. H. MacQuarrie (Auckland), Captain G. S. Richardson (Wellington), Mr. Kenneth Richardson (Wellington), Captain M. M. Gardiner (Wellington), Mr. R. Ellison (Christchurch), A. E. Greenland (Wairarapa), I. and P. Ward (Christchurch), R. A. Wood (Christchurch).

Railways (says a Press Association telegram from Rotorua), is still at Taupo, where he is enjoying some excellent fishing.

Cable advice was received last week from Hay, New South Wales, that the Rev. Canon Richards had advised notifying his acceptance of nomination as vicar of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Auckland.

A new research scholarship in physics has been allotted by the Victoria College Council to Mr. M. Alexander, B.Sc., of Otago University. The scholarship, which is worth £100 per annum, is due to the generosity of a donor who wishes to remain anonymous.

Official notice of the resignation of Bishop Mules from the see of Nelson was conveyed to the Primate of New Zealand, Bishop Nevill, on his arrival in New Zealand by the Tainui on Wednesday. The Primate told a reporter that a meeting of the synod would be summoned in due course, and steps taken to fill the vacancy caused by Bishop Mules' resignation.

Late Society Gossip.

NELSON.

January 25.

A very enjoyable euchre party was given at the "Hærena" by Miss Julie Tomlinson for Miss Winifred Cook. The prizes were won by the Misses S. Fell and G. Cook and by Messrs. H. O'Beirne and J. Houlker. Mrs. Tomlinson was wearing black charmeuse and white lace; Miss Tomlinson, pretty pink frock; Misses Maud and Winifred Cook, pale blue sequined net frocks over blue satin; Miss Grace Cook, floral muslin with fichu; Miss Vera Leggett, black velvet; Miss Sclanders, pale pink silk; Mrs. H. Cook, red ninon; Miss Gilkison, deep blue silk with ninon overdress; Miss Mary Clark, white satin; Miss Houlker, vieux rose satin; Miss D. Webb, black lace over satin; Miss Fell, white silk muslin; Miss Coote, pale blue silk; Miss F. Maginnity, pale blue striped chiffon over satin; Miss M. Blackett, violet velvet. Messrs. Leggett (2), O'Beirne, Dalziel, Hanron, Rowley, A. Heaps, Houlker (2), Clark, Cook (2).

The Misses Houlker and F. Maginnity were the hostesses at an afternoon tea also in honour of Miss Winifred Cook. During the afternoon a clever competition entertained the guests, the lucky prize-winners being Miss Shirley Blackett and Miss J. Tomlinson. Miss Maginnity wore a white linen frock and a black feathered hat; Miss Houlker was wearing blue muslin and a black lace hat wreathed with forget-me-nots; the Misses Cook (3) wore grey foulard frocks and black hats; Miss Cook, heliotrope voile, small toque of the same shade; Mrs. Barr, black and white striped coat and skirt, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Holy, mauve voile, hat of mauve chiffon; Mrs. Richmond Fell, white embroidered muslin, small black hat; Mrs. A. Glasgow, bisquit poplin, smart black hat; Mrs. Philip Moore, grey linen, black hat; Mrs. H. Cook, white muslin, blue hat; Mrs. E. Moore, saxe blue voile piped with black satin; Miss Sealy, cream tailor-made, tuscany hat with roses; Mrs. Russell, tussore frock, vieux rose hat; Miss Richmond, raspberry voile, hat en suite. There were also present Misses G. Harley, Hodson, Leggett, Clark (2), Tomlinson, D. Webb, Coote, Sclanders, Heaps.

A very successful bazaar was held at "Werneth," Wakapuaka, the residence of Mr. John Oldham, by the ladies of St. Peter's Church. The various stalls were charmingly decorated, and the stall-holders were as follows: Guild work stall, Mesdames Weller and Arthur Dodson; flower stall, Mrs. Barnes and Miss Barnett; cake stall, Mrs. Geo. Dodson; sweet stall, Misses Erskine and Kay; doll stall, Misses May Dodson and Winnie Barnett; Juvenile Guild stall, Misses E. Barnett and L. Moulder; fairy well,

Among the passengers from England by the Tainui, which reached Wellington last week, were the Revs. J. P. Hampson and W. H. Williamson, both of the Church of England. Mr. Hampson, who is vicar of a parish in Hampshire, is making a tour of the world, and purposes going from New Zealand to the Islands and afterwards probably to Japan. Mr. Williamson proposes settling in New Zealand.

Misses Katie and Olive Barnes; Christmas tree, Mr. C. A. Dodson; jumble stall, Messrs. N. Austin, A. R. Dodson and S. Barnett; afternoon tea, Mrs. D. Barnett. Miss Lily Oldham was an efficient secretary, and Mr. Arthur Dodson manager of the sports.

Personal.

Miss Elsie Booth has returned from the South.

Bishop Mules has returned from the West Coast.

Mr. Justice Chapman is spending a short holiday in Nelson.

Mrs. von Dadelszen (Napier) is the guest of Mrs. J. H. Cook.

Miss von Dadelszen (Wellington) and Miss Symons (Christchurch) are also staying with Mrs. J. H. Cook.

Miss Cachemaille, who has been staying with Mrs. Hunter-Brown, has returned to Wellington.

Miss Daisy Peacock (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. C. Y. Fell.

Miss Stuart Forbes has returned from Blenheim.

DOLCE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

January 26.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Wilding, "Fawnhope," Opawa, gave a small afternoon tea in honour of Mrs. Crooke (Rotorua), who is visiting her friends in Christchurch. Others present were: Mrs. George Harper, Mrs. Frank Harris, Miss Moorhouse, Mrs. John Anderson, Miss Anderson, Mrs. William Wood and Miss Wood.

Small tennis parties have been given by Miss Mailing (St. Albans) and Mrs. Leonard Clark (Sydenham).

Mrs. Pyne gave a tennis party on Wednesday afternoon in honour of Miss Symes, whose marriage takes place early next month. During the afternoon a clock putting competition took place in which Miss Agnes Humphries came first; Miss Symes and Miss Reeves were second (equal). The guests included Misses Symes, Reeves, Rolleston, Boyle, Park, Humphreys (2), Wilson, Barnes (2), Bowden, Denniston and Hamner.

The band contests which are now taking place in Christchurch are attracting great interest, and all their meetings are largely attended.

At the Theatre Royal Allen Doone and Company are playing "Sweet County Kerry," with great success. A few of those present on opening night were: Mrs. Louison, Mrs. and Miss Nancarrow, Mr. and Mrs. George Merton, Miss Charleswood, Miss N. Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. Latter, Mrs. Cecil Louison, Mrs. Eickerton-Fisher, Mr. and Miss Humphreys.

Personal.

Mrs. Russel Grace, who has been staying for some weeks with Mrs. G. G. Stead, has returned to Wellington.

Professor and Mrs. Haswell (Sydney) are spending a short time in Christchurch.

The Misses Coward (England) are the guests of Mrs. Holderness at Raufurly-street, St. Alban's.

Mrs. Pyne and family have returned from Summer.

Miss Hertelett, who has been staying with friends in Christchurch, has returned to Dunedin.

Mrs. Henry Ackland has returned to Christchurch from Sydney.

Miss Oyle (Christchurch) is staying with friends in Wellington.

Mrs. Denniston (Christchurch) is in Wellington, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Denniston.

Mr. and Mrs. Simmonds (Gisborne) are the guests of Mrs. Pyne, Bealey-avenue, Christchurch.

Miss Boyle, who has been staying in Wellington, has returned to Christchurch.

Miss Gladys Knight (Racecourse-hill) is paying a visit to Mrs. C. Reid (Merivale).

DOLLY VALE.

NAPIER.

January 28.

Napier is still very full of summer visitors. The weather has been delightful and the beach the chief centre of attraction. The school holidays end this week and then the usual social round begins afresh.

Farewell Tea.

Mrs. S. Riddell gave a small farewell tea on Wednesday afternoon in honour of Mrs. and the Misses Rutherford, who are leaving shortly for England. Amongst those present were Mrs. Pollen, Mrs. Lindo Levien, Mrs. Levien (Palmerston North), Mrs. Rutherford, Miss D. Rutherford, Miss S. Rutherford, Miss Twigg, Miss Butts (Wellington).

Personal.

Mrs. Levien (Palmerston North) and her children are staying at the Masonic hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Carlyon (Gwavas) have motored to Wellington.

Mrs. W. T. Geddis and family have returned from Auckland.

Miss Lila Palliser (Wellington) is visiting Napier.

Miss Snodgrass has returned from the country.

Canon Mayne is spending a short holiday at Taupo.

Miss Dorothy McCarthy has gone on a motoring tour in the South Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hutchinson are visiting the southern lakes.

The Rev. J. A. Lusk, the new vicar for Havelock North, arrives from England by the Rotorua.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewen, who have been visiting Mrs. Bull, have left for Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. Twigg are visiting Feilding.

Mrs. and Miss Erson (Auckland) have left for Palmerston North.

Miss Standish (Canterbury) is visiting Napier.

Miss Greig has returned from Dunedin.

Mrs. Lewis Campbell (Gisborne) is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Nelson.

The news of the death of Mr. Oriol Fovell, second son of the late Dear Fovell, of Napier, was received here with the deepest regret.

MARJORIE.

Late Orange Blossoms.

HANSEN—HAMPSON.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at the Cathedral, Nelson, on January 22, by the Rev. W. S. Lucas, when Miss May Hampson, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hampson, of Nelson, was married to Dr. D. E. Hansen, of Auckland. The bride, who was given away by her father, was gowned in white duchess satin en princess, the guimpe and sleeves being

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

"BOOTLES" BABY.

LONDON, December 15.

It is already over a quarter of a century, though it seems only a few years, since "Bootles" Baby was born, and already a generation which knows it not is being married and given in marriage. It is very questionable indeed whether if the book was offered as a new thing to-day, it would meet with any success, but at the time of its issue it was an immediate and striking success, and for ten years it sold better almost than any contemporary work of fiction, no fewer than 2,000,000 copies being disposed of at prices ranging from 6d upwards.

And now its author, "John Strange Winter," is lying dead at her home at Hurlington, where for nearly five months she had been practically bed-ridden as the result of a fall sustained whilst stepping from a railway lift. The fall damaged one of her elbows, the wound refused to heal, and complications ensued

outlined in pearl passementerie. She wore an embroidered veil over her coronet of orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful bouquet. Miss Lily Hampson, the bride's sister, acted as bridesmaid, and she wore a dainty frock of lavender crystalline, with piping of a darker shade, large tassel straw hat with lilac. Mr. Martin Hampson, of Rotorua, was best man. The bride travelled in a smart navy blue costume, with hat en suite. Dr. and Mrs. Hansen's future home will be in Invercargill.

VON DADELSZEN—COCK.

At the Cathedral, Nelson, on January 25, 1912, the marriage was celebrated of Miss Winifred Cock, second daughter of Mr. J. H. Cock, of Church Hill, Nelson, and Mr. Herman von Dadelzen, of Napier. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. W. Chatterton, assisted by the Rev. J. P. Kempthorne.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of Indian lace over cream satin, and a court train also of Indian lace, and a veil of the same material, with a spray of orange blossoms. She carried a sheaf of white lilies. Miss Cock and Miss Grace Cock, sisters of the bride, were the bridesmaids, and they wore frocks of primrose liberty satin, with fichus of primrose nixon. Their hats were of bronze silk straw, trimmed with grapes to match, and they carried bouquets of primrose coloured sweet peas and hollyhocks. Mr. James Houliker was best man, and Mr. Jack Cock groomsmen. Mrs. Cock, mother of the bride, wore amethyst silk, and a black hat trimmed with amethyst and a black ostrich feather. Mrs. von Dadelzen, mother of the bridegroom, wore a brown silk dress, and a brown hat. Miss Cock (the bride's aunt) wore black velvet, and a black and white hat. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at breakfast at the residence of the bride's parents. The bride's travelling dress was of champagne coloured French cloth, braided in the same colour, and she wore a black picture hat with black ostrich feather. Mr. and Mrs. von Dadelzen left by motor car for the West Coast, where the honeymoon will be spent, and Canterbury will also be visited before they reach their future home at Napier.

COMERFORD—MILLER.

A quiet wedding was solemnised at the Terrace Congregational Church, Christchurch, on January 20th, when Miss May Miller, second daughter of the late Rev. H. Miller, of Napier, was married to Mr. L. V. Comerford, of Christchurch. The bride was given away by the Hon. George Fowlds and Mr. H. Miller acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Reed Glason.

ENGAGEMENTS.

No notice of Engagements or Marriages can be inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person with Full Name and Address.

The engagement is announced of Miss M. Park (Wellington), niece of Mrs Deans (Roccarton, Christchurch), to Mr K. Murchison (Lake Coleridge).

which brought her life to an end at the age of 55.

"John Strange Winter" was born at York in 1836, her father having been rector of St. Margaret's in that city. Mr. Palmer's forebears had been in the Army for three generations, and he himself before his ordination had held a commission in the Royal Artillery. She began to write stories as a child, and later on served an apprenticeship to the "Family Herald," to which paper, under the pen-name of "Violet Whyte," she contributed forty-two novelettes in about eight years. Her own relatives did not know that she wrote at all until her marriage in 1884 to Mr. Arthur Stannard, a civil engineer. The publishers of her book, "Cavalry Life," persuaded her to take a man's name, and she chose "John Strange Winter," the name she had given to one of the characters in the story. Both this and her next book, "Regimental Legends," were well received, but it was not until "Bootles" Baby appeared that she achieved a real popular success. This story, like many other famous works, was rejected by six or seven firms, and was put aside in despair. Mr. Stannard it was who sent it to the "Graphic," which accepted it at once. Its success was immediate and lasting, and dramatised the story achieved the same sort of popularity as "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Mrs. Stannard was a tremendous worker, and altogether wrote between ninety and a hundred novels of one sort and another, besides contributing short stories and articles by the thousand to popular periodicals. According to some estimates the total sales of her book exceeded four million copies. Most of her works sold well on publication, but none of them came anywhere near to attaining the celebrity of "Bootles" Baby," nor vied with it in length of life as a readily saleable book.

Ruskin paid Mrs. Stannard the compliment of being the author "to whom we owe the most finished and faithful rendering ever yet given of the character of the British soldier." He was disappointed to discover that the writer was a woman. Ruskin wrote: "I had not the least thought of your being a woman. (I ought to have had, for really, women do everything now that's best, and they know more about soldiers than soldiers know of themselves.) But it had never come into my head, and I'm a little sorry that the good soldier I had fancied is lost to me, for I have many delightful women friends, but no cavalry officers."

In the last sentence is to be found, perhaps, the reason for the great man's compliment to Mrs. Stannard.

LONDON LAND ROMANCE.

A quarrel between the Lambeth Borough Council and the rector and churchwardens of old Lambeth Parish Church as to the proper destination of the £81,000 paid by the London County Council to acquire a plot of land known as Pedlars Acre, has brought to light some interesting facts, and a large amount of romance in connection with the ground whereon London's new county hall is now being erected. Pedlars Acre, which forms less than a sixth of the riverside site purchased by the L.C.C. is to-day of a rental value of at least £1,500 per annum. Four hundred years ago—in 1504 to be precise—the land was then returning only 2/8 a year!

This plot of land was left to Lambeth Parish some time in the 15th century, but it is not quite certain who the actual donor was, or under precisely what conditions he left it. Hence the quarrel between church and council. The Council contended that the estate was vested entirely in the Borough Council for civil purposes only, whilst the Church claimed that a proportion of the £81,000 should be devoted to ecclesiastical purposes. The L.C.C. was no party to the litigation, having paid the money into Chancery and left the Borough Council and the Parish Church to fight over the sharing of it.

On behalf of the Church some romantic legends concerning the bequest of the estate were unearthed by record searchers. According to one story the pedlar who gave this land to the old Lambeth parish made it conditional on a representation of his dog being kept in one of the church windows. This finds some support in the fact that a window in the south side of the church has on it a painting of a pedlar with a long staff and a pack, accompanied by a dog.

Another tradition or record tells how

the pedlar fell asleep near Farthing Ferry, and while he slept his dog scratched up the turf, and discovered buried treasure.

Yet another declares that the pedlar named Smith took shelter from a storm under the wall of old Lambeth Church, on the very spot which afterwards sheltered Queen Mary and the "Young Pretender" in their flight. The priest finding the pedlar under the wall, observed, "Thou art early for vespers, my son." "I am not for vespers, father," replied Smith, "I am for the road when rain threatens no longer." "Art thou an honest man?" inquired the priest. "Hast thou much custom? Does thou mete out true measure?" "Yes," answered the pedlar. "I mete out good measure to my detriment. It is tramp, tramp, tramp, for but little gain." The priest after much persuasion, induced the pedlar to join in the evening service, and the story runs that years later, when Smith, then a prosperous tradesman, was about to die, he left his acre of land to the church, praying that God might prosper the land as He had prospered him.

The action between Church and Council ended in the Judge holding that the estate was vested in the borough council for civil purposes only, and directed that the income of the £81,000 should be paid to the council for the relief of the general rate of the borough and not for ecclesiastical purposes.

A DESPERATE CASE.

A Western physician received the following from a brother physician: "Dear Dock I have a pashunt whose physical sines shows that the windpipe has ulcerated off and his lungs have dropped into his stomach. I have given him every think without effect his father is welthy honable and influencial as he is a member of assembly and god nose I don't want to loss hyun what shall I do ans by return male. Yours frat,

DOC TISHBEIN.



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W. ARMSTRONG, Commissioner of Crown Lands, Lands Office, New Plymouth, 24th January, 1912.

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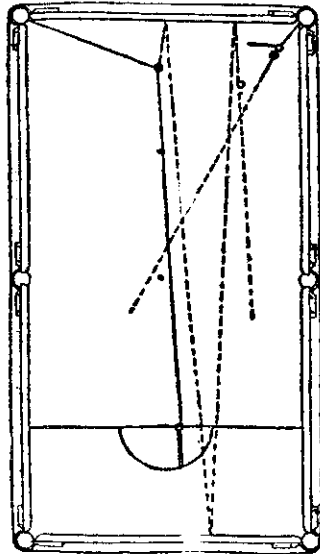
Sports and Pastimes.

BILLIARDS.

The Big Match.

WHATEVER the outcome of the match between Stevenson and Gray may prove to be, there is no blinking the fact of the extraordinary interest taken by the general public in the doings of the two professionals, wrote an expert in the London "Daily Telegraph," when the first match, illustrated in this page, was under weigh.

No species of game that ever has been played can, surely, bring two greater extremes in the matter of style and scoring method together than Stevenson and Gray. They are unlike in all respects. The young Australian's boyish appearance, his upright carriage, almost automatic development of pose and quick-step walk to and from and around the table, are all so utterly different to the studied deportment of his opponent as to command notice. Stevenson is the cool-headed, well-seasoned professor of his art, who has exhibited his skill in many lands and under all kinds of conditions. It is "second nature" to him to play billiards and he is in the atmo-

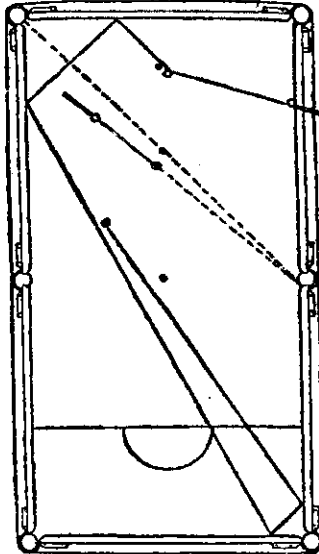


Two special losing strokes by George Gray which steered the red ball into position for his favourite middle-pocket stroke.

sphere of a curious, critical company. He has, apparently, no eyes or ears for anything but the passage of the balls as they fit to and fro upon the green cloth. He is one of the high masters of his profession; and none is more conscious of the fact than he. A knowledge of what is best suited to tickle the palate of the billiard amateur occasionally tempts him to desert the chess-like planning of his top-of-the-table touches for classical variations of the main strokes. These flights of fancy always gather their due meed of appreciation. None appeal more than those little twists and turns of the cue-ball as it directs the movement of the two object-balls, moving side by side, in a series of the most delicate close-cannon touches. The sudden appearance of the cue-ball on the opposite side to that which it has previously been operated from and the return of the admirably controlled objects along the path whence they had been "nursed," makes for an unending source of gratified comment on every side. Beyond question, Stevenson has the happy faculty of combining scoring effectiveness with a full complement of attractiveness.

There are bound to be patchy periods in every game. The Stevenson-Gray affair has proved no exception to this well-established phase of play. At times the wiful balls have defied the best-meant efforts of either player. Then, again, lapses of form (which will come and go while this world lasts) have shown that the higher class of player

is fallible, and often troubled to make headway. One of the causes, it is said, of the occasional spells of low scoring and accompanying weak shots has been the sinking of the floor on which the table stands. Owing to one part of the ball holding more spectators than another, a subsidence, slight but sufficient to affect the pitch of the table, has



Instances of "corresponding angle" flukes seen during the Stevenson-Gray match.

been noticed as the various chapters of the match have worn on. The players complained that the balls were not running quite truly. Then the spirit-level examination and the need for readjustment at the close of play confirmed earlier suspicions while accounting for not a few surprising mistakes from either player. There is no doubt that this circumstance contributed more to the disadvantage of Stevenson than his opponent. The Englishman's tender treatment of the balls and his regular aim of gathering the balls together within the smallest reasonable compass were not well served by the give of the flooring. Other than this, it is perfectly safe and wholly fair to say that no two billiard players can ever have had a more perfect specimen of the billiard table maker's craft to display their skill upon. The fine unity of pace between cushion and cloth, the free-running encouragement by both these great essentials, and the clear-cut shape of the whole deserve especial mention. The vast strides made in the improvement of material during the last few years cause one to seriously ponder over the excellence of the old-time players, who accomplished such brilliant performances under most exacting conditions. The way of the billiard-playing pioneer was hard.

Really, the disappointment of the match has been George Gray, whose name was synonymous with four-figured breaks in the succession of triumphs he scored in England last season. Since he resumed operations in September, after a summer rest, he has fallen away considerably from his former high estate. So far as the present match has progressed the Australian prodigy has been playing in a very minor key. He has failed to open up a business connection with the left middle pocket, and he is far less certain of his long shots at the top pocket than of old. That he has not yet acquainted himself with the requirements of the bozoline balls (with which article the game at the Holborn Hall is being contested) his continual disappointing breakdowns when in position to attack the red ball from the base of operations plainly tell. Last season, when he played exclusively with the crystalline balls, to see him with his ball in hand and the red lying centrally between the baulk-line and the centre spot meant a big break. It is otherwise now. The thing which surprises one most is the uncertainty young Gray shows in dealing with the middle pockets, the main scoring points of his

CRICKET.

Victor Trumper.

It would have been an easy matter years ago to have written pages of flattery of Victor Trumper and yet not say one word which could be taken as an exaggeration of his many virtues as a cricketer. To-day the matter is not so easy, for like many other great players, he has come back to that position where embryo can be applied to him without in any way prejudicing his position in the cricket world of to-day. To Trumper and he alone Australia owes a position in cricket which no other player, ancient or modern, ever lay claim to. To say that he once stood alone as a batsman would be only speaking the truth. One indeed could go further and say that he is the only player the world has known who could lay claim to be considered the equal of W. G. Grace. Personally, I could go so far as to say that had he been born with the physique of Grace, and played the game in England, he would have outshone that great cricketer, whose very name was a byword in every story book that was written, and read by every schoolboy. Many people are under the impression that in his early days Trumper was not persevered with enough, but with this I disagree. As a matter of fact, his powers as a first-class exponent were slow to ripen, and though his club cricket was phenomenal, it must not be forgotten that there is a vast difference between club cricket and cricket as played in first-class company. When once he had mastered the game his powers were illimitable, and he left his comrades and tradition far behind. He made strokes unheard of, and his power in dealing with difficult bowling was a thing unknown before his advent. When in form he made bowling look simple, and his footwork was wonderful. He is the only batsman I have known who could put the same ball to different parts of the field and each a perfect stroke. It was impossible to stop his strokes, and so matter how the field was altered and placed, his scoring went on just the same. Unlike most batsmen, his attack was his defence. He made his stroke and then thought afterwards. His intention was

breaks. Apprehensive of failure at the slow, thin strokes, and some too certain of his run-throughs, he distributes his failures impartially. The cue-ball finds its way below and above the pocket opening. There is no uniformity about the direction.

The strokes represented on the diagrams herewith are drawn from the big match. One of the enduring features has been the ready acknowledgment of any stroke by young Gray which has set the red ball favourably for his losing hazard strokes. Two of the most striking instances in point are illustrated upon the first diagram. The "screwing-in-off-the-spot" from the D effort that "doubled" the red more than two and a half times the length of the table drew a hubbub of cheering, then grew in louder volume as the coloured ball was seen to stop rolling and open up the right middle pocket for the player. It was by a different stroke in all its bearings that the second position shown occurred. With the cue ball lying almost touching the red and the object white well in the background Gray lifted up his cue butt to execute a beautiful pique shot. The cue ball recoiled into the corner pocket, and the red ball rolled down and across the line of the table, to stop when nicely placed for losing hazard practice at the left middle pocket.

Another aspect of the game is presented with the reproduction of flukes committed by either exponent and within easy periods of one another. It was Stevenson who aroused reminiscences of "corresponding angles" surprises by his cannon attempt played from under the right top cushion. Only failing to score as intended (out of the left top angles) by a mere shade, the cue ball passed down into baulk and returned off the corner cushions as indicated, to score a spectacular cannon. Any strokes above medium pace has a prospect of achieving some measure of scoring success on such a high-speed table as that on which this particular cannon was played. The "corresponding angle" was again in evidence when Gray, in trying to "stab" the red ball by an across-the-table shot into the right middle pocket drove it forcibly full against the point of the lower "shoulder." The rebound sent the ball hurrying in the direction of the left top pocket to find its depth.

wonderful, and he knew no fear. Like W. G. Grace, he could play on any wicket. He showed no partiality to any particular kind of bowling, and was equally at home on good as on bad wickets. He never indulged in any particular stroke, and he was master of every known stroke. He showed just the same amazing ability in the field. Strange to say, though he will always be considered a good catcher, his record in this department of the game will never be considered in the same plane as his other attributes. He was brilliant, bringing off at times some extraordinary catches, but there were times when he dropped the easy ones. In his early days he was not a bad bowler, having a good command of length and a quick whip off the pitch.

In latter days he has "come back" to the time when one can make comparisons, and speak of him as one would speak of other batsmen. He thinks now before he makes his stroke, and though he can still at times make the same beautiful strokes as of old, he does not do it with the facility he did years ago. He is, if anything, slower in his methods, and takes a little while to get the pace of the wickets. On slow wickets he shows more of his old ability, and on these kind of wickets he can pull with all his old dexterity. I have seen him on occasions bowled with balls that in the old days he would put anywhere. It must not be thought that, because one speaks of his faults, he is not still a great batsman. He is still a great player, but after having built up for himself such a high reputation, it would be well nigh impossible for anyone to keep to it. His driving is just as forceful as of old, but the pace of the bowling troubles him at times. His fielding is just as good as it was years ago, and one could almost say, the same of his catching.

As a personality, Trumper is a host in himself. No man in this country ever had the following he did. His power over his public was amazing. The moment he emerged from the pavilion people took their seats and waited for the feast to follow. He rarely failed them. No matter how tedious the game might have been a few days before, all this was forgotten the moment he got to work. A score from him set everybody in good spirits. He did more to inspire and depress the game in Australia than any other player, dead or living. He made the game look so simple and easy that every player who batted after him seemed dull and lifeless. Many and many a time he has carried the match on his own shoulders, and found the burden easy. He is the biggest-hearted cricketer we ever had. Bowlers all feared him, and he knew it.

The one man who possessed most of the attributes of Trumper, and who looked the most likely to fill his shoes was J. R. M. Mackay. Trumper has no living counterpart, and never had. His nearest opponent to-day is Aubrey Faulkner. It may be many years before we see his equal; we are grateful that we have had him in this country, and the growing youth and budding cricketer, if they cannot copy, can at least look back upon his form with many degrees of pleasure. If Trumper cannot reproduce that grand form which made him at times the greatest of modern batsmen, we can still be grateful to him for what he does do, and remember with pride those many delightful displays of his which electrified the world and inspired us with such grand hopes.

A Laugh at Mr Taft.

Mr Taft's Arbitration schemes were the principal subject of a jest at the annual dinner of the Gridiron Club at Washington. The dinner was attended by the President and some 200 leading statesmen, politicians, and captains of industry in the United States. Between the courses a member of the club was seen to be working desperately at a wire leading on to the balcony. "What are you doing?" inquired the president of the club. "I have got a dove of peace at the end of this string," was the reply, "and I am trying to see if I can make it come in. I hear there is a message for Mr Taft." A moment later a "dove" appeared struggling desperately. When it became undone, however, it turned out to be not a dove, but a goose. The President demanded an explanation. "Why," was the answer, "the dove of peace is always a goose."

LAWN TENNIS.

Wellington Provincial Championships

Successful Tournament at Day's Bay—Miss Travers Victorious

By ROMULUS.

THE thirteenth annual tournament of the Wellington Provincial Lawn Tennis Association was run off on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, 20th, 22nd, and 23rd January, eight events being concluded on the Tuesday. The meeting was most successful from every point of view. The entries were very large, while the arrangements for the convenience of players left nothing to be desired. Although there was considerable disappointment at the absence of Miss P. A. Stewart, the Australasian and New Zealand lady champion at the last moment who was unable to compete, and the retirement of Miss K. M. Nunneley from the ladies' singles, the tournament was, nevertheless, noteworthy for some bright tennis, particularly on the Monday when the weather was at its best and the courts were in good order. A big crowd of people watched the tennis on that day, and were rewarded by fine displays on the part of Swanston (singles), Peacock and Gore (doubles), and Miss Travers and Mrs Goldie (doubles).

The tournament was conducted under the personal supervision of the hon. secretary, Mr D. M. Kean, who was assisted by the following officials:—Management Committee: Messrs R. St. J. Beere, A. G. Heuderson, C. A. Jeffery, F. A. Lewis, C. A. Lawrence, W. J. Robertson, Dr. D. N. Isaacs; Match Committee: Messrs C. A. Jeffery, D. M. Kean and C. A. Lawrence; Referee: Mr H. M. Gore; Handicappers: Messrs G. N. Goldie, C. A. Jeffery, and D. M. Kean; Hon. Treasurer: Mr J. W. Barclay.

Competitors speak very highly of Mr Kean's management and one authority states confidently that the meeting was the best conducted affair ever held under the auspices of the W.P.L.T.A., and gives the hon. secretary unstinted praise therefor.

As a result of the events decided, the following are the new provincial champions for 1912, while those of previous years can be seen in the tables appearing elsewhere in this account:—

Men's Singles.—J. C. Peacock.
Men's Doubles.—J. C. Peacock and C. St. G. Gore.

Ladies' Singles.—Miss Eva Travers.
Ladies' Doubles.—Miss E. Travers and Mrs G. N. Goldie.

Combined Doubles.—
Details of the several rounds in the championships and the scores of the semi-finals and finals of the handicaps are subjoined:—

CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Men's Singles.

(1911 champion: H. A. Parker.)

First Round.—F. A. de la Mare v. K. J. Simpson, 6-4, 4-0, 6-3; R. N. K. Swanston v. S. J. Sampson, 6-4, 6-0; F. M. B. Fisher v. L. W. Hawkins, 9-7, 6-4; P. White-Parsons v. R. St. J. Beere, 6-4, 6-0; E. Salmon v. J. B. Parker, 3-6, 6-4, 6-1; C. A. Jeffery v. G. M. Clegburn, 10-8, 6-3; H. W. Brown v. W. E. Crewes, 6-1, 6-4.

Second Round.—R. N. K. Swanston v. F. A. de la Mare, 6-2, 6-1; F. M. B. Fisher v. P. White-Parsons, 6-4, 6-5, 8-6; E. Salmon v. C. A. Jeffery, 6-1, 6-3; J. C. Peacock v. H. W. Brown, 6-1, 6-2.

Semi-finals.—E. N. K. Swanston v. F. M. B. Fisher, 6-3, 6-1; J. C. Peacock v. E. Salmon, 6-2, 6-0.

Final.—J. C. Peacock v. R. H. K. Swanston, 5-7, 6-2, 14-12, 6-4.

The result of the final, played on Saturday last was to produce a new singles champion, J. C. Peacock never having previously won the event. He started aggressively from the jump and

led 4-0, only to lose the first set 5-7, a circumstance which pointed pretty strongly to Swanston confirming the general opinion by once more carrying off the championship. However, it was not to be, as Peacock played finely throughout the match, and after capturing the third set at 14-12, was a certain winner. Even in this important set Peacock did most of the attacking, but after falling when leading 5-4 and 6-5 Swanston thereafter had several opportunities of winning it, leading continually up to 12-11. The ex-New Zealand champion then put in a finishing dash. Three successive games, and at 14-12 led two sets to one. The pace had been too warm for Swanston to stand a possible chance of lifting two consecutive sets, and the match went to Peacock at 6-4 in the fourth set. (Games 31 to 27.) Both men drove splendidly throughout, but Peacock often scored at the net, while Swanston seemed content to adopt baseline tactics. In fact, Peacock's volleying was one of the features of the match. The win was popular, though Swanston was generally expected to be victorious.

Ladies' Singles.

(1911 champion: Miss K. M. Nunneley.)

First Round.—Miss A. M. Batham v. Miss K. McIntosh, 6-2; 6-3; Miss E. Williams v. Miss E. Molesworth, by default; Miss L. Van Staveren v. Miss M. Simpson, by default; Miss E. Travers v. Miss E. Bennett, 6-1; 8-6.

Second Round.—Miss K. M. Nunneley v. Miss M. Davis, 6-1, 6-0; Miss E. Williams v. Miss A. M. Batham, 6-2, 6-1; Miss E. Travers v. Miss L. Van Staveren, 7-5, 3-0, 6-1; Mrs. G. N. Goldie and Miss P. A. Stewart, by default.

Semi-finals.—Miss E. Williams v. Miss K. M. Nunneley, by default; Miss E. Travers v. Mrs. G. N. Goldie, 2-6, 6-0, 6-1.

Final.—Miss E. Travers (Wellington) v. Miss E. Williams (Wellington), 0-7, 6-4.

The two Wellingtonians, Misses Travers and Williams, had a very keen struggle for the championship honours, two sets producing no less than 26 games. Although Miss Williams did extremely well according to the scores, Miss Travers was just as hardy pushed in previous rounds, Miss Van Staveren running her to a closely contested three-set match, while Mrs. Goldie also captured a set in the succeeding round. Miss Travers has not taken too kindly to singles play of late, and the 1912 tournament bears out the suspicion that she has had nearly enough match tennis for the season; otherwise, she would not have experienced such difficulty in winning the event, every player fully extending her, including Miss Bennett. In addition to her success in the singles, Miss Travers annexed the doubles with Mrs. Goldie, and the combined doubles, so she will have cause to remember the latest Provincial Championship Meeting as one of the most successful in her career as far as results go.

Men's Doubles.

(1911 champions: C. C. Cox and G. G. Aitken.)

First Round.—R. N. K. Swanston and E. Salmon v. D. Cowan and O. Wellwood, 6-2, 6-3; H. W. Brown and L. W. Hawkins v. P. H. Putnam and G. H. Fell, 6-1, 6-1.

Second Round.—J. C. Peacock and C. St. G. Gore v. W. E. Crewes and H. Fother, 6-1, 6-0; R. N. K. Swanston and E. Salmon v. R. St. J. Beere and F. A. de la Mare, 6-4, 6-2; H. W. Brown and L. W. Hawkins v. G. M. Clegburn and J. B. Parker, 8-6, 6-4, 6-4; F. M.

B. Fisher and P. White-Parsons v. S. J. Sampson and E. R. Kirk, 6-1, 7-6.

Semi-finals.—J. C. Peacock and C. St. G. Gore v. R. N. K. Swanston and E. Salmon, 6-1, 7-5; F. M. B. Fisher and P. White-Parsons v. H. W. Brown and L. W. Hawkins, 8-6, 8-6.

Final.—J. C. Peacock and C. St. G. Gore (Thorndon) v. F. M. B. Fisher and P. White-Parsons (Thorndon) 6-4, 4-0, 9-7.

Charles Gore, member of the New Zealand representative team which visited New South Wales in 1904, partnered by Peacock, another more famous player of that combination, defeated such strong pairs as Swanston-Salmond (easily) and Fisher-White-Parsons, so that the performance was full of merit. On paper Swanston and Salmond looked good enough to win the event, but though a fine double player Salmond was out of practice and they fell in straight sets. Not so Fisher and White-Parsons, however, this combination making themselves felt before disposal at 6-4, 4-0, 9-7 (19 games to 17).

Ladies' Doubles.

(1911 champions: Misses K. M. Nunneley and M. Simpson.)

First Round.—Mrs F. Grady and Miss M. Clark v. Misses P. A. Stewart and M. Molesworth, by default; Miss E. Travers and Mrs G. N. Goldie v. Misses D. Atmore and O. Caverhill, 6-2, 6-0; Misses K. M. Nunneley and E. Williams v. Misses L. Van Staveren and M. Davis, 6-2, 6-2; Misses M. Simpson and A. Brewster v. Misses N. Curtis and V. Bennett, 6-4, 7-5.

Semi-Finals.—Miss E. Travers and Mrs G. N. Goldie v. Mrs F. Grady and Miss M. L. Clark, 6-0, 6-2; Misses K. M. Nunneley and E. Williams v. Misses M. Simpson and A. Brewster, 6-2, 8-6.

Final.—Miss E. Travers and Mrs G. N. Goldie (Wellington) v. Miss K. M. Nunneley (Thorndon) and E. Williams (Wellington), 6-4, 4-0, 6-4.

Contrary to general expectations, the 1910 champions, Misses Nunneley and Williams were defeated by Miss Travers and Mrs Goldie, in a well fought three set encounter. Somehow or other Misses Nunneley and Williams do not combine too well and the writer remembers the difficulty this pair had in beating Miss A. M. Batham and Mrs R. A. Holmes two years ago. Had it not been necessary to abandon the match when first started (owing to bad light) and replay it a few days afterwards the chances are that the Thorndon ladies would have won on that occasion. The noteworthy feature of this year's event is the writing of Mrs Goldie's name on the championship roll of honour for the first time. The Brougham Hill lady played like a champion throughout the meeting and fully deserved her success.

Combined Doubles.

(1911 champions: F. M. B. Fisher and Miss R. E. Wellwood.)

First Round.—F. A. de la Mare and Miss A. M. Batham v. R. N. K. Swanston and Mrs G. N. Goldie, 6-3, 9-7.

Second Round.—F. M. B. Fisher and Miss E. Travers v. B. L. Ward and Miss M. Molesworth, by default; P. White-Parsons and Miss A. Brewster v. F. A. de la Mare and Miss A. M. Batham, 6-3, 6-4; E. Salmon and Miss E. Williams v. H. W. Brown and Miss P. A. Stewart, by default; J. C. Peacock and Miss M. Simpson v. G. M. Clegburn and Miss L. Van Staveren, 6-2, 7-5.

Semi-finals.—F. M. B. Fisher and Miss E. Travers v. P. White-Parsons and Miss A. Brewster, 6-3, 6-2; E. Salmon and Miss E. Williams v. J. C. Peacock and Miss M. Simpson, 10-8, 6-4.

Final to be played later.

HANDICAPS.

Men's Singles—First Grade.

Semi-finals.—S. J. Sampson (13) v. W. E. Crewes (10), 60-47; L. S. Curtis (20) v. J. B. Parker (10), 60-49.

Final.—S. J. Sampson, Brougham Hill (12) v. L. S. Curtis, Petone (20), 60-47.

Men's Singles—Second Grade.

Semi-finals.—E. Reeves (8) v. C. Giblin (16) 60-58; R. Rawnsley (12) v. C. H. Andrews (owe 2) 60-30.

Final.—E. Reeves, Brougham Hill (8), v. R. Rawnsley, Brougham Hill (12), 60-58.

Ladies' Singles.

Semi-finals.—Miss N. Curtis (8) v. Miss Rigg (24) 60-44; Miss K. McIntosh (6) v. Miss A. Brewster (acc) 52-20.

Final.—Miss N. Curtis, Petone (8), v.

Miss K. McIntosh, Victoria College (6), 52-60.

Men's Doubles.

Semi-finals.—H. W. Brown and L. W. Hawkins (owe 16) v. G. M. Clegburn and F. A. de la Mare (8), 70-68; W. J. Robertson and C. H. Taylor (20) v. D. Cowan and O. Wellwood (10), 70-63.

Final.—H. W. Brown, Wellington, and L. W. Hawkins, Brougham Hill (owe 16) v. W. J. Robertson and C. H. Taylor, Victoria College (20), 70-63.

Ladies' Doubles.

Semi-finals.—Misses L. Van Staveren and M. Davis (2) v. Misses M. McLean and V. Veitch (24), 60-51; Misses E. Williams and A. M. Batham (owe 10) v. Misses D. Atmore and O. Caverhill (12), 60-44.

Final.—Miss L. Van Staveren and Miss M. Davis (2) v. Miss E. Williams and Miss A. M. Batham (owe 10), 60-49.

Combined Doubles.

Semi-finals.—W. E. Crewes and Miss M. Davis (10) v. D. Cowan and Miss L. Turtin (8), 60-55; H. W. Brown and Miss A. Brewster (owe 10) v. F. A. de la Mare and Miss A. M. Batham (8), 60-58.

Final.—H. W. Brown, Wellington, and Miss A. Brewster, New Plymouth (owe 10), v. W. E. Crewes, Trinity, and Miss M. Davis, Brougham Hill (10), 60-43.

Winners of the Wellington Provincial Championships.

MEN'S SINGLES.

- 1900—F. Lashley.
- 1901—F. Lashley.
- 1902—C. C. Cox
- 1903—C. C. Cox
- 1904—C. C. Cox
- 1905—C. J. Dickie
- 1906—H. M. Gore
- 1907—C. C. Cox
- 1908—R. N. K. Swanston
- 1909—H. Rice (New South Wales)
- 1910—R. N. K. Swanston
- 1911—H. A. Parker (New South Wales)
- 1912—J. C. Peacock.

MEN'S DOUBLES.

- 1900—F. Lashley and C. F. Adams
- 1901—F. Lashley and C. F. Adams
- 1902—F. Lashley and C. F. Adams
- 1903—C. C. Cox and R. N. K. Swanston
- 1904—C. C. Cox and R. N. K. Swanston
- 1905—C. J. Dickie and A. G. Wallace
- 1906—F. M. B. Fisher and A. Young
- 1907—C. C. Cox and F. M. B. Fisher
- 1908—H. M. Gore and G. G. Aitken
- 1909—H. Rice and H. W. Brown
- 1910—C. C. Cox and R. N. K. Swanston
- 1911—C. C. Cox and G. G. Aitken
- 1912—J. C. Peacock and C. H. Gore

LADIES' SINGLES.

- 1900—Miss Cave
- 1901—Mrs. Payne
- 1902—Mrs. Payne
- 1903—Miss L. Powdrell
- 1904—Miss L. Powdrell
- 1905—Miss E. Travers
- 1906—Miss A. Ward (Mrs. A. J. Fernie)
- 1907—Miss K. M. Nunneley
- 1908—Mrs. W. R. S. Hickson
- 1909—Miss N. M. Nunneley
- 1910—Miss K. M. Nunneley
- 1911—Miss K. M. Nunneley
- 1912—Miss E. Travers

LADIES' DOUBLES.

- 1900—Misses Gore and Kennedy
- 1901—Mrs. Marchbanks and Miss Gore
- 1902—Mrs. Payne and Miss Cave
- 1903—Mrs. Payne and Miss Cave
- 1904—Mrs. L. Pearce and Miss L. Powdrell
- 1905—Misses E. Travers and E. Williams
- 1906—Misses L. Powdrell and E. Travers
- 1907—Misses L. Powdrell and E. Travers
- 1908—Mrs. Hickson and Miss E. Williams
- 1909—Misses E. Travers and A. Gray
- 1910—Misses K. M. Nunneley and E. Williams
- 1911—Misses K. M. Nunneley and M. Simpson
- 1912—Miss E. Travers and Mrs. G. N. Goldie

COMBINED DOUBLES.

- 1900—C. St. G. Gore and Mrs. Marchbanks.
- 1901—F. Lashley and Miss Kennedy
- 1902—H. M. Gore and Miss Gore
- 1903—H. A. Parker and Miss Kennedy
- 1904—F. Lashley and Miss N. Marchant
- 1905—F. Lashley and Miss N. Marchant
- 1906—H. W. Brown and Miss E. Travers
- 1907—C. F. Adams and Miss K. M. Nunneley
- 1908—R. N. K. Swanston and Mrs. Hickson

1900—F. M. B. Fisher and Miss A. Bat-
ham
1910—H. W. Brown and Miss K. M.
Nunneley
1911—F. M. B. Fisher and Miss E. E.
Wellwood
1912—To be played.

THE GAME IN WELLINGTON.

(By "ROMULUS.")

Coming Tournaments.

MANAWATU CHAMPIONSHIPS AND HANDICAPS—February 19 and 21, 1912, at Palmerston North.
TARANAKI CHAMPIONSHIPS AND HANDICAPS—Waverley, February 22nd to 24th.
SOUTHLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS AND HANDICAPS—February 22 to 24, 1912, at Invercargill.
WAIKAWA CHAMPIONSHIPS AND HANDICAPS—Waipawa, February 22 to 24.

The Wairarapa Championships.

The winners and the scores in the finals at Masterton are subjoined:—
Men's Singles.—G. Ollivier (Christchurch) v. G. G. Aitken (Masterton), 6-4, 6-3.
Ladies' Singles.—Miss N. Hartgill (Dannevirke) v. Miss L. Williams (Sydney), 6-1, 6-0.
Men's Doubles.—W. Pearce (Tamuka) and G. G. Aitken (Masterton) v. G. Ollivier and C. A. Cuff (Christchurch), 6-3, 6-4.
Ladies' Doubles.—Misses Payton (Masterton) and Hughes (Bahiata) v. Misses Hartgill (Dannevirke) and Williams (Sydney), 9-5.
Combined Doubles.—G. Ollivier (Christchurch) and Miss Hartgill (Dannevirke) v. G. G. Aitken (Masterton) and Miss Cave (Wanganui), 6-3, 6-3.

Stray Notes.

Miss A. Brewster, the Taranaki lady champion, was a competitor at the recent tournament at Day's Bay and won the combined handicap doubles, partnered by H. W. Brown.
The combined handicap doubles at the Thorndon Club resulted in an easy win for J. B. Parker and Miss Marchant, who defeated R. H. Nagle and Mrs Biss in the final by straight sets.
G. W. Callender (Hutt) leaves for England at the end of March in order to continue studies in the advancement of his profession—architecture.
The first and second grade handicap singles (men's) at the Masterton Club's tournament were won by C. A. Cuff and W. Reed respectively.

THE GAME IN AUCKLAND.

(By FOOTFAULT.)

Fixtures.

INTER-CLUB COMPETITION—February 25.
INTER-PROVINCIAL TEAMS TOURNAMENT—April 5, 6, and 8 (Easter), at Auckland.

Remuera Tournament.

Ladies' Championship Singles.—Miss Harstow beat Miss Olliphant, 6-1, 6-1.
Men's Championship Singles.—1st Round: S. Riddock beat Richmond, 3-0, 6-1, 6-2, 8-0; H. Burton beat C. Young, 5-7, 7-5, 5-7, 6-2, 6-4; L. Longuet beat C. Mark, 6-0, 6-1, 6-2; F. Hickson beat L. Mark, 6-1, 6-2, 6-0.
2nd Round: K. Duthie beat F. Ewen, 7-5, 6-2, 8-0.
Men's Singles, B Grade.—1st round: Duthie-15, beat Grimshaw-30, 11-5; E. K. Mulgar-151, beat Gossett-ser., 11-9; Hamblin-151, beat Scott-Smith-30, 11-10; Savage-30, beat Archer-151, 11-9. 2nd round: L. J. Mark-30, beat T. Macky-40.
Combined Handicap Doubles.—L. Longuet and Miss Taylor-40, beat Peacock and Miss Gordon-30, 11-2; Gossett and Miss I. Walker, rec. 15-beat J. Alexander and Miss Commons-115, 11-7; Robinson and Miss Scherer-rec. 15, beat Corrigan and Mrs. Corrigan-15, 11-1; Hamblin and Miss MacMaster-rec. 15, beat T. Macky and Miss Hall-15, 11-8.

HOW HE COULD FIND HER.

"I want to find my daughter," said a man to the head waiter of the dining-room of a large hotel. "I understand she is here!"
"Yes, sir," answered the waiter; "Eighth hat to the left."

BUSINESS PARS.

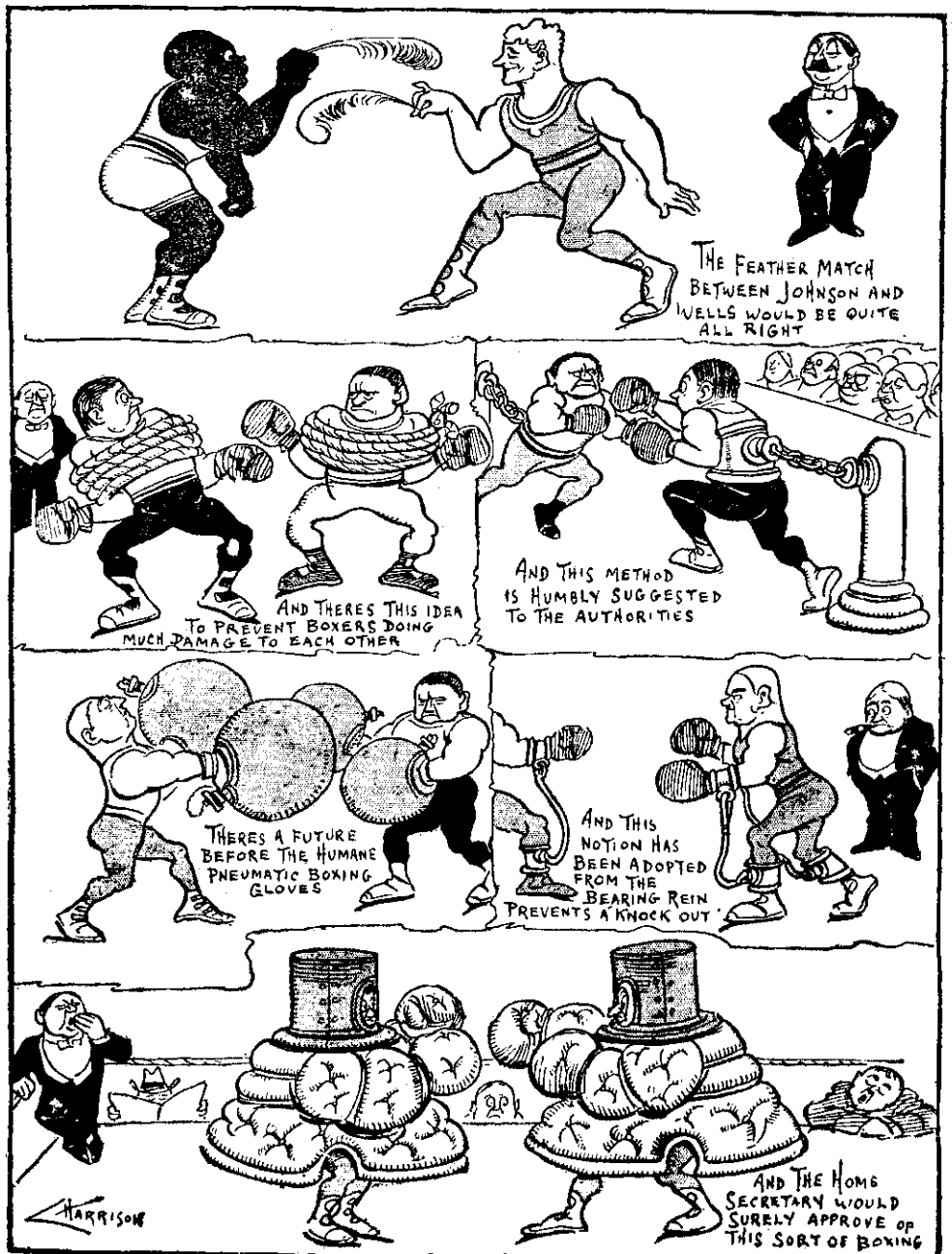
Mr. Grierson, architect, who was the successful designer for the Whangarei Town Hall, and whose design, was amongst the first seven under consideration for the Parliamentary Buildings in Wellington, may be consulted at his rooms, Security Buildings, Queen-street.
Good taste and durability in bedsteads are signified by the trade-mark, "A.B.C." and the goods are stocked everywhere.
That cleanliness and comfort so necessary in dining establishments, is apparent at the "C.C.C.", High-street, where the tariff is low, and the menu and cooking good.
Chrysanthemums, cactus, dahlias, spring bedding plants, the latest novelties and the best standard sorts are offered by the Bennett and Green Co., Ltd., at the Central Nurseries, South Road, Remuera.
Horlick's malted milk is said to be a safe, nutritious and palatable summer food for children and adults.
A sale of carpets, linoleums, uphol-

tered furniture and art furnishings is now being carried on by Andrews and Clark, furnishing specialists, Queen-st.
Sydal, the hand emollient, is prepared by George W. Wilton, chemist, Wellington, who says that it works wonders with the roughest skin.
The new art wall fabrics, the new art furnishings, and a magnificent stock of high-grade furnishings are at the J.C.L. stores, Queen-street.
Camera users are reminded that a Cooke or a Ross "Homocentric" lens is retailed everywhere.
W. Parkinson and Co., monumental masons and sculptured marble workers, are still to be found at Victoria-street West, Auckland.
Wanderlich ceilings are beautiful and permanent, and Hriscoe and Co., Customs-street, are sole agents.

Messrs. Andrew Usher and Co., the well-known Edinburgh distillers, proprietors of Usher's whisky, have been honoured with the Royal Warrant, appointing them purveyors of whisky to His Majesty King George V.

BOXING.

The New York correspondent of the London "Mirror of Life" writes:—
Joe Grim, the Philadelphia "Iron Man," went to Portland, Me., expecting to box Joe Geary, of Boston, but at the last minute the bout was called off because of the allegation that Geary tried a hold-up stunt. Rather than give Geary the clubhouse, the promoter dropped the curtain on the whole show. Grim now threatens to sue the promoter.
Abe Attell hammered and smashed Young Cohen, of England, for 10 rounds at the Houston A.C., New York, but despite it all was unable to score a knockout, due to the stamina of his subject and lack of kick behind his smashing and hammering. Abe landed not less than 150 blows in the Britisher's face and on the body, but did hardly any damage other than to out-point his man. It is the opinion of those who witnessed the bout that Abe's days as a formidable ring champion are numbered.



HOW BOXING CAN BE MADE LEGAL.

According to the Home Secretary, boxing is illegal "if the object and intention of the combatants is to subdue each other by violent blows until one can endure it no longer." Our Artist suggests some improvements in the Queensbury rules which might make boxing matches legal.

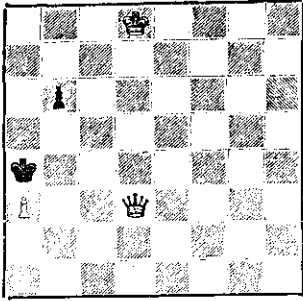
CHESS.

All communications to be addressed to "Chess," 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.

Hon. Secretaries of Chess Clubs are invited to furnish items of Club news. Unpublished games, containing special features, notes of critical positions occurring in actual play, and original problems (with diagram and analysis) are always acceptable.

Problem No. 133.
 (By O. Brenander.)

Black—Two pieces.



White—Three pieces.
 3K4, 8, 1P6, 8, K7, 1P2Q4, 8, 8.

White to play and mate in three moves.

The following highly entertaining game was recently played by the rising Continental player Herr Kostic (who, it will be remembered, took part in the Carlsbad Tournament, and tied with Johner and Rabinowitsch) against Herr Wiarda. The score is from the "Morning Post." The notes marked (G.) are by Mr. Gunsberg in that journal. Those marked (L.) are by Mr. Lawrence in "The People." Curiously enough, the "Chess Amateur" says Kostic was handling the White men and Wiarda the Black, whereas the "Australasian" states the opposite. We incline to the belief that the latter is correct.

Four Knights opening.

- | | |
|-----------|--------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 |
| 3. Kt-B3 | Kt-B3 |
| 4. B-Kt5 | B-Kt5 |
| 5. O-O | O-O |
| 6. P-Q3 | Kt-Q5 |

A welcome variant on the stereotyped 6. P-Q3 (L).
 7. B-QB4 P-QB3
 Intending to give up the KP to get an attack by Q-R4 in case it is taken. In the alternative, Black has a lively scheme, beginning with P-Q4 (G).
 8. B-KKt5
 With the idea of preventing P-Q4 (L).

8. P-Q4 P-Q4
 But Black is not to be balked of his intention, and with the text move initiates a striking and ingenious combination. The play is not at all on the surface, and will repay study (L).

9. PxP B-Kt5
 10. PxP Q-B1
 The necessary sequel (L). Strong and subtle, PxP would now bring the Q into position for attack; and Black also has in view the valuable strategic position at KR6, which must be available immediately (G).

- | | |
|----------|-------|
| 11. BxKt | BxKKt |
| 12. PxP | Q-R6 |
| 13. PxP | |

No doubt hoping for KtxPch, in which case White would sacrifice his Q with enough compensation. Black, however, is bent on getting his pieces into play and strengthening his attack (G).

13. QR-K1
 Not 13. KtxPch, because of 14. QxKt, QxQ; 15. PxR (Q), RxQ; 16. BxP, with the advantage (L).

14. B-Q5 P-K5
 Beautiful play (L). Very pretty, threatening B-Q3, which would force mate (Q).

The position here is 4rrk1, pP3ppp, 5B2, 3B4, 1blap3, 2SP1Pq, PPP2P1P, R2Q 1Rk1.

- | | |
|--|---------|
| 15. P-Kt8 (Q) | |
| Obviously BxKt is impossible, because of B-Q3 (L). | |
| 15. RxQ | |
| 16. BxKt | B-Q3 |
| 17. R-K1 | BxP ch |
| 18. K-R1 | B-K4 ch |
| 19. K-Kt1 | BxB |

It is curious that this leaves White with nothing to do. There is no satisfactory way of averting the threat R-Kt3 and R-KR3. Black also threatens Q-Kt6 ch, and if K-R1, BxP and Q-R6 mate (G).

20. RxP R-Kt3
 A clever surprise, for now 21. R takes B would be met by R to KR3, forcing the mate. (L).

21. Q-KB1 QxP
 22. R-K6

Sheer desperation. White has no saving move. (L)

- | | |
|-------------|-------|
| 22. Q-Kt5ch | |
| 23. Q-Kt2 | QxQch |
| 24. BxQ | PxR |
- Resigns.

A special prize was awarded to Mr. A. Burn and Herr Chajes for their game in the Carlsbad Tournament, which was not completed until the 115th move was reached. Mr. Burn eventually winning. In spite of its length, it was a very interesting game, and at one point there were no less than four queens on the board.

"The New York Evening Post" publishes the text of a challenge from Capablanca to Lasker to a match for the championship of the world, with Lasker's comments thereon, in the course of which the latter says: "It would be rash to give a definite reply without mature deliberation. It will take some time to work out terms and conditions, upon the basis of justice to all concerned, but I do not hesitate in declaring that in principle I am ready to defend the title." The chess editor of the "Bradford Observer" describes this as a cryptic utterance, which, as the Gilbertian song has it, "may mean little, or nothing, or much."

The Students' Corner.
 ADVICE TO SOLVERS.

Some time ago "Queen's Knight," in the "Illustrated Weekly News," gave the following excellent advice to young problem solvers: "Two-movers should be within reach of every player: (1) Avoid checking for key moves. (2) Avoid capturing for key moves. (3) Keys that restrict the black king's movements, or cut off his retreat squares, should not be entertained. (4) Moving a white piece from an en prise position is a palpably objectionable key. (5) Stopping a threatened check to the white king is bad. (6) Moving a piece from idleness into action is rarely successful. I do not mean to say that these keys never occur, but what I wish to convey is that they do not represent the original key, consequently when they act the problem is cooked (second solution), and the key has yet to be found. The delights of chess-problem-solving are manifold, as the merest tyro will soon learn. Common sense and reasoning play conspicuous parts in problem solving. These rules are excellent, and should be pasted in the hat of every young solver. At the same time composers of two-movers have occasionally (but only occasionally) indulged in checking or capturing keys, but only

when the idea could not be otherwise expressed. Last year's first prize-winner in the "Western Daily Mercury" (a beauty, too) began 1KxP. Loyd, who is a law unto himself, has many checking keys."

Here are two more simple positions from the "Chess Amateur." The first must not be taken as a sample of the modern problem. It is simply an exercise. They do not illustrate any particular point, except that the shortest way to victory is the best way. In each of them White has sufficient strength to effect mate in a moderate number of moves, but in the latter an inexperienced player might easily get into difficulties with the united Black pawns.

Position S.C. No. 6.

White (4 pieces) K on K Kt 8, Q on K 1, B on K R 4, B on Q Kt 3.

Black (3 pieces) K on Q 2, B on Q B 2, P on Q 3.

Forsyth notation: 6 K 1; 2 bk 4; 5 p 4; 8; 7 B; 1 B 6; 8; 4 Q 3.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Position S.C. No. 7.

White (5) K on K Kt sq, R on K R sq, B on Q R 2, B on Q B 1.

Black (4) K on K R sq, pawns on K R 2, K Kt 2, and K Kt 3.

Forsyth notation: 7 K; 6 pp; 6 p 1; 6 P 1; 8; 8; 8; 8; 2 B 3 K R.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Position S.C. No. 3.

1. K-Q B 6, K-Kt 1; 2. R-Q R 1, K-B1; 3. R-Q R 8 mate.

Similarly, if Black for his first move plays K-R 2, White replies 2. R-K R 8, and mates next move by R-Q R 8.

Solution of Position S.C. No. 4.

1. R-Q R 8 ch, K-R 2; 2. B-K Kt 8 ch, K-R 1; 3. R-K B 7 dis. ch, K-R 2; 4. B-K Kt 6, mate.

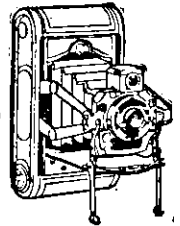
Solution of Problem No. 131.

(Von Holzhausen.)

Key-move, R-K R 3.

Men of Money.

Ever since the battle of Waterloo, when Mr. Rothschild was the first in England to obtain the news and profit by it on the Stock Exchange, the name of Rothschild has been synonymous with that of untold wealth. The recent death in Paris of Baron Gustave has again drawn momentary attention to the fortune of the great house, whose extent it is by no means easy to calculate. Everybody knows that the bank has establishments in London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfurt and Vienna. As there are four branches almost equally rich, the whole family must have been in possession of nearly £400,000,000. No one member, however, is probably as rich as Mr. Beit, or even Sir J. B. Robinson, both of whom are credited with over £80,000,000. France, which is certainly one of the richest countries in the world, has few extremely rich men, according to modern estimates. In his curious book, "The Rich Men of the Last Seven Hundred Years," M. Avenel states that he has not been able to find any fortune before the French revolution bringing in a revenue of over £120,000 a year. At present there are at least fifty in this class, and 120 men who can spend between £40,000 and £120,000 per annum. Before the beginning of the nineteenth century there were only about fifteen capitals of over £1,200,000.



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By WHALEBONE.

The gelding Muskewal, which was badly galloped on at the recent A.R.C. Summer Meeting, is being backed about again.

F. McManuina is handling a three-year-old by Manuform—Native Rose, which looks like being useful.

Mr E. W. Edwards has been reappointed handicapper to the Te Anaha Jockey Club, but Mr C. O'Connor starter.

Duma was operated on during the week, and will probably not be seen under silk till the winter meetings roll round.

The hottest favourite to suffer defeat at the Wellington meeting was St. Felix in the January Weiler.

The Bluejacket mare Sphinx is making good progress in her schooling work at Ellerslie.

The Auckland colt Prince Soult was sent out second favourite for the Wellington stakes, in which his defeat was a big blow to his Auckland supporters.

The Conqueror gelding Naumal was the hottest favourite to win at the Wellington meeting up to the present, and the price he returned was very, very short.

Out of 100 horses handicapped by Mr. Pollock for the concluding day of the Wellington Summer Meeting, only 72 made the appearances.

A gelding by Spalpeen—Flying Fish, which bears the name of Spanish, has made its appearance at Ellerslie under Malcolm's charge.

Lloyd was schooled over five hurdles at Ellerslie yesterday morning, fencing well. Rakau jumped a couple of the big fences, and then did a round of the hurdles in good style.

The gelding Bon Jour has been a bit off colour of late. He has been treated to a dose of physic, and, as a consequence, is having an easy time of it.

A correspondent writes complaining of the law that prevents the publication of dividends, and states that this is the cause of lots of wagers being made that would not otherwise be. The matter, however, is one for Parliament to deal with.

The Billy Whakaruaia is to be taken to Opatiki to fulfil her engagement in the Produce Stakes at the Waikato Jockey Club's Annual Meeting. There is also a probability of the two-year-old Allworthy being taken down for the same race.

Mr H. R. McKenzie was at Ellerslie yesterday morning with Black Northern, which was schooled over the hurdles with Bon Cyr as a companion, Black Northern showing to most advantage.

In framing his weights for the Summer Handicap, one mile, on the concluding day of the Wellington meeting, Mr. J. H. Pollock assessed Equitas as the equal of Rohikoi, awarding both 9.0.

The Te Anaha Jockey Club are out with the programme for the annual meeting, which is fixed for March 4 and 5. Nominations for all events close with the secretary (Mr. W. J. Parker), Te Anaha, on February 10.

The opening day's racing of the Takapuna J.C. Summer Meeting is being looked forward to with a lot of interest, and the gathering promises to be a record one. In the Cup, Electra and Sautoria still remain favourites, but there is plenty of room amongst the light-weights for a surprise, and one or two have exceptionally good chances of landing the stake.

The Auckland horseman J. Conquest failed to ride at the Foston meeting, but on the concluding day his mounts in two of the events were only beaten by the narrowest of margins. In the Carneron Weiler Handicap was beaten by a nose, and in the Newmarket Handicap Lady Motoua suffered defeat by half a head.

Sir George Clifford's brilliant filly Countess was as loudly treated by Mr. Pollock in the Wellington Handicap Handicaps that she started a good odd-on favourite, carrying more money than has been levied on a horse at Trentham. Countess is one of the most brilliant fillies yet seen in New Zealand, and it is hard to see how she could have been beaten in the Wellington Cup had she been started.

At the selection sale of the Glenora Park Stud last year, the mare Callie Ovi, with a colt foal by Soult, and sired by Marble Arch, was disposed of for 10 guineas, Mr. J. Buckley being the purchaser. The mare found her way to the Waikato Stud, and at yesterday's sale the colt was sold

for 250 guineas, so that the mare has not only yielded the cheque of one of the bargains of the sale ring.

The gelding Blakeney, which won on both the first and second days of the Wellington R.C. Summer Meeting, is by Soult—Tremorah. As a two-year-old Blakeney, which is now three years old, only started once, in the Trial Plate at the Wellington Winter Meeting, but his trainer, Geo. Fricker, carried him round the country a lot in order to give him exercise, and had him in Auckland at the A.R.C. Winter Meeting.

The annual yearling sales of the Waikanae Stud Company were somewhat of a disappointment, and coming after the disappointing price realised at the Auckland sales, there does not appear to be much demand for bloodstock, while the fact that the big owners are for the most part breeding their own, is also a big factor in the poor prices ruling. According to reports the lots offered were on the whole above the average, and that the highest prices realised were only 270 guineas, gives plenty of food for reflection.

The defeat of Prince Soult in the Wellington Stakes gave Aucklanders a big surprise, which was the greater when the news came through that the Auckland owner had failed to place Prince Soult, although he got well away, does not appear to have been able to pace it with his opponents, and never had a look in at any part. The right-handed going in all probability affected his chance, but even allowing for this disadvantage it is safe to say that the defeat of an Auckland horse has never caused so much disappointment locally as the failure of the son of Soult.

The disqualification of Dearest for the Telegraph Handicap on the opening day of the Wellington meeting, was the sensation of the day's racing. Writing of the incident in the Wellington Times, Mr. DeWivre, says:—"He the Dearest incident on the opening day, Prosser, it seems, was not present when the mare weighed out, and it was DeWivre who declined to declare overweight. With the exception of a pair of rings which were attached to the martingale, no extra weight, it is stated, was added after DeWivre weighed out, and as the weight of gear referred to cannot be weighed more than 2oz, the gain in weight still remains unaccounted for, the more so as no rubber or towel was placed beneath the saddle. Mr. Hartgill tells me DeWivre weighed in but the scales only over 7 lb, or just sufficient to tilt the end of the beam down four inches. The exact amount of overweight was not determinable.

The fall in the Mangarua Weiler on the second day of the Wellington meeting was very close, and Mr. Hartgill's verdict in favour of Blakeney did not give universal satisfaction. In its report, the "New Zealand Times" says:—"The doubt raised over the correctness of the placing can be phrased the contention often raised by racing men that the judge's box should be placed further back from the course and should be more elevated. At present it is objection that with the judge practically on the level with the horses, in a very close finish he can only see properly the horse nearest him, and the latter often gets the benefit of the doubt. In the present instance Blakeney was nearest the post, his tail being in the centre, and Turua farthest away, and they were placed in that order. It is more than probable Mr. Hartgill was absolutely correct in his verdict, but many of those in the stand behind him did not agree with it.

The victory of Undecided in the Wellington Cup came in the nature of a surprise, and commenting on his win a Wellington writer says:—"Undecided is a horse with a history. Originally his breeding was used to be given as by Menschloff of Szentou Delavay, but now he is accepted as by Menschloff. Formerly owned by W. H. E. he came into Mr. W. Smart's possession by means of an exchange, one of the terms of which was that Mr. Watt should receive Tapana, a mare by Medallion. Later Undecided was operated on for respiratory trouble, and soon commenced to show form when put into work. After winning various hack races, he carried off the Winter Cup (under a penalty) at Riccarton last August, and secured a second cup from the Waikato at the meeting this month. At one stage he was in favour for the Wellington Cup, but backers subsequently turned from him as recently as Wednesday last, when Mr. F. Crossley had to quote on him for better on the month. As it proved, however, the ailment did not interfere with his chance, and his party, who had an early bet about him at good odds, are handsome winners as the result of the race.

In connection with the comparison of stakes between the old days and the new, "Old Sport" writes to the "New Zealand Times":—"I notice that Mr. Pollock is giving evidence before the Racing Commission on Friday, and that the stakes before the days of the totalisator were small. Let

me refer him back to the time when horses were in apartments, over decent distances, and without the aid of the totalisator. The population was comparatively small in those days—about half what it is at present—and owners had to travel their charges about on foot over long distances. People had not the facilities for getting to the racetracks that they have in these luxurious days, and the freezing works and butter factories were not in full swing to make folk prosperous. Yet what do we find? With Mr. Pollock and those who think with him kindly run their eyes over these figures:—

Year 1870. Wellington Cup, gold trophy valued at 100 sovereigns presented by the club, added to 2500; second 50 sovereigns from the stakes; two miles.

Wellington Racing Club Handicap (second day), 200 sovereigns; second 25 sovereigns; one mile and a-half.

Waikato Jockey Club Handicap, 300 sovereigns; second 50 sovereigns; two miles and a-quarter.

Hawke's Bay Racing Club Cup, 250 sovereigns; second 30 sovereigns; two miles (one day meeting).

Hawke's Bay Jockey Club Handicap, 150 sovereigns; one mile and three-quarters. Tradesmen's Handicap, 100 sovereigns; one mile and a-half.

Year 1880. Marton Rangitikei Handicap, 200 sovereigns; second 25 sovereigns; two miles and a-half.

Hawke's Bay Racing Club Cup, 300 sovereigns; two miles.

Hawke's Bay Jockey Club Napier Handicap, 250 sovereigns; one mile and three-quarters. Tradesmen's Handicap, 125 sovereigns.

C.F.C. Great Autumn Handicap, 300 sovereigns; Champagne Stakes, 250 sovereigns.

Geraldine Cup, 100 sovereigns; C.F.C. Derby, 250 sovereigns; C. Handicap, 500 sovereigns; Welcomer Stakes, 200 sovereigns; Canterbury Cup, 500 sovereigns.

Year 1881. Dunedin Cup (autumn meeting), 500 sovereigns; D.C.C. Handicap, 250 sovereigns; Forbury Handicap, 150 sovereigns.

Wanganui Cup, 600 sovereigns; Wanganui Stakes, 250 sovereigns.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday. The Riccarton trainers are hurrying their charges along in great style now, and some attractive work is being done in view of next week's meeting.

Colleen Mary put up a pleasing performance yesterday, running five furlongs in 1.3, and she should be galloping in her best style when she is asked a question. Saint Basile, which is in the Midsummer Handicap at the minimum, is galloping particularly well, and made a lot of friends yesterday by covering nine furlongs in 2.1. Martins was going freely over a mile and a-quarter, which he covered in 2.13.5, and The Cornet and Coroniform, each galloped six furlongs in a tick over 1.16. Bonny Glen, which looks well, got to the end of seven furlongs in 1.29.4.5, and Stardancer did

well in covering six furlongs in 1.18 from almost a standing start.

London, which claims an engagement in the two-year-old handicap on the first day of the meeting, put up a very smart performance, galloping four furlongs in 40s.

Quarantine, the two-year-old colt by Treadmill—Fairhaven, has been eased in his work, and may not be set any more serious tasks until next season, by which time it is hoped he will have outgrown the attacks of lameness which have troubled him at times.

The two-year-old Triemer, by Treadmill—Chryseis, who was sent to Auckland some time ago to be operated on as a cure for roaring, has returned to Riccarton, and is being spelled.

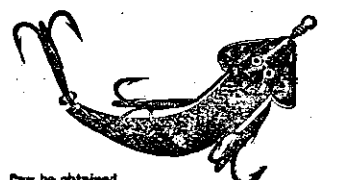
All guns, winner of the Selling Plate at Trentham, has been a very consistent performer for the Riccarton trainer, W. McDonald for some time past, having won races on several South Island courses during the recent holiday meetings. He won a number of stakes on the West Coast. McDonald has had a very successful season, though he has no horses of particularly good class under his care, but they have all done their share during the last few months towards paying the expenses of the stable.

The crack North Island hack sprinter Taff, after running badly once or twice, opened his winning account in the south on Wednesday by carrying off the Walter Handicap at Tapanui. He is stated to have won all out by a length, and as the field behind him was not of very much account, the performance did not impress.

The double winner at Tapanui was Basso, a five-year-old gelding by Stepinack—Albena, and therefore a close relative of Petrus, Master Alx, and other good horses.

The Killebran gelding Killeenny, which acted as runner-up to Basso at Tapanui, was sold in November last at the Christchurch sales for 21 guineas. Killeenny was formerly in R. Mason's stable, and cost Mr. G. D. Greenwood 140 guineas as a yearling.

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TAKAPUNA JOCKEY CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

The opening day's racing in connection with the Takapuna Jockey Club's summer meeting took place at the North Shore on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. W. J. Ralph officiated as judge, Mr. S. R. Speight as timekeeper, and Mr. C. O'Connor as starter.

With the exception that the last race was somewhat late in starting, the management was satisfactory.

During the afternoon the Mounted Rifles Band under Bandmaster Whalley Stewart, rendered a musical programme on the lawn, while Mr. J. Gallagher catered in his well-known style.

THE TOTALISATORS.

With a good attendance the totalisator receipts were up to expectation, and when the totals came to be made up it was found that the staff of Messrs. W. Blomfield and Co. had handled the sum of £13,945 as against £8948 last year.

THE RACING.

The racing was interesting, Mr. Morse's adjustments working out satisfactorily. In the opening event Kaween was made a good favourite, support also being accorded Tiresome, Firelock and Invader.

Red Lupin was slightly fancied than Lucille in the Zealandia Handicap, a four furlong flutter that could well be dispensed with, while Bogey also found plenty of backing.

Westerly and Capt. Paul monopolised the betting in the Hauraki Hurdles, but for some reason or other Master Theory, which was thrown into it on the score of weight, was allowed to pay a false price.

The whole thirteen acceptors carded came out for the principal event of the day, the Takapuna Cup, Soutoria being a strong first fancy, while the order in the betting of the others was Spectre, Electrakoff, Sea Elf, St. Amans, Ngapuka, Takakumu, Jolie Fille, La Reina, Sir Artegal, Gloy and Aristocrat, with Waitotahi a big outsider.

Seventeen of the twenty-one acceptors saddled up for the Ferry Handicap which saw Cloudy Dawn a good favourite, but he let his backers down badly, and Surplus, which was but little fancied, getting to the front early, stalled off a strong run by Royal Irish and scored his maiden victory, returning his supporters a dividend of over a score.

The Orewa Hurdles, for which the half dozen acceptors came out, was a good betting race, Don Quex being a better favourite than Black Northern with Master Theory, which was saddled up for the second time, also well backed. Black

Northern, Master Theory and Delegate filled the places, finishing in that order with the favorites last. The concluding event, the Stewards' Handicap, attracted a field of ten, and Wee Olga was sorted out as extra good goods, support also coming for Mighty Atom and Capt. Scout.

GISBORNE ACCEPTANCES.

Handicap, one mile and a-half.—Contance 2.9, Puyukee 9.13, Stouton 9.13, Donzel 9.12, Burron 9.6, Hunakaba 9.5, Game 9.2, Appeltes 9.0, Te Rahui 9.0, Hatana 9.0, Cally Bridge 9.0.

Handicap, one mile.—Lamsdorf 9.13, Harts 9.13, Aridfort 9.7, Donzel 9.5, Durability 8.9, Colleen Dhu 8.5, Oma Tere 8.2, Cally Bridge 8.0, My Motor 8.0.

Handicap, five furlongs.—Goldman 9.2, Easy 8.15, Watereva 8.12, Wee Rose 8.7, Our Queen 8.5, Miss Jewel 7.11, Master Stead 7.10, First Marshal 7.9, Carron 7.6, Santiago 7.5, Pasadena 7.0, Connie 7.0, Cora Lakely 7.0, Lady Te Huputu 7.0.

Handicap, six furlongs.—Lord Scott 9.0, Sublime 8.9, Lord Possible 8.4, Scotch 8.3, Winaing Post 7.9, Watereva 7.8, Andread 7.6, Easy 7.4, Our Queen 7.3.

Handicap, seven furlongs.—Goldman 9.2, Harts 9.13, Aridfort 9.7, Donzel 9.5, Durability 8.9, Colleen Dhu 8.5, Oma Tere 8.2, Cally Bridge 8.0, My Motor 8.0.

BLOODSTOCK SALE.

THE WAIKANAE STOD YEARLINGS.

There was a good attendance to-day at the annual sale of the Waikanae yearlings. Mr. Pyle, of Christchurch, conducted the sale. It was speedily evident that most of those round the ringside had been at the sale.

Bay filly by Achilles—Prelude, Mr W. Nidd, 100gs.

Chestnut colt by Vasco—Mayhap, Mr J. Fuller, 40gs.

Chestnut filly by Achilles—Bulbul, Mr J. H. Prosser, 50gs.

Brown colt by Achilles—Report, Mr Parata, 100gs.

Bay colt by Benzonian—Miss Phyllis, Sir J. Carroll, 100gs.

Brown colt by Achilles—Strathepey, Mr J. H. Prosser, 150gs.

Bay colt by Sir Laddo—Rumour, Mr Wedeler, 60gs.

Brown colt by Achilles—Lady Helen, Mr E. J. Watt, 200gs.

Chestnut filly by Achilles—Tortulla, Mr W. E. Bidwell, 170gs.

Brown colt by Vasco—Ekaterini Paseropulo, Mr H. J. Cameron, 80gs.

Brown colt by Achilles—Marsellaise, Mr E. J. Watt, 200gs.

C.J.C. WEIGHTS.

WELLINGTON, Thursday. The Canterbury Jockey Club's handicaps have been declared by Mr J. E. Henry as follows:— Hornby Welter.—Odessa 10.4, Henry Glen 10.0, Englestone 9.11, Colleen Mary 8.10, Kilts 9.0, Tree Knight 9.6, Avarice 9.5, Merry Lass 9.4, Expansion 9.4, Armstrong 9.1, Adage 8.11, Croon 8.11, Alnwell 8.11, Niles 8.4, Belders 8.4, Aena 8.2, Stephanos 8.0, Daylight Bill 8.0, Firm Bold 8.0, Foam Fluke 8.0.

7.5, Culross 7.5, Ron Bon 7.5, Imagination 6.13, Scottish Star 6.10, Edith Pug 6.10, Special Form 6.10, Shona May 6.7.

Midsummer Handicap.—Counterfeit 9.13, Masterpiece 9.4, Rose Noble 8.11, Byron 8.11, Martin 8.0, Parica 8.0, Odessa 8.0, The Comet 7.13, Routine 7.8, Outlander 7.7, Guid 7.0, Mumura 7.5, Orotava 6.12, Tucna 6.7, Santa Rosalier 6.7.

Lyttelton Plate.—Gnoone 9.6, Bon Ton 8.7, Anna 8.7, May Hairymple 8.4, St. Andrew 8.2, Brown Owl 7.9, Pawky Lass 7.9, Stepdancer 7.9, Howlike 7.9, Culross 7.9, Lourdes 7.9, Pippin 7.5, Scottish Star 7.0, Special Form 7.0, Shona May 6.7, Uta 6.7.

King 8.10, Countermeat 8.8, Kohatour 7.13, Medalist 7.13, Coroniform 7.12, Tannahauer 7.12, The Comet 7.12, Colleen Mary 7.5, True Knight 6.13, Rippon 6.10, Merry, Lass 6.10, Tucna 6.7, John Bunyan 6.7.

Handicap, one mile.—Kimsa 9.11, Gusa 8.0, Krisa 8.5, Featherstone 8.4, Gangway 8.5, Golightly 8.3, Thrax 8.0, Stephanos 7.13, Kileney 7.12, Bolt from the Blue 7.7, Heston 7.7, Nightlight 7.1, Corrie 7.1.

Handicap, one mile and a-half.—Ben F, Woodmount, Lady Doctor, Stop It, Kottli, Macquarrie, Mountain King, recommended, Count, Pearlie Maid, Specialty, Norminison, Lady Specialist, Grey W, Manukau Handicap, one mile and a-half.—Bronze Bell, Weary Willie, Little Paul, Royal Mail, Robex, Bert, Castling, Nelson, Moorish Chief, Talbot.

Handicap, two miles.—Bell Gray, Haldane, Vanclare, Miss Ngapara, Maplewood, Master Park, Viscount, Sylvie, Monica, Autocrat, Rosie Wilkes, St. Michael, Waterloo.

Handicap, two miles and a-quarter.—Merry Kate, Haldane, Little Paul, Vanclare, Macquarrie, Viscount, Albert Edward, Nelson, Harry Mace, Pearlie Maid, Strauger, Mikado, Huon Leal, Lady Wellington.

Handicap, one mile.—Ben F, Woodmount, Stop It, Alf. McKinley, Monotype, Count, Ballot, Mylie, Jungle, Gwelo, Taihos, Pylthistia, Activity.

Handicap, one mile.—Sir Price, Redpath, Special Flower, Miss Judy, King of Diamonds, Lady Doctor, Madam Butterfield, Lady Doctor, Wings, Presently, Victor O, Pathfinder, Walter D., Mikado, Miss Dexter, Gwelo, Prince Royal.

Handicap, one mile and a-half.—Bronze Bell, Belle of the Bull, Little Paul, Royal Mail, Haekeval, Bert Castling, Kottli, Prince Berlin, Nelson, Pathfinder, Sylvie, Miss Albert.

Handicap, two miles.—Bell Gray, Woodmount, Wild Neil, Miss Ngapara, Master Park, St. Michael, Sylvie, Pearlie Maid, Harry Mace, Lady Wellington, Royal Albert, Good Friday.

Handicap, one mile and a-half.—Belle of the Bull, Royal Mail, Kottli, Maplewood, Prince Berlin, Mountain King, Monica, Miss Bell Boy, John Harold, Waterloo, Huon Leal.

Handicap, one mile.—Bell Gray, Mistie, Alf. McKinley, Royal Victor, Specialist, Master Park, Jungle, Lord Specialist, Norminison, Dudine, Pylthistia, Telegraph Handicap, one mile.—Bronze Bell, Robex, Baron Leugen, Sylvie, Moorish Chief, Rosebud, Rosie Wilkes, Taihos.

Handicap, one mile.—Masterpiece, Coronet, Obolus, Tannahauer, Mumura, Adage, Routine, True Knight, Orotava, Gravel, Inez, Rose Noble, Olga, Outlander, Kils, Medalist, Parable.

RICCARTON TRAINING NOTES.

At Riccarton this morning the plough was in capital order and the weather bright. Countermeat beat Sea King over six furlongs in 1.16, finishing well. Oratava and Mumura ran twelve furlongs in 2.17, but were not extended. Colleen Mary went six furlongs in 1.17 2/5. Coroniform, suffering from a weak knee, ran seven furlongs in 1.33. Kilts beat The Comet over six furlongs in 1.15 4/5. Rose Noble galoped twelve furlongs in 2.15. Martine and Sant Rosalier a mile and a-half in 2.43 2/5, the former finishing in front, but Sant Rosalier's performance was very satisfactory, and he is evidently in fine condition. Benny Glen went seven furlongs in 1.31, Miss Advance the same distance smartly in 1.30 2/5. Large numbers were given medium to fast work.

LOST ALL HER STRENGTH.

This Woman Drifted into a Run-Down Hopeless State.

Too Weak to do her House Work or go out of Doors.

Restored her Strength with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

After drifting into a pitifully weak, anemic state, Mrs L. Goldberg, of Auckland, was able to restore her strength with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills are particularly recommended for Anemia on account of the specific action they have in increasing the blood supply, and it was more blood that Mrs Goldberg needed. She was seen at her home, 11, Cross-street, and made the following statement to a reporter:—

"I found myself becoming anemic when I was living in London," said Mrs Goldberg. "It came on gradually. My face became a waxy white colour. The whites of my eyes became a dirty yellow colour; my gums became white and bloodless, also the inner surface of my eyelids and lips. I could not eat anything, and it was a wonder how I lived at all. If I tried to eat any food, the sight of it used to upset my stomach. My heart used to beat awfully with the least exertion, and my breath was quite short. If I walked upstairs I would have to rest for fully an hour before I could breathe properly again. My hands and feet were always cold; my feet used to swell to an awful size. I had a peculiar buzzing noise in my ears, and if I stooped down I felt quite giddy, and when I would rise up again everything seemed to go round with me. I became very nervous. I had fearful headaches and shooting pains all over my body. I was low spirited, and so easily annoyed. I did not wish anyone to speak to me. I was suffering in this way for about three months when I consulted a doctor. As soon as he looked at me he said I was anemic. He ordered me into Petterson Hospital, West End. I stayed there about six weeks, and then I was ordered to Brighton. I was not much improved by the first hospital treatment, and I became rapidly worse when I went to Brighton. I was there six months, and had to be taken back to London. I then attended Guy's Hospital for about eight or nine weeks, but did not improve in the least from the treatment I received there. The doctors told me that they thought I was going into consumption. They advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did, and soon found they were doing me good. By the time I had used six boxes I was quite restored to good health. I was again able to do my work. I lost all signs of illness. I got a splendid colour in my face and put on a lot of flesh. I am now as strong and healthy as ever I was in my life."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make the good, red blood that women at all ages need to keep them well, happy, and attractive. Sold by all dealers (but insist on having the genuine pills, for substitutes never cure). If in doubt send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australia, Ltd., Wellington, 3/ one box, six boxes 16/6.

D.J.C. NOMINATIONS.

DUNEDIN, Friday. The following nominations have been received for the Dunedin Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting:— Dunedin Cup of 60000s. One mile and a-half.—Masterpiece, Countermeat, Coronet, Holders' Chorus, Odessa, Tannahauer, Mumura, Adage, Routine, True Knight, Orotava, Gravel, Inez, Rose Noble, Olga, Outlander, Kils, Medalist, Parable.

Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH.

BOOKINGS.

(Dates subject to alteration.)

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

In Season—"The Speckled Band."
April 8 to 20—"Everywoman" Company.
June 24 to July 6—"Pantomime."
July 22 to August 3—"The Blue Bird."
September 20 to October 12—"Oscar Asche-
Lily Brayton.

WELLINGTON OPERA HOUSE.

In Season—H. R. Irving Co.
February 17 to March 1—Allen Moore
Comedy Co.
March 19 to March 26—Alban Hamilton
Dramatic Co.
March 27 to March 31—Mr Joseph Blascheck,
Society Entertainer.
April 27 to May 18—Marlow Dramatic Co.
May 25 to 28—"Everywoman" Co.
July 17 to 30—"C. Williamson, Ltd., Pan-
tomime Co.
August 14 to 27—"The Blue Bird" Co.
October 19 to November 2—"Oscar Asche-
Lily Brayton Co.
November 5—"Ben Hur" Co.

The Broad View.

IT is a deplorable fact that the average musician is far too narrow in his ideas, and lives in a world of his own, says a Home paper in a sensible plea for the broad view in matters musical. There is a large Debussy and Strauss following who look upon Mendelssohn as a musical prattling babe. In earlier times there were hosts of Wagner-phobes. Before Ella and others brought him to our notice, Schumann and all his works were either unknown or totally unappreciated in England. It was left to old Wesley to germinate the seeds of admiration for Bach, long after the old Cantor had passed away. The war between the pro-Lizts and the anti-Lizts still rages. Schubert did not live to enjoy the grunts of popularity. Sullivan, because his latter years were devoted to lighter form, is considered by many beneath notice. Mozart's scoring is, in these times, looked upon as thin. Handel's oratorios as hopelessly old-fashioned. The only master who appears to silence the adverse critics is the mighty Beethoven. All these things are due to violent partisanship, which, if a credit to enthusiasm, is a menace to the broad view. While acknowledging that prejudice and hatred are preferable to indifference, it would be well if violent critics asked themselves one question before indulging in whole-hearted abuse: "Is Go-and-So's work good music?" If it be good music, there must be merit in it, whether it appeals to them or no. If their answer is in the negative, then they will be at considerable pains to define bad music. When one comes to think of it, this is no easy task. It is hard to see how any music can be bad unless it breaks in the most flagrant way various laws of harmony. Music can be dull, monotonous, or light, without being bad. It can be good whether simple or complex, whether beautiful or ugly (in the latter of the cases it is usually called "fine" or "impressive"). One regards a piece of manufacture as bad when it is defective, and it can only be defective when either the material is poor or the construction is opposed to the rules governing the construction. But the material for music-making is always the same—twelve semi-tones re-duplicated at will. The construction is the laws of harmony and its attendant sciences. Thus the breaking of such laws must be the cause of bad music. It is, therefore, passing strange that the much-vaunted modern school is just that school which deliberately breaks the accepted rules. We know, however, that laws are made to be broken, and that our modernists break them with their eyes open. So that it would seem that the only really bad music—music with absolutely nothing to recommend it—is that wherein the accepted laws are broken through ignorance of their existence, and the work is one of ill-constructed crudity. This is a somewhat unfair corollary, for to sin in ignorance is not so bad as to sin against the light. Still we must accept it, and until the supporters of this or that school of musical thought can give any better definition of what bad music is, they should view the works of composers who do not find favour in their eyes with toleration.

Typically English.

I like the Alhambra; it is a gay bobbing bubble of a place, says an appreciative Londoner. It has kept the frilled banner of the ballet flying through good and evil repute. In spite of its name, there is no London dancing-hall, save the Empire, more distinctly English in character, and it has the best bob amphitheatre in town. It knows where it stands and what it stands for. It realises that it faces on the one side the self-contained flats and the second-hand bookshops of Churing Cross-road, and on the other the lights and laughter of Leicester Square; and it has kept, as I have hinted, the frilled skirt of the old-fashioned ballet flying through all the intoxicating whirl of the Russian invasion. For though Geltzer came and conquered and a Russian gentleman drilled the corps de ballet, it was remarkable how entirely English the Alhambra Russian ballet remained. The principal dancers at the Alhambra have not always been first-class—Britta was just competent, another wasn't, but its corps de ballet is always superb. It is always so young, so spirited, so full of that plain English jollity we find so much easier to understand than the fiery abandon of the East.

National Anthems.

I wonder nobody takes the trouble to compile an official record of the National Anthems of the world, writes J. M. Glover, in London "Opinion." The American Government some years ago commissioned Mr Sousa to tour the hemispheres and publish such a directory, but even this is hopelessly out of date, and in most cases inaccurate. The amount of learning and labour which is expended on esoteric collections of once-published and—and-never-heard-of-again—musical literature alarms one by its magnitude, and yet I am willing to wager that not six musicians in England could off-hand tell us what is—or was—the correct National hymn for Canada, India, or South Africa, apart from the Empirical strains of our own "God Save the King." This paragraph grows out of the complaint of a reader that both "Yankee Doodle" and "The Watch on the Rhine" are invariably played in music-halls in England as the "National Hymns" of America and Germany. They are, of course, National melodies, but not the accepted "official" anthems. It was Sir W. Gilbert, I think, who gave us the song about "That Horrible National Anthem," and from another lyrical source I quote of a monarch who went about crying in the wilderness:—

Give me a song with a flag in it,
Written by Kipling or "Dag-in-it";
Plenty of national brag in it,
Oh—give me something to sing.
Give me a song of the motherhood,
Give me a song of the brotherhood,
By Gilbert, by Tom, or the other Hood,
Oh give me something to sing.

The sentiment is a little rough, and, oh! the rhyme in the second line—"Dagonet," forgive me—but the song which has just occurred to me had a certain vogue some years ago.

Tuneful or Toneless Passies.

The "New York Times" has printed a communication from a correspondent, who avers that near him lives an old Italian violin maker. This person having noticed that cats—like human beings differ in the quality of the vocal sounds they emit, has divided the tribe into two portions, which, according to the tunefulness or the reverse displayed, he has dubbed "Italians" and "Germans" respectively. By some means, not revealed, he manages to entice the pussies to his room, and makes them sing, probably by measures more forcible than sympathetic. Those with bad voices he has no use for, but should poor grinnalkin prove to have a good one her fate is sealed. She is sympathized, and her last end is—fiddle-strings! This ingenious old gentleman says that the best quality strings are obtained from pussies with the best voices, so henceforward people who are troubled of nights with the nocturnal serenaders, had better secure the offenders and ship them off to New York. Hitherto the best Italian strings have been made from the intestines of lambs, though in France and Germany those of sheep and calves are used. If musical

cats are to be utilised in this way, one may look forward to the regular breeding of the feline race for the Italian market, but we incline to fancy that some rude, irreverent fellow has been indulging in the pastime of what is vulgarly called "pulling the leg" of the editor of the "New York Times," a thing which is particularly to be reprobated when done to an editor. Notwithstanding its name, catgut is not derived from cats, musical or otherwise.

The Covent Garden Season.

The London operatic public is the most fickle in the world. At one moment it seems to like novelty; at another the old, hackneyed works seem to be preferred. Even the cleverest of managers can scarcely know how to deal with such a state of affairs. On the whole, the recent season at Covent Garden was quite successful. The Wagner performances had large audiences, and the Russian ballet—upon whose services the management have an option for next year—always drew well. But we might have had a little more opera and a little less ballet, for the latter has actually out-rivalled the former as regards the number of performances, says the "Evening News." As another contemporary points out, the whole of the original programme was not carried out, and neither "Lohengrin," the "Flying Dutchman," nor the new ballets seen. The fact is accounted for by the extra cycle given of the "Ring." This work certainly proved very popular, and the third representation fully met the wishes of the patrons of the Royal Opera.

A Future for English Opera.

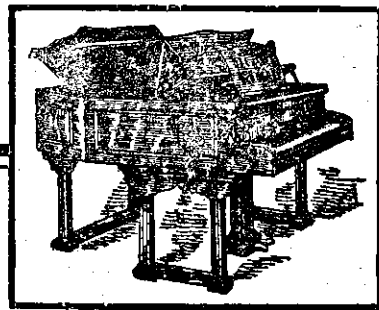
Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, in responding to the toast of "Our Guest" at the London Press Club House dinner recently, made a striking speech on the future of the British opera. He expressed his appreciation of the reception accorded to his venture in Kingsway. It had been said he was bound to fail because the English public cared nothing about opera. The house had only been opened a month, and that prediction had already been proved to be untrue. The support of the public had been enthusiastic in the extreme, and the attendances had

been large and constantly increasing. (Applause.) Presently he hoped to be able to do something in the way of fostering native talent.

It was the modesty of the English race which caused them to under-rate their musicians, for he was convinced by the scores which he had looked through that English composers were fit to be compared with the greatest of living musicians. They only needed encouragement. His venture was still in its infancy and had to feel its way, but in the future, if they permitted him to remain in London—(applause)—he hoped to give the works of their native composers a prominent place in his repertoire. (Applause.) Mr. Hammerstein also paid a splendid tribute to the work of his chorus, which, he said, was composed wholly of English singers. He had engaged French and Italian choruses, but after he had heard only half a dozen bars from English chorus singers, he cancelled the old contracts, and engaged all English singers. The talent would grow and expand, and would be the envy of every country.

A Mystery Play.

The production in London of Professor Reinhardt's mystery play, "The Miracle," which was mentioned in a cablegram the other day, the occasion of a visit of a large number of clergymen being taken advantage of for a demonstration on the part of the Anti-ritualists, was a remarkable achievement. "The Miracle" is a wordless mystery drama written by Dr. Karl Vollmoeller, a young German author, who had previously adapted a number of Greek plays for Professor Reinhardt. The period chosen for the story was the end of the twelfth century, and the dresses were of similar design to those used in "Faust." The leading woman character in the play is a nun, and the principal men are a knight and his troubadour. The "crowd" forms an important factor in the evolution of the drama, no fewer than 2000 persons being required to portray its movements. The music, written by Humperdinck, is a special feature of the play. The preparations for the production were considered the most elaborate ever undertaken in London. A large portion of the great Olympia building was transformed into



The 'GRANDETTE' Piano

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

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

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

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

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

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an early Gothic cathedral, which was built in the most realistic fashion. Seats for 10,000 spectators were placed on each side of the cathedral, which was really in the middle of a great amphitheatre. At the west end of the cathedral there were massive iron gates, which opened upon a picturesque view of the Rhine Valley. Some of the episodes of the play are described as eerie and fantastic. One of the scenes shows a band of huntsmen, with their horses and dogs, traversing a lofty mountain. Professor Reinhardt realised that the mountain must be placed "in the middle of the picture," and he built up a huge mountain capable of supporting hundreds of people, and larger in circumference than any stage in London. The mountain was equipped with motor power so that it could be moved easily from one end of the building to the other. The magnitude of the production is emphasised by the details of the arrangements "behind the scenes." The performance was controlled by means of almost countless electric bells and telephones. Professor Reinhardt himself used a motor-car in order to move quickly enough from end to end of the great building, and the "call-boys" were mounted on bicycles.

A Tiny Prima Donna.

The London press is unanimously of opinion that in Miss Lyne, who was "discovered" by Mr. Hammerstein of the London Opera House, we have the making of a "star" soprano of the magnitude of a Melba or of a Tetravini, says a writer in the "Musical Standard." We advisedly say "the making of," for some reporters, showing no restraint whatever and only wishing to appear "brilliant," actually suggest that Miss Lyne is already a Melba or a Tetravini, although, practically, a mere girl in operatic experience and vocal development. We are pleased to know that Mr. Hammerstein has made a real vocal discovery, and we can only hope he has made and will make some more. There is nothing like encouraging real talent. The fees of the old "stars" are becoming impossible! Unfortunately, there is no Hammerstein to encourage the unknown composer. Oscar Hammerstein risks nothing in that respect! But he is performing opera adequately for the great London public, and it appears that that great public is giving him very satisfactory support. That is as it should be. If a more ambitious kind of opera season is to pay its way the public must support it. It is no good blaming the ambitious work of impresarios—and stopping away. The whole matter—for improvement or decay—is really, let it be understood—in the hands of the British public; unless—and this, reader, is an important point—it may be true that the desires of the public are developed according to the fare provided. One's impression on seeing Miss Lyne is surprise that such wonderful singing can come from so young, so fragile a girl, for she is only twenty years of age, stands but five feet high, and weighs scarcely more than seven stone. A few moments of conversation and the secret of her success becomes at once apparent. American vivaciousness of manner, a quick, clever conversationalist, bright brown eyes lighting up a small face tinged a soft velvet brown colour thoroughly in harmony with her opulent brown hair, a merry, flexible voice, a will of her own, and an artistic temperament—that is the picture she conveys to one's mind. "I was born in Kansas City, Missouri, and for three years studied singing in Paris under Mr. L. d'Aubigne," she says. "I returned to New York, and after singing for a time on the concert platform joined Mr. Hammerstein there and sang for him in opera comique. The piece was 'Hans the Mute Player,' and I took the part of Lisbeth. Mr. Hammerstein then offered me the part in 'Rigoletto' in London, and I sang it there for the first time. It was also my first appearance in grand opera. It was just lovely," was Miss Lyne's description of her success. Miss Lyne speaks fluently Italian, French and German, and is one of the very few operatic singers who find it easy to sing in English. She is an accomplished pianist. The compass of her voice is three octaves, and she easily sings F in alt.

"The Speckled Band."

The wriggling snake in "The Speckled Band," the new Sherlock Holmes play, has been fascinating quite a lot of people during the week at His Majesty's, Auckland. With William Desmond, Gaston Mervale, and Miss Dorothy Dix (making her first appearance) in the cast anything would be sure to go, so

the business has been good. While nothing like the play that Cuyler Hastings introduced to us some years ago, "The Speckled Band" is full of interest, and Sherlock, Watson, and Billy, not to mention the pipes in the coalscuttle, the tobacco in the slipper, and that confounded cocaine bottle still have a fascination for audiences. The play is clumsily put together and Sherlock Holmes does not appear till quite late in the action, but good as Conn Doyle is to read, he is an almost impossible person to dramatise. Gaston Mervale was distinctly good as the mad step-father, who uses a snake to get rid of people who annoy him, and won't give him money, and he would have been better if he had dropped that most irritating habit of snapping his fingers every few minutes. Mr. Desmond, as Sherlock Holmes, suffered by comparison with the imperturbable Cuyler Hastings, but he quite gripped the audience. An American accent for an English role is somewhat of a handicap, but Mr. Desmond is an excellent actor, and always gives a finished study of his parts. Miss Dix looked the part quite successfully, but at times when not stimulating a stress of feeling she was inclined to "slack off," which rather spoiled the illusion of the piece occasionally. Billy was an interesting little figure. "Alias Jimmy Valentine," which replaces "The Speckled Band" to-morrow night (February 1st) was in the South liked better than the Conan Doyle play, and is said to be a merry piece, in which the Williamson Company is very much at home.

A Contralto Season.

Mlle. Eva Gauthier, a Franco-Canadian mezzo, is arranging for a brief starring tour of Australia this winter, which is likely to be remembered as a contralto season (says "Sydney Herald"), not a single soprano having yet been announced. The new artist has been making great successes in the Straits Settlements, India, China, and the East, and is now in Java, where she was giving concerts in November, 1910, and then returned for a further season in 1911. Mlle. Gauthier, who was trained in Paris by M. Bouhy, through the assistance of Lord Straticona, supported Mme. Albani throughout Great Britain, the United States, and Canada, as a contralto, but made her operatic debut in Italy at the Theatre Guelfi, Parma, as a lyric soprano in the role of Micaela. At The Hague and Rotterdam the press notices allude to her as "a warm, full mezzo, of beautiful quality" and very extended range." Mlle. Gauthier, who has been decorated by the Queen of Denmark, is very pretty and petite. It is probable that she will reach Australia in April or May. After those months three more famous contraltos are due here—Mmes. De Cisneros, Kirkby Lunn, and Eva Mylott.

Miss Ethel Irving.

Playgoers have every reason to be gratified at the way this year has begun with theatrical attractions of a high order. Starting with such a celebrity as Mr. H. B. Irving, we now have Mr. Williamson's exceedingly well-balanced dramatic company, and following this, we have the welcome announcement that the great English actress, Miss Ethel Irving, with her complete London comedy company, will play a short season at His Majesty's, Auckland, commencing on Thursday, February 8th. Miss Irving, who, by the way, is no relation of "H.B.," is looked upon as undeniably one of the finest artists in her line on the English stage. Her forte is high-class comedy, and she will have a splendid vehicle for the display of her abilities in Mr. Somerset Maughan's comedy, "Lady Frederick," with which the season opens. This play has proved an enormous success throughout the Australian tour, the crowded audiences expressing delight with what is described as one of the best modern comedies extant, whilst lavish praise was bestowed upon the portrayal of the name part by Miss Irving. Its success in London, where it was first presented by this lady, was most pronounced, a programme we have before us referring to "the four hundred and fifteenth, and anniversary performance." Unfortunately, through stress of time, the season is limited to seven nights, but with the two pieces to be presented: "Lady Frederick" and "The Witness for the Defence," the public may confidently look forward to a quite exceptional treat. The plans for the first nights will be opened at Wildman and Arey's on Monday morning next.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine."

"The Evening Post," Wellington, in its review of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," Paul Armstrong's most successful comedy drama, which is to be produced by Mr. J. C. Williamson for the last five nights of the present season at His Majesty's, Auckland, commencing on Friday next, February 2nd, says: "If the ways of theatrical management are not past finding out surely 'Alias Jimmy Valentine' produced on the eve of the end of their Wellington season should have been chosen as the very piece with which to open it. No sooner had the first dozen lines been uttered than a spirit of glad surprise seemed to pervade the audience. Here, it almost said aloud is something out of the common, something refreshingly original (and yet not adapted from the French), something pregnant with probability, and the might have been something (at last!) free from that infusion of the stale old tea leaves of conventional drama sugared with sentiment and tinted with the milk of human kindness. This is a fresh hot fragrant brew made in a hot pot. Here there is life and truth and feeling; here is a human play. The actors seemed to feel the spirit of the play, too, and the result? One of the most artistic productions from a purely histrionic point of view that Mr. J. C. Williamson's management has given. When a play grips as this one did, when a play holds up the mirror to human nature and gives a true reflection as this one did, and when all taking part—large part or small—felt that part and made those who looked on feel it too, then it is fair to describe one such play as a farcical comedy drama. 'Alias Jimmy Valentine,' as a story owes its origin to O. Henry—the writer upon whom the mantle of de Maupassant rested but for so short a while. As a play it is a masterpiece. Mr. William Desmond, Miss Dorothy Dix, and Mr. Gaston Mervale, supported by the full strength of this exceptionally strong company, will participate in the presentation, and two clever children maintain the child interest which is introduced into Act III. The box plan is now open for the full season at Wildman and Arey's.

SEDDON MEMORIAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

DAY TECHNICAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Day Technical School for Boys and Girls will open on MONDAY, February 19. Holders of Certificates of Proficiency not over 15 years of age on 1st December last, and all Pupils (no age limit) who have qualified for Education Board or Junior National Scholarships, or in the Junior Free Place Examination, are admitted FREE. Fee for other pupils, £5 per annum. The following courses have been arranged:—

- FOR BOYS.—
 - Agricultural
 - Commercial
 - Engineering
 - Science and Technological.
 - FOR GIRLS.—
 - Commercial
 - Domestic, or "Home-training."
- The staff is a highly qualified one, and the various workshops, laboratories, kitchens, etc., are completely equipped, and will be the most up-to-date in Australasia. The courses of instruction have been carefully designed, and are the outcome of American, British, Continental, and Colonial experience.
- PARENTS!** The demand of employers for Technical College trained students is greater than the supply. If you wish your sons and daughters to receive a "PRACTICAL" education, which will fit them for the battle of life, send at once for a prospectus to the undersigned.
- GEORGE GEORGE,
Director.

Rutland-street, Auckland,
January 27, 1912.

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HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

Direction... J. C. WILLIAMSON
(With which is incorporated Clarke and Meyall Propy., Ltd.)

FRIDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 2, AND FOUR FOLLOWING NIGHTS.

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE, ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE,

A Drama with Body in It.
ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE.
Full of real, genuine human nature.
ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE.
A Comedy Drama that never lets up.
ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE.
Focuses the eye,
Dominates the brain,
And hypnotises the Audience into a state of thrilled excitement.
Feverish Expectation and an Exaltation of Emphatic Delight.
GREAT! GRAND! GLORIOUS!
Interpreted by
Mr. J. C. WILLIAMSON'S
SPLENDID DRAMATIC COMPANY,
Headed by
Mr. WILLIAM DESMOND,
Miss DOROTHY DIX,
And
Mr. GASTON MERVALE.

Box Plan for the full season now open at Wildman and Arey's.
Day Sales at Martelli's. Prices as usual.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"THE GREATEST ENGLISH SPEAKING ACTRESS OF TO-DAY"

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

And For Positively SEVEN NIGHTS ONLY, MR J. C. WILLIAMSON

Makes the announcement which he is sure will be received with enthusiasm by all playgoers, viz., that on the above dates will appear England's Greatest Actress,

MISS ETHEL IRVING, MISS ETHEL IRVING,

Supported by her COMPLETE LONDON COMPANY. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8. FOUR NIGHTS ONLY.

W. Somerset Maughan's Brilliant Comedy "LADY FREDERICK."

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13. THREE NIGHTS ONLY. A. W. Mason's Great Play,

"THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE."

The PLANS FOR THE SEASON WILL BE OPENED AT WILDMAN AND AREY'S ON MONDAY MORNING NEXT at 8.

Applications from Country Patrons will be attended to in order received.

HAVE YOU VISITED THE LYRIC THEATRE YET?

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MOST UP-TO-DATE PICTURE THEATRE IN THE DOMINION.

Lose no time in spending a pleasant evening at "HAYWARD'S PICTURES."

BRILLIANT LIGHT. PERFECT PROJECTION. ABSOLUTE ELEGANCE. SUPERB SEATING ACCOMMODATION. MAGNIFICENT FILMS.

In fact, THE LYRIC starts where others finish, and the result is unexampled popularity.

1/6, 1/-, 2/6. Seats may be booked at Wildman and Arey's.

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PROFESSOR MAC, Gifted Clairvoyant. I. No humbug. Life's story told. Science, accuracy, truth. Daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; 2/6, 5/. Country and distant Dominion clients send date and place of birth, hour born if possible, name, writing; but stamped envelope reply.—4, EDINBURGH ST., 3 doors Karangahape Rd., Auckland.

KIMBLE BENT

True Story of "A Man That Was." — A Noteworthy Addition to the History of the Maori War.

KIMBLE BENT, whose name was execrated a generation ago with a whole heartedness that we who live in these peaceful times cannot understand—has been living practically unknown for nearly half a century among his adopted people, the Maoris. This queer old forgotten man with the outward appearance of a "respectable shopkeeper" (so his chronicler describes him) has been harbouring in his memory a host of true stories that read like fairy tales. There could be no stronger evidence for the almost complete "Maorification" of his character than the fact that for all these years he has been silently hoarding this store of incident. One would have surmised that he would have turned it into hard cash long ago. There were, of course, reasons why he might not care to figure in the limelight of publicity. Fortunately Mr. James Cowan came across this relic of the old days, gradually drew from him the story of his chequered life, and now gives it to us in the most interesting volume on Early New Zealand that has been published for many years. "The Adventures of Kimble Bent" Mr. Cowan calls his book, which is published by Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs, at five shillings.

Born in America, Bent was first a sailor, then going to England took the Queen's shilling and served in India, and eventually came to New Zealand with the first draft of troops sent to quell the Maori rising. After deserting the colours as the result of a flogging, he lived among the Maoris more as a slave than anything else, and was apparently the cartridge-maker-in-chief for the particular band of Hau Hau rebels with whom he threw in his lot. He was right through the engagements of the West Coast campaign, and for some years followed the fortunes of that fierce warrior Titokowaru, so that he witnessed some of the bloodiest, and appalling scenes of that terrible struggle between the Pakeha and the fanatical Hau Hau. And so for the first time we get the true Maori side of some of the most exciting events that were crowded into the troubled ten years when the white settler really carried his life in his hand.

Mr. Cowan is peculiarly fitted for the task he has undertaken in the present book, and in his many other contributions to New Zealand literature. He is one of the few New Zealand writers of the day whose writings will have value for future generations. His unique work will be valued more and more. There is endless material in the Dominion for the maker of books, but unfortunately much of it has already disappeared, and it is only when such men as the author of "Kimble Bent" give us the result of their work that we realise the scope there is for distinctive New Zealand stuff. The average colonial writer is quite on the wrong track in the search for a distinctive "school." We have unfortunately in this Dominion a small nest of misguided folk suffering from coccothous scribbendi and Bulletinitis who are striving to evolve something in literature that never was and never will be. Our subjects are distinct, but there is surely no need to strive after a brand new style to deal with them. The subject will in time colour the style just as sea mallow has a treasured meowchaunga, but there are so many of our antipodean writers who want to work the other way round. It can't be done. If they would just go ahead and describe what they see in the language their mothers taught them, we would soon have a long shelf full of interesting books.

One can never understand this feverish striving after something new. Literature is so world-old that the idea of a handful of half-educated people in a far-away corner of the globe remodelling it is delightfully drab. How they must smile on Olympus these times! Of

course in Australia, or certain parts of it, they were unfortunate in their compulsory pioneers, so one can understand the horrible craving they have to get away from the Old World even in their literary ideals, but we in New Zealand have no such excuse in following the blind rush for something new—something that must reek of eucalyptus and smack of the kangaroo and the emu. Don't let us mistake cheap smartness for brilliance, or a pose of an admirer for sound judgment. While this small band of half-cooked writers has been getting through its attack of Bulletinitis Mr. Cowan has been steadily going on writing the sanest English on the sanest topics that we have come across in the Dominion. With the true insight of the artist he has seized the really distinctive atmosphere of New Zealand, but he is quite content to talk about it in clean, sane English. He has that unerring instinct for the picturesquely primitive which you will find in the great stories that have come down the ages to us. To this temperament he adds a keen appreciation of the Maori character and a first hand knowledge of the Maori and his ways, and an intelligent sympathy with his point of view.

Of the central figure in this exciting story the author says: "When at last Bent came out of hiding, and dared once more to face those of his own colour, he had almost forgotten the English language, and could only speak it with difficulty and hesitation. He has been out of his bush exile many years, but is still living with his Maori friends, and is still known by his Maori name, 'Tunui-moa,' which his chief Titokowaru gave him in 1868. When he writes to me he usually writes in Maori, and he is practically a Maori himself, and has assimilated the peculiar modes of thought and some of the ancient beliefs of the natives, as well as their tongue and customs." Again Mr. Cowan says: "One of the most remarkable portions of Bent's narrative is his account of the revival of cannibalism by the Hau Haux in 1868. Vague stories have been heard concerning the eating of soldiers' bodies by the bushmen of the Ngati-Ruanui and Ngati-teuru and of rites of human sacrifices performed in the woods of Taranaki, but this account of Bent's is the first detailed description from an eye-witness of the man-eating practices in Titokowaru's camps. Many of Tito's Hau Haux are still alive, but they are very reticent on the subject of 'long-pig'."

Mr. Cowan does not attempt to justify Kimble Bent; he simply tells his plain unvarnished tale, and the narrative is all the more convincing from this impartiality. There is one point, however, on which the author does exonerate Bent, and that is on the charge of having shot one of his old officers who met his death while storming a pa. According to Bent's statement he never at any time carried arms against his former comrades. He was merely a spectator, and was always found among the non-combatants when there was any fighting. It is hard to believe that the old-time Maori did not try the genuineness of the white man's desertion by putting him in the firing line occasionally, and the reader will probably accept the claim with some reservation. However, it is rather like splitting straws to say that one never fired a shot at one's former comrades, but at the same time admit that one made cartridges wholesale for the rebels. We can readily understand Bent's desertion, after reading the account of his hardships, and having once taken the step his surrender to the redcoats was, of course, an impossibility; that is if he valued his life more than his honour, and no doubt he had just as keen a desire for a whole skin as most of us. The only thing one is thankful for is that he is not an Englishman—a fact of which few people were aware.

However the book was not written as a study in ethics, but as a story of adventure, and as such is the most interesting personal document that has

been published of those dark days of the war. The Maori side of the disastrous engagements that were fought beneath Mount Egmont, the hunting of the Hau Hau from pa to pa by the redcoats, has never before been told in the complete manner in which Mr. Cowan deals with it, and for this reason alone the book should be read by everyone who takes an interest in the early days of the Dominion. There are some gruesome chapters, such as the description of the cooking of the bodies of the soldiers after Te Ngutu-o-te-Manu, and the head-hunting expedition of our own troops after the retreating Hau Haux, but still there is no reason why these things should not be set down historically, and it is only in this way that they are dealt with. The astonishing disparity of the forces engaged—the margin being always to the advantage of the white soldiers—will come as a surprise to a good many colonists, who have only read the already published accounts of the war. But with the terrible example of the hopeless storming of the impregnable Ohaeawai stronghold during Heke's war, we know that the bravest troops could not in those days dislodge a well-garrisoned pa of picked Maori fighters. Terrible mistakes were made, but they were mistakes, and only in one instance—the first assault on Te Ngutu-o-te-Manu—could anything of a more serious nature be charged against our troops.

Apart from historical interest attaching to the book, the story, of the adventures of the old sailor, soldier, cartridge-maker, and canoe-builder, make interesting reading to the present generation. It comes with something of a shock to think that within the memory, nay within the experience of men still living, such scenes were possible. It seems hardly credible that the Maori could undergo so great a change in such a brief period. An interesting part of the book deals with the end of von Tempsky, that picturesque figure of the war. In addition to the narrative of Bent, the author has obtained first hand stories from others who were engaged in the campaign, notably Tutange Waionui of Patea, who was one of Titokowaru's most active scouts and fighters; Colonel Gudgeon, Colonel Porter, and other colonial soldiers. The book is well got up, and contains a number of illustrations, including a map of the war country, several sketches by von Tempsky, photographs of some of the Maori warriors, and a photograph of Kimble Bent himself, taken in 1903.

TOO TALKATIVE.

It was a beautiful evening, and Ole, who had screwed up courage to take Mary for a ride, was carried away by the magic of the night.

"Mary," he asked, "will you marry me?"

"Yes, Ole," she answered softly.

Ole leaped into a silence that at last became painful to his fiancée.

"Ole," she said, desperately, "why don't you say something?"

"Ay tank," Ole replied, "they base to much said already."

Busy Time Ahead.

We are going to have some hours of crowded life in 1912. Madame de Thebes has said so. You may never have heard of Madame de Thebes, which was, indeed, till two minutes ago, the deplorable case of the writer. But she is, we are assured, "the famous soothsayer of Paris." That ought to be enough for anybody. When a soothsayer is famous in Paris, the city, above all others, endowed with a sense of humour, she must be a wonderful creature. You will allow that she is when you read the menu that she has drawn up for 1912.

Look:—

War, which "will not only turn Europe upside down, but other Continents as well."

Conspiracies.

Assassinations.

Riots.

Epidemics.

Total ruin for Paris.

Downfall of the German Emperor.

"Evil destiny" for England.

"Conspiracies and fusillades" in Spain.

"The wine will be second-rate."

With Armageddon for the hors d'oeuvre and the downfall of the Kaiser for the roti, there is a nice sense of proportion in the meal. You will, of course, admire the eclectic character of it. There is something for all tastes.

No one can complain of a need to go empty away. We admire particularly the savoury. A lesser mind would have found it difficult to add anything which could be piquant after the strong flavours of the heavy dishes earlier in the meal. But Madame de Thebes knew the way.

"The wine will be second-rate!" No wonder that she is "the famous soothsayer of Paris." For Paris is the city endowed above all others with a sense of humour.

In this connection it is interesting to compare what the English contemporary of Madame has to say. "Old Moore" has been prophesying that 1912 will be a critical year for the Kaiser, and that 1913 will be worse. "The horoscope of the Kaiser indicates a large inheritance. It does not say that he will retain it. On the contrary, the prediction has been often made by astrologers that there is great probability of a division of the German Empire during his lifetime, with the consequent loss to him of a great portion of it." Strange conjunctions and aspects of the stars were alluded to, which are to lead (in "Old Moore's" belief) to a repartitioning of Europe in 1913, and to the loss of our supreme power in India—as written in the sacred books of the Hindu astrologers—in 1929.

King George's horoscope, "Old Moore" added, is far more fortunate than the Kaiser's. The King of Spain, on the other hand, is warned to be on his guard this year, for danger threatens both him and his Royal Consort.

"For masterly retreat," explained a British officer to an American, "we have had few generals equal to Buller. On several occasions he has made a retreat without losing an officer, a man, a gun, or a flag."

"Or a minute," added the American.

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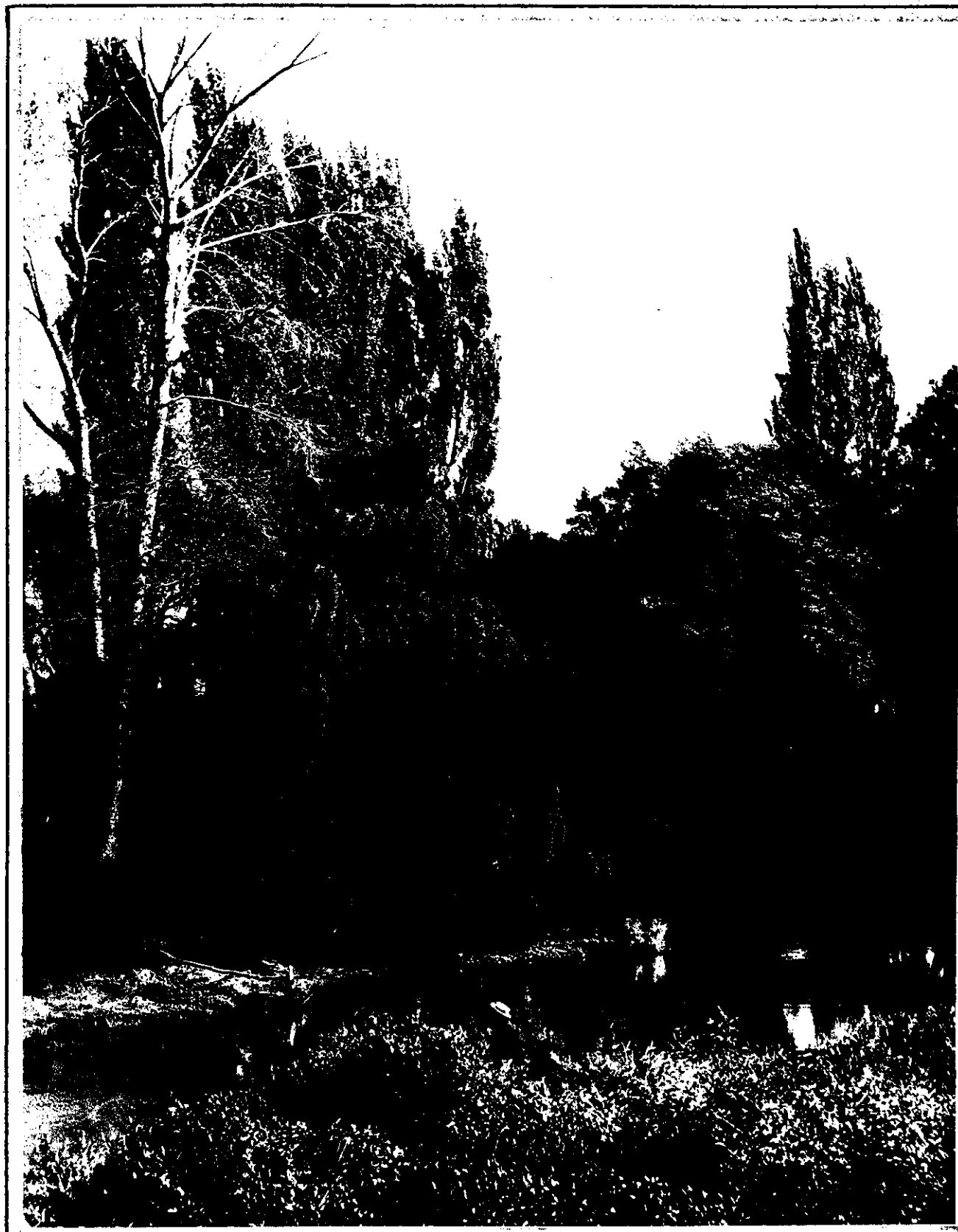
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The Weekly Graphic and N.Z. Mail.



A. McCusker, photo.

A PLACID POOL ON THE OMAKA RIVER. BLENHEIM.



THE BRAIN POT.



LAKE ROTOITI



HAMURANA



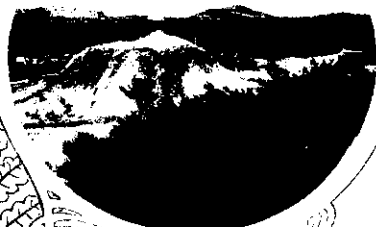
MAORI CHILDREN AT PLAY



LAKE ROTOMAHANA



CHILDREN'S WAKA



MUD VOLCANO.



WAIRANGA POINT



IN OHINEMUTU



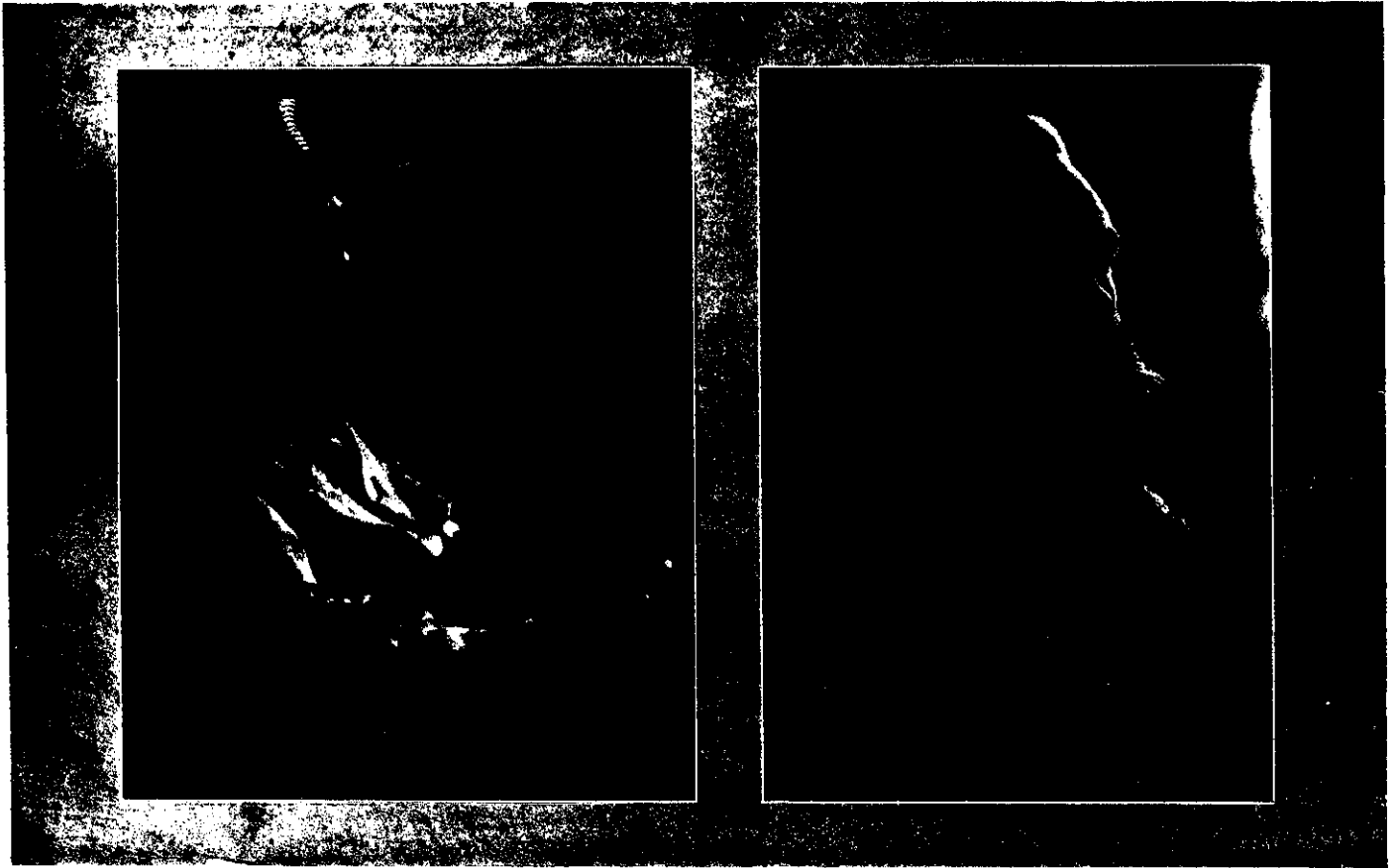
HOT WATER POOLS

THE MARVEL OF TWO HEMISPHERES—FAMILIAR SIGHTS IN GEYSERLAND.



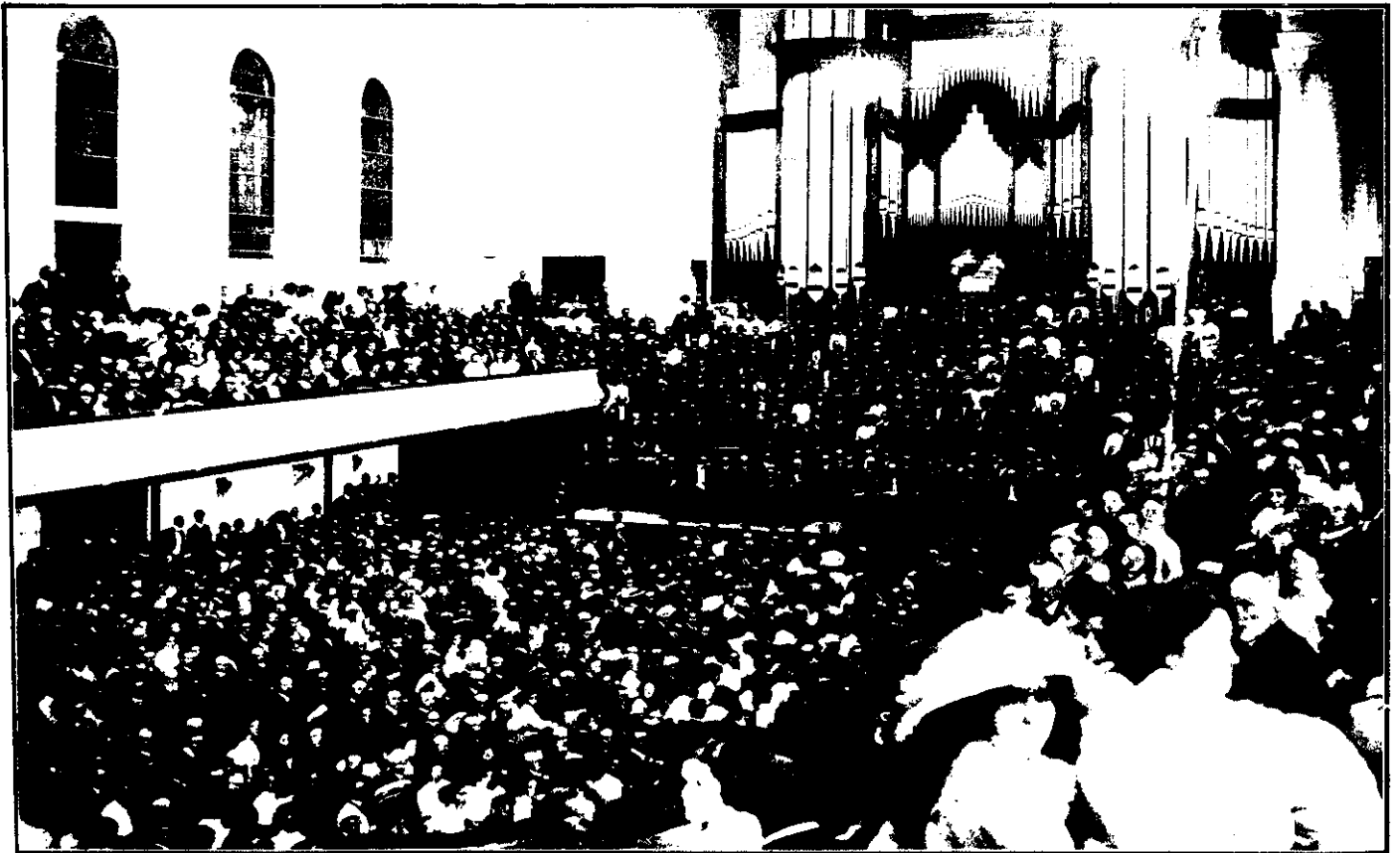
Photographed by C. D. Burton.

THE FASCINATION OF THE SURF—SPLASHING IN THE BRINY AT LYALL BAY, WELLINGTON.



Photographs by Gerald E. Jones.

"HEAVEN'S GATE OPENS WHEN THE WORLD'S IS CLOSING."



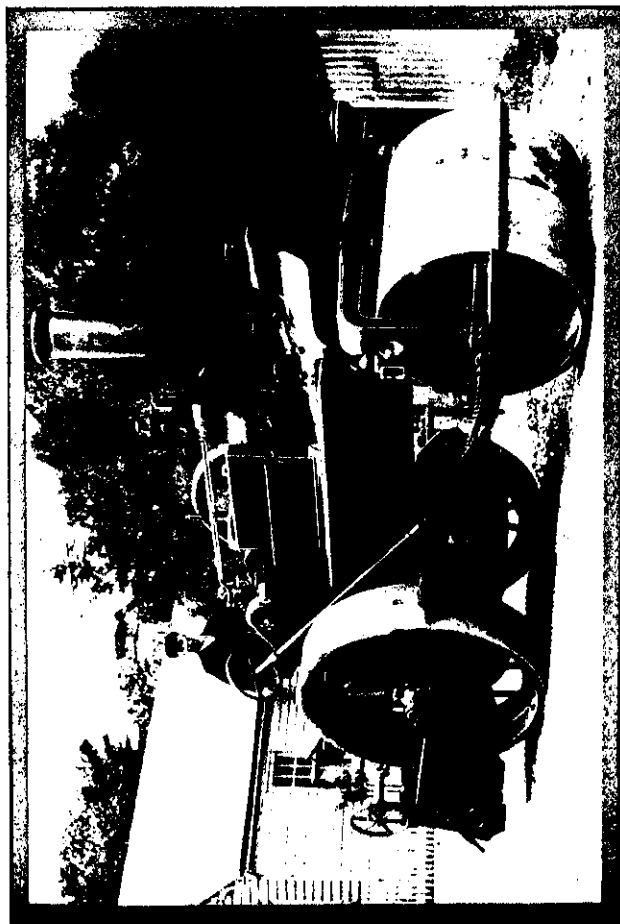
THE REFORM PARTY REJOICES—GREAT GATHERING AT THE AUCKLAND TOWN HALL, WHEN MR. MASSEY AND HIS FRIENDS CONGRATULATED THEMSELVES ON THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS.

ON THE COAST OF OTAGO.



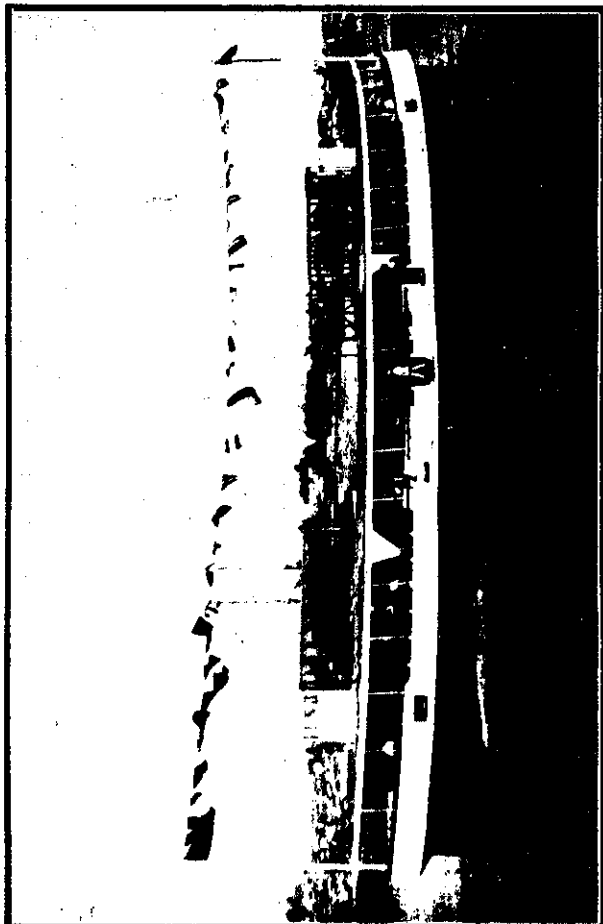
THE RUGGED WAVE-SWEPT SHORE.

Like the home of her early settlers the coast of the southern province is "stem and wild," with a picturesque that reminds one very much of the rugged North Auckland coast. The top picture is of the Nuggetts Lighthouse, and in the lower one is seen Roaring Bay, Port Molyneux.



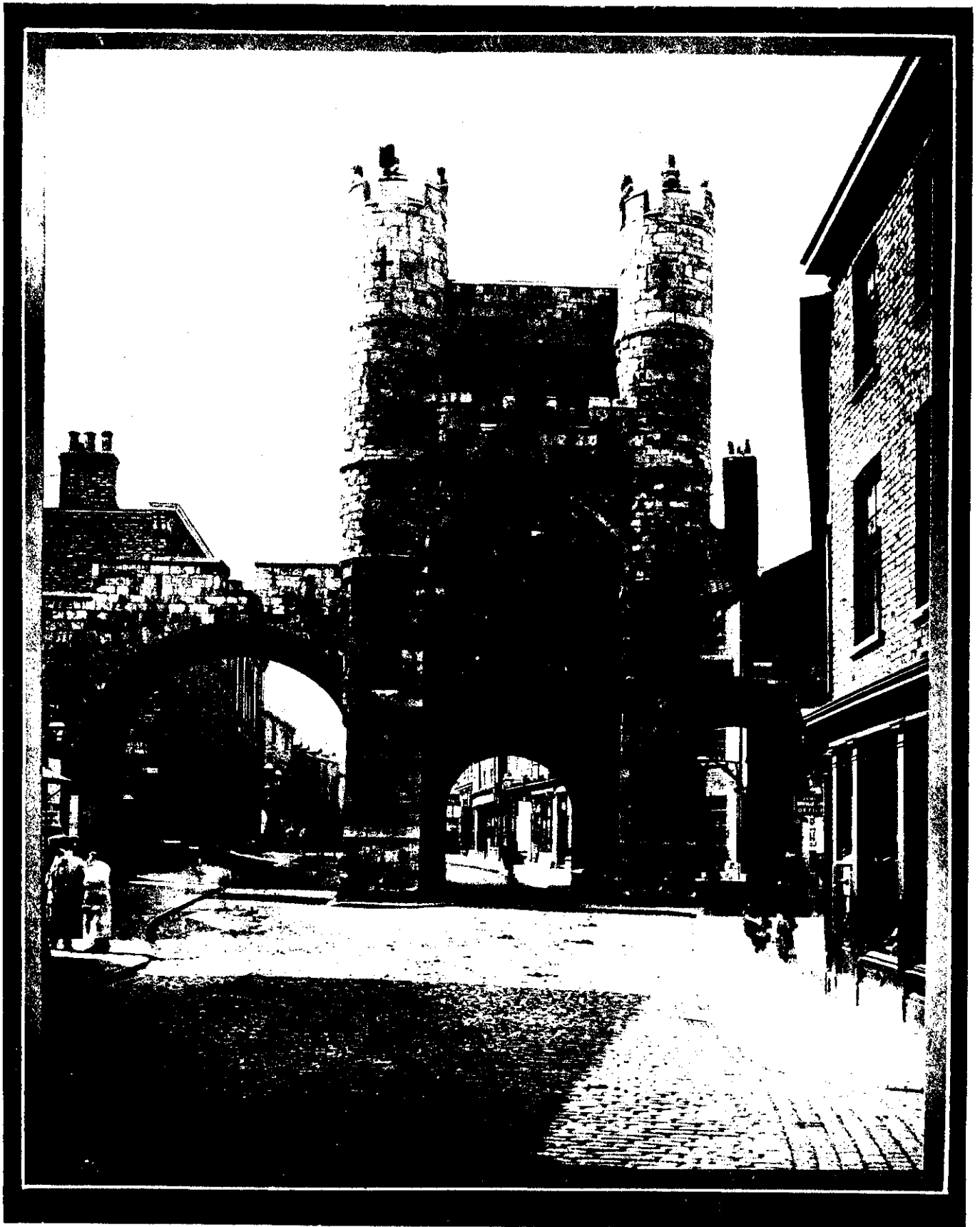
NEWMARKET TO STRAIGHTEN ITS WAYS.

Effective steam roller purchased by the Newmarket Council in connection with its progressive scheme for the improvement of its thoroughfares.



GROWTH OF AUCKLAND'S HARBOUR TRAFFIC.

The ferry steamer Peregrine, just launched by Mr Chas. Bailey, Junr., for the Devonport Ferry Company. She will carry 1400 passengers.



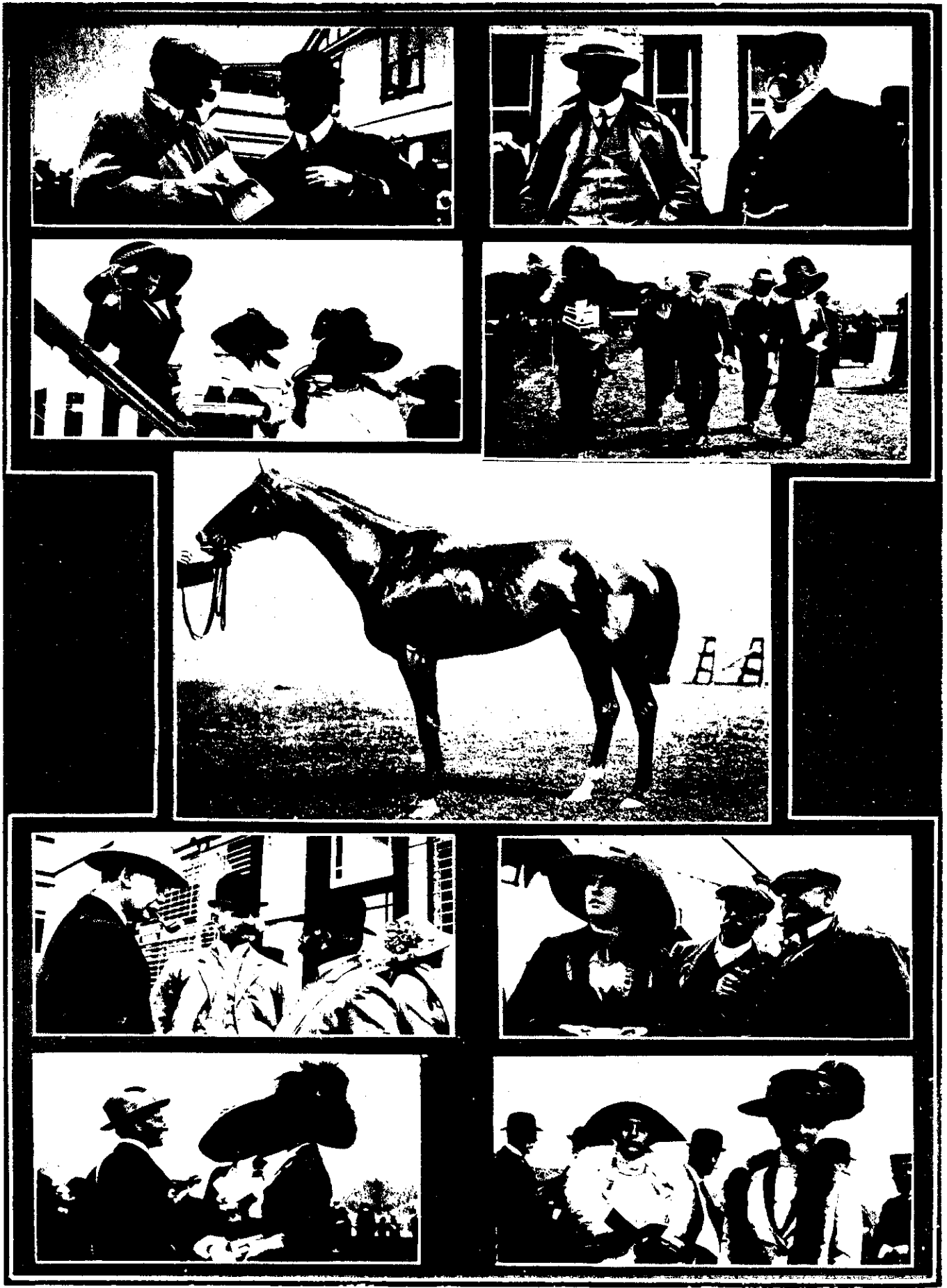
A RELIC OF THE DAYS WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD AND BARONS HELD THEIR SWAY—ONE OF YORK'S HISTORIC GATES.

The City of York is noted for its historic associations. The old walls which surrounded the mediæval town are still intact, and are preserved with the greatest care by the authorities—a trait which is distinctly English, and an indication of one of their strongest characteristics—a reverence for the glorious past. The walls extend for a length of some two and three-quarter miles. They mainly date from the Fourteenth Century, but contain some of the foundation work laid by the Romans.



Photograph by Dr. Teichmann.

THE PRANKS OF THE GLACIAL PERIOD—AN IMMENSE MEDIAL MORaine ROCK, WHICH CAN BE SEEN WHEN LOOKING BACK INTO WESTLAND FROM THE LA PEROUSE GLACIER.



C. D. Barton, photo.

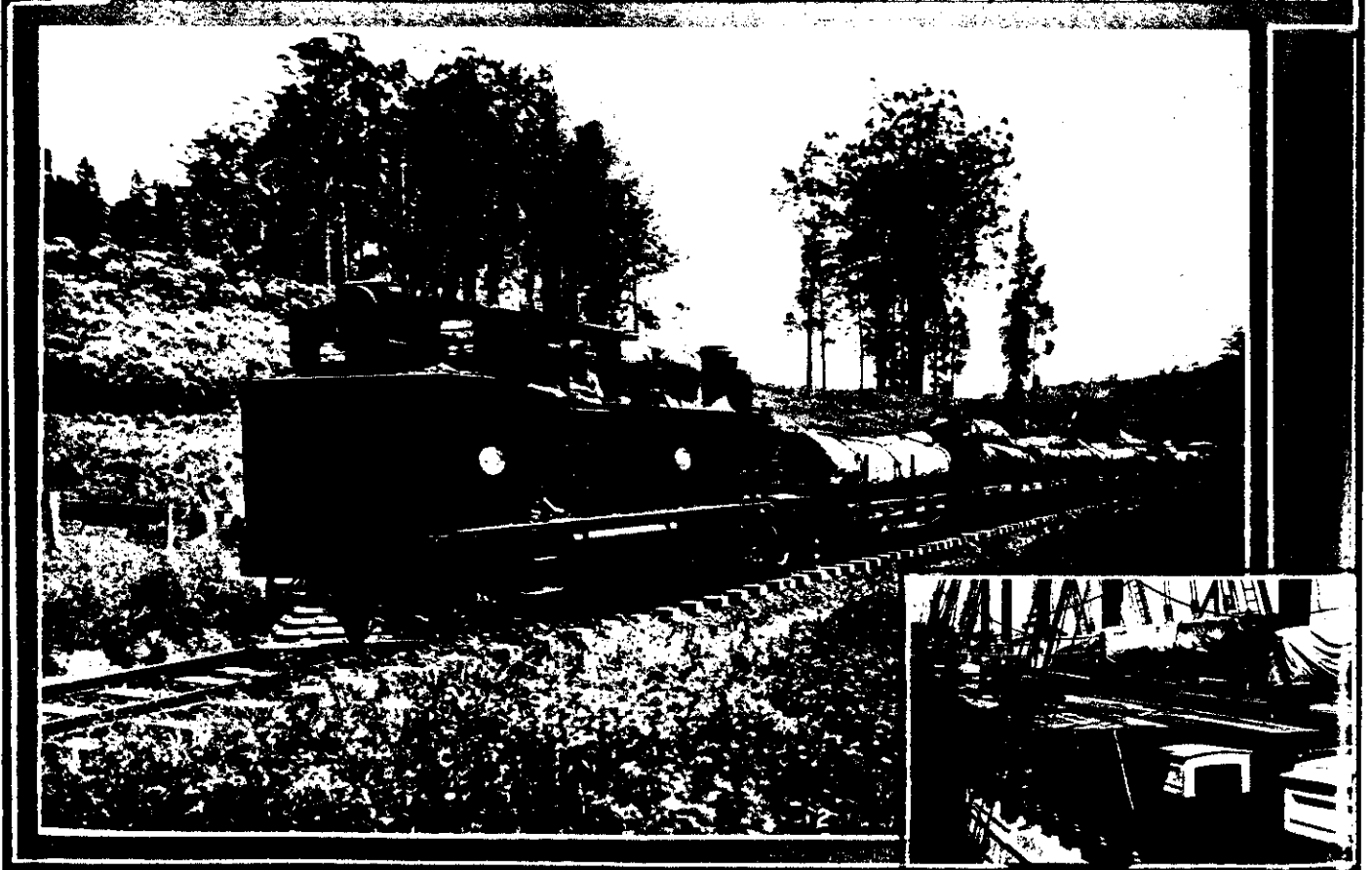
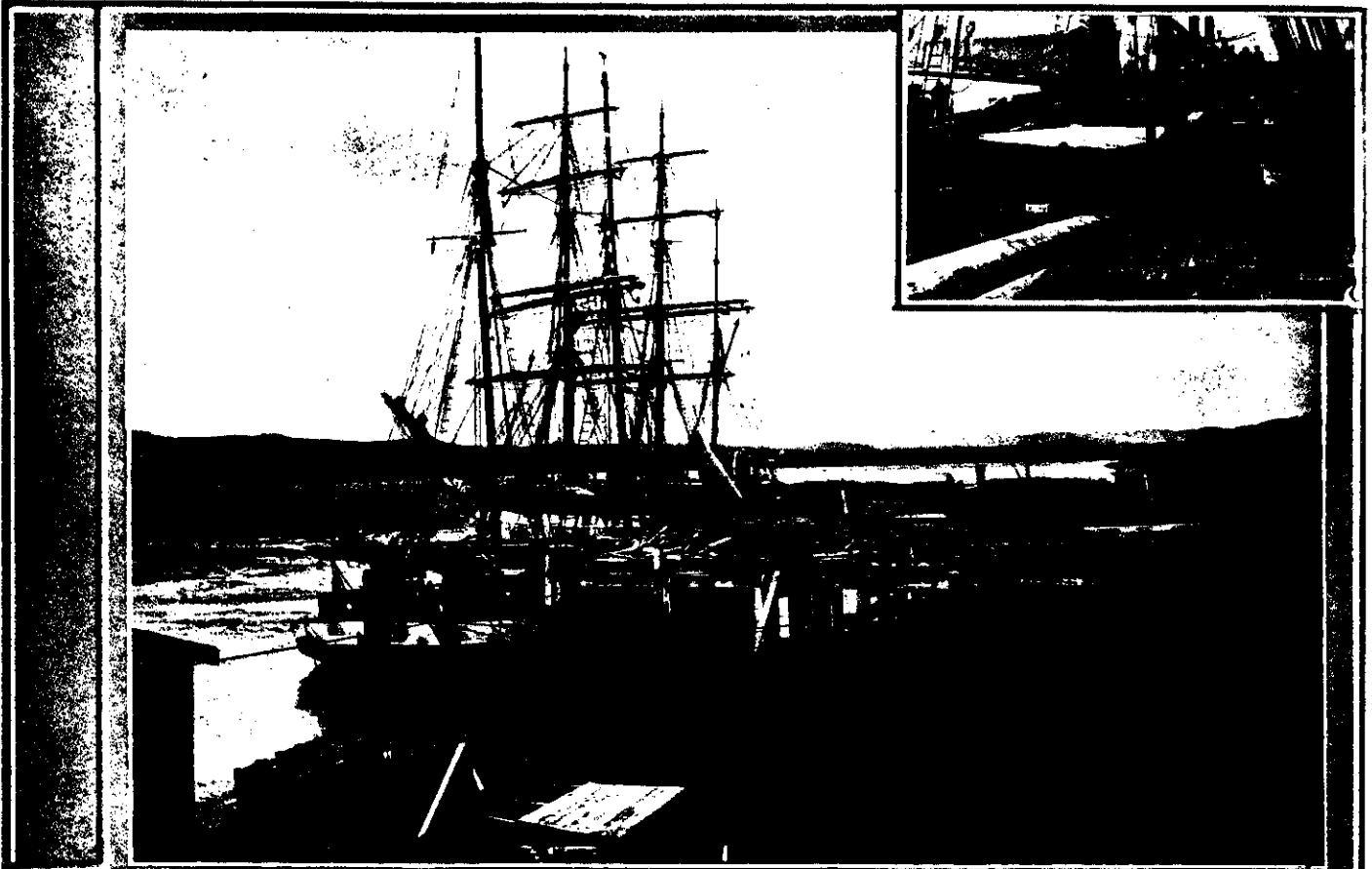
SNAPSHOTS AT THE WELLINGTON RACING CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING AT TRENTHAM.

The opening day at Trentham was notable for several surprises, one of which was the win of the outsider Undecided in the Wellington Cup. Undecided, of which we give a photograph above, is a five-year-old bay gelding by Menechikoff—St. Amy, and is owned by Mr W. Smart.



ON THE LAWN AND ROUND THE SADDLING PADDOCK AT THE WELLINGTON RACING CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING AT TRENTHAM.

C. D. Burton, photo.



IN ONE COAST AND OUT THE OTHER—THE STRANGE ANOMALY OF THE TIMBER TRADE IN THE DOMINION.

While Auckland and several of the other East Coast ports are frequently the destination of large cargoes of Oregon pine from the forests of British Columbia, the ports on the Tasman Sea side are hard at work exporting millions of feet of kauri and white pine to Australia, and even to the Old Country. There is a steady demand for our kauri for "inside" work, and the white pine is unique in its suitability for the manufacture of butter-boxes. Oregon pine is principally recommended on account of the exceptionally long lengths in which it can be obtained. The top picture shows a barque loading on the Northern Wairoa for an overseas port, and the lower one it of a train load of logs bound to the mill, a fine clump of kauri being seen in the background. Inset are pictures of a Yankee ship discharging a few million feet of Oregon pine at Auckland. Oliver and Walker, photo.



Typical Dominion Homes.

Prosperous Maeriland.

SOME DESIRABLE PLACES TO LIVE IN ON BOTH SIDES OF THE RUAHINE RANGES.

E. Denton, photo.
 (1) Mr. R. McNab's residence, "Nantawa," in Elizabeth-street, Palmerston North. (2) The home of Mrs. Garton, Fellinging. (3) The striking house of Mr. Wagsstaff, Pahiatua. (4) Where Mr. Maurice Cohen, the ex-Mayor of Palmerston North, lives. (5) "The Wattle," the home of Mr. Wm. Parkes, Palmerston North.



PARA PARA IRON ORE DEPOSITS, COLLINGWOOD DISTRICT.

The iron ore deposit at Para-Para, eight miles from Collingwood township, is one of the richest iron fields in the world. Reports from different experts show that several millions of tons of ore lie visible on the surface, and could be quarried for a trifle. A large percentage of the ore is of first-class quality, and the remainder medium. Should the ironworks once become established they would be one of the largest mining schemes in the southern hemisphere.

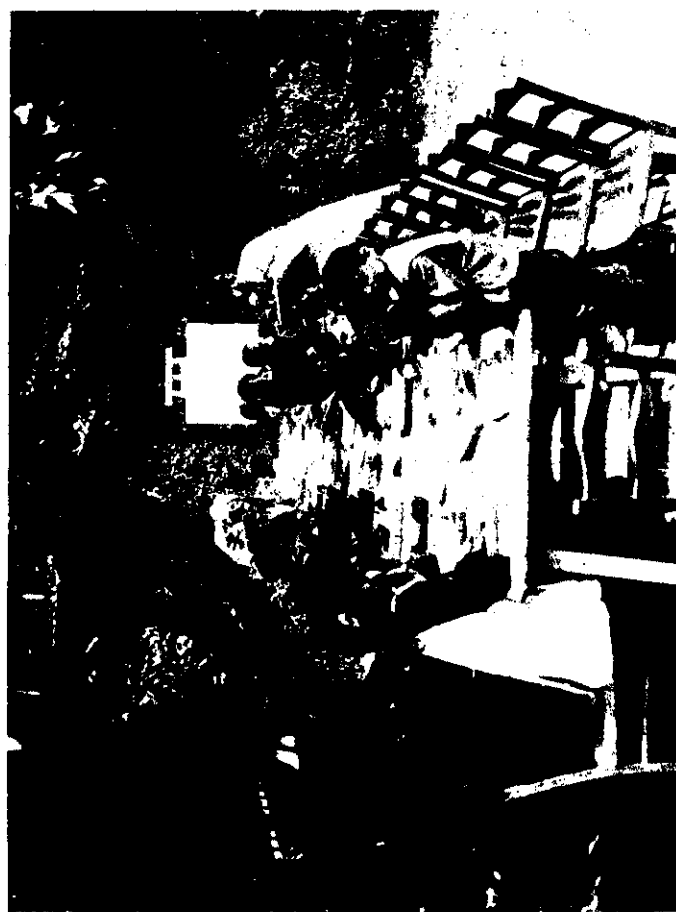
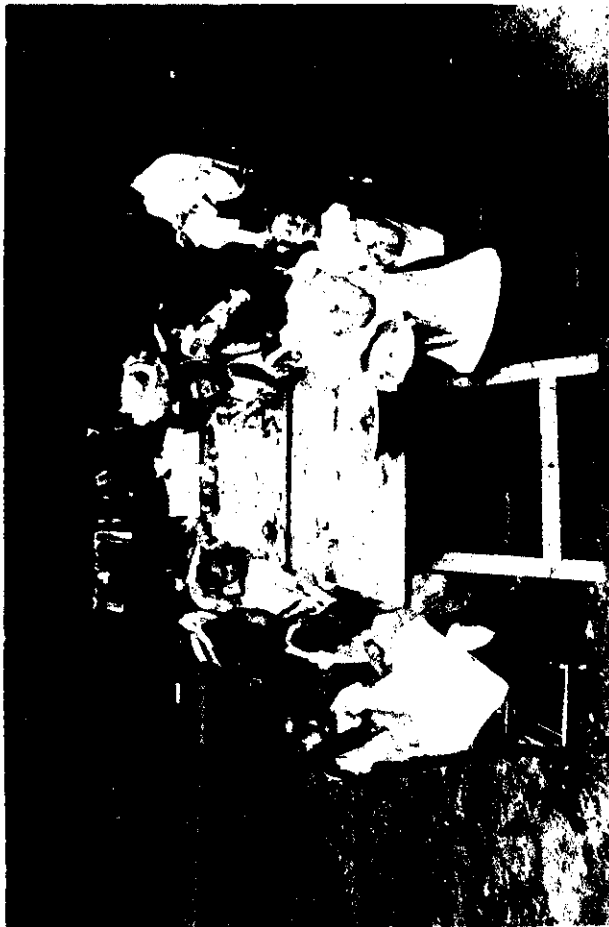


THE GOLDEN BAY CEMENT WORKS COMPANY, LIMITED.

Darry Manson, photo.

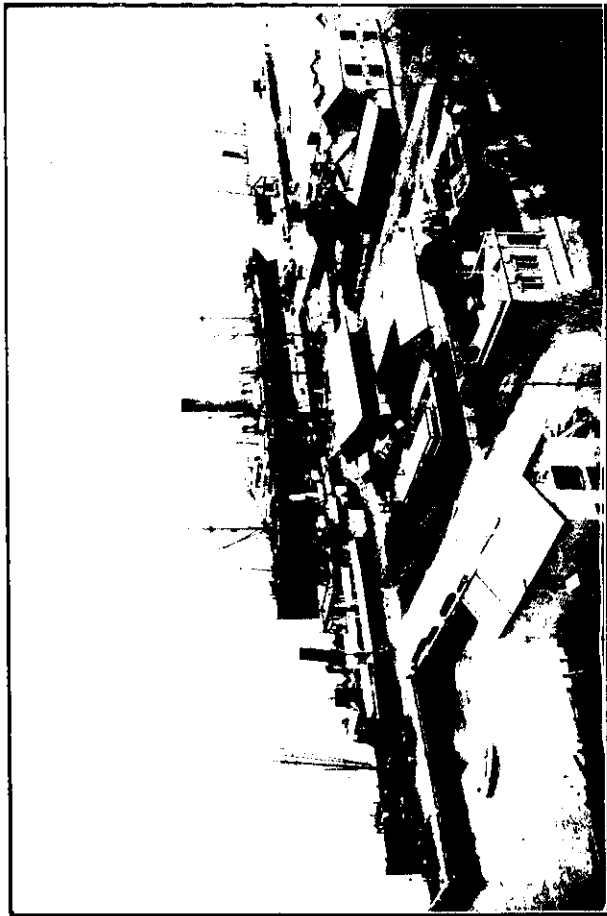
The works of this company, recently completed at Tarakohe, Takaka District, are fitted with up-to-date machinery throughout. The company's property contains unlimited supplies of limestone and blue marl necessary in the manufacture of cement, and coal can be had at Papinga, a few hours' steam distant. The works are driven by a triple expansion steam generating electrical plant, using the largest single unit generator in the Dominion. When in full swing the works should turn out upwards of 400 tons of cement per week.

IRON AND CEMENT—TWO HUGE DEPOSITS OF THE INDISPENSABLE MATERIALS OF THE AGE.

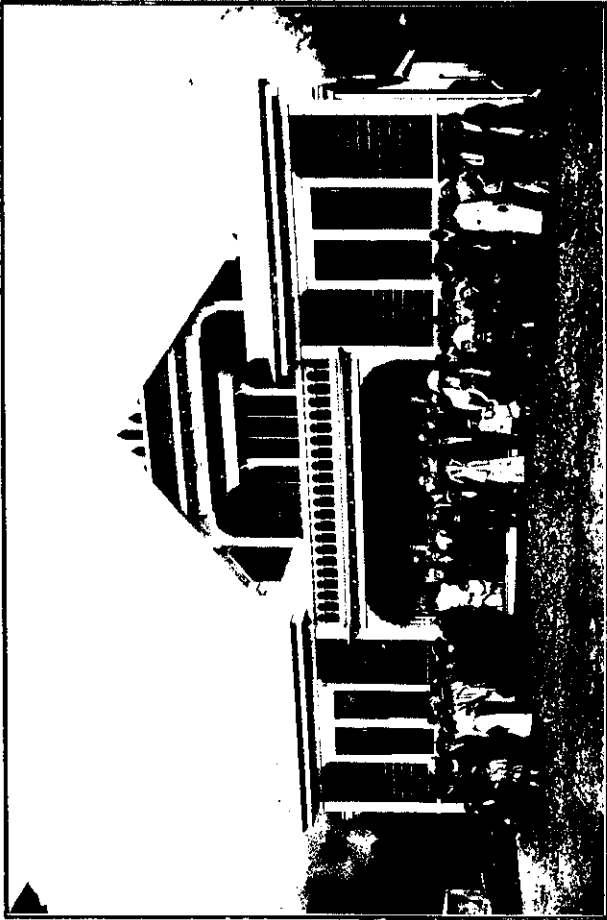


THE MODERN WAY—THE AL FRESCO SCHOOL TAKES THE PLACE OF THE STUFFY AND DISEASE-BREEDING BUILDING.

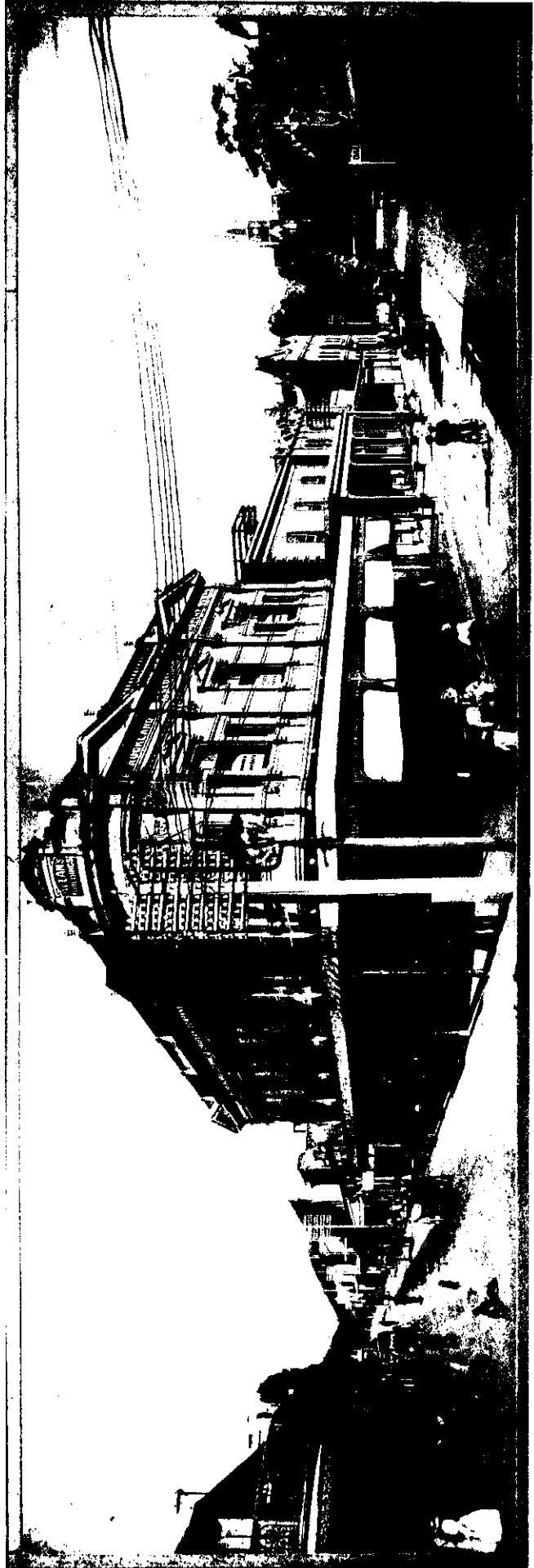
It is rather a singular commentary on civilisation that we are just beginning to realise the full force of the juxtaposition in that very old but very true saying of the ancients, "Mors sum in corpore sano." One of the best examples of the new order of things is to be found at the Sun School in Tavistock place, London, where much good work has been done. (1) Teaching the youngsters to mix basketball. (2) Boys in the scout box making a miniature Mount Vesuvius. (3) This is not much time, but a day modelling class. (4) Teaching small fingers how to use the needle.



NELSON'S PORT, SHOWING THE NEW SHED EXTENSION, WHICH IS MUCH APPRECIATED BY SHIPPING PEOPLE.



OPENING OF ST. JOHN'S FINE NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL BUILDING, TO ACCOMMODATE ABOUT 500



The thoroughfares of Nelson, which was selected by the New Zealand Company as a site for a settlement in 1841, commemorate the photographs of the great Admiral, and many of the incidents connected with his glorious career. On the left is Hardy street, and on the right Trafalgar street. In the centre of the well-built business quarter of the city.

F. N. Jones, photo.

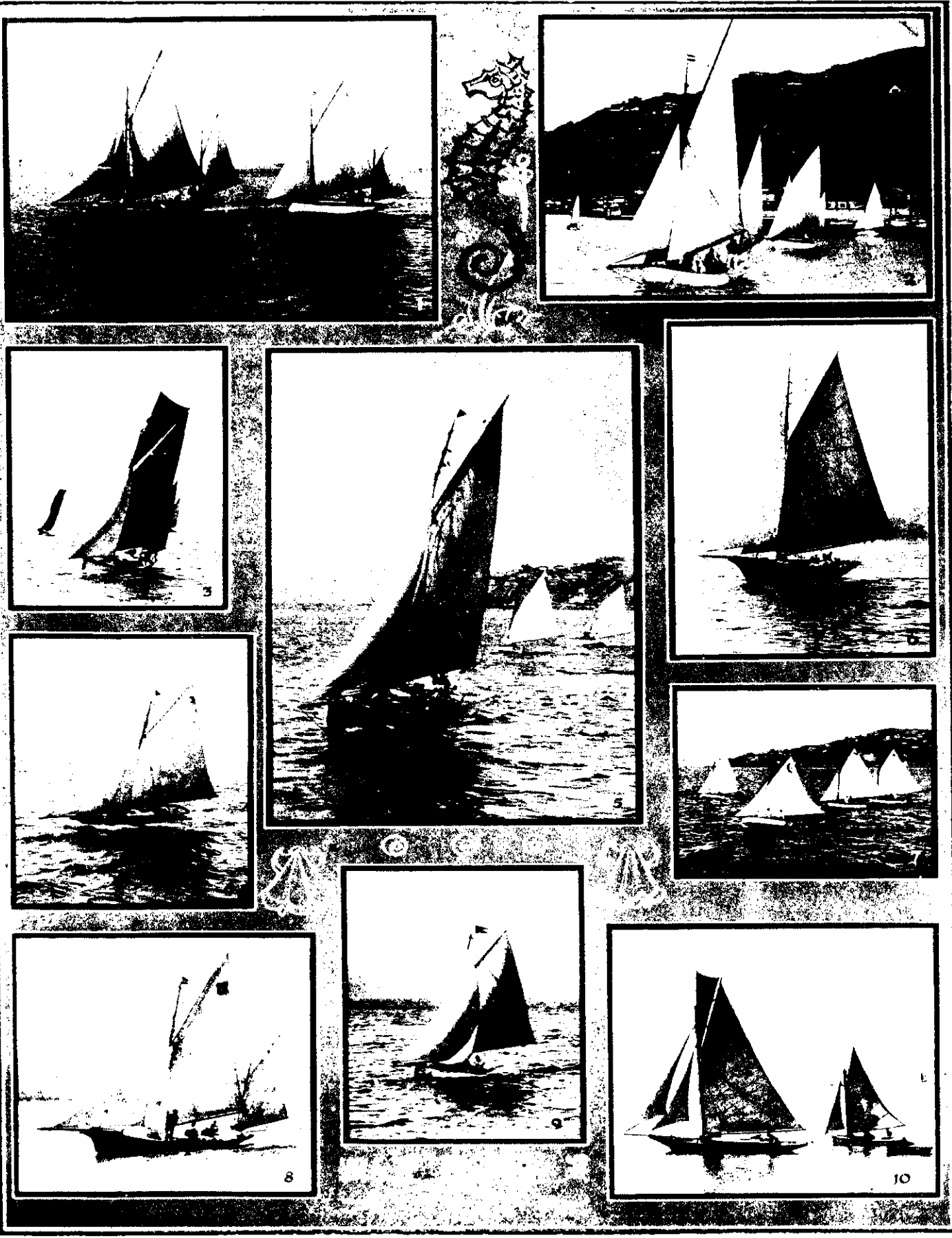
NELSON, THE CLEAN AND WELL KEPT TOWN, ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING PLACES IN THE DOMINION.



NELSON AMONG THE HILLS—SOME NEW PICTURES OF THE SALUBRIOUS SOUTHERN CITY.

F. N. Jones, photo.

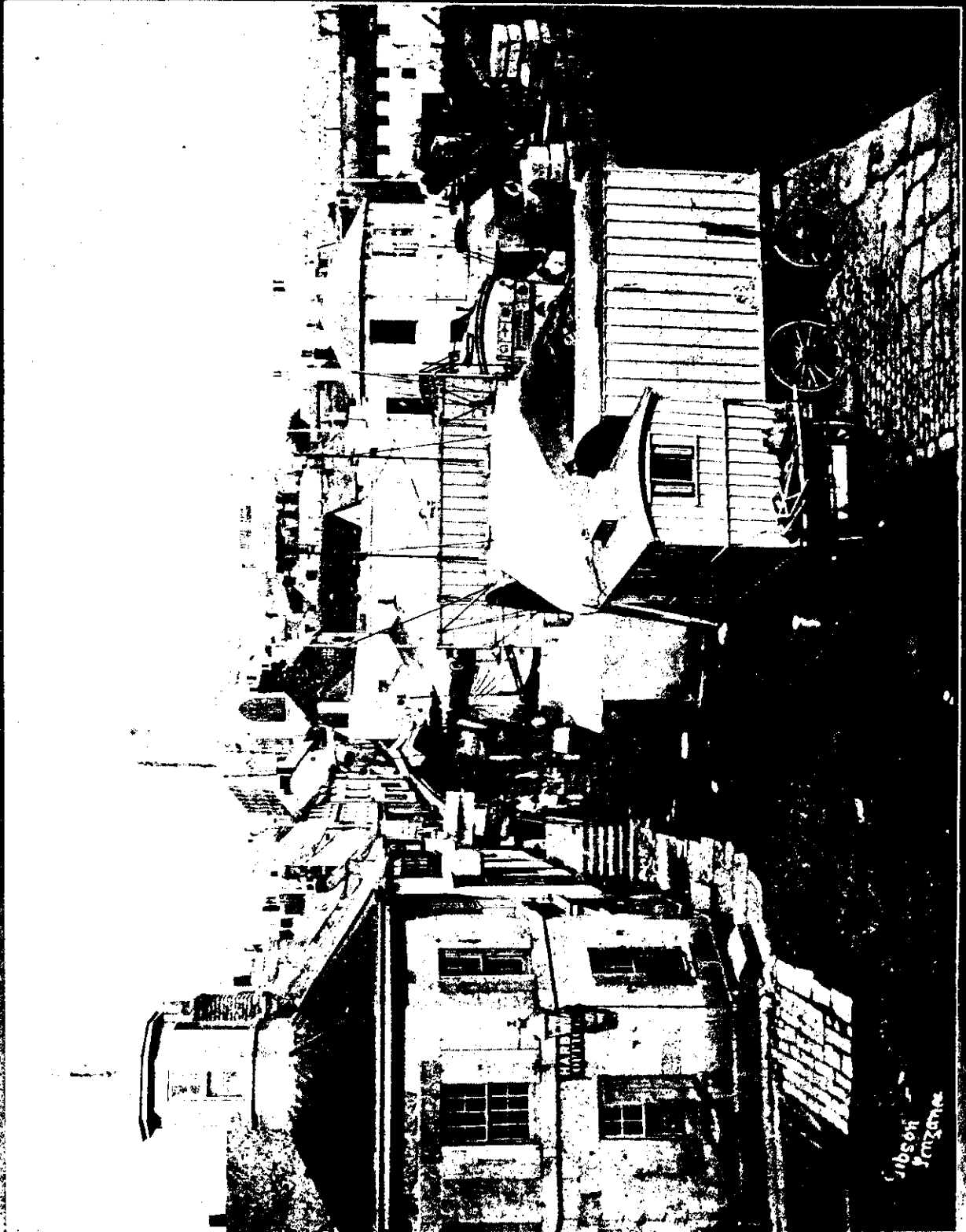
(1) Among the palms on Church Hill, the greenery being some of the results of the work of the Beautifying Society. (2) Looking across to Mount-street from Church Hill. (3) Panorama of the Zig-zag and surroundings, taken from the Long Look Out. At the top of the Zig-zag, the emhence directly in front, is a concrete block marking the middle of the Dominion—a fact not widely known. On the left is Tory-street, running into Nile-street East, and in the foreground is the Maitai Valley and River.



E. Wolfman, photo.

WELLINGTON PLEASURE CRAFT TRY-CONCLUSIONS IN LIGHT WEATHER.

A regatta of the morning improved during the day to a whole-sail breeze from the westward for the anniversary regatta of the Port Nicholson Yacht Club. There were 10 yachts in all, of the following classes: (1) White Hunter and Windward, the latter being the winner of the first-class yacht race. (2) Leaving the boat harbour, the 14-ton cutter, (3) Syster, third in the first-class event. (4) Wallace making for the line. (5) Waiteangi winner of the big handicap from scratch. (6) The 14-ton cutter, (7) The yawl Viktor. (8) Commodore Ward's Lizzie sets her big leading jib. (9) Whistling for a breeze.



A QUAIN CORNER OF PENZANCE, IN THE FAMOUS FISHING CENTRE IN MOUNT BAY, CORNWALL.

The French in North Africa.

The Relation of the Recent Troubles in Morocco to France's Dream of a Great African Empire,

By CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG.

A FEW years ago Morocco—in the mind of the civilised world—was a semi-mythical land, a far-off mirage of barren sand with a few palm-trees dimly shadowed on the skyline of its hazy imagination. Almost touching the south-western finger-tip of Europe, Morocco has been one of the last countries to elude its grasp. The Frank, however, for more

century and the opening of the twentieth saw three famous French expeditions in the North African field. A remarkable one—ostensibly scientific in its aim—under M. Fernand Fourreau, reached the great desert capitals on the trans-Saharan caravan routes, Air and Zinder, and pushed on to the regions beyond Lake Tchad and the country of the fierce Rabah, the Mohammedan ravager and conqueror. Here Fourreau was

possessions of the Sahara through the Tchad regions of the Sudan with the French Congo. No European power seriously hampered this eastward movement through the Sudan until certain French operations reached the upper valley of the White Nile, under another and most important expedition commanded by Colonel Marchand.

It started from the Upper Ubangi in the French Congo, and moved eastward to join the force under the Marquis de Bonchamp, who advanced from Abyssinia westward to meet him in the upper Nile basin. The object of this expedition was essentially a political one. French aims in Lower Egypt being blocked by Britain, a footing in Upper Egypt would not only strengthen its position there, and perhaps through Abyssinia eventually give France an outlet to the western coast, but would block Britain's plan of an Empire from the Cape to Cairo. At Fashoda the west-east trail of the Gaul crossed the north-south course of the Saxon—two stupendous schemes of Empire diametrically opposed to one another. One had to give way—but which? Lord Kitchener flushed with the victory of Omdurman, dropped anchor

to inform General Kitchener that he had been anticipated. Lord Kitchener replied that Britain had only temporarily abandoned the Sudan; and he would be pleased to give Colonel Marchand and his men a safe passage down the Nile.



THE COURTYARD OF A MOORISH RESIDENCE.



THE MOORISH BOULEVARD OF TANGIER.

Like other Mohammedans, the Moor clings to the past.

than half a century has been nibbling off the edges of its south-eastern boundary, and now we find him on the north-western coast, eager to begin the invasion of the interior. Ever since the Red Cross knights planted their flaring standards over Acre and Ascalon, and St. Louis raised his banners on the heights of Carthage, Frank has been the synonym of European to the Orientals of North Africa.

When France's policy of territorial acquisition throughout Africa is correlated and surveyed as a whole, one may well be astounded at its wonderful foresight and the stupendous character of its scheme: a scheme which undoubtedly was that of bringing about the eventual acquisition of more than two-thirds of the entire continent of Africa. How near it has come to doing this may be readily seen.

The accompanying map will convey an idea of the vast territory which is actually colonised by France or which is recognised as within the sphere of French influence—a territory almost equal in area to that of the United States, and including a population perhaps more than a quarter as large.

French influence in great sections of the Sudan and Central Africa was promulgated mainly by missionaries, particularly the White Fathers. These men, under Cardinal Lavigerie, commenced their crusade against slavery "for France and the Church" in the late forties, and at the sacrifice of life and health crossed the sun-scorched sands of the Sahara, and penetrated the miserable fever-haunted jungle of the Sudan, and Central Africa to Nyassa, Tanganyika, and Nyassa. Even in Egypt, France spared no pains to increase its influence and impress the native. Behind the French missionary came the French explorer, the trader and the soldier.

The last three years of the nineteenth

century and the opening of the twentieth saw three famous French expeditions in the North African field. A remarkable one—ostensibly scientific in its aim—under M. Fernand Fourreau, reached the great desert capitals on the trans-Saharan caravan routes, Air and Zinder, and pushed on to the regions beyond Lake Tchad and the country of the fierce Rabah, the Mohammedan ravager and conqueror. Here Fourreau was

joined by an expedition under Lieutenant Joalland from the west, and another under M. Gentil from the south. The union of these three expeditions established French control over that territory, thus connecting the French

before Fashoda and announced to the French commandant that he had come to plant there the flags of England and Egypt.

Colonel Marchand pointed to the French flag already flying, and regretted

Colonel Marchand smiled and declined. The English commander rose and pointed to his vastly superior force. "What can you possibly do against these?" he asked.

"Die!" smiled the commandant. Lord Kitchener stood for a moment in silence, with the peace of two continents in his hand.

"There is no need for that," he said. "Your Government sent you here; your Government will call you back. Let us wait and see. Have a whisky and soda!"

Diplomacy did the rest. Colonel Marchand was recalled and the Tricolor was replaced by the Union Jack.

The fact that this affair engendered the bitterest feelings and all but involved the two Channel nations in war goes far to prove the importance, to each, of the strategic value of that territory. Blocked at this point, France seems to have redoubled its efforts in Morocco. Since the fortifying of Gibraltar and the opening of the Suez Canal by the British, Morocco has been more than ever a desirable possession to the Powers, particularly to Great Britain and France.

Trace on the map south-east down the Atlantic seaboard of Morocco and, lying 200 miles from Tangier, you come upon a little seaport town of sun-dried bricks, wood and whitewash, with the town walls and some important buildings in the European quarter of stone: Dar-



A TYPICAL MOROCCAN PROSPECT.

el-Beida, the Arabs call it; Casablanca say the Spaniards. Here France found its *casus belli* in a mob outbreak, and lost no time in following up its advantage by landing a force numbering more than 7,000 troops.

For years the unsatisfactory conditions have increased the dangers of travel and stunted the natural resources and trade of the country. These conditions are due mainly to the radical ideas of the Sultan and his inability to organise and control his people, who in character are courageous, cruel, and somewhat stoical, yet at times childishly impulsive and easily swayed to rebellion or war by some half-demented fanatic.

The Moroccan fighting force consists only of small tribal detachments of irregular infantry and cavalry, fighting with the same irresponsibility and wild dash of their fathers of the deserts, with no available artillery and, apart from some members of the coast tribes, possessing few modern weapons of warfare. So tribal is their present organisation that probably nothing short of a general invasion by a common enemy would cause them to cast their lot as a nation against a common foe. Under the present unstable and avaricious Government, where the strong prey upon the weak and it is as dangerous to be rich as to be poor, tribal protection is the only safeguard to the Moroccan; naturally, those tribes whose territory is not actually invaded

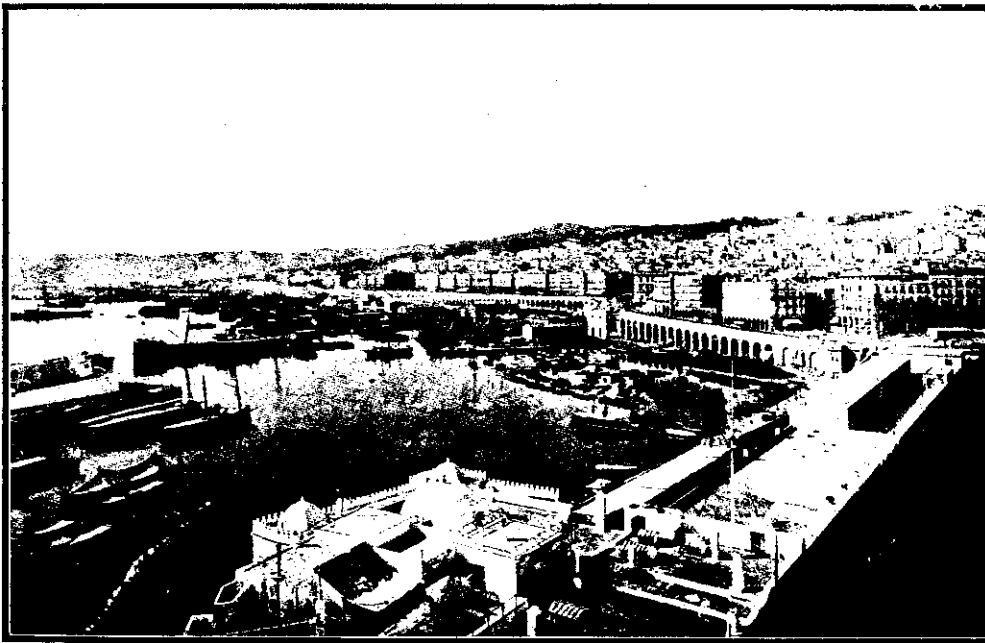


THE SPECTACULAR "POWDER PLAY" IN THE MAIN STREET OF TANGIER.
The architecture and the signs show that it is now a French city.

A glance at Al-Mogreb, the Land of the Evening, will perhaps show just who these people are, and explain the meaning of the various names given them. The original inhabitants were the Berbers, a white race, probably of Semitic origin, whose descendants (an agricultural people) still make up the majority of the hill tribes. Besides these are the Arabs, whose fathers overran and conquered North Africa and extreme western Europe in the seventh and eighth centuries, and established centres of learning and civilisation in Spain and Morocco, when our own ancestors were the barbarians of the North. There are also blacks from the Sudan, both slaves and freemen, who have drifted northward.

Intermarriage of these various Mohammedan tribes and races has given a complex and mixed population. The Moroccan is truly a study in brown; he varies in tone from the darkest Negro to the light Caucasian, for the blood of Saxon captives of one or more centuries and of members of the modern European colonies courses in the veins of many a devout son of Islam, who oft through the day offers up his prayers to Allah, thanking him that he is what he is and not like you a Christian dog. The term Moroccan means any recognised inhabitant of the country, while the term Moor, strictly speaking, means a town-dweller, and is so used throughout Barbary.

As one goes westward from Tripoli, that land of beautiful sunsets and the terrible sand-storm, through Tunisia and Algeria, the altitude and the range of



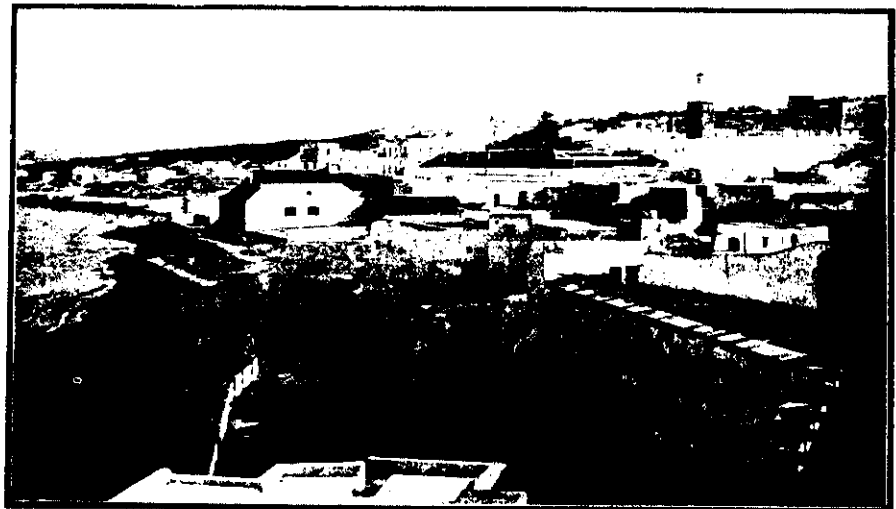
ALGIERS, THE CHIEF COMMERCIAL CITY OF THE BARBARY STATES.

or who live far back from the scene of hostilities either care nothing about it or are loth to send their fighting men to the scene of action and leave their women and homes an easy prey to neighbouring hostile tribes.

That there was an aggressive element among the Moors, there is no doubt; but with the promise of the Moorish governor at Casablanca to maintain order, a strong French guard at the Consulates and city gates would probably have met all immediate need of protection. Instead, a large French force aggressively entered the town to quiet the rioting, and not only the suburbs, but the town itself was shelled by war-ships.

This naturally precipitated matters, for the news spread like wildfire that the long contemplated invasion of Morocco by the hated French had begun. The farmer tribes, with Algeria, Igli, and Figuig fresh in their minds, gathered their hands together and hastened to the coast. With what result? A few French soldiers were killed and wounded, while hundreds of Moroccans were slaughtered before the machine guns and shell-fire of the French.

It is the beginning of the end for Morocco as an independent country. France seems to have chosen the psychological moment to continue definitely its inevitable acquisition of Morocco.



THE PORT AND ANTIQUATED FORTIFICATIONS OF TANGIER.

Situated on the Strait of Gibraltar, Tangier is a convenient health resort, and has a population of nearly 30,000.

the Atlas Mountains increase, the water-supply becomes more plentiful, the soil more fertile, and the climate cooler—until in strange, fascinating Morocco are lavished the richest gifts of nature. If Hadji Mohamed, with crude wooden plough and no other means of transportation than his donkey and camel, hampered by unheard-of Sultanic mandates and internecine strife, exports annually £4,000,000 of produce, the possibilities of this land under so scientific and thrifty a people as the French can hardly be estimated.

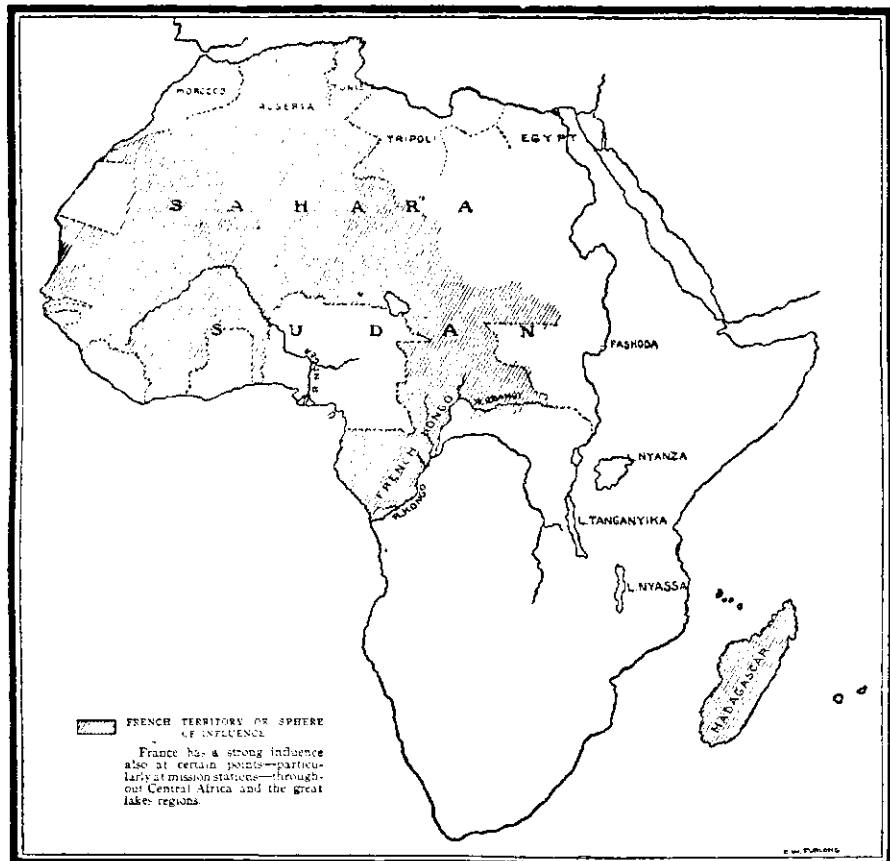
French policy in Tunisia and Algeria will serve as a good criterion by which to forecast the future of Morocco. The narrow streets, mud walls, and sun-dried bricks will give way to broad boulevards and modern houses, the cry of the donkey driver to the squeak of the electric tram, the wild mountain trails and river fords to splendid roads and modern bridges, the hand-hill of the Arab farmer to the steam thrasher, the fallow land of mountain and valley to extensive plantations and beautiful chateaux.

The productive character of the Sudan and Central Africa is well known; but of the Sahara—what of those great, limitless, sun-baked, desert reaches?

The French, to some extent, will reclaim it; that which they do not reclaim will be necessary to them for commercial and political reasons. That which is reclaimed for agricultural purposes will be so done by irrigation.

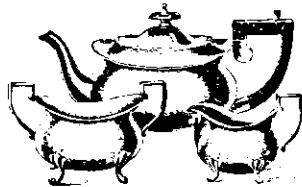
The desert is diversified in its character—great rugged mountains, plateaulands, and the seemingly endless sand reaches. In the spring the mountain sides and plateau-lands to the north are beautified by a wealth of flora, and some of the sandy plains are covered with a rank grass and thorny plants.

That the artesian well will play an important part there is no doubt. Its possibilities may be gauged somewhat when we take, for example, a simple well sunk in the barren sands of the Tunisian Sahara, perhaps more than twenty-five years ago. This still throws a crystal stream 25ft. into the air and has developed and irrigates an oasis 500 acres in extent.

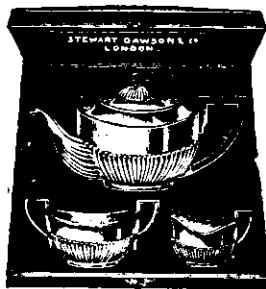


MAP OF AFRICA SHOWING THE EXTENT OF FRENCH COLONISATION.

The dominance of France in Lower Egypt was checked by England in 1882; French influence in Upper Egypt was stopped at Fashoda in 1904. The boundary lines along the Congo and in Central Sudan may some day lead to conflict.



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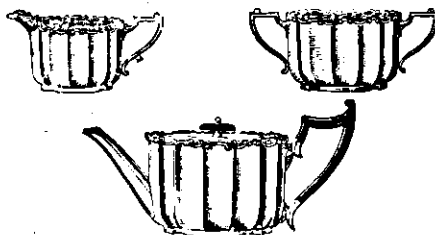
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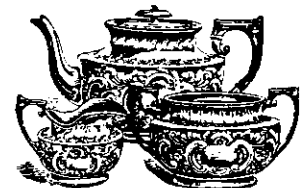
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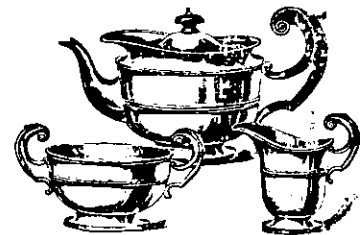
J 1463.—Best Silver-plated Afternoon Tea Set, 3 pieces, £3 18 6



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H 2093.—Best Silver-plated Plain Design Afternoon Tea Set, 3 pieces, £3 15.

The Isle of Spice.

The Clove Industry—The Beauty of a Plantation—A First Visit—The Labour Question—The Possibilities of Artificial Heat—The Government and the Clove Industry—The Primeval Forest.

By LASCELLES HASBROUCK.

TWENTY-SEVEN miles north of Zanzibar, and about the same distance from the African mainland, lies the great clove-growing island of Pemba. Its coast abounds with bays and narrow inlets, and above the dense greenery of its heights, towers everywhere the graceful coconut palm. In the not very remote days, when stealing slaves from the mainland was a popular and profitable business, these shelters once gained, ensured safety to the dhows; anyone attempting pursuit unacquainted with their tortuous currents and shelving reefs, was simply courting disaster. The sea is decked with innumerable green isles, where the

begun, henceforth until its close, you talk, live, breathe, and dream cloves. The yield, price, and supply of pickers, become one burning question, to the exclusion of all other topics.

A FIRST VISIT.

Whoever forgets his first visit to a clove plantation; when, turning from the blinding glare of the fierce tropical sunshine, he finds the welcome shade of cool, leafy arcades. An exquisite sweetness greets him, in which all the perfumes of Araby are surely blended. Unknown until now, it is yet faintly reminiscent of scents which haunt the memory, and touch the imagination.

and you become a veritable pagan. As the night progresses you begin to realise how teeming with life is this equatorial land. A thousand voices, mute by day, awake and swell into a chorus; the myriad many-toned insect pipe blending with the sharp cry of the lemur, the

erally suffices, but, in exceptional years, there is sometimes a second and even a third gathering. Unpicked buds flower, and develop largely in size, until they resemble long, slender plums, which, as they are seed-bearing, are known as "Mother of cloves." The ordinary clove



NATIVE WOMEN POUNDING RICE AND COOKING.



(1) NATIVE WOMEN STEMMING CLOVES. (2) THE BANANA MARKET AT PEMBA. (3) STEMMING CLOVES AND LAYING THEM OUT TO DRY.

wild guinea-fowl is at home; and large monkeys utter endless protests whenever man invades their domains. Shells of great beauty and rarity, as well as coral and flower-like sponge growths, are found all around the coast.

Pemba, an important part of the Sultan of Zanzibar's dominions, has known Persian and Portuguese rulers, neither of whom have left deep imprints behind; but the Arab, who succeeded them, has stamped his character and influence deeply upon the life of the island. Its importance dates from the introduction of the clove, about one hundred years ago, when soil and climate proving congenial, its cultivation progressed so rapidly that Pemba soon became a recognised source of clove supply, and now, with Zanzibar, yields seven-eighths of the world's entire product.

Harvest brings with it a sudden transformation in the easy-going life of the island. Of men, women, and children, few are too old, or too young, to be pressed into service. Picking having

Certain old-time flowers are recalled, but only to be dismissed in quick succession; perhaps the carnation, but no, this subtle fragrance is too dainty, too delicate for comparison; it is sui generis.

Clove trees, slight, elegant, and many-branched, attain a height of sixty or seventy feet; and so dense is their foliage that only at intervals does a stray sunbeam filter through, to bring light and shadow into play, and change the dark leafage into vivid shimmering green.

The stillness and beauty of those lofty, far-reaching avenues, recall the solemnity and grace of Gothic cathedral aisles, and linger in the memory with the same unforgettable charm. At sunset, looking along a darkening glade, you find it framing a circle of gold; gold so manifestly palpable that you have but to hasten onwards to gather up the fairy treasure.

And, lastly, walk there under the moonlight, in ebon shade or silversheen,

angry chatter of the monkey, and the wailing howl of the pariah dog, and unfortunate animal which has become such an outcast that he no longer barks.

THE CLOVE TREE.

Like all Pemba's trees, excepting that ghost of the woods, the Baobab, the devil's peculiar property, the clove is evergreen, its oval leaves suggesting thornless holly, by their smooth, shining surface.

Unlike tree products in general, cloves do not succeed the blossom, but are unopened flower buds, re-sembling honey-suckle in form, passing from palest green, through faint shades of pink, to rose red. An average stalk bears from eight to fifteen, but crowning bunches often reach double that number. Should they flower, the value of the clove is impaired, the cap, which marks the perfect product, falling off in drying. Five months usually intervene between budding and picking, and harvest lasts about three months. One picking gathering the undeveloped bud, and consequently immature, will not germinate.

consequently immature, will not germinate.

A walk through the avenues which picking has begun gives the impression that a host of invisible Dryades has taken possession; chatter, laughter, and song have vanished silence. The picker (clove harvest recognises no disabilities of sex) climbs a tree, and securing foothold in the clefts of the branches, which grow upwards like those of the poplar, draws the outer end towards him with a hooked stick, and snaps off the bunches which he deposits in a bag. A rope thrown round the bole enables him to swing out, and lessens his liability to fall. Small branches and leaves suffer considerably, but this provokes little censure, as it reduces the necessity for pruning. The ground underneath is kept bare save for beds of pineapples, which grow wild in abundance. Occasionally there is a coconut palm, Arabs believing that, unless it is planted, cloves will not bear.



THE OLD METHOD OF PICKING CLOVES.

THE LABOUR QUESTION.

Although the labour question grows each year a more serious problem there seems little prospect of the introduction of any aids to hand picking. In slavery days, when the hands on the plantations were largely in excess of the present number, ladders were used, as tending to safety, but have been abandoned because they make picking slower, and consequently, more expensive; and economy in production is a condition of the first importance in clove growing.

Work begins as early as daylight permits and proceeds until a drum sound at 2 p.m. when the industrial army marches with its spoils to the receiving sheds, where are also the drying ground wide, open spaces of hard earth or concrete. Each picker spreads out a mat and proceeds to "stem." A bunch is taken in the palm, and a quick contraction of the fingers causes the buds to fall. Stalks are cast aside, but finally sold at one-seventh the price of cloves. On succeeding days the buds, taken under cover at night, are spread out thinly on mats in the sun and stirred at intervals by attendants, who keep a keen eye on the weather, as heavy showers come up quickly, with disastrous results.

In a few hours the delicate hues have faded, and in about five days there is the brown clove of commerce. On the tree the perfume of the clove is merely suggested, but with drying its pungency develops rapidly. So intense is it that, when cloves are stored in bulk, it often produces headache.

Deciding when the final stage in dry-

times he sells the growing crop. While enjoying tolerable immunity from the ravages of insects and blight, the clove is somewhat uncertain as to yield. It is affected by under or excessive rainfall, and a wet harvest largely increases the cost of picking as well as causing deterioration in quality. In bearing it is very variable. A tree which has pro-

duced 200lb (a large amount) one year will probably be barren the next, and in the following may give only a few pounds. Pemba, during the last few years, has been passing through what threatened to be a crucial period. When, after much temporising, the fiat went forth to increase their number by the importation of slaves from the mainland. Of what use was the harvest if there were not hands to gather; and dire were the predictions, and dolorous the anticipations, when the legal status of slavery was finally abolished. The great clove industry, the mainstay of the island,

would be irretrievably ruined, and general bankruptcy would ensue. Pemba depended entirely on her agricultural produce; and in this edict the death-knell of her prosperity was sounded.

THE INDIAN MONEY-LENDER AND HIS INFLUENCE.

Happily those dark forebodings have not been realised and freedom was established, not only

Continued on page 53.



NATIVE WOMEN AT WORK PLAITING PALM-TREE FIBRE.



NATIVE COOLIES LAYING OUT CLOVES TO DRY IN THE SUN.

ing has been reached requires close attention and discrimination from even experienced testers, although a standing rule usually assists the decision. Should the clove bend without breaking, it is not sufficiently dry; if it snaps, it is too dry, and loses value in consequence; but if, while bending, it breaks with a fracture it is in perfect condition. The cloves are then put in coarse sacks and conveyed on men's heads to the nearest shipping point, whence they are taken in dhows to Zanzibar, to be sold at the Custom House.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF ARTIFICIAL HEAT.

As the clove is a product the value of which depends largely on its successful drying the possibilities of artificial heat being supplied in wet seasons has occupied the attention of growers, but without producing any satisfactory results. Stoves with sliding trays, and also drying under glass, seemed to present some encouraging possibilities, but in both cases the initial expenses and cost of increased labour prevented their adoption. The application of artificial heat is not practicable with the clove owing to its losing strength and consequent value during the operation.

The conditions on which cloves are picked vary considerably. Where the grower has not sufficient help he contracts with a company of pickers for the harvesting of a plantation on equal shares, or will let the picking for a certain sum under supervision, or some-



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By Veronica.

All communications for "Veronica" should be addressed to 'Graphic' Office, Auckland. Secretaries of Horticultural Societies are invited to send us short reports of their proceedings, and also any items of interest to Horticulturists. Photographs of Flowers, Fruits or New Vegetables, or Garden Scenes, will be welcomed.

COMING SHOWS.

Canterbury Horticultural Society.
— Carnation and Sweet Pea Exhibition, January, 1912. Miss E. Sneyd Smith, Secretary.

Timaru Horticultural Society.—
Autumn Show, Olympia Hall, February 15 and 16, 1912. Jas. K. Macdonald, Hon. Sec.

Hamilton Horticultural Society.—
Autumn Show, April 1912. E. B. Davy, Hon. Sec.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Pentstemons are worthy of much more attention than they have received of recent years in this Dominion. Vast improvements have been made in the size and beauty of the bloom spikes, and really good sorts can be obtained by sowing seed which has been saved from a good collection.

Winter flowering—or, as we generally know them, spring flowering—sweet peas should not be neglected where early blooms are in demand. The Spencer form has been secured in this useful class. These are said to bloom much longer than the original, and to be more vigorous in growth.

Pansy seed should be sown as soon as possible. This favourite flower can be grown by anyone without much trouble. The seed may be sown in the open or in boxes or pans. Always buy the best seed procurable.

Stocks for early bloom should be attended to. A position should be chosen which is thoroughly drained. Avoid green or unfermented manure. A piece of new ground which has been well worked gives good results. The varieties of ten-week and Crompton stock are exceedingly numerous, and all of them beautiful.

Really good petunias are difficult to secure from seed, and when one does succeed in getting a few good plants they should be carefully marked and cuttings taken. These can be inserted in half sand under glass in autumn and wintered indoors, or plants can be protected through the winter and cuttings taken in the spring.

Carnation layering should be well in hand, so as to ensure strong, well-rooted layers.

Chrysanthemums and dahlias will need constant attention. Give plenty water and mulch. Attend to tying up to stakes to prevent the wind swaying them about.

The ground for daffodils should be got ready. Dig deep or trench, and leave rough for the sun to sweeten. A light dressing of basic slag should be dug in some time before the bulbs are planted.

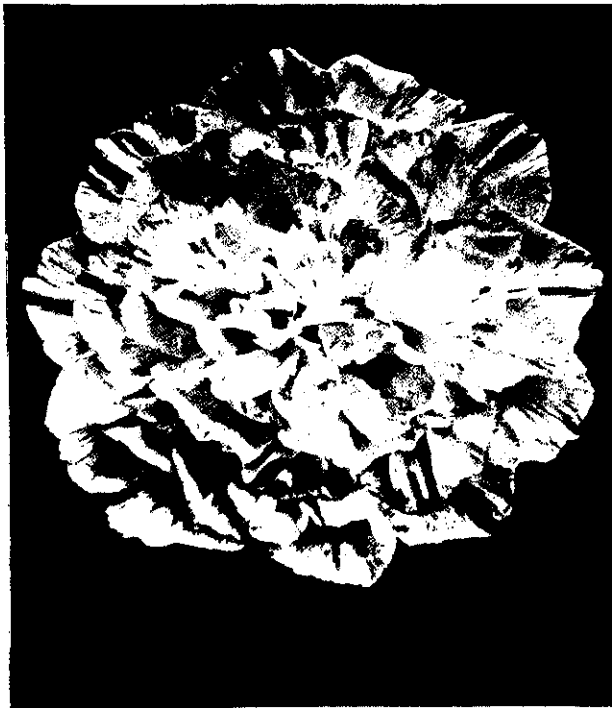
A small patch of mignonette seed may be sown for autumn flowering. This fine old favourite should be grown in abundance, and a pinch of seed sown at intervals will keep up the supply of flowers.

Two Good New Carnations.

Among florists' flowers the perpetual carnations now figure largely, and, as in the case of all popular subjects, the



CARNATION BARONESS DE BRIENEN, A BEAUTIFUL PINK INTRODUCED BY MESSRS STUART LOW AND CO., OF ENFIELD, ENGLAND.



CARNATION WIVELSFIELD WONDER, A NEW PERPETUAL VARIETY, WHITE WITH ROSE-PINK FLAKING, FROM THE GARDENS OF MESSRS ALLWOOD BROS., WIVELSFIELD, HAYWARD'S HEATH, ENGLAND.

number of new varieties that make a bid for favour is considerable. Two that have come under our notice of late we illustrate.

The variety *Baroness de Brienen* is one of Messrs. Stuart Low and Co.'s introduction, and is a lovely pink shade, the flowers are large, carried well on long stems, and have prettily fringed petals. The Enfield firm have exhibited this variety very freely during the present year, and, we understand, it bears the name of a Dutch lady who is a great horticulturist, and particularly fond of carnations.

Wivelsfield Wonder is being sent out by Messrs. Allwood Brothers, Wivelsfield, Hayward's Heath, and was well shown by them at the Carnation Show held at the Royal Botanic Gardens, London, recently. This is a very large flower, with excellent calyx and stem, and it has very broad petals. The white ground colour is flaked over with a soft shade of rose pink. *Wivelsfield Wonder* is a dainty carnation, and its habit of growth and freedom of flowering leave nothing to be desired. This newcomer is a seedling from that fine old American variety, *Bradt*, which was one of the parents of *Euchantress*, as, indeed, it has been of many other modern varieties.

NEW BEGONIAS AND CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

At the Royal Horticultural Society's fortnightly meeting held on December 5th, there were a large number of groups of begonias. The most graceful type is the small flowered *Chloé de Lorraine*, of which a bank of pink and white forms was sent by Mr. Gurney Fowler (South Woodford). *Glory of Cinthath*, an improvement on the type in the size and brightness of the flowers, won an award for Mr. G. Long (Hampton), and Mr. J. Bruckhaus (Twi Kenham) staged the best plants in the show, considered as individual specimens of this variety and Mrs. A. de Rothschild, Messrs. Chiburn (Aldrichham) secured an award of merit with *Atrichum Pink*, a truly double bright pink variety with flowers nearly 3in. in diameter.

Chrysanthemums were well shown by Messrs. Wells (Merton), Mr. P. Ladd (Swanley), and others. The best of the day's novelties (excluding the American variety, *Patty*, which labbed to secure an award) was the pure white finely formed

Mrs. David Syme, included by Messrs. Wells. This variety secured an award of merit. Mr. P. Ladds also won an award with the "single" Isabel Grey, a large flower in which the bronze ground is lightly covered towards the centre with a sheen of purple.

WINTER CARNATIONS.

The winter show of the Perpetual Flowering Carnation Society was held in the Royal Botanic Gardens, London, on the 6th December.

In the open section the prizes, with only one or two exceptions, were all won by trade growers. The best British novelties introduced since January 1, 1909, were Coronation, Judith, and Constance shown by Mr. Bertie Bell (Guernsey). Mr. W. E. Wallace (Eaton Bray) won the challenge cup for American novelties with Gloriosa, May Day, and Scarlet Glow. Mrs. D. M. Collins (Swanley) had the best white in White Perfection. Mr. B. Bell showed Mrs. C. W. Waud, the best of the Lawson colour, and Mr. Dutton (Ivert) staged Mikado, the best in the class for other selfs.

The open class for registered varieties not yet in commerce was won by Mr. Wallace's Una and Mr. Bell's Coronation. Awards of merit were also made to these varieties, as well as to the Geisha, from Mr. Fairbanks (Carlisle), a slaty purple flower similar to Mikado. Of the American novelties shown White Wonder secured a first-class certificate and Gloriosa an award of merit. For trade displays the Society's large gold medal was awarded to Mr. Engelmann (Saffron Walden), and the gold medal to Messrs. Stuart Low (Bash Hill Park).

HOW TO SAFELY RAISE VERY FINE SEEDS.

Here is a "wrinkle" for your readers who grow petunias from seed. The trouble with raising petunia seed, especially in hot weather, is the constant



A FIELD OF TULIPS IN HOLLAND, WHERE THEY RAISE THEM BY THE ACRE.

attention in watering to prevent the tiny plants from shrivelling up. If the plan of covering the seeds with sifted soil is pursued, the trouble is overdoing it, and smothering them. I prefer to sow on the surface and not cover, except with a sheet of glass and a sheet of paper over that, taking the paper off when germination has well started, and the glass two or three days later. I used a fine spray, an "Ald" brass hand spray, which I found particularly good. Notwithstanding all my precautions, however, a batch of seed could be neglected by one of my employees, and shrivelled up, and the seed driven all to the side of the pan, and either washed over or covered over, and a poor per-

centage result. I, therefore, cast about for some more (I was nearly saying "fool proof") perfect system, and eventually proved the following to be a safe and reliable plan:—

In making up the seed pan of sifted soil, put a layer $\frac{1}{2}$ in thick of sphagnum moss near the surface, and cover with about $\frac{3}{4}$ in or 1 in of soil; sow the seed, begonia, petunia, etc., on the surface, leaving a hole about 1 in over and 2 in across, into which rain water can be poured, and the moss well soaked as often as required; this keeps the top layer of soil constantly moist without any other watering until the majority of the seeds have made the first pair of leaves and struck a root down; after that it is an advantage to spray overhead and still lightly water the moss.

Since adopting this plan I've had very satisfactory results, and a very much greater percentage of seedlings.

—F. Caley Smith.

PENTSTEMONS.

Rapid strides have been made during the past few years in the development of this charming perennial, and it is a subject well worthy of the attention which the hybridiser has bestowed upon it. One fails to recognise the Pentstemon of twenty years ago in the present-day race.

Most of the garden varieties have evolved from Pentstemon Hartwegii and P. Cobaea, and they provide a range of colours and shades to suit all tastes, varying from the purest of whites and most delicate of rose shades to the deepest of crimson, purple, and carmine.

Their propagation is simple, and may be effected either from seeds, cuttings, or division of the roots. The latter method of increasing the stock is not to be recommended, the best results being obtained from cuttings. Early in March is the best time to take them, and they should be inserted under hand-glasses in a good, sandy bed. Dibble them in firmly, and let them be well watered with a heavy rose, to avoid leaving a space between the base of the cutting and the soil beneath, the latter state of things inevitably resulting in failure.

SWEET PEAS.

Mr. John A. Grigor, a great sweet pea prize-winner, is not a supporter of the deep-trenching theory. His soil is light sandy loam, with pure sand as a subsoil. He takes out a trench 18 in deep and wide. He puts a layer of farmyard manure in the bottom and treads and packs it very firm. He then takes turf that has been stacked for a time, chops

endula) pluvialis, the old Cape Marigold. The first cross was made in 1906, and produced three hybrids, namely, a pure satiny white with yellow on reverse of petals, an ivory white, and a lemon-coloured variety.

Seeds sown since then have given further beautiful range of colours. These *Dimorphothea* hybrids must be classed as half-hardy annuals. The habit of growth, foliage, and height of the plant (12 inches to 15 inches), also the size



A FAMOUS GROWER AMONG THE TULIPS IN HOLLAND.

The well-known figure of Mr Robert Sydenham, who has done so much for daffodils and other bulbs, will be recognised in the foreground.

it up roughly, and to every five barrow-fuls adds one of farmyard manure and a $\frac{1}{2}$ in potful of basic slag and thoroughly mixes the whole together. He fills the trench to within 3 in of the top, treading very firmly. For the top layer he chops the turf finer, and to every five barrow-loads he adds one of well-rotted manure and a $\frac{1}{2}$ in potful of soot. He firms it with the back of a digging fork in the trench, and that completes the trenches. (These are some practical hints by a remarkable grower.—"The Gardener.")

of the flowers (2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches to 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches across), resemble the parent *D. aurantiaca*. Seeds sown in spring produce plants which commence blooming in summer, and go on flowering for a very long period. As pot plants, these *Dimorphotheas* will be greatly appreciated in the cool greenhouse for their elegant growth and the great abundance of attractive flowers that they produce. Under glass the flowers develop to a larger size than in the open.

During the past summer, when most of the other annuals were scorched up, *D. aurantiaca* was giving us a rare display of its brilliant flowers, and if these new hybrids prove as useful as this parent, we predict a great future for them. Indeed, they promise fair to occupy the same position among annuals as the beautiful *Gerbera* hybrids do among herbaceous plants, with the additional merit that they are easy to cultivate successfully.

RHUS POISONING THROUGH BEE STINGS.

Quite an epidemic of a peculiar form of "rhus" poisoning is at present going the round in Wanganui. In cases that have received medical treatment this poisoning has always followed a sting from a bee, in several instances the part stung swelling very quickly, and causing a good deal of pain. The inference drawn as to the cause is that, at this time of the year, the rhus lotmus (smoke plant) is in flower, and, the tree being very poisonous, the bees, in collecting their pollen, gather a certain amount of the poison, which makes them very vicious, and accounts for their unnatural energy in attacking people. The shrub that is the cause of all the trouble is a well-known and very popular ornamental tree.

NEW HYBRIDS OF DIMORPHO-

THECA AURANTIACA.

Those who are familiar with the beautiful orange-coloured flowers of *Dimorphothea aurantiaca*, a half-hardy annual introduced into England a few years ago by Messrs Barr and Sons from South Africa, and which is known to many under the popular name of the Namaqualand Daisy, will welcome the new hybrids.

These hybrids have been put into commerce by Messrs Hiazze and Schmidt of Erfurt, and seeds of the same are being distributed by Messrs Barr and Sons, of Covent Garden and Taplow. These hybrids are the result of a cross between *Dimorphothea aurantiaca* and *D. (Cal-*

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

The following varieties were put before the Floral Committee of the National Chrysanthemum Society at the Crystal Palace, London:—

Mrs Percy E. Wiseman (incurved), primrose sport from the variety Mrs J. B. Bryce, exhibited by Mr P. E. Wiseman.—First-class certificate.

Mrs Andrew Walker, coppery crimson sport from the well-known decorative, Freda Bedford.—First-class certificate.

Miss Margaret Walker, single, a huge orange and gold flower.—First-class certificate.

The two above varieties from Messrs Wells and Co., Merstham.
Heston Bronze, decorative, a rich bronze terra cotta.—First-class certificate.

Billie, single, large yellow.—First-class certificate.

The above from Messrs Cragg, Harrison and Cragg, Heston, Middlesex.

Catberham Bronze, single medium size flower, rich bronze with a green eye.—First-class certificate, Mr F. Brazier, Catberham.

Charles Dickens, single, a large rich yellow flower, best described as a yellow Mona.—Mr N. Davis, Framfield, First-class certificate.

R. G. Buzze, single, pure white, a large flower, broad florets, from Mr Philip Ladds, Swanley.—First-class certificate.

Mrs John Freed, single, a large bright

yellow, looks a beautiful grower, good in sprays, from Messrs John Freed and Sons, West Norwood.—First-class certificate.

Strange to say, none of the Japanese varieties that came before the committee were considered up to the present-day standard.

Messrs W. Wells, Ltd., set up a very telling group, in which the flowers were backed with sprays of red oak and other autumnal foliage, forming a very effective background. In the centre was a grand bloom of the white Jap, Mrs Gilbert Drabble, perfect in form, and measuring 8½ inches by 8½ inches deep. There were also stands of huge blooms of Mrs R. A. Witty, a fine red, and Gertrude Peers (recently certificated). Among the decorative we noted David Inganella, very fine; Red Cap, red, very distinct; and Mrs Andrew Walker, red; Messrs Wells' group also included a very choice lot of singles, of which the cream was Mrs Sam Nash; pink, Altrincham Yellow, Miss Margaret Walker, new, a charming orange tint, absolutely novel; Joan Edwards, pink; and two whites, Marjorie and Elsie Newton.

Among Chrysanthemum novelties the "American Florist" describes "Mrs David Syne" as the finest white in existence, both as a commercial variety and for exhibition.

DAHLIAS IN AMERICA.

The dahlia appears to be by far the most popular autumn flower in the United States, if one can judge from the prominence given to it in the horticultural Press of that country. One large trade paper devoted practically the whole of two issues to the flower and its growers. The writers were drawn from all parts of the States, thus showing the interest to be widespread. The reports of their exhibitions were pretty breezy, the cactus type being left almost entirely in the hands of amateur growers, while the trade seemed to devote their attention chiefly to the large decorative sorts, that are more or less neglected in this country. The paeony-flowered section, too, seem highly in favour, while the pompons and singles appear to be quite neglected; in fact, the whole sorts are more highly esteemed. The whole of the trend of the various correspondents clearly implies that the American nation require something large for decorative purposes, and while the dahlia cannot be styled a popular flower in this country for this purpose, it is evident our cousins regard it otherwise.

One grower alone mentions growing two hundred and fifty thousand plants, surely a fine dahlia farm, while it is recorded that one New York wholesaler handled sixty thousand flowers, two others fifty thousand each, and several ten thousand each. If these are the figures at one market, what must be the sales for the whole of the large markets? The prices, too, are rather astonishing to us, for they range from 75 cents to three dollars per 100. There is surely money in the dahlia cut flower trade in the States.

One authority denounces the modern cactus varieties in no unmeasured terms. He is of opinion that the only way to judge the merits of any dahlia is to do so on the plant, and certainly not on the show boards, and that the stem and floriferousness of the plant should be taken into consideration as well as the actual flower. A statement that I think will be heartily endorsed by many. Our American cousins do not fear to criticize any variety that does not come up to their standard. For instance, a grower from Los Angeles cannot understand why the cactus variety Dreadnought ever saw the daylight; he describes it as a dull chestnut, quickly bleaching to a red, "yet more dull, and about as pleasing as the colour of my old cow at shedding time." Evidently Dreadnought does not behave so well there as in the land of its birth. Again, he describes J. B. Riding as another candidate for the "junk pile" and oblivion. Still, these breezy descriptions are interesting reading. A curious incident is recorded by a grower in Indiana, who mentions that they left all their plants while still in flower to make sure the stock is true to name. A peculiar planting freak is mentioned by a writer from Massachusetts, who started planting the first wick in May, with, presumably, ground roots, putting out fifteen hundred weekly, the final planting of four thousand cactus varieties taking place the first week in August. Mr Maurice Field, an authority on the

subject, gives the following as some of the best decorative dahlias:—Perle de Lyon, Delice, Yellow Colosse, Jack Rose, Jeannie Charmet, Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, and Madame Van den Duell, while the best paeony-flowered are Codsall Gem, Mrs A. McKellar, Mrs W. E. Whinerau, Mrs T. G. Baker, Mrs J. B. Riding, The Geisha, Paul Kruger, and Liberty. Our American cousins are very keen on raising seedlings, one writer remarking that it is quite time they could do without the annual importations from Europe.

—"Gardener's Magazine."

WATER LILIES.

The cheapest way to grow water lilies is in tubs. They will grow successfully so long as one is careful to provide at least a foot of water above the crowns. An ingenious grower has four or five tubs connected together. The first one is under the tap or overflow pipe from roof of shed, and the end one serves to dip water out of, so that water is always moving. One can plant in pots or boxes and place these in the tubs, but good flowers require plenty of good soil with crocks at the bottom and charcoal, then a layer of turf; on top of this rich, heavy soil, half cow manure; then 1½ inches of silver sand on top of the soil to keep the mud rising. The soil should be from nine inches to one foot deep. The quaint, sweetly scented Scutifolia (colour sky blue) flowers should be in every garden. Other best hardy varieties are Nymphaea, Mooreii, Proben, Lucida, Superba, Atropurpera, Rosea and Gloriosa.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, and Lumbago are amongst the most common and yet most painful diseases. Naturally the market is flooded with "cure-all" nostrums which, of course, fail to give relief. RHEUMO is a scientifically compounded remedy, which rarely fails to effect a permanent cure. Sold by all chemists and stores, 2/6 and 4/6.

Rainfall and Population.

Dr W. J. McGee, in examining the widely-differing estimates of the ultimate population of the United States—which the latest computer, Henry Gannett, puts at 250,000,000 ninety years hence—points out that a practical limit to the productivity and habituality of a country is fixed by limitation in its water supply. In arid lands like Egypt careful calculations have been made of the amount of water necessary to make land productive. An acre requires so many inches of water a year, let us say 30, before it will raise enough vegetable food to keep one person. Thirty inches is under the mark, because man does not live by bread alone, but on meat, and the animals which give him that have also to be sustained by vegetable food. The man who eats 200lb of bread, and 200lb of beef a year, and drinks in the same time a ton of water, and the equivalent of 400 tons of water which have gone to make the bread, and 4000 tons of water which have gone to rear the beef—4400 tons of water in all. Consequently, the water supply of a country in which man is to live must always be equal to something over 4000 tons per individual. The annual rainfall of the countries of the northern hemisphere is about 30 inches, only half enough to fertilise one acre to a sufficient extent to keep a man. Roundly speaking, perhaps, one might say that the world's water supply is sufficient to keep a population of one man to every two acres.

To Shorten Debates.

Wisdom comes to us in a solid chunk from a tribe of South Africans. This tribe believes that long speeches are injurious both to the speaker and to his hearers. Wherefore in order to protect both hearer and speaker, there is a tribal law that every public orator must stand on one leg only while he is making a speech. If the other leg is brought to the ground, the oration must immediately end. The wisdom of the South African is carefully commended to both Houses of the Legislature in the coming session. It would speedily leave the time talker "not a leg to stand on."

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Mr Robert Sydenham's new book, giving a useful description of all popular varieties and most of the new ones has arrived. In addition to articles on the classification of the Narcissus, it gives the price of all varieties, and the size of all blooms. Price, 1/ and 1/3.—Champtaloup and Edmiston, Stationers, Queen st., Auckland.

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LASSITER

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD.

HERE is, as you know, a cafe that spreads its tables out on to the sidewalks where, over an ice or a liqueur, one can see the haml parition, the Prado, and the Malecova with one eye-sweep. When the air is balmy, the sky above planted with stars, and the moonlight falls upon the grim romance of Morro Castle across the harbour mouth, it is pleasant to sit there, looking with a dreamy mind into the faces of the Havana parade of Cubans, negroes, and Spaniards. These people are better artistic productions than ourselves. As for the Spanish women, in their Parisian finery and flick and flash of jewellery, they have a way of suggesting sun-ripened fruit in cut glass. And when the Carnival is at its height!

"They all seem to know better how to play," said Miss Dorothy C. Finch, wrinkling her perfect nose with an expression of pique. "We—and all Americans—know how to do everything except to live and have fun. Oh, dear!" Her companion across the insignificant diameter of the little companionable table was none other than our friend, Martin Lassiter, who had been left alone with her for three reasons. The first was that old Cheever Finch, who sold out to the Steel Trust after he had lost the knack of living, and Mrs. Cheever Thorn-like Finch, who had resigned her social leadership only when she had become wearied of well-ordered and well-organised joy, were tired, and wanted an excuse to use their eighteen-dollar-a-day suite in the hotel over the restaurant. The second reason was that Lassiter had three learned degrees, an appointment as full professor in psychology, a most desirable ancestry traced to the Lassiters of County Lassiter, who lived in a time long before the name Finch had been changed to Finch, and had proven, after test, that he would make love to the perfect daughter academically—which wou't work. The third reason was that conventions are unnecessary in places where no one knows you.

No Martin, immaculate in white tunic, sat there with complete happiness and with Dorothy of the golden hair and glowing health. There was the moon, the Carnival, the luxuriant, soft music, the laughter, the smell of flowers, the spinning past of motor cars, the languid roll of elegant bronghams; he cared not for the hidden reasons why his mind, which had reached middle age twenty years in advance of his body, had allowed him to feel that all the mad joy of many universes were in Miss Finch's graceful hands, lurking at the corners of her mouth, or tied by the strands of hair above her white forehead. He cared not why he had even forgotten that she owned all the bonds of the Intra State and Western Railroad. He cared not that she knew Little of learned matters, had no experience in wit beyond that kind which is bred at dances and functions, and had never learned to do anything useful.

"I'm glad that we met here—that is, in Havana, at this time," he began.

Miss Finch opened her eyes—a delightful spectacle, especially in a soft evening light.

"Why, so am I!" she said, for she liked Lassiter very much, his manners, his odd sense of humour and his brilliant intellect. "Nevertheless," she added, with a slight movement of her shoulders beneath the clinging material which covered them, "nevertheless, you seem to have forgotten me entirely. You have not been listening. I said I wished we Americans knew how to play—how to live."

"I beg your pardon," Martin stammered. "Yes—yes. You are right." He was a little taken back by the unwonted philosophical mood of the young lady.

"But spontaneity is, perhaps, an attribute of animals and children. Nations that can play are nations of peasants, of children, of animal spirits. There is something to be said for those peoples who do not know how to play."

"Not for mine," said Dorothy. "Chicago is her home."

Martin allowed himself the delight of laughing patronisingly. The point of view of the girl was so refreshing and so young.

"Well," she said, resting her chin on the back of her hand, "why not? What do we gain by always being so dead in earnest about life—like mother and father? Why is everybody so crazy about getting a big store of something? Look at father. It's money. Look at yourself. It's learning. All right, if you can have a good time doing it. But I wish to be a child, a peasant, an animal—if it's necessary to know how to live. Here we sit. Well, let's join the parade and throw confetti!"

Lassiter's spirits wriggled sympathetically. He looked about at the noisy concourse on the Prado beneath the bobbing lights and then at his watch. It was nearly two. A moment of hush brought the sound of the breakers rolling in from the Gulf onto the beach that stretched along towards the Vedado. A cat-footed waiter prowled about the empty tables left as the patrons' ranks were thinned. Lassiter then closed his watch with a snap, put it back in his pocket, and touched his shaven lip with his finger.

"It's too late," he said with a tone of finality. "We are all going to breakfast with the Department Commander at ten. And besides—I think your mother expects us to stay here."

"There!" nodded Miss Dorothy. "There speaks a civilised man—a nice, highly-civilised man—a man with manners and customs all cut out of the pattern book. If I couldn't be devilish, or foolish, or happy, I wouldn't want to live. What's the use? What's the use of thinking so hard about a dollar or a Ph.D. or a breakfast with a Department Commander. I'd rather be a peasant."

"Oh, well," said Martin, with a fluttering in his throat, "I have another

what you wanted to say. I could tell by your expression. I've seen it in other faces before. Eight other men—but I shouldn't have said anything about them. You see I like you. But the trouble is—I am not a complicated person a bit. I am elementary. But you aren't. That's the trouble. Just as I have been saying. We are totally different, I'm afraid. What did I say just now? Give me an elementary man. And I do not think you are an elementary man. Are you?"

"Why, so am I!" she said, for she liked Lassiter very much, his manners, his odd sense of humour and his brilliant intellect. "Nevertheless," she added, with a slight movement of her shoulders beneath the clinging material which covered them, "nevertheless, you seem to have forgotten me entirely. You have not been listening. I said I wished we Americans knew how to play—how to live."

"I beg your pardon," Martin stammered. "Yes—yes. You are right." He was a little taken back by the unwonted philosophical mood of the young lady.

"But spontaneity is, perhaps, an attribute of animals and children. Nations that can play are nations of peasants, of children, of animal spirits. There is something to be said for those peoples who do not know how to play."

"Not for mine," said Dorothy. "Chicago is her home."

Martin allowed himself the delight of laughing patronisingly. The point of view of the girl was so refreshing and so young.

"Well," she said, resting her chin on the back of her hand, "why not? What do we gain by always being so dead in earnest about life—like mother and father? Why is everybody so crazy about getting a big store of something? Look at father. It's money. Look at yourself. It's learning. All right, if you can have a good time doing it. But I wish to be a child, a peasant, an animal—if it's necessary to know how to live. Here we sit. Well, let's join the parade and throw confetti!"

Lassiter's spirits wriggled sympathetically. He looked about at the noisy concourse on the Prado beneath the bobbing lights and then at his watch. It was nearly two. A moment of hush brought the sound of the breakers rolling in from the Gulf onto the beach that stretched along towards the Vedado. A cat-footed waiter prowled about the empty tables left as the patrons' ranks were thinned. Lassiter then closed his watch with a snap, put it back in his pocket, and touched his shaven lip with his finger.

"It's too late," he said with a tone of finality. "We are all going to breakfast with the Department Commander at ten. And besides—I think your mother expects us to stay here."

"There!" nodded Miss Dorothy. "There speaks a civilised man—a nice, highly-civilised man—a man with manners and customs all cut out of the pattern book. If I couldn't be devilish, or foolish, or happy, I wouldn't want to live. What's the use? What's the use of thinking so hard about a dollar or a Ph.D. or a breakfast with a Department Commander. I'd rather be a peasant."

"Oh, well," said Martin, with a fluttering in his throat, "I have another

characteristic of his profession, it is far from characteristic of his race.

"Would Genor wish to attend a riot?" he asked, starting his horse forward down the Prado.

"Yes—an explosion—fire—riot—anything! Is a riot in progress?"

"Soon."

"Soon!" exclaimed Lassiter in surprise. "How can one know that?"

The Cuban laughed at his passenger's ignorance. "There is ten—twenty, many



"Lassiter landed a solid blow on the policeman's mouth."

"Very decidedly in my feelings."

"Toward me?"

"Yes."

"But all the bloom is off you," Martin said, attempting the easy manner of old friends. "Laughter and sunlight and things like daisies and anger and the fun of letting loose—once in a while—Oh, you are way beyond all of them. You're not a savage."

He looked back at her painfully, feeling convinced perhaps. That feeling of the stake lost, the prize beyond winning, the woman out of reach, is terrible. Bachelors through the ages have accumulated a vast amount of evidence in support of its claim to sharp pain.

"I'm sorry you reminded me of the breakfast," Dorothy said, after a thick vegetation of silence had grown up between them. "I suppose I ought to ask you to take me to the elevator."

Lassiter motioned to the waiter with his eyeglasses held between his thumb and forefinger. It seemed to him in the moments of paying the check and walking with her through the tables and the palm bedecked courtyard, that the girl had never seemed so beautiful. The fish that breaks the hook is larger for having escaped. Martin felt like the typhoid fever. He has never been able to remember saying good-night to her; in fact he only began to realise reality when he found himself standing on the edge of the sidewalk.

Chance played fast and loose then with the Blake Professor of Experimental Psychology. A hack—a good, ob-fashioned, Kalamazoo-made hack—had just discharged its freight of evening-dress gentlemen and sparkling, scarfed ladies at the hotel door.

"My man," said Martin to the driver, "have you an engagement?"

The fellow on the box shook his head. "You speak English?"

The driver nodded. Lassiter climbed in, adjusted his glasses on his thin aquiline nose, and placed his feet on the seat before him.

"Take me where there is trouble—trouble with a large T," he said savagely.

The driver wiped the edges of his hat on his coat sleeve; with perfect impudence he lit a cigarette, puffed it down in four Titanic inhalings and with four volcanic explosions of smoke. The horse's ears hung down. The Cuban snatched the stump directly over the animal's forehead. Then he turned around slowly and inspected his passenger. His deliberate manner was the more obvious because, though it is char-

sailors of the United States ashore. From boat called the Coyote. Cruiser. It is Carnival, Senor. Some of the police off duty this afternoon rowed to the boat, Senor. They made faces—like this. They mean: 'We dare you to come ashore.' Therefore the Americanos do it. I drive you to San Valencia-street. You will not be disappointed, Senor. Un peso por hora."

"Will it be safe?"

The driver shrugged his shoulders, casting a supercilious glance up at the laurels under which, in the central plaza, the carriage was rolling. "Senor is looking for—what is the word—trouble—trouble with one big 'T'?"

Lassiter's instincts, in spite of the Cuban's irony, were immediately in favour of the safer and saner plan of turning back. He reflected that he was in a strange land, among strange people, speaking a strange tongue, a people who produced large numbers of undersized and villainous-looking individuals, a people who thought easily of assassination, riots, rumpuses and rebellions, dungeon tortures and executions at sunrise. A scientist who has forgotten his undergraduate days thinks of these things coolly and logically. Furthermore, any other Bostonian would have sprung to the old conservative, self-assured phrase: "It is best"; Lassiter, remembering that he carried his grandfather's watch, did indeed say to himself: "It is best that I return to the hotel." Then he thought of the gleaming Miss Finch, and he felt that if a sausage machine had been at hand he would have thrown the watch into it, chain, gold pencil, cigarette-holder and all.

"Go to it!" he said to the driver, remembering that this expressive bit of slang had fallen from the most beautiful lips in the world. He leaned back on the cushions, gazing about at the iron gratings and slutters in the tinted walls of a narrow side street, where the horse's hoofs on the cobblestones echoed as they fell with a noisy cloop-cloop-cloop.

Another noise, however, was asserting itself. In front, somewhere, there was a glow of light and the distant mumble of voices, laughter and mechanical pianos. Through a cross lane a surging crowd of merry-makers was moving in two streams. "No women were there; between the lines of little saloons, pool rooms and cafes, gay with crepe paper, flags and white-framed mirrors, the mob without reason or individual volition, shouting, laughing, jostling, drinking, waving hands, and, like Martin Lassiter, wishing to see



"Go to it, me bye" came Brophy's panting voice."

He cared not why. To the devil with psychology! He was in love!

He made up his mind that he would express this emotion then and there. Far in the distance he could hear the shuffling and weird chanting of a negro "comparsa"—the solemn ory of Africa kept alive in the Indies. The moment seemed fitting. He adjusted his glasses, playing with a little coffee cup with white fingers of his other hand.

reason. It's selfish. I wanted this moment here with you. There is ten years' difference in our ages. I mean by that—that it has been found that—What I wanted to say—

"Wait!" Miss Finch leaned her lithely young body over the table. A glass rolled off onto the tiles, tinkling into bits. The passers-by—turned and laughed at the music of it. "Wait, Martin," she said earnestly. "I know

trouble, was composed of men. It came, went and eddied like dust in the wind. Here and there three or four sailors' uniforms appeared in a group. Here and there two or three of the brown-clad, swarthy, waxed-moustached policemen stood at corners of streets, directing those who paused to keep on with the movement of the others. These groups were watched by the bacchanalians as if the quarter from which trouble would come had already been determined.

"This is no place," thought Lassiter, "for the Blake Professor of Experimental Psychology!"

The crowd, surging forward through the cross street at this moment, engulfed the hack. Passersby leered at the gleam of Martin's glasses and at the solemnity of his face that was so

well as me. Them devils will skewer ye as quick as they'd look at ye." He grabbed the professor's sleeve. "Follow me!"

Lassiter heard the machete-words being struck against the paving and house walls and the "Yah-yah-yah!" of the charging guards; he could see the sparks fly. However clear his conscience, he concluded to cast his fortune with the sailor-man. The idea of holes in oneself is odious. He, too, ran, and, infected with the other's spirit, he too looked back over his shoulder and uttered an unfriendly, unacademic sentiment.

"My name's Mike Brophy, of the Coyote," said the sailor. "An' speakin' of names, there is Valencia's beer garden ahead of us. We may get in there an' up the stairs. Do ye mind the way

"Oh, that's all right, old aleut," replied the sailor. "I'm sorry ye fell down. Them white clothes ain't no good for that purpose."

Lassiter noticed a patronising tone in the red-headed, blue-eyed sailor's voice and he found himself wishing to assert, at least, an equality. "Doesn't amount to anything," he said roughly.

"Where ye from," asked the other.

"Boston."

"Play chess!"

Lassiter thought he was being ridiculed. He was silent.

"I seen a board over in the corner."

"Well," said Martin, who prided himself on some skill in the game, "I do play."

"Let's have a game!" exclaimed Brophy, mopping his forehead. "That is, unless she wants to play with ye."

The girl seemed to understand this, for she shook her pretty head as she brought the board to them. Lassiter found himself intent on the game before he knew it. Brophy was no mean player. Gradually even the threatening signaling of police rattles outside was forgotten. The Irishman won.

"Play another!" Lassiter inquired.

"No, I guess not," said the sailor. "Say! Yer know it takes brains to play chess—what? Why don't ye play with Flo? She likes ye. She likes quiet gents like us."

The girl, however, who seemed to catch the meaning of this, blushed and moved from behind Lassiter's chair where she had sat during the play. She picked up a guitar from the sofa and began to sing one of her crooning Cuban songs which wandered here and there in soft ease. Her large eyes interrogated those of Martin as she played; when she had finished she tilted her head so that the front of her brown neck showed a straight line and laughed softly.

"Say, this is a good place, me bye?" said Brophy.

"You bet," replied Martin.

"We don't want any drinks, do we?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, then, if we don't get out before it's light, an' they catch us in this section, we'll get pinched. You couldn't fight yer way loose like me. So good-bye, Flora. Yer daddy is still downstairs keepin' folks out of the coffee shop."

The girl looked at the floor. She was very pretty in that pose and unconscious of it. She twined her round fingers in her scarf, as if embarrassed, speaking in a low tone to Brophy. As for Lassiter, he made his farewell with a beaming smile, and a wide-sweeping bow.

"We're goin' out onto the back street," explained Brophy on the stairs. "An' make our get-away."

Martin disregarded that explanation. He said, "She told a special good-bye to you."

"What did she say?"

"She asked me to bring ye up again to-morrow night. She wanted to know first if ye was married."

"Can't be possible!" exclaimed Martin, wiping his eyeglasses. "I believe that knowledge is even a richer store than I had thought—occupying a wider field," he said as if to himself.

"Yer talk like a pair of rubber boots, mate," said Brophy, opening the iron gate leading into the dark street. "An' watch out now! They'd go fer my uniform on sight. We'd better take different tacks, mate. I'll get ye into trouble."

"Oh, no," Martin replied. "I'll stick till you get out of this and back to the ship."

Brophy grunted, but Martin felt a touch upon his shoulder. He knew that it was the affectionate clutch of the big freckled hand of his companion, and he could feel the flow of a pleasant unaffected sympathy that gave a surprising

measure of content and satisfaction.

The deserted alley through which they felt their cautious way opened onto a dimly lighted street. Brophy's alert eyes saw the two policemen at the corner a moment before their attention, drawn by Lassiter's white alpaca suit, had awakened them into action. The two Americans could see them lean down to beat on the sidewalk with their clubs; they could hear answering signals from the other end of the alley and the sound of running feet. They were trapped. Policemen bore down on them from both directions.

"Listen!" growled the sailor, almost pulling Lassiter off his feet. "Ha! There is three of 'em! I'll take these two. The other one is yours. We'll fight our way out of this, do ye mind!"

A warm tingling crept over the professor's body. "Aye, aye, sir," he said joyfully.

"When ye see the flash of a gun, be sure to quit," cautioned Brophy. "An' when ye close in, cover yer head from them night sticks an' go fer their legs if ye have a chance. Belay there! Ye shrimps!"

The first two officers were upon him. Just before Martin turned to meet his man he saw the sailor side-step the first onslaught and by a skillful movement of his leg throw one of the foreigners into the gutter. "Star spangled banner!" laughed Brophy. He was closing with the second man. Even after Lassiter turned to meet his own opponent, he could hear the give and take of blows. Crack! the sound of the night stick. Bam! the impact of the closed fist. He felt a strange emptiness in his stomach—the despairing, sick feeling of those unused to contest. Then upon the fleshy part of his neck he received the first blow of the lignum vitae.

It was a delicious tonic. The pain of the blow was sharp but welcome; it awakened a new set of emotions, filled the distressing hole in Lassiter's stomach and brought him onto his toes with the joy of conflict. The policeman was fighting viciously. His club, his left fist, his sharp kicks seemed to come from every direction. Lassiter, ducking his head and body to a well protected crouch, plunged into this rain of blows with which the officer, acting with experience, expected to confuse his prey. The clasp of the policeman's body was satisfying. Lassiter, digging his toes into the dirt, rushed his adversary across the alley and against the masonry. With a free hand he pounded on the chin of the policeman, directing upward jabs that brought forth gasping Spanish ejaculations. They went down together. In the dark Lassiter felt for the night stick and twisted the bent wrist that held it until the grasp had been relaxed.

They were up again in an unscientific conflict of fists. Bam! Lassiter felt that another such on his cheek-bone would determine the issue. He shook his head, grunted, drove his arm forward. Bam! This time the solid blow had landed on the policeman's mouth. Lassiter felt that the satisfaction of this punch had a money value of several hundred dollars. Back and forth it went. At last a moment came when the Cuban officer, now fighting blindly, had disengaged himself and fallen back for another rush. It allowed Martin a chance to glance over his shoulder. One of Brophy's adversaries was stretched out in sleep on the pavement; the sailor was sitting on the other. He was a grinning spectator of Lassiter's contest.

"Go it, me bye!" came his panting voice. "If I don't help ye, ye'll feel better satisfied."

Lassiter braced himself again, threw out his knee, and with a crooked arm caught the charging policeman on the



"Lassiter ran and, infected with the other's spirit, he too looked back."

out of keeping with the occasion and the time of night. He seemed like a newly-starched and ironed shirt blown by the wind into an environment that booted ill to its continued whiteness. Even Lassiter himself felt so when a cigar, projected out of one of the open-front saloons, landed with its hot, scattering fire on the horse's back.

The animal plunged, slipped on the cobbles, and was up again, his old blood coursing wildly in anger and terror. The driver was struggling with the reins, sawing at the bit; the crowd was scattering in front of the horse's plunges. Lassiter "thought it best" to open the door and step out into the street.

He at once found himself borne away in the stream of men; indeed, he only had one chance to see his horse and vehicle being led by three of the gesticulating, comic-opera policemen in the opposite direction. The driver was standing upright on his seat, waving his arms. After several moments of anxiety and elbowing, he found that the darker the shut-in street became, the thinner was the crowd. In fact, he disengaged himself and leaned up against a plaster wall, straightening his necktie and wondering what he had better do next. He felt in his pocket. His money was gone!

"They are child-like, playful people!" he said to himself softly.

As if they had answered him, a great roar went up back there where the lights burned and the pianos drummed. Shouts, imprecations in Spanish, the scurry of the crowd, bobbing of hats, the sharp barking of police rattles and one good old American impropriety of speech lifted above the tumult, convinced him that the expected fight had begun. He could not see how he could help very much. Rowdyism was not his inclination. Therefore he walked away from it.

He had not gone very far, however, when pistol shots cracked out behind—the signal of distress of Cuban police who have had their clubs taken away, and as if in immediate answer came the yell and the clatter of a detachment of the Rural Guards bearing down upon him from the other direction—from the corner toward which he had been directing his steps. Far in advance of them loped a huge Irishman in the uniform of the United States Navy, engaged in his flight and at the same moment, as if to establish his nationality, he was daring them to fight, running and threatening at the same moment.

He was far enough in advance of the detachment to stop when he recognized in Lassiter's panic-stricken face the countenance of an American.

"What's the matter with ye, man?" he cried. "Run!"

"I haven't done anything," Martin gasped.

"Ye was born in the States, an' that's enough, me bye! They can tell it as

the saloon men is tryin' to get the shutter on!"

"Where are we going?" gasped Lassiter. He could see the crowd scattering like peas on a barrel top. Even the sailors, engaged in beating about with the policemen's clubs, were taking to flight.

"Stop here," said Brophy. "Valencia is so fat he can't move quick. Put yer foot in that door crack! Move quick, you skip jack!"

The professor obeyed his superior, and their combined strength forced the rotund Valencia back until there was room enough to squeeze inside, where, except for the street light which peeped in at the shutter cracks, it was pitch dark. The air was still heavy with cigar smoke and the odour of wet glasses. Lassiter could hear the panting of his companion and their fat host and then the sound of blades beating on the door and commanding voices.

A hand reaching out through the ink of the gloom clutched his shoulder. "Come wid me," whispered Brophy, "there is stairs somewhere here."

"Fine!" said Martin. He was beginning to enjoy himself. He felt the delight of flight into the unknown, mysterious regions of the second floor. It was a surprise to him when Brophy pushed open the door at the head of the stairs that a flood of light came forth, showing the living quarters of Valencia. When the door had been closed behind them, he saw that sitting on a sofa in front of the heavy curtains over the windows was a Cuban girl of no mean appearance. She smiled as if she had expected them.

"We're safe here," Brophy was saying. "An' this here lady is Valencia's oldest daughter. She don't speak our jabber, but she's a lady. Flora, let me introduce yer to this here guy. He's a friend of mine, an' all right, I guess."

Lassiter bowed, the girl smiled; the room was both clean and cool. "Thank you for your kind words," Martin said to Brophy.



"Over his shoulder and uttered an unfriendly, unacademic sentiment."

tant cords of his neck. His whole body seemed to yield. It turned over once, rolling off Martin's bent leg, and lay whimpering in foreign tongue on the ground. Martin, wheeling toward his friend, made a wry face. "My Country 'Tis of Thee," he said, profanely.

They took flight through the gloom, gaining a hundred yards and turning two corners before the police signals of distress sounded from the alley they had left.

"Yer all right, old marlin spike!" panted Brophy. Lassiter had received several degrees; none had given him so much pride as this one; none were of greater honour, he felt sure. His ran like a glad boy, regardless of sore muscles, bruises and throbbing swellings about his eyes, regardless of the Blake Professorship.

At last he saw, through the grey of dawn which came down into the Havana streets, a cab rocking along ahead of them. He hailed it. "Por," he explained to the sailor, "you will be safer under some sort of cover. Otherwise you would attract attention."

"Attention!" cried Brophy. "Yer oughter see yerself. Yer look like somethin' that's been brought out of a cellar!"

Lassiter once inside the cab, which he directed to the hotel, had an opportunity to catch glimpses of himself in the tiny mirror between the front windows. He looked very little like a respectable person of learning and refinement. His collar was torn, his necktie had disappeared, his right eye peeped out from a puff of bruises that were fast turning a rich purple.

"An' look up here," said Brophy, mockingly, pointing with a thick forefinger to a red welt on his forehead. "Do ye mind the signature of the peeler's night stick. Anybody'd think to see us that I was in bad company again. An' it'll be daylight before we get there! Sure, I'd be ashamed to be seen lendin' money to ye."

"Money!" repeated Lassiter with a gasp. "Oh, well, it's lucky I had a two dollar bill in my other pocket."

"Did ye get lifted?"

Martin nodded sleepily. "And yet," said he, "it was worth it."

The Prado was long, beautiful, and deserted in the first burst of sunlight. Birds among the palms, which nodded in the morning salt wind, were singing pleasantly. Lassiter was glad to be so satisfied, so healthy, so tired, so sore and so alive. He thrust the sighing thoughts of Miss Dorothy Finch from his mind as often they intruded; there would be time enough to suffer on her behalf when his world began to move again. He was sure he would not have to see her for several days; the best plan, he reflected, would be to leave a nice, little, polite note, informing the Finch family that he had gone to Matanzas. There he could hide until his eye had taken on its natural shape and colour. So he concluded as the vehicle drew up before the hotel. And thus are the plans of the wise and good built for immediate overthrow.

Lassiter and Brophy had just stepped out of the cab, and the former was paying the driver while the latter was casting a weather eye toward the open, dark blue waters of the Gulf. It was at this moment that the sailor heard a rippling laugh. He looked about. He was sure that it had proceeded from behind the shutters over the balcony.

"Sure, it has a good, young, healthy sound to it," he said aloud. "An' I don't know whether it was pokin' fun at my red hair or your red nose."

"What's that?" said Lassiter.

"Nothin' at all," Brophy answered. "Where's the cab giner? Sure I want to ride in it to the bluff below there. Where is it goner now?"

"If you must know, I'll tell you—for a two quart bottle of amica and alcohol. Sit down here on this step and wait a while."

Brophy hitched up his trousers, in the back pocket of which he found two brown paper cigarettes, which had been flattened to the thinness of knife blades. "Them is swell cigarettes," he said. "That's all I got. I've been savin' 'em. One of 'em is fer ye."

"Many thanks," replied Lassiter, nursing a sore shin with his disengaged hand. "It's a fine morning."

The smoke was delicious. He leaned back against one of the white columns and looked in smiling silence on his new friend. "It's lucky for my reputation that no one who knows me is up," he said.

"I think she knows yer," said Brophy.

"Pipe the young lady over there by the hotel door."

Lassiter turned like one who expects to see an angel with a flaming sword. It was the truth. There, fresh, indescribably neat, graceful and smiling, stood the daughter of Cheever Finch.

"Good morning," she said.

Martin was speechless. He stood up. "Is she yours?" whispered Brophy in awed tones, pulling off his cap. He was sure he had guessed right, in spite of his friend's silence, and his first instinct was to save him from disgrace.

"Don't get any ideas, wa'am. Not too sudden," he said. "Yer see, it was this way—we had a little difference with some foreigners."

"Thank you for telling me," said Dorothy. At the sight of Lassiter's woebegone face, she could no longer control her laughter.

"There!" said Brophy, drawing himself up. "Yer see there is nothin' to worry about, old sleuth. I've squared it fer ye. She's laughin' at ye."

"Dorothy," exclaimed Lassiter in torment, "this is the result of unforeseen circumstances."

"How violent they must have been!" she interposed sweetly. "But were you in an explosion, Martin?" She turned toward the sailor. "Was he?"

Brophy's earnest face, which had expressed only loyalty to his companion, relaxed now into a broad smile.

"He does look pretty bad, wa'am," he said. "But you see, there was three of them policemen, and he an' I never fought together before. Yes, miss. An' after I had got two of 'em fixed I had a chance to watch his style. That last clout was a peach, miss. It made the Cuban see clans perchin' on telegraph wires, miss. Take it from me, yer gentleman friend is all right, or my name ain't Brophy."

"Oh, thank you," said the girl, holding out her hand. "Martin, why did

you forget an introduction? This is a pleasure, Mr. Brophy."

The sailor grinned. "I ain't had an introduction to him yet," he said.

"Indeed," exclaimed Dorothy. "Mr. Martin Lassiter, allow me to present you to your old and honoured friend, Mr. Brophy, U.S.N. And now, Mr. Brophy, you won't mind if I take Mr. Lassiter away from you? I don't think his appearance this morning does him full justice."

"Oh, Dorothy, I want to tell you—"

"Not now. I don't want you sitting out here. That's why I dressed and came down. I have some pride!"

"He does look a bit stove in, miss," said the sailor judiciously.

"He looks like a last year's bird's nest," she said. "Come, Martin."

He had never heard her speak to him before with a tone of proprietorship. His instinct was to obey.

"Good-by, Brophy, old fellow," said he.

"Good-by, old marlin spike," said Brophy. "I'll tell the driver to leave the amica with the clerk."


Only when Lassiter turned, as they walked through the hotel office toward the elevator, and saw that Miss Finch was walking beside him with as much smiling self-possession as if she had been walking with a ruler in robes of state, did he feel the agonising pain of conviction that he had severed the last possibility of winning her.

Therefore it was no ordinary surprise to him when, in the elevator, with the boy's back turned toward them, she slipped her warm hand into his. "Positively," she said, "I believe you will pass. When I look at your eye, Martin, I begin to believe that you are human."

Trapping the Flirts.

That town on the western seaboard of the States which bears the seraphic name of Los Angeles seems bent on capturing fame by hook or by crook. It not only runs Sacramento hard for luxury, and San Francisco for inventiveness in crime, but it aspires to a record reputation to the ingenuity of its methods of repression. Its chief of police does not bear the romantic name of Sebastian for nothing, though he seeks to justify it more by the novelty of his devices than by giving countenance to the tender passion. Lately, as our readers may remember, he instituted a fascinating female detective to entrap male "dirts," and she only failed because she incurred the wrath and finger-nails of her victims' lady relatives. And we need no Californian town to tell us what the fair sex is capable of when it enters on the "rampage," in any force of numbers. With all the address of an old tactician, Mr. Sebastian has concluded that what is too saucy for the goose may possibly be a garnish for the gander. He has now let loose a masculine official whom the gossips describe as an absolute Adonis, "dressed to kill." This consummation of manly garb and graces sallies daily out upon the streets to draw the gushing advances and the "goo-zoo eyes" of the other sex, and any who show a coming-on disposition are promptly taken off. We fear, as that the ruse is too transparent; in vain is the net spread in sight of the wary bird. It is more than probable that Adonis will encounter the same horde of harpies who drove the last Jeany back to her lair. There is really no pleasing some folks.

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"Being a sufferer," writes Mr. Herbert Jenkins, "from muscular rheumatism, for a period of 18 months, and frequently doubled up with a bad leg and stooping form, I submitted my malady to a local doctor, who considered my case a bad one. I commenced to despair of ever recovering my old form of robust health again. Being a young married man with wife and family, and the necessities of work as a miner compelled me to get well as soon as possible, I was induced by a friend to try Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, and after a course of your medicine for a period of two weeks, I was enabled to return to the colliery at South Clifton. I now recommend Indian Root Pills to my own friends and acquaintances, feeling sure they effected a speedy cure in my case."

DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS FOR THE LIVER

The World's Great Cities.

Some interesting facts relating to the population statistics of the world's great cities are cited by Prof. W. B. Bailey in the "Independent."

There are at present ten cities in the world with a population of over 1,000,000. Of these, three are in the United States. Russia is the only other country to have more than one city of this size.

London leads with a population of over 7,000,000; but its area is over 440,000 acres. The area of Greater New York is less than half that of London. If New York city could annex enough of its suburbs to make its area equal to that of London, it would at present have a population of over 6,000,000. Even without annexing any more territory,

A New Process for the Felling of Trees.

The attempts from time to time to cut trees with a wire heated by electricity so far have not given satisfactory results.

Now a Berlin inventor, Mr. Hugo Ganke, has recently succeeded in designing an extremely simple device for the mechanical felling of trees. The trunks are cut by the friction of an ordinary steel wire about one millimeter in diameter (No. 18 B&S gauge) which, as shown by practical tests, is able to saw through a tree about 20 inches in diameter, in six minutes.

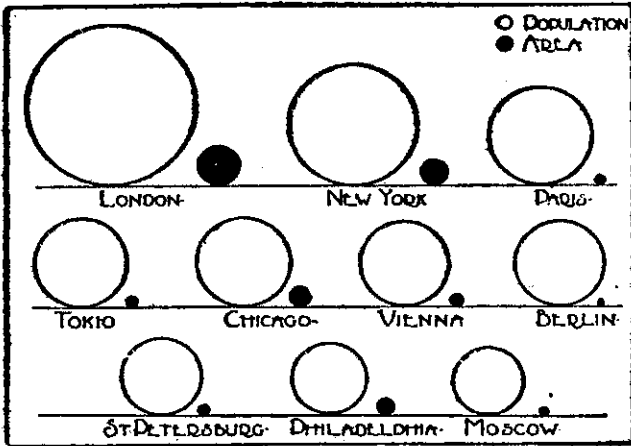
The steel-wire, driven by an electric motor, is heated so intensely by friction on the wood as to burn a thin carbonized kerf, which is both smoother and cleaner than the cut of a saw. The charcoal layer adhering to the trunk is

Airships in War.

Mr. Howard Wright, the well-known constructor of airships does not attach much importance to the alleged plans of the German War Office to construct giant airships capable of carrying three hundred persons at a rate of fifty miles an hour. In an interview in the "Standard," he points out that such a vessel would cost £200,000, would consume over half a ton of petrol every hour, would need a thousand men to handle it in getting it off the ground and easing its landing—and probably another thousand to pick up the wreckage after it had landed. The bigger the airship, obviously the greater its liability to destruction by wind, and although the construction of such vessels is practicable, so, also, unfortunately, is their destruction. Mr. Wright, in fact, says that the three hundred passengers would only be able to ensure a sense of safety by having themselves filled with hydrogen, and he takes leave to doubt whether any self-respecting German prison would care particularly for that. In short, he thinks England is doing wisely in aiming at the creation of smaller ships with very high horse-power.

State Jacobites.

"The King—over the water!" was a toast openly given and enthusiastically received at a Scottish banquet in London one night recently, and in honour of King George. That sentiment has never been given, at least in the United Kingdom, in honour of a Sovereign of the House of Hanover, for it is the oldest of all Jacobite toasts; and it was accustomed to be so symbolically used that finger-bowls were abolished at the dinner-table at Windsor Castle, certainly until late Victorian times, because of the inherited Jacobite habit of drinking the health of the monarch with all apparent loyalty, but literally "over the water." Yet, when Principal J. Yule Mackay, of the University College, Dundee, presiding at the annual dinner of the Glasgow University Club in London, slyly observed that the opportunity was at last given to all Scotsmen to drink with true loyalty the toast of "The King" in the precise form so many of their countrymen for two centuries had desired, there was a roar of acclaim and a rapturous welcome for his ready wit.



DIAGRAMMATIC REPRESENTATION OF THE POPULATION AND AREA OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITIES.

New York may, within twenty years, become the greatest city in the world. If it were possible to include suburbs, as has been done by London, it might become the leader within ten years. The area of Registration London, not including the outer ring, is 74,839 acres. On this territory is found a population of nearly 5,000,000, but within the past decade the population of the old city of London has actually decreased. Business is crowding residences from the centre.

Berlin has recently annexed suburbs with a population of nearly 1,000,000. It seems likely that when figures are available it will be discovered that Berlin has displaced Paris as the third city in the world. The following are the population and area of the ten largest cities in the world at the latest date for which figures are available:

City.	Area in Acres.	Population.
London	441,600	7,252,983
New York	209,218	4,768,883
Paris	19,286	2,763,383
Tokio	27,869	2,186,079
Chicago	117,447	2,153,283
Vienna	39,686	2,065,898
Berlin	15,698	2,676,685
St. Petersburg	22,981	1,678,006
Philadelphia	81,828	1,549,098
Moscow	17,654	1,359,254

Japan Moves.

But a few years ago Japan manufactured neither iron nor cotton. Lately she has launched some Dreadnaughts of more than 20,000 tons, built entirely by her own workmen. Not so long ago she manufactured no cotton at all. At present the consumption of raw cotton is, in round figures, as follows:—In Great Britain, 6,000,000 bales per year; in Japan, 1,000,000 bales per year. The 1,000,000 bales of cotton consumed by Japan are converted into yarn, cloth, etc., which are sold partly in Japan and partly in Asia, especially in China, Korea, Manchuria, and, lately, also in India. As it is impossible for British workers to compete on terms of equality with Japanese cotton workers, the loss of the Chinese market to the Japanese cotton industry is merely a question of time.

extremely thin and allows the structure and any disease of the wood to be distinctly recognised. It enables the tree to be marked with chalk, and at the same time serves to preserve any trunks that may be left temporarily in the woods.

Unlike other saws, this felling machine will work freely even on the thickest trees, without requiring any wedges to be inserted into the cut; for instead of any shavings we have only smoke and steam and hence there is no danger of the cut's becoming obstructed. The trees may be cut close to the ground, or even below the ground as far down as the beginning of the roots will permit. In the latter case the stump may be safely left in the soil. The electric motor that drives the steel wire is placed where it is not in danger of being struck when the tree falls.

While mechanical operation is in itself much more rapid than hand-labour a further acceleration is derived from the absence of any intervals of rest between two cuts. As a new piece of steel wire costing but a few cents is taken for each cut, there is no loss of time due to the sharpening of saws, etc. Only one man is required to operate the machine as against two men working with hand saws, and the larger the tree the higher is the relative cutting speed.

When electricity is not immediately available, it can be generated by any existing steam or water plant. It may frequently be found advantageous to use a portable power-plant consisting of a 10-horse-power gasoline motor and dynamo which may be installed temporarily in a central location. A flexible cable may connect the dynamo with the felling machine which can be readily transported and operated by one man.

An important advantage of the new method arises from the absence of any waste, the cut only two millimeters (0.077 inch) in thickness being perfectly smooth and level, whereas axes and saws are bound to injure the trees to a considerable extent.

Extract from a young lady's letter from Venice: "Last night I lay in a gondola in the Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."

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Sustains Nourishes Builds up.

HORLICK'S Malted Milk is the ideal Summer food for children and adults—it is meat and drink in its safest, most nutritious and most palatable form—it offers a combination of muscle-forming, bone-building and brain-nourishing qualities to be found in no other easily digestible food.

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We want you to try Horlick's Malted Milk at our expense. Send us your name and address to-day and we will send you free and post paid a sample jar containing a sufficient quantity for two good meals.

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Progress in Science.

Elasticity of the Skull.

FORTUNATELY the human skull, although composed of bones, is elastic—much more so than one would think. The average male adult skull, in fact, is so elastic that it may be compressed laterally in diameter by a blow or by pressure, applied at the centre of area, at right angles to the surface at that point, by about six-tenths of an inch, recovering its original diameter and form, without breakage. The material of which our bones are made is so highly resistant that a cylindrical piece only 0.00155 square inch in area (i.e., only 0.044 inch in diameter) has a tensile strength of 33 pounds avoirdupois, figuring out at about 21,300 pounds per square inch. As a matter of fact, bone has 50 per cent. more tensile strength than hard wood, and a single bone fibre is shown in the Hygiene Exhibition, Dresden, supporting a weight of 11 pounds avoirdupois.

The Value of Norway's Water Power.

According to "Engineering," Norway is estimated to possess an aggregate water-power, suitable for exploitation representing, when duly utilised, a total of 4,000,000 constant horse-power all the year round, and in addition 1,500,000 horse-power can be reckoned with during three-fourths of the year. Consequently Norway has 45,000,000,000 horse-power hours per year, representing in coal about 30,000,000 tons. Putting the value of coal at 16/8 per ton, the above aggregate of hydraulic horse-power hours represents a sum of £20,000,000 annually.

Counting the Stars.

A tremendous task, that of counting the stars up to the 19th magnitude, has been undertaken by the Dutch astronomer Professor Kapteyn, who has collected all the material furnished by the most recent discoveries. Stars of less size than the 14th magnitude are found in millions in the Milky Way, and the work of counting them from photographic plates can best be described as similar to counting blood corpuscles under a microscope. Professor Kapteyn places the total at 842,000,000 stars, the average being 20,400 stars to the square degree of the heavens. He has further calculated that the total light emanating from all the stars is equal to 2,384 times the luminosity of a star of the first magnitude. According to the Dutch scientist the boundaries of the universe, as far as human science has been able to penetrate, extend to 32,000 light years.

A Coral Garden.

A visitor to North Queensland thus describes a trip to a coral reef in the neighbourhood of Cairncross Island. "Have you ever taken a stroll in a coral garden? No. Well, you can have no idea of its beauty. Crimson, heliotrope, gold and green, lie the wonderful sea flowers, and under a mass of what might be considered the marine equivalent of 'curly greens,' an exquisite little fish, rich crimson with dark brown bands, darts out panic-stricken, and rushes round and round the miniature lake. But we have no mind to more than admire him, and finally he shrinks back again to his crinkley stronghold. Sea cabbages there are many, and the variety of slugs and their size would strike terror into the heart of the gardener on terra firma."

In Search of Water.

Striking instances of the efforts made by plants to obtain water were given by Professor Henslowe in a lecture to the Royal Horticulture Society recently. "A poplar tree at Turnham Green," he said, "sent its root down thirty feet, finding its way underneath a wall, and then passing through the bricks of a well to reach the water. A botanist at Cape Town found a plant which went down 40 feet in order to reach water. Plants found in the little valleys or water-courses in the desert have little root, but long, narrow roots, the reason being that there is water below, and the plants try to get at it. Dry situations tend to produce wood," said the professor, showing specimens of convolvulus and heliotrope which had lost their herbaceous character and become shrubs. "Many bulbs grown in our gardens came originally from South Africa, where they have been traced to a lake now dried up, showing that, though originally water plants, they had adapted themselves to the new conditions."

Sociable Stones.

"Travelling stones," from the size of a pea to six inches in diameter, are found in Nevada. When distributed on a floor or other level surface, within two or three feet of one another, they immediately begin to travel toward a common centre, and there lie huddled like a clutch of eggs in a nest. A single stone removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, at once started with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity to join its fellows. These queer stones are found in a region that is comparatively level and little more than bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. The cause for the strange conduct of these stones is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be lodestone or magnetic iron ore.

An Electrically-Lighted Lifebelt.

It appears from an American consular report that a new life-buoy, which has been successfully tried, is to be introduced into the German navy. The apparatus, which weighs 5½ lbs, consists of two swimming cushions bound together by straps. The cushions lie upon the breast and back. The apparatus is provided with a small lamp, fed by a battery. The lamp can be fastened round the head with a band, worn on the forehead, so that in an accident at night the position of the person in the water can be seen at a considerable distance. The small electric lamp burns three or four hours, and with the reflector added, throws the light several hundred yards at night. In several recent tests of life-saving at night the victims of the supposed shipwreck, by the aid of the lamp, were easily discovered. The life-belt can be buckled round the body in five seconds, and the lamp begins to shine as soon as the buckle is fastened. In case of catastrophe to warships the worth of the life preserver cannot be over-estimated, though in case of war its use would not be advisable.

A Dog's Dislike for a Picture.

A correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette" writes:—"Will you allow me to say, in answer to an assertion that dogs do not take any intelligent notice of painted portraits, that at one time we had an old English sheep-dog who always showed himself excessively exasperated by a portrait which hangs in our dining-room. He constantly growled and barked at it, and if sitting back to it would glance over his shoulders as if he thought it was watching him, and then growl and bark. On one occasion, when shut in the room, the servants found him in the chair below this portrait endeavouring to spring at it, while furiously barking; and there are scratches on the canvas still, witnesses to the truth of Leonardo da Vinci's opinion."



WHAT MODERN WARFARE MEANS—SALVO OF EIGHT 12-INCH GUNS ON THE UNITED STATES WARSHIP MICHIGAN.

This represents the discharge of over three tons of steel projectiles with a muzzle velocity of 2,700 feet per second and a muzzle energy of about 330,000 foot tons. At more than 1,000 yards range American gunners with one salvo have placed two tons weight of projectiles on a target only 30 feet high by 10 feet long. —The smokeless powder gases are a faint light brown in colour, but being red-hot, photograph dark. This impressive picture is from the "Scientific American."

Beauty's Favourite

The article which excels all others in improving the beauty of the skin is naturally and deservedly beauty's favourite. This has been the acknowledged and honoured position held by Pears' Soap for nearly 120 years. It won, and has maintained that position by virtue of its complete purity, and by the possession of those special emollient properties which soften, refine and impart natural colour to the skin. No other soap possesses these qualities in such a pre-eminent degree as

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81 HONOURS and AWARDS.

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was the expression used by a medical authority regarding the use of Holloway's famous remedies as household medicine. They should find a place in every well-ordered home.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

strengthen the nerves, rid the system of all impurities and stimulate to natural activity the Liver, Bowels & Kidneys. They promptly cure Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Sick Headache, and kindred ailments. Females find them of the greatest value.

THE OINTMENT

used in combination with the Pills, will be found an untiring remedy for all Skin Affections, Bad Legs, Old Wounds & sores, Blisters, Insect Bites, etc. It is also invaluable for Gout, Rheumatism and Stiffness; and gives welcome relief in most troubles of the Chest and Throat.

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ALL BRITISH MAKE

100 years of experience in ammunition making explains the accuracy and absolute reliability of 'Eley' goods. And Merit alone explains their record popularity among the most exacting sportsmen in the world.

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The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

Books Received for Review.

THE Country of the Blind," and other stories, by H. G. Wells (Nelson); "Letters of a Spinster," Winifred James (G. Bell and Sons), per Wildman and Arey; "Lord Strawleigh, Philanthropist," by Robert Bass (Ward, Lock and Co.); "The Island of Disenchantment," by Justus Miles Forman (Ward, Lock and Co.); "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," by Mrs. Bishop (Isabella L. Bird); "Aesop's Fables," with illustrations by Tenniel and Wolf (John Murray); "Votes for Women," and the Melbourne "Book Lover for January.

The Current "Bookman."

Principal among the many attractions of the current "Bookman" are the articles by Dr. James Moffatt, on the three Benson brothers, and "Two Masters," by Percival Gibbon, whose masterly paper deals with writers as opposite as Mr. Henry James and Mr. Joseph Conrad. Dr. Moffatt's article manages to give the reader not only an intimate peep into each of the Benson brother's character and literary style, but gives a resume of many of their books. The Benson article is profusely and interestingly illustrated.

Two Masters.

"It is a token of the wide catholicity of English literature," says Mr. Gibbon, "that it can include, and even put forward as representative of its genius, two writers of such opposite character as Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Henry James. The one a Pole, the other an American, their place is not with Mickiewicz and Poe, but definitely here as compatriots, in every sense but the mere geographical of Meredith and Hardy. That which is referable in them to their origin—so far as anything is—the intense, penetrating, Slavonic imagination of Mr. Conrad, the serene and decorative complexity of Mr. James—are potent elements in that fine ferment of purposes and motives which is re-shaping the English novel and causing writers to revise their conception of their art and their functions." Further emphasising the different standpoints from which they view their material, and on which they mould their respective arts, the writer continues:—"For Mr. James, the thing said or withheld, the thing done or undone, is the illuminant which makes character and motive visible; action, in short is the fruit of emotion. But in the works of Mr. Conrad, action and emotion both are the fruit of principles deep-rooted in the life and character of his people. He is an evolutionist; natural law in the psychological world governs his imagination. It is the fatalism of sincere art, where everything that is real is inevitable." The points in common which these two writers have are, "a spirit of piety, high proficiency, each in his chosen manner and an adeptness, and a fastidiousness of style beyond compare which unites them as craftsmen and artists." "The Outery," by Henry James, and "Under Western Skies," by Joseph Conrad (Methuen), are the latest examples of these two writers' work. "The Outery" propounds the question, a question very much on the tapis of late at home, as to whether works of art, as heirlooms or otherwise, are not held in trust by their fortunate possessors for the nation. "Lord Teign," Mr. James's hero, sells to an American millionaire an old master, a reputed Moretto, which has incurred the suspicion of being a priceless Mantovano. The intended sale leaks out, and the Press and Lord Teign's daughter, who leagues herself with an intrusive connoisseur to prevent the sale. Here is Mr. James's conception of the millionaire, who made a spirited bid for the old master aforementioned. The picture drawn is a popular if not a felicitous one. "Fortune, felicity, nature... had simply overlooked and neglected his vast wholly shaven face... Nothing seemed to have been done for it but what the razor and the sponge, and the tooth-brush and the looking-glass could officiously do; it had, in short retained any possibly

fine attrition at the hands of fifty years of offered experience. It had developed on the lines of the mere scoured and polished and initialled 'mug' rather than to any effect of a composed physiognomy." As is usual with Mr. James, his picture of the comedy is presented with impressionist effect. Mr. James also, as usual, gives his readers plenty of room for thought in "The Outery," which Mr. Gibbon tells us is written in his simplest and most direct manner. Which we are glad to hear since simplicity and directness are not generally characteristic of Mr. Henry James, who is, nevertheless, a novelist of the highest repute.

"Under Western Skies."

As we indicated some weeks ago, this latest book of Mr. Conrad's shows him as belonging to the Turgenev school of fiction. We have always maintained that the Russ cannot be judged by Western European standards. Russian conduct and character are incomprehensible. In "Under Western Skies," Mr. Conrad paints with fine realism the Russian character.

Raznmov, a Petersburg student, of conservative ideas, becomes acquainted with a fellow student of revolutionary ideas, who, having assassinated a Russian Minister, by throwing a bomb, seeks Raznmov's assistance in escaping from the scene of his crime. Though Raznmov is horrified at the crime, he endeavours to assist the assassin to escape, which he fails to do. Afterwards he informs the authorities, which action leads to the murderer's arrest without the revolutionary party guessing that Raznmov is the informer. Raznmov is next discovered in Geneva, in the revolutionary quarters of that city, where he makes the acquaintance of the mother and sister of the assassin Haldin. To further complicate matters, he falls in love with the sister. Haldin's family look upon Raznmov as an aid and abettor of the crime, and he is treated with much deference as one of the revolutionary party. Finally, and as the reader may have guessed, it is Haldin's sister who discovers the real part Raznmov has played. Mr. Conrad, says Mr. Gibbon, has filled his picture richly with the figures of the revolutionaries. Peter Ivanovitch, the feminist who had escaped from Siberia, the dame de compagnie who suffers as his amanuensis, Nikita, the horrible obese murderer of gendarmes, and the rest—he makes visible and comprehensible that strange society of altruists and cynics, to whom for years Switzerland has granted an indifferent hospitality. The dame de compagnie, in especial, is a figure whom none can regard without sympathy; she is one of those undecorative martyrs who typify the soul of Russia. Taken as a whole, it is a wonderful interpretation of the Russian mind, an interpretation for which those Westerners who are inter-

ested in Russian progress will be grateful to Mr. Conrad. Both these books may be had at Wildman and Arey's; paper covers 2/6, cloth 3/6.

The Late Matthew Henry Hodder.

The publishing the religious and the philanthropic world at home have lost in Matthew Henry Hodder a gracious and prominent personality. The late Mr. Hodder was senior partner in the firm of Hodder and Stoughton, from whose publishing house is issued much of the cream of English fiction. No better tribute to his memory can be paid than that offered by one of his contemporaries, who wrote of him: "There must be something in the handling of books that makes for sweetness, as well as light. You could not so much as look at Mr. Hodder without being struck by the sweetness and charm of his nature. . . . He was not, perhaps, a talkative man, but he had always something to say worth hearing. His words came deliberately, softly, with an old-fashioned homeliness very likable. When you parted with him you carried away with you an impression of that shrewd, friendly, far-seeing type of Englishman, who has done so much for England." Mr. Hodder was 81 years of age.

A New Burgin Novel.

That most indefatigable of novelists, Mr. G. B. Burgin, has a novel appearing, published by the Hutchinsons, entitled, "The Belle of Santiago." It is a story of that old pilgrim city which holds the shrine of St. James, where hundreds of English devotees used to voyage annually in years gone by. "They used to sleep in the cathedral, and it is significant of much that the biggest censer in the world was swung from the roof every day to purify the atmosphere after each batch of pilgrims had departed." Next spring Mr. Burgin issues another novel "Dickie Delver," the scenes of which are laid in that part of Canada, which has supplied Mr. Burgin with material for his finest works.

Appropos of the Cassell £250 Prize Novel.

It may interest budding Dominion aspirants to fictional fame, to hear that the prize of £250 offered by Messrs. Cassell last autumn for the best story for girls, has been won by Miss Dorothy a'Beckett Terrell, who is a well-known magazine writer, is a great-grand daughter of Gilbert a'Beckett, who wrote the comic histories of England and of Rome, had a large share in the founding of "Punch," and was for many years one of the most brilliant members of its staff. Miss a'Beckett Terrell also claims descent from the martyred Archbishop of that name.

A Book for Jacobites.

There are, and always will be admirers and devotees of the Stuart dynasty. To these the information that Mr. A. M. Broadley is about to write a book that deals with Charles the Second's flight to Brighton, will be interesting news. Mr. Broadley, who personally conducted a party of friends over the ground covered by Charles II. in his flight to Brighton, visiting the inns and houses, or the sites

of them, in which he lay concealed on the way. In a programme of the pit grimace, Mr. Broadley reproduces several old prints connected with the famous flight, including a facsimile of a handbill offering a reward of a thousand pounds for Charles's apprehension. He is completing a new history of the fugitive King's adventures and experiences which will contain a good deal of hitherto unpublished material, and the book is shortly to be published by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co.

George Eliot: Scenes and People in Her Life.

Cassell's have published a book bearing the title of our headline from the pen of Mr. C. S. Olcott, which deals principally with George Eliot's home life. Mr. Olcott reassures a pitying world which has been led to believe that her relations with Mr. Lewes brought nothing but self-humiliation, and that in steeling herself against the cry of this accusing voice, she threw away her womanliness. The picture, he paints is as convincing as it is beautiful. Mr. Olcott considers that her relations with Mr. Lewes neither destroyed her womanliness, nor overcast her life as some critics would have us suppose. We are told elsewhere that her sense of defeat colours all her work, making her preach the inevitable baffling of human hopes and endeavours. Is there really that hopeless outlook on life, "making the best of a bad business," which we are instructed to find? Does not "Adam Bede"—in which the tragedy of Hetty Sorrel is of minor importance—end with a kind of *Te Deum*? The self-condemnation some find in "Romola" evaporates entirely when closely studied. Does not "Janet's Repentance" end on a beautiful chord, a whole life transformed by one man's influence, rescued from self-despair, strengthened with divine hopes? However the reader may differ from Mr. Olcott, there can be no opinion about the book being an interesting and a much needed one, since the balance of literature written on the subject has always been penned in the firm belief that George Eliot's relations with Mr. Lewes had brought her more self-reproach than happiness.

"Votes for Women."

"Votes for Women," of December 15, received from Lady Stout, recounts the phenomenal success of the W.S.P.U. Christmas Fair and Fete, a success that has eclipsed the most sanguine expectations. A grand total of £3500 was reached, and as the total expenses were only £500, a fact that speaks volumes for the voluntary services rendered, £3000 accrues to the Campaign Fund. This result should be an eye opener to the Government, who are seemingly more determined than ever that either the women's vote shall be a limited one, or that they shall not be given the vote at all.

A Postal Romance.

Occasionally we read in the public press of the strange vicissitudes which letters and post-cards go through before finally reaching their right destination.



"Yes, Professor, some o' my Assisters."

"Liari!"



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The Standard Cocoa of the World.

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The Grandest Remedy for **COUGHS and COLDS**

A dose or two is generally sufficient

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SOLD by all CHEMISTS and STORES

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Benger's Food forms with milk, a dainty, delicious and highly nutritive cream, entirely free from rough and indigestible particles. "The Lancet" describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

Readers can obtain a 48-page booklet, "Benger's Food and How to Use It," which contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants" and practical information on the care of Invalids, etc., on application to Benger's Food Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

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Tommy: "Here Dad, don't forget the Tin of 'HIGHLANDER'! We couldn't do without it."

For Camping, Picnic and Holiday-outings make sure and take a good supply of this delicious, rich, full-cream Milk with you.

"You can depend upon it."



'Highlander' Condensed Milk

Rexona
THE RAPID HEALER

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Mr. Bernard Capes' latest novel, which Mr. Fisher L'Anou has issued, is based on a curious incident that actually occurred, the finding about 1902 of a number of letters posted in Paris during the siege of 1870. These letters were discovered by a fisherman in a zinc ball in the Seine. They were handed over to the postal authorities, and were as far as possible delivered to their several addresses. One of these letters exercised an important influence on the hero of Mr. Capes' novel. The main part of the story unfolds itself in a setting of English County society. Mr. Capes, as is to be expected, is seen to no small advantage in a story which is founded on an incident so romantic. "The House of Many Voices" certainly shows Mr. Capes in his best, if not in his most fantastic mood.

FROM THE NEWEST BOOKS.

Journalism Defined.

"Journalism is a matter of knowing what's what, when's when, who's who, and how's how."—"The Free Marriage," by J. Keighley Snowden.

Uses of Adversity.

"What is worry, after all? It serves as the necessary stimulus to a subsequent enjoyment. Pleasure is only comparative."—"A Society Mother."

Down.

"Along the lining of a soft night-cloud the silver dawning crept, Hushed as the nightfall on the sea, where deep the moonlight slept, His nervous way among the stars the Dawn uncertain stept."

"Silent and slow from point to point with stealthy feet he trod, And one by one with ruthless hand put out the lamps of God; Then down the East triumphantly he hurled his golden rod."

How to Treat Our Ancestors.

"Ancestor worship is a gross reversal of all natural law. The best thing any of us can do for our ancestors is to be different than they were."—"The Man-Made World," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

From "Vagabond City."

"It takes a relation to achieve the greatest impertinencies!"

"I always envy the lucky people without an income. They are spared the awful worry of trying to keep within it."—"Vagabond City," by Winifred Boggs.

From "The Human Compass."

"You can talk all you like about being wealthy and famous, but the best thing in life is to have a good time." "The man who makes other people do good is a man indeed!"

finding themselves in the arms of such fierce-looking men. Wives almost shared the consternation of the children. "Why don't you kiss me, Beasy?" said a pioneer to his newly arrived wife. She stood gazing at the hirsute imitation of her husband in utter astonishment. At last she timidly ejaculated: "I can't find any place."—"The Life of Bret Harte," by Henry C. Merwin.

The Plaint of the Plains.

(Air:—"The Arrow and the Song.") I shot like an arrow into the air, I fell to earth I knew not where; For so swiftly I flew, no site Could I see where I might alight.

Long, long afterwards, in a bed, I found myself with bandaged head; And the words, as she eyed me aghast, I heard again from the lips of an aunt.

—Below Zero.

Humourists on "Humour."

A writer in "La Revue," M. Maurice Dekobra, has been inviting representative humourists in various countries to define "humour," and publishes the results of his inquiry in the current number of that periodical. Many of his correspondents declare the task to be an

'print to his conceptions of humour, pointing out that it depends largely on contrast, incongruity, and a subjective sense of superiority. In America one of its leading characteristics is exaggeration, while in England it finds expression in implications (sous-entendus), equivalent to the reserve strength of an athlete. It embraces irony in the largest sense, and the art of delicate suggestion.

Mr Anstey suggests this definition: "A delicious conception of the incongruous," but he admits it is not complete. The particular humour appreciated by different races is, he thinks, largely a matter of climate.

Mr Zangwill says: "Humour is the smile in the look of wisdom."

Mr Pett Ridge declares that the most modern tendency in England is to laugh at our heroes of romance, instead of laughing with them. "Good story, he says, should have a good ending. Every country has its own humour, and thinks it the best. Jokes which make an American laugh till he cries leave an Englishman unmoved, and some French comic papers do not even make him smile. The English have more affinity with the Germans.



COUNTER ATTRACTIONS.

Napoleon's Confession.

"Count Cobenzl and I met for our concluding session in a room where, according to Austrian custom, a dais had been installed with a chair of state representing that of the Austrian Emperor. On entering, I asked what this meant, and (on being told), I said to the Austrian minister: Come, before we begin, you had better have that chair taken away, because I have never yet seen a chair set higher than others without immediately wanting to get into it."—"The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life in his Own Words."

Characters in "The Honest Trespass."

"Miss Otway had a feeling for colour so strong that in London omnibuses she was incapable of taking any ticket which would not be pleasant to look at with the dress she wore. Even if she hid it in her hand, she was conscious of it, and though it was tiresome to throw pennies away or to go on taking white ones when the case was extreme, it was a good deal less tiresome to her than having a gaudy patch of vulgar pink or mauve-green impinging on her frock.

"The greatest of her hopes was that some day she would be fat, and she pursued the fat ideal with an ardour so energetic, and measures so fatiguing that they easily prevented her from gaining a single ounce. Nothing could make her forgo the prescribed movements every day, and once when she had made an expedition into the country and was waiting at night for a homeward train in the empty waiting-room she looked at her watch and said: 'There is just time for my neck exercises!'"

"Balzac says that the perfect woman is a work published only in two volumes. For Colonel Mallard she had been an encyclopaedia, appearing regularly in parts, since he was one of those soldiers who feel that outside their profession there is nothing but womanhood with which a man can occupy himself."—"The Honest Trespass," by Constance Collreil.

"Man is a very mixed-up affair indeed. It is impossible to gauge him according to rules."—"The Human Compass," by Bart Kennedy.

Over the Footlights.

"The actress in Australia, if she touches the popular fancy, is simply overwhelming with flowers; and not only flowers, elaborate boxes of toilettes also, and jewels, the summit of originality being lately reached when a flower-bedecked crate of tiny yellow chicks was handed up over the footlights; though this was closely rivalled by a popular actor being presented, some time ago, with a medley of gorgeous socks."—"On the Wallaby," by E. M. Coker.

No Room to Kiss.

"The great beards grown in California were sometimes a source of embarrassment. When a steamer arrived a father might be seen caressing little ones whom he now saw for the first time, while the children were frightened at

impossible one, while others bring much learning and ingenuity to bear on the required definition.

Eight well-known English writers contribute their ideas on the subject. Mr G. B. Shaw, whose own humour M. Dekobra says is "saturated with ferocious irony," tersely dismisses the question in these words: "Humour cannot be defined. It is a primary substance which makes us laugh. You might as well try to prove a dogma."

Mr Jerome K. Jerome writes: "I do not think humour can be explained. I would define it as that which strikes us by its drollery."

This, M. Dekobra remarks, is evidently "the idle reply of an idle fellow."

Mr Owen Seaman, editor of "Punch," takes the matter much more seriously, and devotes two and a half pages of

ERUPTION COVERED HIS 3 CHILDREN

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"My three children were covered with sores from head to foot and hands and arms. They first came out on the back like a lot of little blisters filled with water, and then broke into large sores till their back, arms and legs were aching but sores. It was heartrending to see the little things suffer with such pain and they would scratch themselves to pieces had they not been stopped.

I tried several doctors' medicines and all kinds of ointments but nothing seemed to do them any good. They simply got worse until a friend of mine told me to get some Cuticura Soap and give them a good hot bath and then apply some Cuticura Ointment. I did and after I had dressed them a time or two and used two tablets of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment the places began to dry up and the itching seemed to have stopped, as the children could go to sleep as soon as they were bathed and the Ointment applied.

"They had suffered about two months until I started with Cuticura Remedies. I used six tablets of Soap and about the same of Ointment and they soon began to look bright and healthy again, and new skin began to grow. I am pleased to say they are well so but I am still keeping Cuticura Soap and Ointment by me. It is a good thing for sores and burns." (Signed) William Dunn, 117 Branstone Rd., Burton-on-Trent, England, Mar. 12, 1911.

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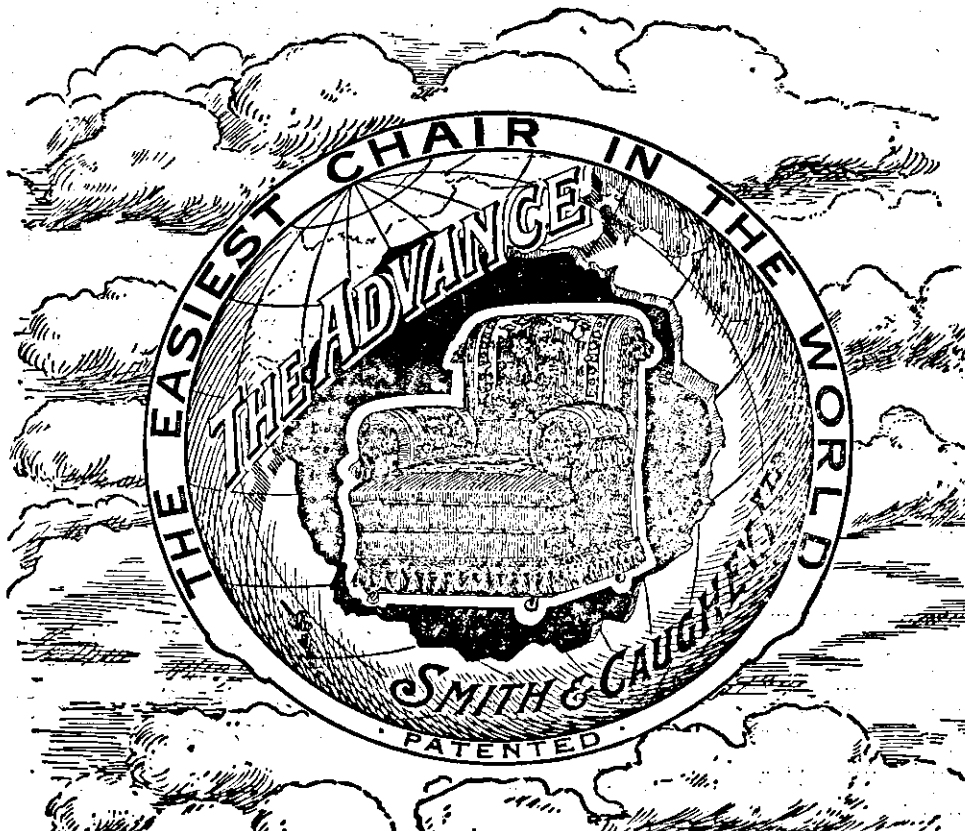
The Waikato War, 1863-4

By JOHN FEATON.

CHAPTER XIX.

Pukekohe Stockade, an isolated post, situated in the heart of the dense bush, some two miles from Martin's Form, on the west side of the road, over the Pokeno Ranges, was attacked by a strong force of natives on Monday, September 14th. The stockade, in charge of Sergeant Perry, was held by a small party of Militia from Auckland, and Volunteers belonging to the district, who, in preference to deserting their homesteads, had decided to remain in the vicinity and guard their property. Although the garrison of the stockade did not number more than 30 men, Sergeant Perry, who arrived at Pukekohe three or four weeks before the attack, decided to utilise the church, and having collected the few Volunteers in the district, took possession of the sacred edifice. The church was a small building, measuring only 30ft. by 20ft., situated in the centre of a 10-acre paddock, which had but a short time before been cleared, and the stumps of the trees were still standing. Heavy bush surrounded it on all sides. Finding that the walls of the church, composed of 1-inch weather boards, and unlined, would not protect his men from the enemy's bullets if they were attacked, Sergeant Perry determined to build a bullet-proof wall, 7ft. high, all round the church, at about 10ft. from the building. The wall was pierced for rifles, and outside there was a ditch. To complete this the men went early and late vigorously to work. The wall was composed of young trees about a foot in diameter and 20ft. long, placed one on top of the other, and fastened with wooden treenails to stout posts on the inside. Whilst hauling the logs out of the bush, the men were more than once fired upon by the natives, who, for some reason, deferred their attack on the stockade until it was nearly completed. On the evening of the 13th (Sunday) Major-General Galloway and staff visited the post, and advised the men to be on the alert, as there was a large force of natives in the vicinity; and promising to send them a reinforcement, the General returned to Drury. Sergeant Perry and his little garrison passed the night in anxious suspense, the men lying down with their arms loaded and capped. The sentries, peering through the loop-holes in the stockade wall across the clearing, could scarcely tell whether the objects they saw in the gloom were Maoris or stumps, and each ear was strained to catch the faintest sound. Occasionally during the night a kaka would scream, or a decayed branch fall in the bush, and startle the garrison; and so the long night passed away, and when morning dawned there was no sign of the enemy, but the stumps in the clearing stood up sharp and distinct in the morning light. At about 9 a.m. on the Monday morning some of the men were at breakfast inside the church, and others were in the cook-house which was built outside the stockade. The sudden report of firearms caused the men who were in the cook-house to beat a hasty retreat inside the stockade and to close the gate.

Several bullets striking the shingle roof of the church dropped through. Quickly manning the stockade wall, the garrison returned the fire of the natives, who were seen issuing from the bush in large numbers, taking cover behind the stumps in the clearing, and gradually advancing nearer to the stockade. At the time of the attack a horse and cart was standing outside, as one of the men intended to start that morning to Drury, a distance of some seven miles, for provisions. The poor beast soon fell pierced with bullets, and the natives, making a dash, got good cover behind the cart, close up to the stockade. The enemy, who were estimated at considerably over 200, kept up a rapid fire—the bullets, however, striking harmlessly against the wooden wall of the stockade. Each stump in the clearing concealed one of the enemy, and a thick cloud of smoke hung over the stockade and 10-acre paddock. When the natives made a forward movement from one stump to another the garrison poured a volley into them, frequently sending some of them, with a loud yell, to the ground. At 11 o'clock the enemy had advanced to within 30 or 40 yards of the stockade, and although they were evidently aware of the small number of men defending the church, they had not the soul to storm the position, which the garrison expected every minute they would do. Instead of attempting to carry the position by assault, the natives fired for a few seconds as fast as they could, and then retreated into the bush, where they could be heard shouting to one another. The garrison still keeping to their posts—although some of the men desired to go out into the clearing and search for any dead or wounded that might have been left—waited to see what would be the next move on the part of the enemy. They had not long to wait, for in a short time the natives re-appeared, again took cover behind the stumps, and poured volley after volley at the stockade—the thick wall, as before, stopping the bullets from doing any harm. One of the Maoris shouted out, in good English, for those inside the stockade to come outside and fight—an invitation declined by the garrison. Finding their fire had no effect, some of the natives commenced throwing stones over the stockade wall. At about 1 o'clock a detachment of 1 officer and 20 men arrived to reinforce the garrison. They came out of the bush on the opposite side to where the natives were, and making a dash across the clearing, managed to join the defenders of the stockade without losing a man. With 50 men inside the stockade the garrison felt themselves able to cope with the natives, and a flame of fire leapt out from each loop-hole of the stockade wall, sending a shower of bullets across the clearing, and keeping the natives well down in their cover. In about half an hour after the arrival of the first relief bugles were heard sounding in the bush, and the garrison knew that substantial aid was at hand; and very soon a number of soldiers issued from the forest into the clearing in skirmishing order. The force that had arrived consisted of 150 men belonging to the 65th and 18th Regiments, under Majors Saltmarsh and Inman. Having advanced into the clearing at the back of the stockade, they could not see the gate, and called out to be shown the way. Sergeant Perry ran out to one end of the stockade, and pointed the road in, and as he was returning to the gate the natives crouching behind the stumps fired a volley after him, but without effect. At the same time a heavy fire was opened on the advancing soldiers, killing 3 and wounding 8, amongst whom was Major Saltmarsh. The troops at once charged the enemy, who fled precipitately into the bush, two, in their flight, stumbling over the logs that covered the ground, were bayoneted. The Maori bodies, with three other natives who were found in the clearing with



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supplejack tied to their heels for the purpose of dragging them away, were mortally wounded, and dying the same evening were buried the next day. The natives lost on this occasion more than 14 men, killed and wounded. So late as a year and a-half ago, two skeletons of natives were discovered in the bush, not very far from the scene of the attack, who were supposed to have been killed in the fight, and after being dragged some distance no doubt were left by the enemy in their hasty retreat. The next day a force of Militia arrived, under Captain Moir, who relieved the garrison, which returned to Auckland, where Sergeant Perry, in consideration of the stubborn defence that he had made, received a commission as ensign in the 2nd Regiment Waikato Militia.

CHAPTER XX.

On Monday, September 14th, a large detachment of Military Settlers disembarked from the ship Star of India, which had arrived from Melbourne in Auckland harbour on the 12th. The force consisted of 407 officers and men under Captain Goldsmith, Lieutenants Lomax, Minnington, and Smith. The men raised in Victoria were called Pitt's Militia, on account of Colonel Pitt having superintended the enrolment of Volunteers in Melbourne for service and settlement in the Waikato. The Military Settlers as they arrived were clothed in the Militia uniform, drilled and drafted into Regiments—known as the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Waikatos, the latter being mostly married men. As soon as possible, these regiments were moved forward to the posts held by the Auckland Militia and Volunteers, who, being relieved, returned to Auckland. Many of them, however, having acquired a taste for military service, to which was added the prospect of 50 acres of land, joined the Military Settlers or Waikato Militia. Several companies were raised in Auckland, and tempting advertisements, like the following, which appeared in the newspapers, soon filled their ranks with smart young men.



RICHMOND WAIKATO LAND.

WANTED Twelve Men for the Company forming under Lieutenant Spencer. Fifty Acres of Land and a Town Allotment for all men who join this Company. Apply at the "Daily Southern Cross" Office.

WAIKATO! WAIKATO!

EPSOM COMPANY.

WANTED, a few young men of good character to complete Captain Hill's Company. Apply at Exchange Hotel to Sergeant George Panter.

The conditions upon which the Military Settlers agreed to serve in the Waikato were published in the "New Zealand Gazette," as follows:—

MILITARY SETTLERS.

Conditions upon which land in the North Island will be granted to settlers willing to perform the after-mentioned military services:—

(1) No man above the age of 40 years will be accepted, and every applicant will be subject to an examination by an officer appointed by the Governor, and must produce such certificates of good character, health, and general fitness for the service.

(2) Each accepted applicant, if not already in the Northern Island, will be provided with a free passage to a port to be designated by an agent of the Governor. Before embarkation he will be required to sign a declaration and agreement to the effect that he understands and will be bound by and fulfil these conditions.

(3) On arrival the men will be enrolled in the Militia for service in the Northern Island of the colony and formed into companies, constituted as nearly as may be as follows:—1 captain, 1 subaltern, 5 sergeants, 5 corporals, and 100 privates.

(4) Each man, according to his rank, will be entitled to pay, rations, and allowances until he is authorised by the Government to take possession of his land, when he will be relieved from actual service.

(5) Settlements will be surveyed and marked out at the expense of the Government in such localities in the Northern Island as the Government may select for that purpose.

(6) Each settlement will comprise not less than 100 town allotments and 100 farm sections.

(7) A stockade on the most eligible site in each settlement will be erected at the expense of the Government.

(8) A town will be laid out around or as near as conveniently may be to the stockade in one-acre allotments.

(9) Farms will be laid out around as near as conveniently may be to the town. The size of the farm section allotted to each will be according to his rank in the Militia:—

For a Field Officer	400 acres
" Captain	300 "
" Surgeon	250 "
" Subaltern	200 "
" Sergeant	80 "
" Corporal	60 "
" Private	50 "

(10) Every settler, under these conditions, who, upon being relieved from actual service, receives a certificate of good conduct, will be entitled to one town allotment and one farm section.

(11) Priority of choice for each rank will be determined by lot.

(12) After taking possession he will be entitled to receive rations free of cost for twelve months, upon the same scale as supplied to Her Majesty's troops. He will be allowed to retain possession as a Militiaman, of his arms and accoutrements, and he will be supplied with ammunition for use, according to Militia regulations.

(13) No settler, after taking possession, will be permitted during the first three years after his enrolment in the Militia, to absent himself from his settlement for more than one calendar month in any one year without the leave of the Governor being first obtained.

(14) During such three years he will be liable to be trained and exercised as other Militiamen; and whenever a portion only of the Militia shall be called out for actual service, each settler will be deemed a Volunteer Militiaman, and will be required to serve as such anywhere that may be required in the Northern Island of the colony. During such service he will be entitled to the same pay, rations, and allowances as other Militiamen.

(15) On the expiration of three years from his enrolment, each settler having fulfilled the conditions, but not otherwise, will be entitled to a Crown grant of the town allotment and farm section allotted to him, and will thenceforth be subject only to the same Militia service as other colonists.

(16) Any settler will be permitted to dispose of his land to any person approved of by the Government, and such person undertaking to be subject to the same liabilities will be entitled to the same privileges as the settler whose place he takes.

(17) In case of death of any settler before he shall have become entitled to his Crown grant, the land to which he is entitled will be granted to his wife or children, or to such other person as he shall by writing appoint—or it may be taken for the location of another settler under these conditions, or for any other purpose; but the value thereof, in such latter case, will be determined by valuation, and the amount paid by the Government to the settler's widow or children, or other person appointed as aforesaid. The pay of the Militia and Volunteers serving in New Zealand, with rations and other allowances, is as follows:—

Captains	11s 7d per diem
Lieutenants	6s 6d "
Ensigns	5s 3d "
Sergeants	3s 6d "
Corporals	3s 0d "
Privates	2s 6d "

CHAPTER XXI.

The natives, on the 16th of September, appeared in the Wairoa district in force, and commenced ransacking the settlers' homesteads. The Wairoa (Lower) is on the river of the same name, which discharges its waters into the Auckland Harbour, some 28 miles south of the city. The river runs through the centre of a valley formed by rich alluvial flats, and surrounded by high wooded hills. Major Lyon commanded the defence of which consisted of a redoubt (the Galloway) overlooking the river on the north, and a stockade on the south bank. Their position was about 8 miles from the mouth of the river, and in the heart of the valley settlement, and was defended mainly by a force composed of Wairoa Rifles, and of men from the different companies of the Auckland Rifle Volunteers, under the command of Captain J. McCosh Clark, No. 6 Company, with Lieutenant Tabuteau and Ensign D. A. Toie; this company, some time afterwards, had a uniform of green cloth, and were dubbed the "Grasshoppers." To strengthen their defences two detachments of the Volunteers, under Sergeants Gatland and Phillips, were detailed to cut slabs in the bush. Whilst so engaged they were suddenly fired upon by a party of natives, and returning the fire, fell back upon the redoubt, when the Maoris retired.

Major Lyon desiring to prevent the enemy, who were plundering the settlers' houses, from returning to their settlement at Otau, pushed forward with a small party to intercept them. This force consisted of a detachment of the Auckland Volunteers and 20 men of the Wairoa Rifles, with Lieutenant Steele. Coming upon the natives, the Volunteers at once, with the steadiness of regular troops, opened fire—killing two Maoris. The enemy returned the fire, and hastily retreating, made good their escape. From the body of one of the natives shot, Private Elley, of the Auckland Volunteers, obtained a gold watch, which was supposed to have been stolen from one of the settlers. Night at this time setting in, the force returned to camp; on the road they were met by a party under Captain Clark, A.R.V., and Lieutenant Russell, 18th Regiment, which was hastening to their support.

(To be continued.)



SHIPPING THE MAORI BATTLE.

"I say, old chap, it's so beautiful, let's turn up to see which takes the other prisoner."

The Isle of Spice,

Continued from page 38.

without producing friction or outrage, but practically without economic disorganisation. Returns show that the average in the quantity of cloves picked has increased, and also that the value of plantations has risen. This last, however, may be partly attributed to an advance in price; and it must be admitted that the planters' inability to control labour has resulted in individual and general loss in certain directions. Rice, for instance, once

largely grows in low valleys, where the coconut and clove will not flourish, has ceased to be an export. The neglected conditions of some plantations, unpruned and partially picked trees, with rank undergrowth approaching the character of a jungle, also speak of changed circumstances, and the steadily increasing size of the mortgagee's hand. The Indian, a shrewd business man, is the money-lender; and when those properties fall into his hands order will come out of chaos. As a general trader he can command the labour of his small debtors in a way impossible to the Arab, who is being financially done to death by high interest.

The act of manumission, while grant-

ing a small compensation to the owner, required every slave to apply for his papers; and it says much for the character of the Arabs that the majority of slaves availed themselves very slowly of the privilege, and indeed their general feeling was that they should be compensated for the loss of their masters! They had never groaned under their yoke, and if they were bound, they huffed their bonds.

Though the freedmen did not show themselves averse from earning money by clove picking as had been predicted, it soon became evident they could not be counted upon throughout the season. Labour, beyond the point of supplying immediate necessities, does not appeal to the Swaheli; it is a shrine at which, at the best, he pays but unwilling homage, and as he was also inadequate in numbers, many plantations for a few years were insufficiently picked.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CLOVE INDUSTRY.

The Government, which, as it draws a large revenue from the clove industry, is keenly interested in its preservation, seeing the inability of the growers to grapple with the record crop of 1907, sent pickers from Zanzibar, supplemented by drafts from the mainland. This course of action, it is more than evident, will have to be pursued in every bountiful season.

Many mainland pickers had to be induced into suitable garments before leaving Africa, as, having lived the simple life, they had not attained to the doctrine of clothes but, and it may be counted as evidence that man is meant to be a clothes-wearing animal, such earnest converts did they become that many returned wearing full ponge suits and high silk hats.

The Government owns many well-managed properties, and an encouraging feature for the future may be found in the increasing number of small, carefully cultivated shambas, owned by natives. These small cultivators are mainly Waa Pemba, a native race distinguished in many respects from the Swaheli. They have never been enslaved, or of a certainty not since the days of the Persians, but history is somewhat nebulous about that period. Physically they are finer and handsomer, are country dwellers, and reserve family life, which is held very lightly among the Swaheli; on the other hand the latter, who are town dwellers by preference, are less primitive, and farther removed from barbarism. One to long association with their Arab masters whose civilisation and religion they have to some degree imbibed. The Universities and Friends' Missions are earnestly labouring to introduce Christianity and education, but as yet it is too early to observe or predict results.

THE GREAT KING CLOVE.

Pemba, though not, broadly speaking, a white man's country, save as the employer and director of native labour, is not unhealthy, and seems to offer good prospects of return for enterprise and capital, both of which will be welcomed and fully protected by a benevolently paternal, but strictly efficient Government. There is every prospect of the clove grower soon finding his taxes substantially lightened and his returns proportionately increased. The coconut and fruits flourish abundantly and offer strong inducements for cultivation. In addition to being the best spot on earth on which to grow cloves it has soil and climate suited to almost any tropical product, and might become the home of many spices, instead of the home of one. Affairs, however, move slowly near the equator, and it may be long before any rival will have the temerity to question the pre-eminence of her reigning monarch, the great King Clove.

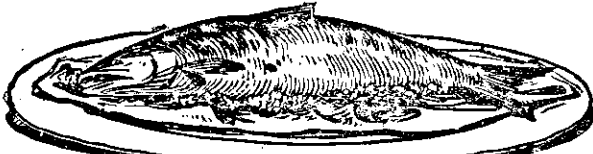
INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

Governor Giles, of Virginia, once addressed a note to Patrick Henry, demanding satisfaction:

"Sir,—I understand that you have you a 'bob-tail' politician at any time, to know if it be true, and if true, your meaning.

"Wm. B. Giles."

To which Mr. Henry replied:
"Sir,—I do not recollect having called you a 'bob-tail' politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or occasion, I can't say what I did mean, but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not."
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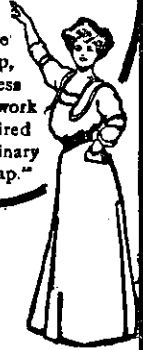
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QUAINT STORY FROM PARIS.

JEALOUS HUSBAND.

When Georges Clermont returned from his office in Paris a day or two ago his wife was in tears. She handed him a telegram. It was dated from Caen, and read: "Mother dangerously ill; come at once." There was no train until eleven, but Clermont had many things to do before his wife could get away, and when the train steamed out Paris seemed very empty. He stood for a few moments on the platform watching the empty line which ran off into space. It was the first time since his marriage that he and his wife had been parted. They were not rich people, but they were very happy, and they lived quite comfortably on Clermont's little salary. As he walked home he thought of all that he owed to his

wife, whose gift of housekeeping and clever management made him as rich, if not richer, married than he had been as a bachelor. And then, as he reached the house, a clock struck the half-hour, and he thought that he would stroll down to the boulevards for an hour (he lived quite near the station and the boulevards) before he went up to the empty little flat. On the boulevards

HE FELT LONELIER THAN EVER.

He rarely went out to a cafe by himself, as did so many of his fellow-clerks, married or unmarried. And he thought, plying himself, how much he missed his wife's hand on his arm that evening. If she had been with him he would have enjoyed the stroll and watched the people. As it was, he did not want to go home, and did not know what to do with his time. Then he noticed a crowd watching a queerly-dressed man who was standing about, and apparently wondering which way to go. Clermont watched with the

rest, and as the man turned up a side street he followed. Then he laughed, and "Well, why not?" he said to himself. For the queerly-dressed man was a walking advertisement for a cinematograph theatre, and Clermont thought he might as well spend half an hour in there as anywhere. He paid his tenpence, and got a comfortable seat well in the centre of the house. He sat and viewed the pictures, which did not interest him much. But suddenly Georges Clermont

RUBBED HIS EYES AND STARED

at the pictures on the canvas curtain. He thought he must be dreaming, and pinched himself to make sure. No; he was wide awake, and there on the sheet in front of him was his wife walking hurriedly up to the counter of a post office. Over the counter was the poste restante label. Mme. Clermont said something to the clerk, who took out a bundle of letters and handed her one. She opened it, looked at the clock over the counter, looked at the letter again, smiled, and—a man walked up to her. Clermont forgot that he was not alone. "Who is it?" he said out aloud. He heard the people round him tittering, and he could see in the darkness of the little theatre their faces as they bent forward trying to look at him. Then he shouted an oath. The stranger in the post-office had put his arm round Mme. Clermont and had kissed her. Georges Clermont never knew how he got home, and he will never forget

THE HORROR OF THAT NIGHT.

He spent it tossing over his wife's papers hunting for further proof of the infidelity of which he was too certain. And next morning, at seven, when the bell rang, and a boy in blue gave Georges Clermont a telegram, the lad started back, frightened by the man's white face and haggard eyes. Clermont opened the telegram and read it aloud: "Mother much better. Hope return to-night. Kisses." He laughed. It was not a pleasant laugh to listen to. At nine he went downstairs and telephoned to his office to say that he was not well, and would not go to his work that day. Then he went out, bought a revolver, had it loaded, and returned home—to wait. He ate nothing all day, and when at eight o'clock that evening the door-bell rang again it startled him. "She is at last!" he said to himself, and slipped the revolver back into his pocket. "Why—were you not at the station? Why, what is the matter?" said his wife. "How ill you look! Is there anything wrong?" And slowly, in a voice which he himself could hardly recognise, Georges Clermont

TOLD HER WHAT HE HAD SEEN.

She did not answer. She stood facing him and motionless. She did not even take her gloves off. She stood looking at him, and breathed rather than spoke his name once in surprise, "Georges!" And a slight smile played round the corners of her mouth. That smile enraged him. He whipped out the revolver and he fired. The bullet crashed through the open door behind her and broke a gas lamp on the stairs outside. A scream was heard from below, voices, and hurried steps, and Georges Clermont threw the revolver from him and fell into a chair. At the police station, when he had told his story, Mme. Clermont asked for five minutes' private conversation with the Police Commissioner. Georges Clermont

SLEPT AT THE POLICE STATION

that night. In the morning he, his wife, and two policemen went out to Vincennes together. . . They went into a big tin building with windows all round it. It was a kind of artist's studio. There was a crowd of people there. They glanced at Georges and at the two policemen, and some of them shook hands with Mme. Clermont. Then a little fat man came up, and, glancing at his watch, said: "You next, Mue. Clermont, please, and—" He turned round and beckoned. "Now, then, Jean, please." A young man strolled up and Georges Clermont cursed aloud. It was the man who had kissed his wife in the post office. The two policemen

HELD HIM FIRMLY.

"Now, please," said the little fat man, and all of a sudden Clermont saw a palatial background, representing a cafe. There was a real table and chairs in the foreground. Mme. Clermont and the young man sat down. A waiter came and served them. "The cinematograph has doubled our income for the last three months," said Mme. Clermont to her husband. They to the two policemen: "M. le Commissaire told you that you might go when I said all was safe," she said. "There is no charge against my husband, it is all a mistake." And as they left the sheet together Georges Clermont, with tears in his eyes, murmured his wife's name—"Marie!" And his wife forgave him.

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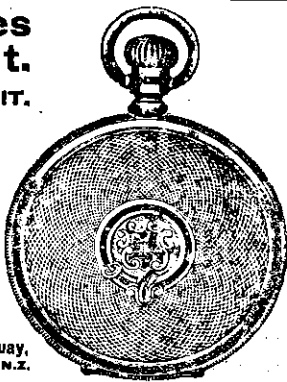
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NEW ZEALAND STORIES.

The Editor desires to state that New Zealand Stories by New Zealand writers, are published on this page regularly. The page is 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." Stamps for return of MS. must be enclosed.

The Man who Slid By ALAN E. MULGAN.

ETHEL! There's the Marquis coming up the avenue!"

"What?"

The tone of the reply was that of a Roman told that the Volscians were coming over the wall. The girl addressed stood up, shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked out from the verandah.

"No it is, I'm off."

She and her sister ran inside and up the stairs to their bedroom. From a window there Ethel looked out down the avenue.

"The little beast!" she said contemptuously. "He's dirtier than evert I say, suppose he stays to lunch, to-day of all days!"

"You bet he will," said her sister. "Did you ever know him come here and not stay to a meal? We're cowards, Ethel. Somebody's got to see him, and now we've run away, it will be mother."

"I'd forgotten that! Poor mother! She won't send him away. Look here, we'll wait here a bit on the off chance of his going away; if he doesn't, we'll go down."

The two girls remained at the window, standing at the side so that the new comer could not see them. Both were held by the beauty of a scene they saw every day. The house stood in a slope a few miles wide between mountains and sea, nestling comfortably in a grove of tall pines and bluegums. The deep verandah, embowered in dolycos, honeysuckle and roses, faced a garden filled with a delightful tangle of shrubs and flowers, most of which were in their fullest glory of a summer morning. One looked out between tall magnolia trees, which made the air heavy with their scent, across fields to the blue and slumbrous sea. It was very hot, with the faintest of sea breezes. Cicadas buzzed unceasingly in the garden, and bees droned among the flowers that hung on the verandah. Up the avenue of pines that stretched from the garden to the road, which lay half a mile away, a man was walking. He was short, stoutish, and much the worse for wear. His features had once been good, but years of dusty work, dirty living, and little soap, had told on them. He looked, not exactly dissipated, but a member of the order of Bohemia (third-class)—a raffish, down-at-heels, frowny kind of fellow. His flannel shirt, in which a very greasy tie was hanging askew, was dirty; his dungaree trousers were muddy and milk-stained; his coat looked as if it had been used many times for a pillow in odd corners. His hat was greasy and ragged, and one of his boots was tied with string. Such was the appearance of Anthony Fitzherbert Faulkner, who, twenty years before, clothed in fine raiment and hope, pushed off from the home of a retired colonel at Brighton to seek a career in the colonies.

Faulkner knocked at the open front door. He considered himself an old friend and he had no doubt as to his welcome. The girl's mother, from a window at the side of the house, had seen him coming, and the crystalline purity of her disposition had been darkened by a shade of annoyance. That he should come on this day of all days was most provoking, but to her the laws of hospitality were bound in steel. Whoever came to Fernhill was made welcome, were he spruce or untidy, interesting, dull, or trying, and it is to be feared that sometimes she paid heavily for her rigid adherence to her code of conduct. She had a smile for Faulkner when she went to the door.

"How do you do, Mr Faulkner? Come in. It's quite a long time since we have seen you."

Faulkner's hat had come off with a flourish.

"I'm very well, thank you. I was just

walking from Potts's to Fisher's for the harvesters, and I really felt I must look in and see how you all are. How well you're looking, Mrs Middleton!"

Nothing about Faulkner was so surprising as his way of speaking. If one heard him without seeing him, one got a most curious impression of the beau sabreur, the man of culture, and the affected decadent, mingled together. He had the grand manner. One expected to see D'Artagnan with sword and plume coming through the door and when an insignificant and disreputable looking little person appeared, who looked as if he had been sleeping under a haystack for a week, the shock was considerable. Strangers lounging in hotel bars would become attentive at the mere sound of Faulkner's voice, but when at the end of five minutes he had said nothing worth listening to, they would return to their beer.

Faulkner walked into the drawing-room, on the walls of which hung portraits of Middleton ancestors, and pictures of places in Old England.

"I'm sure you're busy, Mrs Middleton,"

table. Mrs Middleton was beginning to mix something in a basin. The girls were still upstairs, wrestling with their aversion. Mrs Middleton had grown used to Faulkner in this mood, so she merely smiled and said:

"The Tollons may be a good family, Mr Faulkner, but Ben Tollon is simply a lout. Harry Strickland is worth six of him, though we don't ask him to our dances."

"Oh, well, perhaps so. You're becoming quite democratic, Mrs Middleton. Have you heard the gossip about Mrs Wylie? They say she's carrying on outrageously with that youngest cadet; so much so that Wylie's mother has interfered and told Wylie he must send the boy away."

"I don't believe it. Mrs Wylie's a friend of mine, Mr Faulkner, and I know she's quite incapable of doing anything like that."

The rebuke was heeded and Faulkner changed the subject to the financial embarrassments of the Middletons' neighbours. Mrs Middleton let him wander on, contenting herself with putting in an

others. In twenty years he had not tried to better himself in any way. His father allowed him a wife, and the dear old man spoke of "my son in the colonies" with touching pride. This and the little money he earned made enough to keep him. He went about the settlement doing the work of a farm labourer, taking wages from some, but being quite content to sit at the tables of others and gossip about their neighbours and connections at Home.

The community was almost as sharply divided into social sets as it had been when it left England. There were the quality (for want of a better term) and the "quantity." The friendliest relations existed between the two. Occasionally a daughter of "the people" may have longed to be asked to one of the quality's dances, but that was all. The two sets mixed in the harvest field (where it was the custom for one farmer to help another), in the bar of the township hotel, and in the fern paddock which was graced with the name of cricket field, but the quality did not call on the "quantity," or ask them to their balls and parties. The "quantity" were much the more successful farmers, but the quality had their faded drawing-rooms, their pictures, and their crested plate.

Faulkner was the only man in the settlement who might be said to belong to both classes. But he saw much more of the people than of the "first families"; indeed, most of the latter openly discouraged his visits. The men disliked him and the women despised him. The man's transition from one class to the other, and his descent from immaculateness to dirt and frownsiness, had been so gradual that few noticed it until the change was nearly complete. Faulkner himself had never noticed it. He had drifted along, growing less and less particular about his appearance,



WEBSTER TO THE RESCUE.

Mr. Coonah.—Could you lemme look in yo' dictionary a minute, Kubnel? Jest want U find a couple of words to add to mah lodge-office title what Ah was elected to last night. They dun chose me Grand High Most Worthy Exalted Imperial Plenipotentiary, but it strikes me dat sounds jes' a little bit cheap.

Faulkner said. "Please don't let me interrupt you."

Mrs Middleton laughed. "Well, as a matter of fact, I have a lot of cooking to do, so I'll have to take you at your word. There are some people coming to lunch. You can come into the kitchen and talk to me while I cook if you like."

"Delighted, I'm sure," Mrs Middleton led the way to the kitchen. "Have you heard about Ben Tollon's engagement?"

Mrs Middleton had not, so the flood-gates were opened.

"Ethel Strickland. Just fancy. His family is simply furious. I was at the Tollon's a few days ago, and Mrs Tollon wept and begged me, as an old friend, to reason with the lad. I did, but I might as well have talked to the wall. He's head over ears in love, isn't of age yet, and hasn't a blessed penny, and of course she isn't in his set at all."

"That may be," said Mrs Middleton. "But for all that she's far too good for him."

"Perhaps so—perhaps so—but the Tollons are a good family you know. The Tollons of Somersetshire and of course the Stricklands are——" Faulkner threw his dirty hands out in an eloquent gesture.

Faulkner was sitting by the kitchen

occasional "Yes," or "No," or "Really," As she worked away and looked at him every now and then, her thoughts dwelt as they had often done before, on the man's past, and his utterly futile life. She remembered how he had come out with them in the emigrant ship twenty years before. He had been for a year or two in a Line regiment, but disaster to his father's fortunes had compelled him to leave the Army and seek his fortune in the colonies. She recalled him as he appeared on board, a young fellow extremely particular about his appearance, but not a bad little chap at all for all his empty-headedness and "side." The men took his measure at once and treated him with good-humoured contempt, so he was driven to associate a good deal with the women and children. He fetched and carried, flirted a little, and became a repository for the gossip of the ship. He had not got on in the settlement. The little money he had brought with him had been frittered away in comfortable quarters at a hotel in the nearest town, and generally enjoying life in a harmless way, while he looked about him for something to do. When his money ran out he cheerfully went to work with his hands, at first for people of his own set, then for

his food, and his surroundings, and more and more partial to the society of men who, though they were far superior to him in character and ability, he would not have dreamed of being friendly with in former days. He would work for a week with Tim Batter, who was a most estimable man, but whose household arrangements were rather trying to a person of refined habits. Tim and his wife and seven little Batters lived in a tiny four roomed slum, and Mrs. Batter, never tidy at the best of times, was far too busy to keep the house clean. Meals were slapped on to the table of a very dirty kitchen, and eaten in view of a very malodorous yard, in the company of several hens and armies of flies. But Faulkner did not seem to mind at all. He ate his meals with gusto, gossiped with Tim and his wife about their neighbours, and chaffed the young Batters. In the evening he would sit and talk to Tim, and then go to sleep in a little room off the stable, where they kept grain bags and harness. He would move on to the Joneses, where the menage was little better, and to the Smiths, who never tired of listening to his stories of the English aristocracy. Every Saturday he would ride down to the township, and foregather with choice spirits at the bar.

at. He would lounge in the bar all afternoon, and drink beer and gossip, and in the evening play cribbage with boys of twenty or married men whose wives sat up for them in lonely farm-houses. He occasionally dropped in at the homes of the quality, but such visits were becoming more infrequent. The quality no longer asked him to their dances and parties, and if he had been asked the lack of a white shirt would have kept him at home. He was not a dreadful example of the evils of drink, for he had never been intoxicated in his life. He had not fallen; he had merely slid. And poor, shiftless, dirty, down-at-heel though he was, he was perfectly happy. There was no "sorrow's crown of sorrows" in Faulkner's thoughts. The rough people he mixed with he thought no end of good fellows, and so long as he had three meals a day, a bunk to sleep in, and a little money to buy beer, play cribbage, and subscribe to "Modern Society," what more could he want?

There was one thing about Faulkner, however, that Mrs Middleton did not know. If she had she would probably have received him so coldly that he would have turned away from the door. He was thinking of getting married, and the girl he had in view was Ethel Middleton. Faulkner could hardly be said to be in love, which is a state reserved for men of a different stamp, but he admired Ethel very much indeed, and was fonder of her than he had been of anyone. Three considerations besides Ethel led him to contemplate making this tremendous change. He was getting old. He wanted a home of his own; and, as his father was dying, he would soon come in for a little money, with which he could buy a little farm and settle down in comfort for the rest of his days. Ethel, just 21, was nice-looking, refined, very lovable in disposition, and amiable in the house. He reflected that she was a lady, the sort of person a Faulkner ought to marry. He had contrived of late to see her fairly often, and the more he saw the more he admired. Ethel detested him, but she had an unusually sensitive strain of sympathy in her character, which made it impossible for her to hurt anybody unless he was positively offensive. She bore with Faulkner when he rode back with her from the post, or attached himself drily to her after dinner at Fernhill; and Faulkner not realising the depth of her kind-heartedness, thought that she was at least not indifferent.

A copy of "Modern Society" was sticking out of his pocket as he sat talking to Mrs Middleton. He had passed from local affairs to the gossip of English society, on which he was the highest authority in these parts. He knew whom the fifth daughter of Lord A— had married, and why Lord and Lady B— had separated, and why Sir C— D— had obtained that coveted appointment instead of the Hon. E— F—. "Modern Society" had been his favourite journal for many years, and the few visits he paid to the local reading-room were to see copies of the "Queen."

"Lord G—, of course, is a connection of mine. Colonel Faulkner, my father, you know, married his aunt. They say he is going the pace terribly, and if he doesn't pull up there will be no property at all in a few years."

The two girls came in, and shook hands with Faulkner, and began to help their mother. But before they set to work they washed their hands. Faulkner made one or two jocular remarks to Ethel, with a suggestion of familiarity in them that made Olive, who had a much warmer temper, want to throw a saucypan at his head. Looking at Ethel, as she busied herself about the kitchen, pretty and cool in her print dress, Faulkner made up his mind that he would propose to her that very afternoon. There would be an opportunity after lunch. Five minutes on the verandah or in the garden and the thing would be done.

Mrs Middleton was still troubled about the lurch. She had not asked him to stay, but she knew that he needed no invitation. But he was the last man she would have asked to meet the people who were coming. Would he take a hint?

"General Semple and Colonel Halliburton are coming to lunch, Mr Faulkner. They are passing through on a tour of inspection. Did you know them when you were at home?"

"Indeed? How very interesting! No, I don't know General Semple, but I expect he is a Leicestershire Semple. Halliburton? There was a Halliburton in my old regiment. I wonder if it is the same. Do you know his initials?"

"Charles Gordon is his Christian name."

"You don't mean to say set? Fancy meeting Charlie Halliburton again! He

was a sub. with me in the Loamshires, and my greatest friend. Many a good time we've had together, Charlie and I. It will be interesting having a talk over old times."

Mrs Middleton felt sure it would be interesting to one person only. Chitral and the V.C., a perilous journey across Asia on diplomatic business, splendid service in South Africa and in Tibet. What a record to place beside the drift of twenty years!

Ethel came into the kitchen.

"Mother, there's a trap just turning into the avenue. I think it will be them."

Mrs Middleton turned to Faulkner. "I must make myself tidy. You'll excuse me." She went to the front of the house, and Ethel went upstairs. Faulkner was left with Olive, who replied to his lively conversation with monosyllables. A few minutes later the sound came of wheels on the gravel path outside.

From the kitchen one could see straight through to the front door. Faulkner, from where he sat, saw two men come up the steps on to the verandah. The first, whose iron-grey moustache proclaimed him the elder, was of medium height; the second was tall. Both men carried themselves with the easy self-confidence of men used to command. They were dressed in well-fitting light tweed suits, and looked cool and comfortable. Mrs Middleton met them at the door. Their voices carried clearly to Faulkner in the kitchen. "How do you do, General Semple? Major Halliburton, is it not? How do you do? I'm so pleased you have been able to come. I hope you had a pleasant drive?"

"Well, yes," said the General, with a laugh; "pleasant in a way. The scenery is so delightful. But what roads and what dust!"

"The General is getting old, and likes comfort," said the other, in a joking way. "I enjoyed every minute of it. What a wonderful view you have here, and a delightful garden! I could smell the honeysuckle half a mile away, and it reminded me of Home."

Ethel came in then, and Mrs Middleton introduced her to the visitors. The men's voices were clear, quiet, and well-bred—with the indefinable accent of men who had done things. Faulkner stood up. The sight of these men had suddenly torn away the curtain that separated him from the old life. Their voices struck a note that had not sounded for many years. By some strange and rapid mental process he realised what he had lost, and that he had gained nothing to replace it. The sight and sound of these men brought back memories of mess, of sports, of Piccadilly at night, of pleasant company of the class he had been born in, of "the lordliest life on earth." The recollection of it struck him through and through with acute pain, and quickly on top of that pain came something sharper—the knowledge that he could not ask Ethel to marry him. He saw her talking easily and happily to the two soldiers, and realised that she had never favoured him in that way. She was destined for a man like Halliburton, or some other man who had done something, and had not lost his self-respect. How could he have thought of asking her? For the first time his clothes were an offence to him, his poverty a disgrace. He had lost caste—not just because he had drifted from his old life, but because he had done nothing in his new one. In losing caste he had lost her, and just then she was more to him than ever before.

Faulkner rose and took up his hat. "Ask your mother to excuse me," he said to Olive, who was busy with the salad. "I'm afraid I can't stay to lunch. I forgot I had promised to be at River-mere early in the afternoon."

He went out by the kitchen door, and made a detour to avoid being seen from the drawing-room. No one at Fernhill remembered him that afternoon save to express deep relief that he had gone.

A Waikato farmer found it advisable to put on a ragged suit of clothes in order to repair some machinery. After he had finished he went home to dinner. He met a tramp coming out of his front gate as he went in. The tramp mistook him for a knight of the road. He held up a warning hand. "Duck it—retreat," cautioned the tramp. "I've just tried her and she's a regular heart-out."

The Doctor in Fiction.

The novelist never seems to have the lightest knowledge of the professional medical life (according to Dr. Squire Sprigge, who raises the question in "Cornhill"). He is ready enough to credit the members of the medical profession with many shining virtues and equally ready to darken their reputation with calumny, the unfortunate result being to leave upon the public mind the impression that the average medical man is not an average member of society. The idea which the public might well derive from reading many novels is that to call in a doctor is an extraordinarily fluky proceeding, as the medical profession is divided sharply into heroes and knaves. The heroes lead a strenuous life, succouring the sick in desperate circumstances and refusing fees; operating at the briefest notice when a hair's breadth to the right or left in the making of an incision would be certain death to the patient. The knaves murder, cozen, and keep bogus sanatoriums. They vivisect for pleasure, their humanity is dead within their breasts, and they pass existences that are a standing reproach to the law of the land. Now undoubtedly either sort of description of the medical life, whether the rosy glow of eulogy or the green cast of detraction is employed, does no good to anyone. As far as the public is concerned it cannot be useful that they should have doubts whether their doctor is a saint or a sinner, a knave or a hero. Medical men, for their part, may smile at errors in the medical details of novels, but they are uneasy under indiscriminate laudation of the nobility of their careers, and grow positively restive at some of the allegations concerning their criminal habits.

"Unable to Eat!"

INDIGESTION AND BILIOUSNESS

Cured by MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

Mrs. C. Mahaney, of 209, Berkley-street, Carlton, Victoria, on May 4, 1911, said:—

"I was but a slip of a girl, between 16 and 17 years of age, when I first began to suffer from biliousness and indigestion."

"When the attacks were working up, I would feel out of sorts with everything and everyone, peevish, low spirited and depressed, unable to eat, unable to work and unable to sleep, with aches and pains here, there, and everywhere. I would get worse and worse until, at last, I would vomit large quantities of a nasty greenish yellow fluid, after which I would feel fairly well until another attack had to be faced."

"Then, four years back, these attacks took a more serious turn. If I ate anything, however small the meal, my stomach would be distended, as if I had eaten a hearty dinner. The food also caused painful spasms. I dreaded to go to bed as I was too restless to lie in one position for more than a few minutes at a time, and the constant tossing and turning got on my nerves terribly. I suffered so much with palpitations that I thought my heart was affected, and at length I became so thoroughly ill and weak that I had to lie up altogether. A friend, however, persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. To my great astonishment it gave me almost immediate ease and relief. A little of this well-known remedy made a great improvement in my health, and soon it banished all my troubles."

"I still take the syrup occasionally, and it keeps me well. I have such faith in Mother Seigel's Syrup that I have not the least fear of ever again having to undergo the painful experiences of the past."

"Whether you have suffered much or little, if the cause of your suffering is some disorder of the digestive organs, Mother Seigel's Syrup is the friend you need. The herbal extracts of which Mother Seigel's Syrup is made tone up and strengthen the stomach and gently stimulate the action of the liver and bowels. Thus the Syrup banishes pains after eating, wind, palpitation, headaches, biliousness, constipation and sleeplessness, and gives you good health."

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The Western Canada Agency, ANDREW GRAY

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TO OUR YOUNG READERS.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of Cousins, by writing to—

COUSIN KATE,
"The Weekly Graphic,"
Shortland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever it interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. Their letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic," on the Children's Pages.

All Cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our Cousins some who have passed out of their teens. A badge will be sent to each new Cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have been a long time in writing to you. I have been very busy preparing for our examination. It is all over now, and I am very glad to say that I have passed into the Fifth Standard. I will go down to learn book-keeping this year. The baby is growing fast, and sits up by herself. I go down to the beach whenever I can for a swim. We have had beautiful weather here lately. I hope my letter will soon be in the "Graphic." I will end with a riddle: Why is the letter F like the end of a cow's tail? **COUSIN FLORENCE.**

[Dear Cousin Florence.—How pleased you must feel to think your hard work has been rewarded. You will go back to school after your holidays, and be able to work hard again, because you are sure to find the work harder. I can't guess your riddle. —Cousin Kate.]

ASHBURST.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I was pleased to see your letter in the last "Graphic." Your answer to my riddle is right. Cousin Dorothy's riddle to us is very difficult to solve. I am far too busy to give a thought to a holiday; besides I am the only one to cook, mend, bake, and wash. I look after four children and father. I was 14 years old on the 4th of January, 1912, so I am a senior cousin. Dear cousin, you ought to rouse up your cousins in Ashhurst. You have five cousins here, who have not written since they were enrolled. You have a lot of lazy cousins, too; most are boys in Ashhurst. As I write this letter, I have three boys and two girls playing about me, and you know how they make anyone confused. I am facing the Gorge. My cousin and I biked right through the Gorge and back, a distance of 18 miles, to a picnic. I was tired. I biked down to the new bridge twice. It is about three miles there and three back. Once I and cousin went, and as we were coming over the bridge we punctured the bike tyre, and we had to walk four miles back. It was a treat. I wonder does Cousin Eva know Father Lawrence, of Melkiorau. Just now my three friends have come to our place. Their names are Loris, Melba, and Irene. Well, dear cousin, I must start and bake a cake and some scones as well; so I must make up a fire. It is blowing a little now. I get up in the morning I get breakfast, then milk, and skin and strain the milk; wash the dishes, sweep up, scrub out, and then have a cold lunch. I have a spare hour for anything, and next I cook meat, potatoes, and vegetables, and have a hot dinner; then milk, skin and strain, and tily up a little, then go to bed. I think this is my longest letter. Irene is calling me, so I must stop. Here is a puzzle for the cousins: Y Y you are Y Y you B, I see you Y Y for me. Well, here

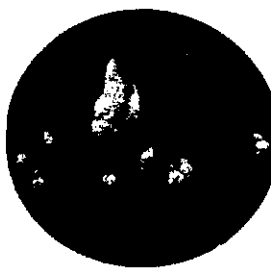
is Doris, Melba, and Rene with a bat and ball, but I must not play; my hour is up.—**COUSIN LENA.**

[Dear Cousin Lena.—You are indeed a good cousin to write so often, when your time is filled up with so many duties. You are a good little mother, and yet you always seem so bright and cheerful. I can't guess that wonderful riddle.—Cousin Kate.]

Tawa Flat.
Dear Cousin Kate.—I would like to join your circle of cousins. I have been reading the cousins' letters in the "Graphic" for the past twelve months, and have found them very interesting. I am nine years old, and I am in the Fourth Standard at school. We live quite close to the school and station, and we hardly ever miss the trains. We have a pet lamb and some pigeons. We went out for a drive on Sunday, and it was beautiful. We went in for two baths, and I enjoyed myself very much. I am going to start to learn music at the end of January, and I think I will like it.—**COUSIN MARJORIE.**

[Dear Cousin Marjorie.—I shall be very pleased to enrol you as a cousin, and when you send me your full name and address I will send you a badge. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Grovetown.
Dear Cousin Kate.—I hope you will excuse me for not writing sooner. We are having seven weeks for our Christmas holidays this year, and have had two weeks already. It was raining here on Christmas Day. On Boxing Day I went to Ward in the train, and enjoyed the ride very much. It is a very long railway line to Ward. There are two tunnels to go through on the way, and you see two beautiful lakes. One of the lakes, called Lake Grassmere, has swans swimming on it. Then on New Year's Day I journeyed to Picton in the first train. During the three weeks that have gone past I have been bird-nesting.



GOING TO ROOST.

and have collected thirteen dozen eggs, which are bought at 1s a dozen by Mr Cheeseman, of Grovetown.—**COUSIN CLARENCE.**

[Dear Cousin Clarence.—I am very pleased to have a letter whenever you feel inclined to write. I don't expect boys to write often, and especially in holiday time. When next you write, tell me just where Grovetown is. The lakes must be beautiful. I hope you are going in for the competition. You would do well.—Cousin Kate.]

Remuera.
Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become a member of your merry circle of cousins. I am eleven years old, and am in standard VI. Please would you send me a green badge. Green is my favourite colour. I have two big dolls. One of them I got from Santa Claus, and its name is Betty. The other one I have had for a long time, and its name is Becky. I have two sisters, and their names are Fano and Nadine, but I have no brothers. I have a baby cousin, a boy, who is such a dear little thing. I learn music and recitations, and one year I got a prize for recitation. I live with my auntie in Remuera, just at present, but my real home is Mount Roskill.—**COUSIN GLADDIE.**

[Dear Cousin Gladdie.—I am delighted to enrol you as a cousin. Your letter is beautifully written, and so very neat. I think little boy babies are just swell, and you can get lots of fun out of them. I should think the Ladies' Mile would be a charming place to live in.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins. I am eleven years old. I have two sisters and four brothers. I have a cat, and I like the kittens. Please will you send me a badge.—**COUSIN NANCY.**

[Dear Cousin Nancy.—I am so pleased to enrol you as a member of our circle. Well, you ought not to be lonely with four brothers. Are you expecting they keep things moving. Are you going to keep the kittens? They are such dear wee things.—Cousin Kate.]

Hillieraden.
Dear Cousin Kate.—I see by "The Graphic" that you are giving two prizes for the girls and two for the boys for a letter on the holidays. I am going to try for it. We have seven weeks this year; longer than we have ever had at Xmas before. We are enjoying them very much. We have had a picnic on two or three, and next week we are going to another, to a place about three miles from our home, at an old station homestead where only the walls are left standing. My sisters and I often go out with the rabbit dogs, and sometimes catch a rabbit or two. We go for such long walks, and sometimes take our dinner, so do not need to hurry home. Our last picnic was to gather cherries. We had a long drive first, and had a lovely time. There were quite a number of us there. What I most enjoy is a trip to Picton in the train on New Year's Day; it is such a change for us. This year the sea was so rough that the boat races did not commence till after four, and then it was nearly time for people to catch the train for Blenheim. However, the day at the seaside was a treat, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. Yesterday we had a number of breath choppers in the sea, and we had quite a good time. Cousin AITA.

[Dear Cousin Clara.—I don't quite understand if your letter is meant for the competition, or if you are sending another. In any case I have given it the marks I think it deserves. It seems to be having a charming holiday. The sea has a great charm for most people; more so when you live inland.—Cousin Kate.]

Tanoul.
Dear Cousin Kate.—I have not written to you for some time, but better late than never. I have just finished practising. My teacher has to play the organ at school for the children to sing with. Our teacher bought us a rounder ball, and we have such fun. Sometimes one of us hit it into the hedge, and then we all have to help to find it. Our teacher comes out nearly every afternoon and plays with us, and when he goes bowler we do laugh at him. He throws the ball at you as hard as he can to get you out. After having his strike, if he can't get a rounder, and he does not stand at the end of the pitch, when the bowler gets the ball, he stops where he is, and makes out that that's the place where the peg ought to be. We can't help but laugh at him. The other day I was talking in school, and my teacher told me to write fifty lines at dinner-time; but I only wrote words. One of the boys at our school faints five or six times yesterday, and was very ill. One of his mates sat on his back and he could not get his breath properly. Can you guess these riddles: "The man who made it did not use it, the man who used it did not see it." "What goes with a train, stops with a train, is no use to the train, yet the train can't go without it?" All the cousins can try to guess these two riddles. I fell down to-night and skinned my elbow and leg. My brother was chasing me, and tried to do me harm. He is always chasing me, but boys are dreadful—much worse than girls.—**COUSIN EVA.**

[Dear Cousin Eva.—I am very glad to hear from you again. I should think you would be proud to play the organ. How nice to open it under the glow of lights. I must confess I am rather fond of boys, but of course some of them are rough, then it's best to leave them alone.—Cousin Kate.]

Hastings.
Dear Cousin Kate.—As my two sisters and brother have joined your wide circle, I thought I would like to be one of your senior cousins also. Would you mind sending me a very blue badge? Will you give my brother and my letter in the same envelope? I am fifteen years old, and have left school, and I am learning keyboarding. I will not write a long letter this time, cousin, as I do not want to take up too much space.—**CONNOR GERRARD.**

[Dear Cousin Gerrard.—I am glad you have joined our society. I think you are the only family of five who are all cousins. I think it is such a grand idea to learn to be a keyboarder. Any work that you learn to do is worth your while. I think it must be so interesting, and so many changes.—Cousin Kate.]

Hastings.
Dear Cousin Kate.—I would like very much to join your wide circle of cousins. I am thirteen years old, so hope you will enlist me as junior cousin. I am in the fifth standard. My brother Cecil, and my two sisters, Vera and Thelma, have joined you as cousins also. The weather here is very changeable, and has been raining off and on all the week. My two brothers and myself go down to a river everyday for a swim. We have got three boats, and we have some fun.—**LESLIE.**

[Dear Cousin Leslie.—I am very pleased to enrol you as a junior cousin. In our circle I am wondering if you are a Boy Scout, because you write about enlisting, which sounds very military. We are having fine weather now. How jolly to have a river to row on and bathe in; you are well off for boats.—Cousin Kate.]

WEARY, WORN-OUT HOUSEWIVES.

HEADACHES AND SHOULDER PAINS ENDED.

GREAT PRIZE FOR BILE BEANS.

"I was subject to acute attacks of indigestion, the sharp stabbing pains between the shoulders causing me much suffering," says Mrs. A. Petrie, of 120, Glebe-st., Glebe, Sydney. "Terrific headaches added to my misery, and I often had to lie down to get ease. I had no desire for work and was entirely unfit to attend to my household duties. Although I took medicines none of them gave me any ease.

"Commencing to take Bile Beans, I soon experienced some relief. Bile Beans were very mild in action and did not cause any unpleasant pain. As I continued the doses the headaches ceased, and the painful sensations between the shoulders were ended. After a full course of Bile Beans I was completely cured and felt stronger in every way. My appetite which had almost disappeared returned, and I was able to attend to my housework. Now if I ever feel at all out of sorts a dose or two of Bile Beans soon put me right. I always keep a box in the house."

Bile Beans and biliousness, liver trouble, bad breath, indigestion, constipation, debility, constipation, piles, stomach trouble, dizziness, flatulence, anaemia, and female ailments. Sold by all chemists and stores.

A Fantasy.

A rosy sun-kissed cloud had lost its way,
And wandered lonely o'er the fields of
Heaven;
Its radiant brightness turned to pearly grey,
And with chill grief its golden heart was
given
Without the sun it could not choose but
weep,
And raindrops fell and mingled with the
deep.

And you had lost your way in life's long
maze;
Lonely you wandered, silent and forlorn,
Until your eyes met mine, and in that gaze
Was all the sun and all the joy of noon.
Since then together we have climbed life's
steep—
The sun has drawn the raindrops from the
deep.

—M.P. in "Chambers' Journal."

Paying the Law Lords.

The law lords to whom colonial disputes occasionally come for final arbitration are generously treated by the British Government. Replying to Mr. Martin in a recent Parliamentary paper, the Attorney-General states that Lord Halsbury receives a pension of £5000 per annum; Lord Ashbourne receives a pension of £4000 per annum; Lord Macnaghten, Lord Atkinson, Lord Shaw, and Lord Robson receive salaries of £6000 per annum; Lord Gorell and Lord Mersey receive pensions of £3500 per annum; Lord Dunedin receives a salary of £5000 per annum; and Lord Kinnear receives a salary of £3800 per annum. There are two judges who sit in the Judicial Committee, but not in the House of Lords. They are Sir John Edge and the Right Hon. Cyril Amery A.C. They are paid salaries of £400 per annum, in addition to which they are in receipt of pensions. Certain judges who fill high judicial offices, either at Home or in the Dominions beyond the Seas, are qualified to sit in the Judicial Committee, but in view of their other duties are seldom, if ever, able to be present.

Wooden Bullets.

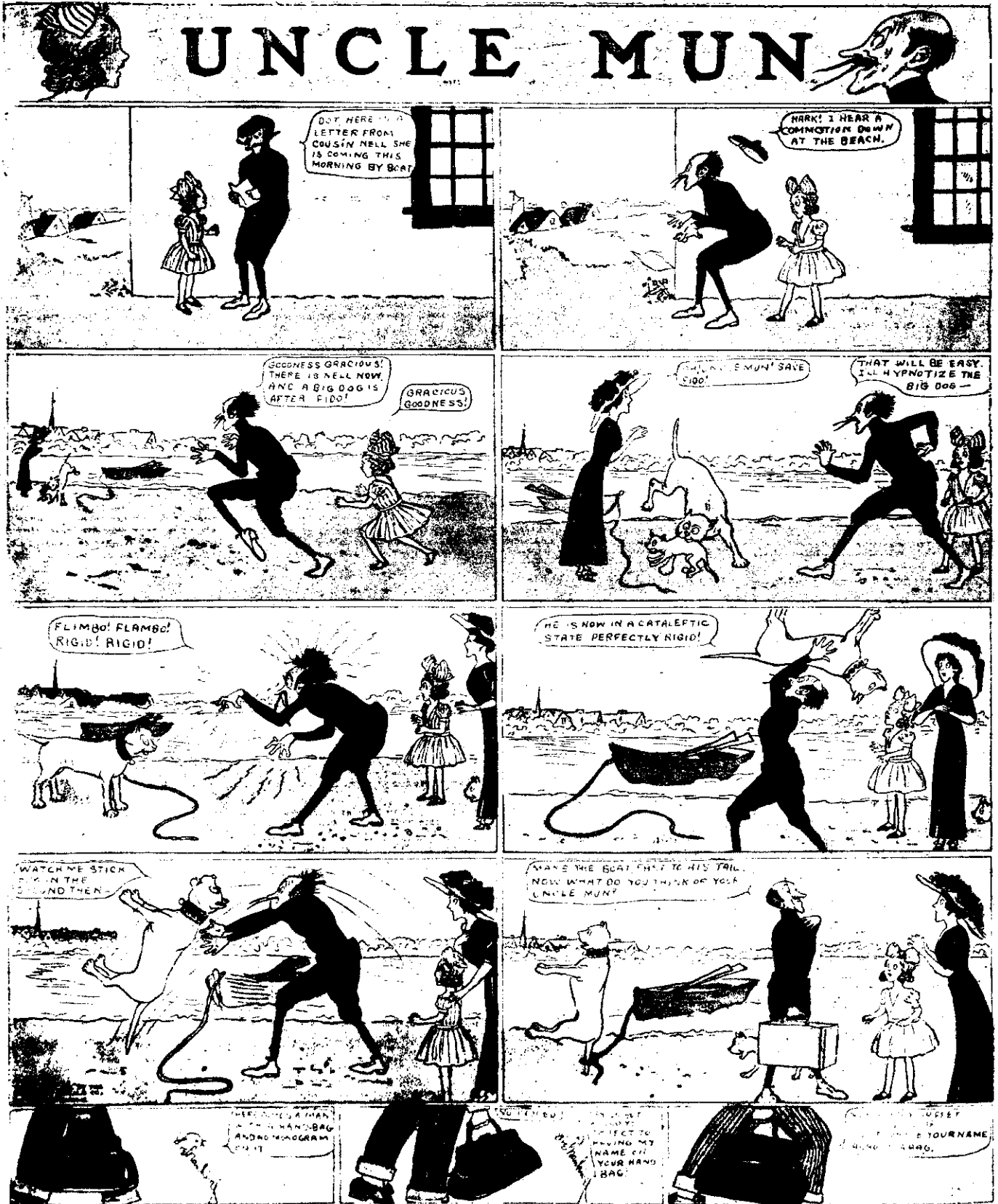
The Chinese are not alone in using wooden ammunition for their artillery. Three years ago civil war was raging between two Afghan tribes, the Ali Khel and the Malj Khel. The latter tribe built great hopes of success on a cannon of such a size that 160 men were required to draw it. A Sikh trained in a British battery was engaged to work the

cannon, on the understanding that he received 20 rupees every time he hit the village fort of the foe. This did not prove remunerative, for according to an eye witness the ammunition consisted of "olive wood balls bound with iron bands, which have a highly eccentric flight, and are calculated to do about equal damage to friend and foe." After a three days' bombardment, in which the fort was hit only three times, the hostilities came to an end!

Then and Now.

The present relations between Russia and Persia are in striking contrast to those which prevailed when the Shah not only congratulated Catherine I. on her accession, but offered Her Majesty earnest paternal advice. He sincerely hoped, he said, that she would not give way to drink, and he held up his own

case as a horrible example of the truth of the temperance gospel which he preached. His eyes, he wrote, were like rubies, his nose was like a carbuncle, and his body was like a barrel, as the result of the self-indulgent habits which he had acquired in his youth, and could not shake off in his old age. But the Empress, who liked her glass, was not, even with that warning before her, persuaded to become a teetotaler.



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."

SUMMER DIARRHOEA.

WHEN will mothers and nurses realise that a child who has apparently thriven for months, in spite of wrong treatment, may suddenly fall a victim to some malady against which his system would have been quite proof had he been kept in a state of perfect health and fitness, by paying due attention to all the simple laws of life and primary needs of infancy? A baby may hold out against almost any form of inattention or carelessness during spring, and yet succumb to the first drink of tainted milk given to him on a warm summer's day. The effect of such food on a perfectly healthy baby might be merely to bring on passing colic, or to cause one or more green motions; but if the system had been insidiously undermined previously (though there might have been nothing apparently wrong with the baby), the effect of a single feeding with risky food might be an attack of acute diarrhoea, ending fatally, simply because the child had not acquired enough stamina to put up a good fight.

If a baby is fed artificially, and there is no means of keeping prepared milk below 60 deg. Fahr., the mother should heat up to 135 deg. any residue left over at the end of 12 hours after preparation, and then cool it down rapidly, as directed on page 35 of the Society's book; and keep it cool. If there is no thermometer in the house, the milk may be mildly scalded, as follows:—

Place the jug of milk in a saucepan of hot water, heat until the water boils, and keep boiling for 10 minutes. Then cool rapidly in running water, etc., keeping covered, as directed in the Society's book.

Epidemic Diarrhoea.

Under the above heading, Dr. Ralph Vincent, senior physician to the Infants' Hospital, Westminster, makes the following remarks on the disease more commonly known as "summer diarrhoea of infants":—

This disease is peculiarly liable to appear at certain times of the year, and is practically absent in other portions of the year. The conditions in which the disease arises occur during hot weather, and especially during a hot summer. The characteristics of the disease in regard to the date of its appearance is that it appears mostly towards the latter end of summer, when the heat has continued for some considerable time. (Memo. by "Hygeia": The worst months in New Zealand are January, February and March.)

The Most Fatal Disease.

As a mortal disease affecting babies, epidemic diarrhoea is the most serious of all. The number of deaths depends on the temperature. If it is a cool summer, the number of deaths is comparatively low; if it is a hot summer, it is very high indeed. (Naturally the hotter the summer the more the germs grow and flourish in the milk.) The year 1904 afforded a sad illustration in England. The summer of that year was very hot, and in many towns throughout the country nearly one-half the babies under twelve months old died in the three months July, August and September. These infants died because they were poisoned. (Poisoned, as Dr. Vincent proceeds to show, mainly by the microbes contained in tainted milk acting on babies who had not been kept in such a state of first-rate health and condition as to enable them to resist the attacks of germs.—"Hygeia.")

Dr. Vincent emphasises the fact that the name "Epidemic Diarrhoea" is liable to be somewhat misleading, because, although all epidemic diseases tend to attack the bodily "unfit" rather than the "fit," yet people who are quite well may fall victims. In the case of so-called epidemic diarrhoea of infants, however, the disease is strictly avoidable. It can be avoided by taking the following very simple precautions, namely:—

1. By always supplying "What Every Baby Needs, Whether Well or Ill" (See the Society's book, pages 1 and 2).

Don't invite the microbes to establish themselves in the interior of the baby by keeping the soil ready prepared for their growth: A stitch in time saves nine. Don't be careless about the baby's health merely because the season happens to be good and he appears to be flourishing and seemingly in no need of special attention. Don't omit anything that he is rightly entitled to have and that tends to keep him always at the highest pitch of health and fitness.

2. By not feeding him with germ-laden, poisoned milk or any other improper food.

Very little escapes the eagle eye of the mischievous freshman. Down in the shipping district there was a sign on a restaurant window which ran very neatly and properly: "Shell Fish Our Speciality." The other morning the crowd landing from the ferry in passing this window noticed that three of the enamel letters had been prised off. The result was rather startling, for the sign now read: "Hel Is Our Speciality."

Get Up With The Lark.

Early rising was insisted on in the will of John Sergeant, a wealthy merchant, of Leicester. He left his fortune to his nephews, requiring them, if they wished to retain it, to prove to his executors that they had risen at 5 a.m. in summer, and had employed themselves either in open air exercise, study or business till 8 a.m., and at 7 a.m. in winter, occupying themselves in like manner till 9 a.m. Illness alone was to excuse them, and in that case the missing days were to be made up by instalments, adding a half-hour to each day after they recovered. The bequests were in the form of annuities, so that they could be withheld if any infringement of the conditions was shown.

"What's the use of this article?" asked a shopper.

"I really don't know," replied the clerk: "I think it is intended to be sold for a Christmas present."

IRRITATING PRICKLY-HEAT BANISHED.

ZAM-BUK IS SOOTHING AND HEALING.

"ALWAYS KEEP A POT HANDY."

Mrs. Julia A. Richardson, of First-avenue, St. Peter's, Adelaide, says:—"Zam-Buk is a splendid remedy for skin complaints. A rash broke out all over me, which I think was prickly-heat, and lumps came out which were very irritable. While this lasted I could get very little rest, but on using Zam-Buk I was very quickly eased of all irritability, and in a short time by keeping Zam-Buk well applied, had the pleasure of seeing new skin forming. Zam-Buk completely cured me, and now there is no evidence to show where the rash was. We always keep Zam-Buk handy and use it for cuts, bruises, and abrasions.

"I have also found Zam-Buk to be splendid for neuralgia. I had a severe attack across the forehead and temples, and by rubbing Zam-Buk well into the affected parts obtained great ease. Persistence with Zam-Buk caused the pain to cease and brought about a complete cure."

Zam-Buk is unequalled for eczema, piles, bad legs, ulcers, ringworm, festering wounds, cuts, burns, bruises, insect bites, prickly-heat, and all skin injuries and disease. Sold by all chemists and stores at 1/6 and 3/6 per pot.



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For light work and travelling only, the "DALLINETTE," a smaller "Dalli." For general household work use the "Dalli."

Of all Grocers, Stocked by F. W. Mills & Co., Ltd., Wellington, John Burns & Co., Ltd., Auckland. *Drawn by G. Mackintosh.*

STOUT LADIES

Send for free particulars how to **REDUCE** two inches in bust, waist and abdomen in two months. No drugs. Ladies illuminated. J. W. M. Harrison, Physical Culturist, 17 Mulgrave St., Wellington.

TO MOTHERS.

PHOTOS OF BABY The Prettiest, Darliest, and Sweetest Can be obtained at the "ROYAL" STUDIOS, 184, KARANGAHAPE ROAD, AUCKLAND. Four Doors from Newton Post-office. E. H. SKEATES, Proprietor.

LADIES

DURAND'S PILLS, ordinary 28; strong 50. Post FREE. Safe, prompt, reliable. Further information sent on receipt of 1d. stamp.—C. R. Woolfams, Bridge Pharmacy, 5a Karangahape Road, Auckland.

J. C. SHARLAND

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RENDELLS LTD.

Outfitters by appointment to HIS MAJESTY THE BABY!

Baby Outfit Parcels

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No. 1 BABY OUTFIT — 40% Complete.

- 3 Shirts, or 3 Silk and Wool Vests
- 3 Night Gowns
- 3 Day Gowns
- 3 Long Flannels
- 6 Flannel Binders
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My Giddy Aunt.

By JOHN HASLETTE.

I LIVE with my aunt at Croydon. The malicious report, put about by some of my enemies, that I live on my aunt, is both unfounded and untrue. As a matter of fact, I earn my daily bread by acting as her secretary. I am also her heir, and hope, like all other dutiful nephews, that she will live to be a hundred.

The lady in question, Miss Euphrosyne Briggs, is a good specimen, as aunts go. Though unmarried, and seventy-five years of age, she does not keep a pet dog or a peevish parrot, but only an aged domestic called Tubbs, and a superannuated tortoise named "Biffin." Tubbs is quiet and anecdotal, "Biffin" a grumpy old fellow, who buries himself in the garden during the winter, and disinters himself every spring. I have no grudge against either of these creatures.

The other day I was sitting at breakfast with Aunt Euphrosyne, and wading through my correspondence, when I came across a very bulky letter, which had apparently been posted from some place in Mexico.

"What do you think has happened, dear aunt?" I said, looking up. "Nothing less than the arrival of a letter from my old friend Surges. He is in Mexico, you know, digging up old Aztec cities, and that sort of thing."

My aunt is regrettably deaf, but her face brightened up at this observation of mine.

"It seems almost providential," she said.

"What does?" I asked perplexedly. "Why, that Surges has been digging up the roadway, Horace. I always said the sewerage system was defective."

Now what is one to say to a thing like this? Surges is a local contractor, and no relation of my friend. I nodded, however, tore open the envelope, which was of stout material, and drew from it a hard something rolled up in a letter. My curiosity was piqued. Could it be that dear old Surges had come across some Inca's treasure, and sent me a specimen diamond as a reminder of our old friendship? But no; the something was a phial, made of a crystal, like glass, of great thickness. It seemed to contain a small quantity of fluid.

"Your rheumatism again?" asked my aunt sympathetically.

"A new thing I am going to try, aunt," I replied unceremoniously, and began to read the letter my friend had enclosed. As I went on, my eyebrows went up. "Poor old chap," I thought; "his digging among fossil remains has turned his brain. He actually says this phial belonged to a long-dead Aztec princess called Azucatl, and contains a rejuvenating elixir. What preposterous nonsense!" I lay back in my chair and laughed.

"Horace! What are you laughing at?" asked my aunt.

"Oh, something funny in this letter," I answered, and continued to read Surges' imbecile epistle. The foolish fellow had related at some length the story of this princess, who had grown old, and wished to grow young once more. There was a lot about the Inca's magician, and more about the wonderful philtre he had manufactured, which could turn age into youth. Unluckily, the princess died before the stuff was ready, and the phial was buried in her tomb. Surges seemed to believe all this flamboyant nonsense. He said he had found the legend written on a wall in one of the old cities he is always bringing up out of the ground. At the end of the letter he actually informed me that he had found the liquid quite harmless, and that I might take a dose myself if I felt inclined.

I put the letter and phial in my pocket, finished my breakfast, and turned away to my strenuous secretarial duties, which occupied all my leisure from tea till eleven o'clock. But this morning I simply could not work. I thought of the phial. It haunted me. I remembered Surges as I had seen him last, a serious, practical fellow, with a passion for the truth, which I, unfortunately, have never been able to share. And he had believed the story of the elixir!

Then the fatal, the fell idea came to me that I might try it upon my aunt. She was old enough, and looking at it from an unprejudiced point of view, her face did need rejuvenation. At the time I totally forgot that there was a monetary side to the question. However, I need not go into all the detailed thought which persuaded me to test the powers of the elixir upon my beloved aunt. I did so decide, and the consequences which followed upon that rash decision I shall here proceed to relate.

Aunt Euphrosyne suffers from rheumatism, and it is part of my nightly duty to pour out her medicine and see that she takes it. This is just prior to her retirement for her beauty sleep. On this particular night I put the proper quantity of water in a glass, but omitted the rheumatic remedy, substituting instead about half the contents of the tiny phial. And my aunt drank it, and smiled.

When I came down to breakfast on the following morning, I was surprised not to find my aunt in her accustomed place, and the horrible thought came to me that I had, perhaps, though with the best of motives, poisoned my generous, aged relative. I was preparing to rush upstairs to inquire, when Tubbs, in a dishevelled state, and with an expression of frozen rage, descended upon me.

"I never did!" she began wildly. "Such goings on! Oh, Master Horace, such goings on! Oh, Master Horace, to think that you should have brought such a creature into your good aunt's house!"

"I never did!" I replied, unconsciously repeating Tubbs' phrase. "What are you talking about, my good woman? Calm yourself and explain."

Tubbs looked at me with reproach in her eyes.

"You just come upstairs and ask her to explain then," she said. "A-sitting in your pore, dear aunt's room as if she owned the place. Laughed in my face, she did, when I wanted to know where my mistress was."

This was horrible! I stared at Tubbs in amazement. It had never occurred to me that the potion could have

the powers Surges had attributed to it. As it was, I had to go upstairs to learn to what extent my aunt had discarded her age. Tubbs followed me closely. I reached the landing, and knocked at my aunt's door.

"Aunt Euphrosyne! May I come in?" I called.

A delicious ripple of laughter floated out to me, then a soft and youthful voice said:

"You may come in."

Either I moved forward or Tubbs pushed me. I am not sure which. But I found myself the next moment in the room, and gazing with fascinated amazement at a woman! She was beautiful; tall and slim, and gracious of presence, dowered with a wealth of soft, glistening hair, her face a rounded oval, in which were set eyes of incomparable brilliancy. Could this be my aged relative?

"Ask the hussy who she is," whispered Tubbs in my ear.

I couldn't. I knew who it was, and trembled. But mustering up my courage, I stepped forward and spoke.

"Did you sleep well, Aunt Euphrosyne?" I asked fatuously. "You look wonderfully well."

The lady shot a demure glance at me. "I feel very well," she answered.

I noticed that she had dressed herself in a stiff silk dress suitable for a stout lady of seventy-five; but even that could not rob her of her charm. The question arose in my mind at once: What was I to say to Tubbs? And if I did try to explain, it must be out of earshot of my rejuvenated aunt.

"Ah—er—that's good. I suppose you'll be down to breakfast?" I said hurriedly, and seizing Tubbs by the arm, drew her quickly from the room.

"Now, Tubbs," I said, when we were once more in the dining-room. "I see you don't understand the situation. You think the lady above is a complete stranger. Well, she isn't! She's your mistress and my aunt."

I could see that Tubbs regarded me as a liar of a peculiarly foolish kind.

"Then where's my mistress?" she asked coldly.

"She is there—upstairs. It's this way; a friend of mine sent me a bottle containing a potion which can make old people young. I—er—put some in my aunt's medicine last night; and, well, my aunt has gone back to her girlhood."

"I was just thinking you'd had something to do with a bottle," said the stubborn Tubbs. "That'll wear off in the course of a day, Master Horace. But

what I want to know is, where has your good aunt gone meantime, and what's that woman doing upstairs?"

"That lady is my Aunt Euphrosyne," I repeated miserably. "I swear she is, Tubbs. You'll get used to her in time."

"Never with my dying breath," said the faithful domestic. "Her an' me can't stay in the same house, Master Horace. She goes, or I goes. Such goings on isn't respectable or right."

"Look here, Tubbs!" I said, stung to bravery by her insinuation. "You can do as you like about that. If you don't believe my word, you can—er—do the other thing."

Tubbs did. She searched the house, to assure herself that I had not put my aunt in some place of concealment. Then she packed up her clothes, received her wages, and stalked out of the house without bidding me good-bye. I had to make the breakfast myself, and act as host to the charming lady who had been, and still was, I supposed, my dear Aunt Euphrosyne. Serious as it was, the situation had to be faced. If I kept to the house, the neighbours would talk. If I did not come out to explain the presence of a young and fascinating lady they would cover me with scandal. I must face my friends bravely, tell them of my relative's secret, and act as I had always done, the part of a devoted and attentive nephew. I explained this to my aunt at breakfast, though not without some difficulty. She did not believe me at first, but she was doubtful as to her own identity at the moment, and permitted me to persuade her. It was most awkward. She smiled at me so charmingly, and blushed so deeply when I spoke to her, that my own face grew scarlet, and my speech came haltingly and incoherently. We were just finishing breakfast when a note came from the vicar, whose servant waited outside for an answer.

The note was brief but startling. The vicar was having a garden-party sale in the vicarage grounds, and would be delighted if Miss Euphrosyne Briggs would consent to open the same.

I turned to my companion nervously. "Er—Aunt Euphrosyne, would you like to open a sale of work to-day for the vicar?"

"A garden-party sale, Horace?" She called me that now. "Of course I will, if you come with me. I need your support, you know."

"The vicar will be very grateful," I murmured. "Excuse me, and I'll tell the servant you are quite willing to assist."

I went to the waiting maid, and told

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her that my aunt would be pleased to accede to the vicar's request. I thought it better to add that my aunt had altered a good deal, but that I hoped the vicar would not be pained by the change in her appearance. The maid went off with the message. Ten minutes later she reappeared, with the vicar's compliments, and his hope that there was nothing seriously the matter with my aunt. I replied that there was not.

Now I began to regret having lost Tubbs. Obviously a fascinating young woman could not go out in the habiliments of seventy-five. And obviously I could not buy dresses for a young lady. I compromised by telephoning to a firm of dressmakers, asking them to send out a variety of dresses for a tall and slim young lady. In the end they managed to fit my youthful aunt, and at three o'clock the same afternoon we set out for the garden-party sale.

I am sorry to say that the vicar proved hopelessly narrow-minded. He was polite, but firm. He could not, and would not, accept the attractive figure in the hobble skirt as that of my benevolent and aged relative. He was a charitable man, however, and did not accuse me of having drunken deeply. A slight mental lesion was the view he took. He flatly refused to let Euphrosyne make a speech, and instead introduced her to the company as "Mr. Horace's young friend." The local doctor's wife opened the sale, and managed to get in a few words in praise of the medical profession.

Looking back upon it, I think the vicar was justified in his action. Euphrosyne behaved scandalously. First, she took the curate in hand, and they were found together in a deserted marquee, eating pink ices, and talking frivolously. The vicar's wife took them to task about it, and Euphrosyne was positively rude. But she went off later with another girl's fiancé, and left at least six long golden hairs on his sleeve. The vicar's churchwarden determined to inculcate some moral lessons, and interviewed her. We didn't see him again for half an hour, but when he reappeared he told us that he had been mistaken in his view of her.

I did not enjoy myself quite so much as Euphrosyne. Everybody wanted to know how my aunt was. I could see now that it would be inadvisable to explain that my aunt was at that moment making furious love to the curate. Then they wanted to know who my young friend was, and I was compelled to manufacture a pedigree for her. In fact, I manufactured several, but the details did not tally, and I got in a hopeless muddle. When I tore my aunt away from the scene of her frivolities I was the possessor of a ruined reputation, and the object of at least three separate scandals.

"You can't go on like this, aunt," I expostulated, going home. "You must remember your age."

"I can't," she giggled. "And I don't see what good it would do me if I could."

That evening I cabled to Surges. I beseeched him to send me something to restore my aunt to herself. The next day a cable came from his agent at Rivedo. Surges had vanished into the interior, and might not turn up for months. Just like him!

I crawled out of the house on the following morning, having turned the key on Euphrosyne for fear she should get into mischief. I felt ill, and incapable of managing a head-strong young woman with amorous proclivities. I met Barker near the station, and was catechised by him in the most rude manner.

"I say, old chap," he began, "why didn't you tell us?"

"What?" I asked crossly, and backed away from him.

"Why, that you'd got married, and set up house with your aunt. How do the three of you pull together, eh? I've been wondering."

"Oh, have you?" I sneered. "Well, keep it up. It won't do you any harm to think a bit."

"Don't get ratty," he said calmly. "I just heard of your marriage to-day."

"Can a man marry his aunt?" I asked, prying to leave him. "You think it over, Mr. Barker."

He was still thinking it over when I left him to turn homewards. It was very humiliating to me to see that my former intimates were of opinion that

my mentality had been sadly disturbed.

Even at home peace fled from me. I found Tubbs waiting on the doorstep, wearing her sourest expression. She wanted to know if she could see her mistress for a few minutes. I explained to her rather wearily that she had seen Aunt Euphrosyne some days ago, but refused to acknowledge her. She shook her head stubbornly, and delivered an ultimatum. If I did not produce my aunt in the flesh within the period of two days, she, Tubbs, would get the police to inquire into the matter. The more I protested the firmer she became. I was my aunt's heir; a will had been duly drawn in my favour. I explained that unless I could prove my aunt's death I could not inherit. Tubbs admitted that she knew nothing of such legal matters, but was going to see her old mistress, or know the reason why.

Then she went away. I am a mild man by nature, but I think it's just as well she did. I went upstairs and released Euphrosyne—to myself I never thought of calling her "Aunt"—and found her in a temper. She did not like being locked up, and to show her displeasure went out for a stroll. I heard afterwards that she waved her hand to several complete strangers. Anyway, when I went out to look for her, I met her coming down the street with Barker, and smiling into his face in a way that gave me quite discomfort. I cannot believe that my aunt's youth had been lived in this riotous fashion; it must have been the youth of the Aztec princess she had inherited.

Meantime I had my own problem to solve. Tubbs had given me two days' grace. At the end of that time I had to produce my aged aunt, or submit to an interview with the police. I could think of no drug which had such powers as that. I asked Euphrosyne about it, but she flatly refused to believe that she had ever been old. I begged of her, even prayed of her, that she would go back to her steady and benevolent old age. She laughed at me, and the hours passed.

I met the vicar on the following day, and he cut me dead. I swallowed my pride, followed and spoke to him. He turned a grave face upon me, and remarked that he had not now the pleasure of my acquaintance. I turned sadly away. When your own vicar cuts you there is no hope in man. I told Euphrosyne, but she laughed, and said the vicar was a cheerful old dunder-head, and not in the same street with the curate, who was quite a sport. I don't know where she picked up such dreadful slang.

The day and the hour came at last. A fat inspector and a thin constable walked up to the door and inquired for my aunt. I brought her down at once. The inspector shook his head. The lady he wished to see was seventy-five, and stout. Tubbs had given him a photograph, so he knew. I told him that Euphrosyne was the only aunt I had, and that I kept no other. He shook his head, and begged to be allowed to search the premises. Of course, I had no objection to that, and after he had gone through the rooms I gave him a spade and told him he could fossick in the garden. We have about an acre and a half, so it will take some time. As I write this I can hear them at it, and the fat inspector has lost weight, while his thin subordinate puts on muscle at an amazing rate. Meanwhile, Euphrosyne absolutely refuses to take her old shape.

Will no one help me? It shouldn't be difficult to get a recipe for turning young people into old. I shall be much obliged if any of those who read this will assist a suffering nephew burdened with a slightly aunt, apparently some years younger than himself. You might send it to the editor, marking the corner of the envelope, "Stray Aunt." I am sure he will see that the letter is forwarded.

The inspector has passed my window just now, and looked in at me. He has a cold eye, and I am beginning to be afraid of him. As I write this my hand begins to t—

HUNGARIAN JAVAS is the natural aperient water for travellers. The advantage is a wineglassful taken before breakfast. Nature herself has mingled its chief ingredients, sulphate of magnesium and sulphate of soda, in such liberal proportions that this water acts promptly without griping or other discomfort, and may be used for any length of time and at any period of life.

Hudson Maxim.

Continued from page 2.

for the manufacture of microscopic diamonds by electro-deposition.

He is the author of "The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language" published by Funk and Wagnalls, 1910. The work embraces an exhaustive treatise on the nature and use of sounds in language, and contains many important scientific discoveries in the constitution and dynamics of human speech.

From the foregoing one can easily appreciate what a hard worker and tireless thinker this man must be, and yet, aside from inventive labours, he has won acknowledgment as writer, critic, philosopher and sociologist. He is an effective public speaker, and is also a frequent contributor to the leading periodicals on a wide range of subjects.

Mr. Maxim has had a great many narrow escapes in his long experience as an inventor and manufacturer of explosive compounds. In the manufacture of explosives, even after the work has become thoroughly systematised and the duties of the workmen become routine, there is an inseparable element of considerable danger; but in pioneer inventive work and experimentation with explosive materials, the risk of life and limb is very much greater, for the reason that the experimenter is obliged to deal with unfamiliar compounds and unfamiliar reactions under unfamiliar circumstances.

The pathway of the inventor of explosive materials is like that of the vedettes of an army passing over a road planted with the torpedoes of the enemy. One becomes accustomed to the danger of explosives, Mr. Maxim says, just as a veteran soldier gets used to the dangers of battle; but it does not lessen the risk.

One day, seventeen years ago, at his powder works in New Jersey, Mr. Maxim was experimenting with a new fulminate compound, one of the most dangerous and deadly explosives known to science, when, owing to a little oversight, his left hand was blown off to the wrist.

At another time, at the same place, when one of his assistants was weighing out some of this dangerous material in the laboratory, an arm supporting the scoop of the scales gave way and a weight fell, striking within an inch of a quantity of fulminate which was piled on a piece of glass. Had the weight struck the glass, there would have been an explosion, and as there were ten pounds of fulminate in a jar standing on a bench, the explosion would certainly have had fatal results.

At another time, requiring some dry gun cotton for an experiment, and not finding a suitable vessel to put it in, he was delayed a few minutes until one should be cleaned. During those few minutes, the gun cotton house where he was going for the material blew up. At another time Mr. Maxim was conducting some experiments in throwing aerial torpedoes from a 4-inch cannon. These projectiles, charged with a high explosive, were fired into a sandbank one hundred yards distant. The line of fire being parallel with a line of railroad about one thousand feet away, no danger to the railroad was suspected. Several torpedoes had already been discharged and the gun was reloading when the whistle of a passing train was heard. The gun was fired, but the aerial torpedo, instead of striking into the bank and exploding, as the previous ones had done, glanced from the bank, mounted high in the air, and passed clear over the train into the swamp beyond, where it exploded with terrific force.

Once, when he was conducting some experiments with motorite, the combustion chamber exploded like a bombshell,

blowing the windows of the workshop into the street, while the walls were pierced the fragments in all directions. Mr. Maxim and his assistant, though both standing in the room at the time, escaped without a scratch.

A smoker is often unintentionally the cause of many a conflagration, the exploder of fire-damp in mines, and the cause of the blowing up of powder mills. No smoker and no one carrying matches is ever knowingly admitted into any powder mill or dynamite factory.

One occasion when Mr. Maxim confesses to have been thoroughly scared was when an intimate personal friend a habitual smoker, escaping the vigilance of guards and assistants, entered one of the buildings at Mr. Maxim's experimental works on Lake Hopatcong, with a lighted and partially consumed cigar in his mouth, having an inch of hot ashes and cinders on the end of it ready to drop off at the least jar. When Mr. Maxim caught sight of him he was standing over a large box containing fifty pounds of dry gun cotton, examining the material in his hand, and upon the same bench where the gun cotton rested were two other boxes filled with smokeless gunpowder, one hundred pounds in each. Mr. Maxim went up to the smoker, threw a cover over the box, and quietly asked him to please stand back a little. Then he told him what he had done, and the offender was so scared that he nearly fell to the floor.

The teacher in elementary mathematics looked hopefully about the room. "Now, children," she said, "I wish you to think very carefully before you answer my next question."

"Which would you rather have, three bags with two apples in each bag, or two bags with three apples in each bag?" asked the teacher.

"Three bags with two apples in each bag," said a boy in one of the last seats. While the class debated as to the best answer.

"Why, Paul?" asked the teacher. "Because there'd be one more bag to bust," announced the practical young mathematician.

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MAKUTU.

A STORY OF THE BLACK ART.

Specially written by JAMES COWAN, for the "Weekly Graphic."

THE story of the old-time Maori abounds in incidents of savage magic. The real Tohunga Maori is extinct, but the belief in "Makutu," or witchcraft, still lingers. Here is a modern and hitherto unwritten instance of the curiously persistent belief in the "black art." The particular interest of this illustration of makutu and its antidote lies in the fact that the incident was witnessed by a white man. It is also a remarkable instance of the survival of purely savage and heathen sacrament ceremonies up to the time of the present generation. The white man who witnessed the makutu rite was Kimble Bent, the pakeha-Maori, some of whose stirring bush adventures I have already narrated in the "Graphic." When in Wellington a few weeks ago he told me the story.

In the year 1870, Kimble Bent (Tunui-moa the Maoris called him, and still call him) had emerged from his exile in the Upper Patea forests, and was living with his Maori friends at the large native village of Taiporo henui, not far from the township of Hawera, Taranaki. It was one of the principal villages of the Ngati-Ruanui tribe; in that fighting savage clan Matangi-o-Rupe, Bent's chief and "owner," was a leading man. Bent had had to wife Rupe's daughter, a handsome girl named Te Hau-rutu-wai—"The Wind That Shakes the Raindrops-Down"; she was dead. The youngest child of the family at this time was a boy of about ten years old, named Whai-pakanga. Now this boy, at the time of our story, lay sick unto death. The family were pouri indeed, and were already thinking of making preparations for the tangi. Bent's own opinion was that his young brother-in-law had fever of some kind; beyond that he could say nothing.

As the boy lay there sick in a little wharan or hospital-shed, erected close to the entrance of Rupe's thatched whare-puni, a tohunga happened along. This tohunga was Hupini, the greatest sorcerer and warlock on the Plains. He was a very big medicine-man indeed. He was popularly accredited with dreadful occult powers; with the ability to kill an enemy, even though that enemy might be very far away, by the projection of will-power, and the hurling through space of his magic charms and spells. Killing by "wireless," in fact, Whaka-Maori. Hupini originally came from Wanganui. He was tattooed of face, sharp and glittering of eye; short and lean; between fifty and sixty years of age.

Hupini had not been long in the village before Rupe requested him to come and look at his sick boy. He suspected makutu, but he desired an authoritative diagnosis of the trouble from a professor of the sorcerer's dark trade. The tohunga gazed intently at the invalid in silence for some moments, watched anxiously by Rupe and his family. Presently he turned to Rupe and uttered two words, "Kua makutu-ria," he is bewitched.

"Hut," said Rupe; "I thought as much. But who can have done this murderous thing? I have no enemies in the kainga."

"Wait," said Hupini, impressively. "Wait. At sunrise to-morrow he will die with the boy. I shall return then, and I shall tell you the name of the man who has cast his evil spell upon your son. Remain you there, all of you."

Thus in his spear-headed walking-staff, the man of mystery left the Rupe household to digest his diagnosis at their leisure.

The sun had not set risen over the dark woods that fringed Timorokenui, on the following morning, when a little procession moved from Rupe's manuka-fenced courtyard and passed down the hillside to a small stream that flowed around the outskirts of the kainga. A way mist lay over the plains and the ferny hills. It was a slivry dawn.

The invalid, the turoro, was carried upon a rough litter by Rupe and his white man, Kimble Bent. Hupini, the tohunga, walked in front; his lips moved in a half-heard runic chant. Behind the turoro's litter walked Rupe's mother and her children. At such a scene as this only the immediate relatives of the sick one could be present. When the family reached the bank of the quiet little brook, slipping down through its ferns and overhanging shrubs, Hupini bade the bearers set the sufferer down. Then, watched in painfully intense silence by the little group, the wizard plucked from the centre of a clump of toetoe, or swamp-grass, three long shoots (rito).

Taking these toetoe shoots in his left hand, Hupini held them up in view of the watchers. Then he took one of them in his right hand, and raising it in the air, he said: "Tenei mo te iwi" ("This is for the tribe"), and stuck it in the ground, close by the margin of the stream. Taking the second rito, he cried: "Tenei mo te turoro" ("This is for the sick one"), and also stuck it upright in the soft ground. Uplifting the third toetoe stalk, the priest, addressing Rupe, said: "Tenei mo te tangata kino nana i hanga kino i te tamaiti nei" ("This is for the evil man who has wrought evil on your child"). This, also, he set in the ground.

And this is the powerful karakia, the incantation, he recited over the fatal rito:—

Toko koe te po,
Te po nui,
Te po roa,
Te po urimu,
Te po whawha,
Te po ka kitea,
Tenei toko ka tu,
Toko koe te ao,
Te ao nui,
Te ao roa,
Te ao whekerekere,
Te ao whatu ma,
He oti atu ki te ao!

Translated, this is what the wizard recited:—

This is the staff of Night (Death),
The great Night,
The long Night,
The gloomy Night,
The Night snatched away,
The Night beholden

(The tohunga has discovered the dark deeds of the "makutu"-worker).

Here stands this staff,
The staff for the light of Day,
The great Day,
The long Day,
The Day of lowering sky,

Thou'rt done forever with this world of light!

Turning to Rupe, the priest said: "The man who has bewitched your son is closely related to you. What shall I do with him?"

The father replied: "Tukua kia mate!" ("Let him die!")

Then said the tohunga, speaking as if to the actual form of the worker of witchcraft: "Haere ki to moenga roa me o kino!" ("Go to your long sleep, you and your evil deeds!")

The three toetoe stalks, now spoken of as toko or pou (staff, pillar), stood in a row by the stream-edge. A curious thing now happened. Just as the father had replied, "Let him die!" Kimble Bent's dog, which had followed the party down from the village, ran forward and pulled the third toko—the makutu-man's toko—out of the ground, and let it drop a few feet away. The priest did not interfere, but watched the dog with something like reverence in his eyes. Of a surety here was a sign!

The tohunga turned to Bent and said, "He atua to kuri! He atua ki a koe! Kia pai te atawhai i te tangata!" ("Your dog is a god! You, too, have a god! Be kind and harm not men!") He probably thought that the white man had a knowledge of the wiles of the evil eye, and so warned him to harm not his fellowmen.

More karakias, the medicine-man recited, in quick rhythmic tones. These dread invocations of the powers of evil ended, he took the tokos representing the invalid and the tribe from the ground, and going to a small tree which stood on the stream side he carefully laid them in its fork. They were tapu, and must not be allowed to lie about where anyone might unwittingly touch them. The toko pulled out of the ground by the pakeha-Maori's dog was allowed to lie where it was. Now, the tohunga, his eyes fixed and fearful to look upon, recited in quick sharp tones his final death-dealing incantation, the magic "Karakia whakamate." Its burden was: "Let this evil man, the worker of witchcraft, be destroyed, be utterly destroyed." Let him go unto the Night, the Great Night, the Long Night, the Night of Black Darkness! And the wizard ended on a long breath with a quick forward jerk of his hand, and his glassily set eyes projected until they almost seemed to start out of his head. Now, the tattooed priest resumed his ordinary air and tone, and said to Rupe: "Carry the boy back to your home. He will recover now. Before many days you will hear more news."

The Rupe household, tapu dog and all, returned to their kainga.

They entered their house, and Hupini, following them in, carefully closed the sliding door and window. Then, bending over the invalid, he recited this short prayer:—

"I unuhia a Nuku
I unuhia a Rangi,
Maunutanga,
Maretetanga,
O tenei taurira
O tenei ariki."

The purport of this karakia was:—
"Release the evil spirit from this sufferer, O Spirits of the Earth! Release this evil spirit, O Spirits of the Sky! Let the evil fly from him, let it be cast from him, from the body of this sacred one, of this chief!"

Then, going outside the house, the medicine-man scooped up a handful of earth, and cast it on to the thatched roof. This was the final act of the mystic ritual.

Behold the sequel! The boy began to recover fast, and in a few days was well. Faith had worked wonders. As for the enemy who had—according to Hupini—wrought the evil deed, Nemesis, in the form of the Maori Whiro, was on his trail. Hupini had told Rupe his name; it was that of a relation of his who lived at Parihaka, and who had some reputation as a tohunga and a caster of spells. In a week news came from Parihaka that this man was dead. Of what did he die? It depends upon your point of view, pakeha or Maori. If pakeha, it may have been typhoid or influenza, or measles, or "jealousy" that carried him off. Ko wai e mohio! Who can tell? But in the mind of Rupe and his household—and also in that of the saturnine tohunga—there was no doubt whatever as to the cause of death. It was a clear case of Makutu countering makutu, of a superior tapu slaying an inferior one, of curses recoiling upon the curser, of the bitter bit.

"The man recovered from the bite,
The dog it was hat died."

There are a few questions that occur to one just here. Did Hupini have a delicate hint conveyed to the Parihaka practitioner of the black art that he (Hupini) had "put the something on him"? If so, did the First Wizard have nothing up his sleeve, so to speak, no superior tohunga that he could call in to put the counter on Hupini in return? Did the First Wizard die of sheer fright at having been solemnly cursed back by the Second Wizard? Or did he die unwitting the cause of his seizure, the fatal projection of Hupini's vengeance-working will through space, the victory of mind over matter? Or was it just a coincidence—our material way of shrugging away anything we don't happen to understand? Again—who can tell?

The subsequent history of the makutu'd and makutu-cured boy, Whai-pakanga may as well be told to complete the story. When he was about seventeen years old he took a young girl as wife, and lived with her at the Waitara. At eighteen he died. His wife, greatly grieving, resolved not to long survive her husband. She brewed an infusion of the leaves of the tutu and Wharangi shrubs—a deadly poison, well known to the Maori. Drinking this, she died in a very few hours. And Whai-pakanga and his girl-wife were buried in the one grave.

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All leading Chemists, or direct, post free, from the Valaze Depot, City Chambers, Queen-street, Auckland; or Mlle. Helena Rubinstein, Maison Valaze, Brandon-street, Wellington.

A Show of Hands

Up they go.
Now look at them.
Some are large, others small, some are smooth, others coarse, some are pretty, others—
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The Safety of an Empire.

By J. MCRTON LEWIS.

VERULAM and I were seated in the dining-room of our little flat. We had just returned from a fortnight in the country. For nearly a month we had been idle; the Secret Service had not required us.

Verulam fretted at the enforced idleness; his passion for music, which he had indulged to the utmost, did not prevent him suffering from ennui.

The mantle of peace had spread over Europe; a diminutive war in the Balkans had been suppressed in its infancy, and no storm-clouds threatened. It was idyllic, perhaps, but it did not please Verulam.

"It is unnatural," he grumbled to me. Half an hour later events proved the truth of his words.

The gas had just been lit when our maid entered with a message.

A gleam lit up my chief's face as he tore open the envelope. It was from Lord Farquharson, the Foreign Secretary. Verulam read it though, and then wrote a hasty reply.

"I am going to the Foreign Office," he said, when we were alone. "We are wanted again."

He always coupled our names together—indeed, we seldom acted independently. In a couple of hours he had returned. "We must pack our bags at once," he said. "We catch the midnight boat-train from Liverpool Street."

"Where for?" I asked. "Villeshadt—the millennium has not yet come."

There was a lightness in his step, an exuberance about his manner as he preceded me into the bedroom.

In half an hour we were ready. Verulam stood in our dining-room and lighted a cigar.

"Ten o'clock," he said; "we shall have time to go to Vernon's and get some dinner."

Over the meal he was unusually silent; indeed, he hardly spoke a word until we were seated in our carriage and the train had commenced to steam out of Liverpool Street.

He drew up the windows, lighted a cigarette, after passing me his case, then settled himself on the seat.

"I told you," he said, "that the outlook was too calm. The Foreign Office have had a code letter from Mauville Scott at Magenna, saying that information has come to his ears which leads him to suppose that there is a coalition amongst certain of the Powers, and that the end in view is a war against England."

Verulam smiled. "We are to be annihilated, and our possessions divided amongst them. The Emperor of Sannubia is the cause of all the trouble. Sannubia has a growing population, and the Emperor's eyes are set upon India. In three days' time there is a secret conference at Magenna; representatives of the acting Powers will be present—"

Verulam paused. "And we are to find out their plans."

"Why not Manville Scott?" I asked.

"Because he is dead. He was found in one of the back streets of Magenna yesterday, stabbed."

"Because he knew too much?"

Verulam flicked the ash off his cigarette.

"Yes, and we must find out ten times more than he ever knew."

The first rays of a July morning were breaking as we embarked at Harwich. Sixteen hours later we drew alongside the quay at Villeshadt.

"We have only an hour in which to catch the train to Magenna," said Verulam. "We must have breakfast on board."

The streets of Villeshadt were breaking into life as we drove through them. Once our cab was stopped by a herd of cattle en route for the market. Another time Verulam drew my attention to the figure of a priest whom we overtook; he was a tall, handsome man with iron-grey hair, which curled away from his forehead.

"That is Father Adolphe Leinemann," said Verulam. "I hope he has not seen me, for we have met before—"

"Not as friends," I suggested. Verulam smiled.

"He is the cleverest man in Sannubia,

and the most dangerous. If he wanted to, he could tell us all that we have come to find out."

Leaning back in the shadow of the carriage, Verulam watched Father Leinemann.

"A priest who meddles with politics is a creation of the Devil," he observed.

On reaching the station I hurried to the booking-office and procured a couple of first-class tickets for Magenna, while Verulam had a compartment reserved.

The train was a slow one, taking twenty hours to accomplish the journey. Throughout the whole time Verulam fretted and fumed. The responsibility of the expedition worried him.

"We have exactly twenty-eight hours," he said, as we drew into Magenna station. "By eight o'clock to-morrow night we must have got the information and be ready to leave."

"Have you any plans?" I asked. "None."

He beckoned to the driver of a carriage and directed him to drive to a certain hotel in the Koln Strasse. It was a small hotel where we had stopped before. The proprietor knew Verulam, and he was a man who could be trusted to keep silence.

He bowed gravely as we entered the hall.

"You will occupy your usual rooms, m'sieu?" he said to Verulam.

"Yes," replied my chief, "and I will have a strong cup of tea prepared at once."

The manager bowed, and Verulam smiled as he hurried away.

"It is a good thing that Gustave is French," he said. "I always trust a Frenchman in Sannubia, just as I trust a Sannubian in France."

We walked upstairs behind the porter bearing our luggage.

Entering the sitting-room, Verulam flung himself down in an easy-chair before the open window which looked upon the Koln Strasse.

For an hour he sat there in silence, only moving once when the tea was brought in. He motioned to me to pour it out.

"No—no milk, thanks," he said, in response to my inquiries.

When he rose he went into the bedroom which had been reserved for our use.

How long he was absent I do not know; it was only a few minutes when the door opened and a typical Sannubian farmer entered.

I rose to expostulate with him, when the countryman smiled, and, despite the disguise, I recognised Verulam.

"To-day is the free day for going over the Chamber of Deputies," he explained, "and I take a great interest in the Chamber of Deputies."

I looked at him for a further explanation.

"It is there they are holding this conclave to-morrow," he said.

"You do not want me to go with you?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"I want you to remain here. We have been recognised. Kruezel has half a dozen men watching this hotel. I do not know when I shall see you again. But I shall manage to get into communication with you. We can act better apart. You here; I—wherever fate takes me." He held out his hand.

"Good luck!" he said, with a cheery laugh. The next moment he had vanished from the room.

All that night, until long past midnight, I sat up waiting for him. I went to bed, leaving strict instructions that any message was to be brought to me at once.

At breakfast time next morning I had heard nothing. All the day, until nearly tea-time, I sat in our sitting-room, smoking, and reading, doing anything I could to pass away the time. The hours dragged wearily by; every passing step I fancied was a message, or perhaps Verulam himself.

Whilst I was sitting down to a solitary tea, wondering what had happened to him, a waiter entered bearing a letter. It was from Verulam, scribbled on a half-sheet of paper:

Am succeeding beyond my expectations. Go as soon as you get this to the Winter Gardens. Leave the hotel

as openly as possible, so that anyone watching it may see you and have time to follow. In the gardens, by the central fountain, you will see a Frenchman looking at the statue of Venus. He will be there about seven. He is a tall, fair man, with a cast in his left eye. Engage him in conversation for a few minutes, on some pretext or other, but be careful; he will not know you. If you can pretend to make some notes whilst you are with him, so much the better. Then drive to the station and book a couple of seats in the night express to Villeshadt. Have our bags taken to the station. I will meet you there, just before the train starts.

H. R. VERULAM.

It was six o'clock when I had finished tea. I waited half an hour, then walked leisurely to the Winter Gardens, and took up a position where I could see the central fountain and the statue to which Verulam had referred.

The gardens were almost deserted. A few minutes before seven I saw a man walk up to the statue and stand looking at it.

Coming nearer, I saw he had a cast in his left eye.

Walking up to him, I inquired the way to the Koln Strasse.

The Frenchman turned sharply round. "I am sorry," he said; "I cannot direct you. I am stranger here myself."

For a few moments I engaged him in conversation, and we fell to discussing the gardens and the statue.

"It is an exquisite piece of work," I said. Taking a note-book from my pocket, I commenced a rough sketch.

A little later he left me. He had not gone many yards when I saw a couple of men emerge from behind a bush and follow him.

As they passed by me one of them touched me on the shoulder.

"You are not allowed to make drawings here," he said. "I must ask you for that book."

"And why?" I asked.

He was dressed in the blue dress of the Sannubian gendarmierie.

"It is against the rules," he said. "You must give me that book."

I handed it to him with a shrug of the shoulders. There was nothing in it except the rough drawing I had made.

He looked through the pages quickly, glanced at me in surprise, then hurried away to overtake his companion.

Leaving the Winter Gardens, I hailed a carriage, drove to the station, and took the two tickets for Villeshadt.

Then I hurried back to the hotel, packed our bags, and had them sent as Verulam had ordered.

It was then half-past seven, and the train started at ten o'clock. Sitting down before the window of our sitting-room, I fell to wondering what part the unknown Frenchman had played in Verulam's plan.

At nine o'clock I paid our bill, and was politely bowed out of the hotel by the dapper little Frenchman, Gustave.

Walking leisurely to the station, I had a compartment reserved, knowing that Verulam would have a lot to say to me on the journey, and would want to travel alone.

Barely a minute before the train started he came hurrying along the platform.

He jumped into the carriage with a smile.

"You have succeeded?" I said, as the train began to move.

"Yes," he replied, and drew out his cigar-case; "but I am dog-tired. I have not had a second's sleep since I saw you yesterday."

"Where have you been?"

"In one of the pieces of armour which adorn the Chamber of Deputies," he replied with a smile. "The armour which once bore Ludwig the Great bore an insignificant member of His Majesty's Government last night and the major portion of to-day. And, my goodness! I would not go through last night again—the Chamber of Horrors in Baker Street is nothing in comparison. I couldn't leave the confounded armour to stretch myself the whole night through, because the Chamber is patrolled every hour or so."

"And how did you get in?"

"For an hour after sunset the hall is left unguarded. I managed to hide whilst the people were being cleared out. The rest was easy. One of the Secret Service men came this morning in disguise, and I handed your letter to him through the vizor. You have done your part. I see!"

"Yes, but the Frenchman?" I asked. Verulam smiled.

"An innocent pawn in the game. I

saw when I left yesterday that our hotel was watched. And all the way to the Chamber of Deputies I was trying to think out how I could divert suspicion from ourselves. Fate threw the Frenchman in my path. He is an innocent little man who had come on a holiday to see Magenna. I advised him to see the Winter Gardens, and especially the statue of Venus. Apparently he took my advice."

"He did," I replied.

"I expect he has been arrested. I only hope he has been able to prove his innocence. I hate to cause anyone inconvenience; but the safety of the British Empire may rest on what we do during the next three days. I have sent Lord Farquharson a long code telegram to his private address, so that it may reach him safely, and asked him to send the Queen to meet us in the roads at Villeshadt to-morrow night."

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Gibraltar. If the Emperor of Sannubia has his way, Gibraltar will be blown sky-high on Sunday night. To-day is Tuesday, so we have plenty of time. There is a weak spot in the foundation of the Rock, and a small Sannubian torpedo-boat will leave Villeshadt on Thursday with a consignment of powder large enough to blow the British Isles out of the water. They will creep in under cover of night—it is only a very small vessel—and lay a mine."

"And you are going to prevent it?"

"That all depends on what Lord Farquharson says in his reply to my telegram. Captain Willoughby will bring the answer on the Queen."

Verulam threw his cigar out of the window and lay down full length on the seat.

"I have done a good day's work, and I am tired," he said with a smile. He closed his eyes and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

We had been travelling for nearly ten hours when he awoke. He looked out of the window at the landscape bathed with the early sun, and yawned.

"Ah! a few minutes and we shall be at Gotten. How confoundedly slow this train is!"

"You know this line well?" I said.

"Thanks to the number of times the Emperor of Sannubia enforces me to traverse it every year. It will be a good thing for England when that illustrious monarch is gathered to his forefathers."

Eight hours later we steamed into Villeshadt station. Verulam glanced at the clock, the hands of which pointed to midday.

"At any rate, we are punctual," he said. "To-night, at ten o'clock the Queen should be outside the harbour."

"Then we must hire a boat to go out to her!" I observed.

"I made all the arrangements from Magenna," answered Verulam in his quiet way. "So there remains nothing for us to do but rest—"

We walked through the streets to an hotel. Verulam chose one in a quiet little street near the market-place. During his career experience had taught him the safest hotels for a member of the Secret Service to frequent, and they were generally the most unpretentious.

The landlord greeted him as an old customer, one to whom deference was due.

In less than an hour from our arrival at Villeshadt we were sitting down to a luncheon of cold chicken.

When it was over, Verulam flung himself down on a couch.

"You must call me when it is time for us to start," he said.

"I had no need to. At half-past eight he opened his eyes, then rose.

"We had better be going," he said.

The quay was deserted save for a couple of men who stood near the custom house; a few yards' deviation from our path took us past them; then Verulam walked to the end of the jetty and whistled softly.

In answer a quickly-veiled green light showed itself some twenty feet beneath us.

"Is that you, Branson?" said Verulam in a low voice.

"Yes, sir," came the answer.

"Stand by—we are coming down!" Verulam turned to me. "We must be careful going down the ladder. It runs perpendicularly down the side. Follow me." He stepped over the side, and in a few seconds disappeared from sight. I saw him enter the boat, and then followed.

"Has the Queen arrived yet?" he asked, as we sat in the stern of the boat.

"Haven't seen her yet."

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"Haven't seen her yet."

ENGAGEMENTS.

No notice of Engagements or Marriages can be inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person with Full Name and Address.

The marriage takes place in the first week in March of Mr. Noel Gray Frere, Assistant District Commissioner, Siesta Leone, third son of the Rev. Hugh Cowie Frere, rector of Royden, formerly of Waikouaiti, Otago, and Miss Agnes Barbara Sunderland, second daughter of the late John William Sunderland, R.N., of Swarhamoor, Poverty Bay, and of Mrs. Sunderland Graffham Pelworth, Sussex.

The engagement has lately been announced of Miss Dorothy Ward, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs. F. Thos. Ward, Claybrook-road, Parnell, to Mr. Percy Maude, Deborah, Oamarn.

The engagement is announced of Miss Serena Rogers, second daughter of Mr A. Rogers, and Mr E. Stace, son of Mr H. Stace, Robin Hood Bay, Marlborough.

The engagement is announced of Miss Teresa O'Connor, daughter of Mr Maurice O'Connor (Wellington), to Mr Cyril George Collins, Government Audit Inspector at Auckland, son of Colonel R. J. Collins (Wellington).

The engagement is announced of Mr. Walter Holdsworth Warren, Wellington, to Miss Mason, of Makeraua.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ivy Hill, Kelburne House, Oriental Bay, to Mr George Guise, son of Mr C. H. Guise, of Wellington.

Announcement is made of an engagement between Miss Ina Gow, daughter of Mrs Gow, Hawkestone-street, Wellington, to Mr Stephens, son of the late Dean of Chichester.

The engagement is announced of Miss Agnes Seager, daughter of Mr and Mrs A. Seager, Wellington, to Mr J. Domesy, of the Lower Hutt, Wellington.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hilda Blundell, only daughter of Mr Arthur Blundell, of Dunedin (formerly stock inspector in Wanganui), to Mr Kane, of Arrowtown, Otago.

darkness so intense that we could not see the approaching vessel, though at the last we could hear the wash caused by her screws.

Once more the flashlight was thrown across the water. We were only a couple of hundred yards from the Tongster, and could see the men upon her decks.

The flashlight went out again. "Now!" said Captain Willoughby. There was a second's tension, then a sickening crash, and the Queen shivered from end to end. For a second we remained stationary, while the cries from those on the Tongster were borne to our ears.

Then we slowly commenced to plough our way through the mass of rending metal.

A moment and we were clear. We had cut the Tongster in half amidships. As our flashlight played on the scene we could hear the cries of those in the water.

Only for a moment did we stop, then Captain Willoughby altered his course, and we steamed full-speed ahead for Gibraltar.

We had not gone far when there was a deafening explosion. The Tongster's boilers had exploded.

"That is the last of the Tongster," said Captain Willoughby.

The Emperor of Saubia's plot had failed, and Gibraltar was saved.

Three days later the papers contained an account of the sinking of the Saubian torpedo-boat Tongster, with all hands, in the Mediterranean.

Verulam and I were seated in the dining-room of our boat.

"According to the account, the Tongster was run down by an unknown steamer. The man in the street does not hear everything," observed Verulam.

URIC ACID CAUSES RHEUMATISM.—Do you suffer from Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel or Lumbago? Excess Uric Acid in your blood is the cause of the trouble. BILMO drives out this excess and quickly cures the sufferer. All chemists and stores, 2/6 and 4/4.

Orange Blossoms.

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

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.

LEE—BROOKS.

QUIET but exceedingly pretty wedding was solemnised in St. Andrew's Anglican Church, Cambridge, when Miss Jessie J. Brooks, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs. F. Brooks, of "Jeasmond," Cambridge, was married to Mr. W. Lee, second son of Mr. John Lee, of Te Kuiti, and late of Wellington. The bride looked charming in a lovely white satin chameuse, made very simply with a tunic opening at the side and bordered with lace insertion; the bodice was in the Magyar style, with yoke and undersleeves of tuck net and trimmed with lace, and a silk girde finishing the bodice. She wore a wreath and veil and carried an exquisite shower bouquet, which completed a charming toilet. Her bridesmaids were her sister (Miss Gertrude Brooks), who wore white embroidered muslin frock and a white crinoline straw hat, the brim edged with black and trails of small pink roses, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet of pink roses; Miss Lee (sister of the bridegroom) was the other bridesmaid, and she wore a white embroidered muslin and blue and white straw hat, trimmed with white, and carried a shower bouquet of cornflowers and other white flowers. There were also two tiny maids—Mary Edson (cousin of the bride), wearing a white muslin frock with pink ribbons and white hat trimmed with pink and a basket of pink flowers, and Jean Priestley, who wore a white muslin with blue ribbons and a white hat with blue trimmings, and carried a basket of flowers. The bridegroom was supported by his brother (Mr. W. Lee) and Mr. John F. Brooks (brother of the bride) was groomsmen. The Ven. Archdeacon Willis was the officiating clergyman. The service was choral, Mr. Hartley presiding at the organ. The happy couple left by motor-car to join the train at Frankton, en route to Whangarei, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride's travelling dress was a cream serge Norfolk coat and skirt and large white hat with trails of tiny pink roses. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold muff chain, and to the bridesmaids gold bar brooches set with rubies and diamonds, and to the tiny maids smaller gold brooches. The wedding presents were numerous and costly.

Mrs. Brooks (mother of the bride) was wearing a lovely gown of reseda grey paillette silk, trimmed with Oriental trimming of the same shade, and a smart black and silver bonnet with black plume and mauve flowers; Mrs. Lee (mother of the bridegroom), handsome black silk gown and white crinoline straw toque, trimmed with black tulle and black plumes; Miss Brooks (step-sister of the bride), a very pretty pale blue spotted silk foulard with white lace yoke and undersleeves and very smart black tagel straw with high crown, white lace feathers and pink roses at the side; Miss Lee, blue voile, cream lace yoke, and white hat with mauve flowers; Miss Collins (Auckland), white and black coat and skirt and small white "Pierott" hat trimmed with black; Miss Garlick (Auckland), white embroidered muslin and large biscuit-coloured hat trimmed with Oriental trimming and grasses; Mrs. Wilfred Harbutt (Te Rore), pale blue silk with white lace yoke and undersleeves, and white erinoline hat with pale blue ribbon bows; Mrs. Edson, mauve silk gown with cream tuck net yoke and sleeves, and black toque trimmed with lilacs; Mrs. Priestley, cream gown and pale blue toque; Miss Hodgson (Pirongia), mauve muslin and large reseda green hat trimmed with green ribbon; Miss Badger, pretty grey voile with white lace yoke and undersleeves, and large hat with trails of red currants on the crown and a bunch of chrysanthemums at the side; Mrs. Willis, handsome black silk and black scarf, green bonnet with pink flowers; Miss Willis, white linen coat and skirt, and white erinoline straw hat with white satin bows; Miss C. Willis, white embroidered muslin frock and large white hat with white satin ribbon bows.

STOREY—PRIMROSE.

A wedding of considerable local interest was celebrated at St. Peter's Church, Hamilton, last week, Arthur James Storey, second son of Mr C. J. Storey, of Te Awamutu, being married to Isabella Kate Primrose, eldest daughter of Mr John Primrose, of Claudelands. The ceremony was performed by the vicar, Rev. Cowie, in the presence of a large number of friends of the bride and bridegroom. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very becoming in an elegant trained gown of white embroidered silk, with flowing veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and was carrying a lovely shower bouquet. Miss Primrose, sister of the bride, was maid of honour, and wore a soft grey crystal-line dress, and white hat trimmed with pink roses, and carried a lovely shower bouquet. The groomsmen was Mr Allan Storey, brother of the bridegroom.

The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome cheque, and to the bridesmaid a gold wristlet watch. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at "Waipua," the home of the bride's parents, where the usual speeches were made and toasts honoured.

The happy couple left by motor-car for their honeymoon tour, the bride wearing a grey tailor-made costume, with hat to match.

Freakish Weather.

Some sections of the Eastern States, New York included, have been revelling in what the newspapers call a "heat wave," writes the New York correspondent of the London "Telegraph," in mid-December. People are not dropping in the streets with exhaustion as in midsummer, he continues, but until today thousands of Americans who usually year for coats in December were promenading Broadway in summer attire, and at Coney Island hundreds of bathers declared that the sea water was "just fine." Low shoes and "peekaboo" blouses are displayed by young women and girls, and in the suburbs buttercups and dandelions are blossoming. The temperature was 67deg., and should have been about 39deg. According to tradition sleigh bells should be jingling, children tobogganing, and open fires roaring less than two weeks before Christmas, but all that has been changed by the exhibition of weather which is well described as "freakish." A week ago a baby blizzard swept over the State of New York, but was succeeded very soon by a warm spell, which has been without example for the last forty years. In a few days probably Americans in the Eastern States will be shivering with cold. Neither low temperatures nor high temperatures are considered of great account, but lightning transitions from one extreme to the other are the reverse of healthy. On the other hand, Americans usually clothe themselves so sensibly, according to the requirements of the day, and buildings are heated so scientifically, that the discomforts, great as they are, are now reduced to a minimum.

Miss Green on America.

Hetty Green, America's richest woman, now a septuagenarian, confessed that since she passed the Biblical age her views on America have been deeply tinged with pessimism. "There's no honesty nowadays," she declared. "The country's money mad. Wholesale thievery is going on everywhere, and the American people are willing to do anything for money. Worse than this dishonesty, however, is the shocking condition of American homes. There are no homes in New York any longer. Women spend all their time and money on clothes and amusements, and let the homes take care of themselves. They feed their husbands and children on tinned food. The husbands get angry then there is a row, divorce; or if there is no divorce the husbands get sick of tinned food and die."

"She will stop by the buoy on the two-mile-limit. Steer for there."

"Yes, sir," responded Branson.

There were three men rowing and the sea was calm. In a few moments we saw the hull of the torpedo-destroyer loom out of the darkness.

Verulam clutched my arm.

"There she is!" he said.

He bailed her as we drew alongside. The vessel showed no lights, and was in darkness save for the sparks which spurted out from her four funnels.

"Is that Mr. Verulam?" replied a voice out of the darkness.

"Yes, Captain Willoughby!"

"Good," replied the voice.

"You have a letter for me from Lord Farquharson?" said Verulam when we were on board.

"Yes," replied Captain Willoughby. "I'll get the boat out to sea, beyond the guardboats. Then we'll go down to my cabin and I'll give it to you."

He put the indicator to full-speed ahead. We felt the vessel tremble beneath us, then leap forward.

For half an hour we stood on the bridge, dashing into the darkness, while the water churned over our bows.

Then Captain Willoughby called up the first officer to take charge.

"We'll go into my cabin now," he said.

We followed him down the ladder to his cabin. Then he unlocked a safe, and drew from it a long blue envelope.

Verulam tore it open and read the letter inside, which he handed to the captain.

"By God!" said Captain Willoughby, as he mastered the contents. "And they are going to try and blow up Gibraltar with the ships inside! Seven of our finest cruisers sent to glory if they succeed!"

"But they won't," said Verulam, with a gentle smile.

"No, they won't," responded Captain Willoughby. "It will have to be done very carefully, though."

Seventy-two hours later the Queen steamed past the Mole into the inner harbour of Gibraltar, and Verulam and I went straight to the Governor's house. "I have heard of you, Mr. Verulam," said Sir Charles Selcott, "and now you have come to our assistance."

"You have heard?" said my chief.

"I had a special despatch from Lord Farquharson yesterday afternoon. It was brought to me in the Alexandra, the sister-ship to the Queen. And so Captain Willoughby is going to meet the Tongster in mid-ocean!"

"Yes," replied Verulam.

At ten o'clock next night a small crowd had gathered on the quay at Gibraltar, a dozen men at the utmost, but they represented the military and political life on the Rock. In the harbour lay the Queen, smoke belching from her four chimneys, her decks cleared.

Sir Charles Selcott was talking to Captain Willoughby and Verulam.

"And if they get by you, they will never enter the Straits. A dozen guardboats will be there."

"They will not get past the Queen," said Captain Willoughby in a hard voice.

Sir Charles looked round.

"It is dark," he said.

"Yes," replied Captain Willoughby; "an ideal night for them and for us, Mr. Verulam, are you ready?"

We stepped aboard the Queen. Captain Willoughby mounted the bridge.

There was a tinkle of a bell, the anchor was drawn up, and we moved slowly away from the harbour.

Carefully we picked our way amidst the shipping. Once past the Mole, Captain Willoughby put the engines to half-speed ahead.

In the open sea the weather became more rough; great foam-flecked breakers broke against the sides of the vessel. A heavy wind had arisen and whistled against our stacks.

The Queen was in darkness save for her flashlight, with which we searched the water.

"The Tongster will not come for another hour yet, and then she will come from there." The captain pointed to the north.

For an hour we cruised round, then our flashlight picked out a small speck in the distance bearing down upon the Rock. For a moment it was focussed upon the approaching vessel while Captain Willoughby examined it through his glasses.

"That is the Tongster," he said, "and she is steaming twenty-six knots."

He altered our course somewhat, and put the indicator to full-speed ahead.

For a few moments we sped on in a

Society Gossip.

Special to the "Graphic."

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor desires to draw the attention of occasional contributors of any items to the Society Gossip columns that name and address must be given with copy, otherwise any such communication cannot be 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.

January 27.

Mining Picnic.

THE Directors of the Waihi-Paeroa Gold Extraction Company gave the most delightful picnic on Wednesday. We left Auckland at 7.15 in the morning on board the Wakatere, which had been chartered for the occasion. The morning was grey and still, and it was simply delightful steaming down the harbour. About nine o'clock we had morning tea, which was most welcome, because most of us had only a scratch breakfast. We had the Bavarian Band on board, whose music we all enjoyed, the "Chocolate Soldier" being in great request. About half-past eleven we reached Koho, where a special train was waiting to convey us to Paeroa, travelling through such pretty country. Coaches were waiting for us at the Paeroa station, which we boarded, and I am sure we must have wakened up the town as we clattered through. A large number of men elected to walk, for, though the road to the works is about two and a-half miles, there is a short cut which only takes about 15 minutes. Upon arrival at the huge pile of buildings erected by the company we were met by Mr. and Mrs. Atkin, who is general manager, and Mr. Banks (engineer) and Mrs.

Banks. Flags were flying, and the place looked so pretty with prettily decorated lunch tables, laid under the apple and fig trees on the bank of the river. And here we sat and enjoyed our luncheon, at the conclusion of which Mr. Kingswell gave us an outline of this huge concern, giving special praise to the engineer (Mr. Banks) and Mr. Atkin (general manager) for the immense amount of work that had been got through in time for our visit. A most interesting inspection of the whole process followed, under the guidance of Mr. Atkin. Most of us went for a drive up the river to see the huge deposits of sand, and upon our return we had afternoon tea under the trees. There must have been well over two hundred people present at this time. We had brought our band along with us, much to the delight of a large number of Maoris, who, dressed in their best, gave a picturesque touch to the scene. "All aboard" was the next cry, and away we went to the station, and soon reached Koho, where the Wakatere was waiting, and, after making a somewhat sketchy toilette, we heard the welcome bang of the gong, and down we went into the saloon, which during our absence had been transformed into a bower of flowers with ribbons festooned from side to side, and, what was most important to us, the tables were laden with good things to eat, and as we were awfully hungry you

can imagine we had a good time. Mr. Kingswell made a short speech, and we all drank his health with musical honours. The Hon. Seymour Thorne George also spoke, but this was all the speeches, as there were lots of hungry ones waiting outside for a second relay. The weather was so calm that even those who "always" feel ill on board—you know, the sort who feel ill when they go to a shipping office to book a passage—were quite perky and bright, so we sat on deck listening to the seductive strains of some well-known waltz. A few energetic ones were lured on to have a "turn or two," but for the most we were content to sit still, and by the time the Auckland wharf was reached—nearly midnight—we were a tired but happy crew. While the boat was coming up to the wharf we sang "Auld Lang Syne"; "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" for Mr. Kingswell, and, indeed, he had been, because he seemed to be in charge of everything, and not one single thing went amiss from start to finish. He was a most delightful host, ably assisted by Mrs. Kingswell and Mr. and Mrs. Duthie. "God Save the King" brought our seventeen hours' pleasure to an end, and we tumbled into cabs and motors and off for home. There were about 150 guests on board, mostly men, and about thirty ladies, among whom were: Mrs. Kingswell, who wore a coat and skirt of coarse linen in a pretty shade of heliotrope, faced with black, a cream hat wreathed with shaded heliotrope flowers; Mrs. Duthie wore a natural-coloured Shantung coat and pleated skirt, black hat with shaded stocks on it, and a blue veil; Mrs. Atkin-Carrick, dark blue cloth coat and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Coates (Wellington) wore black cloth and a black and white hat; Mrs. Nelson wore a grey coat and skirt and black toque with flowers on it; Mrs. Buckleton, dark blue coat and skirt, cream hat with grasses and flowers; Mrs. Somers wore rather a bright shade of blue coat and skirt and a sage blue straw hat with bows of strip-

ed ribbon; Mrs. Greig, grey lustre coat and skirt, hat to match; Miss Molly Cooper (Dannevirke), blue cloth, black hat; Mrs. D. Isaacs, cream Shantung frock with touch of black and a hat to match; Mrs. Holgate wore blue linen and a black hat; Mrs. E. Russell, tweed coat and skirt, cream hat with black bows; Mrs. Edmunds, blue cloth coat and skirt, black charmeuse hat with white lace; Mrs. Palmer, cream Shantung coat and skirt with touches of black, cream and black hat; Miss Stackpool, dark blue coat and skirt, black hat veiled with white lace; Miss Burgess, cream coat and skirt and cream hat; Miss — Burgess, white broderie Anglaise frock over palest pink, vieux rose coat and hat to match; Miss Hartland wore a grey coat and skirt and black hat; Miss Nellie Waller, black and white check coat and skirt, black hat with large bows of creazz lace; Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Clifton, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Lightbrand, Miss King.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Horton and their family left on Friday for Taupo, where they are to camp. Miss Marjorie Towle is to be their guest for a fortnight.

Mrs. L. Harvey (nee Martin) is at present in Auckland with her husband (Mr. L. Harvey, S. Africa). They are the guests of Mrs. Harvey's parents (Mr. and Mrs. Martin).

Although not altogether unexpected, the passing away of Mrs. A. I. Johns (which took place at her residence at Devonport in the early part of last week) was inevitably sad. Too high a tribute cannot be paid to her unusually beautiful disposition, and also to the wonderfully bright and happy manner in which her long illness was borne. To Mr. Johns and the two little motherless children is extended the sympathy of their many friends.

PHYLIS BROWN.

W. B. CORSETS

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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.

It forms a perfect foundation for either the plain tailored costume or the more elaborate gown.

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WELLINGTON.

January 27.

At the Races.

Mixed weather was the rule at the races on all three days, but it did not affect the attendance at all. Saturday was windy, so feminine attire was mostly of the tailor-made description. Miss Harcourt wore a coat and skirt of pale brown cloth, strapped and piped, black hat with white plumes; Mrs. Johnston ("Highden"), a smart black satin tailor-made, black tagel hat with white aigrette; Mrs. Godley, tan cloth tailor-made, grey hat with roses; Mrs. Collins, dark blue Shantung with blue embroideries, black velvet hat with pink wings; Mrs. C. Tringham, tussore tailor-made, piped with black and white, putty-coloured hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Turnbull, navy surah coat and skirt, dark blue hat; Mrs. Blundell, heliotrope tweed, tagel hat with violets; Mrs. K. Duncan, green coat and skirt, and black hat with green wings; Mrs. Kane, striped grey tweed and black hat; Mrs. E. Blundell, electric blue Sicilienne, black hat with shaded carnations; Miss Tollerst, blue cloth tailor-made, black and white lace hat; Miss Burnes, black and white tailor-made, black hat; Miss Collins, vieux rose tweed, black hat with roses; Mrs. A'Deanne, brown souple cloth, braided in brown, black velvet hat; Mrs. Seymour, putty ninon, delicately embroidered, over charmeuse of the same shade, putty-coloured hat with plumes; Mrs. Allan (Christchurch), cream coat and skirt, faced with black, black hat; Mrs. Goring Johnston (Palmerston), pale grey crepe de chine, black hat with pink roses; Mrs. Conchie (England), dark blue tailor-made and black hat; Miss Skerrett, blue coat and skirt and green hat; Mrs. Ogle (Christchurch), grey tailor-made, violet velvet toque; Mrs. Hume (Wairarapa), vieux rose tweed, hat of the same hue; Mrs. Levien (Melbourne), black and white striped silk, "black" hat; Mrs. Boyle (Christchurch), dark blue tailor-made, black and white hat; Mrs. F. Nathan (Palmerston), cream coat and skirt, black picture hat; Mrs. Bidwill (Wairarapa), black and white check tweed, black hat.

Monday was a glorious day, and, being Anniversary Day, everyone was holiday-making, and there was a record crowd at Trentham. The daintiest of ninons, soft-hued satins and big plumed hats were the favourite wear, and they looked delightful on the green lawns. As usual, the President of the Club and Miss Harcourt entertained a great deal at luncheon and tea. Miss Harcourt wore pearl grey charmeuse with revers and collar of Irish lace; Mrs. W. Turnbull, white satin tailor-made striped with black, black facings, and white hat lined with black, grey plumes; Mrs. Gillon, white linen tailor-made with entredeux of Irish lace, white hat with roses; Mrs. Godley, black cachemire de soie, collar of Irish lace, white hat lined with black and trimmed with flowers; Mrs. Elgar (Wairarapa), white India lawn, embroidered in medallions and inset with lace, white plumed hat; Mrs. Duncan, mole crepe de chine with beaded embroidery, black picture hat; Mrs. Ian Duncan, white ninon with pale blue spots, piped with darker blue, black hat with pleureuse plumes; Mrs. Arthur Duncan, white ninon with panels of Irish lace, grey plumed hat; Mrs. Fitchett, amethyst charmeuse veiled in ninon of the same shade, purple hat with flowers; Mrs. Brandon, tussore tailor-made, braided in the same hue, black velvet hat with white plumes; Mrs. Heard, black satin coat and skirt, black niche hat; Mrs. Knox, grey crepe de chine, embroidered in pale blue; Mrs. Goring Johnston, saxe blue surah with revers of black and white pekin silk, black velvet hat with white pleureuse plumes; Mrs. A'Deanne (Hawks Bay),

a robe of embroidered lawn, inset with lace, black hat with pink roses; Mrs. Bidwill (Wairarapa), black satin coat and skirt, black and white hat; Mrs. K. Duncan, white embroidered lawn, black hat with grey plumes; Mrs. G. Pearce, tussore tailor-made, piped with palest blue, blue hat with flowers; Mrs. V. Rid-diford, Empire robe of white embroidered muslin, black picture hat; Mrs. Cecil Keblell, ivory silk tailor-made, piped with saxe blue, blue hat with white feathers; Mrs. H. Crawford, ivory cachemire de soie, delicately embroidered, black picture hat with pale pink wings; Mrs. Alec Crawford, nattier blue ninon, bordered with marabout, black hat with nattier blue plume; Mrs. Handyside, mauve foulard, piped with black, black picture hat; Miss Handyside, lilac crepe de chine, net guimpe, tagel hat with roses; Mrs. Higginson, blue and white striped tailor-made, black hat; Miss Ogle (Christchurch), ivory ninon over charmeuse of the same shade, white picture hat; Mrs. Allen (Christchurch), black surah tailor-made, black hat with white feathers; Mrs. Joseph, turquoise blue foulard, spotted with white and piped with cerise, black satin belt, white and black lace toque with osprey; Miss Joseph, grey-blue Shantung, black hat with orchids; Mrs. Buick (Palmerston), black and white tailor-made and black hat; Mrs. Levien (Melbourne), navy coat and skirt, black hat with royal blue tips; Mrs. N. Reid, pale blue Shantung, black hat with roses; Mrs. Bateson, black satin in coat over a dress of lawn and lace, black plumed hat; Mrs. F. Nathan (Palmerston), grey charmeuse tailor-made, grey hat with rose du Barri plumes; Mrs. W. Handyside (Invercargill), black ninon over white satin, black hat with carnations; Dr. Platts Mills, reseda ninon veiled in black, black plumed hat; Mrs. Whyte, white spotted muslin, black lace hat; Mrs. Cockburn-Hood, blue charmeuse, veiled in black, black hat with crimson roses; Mrs. Barnes, blue coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Watkins, vieux rose Shantung, black and white hat; Mrs. Fairbairn, black satin coat and skirt, black hat with emerald green plumes; Mrs. W. Blundell, grey coat and skirt and black hat; Mrs. M. Myers, grey crepe de chine with touches of pale blue, grey hat; Mrs. N. McLean, green tailor-made, and black hat; Mrs. Pearce, biscuit cloth coat and skirt, green hat; Mrs. Clifford, russet brown tailor-made with white stripe, brown hat; Mrs. Conchie (England), purple satin, tunic of smoke grey ninon, bordered with fur, black and white hat; Miss Skerrett, smoke blue aeroplane over flame-coloured charmeuse with beaded embroideries and ball fringe, grey plumed hat; Miss J. Skerrett, hand-pointed white satin, veiled in white ninon with floral embroideries, black hat with white plumes; Miss Vavasseur (Blenheim), white embroidered ninon over charmeuse, black hat with pink roses; Miss Boyle (Christchurch), Paisley ninon over pale blue charmeuse, grey hat massed with clover; Miss O'Brien, blue and white striped tailor-made, blue hat; Miss Collins, blue braided Shantung, black and white hat; Mrs. Rankine Brown, grey crepe de chine, black hat with grey plumes; Mrs. MacArthur, black and white ninon, long lace coat, black hat; Mrs. MacEwan, blue Shantung coat and skirt, piped with emerald green, green hat lined with black; Miss Ewen, white embroidered muslin and black hat; Mrs. Stewart, nattier blue Shantung, tagel hat with flowers; Mrs. Rawson, black satin coat and skirt and black hat; Miss Hayward, mole-coloured crepe de chine and mole hat; Mrs. D. Chilman, tussore tailor-made with blue facings and blue hat; Miss Chilman, white lingerie dress and hat with forget-me-nots; Miss Cleghorn, pale pink colienne and pink hat; Miss Keblell (Alfredton), white linen tailor-made and white hat; Mrs. Thornton, grey-blue tailor-made and black and white hat; Mrs. Harris, black and white striped ninon, black picture hat; Mrs. Burnett Stuart, white broderie Anglaise with a dross of shell pink, white hat with roses; Mrs. Myers, pale blue Shantung; Mrs. G. Hume, rose pink ninon and a hat with roses; Miss K. Miller, white ninon, piped with palest blue, pale blue hat; Mrs. A. Abbott, natural Shantung with emerald green facings, emerald green hat with black plumes; Mrs. Arthur Pearce, black and white ninon with revers of coil blue, black picture hat; Mrs. Pearce, pale pink ninon with a guimpe of lace, pink hat; Mrs. D. Findlay, electric blue charmeuse, braided in blue, black tagel hat; Mrs. Palmer, black and white tailor-made, piped with cerise; Miss Kennedy, navy

ninon over white charmeuse, dark blue hat; Mrs. H. Burnes, sapphire blue surah coat and skirt, black hat with sapphire blue plumes; Mrs. Stott, grey charmeuse, braided in black, black hat; Mrs. Biss, fawn coat and skirt and black hat; Mrs. Reid, grey Shantung with soutache of the same shade; Miss Nathan, royal blue colienne and black hat; Mrs. Focke, sapphire blue Sicilienne and dark blue hat; Miss Focke, grey Shantung and mauve hat; Miss Watson, pale pink silk, veiled in white silk net, pale pink hat; Miss B. Watson, natural Shantung, putty hat with brown plumes.

OPHELIA.

HAMILTON.

January 27.

The directors of the Farmers' Auctioneering Company here presented Mr Storey with a gold watch and case of cutlery, as a token of their esteem, on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Isabella Primrose, while a magnificent silver and tea service were also presented to the fortunate lady. The members of the Hamilton Club presented an exquisite spirit stand to Mr Storey at the same time.

ZILLAH.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

January 27.

An Impromptu Dance.

was held in the Brougham-street Hall last Tuesday by some of the young people, who were assisted by Mrs Walker. The supper tables were charmingly decorated with pale heliotrope and pink sweet peas, and lighted by shaded candles. Mrs Walker looked handsome in heliotrope charmeuse, draped with crepe de chine of the same shade, finished with deep black satin bands embroidered with Oriental pattern of shaded mauves; Misses Humphries (2), black silver sequined net over white satin; Mrs Hoadley (Napier), black voile over white lace; Mrs Claude Weston looked well in a frock of black ninon over scarlet glace, bodice finished with heavy beaded black and gold fringe; Miss Hoadley (Napier), pale blue ninon over heliotrope satin; Miss Ashdown, cream charmeuse, with lace tunic; Miss Monica Govett looked extremely well in bottle green gauze over old gold satin, finished with beautiful gold trimming; Miss Wade, flowered ninon over white silk; Miss Sybil Thomson, reseda green tafetas; Miss Joyce Fitzherbert, black ninon, caught in with blue forget-me-nots; Miss Lois Fitzherbert, vieux rose silk; Miss Dorothy Simpson, white muslin, scarlet flowers in hair; Miss Muriel Roy, white threaded with black; Miss Kirky, cream charmeuse; Miss Marjory Howorth (Wellington), white satin with ninon tunic, bodice and edge tunic finished with point lace; Miss Standish, white silk banded in gold; Miss Fookes, emerald green, and white striped gauze over white satin; Miss Grace Fookes, pale blue charmeuse; Miss E. Atkinson, mauve with overskirt of black fisher net; Miss E. Penn, blue crepe de chine; Miss D. Bedford, tomato red, with pink ninon tunic; Miss Phyllis Arden, white tafetas; Miss R. Mills, white satin, with tiny pink rosebuds; Miss Dive (Auckland), white muslin; Miss Sybil Fitzherbert, blue and white striped tafetas; Misses Pridham, pale pink crepe de chine, with sequined trimming.

Personal.

Miss Milroy, of Dunedin, is the guest of Mrs Whetter, New Plymouth. Bishop and Mrs Crossley, accompanied by Mrs Lloyd, are spending a few days in New Plymouth.

The Rev. A. H. Colville, who is to take up his duties as vicar of New Plymouth, returned from England on Thursday. Mrs Colville is staying for a few days in Wellington.

Miss Marjory Howorth, of Wellington, who has been spending her holidays in New Plymouth, has now returned.

Miss Alice Brewster has returned to New Plymouth, after spending some weeks in Christchurch and Wellington.

NANCY LEE.

STRATFORD.

January 27.

Sale of Work.

On Monday afternoon a sale of work in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Home was held at the residence of Mrs. Morant Bayly. All sorts of pretty and useful articles were offered for sale, together with a dainty afternoon tea, which must have considerably augmented the necessary funds. Mrs. Bayly, who wore a pretty gown of grey voile, was assisted by her two daughters (Misses Dorothy and Ngaera Bayly) and Miss Joyce Munro, in charge of the toy stall. The visitors included: Mesdames Fookes, Glasgow, Loneragan, H. Penn, Young, Chinchin, Anderson, Curtis, Wake, Beatty (Auckland), D. Malone, Wilson, Munro, Dingle.

At Home.

Mrs. Uniacke was "At Home" to a few friends on Wednesday afternoon.

Operatic Amateurs.

Our operatic amateurs are busy rehearsing "H.M.s. Pinafore." With the successes already achieved we ought soon to have a brilliant result.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Budd returned from their holiday, spent in Christchurch.

Mrs. Beatty (Auckland) is visiting Mrs. Anderson.

Miss Butler (The Vicarage), who has been spending some weeks in Wellington, has returned.

DENISE.

BLENHEIM.

January 27.

Tennis.

There was a large attendance at the Marlborough Courts on Saturday, when matches were played with the members of the Methodist Club. Mrs. and Miss Florance provided a dainty tea. Those present were: Mesdames Florance, Griffiths, Hulme, Bell, Orr, Lambie, Broughton, Clouston, MacLaine White Richards, Strachan, Northcroft, Walker, Bennett, Harvey, Shipley, and Stapp, Misses Florance Neville, Horton, Urquhart, Philpotts, Smith, Chapman, Jenkins, Clouston, Penney, Robson (Christchurch), Skinner, Wolferstan, McLaughlan, Winstanley, Williams, Girling, Lee and Shaw (New Plymouth), Messrs. Bagge, Brock, Golding, Brammall, Jenkins, Vickers, Rutherford, Churchward, Appleby, Thompson, Horton, Harvey, Sanson, and Drs. Walker, Bennett and Anderson.

Summer School.

A summer school for teachers is being held at present. The classes are being held at the High School, and will be a great help to teachers.

Personal.

Miss Stuart-Forbes, who has been visiting Mrs. J. Bell, "Holmdale," has returned to Nelson.



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HASTINGS.

January 27.

Mrs. R. McCallum is on a visit to Wellington.
 Miss R. Macalister (Picton) is on a short visit to Mrs. Wicks, of Springsdale.
 Miss Dixon (Dunedin) is the guest of Miss Bell.
 Mr. Heatley (New Plymouth) is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Strachan at Cowley.
 Mr. and Mrs. H. Monro have returned to "Bank House."
 Mr. Harvey (Helsensville) is on a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Florance.
 Mrs. Rollo Sharp, with her children, has returned from Lyell Bay, where they have been spending the holidays.
 Miss Greenwood is the guest of Mrs. Brock (High-street).
 Miss Esther Bell has returned from Manaroa, Pelorus Sound.
 The Misses Mowat (2) have returned from Hunterville.
 Mr. Winemore Brittain has left for Napier.
 Archdeacon Grace left for the Chatham Islands this week.
 Mrs. R. J. Bell and children have gone to Picton.

JEAN.

PICTON.

January 25.

Picnics.
 Are still the ruling pleasure of Picton people, excepting fishing, and both combined induce a cheerful and happy community. Fish and fish stories are always interesting, and make up a good subject of conversation, especially when a big fish carries away one's line, or the fisher is caught by an awkward cast of the hook.
 An enjoyable outing was arranged yesterday for Mrs. and Miss Skinner, of Blenheim. The launch left the party at Kairiparipa, and called in for them on the return. Among those present were: Mesdames Stocker (2), Skinner, Philpotts, Vickers, Scott, and Misses Seymour, Stocker, and Skinner.

Rowing.

A party of Picton enthusiasts interested in rowing intend to motor South to attend the championship regatta at Lake Waikaha. Much interest is taken here in the doings of the local club, and strong crews will be sent South to compete in the great event.

Personal.

Mrs. Gibson-Smith and daughter, of Wellington, Miss Higgins, Mrs. and Mr. Bowron, Mr. Brooks and Mr. Bareleaf, are staying at Waitohi House.
 Miss Moodie, Miss Hindle, Miss Rendell, and Miss Lingard, Auckland, are also at Waitohi House.
 Mrs. and Miss O'Hara Smith, Richmond, Nelson, spent a holiday here, staying at Waitohi House.
 Mr. and Mrs. R. Bell and family, of Blenheim, are staying at Waitohi House.
 Miss Allen left for Wairere last week.
 Miss B. B. Stuart, of "Braeside," is enjoying a holiday in the North Island.
 The Misses Murray, who have been visiting Mrs. Healy, have returned to Auckland.
 Miss Belle Allen is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chaytor, while attending the Summer School now being held for teachers in Blenheim.
 Mrs. G. Rutherford returned to "Wairere" via Wellington to-day. Mrs. and Miss E. M. Allen accompanied Mrs. Rutherford as far as Wellington.

BELLE.

Mrs. Beamish, Stoneycroft, is seriously ill.
 Mr and Mrs N. Beamish are the guests of Mrs H. E. Beamish, King-street.
 Mr and Mrs G. Pharaazy and family have returned from Napier.
 Miss Peddie is spending a short holiday with her sister, Mrs J. Miller.
 Mrs McKibbin has gone to Dunedin to visit her parents.
 Mrs Duff is spending a short holiday with Mrs Stead, at "Twyford."
 Mrs Wallace, senr., has gone to Christchurch.
 Miss Wilson (New Plymouth) is the guest of Mrs Brocklehurst at the Vicarage.

Mr and Mrs Faulkner have gone to Dunedin.

Mr Swineburn, who has just returned from America, where he has lately been studying dentistry, is taking charge of Mr Faulkner's practice during his absence.

Miss R. De Lisle has returned to Timaru to complete her studies.

Miss K. Braithwaite is spending a holiday in Napier.

Mrs R. Halse and family have returned from Marton.

SHEILA.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

Hawera, January 27.

Afternoon Tea.
 Mrs. Kenrick gave a most charming afternoon tea last week. An amusing competition was held—hunting for hidden treasures—the prize being won by Miss McLean, who found the most articles. Mrs. Kenrick was wearing a green and white striped silk frock, trimmed with cream lace, black and white plumed hat. Others present were: Mrs. Moore, Mrs. and Miss Nolan, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Cessell, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. and Miss McLean, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Raine, Mrs. Welsh, Mrs. Gillies, Mrs. Goodson, Miss Lysaght, Mrs. C. Hawken, Miss Clapcott, Miss Pratt, Mrs. O. Hawken, Miss Good, etc.

Garden Party.

Mrs. C. Goodson gave a garden party on Monday afternoon for Mrs. Westera, of Christchurch. The garden was much admired by the guests, the avenue of sweet peas being especially beautiful. A very dainty tea was served under the trees. Mrs. Goodson received her guests in a petunia coloured striped eolienne, with Oriental trimmings, hat en suite; Miss Goodson wore a dress of pink and white floral muslin, and white hat; Mrs. Westera, pale blue poplin coat and skirt, the coat relieved with black, blue hat trimmed with roses and daisies; Mrs. Farrington, peacock blue frock, relieved with black satin, white hat with black; Mrs. Welsh, cream eolienne over pale blue, burnt straw hat with pink roses; Mrs. Moore, grey silk frock, black nixon coat, black and white toque; Mrs. Webster, mole-coloured frock braided in the same shade, black plumed hat; Mrs. Bayley, cream crystalline, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs. Nicholas, black, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Tonks, black crepe de chine, braided in black, white and black hat; Mrs. Kimbell, green voile frock, grey hat massed with pink roses;

Mrs. Bell, white embroidered muslin, vieux rose hat; Mrs. Graves, heliotrope and grey muslin, trimmed with black velvet, black hat; Mrs. Raine, tussore silk coat and skirt, black feathered hat; Miss Revell, white muslin, hat with black and white daisies.

Euchre.

The young people have been having a very gay time these holidays. Mrs. C. Hawken, of Mokoia, gave a euchre party last Saturday night, and most enjoyable it was. The prizes were won by Miss L. Nolan and Master Kenrick, and the "booby" prize by Master L. Goodson. Some of those present were: Misses Hawken (2), Kimbell (2), Tonks, Nolan, Goodson, Masters Parrington (3), Kimbell, Raine, Graves, Hawken, Kenrick (2).

A Dance.

Mrs. C. Bayley gave a very enjoyable small dance at her pretty home in Camberwell-road on Wednesday night. A few of those present were:—Misses Thomson, Glasgow (Dunedin), Glenn, Goodson, Kimbell, Tonks, Moore, Mr. J. Bayley, Masters Parrington (3), Graves, Raine, Goodson (2).

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Lysaght, Mokoia, left last week for England and Japan.
 Miss Russell, Christchurch, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. O'Callaghan.

Mrs. Nalder and her little daughter have returned, after an enjoyable holiday spent in Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace have returned from Auckland.

Mr. Gordon, who has been staying with his sister, Mrs. Bright, has returned to Masterton.

Miss Douglas has returned after a most enjoyable holiday spent in Rotorua and Auckland.

JOAN.

WANGANUI.

January 27.

Tennis Tournament.
 On Monday, Anniversary Day, there was a tournament at the tennis courts. It was a lovely day, and a large number of players and onlookers were present. Afternoon tea was given by the men. Amongst those present I noticed were: Mr. and Mrs. A. Izard, Mr. and Mrs. D. Ritchie, Miss Moore, Mrs. Medhurst, Mrs. and Miss Darley, Dr. and Mrs. Wall, Mr. Fletcher, Dr. H. Christie, Mr. Strouts, Miss W. Parsons, Miss Brooks, Miss Hawken, Miss R. Hawken, Miss O. Williams, Miss P. Nixon, Miss C. Nixon, Mrs. Duigan (Melbourne), Mr. Harrison, Miss Rutherford, Dr. M. Earle, Miss Newcombe, Miss H. Anderson, and others.

Bridge Parties.

Last week Miss Brewer gave a bridge party for her sister, Mrs. Payne, of Auckland. There were three tables, and the prize was won by Mrs. S. Gordon.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Medhurst gave a bridge party for her guest, Miss Ross, of Australia.

Personal.

Miss D. Christie, of Wanganui, is the guest of Mrs. Eric Riddiford in Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Rayney Jackson and Miss Nina Jackson, of Wanganui, leave next March for a trip to England and the Continent.

Miss Ross, of Australia, who has been

the guest of Mrs. Medhurst in Wanganui, left last week.

Mrs. Murray, of Auckland, is staying in Wanganui with relations.

Mr. and Mrs. Duigan, of Melbourne, have been staying in Wanganui with relations.

Miss Montgomery Moore, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Brewer, of Waverley, have been staying in Wanganui.

Mrs. McKnight, of Palmerston North, is the guest of Mrs. C. Jones in Wanganui.

Mrs. Hesse, of Wanganui, is spending some weeks in Canterbury.

Mrs. C. Peake, of Cambridge, is the guest of Mrs. Henry Peake, of Wanganui.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Lambert, of Wanganui, have returned from their visit to Hawke's Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bayly and Miss W. Bayly, of Wanganui, have returned from their motor trip to Wellington, Napier and Rotorua.

Miss R. McLean, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to England and the Continent, and is staying in Wanganui with her mother.

Mrs. Cotterill, of Greymouth, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. John Anderson, Wanganui, has returned to her home.

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PALMERSTON NORTH.

January 27.

Mrs R. S. Abraham and the Misses Abraham have returned from Paikakirikiri, and taken up their residence in Mrs Maurice Cohen's house in Grey-street.

Mrs M. Cohen and her younger son, Alan, left last week for England. Mrs Cohen expects to be away about eighteen months.

Miss M. Armstrong has gone to stay with relatives in Gisborne for a month or so.

Miss Tricie Waldegrave is away in Wellington, staying with Mrs A. Webster.

Mrs Lionel Abraham and children have returned from Paikakirikiri.

The Misses R. and I. Smallbone, who spent a few days at the end of last week with their sister, Mrs J. L. Barnicoat, returned to Wellington last Monday.

Mrs McKnight has returned from a visit to Wanganui.

Mrs A. Guy and family are back from Pimmerton.

Mr and Mrs F. E. Watson have returned from a trip to Auckland and Tauranga.

Mr C. Smith, manager of the Bank of New Zealand, leaves on February 2nd for a trip to Sydney. Mrs Smith and the Misses Mabel and Ella Smith have been living near Sydney for some months now, on account of the health of Miss E. Smith.

Mrs D. O. Shute is back from a short visit to Pimmerton.

Miss Gibbons, Wanganui, spent a few days in Palmerston last week.

Mr and Mrs A. N. Gibbons and children went to Wanganui for a few days last week.

Miss A. Simpson, Christchurch, is the guest of Mrs Precoe, Fitzherbert-street.

Miss Precoe has returned from a trip to Wellington, and Miss Sheila Precoe from a visit to Auckland.

Mrs Walter Johnston, Mrs Goring-Johnstone, Mr and Mrs F. Nathan, and Mrs Cochrane were amongst others from here present at the Wellington races last week.

VIOLET.

CAMBRIDGE.

January 25.

There is very little going on at present to write about, as so many people are still away at the seaside and other places. The weather is still very unsettled, and farmers are complaining about not being able to get their harvest in.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Reynolds leave early next month for a trip to the Argentine, and will afterwards visit England before returning.

Miss Mary Roberts, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Roberts, has been appointed librarian out of a number of applicants, and takes up duties on the 1st of February. She is at present on a visit to Mrs. J. C. Mackay, of Devonport. Mrs. J. R. S. Richardson is paying a round of visits in Auckland, having left her house furnished during the absence of Mr. J. R. S. Richardson in England. The Rev. E. H. Strong, of St. John's, returned to Auckland on Tuesday, after a stay of a month in Cambridge.

ELSIE.

ROTORUA.

January 27.

Our sweet pea, rose, and carnation show has now become an annual affair, and this year again it was most successful. The Parish Hall proved almost too small, so that next year we may have to launch out into larger premises. Archdeacon Tisdall, who is the promoter of all our flower shows, opened the function. His exhibit of 41 varieties of sweet peas was beautiful. They were not for competition, of course. Mr. P. J. Hammond had a lovely collection of 57 varieties, and of fifteen varieties of roses. Considering the lateness of the show, it is a wonder there were any roses at all. Mr. F. Hall, head gardener of the Government gardens, had a glorious collection of cut flowers artistically arranged upon the stage for exhibition only. Amongst the first prize-winners were:—Sweet peas, Mrs. T. Walker, Mrs. Woodlams, Mrs. Batten; carnations, Mr. P. J. Hammond, Mrs. T. Walker; roses, Mr. Hammond, Mrs. Walker; cut flowers, Mr. Hammond and Miss Gardner; best decorated table, Mrs. Nicoll; best bouquet for children under 10, Emily Lowrie. A delicious afternoon tea was provided. Dr. Crooke played one or two solos, and Mrs. Snodgrass and Miss Burnside (Auckland) played two duets. In the evening there was music too, the vocal soloists being Miss Malfroy, Miss Stella Empson, Messrs. Fannin, Chilton, and Butt. Instrumental items were given by Mrs. Snodgrass and Miss Burnside, and two little girls, Dossie Halkett and Ethel Walker.

PERSONAL.

Sir Joseph Ward and Lady Ward and family motored through from Wairakei to Rotorua on Thursday, returning to Taupo on Friday.

Mrs. and Miss Paton, of Auckland, are here.

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Wylie, of Gisborne, are visiting Rotorua.

Amongst Wellington visitors here are Messrs. Kenny (2) and Mr. Isaacs. Archdeacon Tisdall has gone to Auckland for a few days.

Miss Murrish, of Auckland, is visiting Mrs. Malfroy.

Mrs W. R. Blow and Mrs C. E. Kusaba motored to Tauranga for a few days last week.

Amongst Rotorua people who went to Tauranga to "The Mount" for the holidays are Mr. and Mrs. Bent, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart, Mr. and Mrs. Grove, and Mr. and Mrs. Knight.

Mr. F. Lyons, who has been conductor of the now quite famous Maori Mission choir, and who brought it up to a high pitch of excellence, has retired from the position. The concerts given during the last two or three seasons in Rotorua under his direction have been quite a feature of Rotorua entertainment, and they will be continued under new leadership.

RATA.

GISBORNE.

January 27.

Farewell Tea.

Mrs. Walter Barker gave a farewell garden party for Mrs. Frank Barker, who is shortly leaving for England. There were numbers of people there, and the tennis courts were kept busy all the afternoon. Mrs. Walter Barker wore a charming frock of saxe blue silk, with overdress of black ninon, and a large black picture hat; Mrs. Frank Barker had on a pale pink satia charmeuse, with tunic of pink chiffon, a sweet grey straw hat with grey and pink plumes; Mrs. Vincent Barker was gowned in a soft blue silk, covered with a beautiful ninon in an apricot shade, black picture hat; Mrs. J. W. Nolan, a smart dress of voile, with a black and white stripe, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. Williams, dainty frock of grey silk, black hat; Mrs. R. Barton, white serge coat and skirt, white straw hat with red roses; Mrs. Jex Blake, cream costume; pale blue hat with white feathers; Mrs. W. Sherratt, wine-coloured dress, hat en suite; Mrs. J. Murphy, white muslin, black hat, trimmed with black feathers and velvet; Mrs. Rex Willock, white muslin, pretty coloured hat trimmed with green and black daisies; Mrs. C. Fenwick, pink floral silk trimmed with Irish lace, pink hat to match; Mrs. G. McLean, dove grey satin smart toque made of flowers; Mrs. Arthur Rees, grey muslin, black hat; Mrs. F. Parker, electric blue dress, floral toque; Mrs.

R. U. Burke, saxe blue coat and skirt; Mrs. Wanklyn, smart frock of grey and black silk, black hat; Miss Nolan, white net dress, with bands of lace, white hat trimmed with roses; Miss F. Davies, mauve shantung, with Oriental trimmings, black hat swathed in white lace; Miss H. Nolan, white muslin, grey hat.

Children's Party.

Mrs Barker gave a delightful children's party in the evening, and it was much enjoyed by all. Mrs. Barker received her guests in a beautiful gown of black lace. Others present were—Mrs. F. Barker, cream lace dress; Mrs. Vincent Barker, beautiful dress of Maltese silk lace; Mrs. Nolan, black silk; Mrs. Wanklyn, black ninon; Mrs. R. Barton, black satin, trimmed with pink; Mrs. Jex Blake, spangled dress; Mrs. Wallis, black silk; Miss Nolan, cream net; Miss H. Nolan, cream ninon; Miss F. Davis, black ninon trimmed with emerald green; Miss N. Davies, white net; Miss W. Williams, cream embroidered ninon; Miss M. Barker, mauve embroidered silk muslin; Miss L. Barker, pale blue embroidered silk muslin; Miss N. Wallis, blue silk; Miss Audrey Barker, pale pink charmeuse; Miss Peggy Seymour, white muslin. Others were Misses de Latour, Williams, Gray (2), Gaddum, Runceiman, Messrs. Willock, Wallis, Barker, Morgan, Nolan, Dogdshun, Barton.

PERSONAL.

Dr. and Mrs. Carlyle Wilson leave on Sunday for Sumner, where they will stay for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Henderson are on a motoring tour between New Plymouth and Auckland.

Miss Foster, Lower Hutt, is staying with Mrs. Charles Bennett, Childers-road, Gisborne.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barker, Te Hapara, Gisborne, leave shortly on an extended trip to England.

Mrs. Wanklyn, who has been staying with Mrs. J. W. Nolan, "Otupo," Gisborne, returned home last Sunday.

Miss Cowlishaw, Sydney, is the guest of Mrs. Vincent Barker, Kaiti, Gisborne.

Mrs. Edward Espie has gone to Auckland to stay with her mother.

Miss Agnew Brown, Gisborne, is the guest of Mrs. Oswald Nelson, Tomono, Hawke's Bay.

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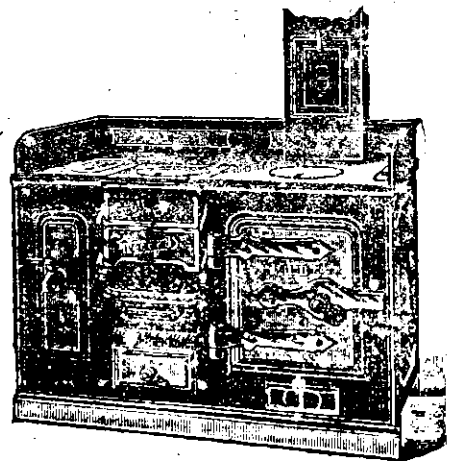
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The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

A Home-made Neglige.

THE girl who counts on going visiting this summer will wish to include in her wardrobe a fluffy short negligee. Long silk kimonos can now be bought so reasonably that many girls will not bother with them, but a good-looking short negligee is costly.

One that can be easily made from silk muslin, chiffon cloth, handkerchief linen or soft china silk has a tucked yoke and sleeves cut in one. The material is tucked lengthwise and the yoke ends just below the bust in empire effect, and the kimono sleeves—which are not so flaring as the ordinary kimono—at the elbow.

The top of this yoke is cut deeply surplice in front, and quite shallow at the back. The edge is finished with narrow German Valenciennes lace and insertion, and a two and a half inch insertion to match is brought across the fronts just below the shoulders, and carried to a deep point at bottom of sleeve, where it joins a similar band brought straight across the back and dipped to the point.

A fluffy rosette heads this trimming on each sleeve and another rosette with

long ends are at point of surplice in front.

Below the kimono yoke, joined to it by a narrow strip of lace insertion, is a skirt of the material sun plaited. It is cut in four deep points falling below the knees, two in front and two at back.

The edge of the skirt can be trimmed with lace and insertion like the surplice and sleeves, or, what is more stylish, insert a band of the deeper insertion to outline the points. Place it two inches from the edge. This trimming must be put in before the plaiting is done.

Instead of the sun plaits fine lengthwise tucks can be substituted. The depth of the points should be regulated by their becomingness. The longer they are the more graceful.

The novelties of the season are mostly in the direction of the, so to speak, eccentrics of the toilette. There are fascinating bead arrangements in barbaric and Oriental colourings to finish off the little Magyar blouse; dainty sets of collar and cuffs of Russian and Swedish embroidery, jabots and rabats of the finest lawn, finished with English hand-made lace, and many of them, such as our present passion for colour, are inset with bright embroidery.

Pretty neck fittings are the natural corollary of the no-collar corsage which flourishes exceedingly this season. The

daintiest of ruffles are to be had in delicately fine lace; smart looking black ostrich feather ties, drooping of aspect (no feathers are curled this season), crown light-coloured toilettes in a most distinctive manner; marabout in pale shades, with tiny flat posies half concealed by the fronds of feathers, and exquisite lace scarves made, if possible, more interesting by a lining of pale-coloured union.

There is a certain beauty of youth which makes it possible for a young girl to dress becomingly in materials and colours that are not expensive, and the simplest frock suited to the individual girl is far more attractive than the elaborate one made after some thought-to-be fashionable model. It is quite possible, especially this season, for a girl to be noticeably well dressed at comparatively small cost if she follows these rules, for there are so many materials that are effective and suitable which are sold at quite low cost.

Combining plain and figured material or combining an all-over embroidery or net with plain silk or voile is one of the most attractive fashions of this season. A fascinating little frock of this order is made with a front panel, a band around the bottom of the skirt and the front of the waist either of figured silk or of all-over embroidery or lace, the latter the least to be desired.

The bordered foulards and muslins of this season make up so attractively that it is no wonder these two materials are popular. The double skirt or the over-skirt, which is so fashionable, can be carried out most easily in these bordered materials, and then no other



USEFUL SILK ROBE

This frock is a useful silk robe in the natural Shantung Silk. The bodice has fine pin tucks, the front hand embroidered in a quaint design with three neutral shades, each part being outlined with a narrow black edge—it is piped with black satin; waist-band of same material. Each side of skirt panel is accented with black, with several rows of pin tucks round skirt, lace yoke and sleeves.

trimming is required. A very charming model for a young girl is made on the double skirt lines, and is of one of the new shades of blue with black polka dots.

The skirt around the feet looks decidedly wider than the fashion of the hour because of a full flounce set upon its false or upper skirt, which is very straight and narrow, and is fastened high onto the bodice, giving the short-waisted look that is so popular at present.

The bodice is of blouse shape, with the kimono sleeve, but has the great charm of a wide sailor collar and revers, the revers at the right side fastening over to the left, where it meets the band, or rather, the border, that trims the overskirt. These revers and the collar are trimmed with a plaiting either of the silk or of fine white lawn. The sleeves, reaching only to the elbow, are also finished with a plaited cuff of the white lawn, a band of embroidery forms an undersleeve and a piece of the same embroidery the chemiselet, which is cut quite low; in fact, too low to be pretty; for it is a mistake, even with a sailor collar, not to have the neck of the chemiselets come to the base of the throat. The too open neck is not appropriate for anything but an afternoon or evening frock, even for a young girl. Both of these models will make up well in linen.

Fashion Notes from London.

(From Our Lady Correspondent.)

LONDON, December 3.

A transformation has taken place within the last few days in Paris in methods of hairdressing, and will doubtless affect the heads and, later, the gowns of Englishwomen also. There has been a feeling for some time that a change of coiffure would be gratefully received, but how this latest one will go down remains to be seen. Instead of puffs and numberless little (false) saw-ge-shaped rolls of hair built just over the nape of the neck, or generous coils of real or false hair elaborately coiffured and curled, and fluffy front decorations, Parisian ladies have adopted a severe style of hairdressing, letting their locks, if curled, lie in stiff waves,



1. Charming hat of white tegal straw. The crown is covered with pink roses and foliage. 2. Pretty hat of burnt chip, trimmed with La France roses and forget-me-nots, finished with eaxe blue terry ribbon velvet round crown and bow. 3. Hat of black tegal straw, bound over brim, and the crown covered with royal blue silk; round crown is wreath of cherries to tone. 4. Picturesque hat of black tegal; the brim is faced with royal blue satin, and at side is a clump of forget-me-nots to tone with a centre of cerise poppies. 5. Smart hat for useful or motor wear in navy peot straw; it has a full satin lining and piping round crown, finished at side with a clump of cerise velvet cherries. 6. Hat of white wove tegal; the brim is lined with royal blue velvet; it is trimmed with black and white striped ribbon, lined blue to tone with velvet. 7. A picture hat of black tegal straw; under brim has a band of black satin; the crown is simply spotted with white, and to relieve same is a clump of pink roses.

parted, simply, down the centre, and rolled at the back of the neck into coils.

The same old swathed horrors of evening turbans and ornaments are to be worn still, it seems, and put on over such tightly-done hair their effect is most unbecoming and ludicrous, though, I doubt not, we shall become used to it as to all else in time.

Some dresses now seek their completion in a band to be worn round the hair, after the manner of a sick headache bandage, down almost to a level of the eyebrows. One such I saw this week; an evening gown of ivory charmeuse, outlined, tunic fashion, with wreaths of roses on ivory silk, the whole

veiled in purple tulle, a further wreath of the roses ornamenting the bodice and embroidering an ivory satin hair bandeau to match.

THE HAREM INFLUENCE

is still, if such a fact can be believed, hankered for by some of the great dress-makers, and one evening gown of this week; quite graceful and simple in most particulars, had, at one side of the skirt, the startling decoration of a round huge rosette of coloured silk at the left knee, below which the skirt was vandyked into a division that brought the calf of the wearer into full view and made the wearing of a petticoat an impossibility. A tiny demure frill of black tulle on the

white silk of the dress but served to emphasise the fact that the gap was some five inches wide! In every other detail the dress was an ordinary one.

SKIRTS

are still "slim"—that is to say, an average fashionable walking one is still not more than a couple of yards round the hem, a vast improvement on those of a season or two ago, and, it must be admitted, a trim and neat-looking garment. The separate back panel is still often seen, though its doom was prophesied long ago. Coats are beautifully catholic, some three-quarter length, some short, some elaborately braided, some quite plain, others with broad revers or only one, others with no revers at all, but, instead, a small flat velvet collar. Black and white materials of all descriptions and dark cloths and velvets striped with thin white lines, are still as popular as ever. Evening skirts are to be very narrow, we are told, some only 45 inches round!

WHITE LACE BLOUSES

are again being displayed in great numbers and all sorts of fascinating fashions, but the prejudice against skirts and blouses that do not match is as great as ever. It must be acknowledged, even by those who liked the old economical style, that constituted one black silk skirt an accommodating friend to be worn with half a dozen different evening confections, that the newer idea of a skirt and blouse that match makes for a much better and more stylish effect.

HIGH COLLARS ONCE MORE.

From the no-collar fashion we are bidden go to the other extreme, and nearly strangle our necks in high bands of lace over chiffon. Blouses are generally made with a vest of the same lace, and there can be no doubt that, for womankind in general, the new style is a deal better than the old no-collar arrangement, which brought into prominence every unyouthful wrinkle or tell-tale scragginess. A soft disposal of lace or chiffon suits nearly everyone, as long as it is not overdone and the wearer made too much befrilled.

AN EVENING COAT

of great beauty, displayed a few days ago, was of pansy-coloured satin lined with soft grey charmeuse, and interlined with flannel. The high neckband was of white fox fur, and the wide cuffs, turned back to show the grey satin, were also edged with the fur. White hare or white rabbit could be very effectively used for this if anyone cared to copy it, as electric or gas light is invariably kind to fur, lending it an accommodating richness of appearance.

A GIANT ROSE

in silk, satin, or velvet, worn at the belt of an old evening gown will often give it quite a youthful and piquant effect, especially if the colour of the ornament is carefully chosen.

LONG SLEEVES

were perhaps to be expected when high collarbands reappeared, but the former have raced the latter. The new sleeves

may merely be long, plain and close, finished with a frill of net or muslin falling over the hand, or, as in smart blouses, of the bishop order, with or without tiny vertical tucks to relieve their plainness.

Cuffs on the sleeves of gowns are also, it is predicted, to return to favour, and we are likely, too, to have kimono sleeves, of a modified description, with us soon.

USEFUL HINTS.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that a little powdered orris root (quite easily procured from any chemist) placed in the water in which fine linens and lingerie are boiled, after washing will give them a deliciously faint aroma of violets after they are ironed.

White felt hats can be rejuvenated by being gently rubbed with fine white oatmeal, then vigorously brushed first with a stiff and then with a soft hat brush. The trimming must first of all, of course, be removed.

Lace yokes or sleeves should be cleaned with powdered starch or French chalk rubbed in slightly, then left inside the rolled up articles for twelve hours. After this a clean soft brush should finish the work by brushing all the powder and the dirt out.

The Game of Politics.

In a concluding lecture to the Women's Diocesan Association, Dean Inge, of Westminster, expressed the opinion that it was exceedingly difficult if not impossible for a Christian to be an effective politician, and, accepting his premises, it is not easy to see how one can avoid coming to his conclusion. The Dean accepts a saying of Jowett's to the effect that you cannot manage men unless you are a bit of a rogue, though he admits that Jowett's rogueries were of the comparatively harmless kind. He adds that Christianity always appeals to what is best in man, and never countenances the attaining of good ends through unscrupulous policy. According to the Dean it is un-Christian to humour the weakness of one man and the vanity of another, and he gently insinuates that without such diplomacy the game of politics cannot be carried on. Recent conversation with a high ecclesiastical dignitary leads us to suspect that the meshes of the Dean's argument are much closer than he supposes. This gentleman confessed that his duties as an organiser in a large religious community made it impossible for him to be a saint. In managing men he had often, he said, to be sparing of the truth, and was sometimes compelled to resort to mild deceptions. A political manipulator, commenting on the difficulty, says the Dean has tied himself up in a net through ignoring the obvious fact that the Gospel exhortation to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves not only permits but enjoins the kind of management of which Jowett approved.



A PRETTY FROCK.

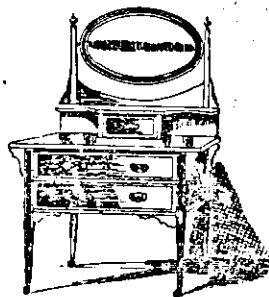
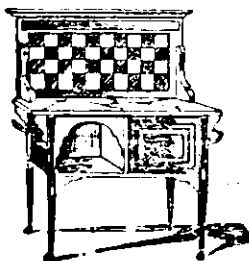
Of pale Parma mauve linen over tucked lawn and lace

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Verse Old and New.

Supersensible.

THE harp is ever singing to itself
In soft and soul-like sounds we
cannot hear.
The stars of morning sing, and
soundless words
Make God's commands run swift from
sphere to sphere.

Each flower is always sending incense
up
As if in act of holy worshipping.
Till fragrant earth is one great altar,
like
To heaven where saints their prayer-
filled censers swing.

The stars send out a thousand rays,
writ full
Of mysteries we can not read nor
see.
Of histories so long, and goings forth
So vast, the volumes fill infinity.

Celestial presences have walked with
man,
Alluring him to Nebo's lofty height;
Transfigured forms in tender light, too
oft
Invisible to our low range of sight.

O Source Divine of things so fine and
high,
Touch all thy children's souls with
power to see
That vibrant earth and air and bound-
less sky
Still throb with immanent divinity

—Bishop Henry W. Warren.

Ave Atque Vale.

The autumn is dead,
And the year lies a-dying,
Where yellow and red
The sore leaves are flying.
They cover him up as a pall, while the
winds of the winter are sighing.

They have made him a bed;
They have pranked it with holly;
With berries of red
To slay Melancholy.
Ye fools! She will rise from her grave,
though you bury her deep in your
folly.

He came to the crown
In the midst of our cheering;
To death he goes down
With our wailing or jeering.
The Boy King we set on the throne of
his sires with caresses endearing

A health to the King
Who comes on the morrow,
From fagons that fling
Defiance to sorrow.
The wine of the present is ours, the wine
of the future we borrow.

A health to the King
From glasses of gladness.
His coming shall bring
Success to our sadness.
Let us eat of the fruit of Desire and be
drunk with the wine of our mad-
ness.

—S. J. Alexander.

The Old Path.

Oh, love! Oh, love! this way has hints of
you
In every bough that stirs, in every bee,
Yellow and glad, droming the thick grass
through;
In blooms red on the bush, white on the
tree;
And when the wind, just now, came
soft and fleet,
Scattering the blackberry blossoms, and
from some
Fast darkening space that thrush sang
sudden sweet,
You were so near, so near, yet did not
come!
Say, is it thus with you, oh, friend, this
day?

Have you, for me that love you, thought
or word?
Do I with bud or bough, pass by your
way;
With any breath of brier, or note of
bird?
If this I knew, tho' you be quick or dead,
All my sad life would I go comforted.

—Lizette Woodworth Reeve.

The Conquest of the Air.

With a thunder-driven heart
And the shimmer of new wings,
I, a worm that was, upstart,
King of kings!

I have heard the singing stars,
I have watched the sunset die,
As I burst the lucent bay
Of the sky.

Lo, the argosies of Spain,
As they ploughed the naked brine,
Found no heaven-girded main
Like to mine.

Soaring from the clinging sod,
First and foremost of my race,
I have met the hosts of God
Face to face.

Met the tempest and the gale
Where the white moon-river cloud
Wrapt the splendour of my sail
In a shroud.

When the ghost of winter fled,
Swift I followed with the snow,
Like a silver arrow sped
From a bow.

I have trailed the summer south,
Like a flash of burnished gold
When she fed the hungry mouth
Of the world.

I have dogged the ranging sun
Till the world became a scroll;
All the oceans one by one
Were my goal.

Oh, the winged men may come,
Pierce the heavens, chart the sky,
Sound an echo to my drum,
Ere they die.

I alone have seen the earth
As old letters swept aside,
In the glory of new birth
Defied!

—Harold Trowbridge Puffer.

A King of Tang.

There looms a lordly pleasure-tower o'er
you dim shore,
Raised by some King of Tang.
Jade pendants at his girdle clashed, and
golden bells
Around his chariot rang.

Strange guests through sounding halls at
dawn go trailing by—
and mocking winds;
And sullen brooding twilights break in
rain on rain
To lash the ragged blinds.

The slow sun-dappled clouds lean down
o'er waters blue,
Clear mirrored one by one,
Then drift as all the world shall drift,
The very stars
Their timeless courses run.

How many autumn moons have steeped
these walls,
And paled the shattered beams!
What is their royal builder now! A lord
of dust?
An emperor of dreams?

(This poem was written by Wang Po, a Chinese who lived between 648 and 676 A.D. The translation is by L. Cranmer Byng.)

Innocence.

I tower so high above you, little son,
You think me brave and strong and
passing wise:
While I, with half life's battles fought
and done,
Bow to the glory that around you
lies,—

The visions white you brought from
Paradise.
My soul soars to your level, spotless
one.
Only when on my knees I meet your
eyes,—

Not when I tower above you, little son.
Emily Sargent Lewis.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

A Good Rule.

THE story is told of a man who had
great difficulty in spelling words
with "ei" and "ie" in them. One
day a friend offered to give him
an infallible rule for such cases. "It is
a rule," he said, "that in 47 years has
never failed me."

His friend expressed his delight and
waited.

The man resumed: "The rule is sim-
ply this: write your 'e' and 'i' exactly
alike, and put the dot just between
them."

Trickery.

"The new idea in business is honesty,
openness, frankness," said Alton B. Par-
ker at a dinner at Esopus. "We used
to conceal our plumbing, and very poor,
unsanitary work it was. We expose it
now, and it is altogether sound, whole-
some and satisfactory. Well, business
is like that."

"When I think of some of the tricks
that used to obtain in reputable busi-
ness firms, I am reminded of the seaside
auctioneer.

"This roundel once held up a \$10
gold piece and said:

"Guess the date on this piece of
money, friends. Make a guess and a
small purchase, and the correct gesser
takes the coin."

"So everybody in the crowd guessed;
everybody bought some worthless rub-
bish, and the dealer netted a huge profit.
Then, at the end, he looked at the \$10
gold piece, held it up and said:

"Now for it! Who guessed 1804?"

"Me! Me! Me!" cried every man jack
in the shop.

"The dealer smiled.
"Then you guessed wrong," he said,
slipping the coin into his pocket. The
date is 1812."

Clever Lad.

A School teacher had among his
scholars one very clever lad, whose
peculiarity was that he could not pro-
nounce the letter "r", and at last the
teacher concocted a couplet which she
enjoined he should read out before the
whole class:—

Robert gave Richard a rap in the
ribs,
For roasting the rabbit so rare.

But the pupil was determined not to
make an exhibition of himself, and
when the time came he boldly stood up
and delivered himself of the follow-
ing:—

Bobby gave Dicky a thump in the
side
For cooking the bunny so little.

No Raconteur.

There is in existence a very modest
man who, though now peaceably em-
ployed, has in his day seen fighting in
many parts of the globe. His friends
know this, and lose no opportunity to
draw him out amid his thrilling war ad-
ventures. But the veteran's modesty is
such that his tales are more than likely
to be colourless and disappointing. Once
some of his friends cornered him and by
artful subterfuges led the conversation
right up to a certain battle, in which, as
they knew, the veteran had participated.
In a moment of carelessness he allowed
himself to be trapped into statements
regarding that battle. Whereupon, not-
ing that he had warmed to the subject,
one of his friends suddenly said: "You
were in that battle, weren't you?"
"Y-yes," confessed the veteran, much
embarrassed. "Tell us about your expe-
riences on that day," commanded one
of the gathering. There was a breathless
silence. The fighter saw there was no
way out of it. "On that day," he began
slowly, "at a conservative estimate"—
all leaned forward eagerly — "I ran
twelve miles."

Confidence.

The late Meredith Townsend had an
affection for Scots-men as contributors to
the "Spectator," of which he was for so
many years proprietor and co-editor. Mr.
Townsend's liking for the Scots was based
on an experience he had in Leith when a
boy. He was on holiday, and had run
short of money for his return to London.
He boldly boarded a London passenger
boat, intimated his desire to the captain
to go south, explained who he was, and
stated that he was without funds. Seem-
ingly favourably impressed by the lad's
tale, and appearance, the captain, a Scot,
said that would be all right, and showed
him to a cabin. "But," said young
Townsend, "this is a saloon. As things
are, steerage would do all right." "Na,
na, my mannie," said the captain; "if I
trust ye at all, I'll trust ye first class!"

A Fiery Drink.

Assemblyman Brennan, author of the
"Brennan Cold Storage Law," said the
other day in Albany:—

"Cold storage food should be labelled
as what it is. It shouldn't be sold to the
public as fresh food at the price of fresh
food. For it isn't fresh food, and,
though it looks all right, its taste is all
wrong—except to such people as are
blessed with the palate of Jim Jimison.

"Jim Jimison," Mr. Brennan ex-
plained, "was a hard drinker up Ithaca
way. One evening Jim stopped at the
tavern for a dram, lussed it off, and de-
parted calmly, but after he was gone the
tavern-keeper discovered that, in place
of apple-jack, he had given Jim a drink
out of the sulphuric acid bottle that was
kept to clean the ventilator off the brass
taps.

"The tavern-keeper couldn't sleep that
night, but the next morning, to his un-
speakable relief, Jim dropped in for an-
other dram before breakfast, apparently
none the worse for his dose of poison.

"Jim," said the tavern-keeper, "what
did you think of that apple-jack I sold
you last night?"

"Oh, it was fine stuff," said Jim;
"good warmin' stuff. It only had one
fault. Every time I coughed it set my
whiskers afire."



The Boy: You're a fine weather prophet. You said it would snow before
morning.
The Girl: Oh, well, I changed my mind.



Kid: It's a lucky thing for him they don't advertise one-half off.

POLITICS, 1911.

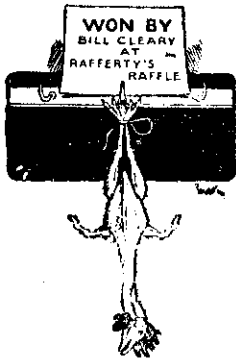
"Does your wife want a vote?"
"She wants two," replied Mr. Meek-ton; "mine and hers."

REVENGE.

Like the lava from a crate,
Came the gravy on his pate,
For he failed to tip the waiter,
So the waiter tipped the plate.

COMPENSATION.

Customer.—Waiter? This is an ab-
surdly small steak you've given me.
Waiter.—Yes, sir, but it'll take a
wonderful long time to eat, sir.



TOUGH LIKE.

A HINT.

They had reached the outer portals of
the front door, and were there going
through the process of parting, very in-
genuinely.

"When I say good-night to you this
evening," gangled Mr Young-slow, "do
you think it would be proper for me to
place one reverent kiss upon your fair
hand?"

"Well," she sighed softly, as she laid
her head quietly on his shoulder, "I
should consider it decidedly out of
place."

PATERNAL GOODNESS.

"I cannot understand," wrote the col-
lege boy, "Why you call yourself a kind
father. For three weeks I've had no
cheque from you. Pray, what sort of
kindness do you call that?"

And the father wrote back: "Unremitt-
ing kindness."



A PRACTICE GAME—KEEPING HER HAND IN.

GRATEFUL.

A very young playwright, whose maiden
effort had been recently produced
with more or less success, was seated
next to Mark Twain at dinner one even-
ing. During a lull in the conversation
he adjusted his monocle and leaned to-
ward the humorist.

"Oh-h, I passed your house this morn-
ing," he drawled.

"Thank you," replied Mark Twain
quietly; "thank you very much."

HE DID IT.

He: "If I should kiss you, what would
happen?"

She: "I should call father."

He: "Then I won't do it."

She: "But father's in Europe."



"I'm so glad you came this way, Doctor Church Mouse, Miss Lily and I have
decided to take the plunge."

BILL'S WAY.

Reluctant: "I s'pose your Bill's tittin'
the 'arp with the angels now?"

Long-suffering Widow: "Not 'im.
Tittin' the hangels wiv the 'arp's nearer
's mark!"

HIS CONDITION.

"In straightened circumstances, is he
not?"

"Yes. He confesses that it is about
all he can do to keep the wolf out of
the garage."

IN A WORD.

"What is your occupation?" the jus-
tice asked the coloured witness. "Jedge,"
he replied, "aint you gittin' jest a lettle
too personal? Have I got to give my
livin' away before this here honorable
court?" "You heard the question," said
the judge, "and you must answer it.
What do you do for a living?" "Well,
sir, I'll jest make bold to enlighten you
—sence you seem to need it. In the
summer, when I aint a-fishin', I'm pro-
puesyin' weather, an' when the weather
don't fall right I'm either a-killin' of
alligators an' a-sellin' of rattle-snake
buttons, or attendin' campaign barbe-
cues an' votin' around."



A PLAIN CIGARETTE CASE.

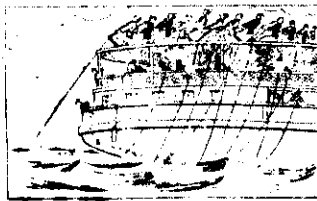
HE DID.

Demian meditated.
"He didn't notice when I did my bit
a new way," she cried, "but I'll bet he
will notice when I do his."

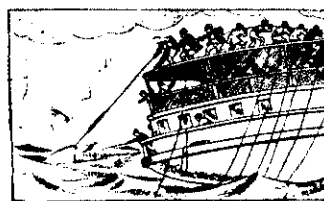
AND THEN IT GOT AWAY. THE LATEST LIE FROM THE FISHING-BANKS.



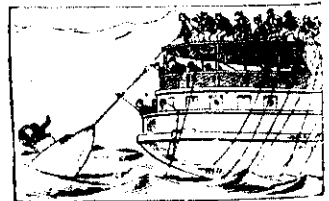
The Nibble.



The Bite.



Ready With the Gae.



Out of Season.