

# THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

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## The Week in Review.

### Manual Arts.

**M**R. E. K. MULGAN, the chief inspector under the Auckland Board of Education, gave a very interesting address on manual arts and domestic economy at the opening of the Educational Institute's Clubroom. He is not at all sure that the schools were giving the best of manual training to the boys and girls of the community. He thought that girls should have the opportunity of learning domestic economy in the house itself, and that boys ought to have means of applying, in a practical manner, the technical knowledge that they acquired at school. In this connection the inspector made reference to an experiment that was now being made in England. There the boys were being taught to sew and darn and do their mending, while the girls were being taught to chop wood and use a cross-cut saw. It is very gratifying to know that the boys are taking kindly to the, at one time, feminine occupations of sewing, knitting, and darning, while the girls are getting quite proficient in the wood chopping. We must prepare for the coming change in the position of the sexes, and when men are able to cook and wash, and sew and darn, they will be able to dispense with wives, and the modern woman will no longer be a slave to matrimony.

### University Education.

In the course of a very interesting speech at Leeds University, Lord Haldane said that he had every cause to be thankful for his university education. When he went to Berlin and met men of high standing, his university training enabled him to enter into conversation with them of a highly miscellaneous character. He frequently noticed the fact that all of them were permeated by the spirit of the university, and they were able to discuss matters after the manner of Plato. It gave him the opportunity of seeing things through German spectacles—not spectacles made in Germany—as well as through English spectacles. He was better able to realize how things struck the German mind. He met men who tried to regard matters from a wider point of view than that of mere controversy between nations. He had always been a profound admirer of German literature and German learning, but never before had he realized that there was a point to be reached at which things became cosmopolitan. Lord Haldane undoubtedly put his finger on the main point in which university education is of value,—namely, in promoting a broad and cosmopolitan outlook on life. It ought to make a student able to discuss questions on a broad basis of general principles apart from parochialism or party interest.

### The School of Experience.

Sir Edward Grey, in speaking on the coal strike said that all of us would be wiser at the end than we were at the beginning, but we would have learnt our lesson in the school of experience. He thought that experience was the most potent of schoolmasters since it taught lessons that nothing else could teach, but there were many drawbacks in attending the school. In the first place the cost was often ruinous, for the fees charged were very high. In the next place it did not spare the rod, for men suffered who learnt in the school of experience. In the third place it often happened that many innocent people

suffered with the guilty. For those three reasons he felt that though experience was undoubtedly the best of teachers in making men learn their lessons, it was far better to learn them in a cheaper school whenever it was possible. He described the coal strike as one of the greatest national catastrophes in the history of England.

### Exchange of Journalists.

The same speaker in dealing with the question of war and the limitation of armaments said that he was not quite sure that a Government was the greatest trustee for the expression of popular feeling. He thought the newspapers were a still greater trustee for the expression of popular feeling, and he felt that they wielded a far greater influence than statesmen. He wondered what would be the effect if at some future Hague Conference a convention was entered into under which, whenever two Governments declared that there was a time of diplomatic tension there should at once be an exchange of journalists between the two countries, and that for a certain time the journalists of one country should be transferred to the other and all the leading articles in one country on foreign politics should be written by the journalists of the other, written of course with that firmness of patriotism, with that freedom which comes from having no official responsibility, but also with that politeness which would be inculcated by being the guest in another man's house. In other words, he thought they should write to represent their views to that other country, not to divide, but to persuade. He thought that if that were done in a month or even in a week, each side would be returning to his own country, and if the millennium had not been reached, at any rate the Secretaries for Foreign Affairs in those two countries would be able to take a holiday, which to some of them would seem almost equivalent to the millennium.

### The Suffragette War.

That women are prepared to go to any lengths to gain the vote is shown by the latest proposal to go without hats in order to spite the male sex. One can conceive of nothing which would be better calculated to bring pure and unalloyed joy to the masculine heart than women banding together to join the hatless brigade. Husbands would oppose for ever the enfranchisement of women if they thought that by that means they would escape the heavy bills they have at present to pay for the headgear of their wives. The advocates of the no-hat movement say that they hope to boycott the male milliner by this means, but the male milliner would in all probability be quite willing to sacrifice himself for the good of his sex. One can conceive of nothing better calculated to bring relief to the hat payer, which is, we believe, the modern word for the obsolete word husband, than the abandoning of expensive headgear by the women folk of the household. No hats would mean no hatpins, and the public safety would gain much thereby. But we fancy women would suffer much before they would be willing to surrender the privilege of wearing larger hats than their neighbours. The proposal sounds too good to be true.

### Country Libraries.

In connection with the proposals of the New Zealand Libraries' Association to increase the facilities for people in the country to borrow books, it is interesting to note that a scheme has recently been adopted in Belgium whereby anyone who owns a savings-bank book is able to obtain what literature he requires. For this purpose every post office has been made into a kind of circulating library. Everybody who owns a post office savings-bank book is entitled to join the library, and he is charged a penny for each book he borrows. He is entitled to keep the book for a fortnight. A large central library has been established at Brussels, and from there books are sent to the smaller centres. The money in the post office bank is security in the event of the book being lost. As there are over 1500 post offices in Belgium, it will be seen that this scheme means the creating of more than 1500 circulating libraries. There seems to be no reason why some such scheme could not be tried in New Zealand, where the postal system penetrates into places unreachably by any other means. The country settler needs books more than the dweller in cities, seeing that very often he has no other form of amusement or recreation.

### The Declaration of London.

A Press Association telegram from Paris reports that the Declaration of London has been ratified by the French Chamber of Deputies. It will be remembered that this declaration was the subject of much public controversy and discussion previous to the Imperial Conference of last year. There were many who strongly opposed the Declaration and on two entirely different grounds. Mr. Gibson Bowles and others argued that the Declaration was framed solely with a view to our interests as neutrals; that our real interest as the chief sea power was as belligerents; and that the Declaration weakened our belligerent rights. Other critics, mostly men of business, opposed the Declaration on the ground that it endangered our neutral rights and seriously threatened our sea-borne food supplies. The matter is one of profound importance to the over-sea Dominions of our Empire, and it will be remembered that Sir Joseph Ward, when he was in England, expressed very decided opinions on the matter of the formation of an Imperial Council to discuss this and other problems of Empire. For this reason it may be as well that we should explain clearly what the Declaration involves.

### Purposes of the Declaration.

The Declaration of London does not purport to be so much a legal innovation as a codification of existing legal principles of International usage. The aim of the compilers was rather to reconcile conflicting practices of European nations and thus form a code of universal application than to lay down new rules of law. This was particularly necessary with regard to the subject of contraband. The law of contraband was so diverse that no two nations thought exactly alike on the matter. The framers of the Declaration sought to make an international agreement. They sought to frame a definite body of rules providing in what cases a vessel might be condemned for carrying contraband, what was to be deemed absolute contraband, what was to be deemed conditional contraband, and what was to be considered as not contraband at all. In this their work was by no means light, for the subject is inextricably involved with belligerent rights of visit and search, the rights of convoy, and the application of the Rule of War of 1909 and its offspring, the doctrine of continuous voyages. The importance of such a codification would be that it would furnish the judicial inquirer with a firm basis upon which to build his decisions, and it would obviate to a great extent the necessity for abstracting principles of law from obscure and often conflicting decided cases for the purpose of applying them to the matter before him. In view of the contradictory views held during the Russo-Japanese war on the subject of food-stuffs and other provisions, it is of paramount importance to New Zealand and other British possessions that some clear and definite agreement should be arrived at by all the Powers on the subject of absolute and conditional contraband.

### English in Schools.

The report of the school inspectors of the Wellington province is a very interesting by reason of the stress it lays on the teaching of the humanities. The inspectors say that reading, recitation, history, and much of geography, supplying as they do the humanistic side of our syllabus, apart altogether from their individual importance, afford from their individual importance, afford the teacher the most direct means of appealing to the child's imagination and cultivating his moral sense and building that foundation of many-sided interests on which alone the future character of the child can be developed. They state that they are fully aware that the teacher has already much to

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grapple with, but they add that they would willingly forego much in the way of technical perfection if they could by so doing emphasise this one aspect of the teaching of English.

**Mechanical Teaching.**

The next part of the report is worthy of the most careful consideration. They point out that in no department are we so much behind other countries as in our teaching of English. This is not due to any lack of intelligence on the part of our pupils or zeal on the part of our teachers. It may be in part accounted for by the fact that we possess no local traditions and historic associations, but this only shows the greater need we have for the teaching of the humanities. At present there is too much time given to the mechanical side of education in the shape of arithmetic, spelling lists, formal grammar, isolated geographical and historical facts. The inspectors enter a plea for the giving of more time to the reading of literature and biography and the discussion of the romance of history and geography. They say that for the teacher this means wider reading, closer touch with human interests, and higher ideals, for which, though the rewards may not be immediately apparent in examination, there will surely come a keener interest and a more active mental response in all the work of the school.

**Correlation of School Work.**

In regard to the technical work of a school the inspectors speak highly of the beneficial results arising from the teaching of cookery, laundry work, and housewifery in general. But they think there is still room for the closer correlation between them and the ordinary school course. Drawing and design might find a place in the lessons in needle-work, and in the cookery and laundry classes arithmetic should be lead to the keeping of household accounts. They express the opinion that this form of arithmetic might be made as truly educative and certainly of more utility for primary children than, say, obsolete calculations in compound interest or calculations as to the time required to empty or fill a bath by the somewhat unusual method of keeping the supply and waste pipe open at one and the same time. Seldom has a more instructive and suggestive report been issued by any body of educationalists, and it is not only well worthy of perusal, but it is also worthy of the careful consideration of all who are interested in the welfare and training of our young people. It is shrewd, practical, and to the point. It touches on what is undoubtedly the weakest spot in our present system, namely, the tendency to mistake teaching for education. It reminds one of the report of one of the greatest experts in England who was once called upon to say why the boys in a large middle school failed to do well in "Greece" at Oxford. He gave his verdict in five words: "They are too well taught."

**The Boat Race.**

The sinking of both boats in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race was a unique incident in the history of this famous race. On a previous occasion the Oxford boat sank, and there have been minor mishaps such as the breaking of an oar or the loss of a rowlock. The boat race is popular mainly by reason of the fact that it is one of the few sporting events entirely free from any suspicion of professionalism or of ulterior motives. New Zealand had this year a representative in each boat, E. C. Collins, of the Cambridge crew, comes from Wellington, and C. W. B. Littlejohn, of the Oxford crew, is the son of a former headmaster of Nelson College. Collins has a record of distinction of having gained a double "Blue" as he has played cricket for his university. He was originally rowing stroke, and was only shifted to two at the end of February. The members of the crew got their row as a trophy, and thecox gets the oar. These are decorated with the arms of the university and the names and weights of the crew, and are amongst the most valued possessions of their owners.

**Polar Exploration.**

Most people regard polar exploration as being merely the discovery of the Pole. In reality the discovery of the Pole itself is quite a secondary consideration. The real value of these expeditions lies in the addition that is made to our scientific knowledge. Captain Scott's expedition has done good work in this direction. To begin with, an almost unbroken record of magnetic elements has been obtained. It is needless to point out the immense value of these observations for scientific purposes. The scientists attached to the expedition have also made studies of atmospheric electricity, ice work, and physiography. The original alpine topography has for long presented many vexed problems, and it is hoped that much light will be thrown on this subject by the studies that have been made of the retreating glaciers of Victoria Land. Specimens of coal have been found, and well preserved fossils, and there can be no doubt that the mainland offers a rich field for petrology. Much will doubtless be added to our scientific knowledge by the work done in taking pendulum observations, and the study of marine biology. Already several new forms of protozoa have been found. A cinematograph has been used to take moving pictures of every phase of seal, penguin, and gull life, and for the first time a photograph has been obtained of the killer whale in its native element.

**Imperial Trade Commission.**

It will be remembered that at the last Imperial Conference a resolution was passed that an Imperial Trade Commission should be set up. The resolution arose from a motion submitted by the Australian delegates to the effect that efforts should be made in favour of British manufactured goods and British shipping. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was at that time Premier of Canada, contended that all information on the subject should be gathered by means of a Royal Commission. This commission was to investigate and report on the natural resources of each part of the Empire, the development attained and attainable, and the facilities for production, manufacture, and distribution. Investigation was also to be made into trade of each part of the Empire with the other parts, and with the outside world. Further statistics were to be collected in regard to the food and raw material requirements of each part, and the source thereof available. Inquiry was also to be made as to how the trade between each of the different parts of the Empire had been affected by legislation.

**The Personnel of the Commission.**

It will be admitted that those forming the Commission are in every respect well fitted for the task. Lord Inchcape has already made himself a name in business circles by his extensive knowledge of matters connected with India and the East. Sir Edgar Vincent is well known as an authority on Egypt. Sir H. Rider Haggard, though, perhaps, best known as a novelist, is also an authority on all matters connected with British agriculture. Mr. Foster, the Canadian delegate, is an ardent Protectionist, while Mr. Bowring, of Newfoundland, has always taken a deep interest in matters connected with the trade of the Empire. New Zealand is represented by Sir Joseph Ward, and few will deny his claim to speak with authority on all matters connected with the finance and trade of the Dominion. We may look forward with confidence to the work of the Commission in forwarding the best interests of the Trade of the Empire, and a better understanding between its component parts.

**Floating Palace.**

The new tugboat, the Leviathan Locomobile, is an example of the modern method of building a palace inside the hull of a ship. Besides the usual variety of open-air recreations, both golf and tennis can be indulged in. There is also a gymnasium, supplied with all kinds of apparatus, including electrically-driven riding horses, rowing and cycling machines, trap-ze bus, boxing gloves, dumbbells and punching balls. She carries over 2000 passengers, and has a speed of 18 1/2 knots. She is running between Liverpool and Boston, and in the winter will carry passengers from New York for cruises in the Mediterranean.

# Emancipating John Sailorman.

## Mr. Havelock Wilson and His Herculean Task - Why the British Seamen Went on Strike.

**M**R. HAVELOCK WILSON, secretary of the British Seamen's Federation, and the man who organised John Sailorman into a powerful fighting force of something like 80,000, with which to challenge the autocratic power of the "Shipping Federation, Limited," is shortly to visit New Zealand. To the average shore goer his name may not convey any great significance other than that he is a successful trades union organiser, but to the folk who go down to the sea in ships his name will surely in their prisons be remembered.

To start a campaign against the "Shipping Federation" and its £200,000,000 of capital, was of itself the task for a giant in courage, resource and organising ability. For over twenty years the Shipping Federation had dominated the existence of the British seafarer, with the help of black list, repressive conditions of employment, and wages never much above the border line of destitution, while direct and powerful opposition was always brought to bear against any parliamentary effort on behalf of the seamen. Every attempt to organise the men had been relentlessly crushed, and the lot of the British Jack was rendered ever becoming more parlous by the en-

the United States and at Home, and men joined the union in thousands weekly. But the Shipping Federation, so long accustomed to a dominant attitude, declined absolutely to meet any overtures from the seamen's representatives. In June, 1910, upwards of 100 members of Parliament, together with the representatives of the union, waited on the Right Hon. Sydney Buxton, president of the Board of Trade, to urge the desirability of establishing a conciliation board for seamen on the lines of those in existence for the miners. It took over six months to consider the situation, for in November following Mr. Buxton replied that the Shipping Federation had answered that there was no need for a conciliation board for seamen's grievances, as they had none. Therefore, said the Board of Trade's President, there was no necessity to pursue the matter further. Every peaceable and conciliatory method was put forward by the union, but all were in turn treated with scornful silence. Final attempts to bring things to a settlement through the medium of a Conciliation Board were made by the union in April last year, but as the federation did not even condescend a reply, and the Board of Trade was useless, it was decided to strike, and strike hard, in every part of the United Kingdom at one and the same time. On June 14 specially-prepared banners bearing the tragic announcement, "War is now declared," were unfurled amid dramatic manifestations. The seamen who had signed on before the official declaration were instructed to abide by their agreement, even though they sailed after the strike was declared, and for a week it looked as if there was little or no strike. Another week, and shipping lay idle in all directions. "Sailors" and "firemen" were sought in the wilds of Birmingham, Leeds, Bradford, and other inland localities, but one after another the ports became blockaded. Hull was in the grip of famine. The North-East Coast was fast. The Scottish ports were blockaded. Grim determination marked the men of Liverpool and London. Presently the dockers threw in their lot to a national movement for better wages and conditions of employment, and the discontent of years which had smouldered in silence and in fear broke out with alarming fury, overwhelming the country with the grim spectre of industrial de-olation and discontent. It was only then that grievances for the rectification of which by arbitration, so many appeals had been made in vain received serious attention from shipowners and the Government which had previously treated all representations with such indifference.



MR. HAVELOCK WILSON.

couragement of Asiatic labour—at the present day there are over 44,000 Asiatics in the British mercantile marine, and their numbers are ever increasing. In short, one of the prime objects of the Shipping Federation seemed to be the determined stamping out of all independence and organisation among seamen, not only of Britain, but of every country in Europe, and no means were neglected in achieving the object. And it was to liberate the men from this soulless machine of repression that Mr. Havelock Wilson summoned all his Yorkshire grit and gristle—and finally won.

The Seamen's Union had languished along a boss half-hearted sort of existence before he gripped the controller, and local strikes were as numerous as they were fruitless for the strikers. In all instances the Shipping Federation spared no expense to secure labour, competent or otherwise, to man the shipping, until the tyranny of the Federation became such that the men continually clamoured for an organisation that would boldly declare war. And ultimately Mr. Wilson decided to forsake Parliament, and proceed to open up an international movement. He was well calculated to appreciate the disabilities of the men he had come out to champion, for at the age of sixteen he himself shipped before the mast, and spent many years in wind-jammers under the iron conditions of life in the fo'c's'le. Meetings were held in

James Payn tells of a whist-player being told by an opponent that he could always tell by his face when he had a good hand. This he resented exceedingly, and applied to his partner for a refutation of it; but he was only still more irritated by his form of corroboration, "that he had never noticed any expression in his countenance whatever."

R. R. R. R.

Four "R's" easily remembered; but this means a good deal to many sufferers, for they represent in an abbreviated form a great truth: "Rheumatic Painfully Relieved Rheumatism." Have you have in a single sentence all that need be told of Rheuma, the rest will be proved by experience after a trial. RHEUMAL is a remarkable remedy and, if taken in the manner prescribed, every dose will be found to afford relief, killing the pain of aching the swelling, and eliminating the excess uric acid—the cause of all the trouble. RHEUMAL is the best solvent of uric acid and uric acid is the best solvent of Rheumatism. RHEUMAL conquers Rheumatism. (Cont. Lumbago and Relates. 8014 by all chemists and storekeepers at 2s. 6d., 2nd 4s. 6d. per bottle.

# Sayings of the Week.

### "Her Own Salvation."

At one time he had been disposed to regard favourably the federation of New Zealand with Australia, but he now thought it more desirable for the Dominion to work out her own destiny. It was, however, essential that there should be some central assembly at which the ideals and aspirations of the overseas parts of the Empire may be voiced, and he considered the time ripe for some Imperial representation.—*Hon. T. Mackenzie.*

### Licensed Drinkers.

If I had my way we would stop making hotelkeepers pay huge license fees. Why not charge them a nominal fee and regulate them? Then put the real tax on the drinkers. Make every person who wants a drink take out a license and pay a dollar a year for it. If any person is seen to be drinking too much or his family needs the money, or he has a weak constitution, then refuse to give him a license.—*Dr. Harry H. Wylie.*

### "The Grim Arm of Poverty."

Poverty and pauperism are increasing. Indeed, I have never known such distress as was being experienced in England during my stay there. Notwithstanding that last year a record amount of business was done, the grim arm of poverty was to be seen on every hand. There is no saying how all the industrial trouble will end, but there is one thing certain, and that is that strikes of the nature of the one in progress in England at present must materially add to the depression and distress already in existence. It is hard to picture the state into which thousands will surely drift as the result of such an upheaval.—*Mr. G. F. Earp, M.L.C., Sydney.*

### "What is the Hire?"

The labourer is worthy of his hire, but what is his hire? Instead of Labour's champions (as in Auckland) fighting over mere terminologies, why not sit down and carefully compile a logical chart of labour's wrongs in understandable form and the remedies will then not be very hard to find.—*Mr. Henry Bodley, Wellington.*

### Are We Getting the Best?

Is the Training College getting the best students that are offering, those most likely to do justice to all sides of the course of training? I felt bound to say that some of those who have entered might well have been rejected in favour of others applying direct from secondary schools. From these we have in previous years received a fair number of students, and almost without exception they are now giving a good account of themselves in the schools. If we must pick and choose, then we should have the best, and it should be considered to the advantage of a candidate that he has had two or three years' extra secondary school instruction.—*Mr. William Gray, late Principal Teachers' Training College, Wellington.*

### Loyal Teachers

In most of the small country schools I was impressed with the fact that the teachers were striving loyally and earnestly to do their best for the children, and the work was in many cases of a higher merit than I had expected to find. There was close supervision of written work, which in most cases was very neatly done, and evidently an earnest endeavour was being made to meet the requirements of the standards of education in every possible way.—*Mr. W. T. Grundy, Clyde Quay School, Wellington.*

### Popular Camps.

Many of the young men had gone under canvas rather reluctantly, because as they said, they did not know exactly what was going to happen. All sorts of tales of military life had been in circulation and served to discourage them. All these, however, had been falsified. The boys (he called them boys because many of them were only 18) were absolutely delighted with their work in camp and all went away looking forward to

the time when they would be coming out again next year.—*General Godley.*

### Teachers and the University.

I have no sympathy at all with the idea that the students while in training should not aim at a University degree. If they are able to undertake the degree course, they should receive every encouragement to do so, even at the sacrifice of some of their practical work.—*Mr. Wilson Gray.*

### Railway Rolling Stock

I travelled on the route last week from Wellington to Auckland and had also to make the same journey on a previous occasion. Each time the carriages were congested most horribly, the crowded state of the trains being almost intolerable to passengers. What is the cause of this? Is there an absence of rolling stock in the Dominion?—*Mr. J. C. Hanna, London.*

### Dress and Undress.

He had travelled most countries of the world, but in no country had he seen so many well-dressed men in plain

### Rampant Syndicalism.

Elated by their success the revolutionary socialists who guided the Federation of Labour might impose a new set of demands on the public. They would claim it as a victory for syndicalism, and syndicalism would run rampant.—*Mr. C. J. Parr, Mayor of Auckland.*

### Delivery of Letters.

He hoped to see the house-to-house delivery extended well out into the country districts, so as to give country people all the postal facilities possible. The existing policy was to extend the system wherever possible, and while he did not propose to attempt a revolutionary change, he hoped to see a gradual extension.—*Hon. H. G. Ell.*

### Yoga.

Yoga was an applied science, and known in the East as the kingly science, or the science of the self, and was the application of the laws of psychology and the systematised knowledge of the laws governing the unfolding of consciousness on the various planes of nature in the universe, applied to the unfolding of the individual consciousness. By its practice men began to definitely take his evolution in his own hands, being moved from within, instead of from without, by the action of the external forces of nature, thus enormously hastening his own growth towards div-

same people declare I am a dictator. As I can't be both things, I leave them to take their choice.—*Mr. L. M. Issitt.*

### Federation with Australia.

He had all along favoured Australian federation, and during the federation campaign had volunteered to visit Queensland with the object of getting that State to join. At that time he had thought it would be a good thing to induce New Zealand to join the federation, and was still of that opinion. He agreed, however, that it was not fair to New Zealand, at its great distance from Australia, to be governed from Melbourne or Sydney, but it might be possible to have some sort of federal bond between the two countries.—*Mr. T. Temperley, Australian Provincial Press Association.*

### A System of Revenge.

Sometimes I go to jail to hold service. I wish I could bring the men of Auckland to see that sight. I hold that under the Cross of Jesus Christ no right exists to punish any man unless it be to improve him or arrest him in his criminal career, and I tell you that your system of criminal punishment is a system of revenge.—*Bishop Crossley.*

### With All Its Faults.

The Arbitration Act might have its faults, but a bargain under the Act was infinitely preferable from a public point of view to an agreement with a syndical organisation, the executive of which could tear it up and call a general strike at any time.—*Mr. C. J. Parr, Mayor of Auckland.*

### When We Die.

People when they die don't go to Heaven or to Hell, but depart to a state where they may be with Christ. And who can tell but that in that long state of waking the truth that was so darkened here, the life that was so cruelly wronged may be set aright? There is nothing to warrant it; but, thank God, there is nothing to say that it is impossible.—*Bishop Crossley.*

### Plucky Pioneers.

To-day the settlers were living a different life to the settlers of the olden days. The old colonists had had a strenuous time in developing the country, but their grit and pluck was responsible for the prosperous state that the district was in to-day. The success of the pioneers would stimulate the younger generation, as they would enjoy benefits under the advanced conditions that were not enjoyed by their fathers.—*Lord Islington.*

### Increased Wages.

When he entered the City Council, 14 years ago, wages were paid at the rate of 6/6 and 7/ per day. The first increase, from 7/ to 8/ per day, was strongly supported by him, and the latest increase, by which the minimum was raised to 8/8, was a matter in which he was the first to move. This last increase meant £4000 per year, or more, being added to the city's pay-sheet, and it placed the Auckland municipal employees in the position of being better paid than those in Wellington, Christchurch, or Dunedin.—*Mr. C. J. Parr, Mayor of Auckland.*

### Serving One's Country.

"I have no room for the chap who says, 'I am not going to serve my country.' To serve one's country meant to guard one's beloved home, to protect one's womenkind, and to preserve the liberty which was the pride of all. To serve one's country was not to go out of the way to slaughter others. They hoped war would never come in New Zealand; but they would be worse than fools if they took no steps to protect themselves against the possibility.—*Bishop Crossley.*



THE EUROPEAN CONCERT.

German Socialist: "Now, here Kaiser, exchange your sword for this instrument, and join the concert."

clothes, and so many badly-dressed men in uniform. A man should be more particular when in uniform than when in plain clothes, as he attracted more attention, and not only brought disrepute on himself, but on his regiment as well.—*Captain Johnston, Director of Ordnance.*

### Federation and Conciliation.

The Federation of Labour had declined to have anything to do with conciliation or arbitration, because that would deprive it of its weapon of the general strike.—*Mr. J. C. Parr, Mayor of Auckland.*

### Syndicalism and Socialism.

There was no essential difference between Syndicalism and Socialism. Both aimed at the overthrow of the present form of society. (The lesson of the strike was that the commercial classes were realising that the mines and railways must become State property.—*Mr. Keir Hardie.*

inity, and also intelligently co-operating in the scheme of the hogs of the system.—*Miss H. Harns, Dunedin.*

### Manual Training for Boys and Girls.

Many a backblocks family would be hard put to it if some of the elder girls could not lay their hands to the men's work; and there is no seafaring man who cannot recall the not very long ago days when the forecastle of every "windjammer"—as sailing ships are now irreverently called—included in its little company men who could not only use a sailmaker's needle and "palm" and put a "cloth" in a topsail, but who could also mend their own "tarry breeches" and even carry out the lighter and more distinctly feminine work of sewing "band and gusset and seam."—*Mr. E. K. Hutches, Chief Inspector of Schools, Auckland.*

### A Joke or a Dictator.

Five weeks ago the Opposition press discovered that I was a joke. Now the

### FOR ALL EYE TROUBLES.

**W. PARKER, OPTICIAN**  
F.S.M.C., London.  
Rooms over Pond's homoeopathic pharmacy, 145 Queen Street (4 doors above Wyndham Street), also at Gullacher's Pharmacy, 120 of St. Andrew St. (Old Grocer). We hold the highest diploma in Visual Optics and Special Testing, Consultation and Testing Free. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

# News of the Dominion

## Impossible.

THE difficulty harnen and licensers of hotels have in knowing whether their customers are prohibited persons was testified to by a publican at the Wellington Magistrate's Court. He stated that on the list at his hotel there were hundreds of names of persons who are subject to the conditions of prohibition orders. Asked whether he inquired of every man who patronised his hotel whether he was prohibited or not, the licensee replied in the negative. "There are so many," he declared, "that it is impossible to ask every man who comes into the bar what his name is, because we would not do any business."

## Enforcing Defence Act.

The Hon. A. M. Myers, Minister for Defence, says the new Government has determined to provide for the training of all men liable for service, and to enforce the provisions of the Act without any change in the methods which have been followed up to the present. "The Government has no intention of not enforcing the Act," said Mr. Myers, "although it regrets to be compelled to do so by means of imprisonment. But it is a mistake to suppose that youths have been sentenced to imprisonment for refusing to serve. That is not the case. The penalty inflicted has been a fine, and the only reason for imprisonment in certain cases has been the contempt of Court involved by the refusal to pay the fines."

## Flight of a Witness.

A painter named Crane was informant in a prosecution against one Blain, a bookmaker, for laying totalisator odds at Wanganui, and in turn Crane, who was refused a certificate of indemnity, by the Magistrate, was summoned on the information of Blain for aiding in totalisator betting. Crane was also fined. The refusal of the indemnity, it is stated, will result in increased difficulty in obtaining evidence against bookmakers, and the police authorities propose to ask the Department for a grant to recruit Crane.

## Price of Coal.

Inquiries made in Dunedin go to show that the price of coal has a downward tendency, not upward. It is nonsense says an authority, to talk about the increased cost of handling coal on vessels, seeing that shipping companies have not raised the freight rate on coal, which is carried by contract. The extra money paid to waterside workers is counterbalanced by the increased charges placed on general cargo.

## After Gold.

Two prospectors for gold in the Tararua mountains on behalf of a Levin syndicate, returned to that town on Saturday, after a three weeks' tour on the ranges. They appear to have struck slight indications of gold on one or two leads, but they are of the opinion that they may find better results further back on the hills. The country already prospected lies about eight miles from Levin.

## Racing Permits.

The Minister for Internal Affairs, Mr. G. W. Russell, referring to the cutting out of country clubs, and to other matters, necessitated last year by the report of the Racing Commission, says that the Minister will now have full power, independent of the report, to consider and deal with all applications for racing permits for the 1912 racing year, and from August 1 the responsibility is laid on the Minister for Internal Affairs of dealing with this somewhat difficult matter. Applications from clubs excluded under report are now being received.

## Well to Be Ready.

Discussing the possibility of a dissolution, Mr. W. F. Massey expressed the opinion that there would be no election for some time. He added: "Still, it is well to be ready for a general election, and by the way one of the most encouraging indications is the fact that in several districts where on the last occasion the Reform party had a difficulty in securing candidates, good men have already announced themselves to me as willing to come forward at the first opportunity."

## State Advances.

The late Minister of Finance, Sir Joseph Ward, in saying farewell to the staff of the State Guaranteed Advances Department, mentioned that up to date there had been paid in loans under the three branches of the department the sum of £15,515,000. Since the institution of the department the losses were under £200, a tribute to the State working of the department. At present, as required by the Act, there not being sufficient funds to meet all applications, preference was being given to those of £500 and under. Notwithstanding this limitation last year was a record one in advances, those to settlers up to February 24th being £2,077,155, and to workers £497,535. If moneys repaid and again advanced are included, the gross total lent to settlers, workers, and loans to local authorities, amounted to the large sum of £15,515,000. The profits had been considerable, increasing from £12,321 in 1899 to £60,440 in 1911. These profits were due to economy of management and the fortunate circumstances that he was able to obtain large sums at a low rate of interest, especially one loan of £1,500,000 at 3 per cent. For some years to come interest would rise, and higher rates of interest would prevail throughout the world, so that the large profits hitherto made by the department could not be expected to continue.

## Three Qualities.

Speaking to the officers of the Justice Department, at Wellington, who had assembled to bid farewell to Mr. Waldgrave, Dr. McArthur, S.M., made interesting references to the duties and qualifications of magistrates. There were three qualities, he said, which should be found in every magistrate. First of all, they should have a wide knowledge of human nature. No man could possess this unless he went amongst the people themselves. A magistrate's knowledge of human nature should not be a "sarcastic" knowledge, but sympathetic. He should be able to place himself, metaphorically, in the position of those who came before him. Any man who was incapable of putting himself in the place of those who came before him, either in the dock or in the witness-box, was incapable of being a good magistrate. Another quality essential in a good magistrate was that he should be able to weigh evidence. Every story had two sides, and a magistrate should be capable of seeing both. It was most important of all that a magistrate should have a keen sense of justice. Sometimes magistrates found themselves inclined to give a judgment more in accordance with the letter of the law than with its spirit. In such a case a magistrate should at once break bounds and observe the spirit of the law. If they possessed the qualities he had indicated, and gave judgment according to the spirit rather than to the letter of the law, Dr. McArthur concluded, he thought that magistrates would find that they were doing their duty.

## Incidental.

The strike of Gisborne butchers, which partly held up the meat supply of the town, has been settled in an adjustment of points at issue, to the satisfaction of both parties concerned.

Mr. John Payne, M.P., has instructed a firm of Napier solicitors to issue a writ claiming from Mr. W. F. Massey, the sum of £3,000 damages for alleged slander.

The steamer Himanting, which dragged her anchors and went ashore near Waitangi, was got off and reached Wellington last week. Only slight damage was suffered by the vessel.

A dog poisoner at Lower Hutt was successful in destroying some forty dogs without detection.

## On the Main Trunk.

In view of the serious overcrowding on the Main Trunk express, the Hon. A. M. Myers has decided to obtain a report on the traffic, and he will then decide whether there is justification for a double service between Auckland and Wellington. The agitation for an improved connection between the Main Trunk and Rotorua expresses will be considered when he has the time-table of the Auckland-Wellington expresses under review.

## Bishop on Gambling.

The question of gambling was touched upon briefly by Bishop Crossley at Auckland. The remarks arose out of a reference to the men who gambled beneath the Cross during the Crucifixion. "I wonder," observed his Lordship, "whether there will be any gambling by the young men of Auckland on Good Friday?" He would not say, he proceeded, that to make a bet was to commit a sin. The Ten Commandments were enough for him on that point. "But I do appeal to you men of Auckland," his Lordship added, "on this question of gambling, to read what I think is one of the finest things ever written—Charles Kingsley's letter to his son when he wrote to him from school and told him that he had backed a horse for the Derby. Then, having read the words of one of the sanest men that ever lived, ask yourself, 'Do I want my boy to be a gentleman? Is it being a gentleman to take someone else's money?' You may say that the other person has a chance to win, but it is nevertheless a dirty and a low way of making money."

## Commuted.

Cabinet has decided to commute the sentences of three weeks' imprisonment passed on Christchurch youths recently for refusal to take the oath of allegiance under the Defence Act. When interviewed, the Prime Minister said neither the previous Cabinet nor the present Cabinet believed that it was ever intended to put lads into a common gaol, and there to be clothed with gaul garments, and to have their fingerprints taken like common criminals. The provisions under the Act, namely, depriving these refusing to register of the right to vote, and depriving them also of their right to enter the Civil Service, were thought to be sufficient. Cabinet was considering the propriety of modifying the Act in some form next session.

## The Art "Split."

The end of autumn will probably see two art exhibitions in Auckland instead of the usual one which takes place at that time under the auspices of the Auckland Art Society. At the last annual meeting some of the artists hived off from the parent society with the intention of starting a society managed by artists for artists. The inexperienced layman being rigidly excluded from any say in the management. The society has not yet been organised, but the seceding artists intend to have an exhibition in a few weeks, and the exhibits will not be confined to pictures, but will embrace all the kindred arts, photography, wood-carving, beaten copperwork, etc. It has not yet been decided where the exhibition will be held, but the committee have several very suitable places under offer.

## Duty to the State.

The duties of citizenship as affecting military service were forcibly referred to by Bishop Crossley in the course of a Lenten address at the Chamber of Commerce buildings, Auckland. "I have no room," said his Lordship, "for the chap who says, 'I am not going to serve my country.' Serving your country, my lads, means guarding the home you love, protecting those women you respect, and keeping that liberty you are proud of. It does not mean going out of your way to slaughter other people. God knows that in New Zealand we hope that war will never come, but we would be worse than fools if we did not take steps to protect ourselves against the possibilities of its coming." Even if there was a man with conscientious objections, well, let him off by all means, but send him out to do a really tough job. Put him to some roadmaking, for instance, for a similar number of days to the number he would have to serve at military training. They should not on any account allow him to escape his duty to the State.

## Cost of Living.

In reply to a telegram asking if the Government intended to give effect to what appeared in the Budget last year relative to the setting up of a Royal Commission to inquire into the cost of living in the Dominion, Mr. A. E. Glover, M.P., has received wires from the Premier and other Ministers stating that the whole matter will be fully discussed at a meeting of Cabinet to be held next week.

## Drink Evil.

Bishop Crossley dealt with the subject of excessive drinking in an address last week. He thought the time had come when the men of Auckland ought to be brought into conference—and while he was not going to bring it about, he was ready to co-operate in the movement—to ask what were they going to do with their city? "I would ask the men on both sides to meet—business men and Labour leaders, prohibitionists and publicans—beneath the Cross, to see if we cannot do something to stem this tide of wrong. I will venture to give you your platform. Aim at two things, and only two. Some years ago I was talking to a working man in England, and he said to me, 'We could stop three-quarters of the drinking if we could only see by legislation that every public house has plain plate glass windows and plain plate glass doors.' I believe he is right." If a man were not ashamed of taking his glass of beer—and he was not going to tell him he ought not to—let him take it before the public. Let him stand at the bar as he would stand at the counter of a cake shop, and let him be seen by everyone. "Then," he added, "I think we would modify our drinking custom." The Bishop said he was speaking as the publican's friend, and not as his opponent. But he must ask: Why was it that these places of drinking were so muffled up?

The Bishop said his other plank was to ensure the supply of pure liquor. "I say to the Temperance party of this country," he continued, "you have not done as you ought in this respect. You have been content to see taking place the worst conditions that can prevail. Some of you have even made the boast that the worse the prevailing conditions of the liquor traffic, the better it is for the Temperance party. Gentlemen, I tell you that is not moral. We ought to demand by legislation pure drink. We know what happens to much of the liquor that is at present supplied—I won't use the word 'adulterated,' but 'manipulated.'" (Laughter.) Let them aim at open public houses and pure drink. Carry prohibition if they would, but don't let them wait for seven years in contentment with the present conditions.

## Suburban Railways.

The North Auckland Suburban Railway League, through its president (Mr. M. J. Coyle), has forwarded its congratulations to the Hon. A. M. Myers on the latter's elevation to the office of Minister for Railways. On his return to Auckland, about the 20th inst., the Minister will receive a deputation from the league with regard to needed improvements in the suburban service to Henderson and other stations, particularly the provision of more frequent and faster trains, and the removal of the anomaly which exists over the price of suburban tickets, whereby it costs less to travel from Auckland to Swanson than from Mt. Albert to the same station.

## Easter Trade.

Nothing lower than 40 to 50 per cent increase over the 1911 figures is reported by the Auckland drapery firms concerning the Easter sales, and the sartorial barometer may be taken as a pretty safe indication of the existence of a satisfactory general prosperity. A normal season, so far as the weather is concerned, and an early Easter fitted in most opportunely right after the summer trade.

Fine weather makes all the difference between good and bad sales, and this year more than the usual number of country people are doing their shopping at Easter. Inquiry at the counting-houses of various firms also indicate that the way accounts were coming in is quite consistent with a prosperous year, both in town and country. The country trade, which is perhaps the first to feel an impending change in financial conditions, is considered very sound just now.

## Encouraging Art.

The Wellington City Council has decided to make a grant of £1000 out of the municipal funds to the Academy of Arts for the purchase of pictures from the Baillie collection provided citizens can raise £5000 by private subscriptions.

# Personal Notes

The Hon. A. M. Myers, Minister of Railways, Defence, and Finance, arrived in Auckland from Wellington by the Main Trunk train on Thursday morning. Mr. John Webster, senior, who broke his thigh last Thursday in alighting from an omnibus at Devonport, is making satisfactory progress towards recovery.

The Hon. W. D. S. Macdonald, Minister of Public Works, intends shortly to make an extended tour of the North Island on railway, public works, and native land matters.

Colonel Allen Bell left on Thursday for Wellington to attend the Easter Labour Conference as delegate from the Waikato branch of the Young New Zealand party.

Owing to the claim of his Ministerial business, the Hon. A. M. Myers, Minister of Finance and Defence, has tendered his resignation as a director of the New Zealand Insurance Co.

Mr. W. A. Scott, of Dunedin, arrived in Auckland last week and is staying at Cargen. Mr. Scott is one of the foremost bowlers in Otago, and is the official bowler tester to the New Zealand Bowling Association.

Mr. F. Warren, second officer of the Koromiko, became seriously ill shortly after leaving Westport. Mr. Warren was removed to the Hospital on the arrival of the vessel at Auckland on Wednesday.

Under the will of the late Edward Herries, C.B., of St. Julians, near Seven Oaks, England, proved to the value of £136,732. Mr. W. H. Herries receives a legacy of £5,000, and is also one of four residuary legatees.—Press Association.

Captain W. F. Morrisby, of the Union Co.'s mail steamer Marama, who is at present touring the Dominion, arrived in Auckland by the Monowai on Thursday. Captain Morrisby will remain in Auckland some time before rejoining his vessel.

Mr. W. Parsons was welcomed back to his seat as a member of the Devonport Borough Council at last week's meeting. The mayor (Mr. W. Handley), congratulated Mr. Parsons upon his recovery from a serious illness and the latter acknowledged the sympathy shown by members of the council during his sickness.

Mr. John Baillie, formerly of Wellington, and now owner of the Baillie Gallery in London, arrived at Wellington from Sydney last week. He has arrived almost simultaneously with a collection of four hundred pictures, worth some £25,000, which he proposes to exhibit in the chief centres of New Zealand.

Mr. Frank Lawry's friends irrespective of party colour, intend at an early date to present him with an illuminated address, and also with a substantial gift, commemorative of the services he has rendered to the country during the nearly 25 years of his public life. The presentation will be made at a public meeting in the Ellerslie Hall, and the date will be advertised in due course.

Mrs. W. J. Cawkwell, of Remuera, died on Thursday. The deceased lady was one of the earliest settlers of Auckland, and arrived with her parents in 1850. She leaves three sons (Messrs. U. A. and W. D. Cawkwell and Dr. Cawkwell) and two daughters (Mrs. C. Z. Clayton and Miss Cawkwell). Her life was one of devotion to others, and she will be remembered by her many unostentatious acts of kindness.

Mr. W. J. Rees, chairman of the Ponsonby School Committee, was presented by the committee last week with a suit case, dressing case, and travelling rug, as a souvenir of his long association with the committee and good service to the cause of education in the district, on his severance from it to take a trip to the Old Country. Mr. Rees has also been presented by the members of Lodge Aro, 743, I.C., with a handsome travelling case. He expects to leave for Wellington about the end of the present month.

At a gathering of the staff of the Treasury Department in Wellington last week a presentation was made to Mr. E. L. Mowbray, one of the oldest servants of the Treasury, who is retiring. Advantage was also taken of the gathering to say good-bye to Sir Joseph Ward, and present him with an address, and also to welcome the new Minister for Finance (the Hon. A. M. Myers).

A pleasant function took place at the Lands and Survey Office on Saturday morning, the 30th inst., on the occasion

of the retirement from the service of Mr. R. Covill. A presentation which took the form of a silver tea service and tray, was made by the chief surveyor on behalf of his fellow officers. The chief surveyor mentioned the long and faithful service rendered by Mr. Covill to the Department. Mr. Covill suitably replied.

The Rev. A. N. Scott, B.A., who has been transferred to Christchurch, was at the anniversary meeting of the Kingsland Methodist Church congregation on Tuesday evening presented by the Rev. W. Ready, on behalf of those present, with a gold watch, in recognition of the esteem in which he is held. A presentation of a choice salad bowl in oak and silver was also made to Mrs. Scott. Mr and Mrs Scott and their family leave for Christchurch about the middle of next month.

Advice has been received of the death at Melbourne of Mr. A. R. Crump, who was at one time well known in Auckland. He was educated at Auckland Grammar School, and Nelson College, and graduated B.A. in 1902, and M.A. with honours in 1903. He was teaching at King's College, Auckland, for some time, and subsequently took an assistant mastership at Scots' College, Melbourne, under the principalship of Mr. Littlejohn, formerly principal of Nelson College. Mr. Crump was 36 years of age at the time of his death.

A special meeting of the members of Berestord-street Congregational Church was held last week for the purpose of considering the question of securing a successor to the Rev. Henry Steele Crank, who has taken charge of the Mount Eden Church. It was decided to invite the Rev. R. Mitchell, of Te Kuiti, to fill the pulpit for the ensuing twelve months. Mr. Mitchell has done excellent work for many years in the Te Kuiti district, and as his health has not been too good latterly, it is thought no doubt that a year's sojourn in the city may benefit him, while as pastor of the leading Congregational Church of New Zealand, he will have some recognition of the faithful services rendered in carrying on the work in the backblocks.

The funeral of George Arthur Arey, accountant of Wildman and Arey, took place last week. The funeral service was conducted by Archdeacon Calder, and many hundreds of telegrams and letters of condolence were received by the family, including one from His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Parr. A great many floral wreaths were received, included amongst these being one from Messrs. Upton and Co., Champtaloup and Edmiston, J. C. Williams, Ltd., Jackson and Russell, the travellers of the Associated English Book Publishers at present in Auckland, the staff of Wildman and Arey, the teachers of Napier-street school, Messrs. W. G. Allen, W. J. Rees, G. B. Osmond, J. J. O'Brien, Walter Slane, of Wellington, and many others.

Mr. W. C. Kensington, who has retired from the position of Under-Secretary for Lands, intends to farm at Marton.

Mr. J. E. W. McEneaney has been transferred from Whangarei to Dunedin in the capacity of District Engineer.

A great hui took place at Kakamoi, Kaipara, on the 30th of last month. The occasion was the celebration of a wedding, and the unveiling of a memorial tombstone to one of the late chiefs of the district. The hui, which lasted for a week, was largely attended by people from different parts of Kaipara and Ngapuhi. Amongst the visitors were some prominent chiefs, namely—Reihana Kena, Matiu Te Aarami, Wenei, Maiti, Parata, Mate, Kapea, Karipui, and others. The wedding ceremony was conducted by the Rev. Edward Te Tubiti, Methodist minister. The total number of natives present was over 150.

Major C. H. Turner has been appointed Lieut.-Colonel of the Fifth Regiment (Wellington Rifles).—Press Association.

Mr. H. C. Tewsley, who for many years resided in Auckland, and was a prominent member of the Chamber of Commerce, arrived from Wellington last week accompanied by his wife and daughter. It is Mr. Tewsley's intention to again reside in this city.

Mr. M. L. Genussow, of Barkly West, Cape Colony, who is making an extensive tour round the world, has been in Auckland. He intends visiting Australia,

the various South Sea Islands, China and Japan, British Columbia, and California, returning to South Africa via New York, Western Europe, Palestine, and the East Coast of Africa. Mr. Genussow is a member of the Executive of the South African Zionist Federation, and is endeavouring to propagate the movement. Mr. Genussow left on Tuesday for Rotorua, where he will remain for three weeks sight-seeing and touring the surrounding district.

Mr. Henry Heywood has returned from his business trip to Melbourne and Sydney.

Dr. Cross has been appointed medical superintendent of the Northern Wairoa Hospital.

Mr. Justice Chapman, Mrs. and Miss Chapman and Sir Joshua and Lady Williams are spending Easter at Napier.

The appointment of Mr. E. Focke as German Consul at Wellington has been confirmed by the Governor.

Constable Henry Scott has been appointed gaoler of the public prison at Waitangi, Chatham Islands.

The veteran actor, Mr. George Rignold, arrived by the Maheno last week on a holiday visit, which will include Rotorua. He is staying at Glenavon.

Mr. D. McLaren is a candidate for the Mayoralty of Wellington. He was formerly member for Wellington East.

Mr. Claude Watson, one of the engineers of the Auckland Electric Tramway Company, has been appointed assistant engineer to the Waitemata County Council.

Captain Seddon, who is attached for experience to the Army Service Corps at Aldershot, has been notified that he has passed for the subjects for which he sat last December, and has now only one more section to complete his qualification for promotion.

Dr. Edgar Jones is the oldest in the medical profession in England, being now in his 103rd year. He resides at Great Burstead, Essex, and has just begun his 61st year as a member of the bench of Magistrates.

At the Veterans' Home last week there died Isaac Glead, late of the 57th Regiment, who had attained the ripe age of 80 years, having served with the 57th Regiment from 1851 to 1863. He saw service during the Crimean war, and was awarded the Turkish medal, also for the Sebastopol one, with bars for Inkerman, Balaklava, and Sebastopol. For service in Taranaki he also received the Maori war medal.

Amongst the passengers by the Maheno on Sunday was Mr. Havelock Wilson, president of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union of Great Britain and Ireland. He was extended a hearty welcome by a large number of seamen at the wharf. The signal, "Welcome, Hawaroka Wirama," was run up in flags as the vessel came up the harbour, and a streamer had also been painted bearing the words, "Kia Ora, Havelock Wilson." Mr. Wilson is staying at the Royal Hotel, and intends to proceed to Rotorua during the week. The trip has been taken to recruit his health.

The remains of a very old resident of Auckland were interred at Epsom Cemetery on Saturday, namely, Mrs. W. J. Cawkwell, who had attained the age of 75 years. She arrived in Auckland in

the Gipsy as far back as 1850, and has resided here ever since. During her 62 years' residence Mrs. Cawkwell saw the wonderful growth of the city—landing as she did at the spot where the South British Insurance Office now stands—to what it has now developed into. She was the daughter of Captain Law, who was well known in the merchant service here in the early days when he ran the Amazon. Deceased passed away quietly in her sleep, the cause of death being heart failure. She leaves the following children:—Mrs. C. Z. Clayton, Miss Cawkwell, Mr. W. D. Cawkwell (of Taranaki), Dr. Cawkwell (who has just returned from England), and Mr. C. A. Cawkwell (chairman of the Remuera Road Board).

A very pleasant farewell social was tendered Mr and Mrs T. D. Taylor at the Havelock Town Hall, Marlborough, recently, prior to their departure for Fiji. During Mr Taylor's ten years' residence at Havelock, he had occupied the position of manager and editor of the Pelorus "Guardian," and was actively connected with the various local bodies, as well as every form of sport in the district. He had recently been appointed editor of the Fiji "Times" at Fiji. Mrs Taylor is at present on a visit to her

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CLANSMAN ..... Every Monday, at 6 p.m.  
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CLANSMAN—Every Wednesday, at 5.30 p.m.  
No Cargo for Russell.  
**For Awanui, Waitarara, Houhora, Whangaroa, and Mangonui.**  
APAKI ..... Every Monday, at 2 p.m.  
No Cargo. Whangaroa and Mangonui.  
**For Whangaruru, Helena Bay, Tutakaka, and Whananaki.**  
PAEROA ..... Monthly

**For Great Barrier.**  
WAIOATAHI ..... Every Wednesday, midnight  
**For Waikato and Coromandel.**  
LEAVE AUCKLAND.  
DAPHNE—Every Mon. and Fri. Foroneoa  
LEAVE COROMANDEL, VIA WAIKEKE.  
DAPHNE—Every Tues. and Sat. Early.  
**FROM ONEHUNGA.**  
**For Hokianga.**  
LEAVE AUCKLAND.  
CLAYMORE ..... Every Thursday  
**For Raglan and Kawhia.**  
CLAYMORE ..... Every Monday  
**WHANGAREI BRANCH.**

TIME TABLE S.S. NGAPUHI, SBT, 1911  
S.S. Coromandel

Date.	Goods received till, per train.	Passenger.	Manapou.	Leaves 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.	
8th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	7 a.m.	9 a.m.	
11th—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.	11.25 a.m.	Noon.	No str.	
21st—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	7 a.m.	9 a.m.	
24th—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.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.	

Goods outward must leave on-wardly stations by afternoon train previous day.  
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**TO GRANDDEST SCENERY IN THE WORLD.**

ROCKY MOUNTAINS, GREAT LAKES, NIAGARA FALLS, ST. LAWRENCE, and HUDSON RIVERS, etc.

**CANADA, UNITED STATES, and MINING CALIFORNIA, YUKON, and FARMING NORTHWEST MANITOBA, MINNESOTA, etc.**

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ANGLO-COLONIAL NOTES.

AUSTRALIAN BANKING LEGISLATION.

LONDON, February 23.

The recent banking and financial experiments on the part of the Federal Government of Australia were the subject of some adverse comment at the London School of Economics on Wednesday last, when Mr. R. H. Morgan read a paper on "The Trade, Industry, and Finance of Australia and New Zealand." The Commonwealth Government has, said Mr. Morgan, embarked on such enterprises as the establishment of a State bank, and the issue of State bank notes in opposition to the advice of the banking experts of Australia, and without consulting with the banking and financial experts of London, although Australia was dependent as ever upon the London financial market.

Reading the official reports of the debates in the Commonwealth Parliament on this banking legislation, he was struck by the lack of knowledge of the elements of finance displayed by the members of the Government and others who took part in those debates. Australia, he said, was never so prosperous as today, but that prosperity might be seriously imperilled if the Government indulged in unbusinesslike financial and banking legislation.

This also appeared to be the opinion of Sir John McCall, Agent-General for Tasmania, who, in the course of the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, laid stress upon the fact that it was never the purpose of the Federal

ists nor the intention of the State legislatures which passed the Federal Bill that financial and banking experiments of this kind should be entered upon.

The two chief aims of the protagonists of Federation were, he said, to secure united action for defence and freedom of trade between the States, but in order to secure uniformity of legislation in other matters common to all the States, the Federal Parliament was empowered to deal with some few other matters. Banking was one of them, but," declared Sir John McCall, "I am perfectly certain that the people of the States had no idea in agreeing to federation that the Federal Parliament would start a Commonwealth note issue, still less that they would set up a Commonwealth savings bank in opposition to the savings banks already established and administered by the State Government."

He added, amid hearty laughter and applause: "I will tell you what I would say if I were free from my official position. I would say that such action on the part of the Federal Government was to be unsparringly condemned."

INADEQUATE SHIPPING SERVICE.

Reference was also made by Mr. Morgan and other speakers to the inadequate character of the Anglo-Australasian shipping service. Mr. Morgan said that the companies which owned the steamship lines in this trade were members of a "conference" or "ring" which, if it did nothing else, secured a practical uniformity in freights and fares. Much might be done to improve the passenger service between this country and Australasia. It was both slow and inadequate, but unfortunately the present Commonwealth Government had a knack of antagonising the forces of capital, and until there had been a change in this respect he did not see much chance of a permanent improvement in the shipping services.

Sir William Hall-Jones, High Commissioner for New Zealand, who presided, endorsed the statement that the Anglo-Australasian steamer service was altogether too slow, particularly as regards New Zealand. Sir John McCall also agreed that the passenger service was not so good as it might be, but he did not think that the Commonwealth Government was to blame, for they had liberally subsidised the Orient Company. Personally, he did not think steamship lines should be subsidised at all except for special services, especially at this time when all the lines running to Australia were enjoying an enormous and profitable traffic, independent of subsidies. So great was this rush of traffic that if one wanted to emigrate to Australia he would probably have to book months ahead to be certain of securing a passage.

The solution of the shipping difficulty suggested by Mr. J. G. Jenkins, ex-Agent-General for South Australia, was that the whole matter of Australian immigration should be in the hands of a great central authority, and that that authority should be the Commonwealth Government. "Let the Government," said Mr. Jenkins, "take the whole responsibility for that work from the shoulders of the State Governments; let them contract with the existing lines to provide all the passenger accommodation required, and if the companies failed to provide for the demand, let the Commonwealth Government, with its wealth and prestige, and its knowledge of the requirements of the various States, enter the shipping market and charter the necessary steamers and arrange for the distribution of the immigrants among the States."

"Under such a centralised and architecturally controlled system, from which conflicts of State interests and State control would be eliminated, we should not have the spectacle of a world-behindhand emigrant who wanted to secure a cheap passage to-day being told that he had better apply somewhere about February, 1913."

STRIKING TO TRADITION.

The All-England Lawn Tennis Club has considerably surprised followers of the game by its decision to retain the challenge round in the All-England championship. There are, of course, differences of opinion among lawn tennis players as to the advisability of allowing the champion to stand down until the challenge round, but when the matter was discussed after Roper Barrett's physical collapse after playing Wilding at Wimbledon last year, it was understood that providing Wilding, the holder of the championship, was agreeable to a change, the champion would be called upon to play the competition. As Wild-

ing had won his title under certain conditions, it was felt that changes could not be made without his consent. Later it became known that Wilding was not only willing himself to play through, but thought it the more equitable system, and, in fact, he brought the question before the All-England Club in a manner that could not be ignored by formally requesting that the holder of the championship should in future have to stand on an equal footing with the other players.

On the strength of this request, most people interested took it for granted that the change would be made. But the All-England L.T.C. Committee have decided otherwise. In communicating their decision to Mr. Wilding, the committee stated that the arguments in favour of change in the conditions of the championship do not appear to be of sufficient weight to justify departure from the traditional system, and that from the evidence before them they are not able to decide whether either player in the challenge round has an advantage.

At the annual general meeting last Tuesday a number of reasons against the change were put forward by Mr. A. W. Gore in his presidential speech, but some of his remarks suggest that the question of gate money had not a little to do with the committee's decision to stick to the traditional system.

ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.

The Royal Colonial Institute, which has just closed its 43rd year of existence, issued its annual report this week. A gratifying feature thereof are the figures relating to the increased membership of both resident and non-resident fellows during the year. Altogether the new members enrolled during the past twelve months numbered no less than 843, nearly a hundred more than in

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# Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

## AN INNOCENT ABROAD.

LONDON, February 23.

**D**URING the past five and twenty years I have written reams in these columns concerning the wiles of the confidence trickster, but if the Paris correspondents of certain London papers are to be trusted—some of them are apt to be imaginative when breezy news is in short supply—there are still New Zealanders who require to be, as the boys say, "taken to school by mother." Our Paris gossips tell the tale of how Mr. James Gray, a stockbreeder from New Zealand, was defrauded in the Gay City of over £500, by means of a not particularly new trick in the confidence man's repertoire. Whilst in Milan, it appears Mr. Gray made the acquaintance of an American "tourist" named "Wellington"—a charming fellow, full of fun, and a delightful companion. Mr. Gray quickly became on very friendly terms with "Mr. Wellington" and travelled with him to Paris. In the course of their journey it seems the New Zealander confided to his companion the fact that he carried his money with him and was wearing a belt containing over £500 in notes and gold. Thereupon the American drew a picture of the perils of Paris, which so impressed Mr. Gray that when his "friend" proposed that they should pool their money and carry it in turns he at once agreed to this peculiar proposition.

When they arrived in Paris, and it came to the New Zealander's turn to carry the belt, the American handed it over, and soon afterwards left his friend in order to buy some cigars. As he did not return, Mr. Gray became uneasy and opened the belt. It was empty.

He then hastened back to the hotel, only to find that the American had already gone with his luggage, leaving no address.

One cannot feel any great sympathy for the New Zealander. In the first place the man who embarks on a European tour with £500 in cash on his person or even in his baggage must be written down as a man "asking for trouble." There is no need in these days to take the risks attaching to doing so, unless you are going to regions where banks and Cook's Agencies are not, and where circular notes and letters of credit are useless, and you must have ready cash to pay your way with. In the second place it seems incredible that a man with sufficient business acumen to make enough money at stockbreeding to enable him to indulge in a trip to Europe, should have had so little commonsense as to confide to a chance acquaintance, of whom he could know nothing save what the other man chose to tell him, the fact that he carried a lot of money on his person. Finally, what can one think of a man who agreed to such an idiotic proposal as that made by Wellington by way of a safeguard against the thieves of Paris? The Yankee's "notion" was absolutely anserous. If it was calculated to produce any result it would be to increase the risk of both men being left stranded in Paris, whereas, with each carrying his own money, if one was robbed—it was very long odds against both being victims of pickpockets—the other would be in a position to assist his friend until he could obtain fresh supplies from home.

If the tale is true, one may be permitted to remark that Gray must have been very "green" to have been "done brown" in such a fashion.

## "H.M.S. HELL FIRE."

All's well with the Navy—perhaps—but not with the new battle-cruiser H.M.S. Lion, of whose performances Britons were proudly boasting only a few short weeks ago. The Lion was the very last word in naval construction, or thereabouts, according to the enthusiastic vapourings of some of the alleged journalistic naval experts. The Lion set out at the beginning of the year to break all big ship speed records, and in spite of adverse weather conditions did so, showing a speed of over 35 miles per hour. It now transpires that the heat required to raise the steam required to

drive the 70,000 horse-power turbines to produce such a speed was such that the ship was promptly, though privately, re-named "H.M.S. Hellfire" by those who were serving in her at the time of the preliminary trial, and proved more than certain parts of the ship could stand.

The foremost funnel, which is higher than the other two, is placed between the bridge from which the ship is navigated and the tripod mast on which the fire-control platform is situated. So terrific was the heat generated during the full power run that nearly every metal fitting on the bridge was twisted, and some close to the funnel actually began to run. The compasses were rendered useless, so much so that when the ship returned to the neighbourhood of Plymouth, it was deemed wise to keep her outside the Sound and wait for daylight before taking her in.

The fire-control platform abaft the funnel was in no better plight. This is placed comparatively high up on the mast, but it was rendered untenable by the flames which poured from the funnel and rose many feet above it.

In consequence of these unpleasant revelations, the Admiralty has ordered extensive alterations to be made in the construction of the Lion and her sister ships, the Princess Royal and Queen Mary, which are in process of construction. The foremost funnel is to be removed further aft, so as to get it out of the way of the navigating bridge, and the fire-control apparatus is to be housed in the conning tower, which, in order to accommodate it, is to be enlarged by twenty feet.

The cost of these alterations is estimated at between £25,000 and £30,000 for each ship. The Lion is the largest war-ship afloat, having a length of 600ft., and a displacement of 26,350 tons. She is armed with eight 13.5in. guns, in four centre-line turrets, and her total cost without guns will, with the alterations, be about £1,900,000, of which the engines account for about £470,200. This item alone represents about half the price of a complete battleship of 15 years ago.

## AN AVIATOR'S FATE.

Mr. Graham Gilmour's untimely death at Richmond last Saturday robs England of one of her most accomplished aviators. As a flier, Mr. Gilmour was peculiarly venturesome, and took a good many unnecessary risks, but he was a splendid pilot, and as a cross-country flier had few equals. He was not particular what make or type of machine he handled. He would go up in any variety that came to hand, and in spite of his love of experimenting whilst in the air, he had, prior to Saturday, only one accident. But that was early in his career, when flying at Brooklands. His machine came into collision with a telegraph pole, and the result was bad for both machine and pilot. The former was smashed and Mr. Gilmour sustained injuries to his head, which kept him at home for many a day. His death was not due to any carelessness or over confidence, but to something over which he could have exercised no manner of control, as the machine he was piloting—a Martin-Handasyde monoplane—appears to have collapsed through some structural weakness. So far as can be gathered from the accounts of eye witnesses of the catastrophe, Mr. Gilmour, who was flying from Brooklands to Hendon, tried for some reason or other to descend in that portion of the Old Deer Park at Richmond, known locally as the Recreation Ground, and that as a result of what is called head-resistance, the left wing gave way. It may, perhaps, be well to explain that head-resistance, otherwise extra pressure, is experienced not from underneath the wings, but from the front or entering edges of them.

According to certain of the spectators the left wing collapsed not upwards, like the closing of a book, but backwards towards the tail of the machine, as though from head-resistance, which is not so easily provided against in a single surface flier as it is in a biplane. In any case, there have been sundry accidents in the past through the wings collapsing backwards under head-resistance. It will, however, probably be impossible to ascertain for certain what

portion of Mr. Gilmour's machine gave way in mid-air, for it fell from a height of about 300 feet, and was reduced by the force of the impact with mother earth to a chaotic tangle of fragments. The force with which it struck the ground may be gauged from the fact that the engine was buried to the depth of a foot. As for the aviator, his skull was fractured, his arms, legs, and back were broken, and there was, indeed, scarce a bone left whole in his body.

The Recreation Ground on Saturday mornings is usually the happy hunting ground of children, and in the afternoon it is thickly populated by players and spectators of minor football games. But last Saturday at midday, happily, there were few people there, the children had gone home to dinner, and the footballers had not yet arrived. The nearest spectators of the accident were, therefore, chiefly members of the Mid-Surrey Golf Club, who were engaged in their Monthly Medal Competition. It is not unusual for aeroplanes travelling from Brooklands to Hendon to cross the course, but Mr. Gilmour's aeroplane was the first that had been sent this year, and its appearance at once attracted attention. There were few of the players who did not look-up, and few, therefore, who had not the harrowing experience of witnessing at least some portion of the dreadful accident. What they saw first was the aeroplane with wings outspread coming high up above the trees which fringe the Recreation Ground. It was perhaps two or three hundred feet up, but whilst they watched the aeroplane began to change its altitudes, appearing to dip a little and regain position, and then to career slightly from side to side. Still, those who watched it had no apprehension.

Then, however, the wings seemed to flicker, and a moment later the machine they had seen like a bird against the sky, they saw as if looking down on it crash plan. Almost before they could grasp the sinister significance of the change, came the dull heavy thud of the engine plunging into the earth. The dreadful sound was heard by people half a mile away. The golfers throw down their clubs and hurried to the scene, but they could do nothing except rescue the mangled corpse of the aviator from the debris of his machine.

Mr. Gilmour was the ninth British aviator to lose his life in a period of nineteen months. He was only 27 years of age, and was one of the most interesting personalities associated with aerial navigation.

## A COMPOSITOR'S BLUNDER.

The mental and digital vagaries of our friends of the newspaper composing rooms afford a perennial source of amusement. You may remember the famous slip by a wild, wild west compositor who made the reporter speak of a certain gallant soldier as a "bottle scared veteran," and muddled his Editor's humble apology into "battle scared veteran." A compositor on the "Western Daily Mercury," a Plymouth newspaper, has just perpetrated a blunder which will live just as long, and hold quite as high a place in the record of press mistakes as the oft-quoted American example. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch was speaking at a political meeting at Fowey, and in referring to certain platform utterances of a political opponent—none other than Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, "the handsomest man in the British Army," he has been called—declared that they were "an afflux of words" on the gallant soldier's part, "sometimes traceable to last Sunday's 'Observer,' but oftener traceable 'no whither.'" The compositor entrusted with the setting up of Sir Arthur's speech transformed "no whither" into "to-whisky," and his blunder failed to be noted until a large portion of the "Mercury's" issue containing the speech had been printed and distributed far and wide through the West Country.

Immediately the blunder was discovered, correction was effected, an accurate version of the speech inserted in the later editions, and every effort made to recall the "To Whisky" edition. And next day appeared a most humble editorial apology, appended to which was a hurried letter from Sir A. Quiller-Couch protesting that he had never even mentioned whisky in his speech, and that he would "rather have lost a hand than have used any such words as were attributed to him about Sir Reginald."

The story of the blunder and its correction has appeared in practically every paper in the kingdom, and has raised more laughter than any Press error one can readily call to mind.

The "To Whisky" edition of the "Mercury" is now said to be readily saleable at half-a-crown a copy. It certainly deserves a place in any museum of Press curios.

## Eugenics.

The modern craze for eugenics is growing more and more almost every day, and while everyone must admit that the desire to improve the race is worthy of the highest praise, some of the methods put forward by doctors and professors are, to say the least, Utopian. Speaking the other day at a meeting of the Eugenics Education Society in London, Dr. A. F. Tredgold is reported to have said that "no person should be allowed to marry without a license, which should be granted only after a medical examination into his, or her, family history." This is, no doubt, an excellent idea in theory, but if the doctor really believes that it is capable of being put into practice, he shows a lamentable lack of knowledge of human nature. It is safe to say that, were it made illegal for people to marry unless they had passed a medical examination, immorality would increase to an absolutely alarming extent. Those who think like Dr. Tredgold are apt to forget that when two people really love one another, nothing short of death can prevent them from uniting. They might be forbidden legally to marry, but they could not be prevented from carrying on a mesalliance. The fact is that hardly any of us are absolutely fit, and probably none of us has a family history quite free from the taint of disease, physical or moral. A medical examination for those who wish to marry would be probably the most unpopular law that one could conceive of, and any Government that attempted to pass it would seal its own doom the very same day.

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# Lawn Tennis. On the Golf Links

## THE GAME IN WELLINGTON.

(By ROMULUS.)

**F. Laishley, Brougham Hill Champion.**

THE final of the Men's Championship Singles at Brougham Hill was played on Wednesday last between L. W. Hawkins and F. Laishley, who had defeated H. V. and J. A. B. Howe, respectively, in the semi-finals on the previous Saturday. Hawkins is a known trier, and as Laishley's form has been in and out this season, popular fancy leaned towards the former. Certainly on one or two occasions he gave rare exhibitions, notably against R. St. J. Beere in the final of the Inter-Club Championship (Victoria College v. Brougham Hill), although Beere subsequently won the rubber. But Laishley's driving and placing for the greater part of the match was up to the high standard he set ten years ago, when he won the Provincial Championship three years successively. Obviously on that form Hawkins could not touch him, and, unfortunately for the Petoneite, Laishley reproduced it in the Brougham Hill final. His driving was perfection, and although Hawkins at one stage in the second set led 3-9, Laishley stuck to his game and did not err in that recklessness so characteristic of his tennis in later years. As a result, he not only saved the set, but actually scored six of the next seven games, the full score for the match in Laishley's favour reading 6-2, 6-4 (12 games to 6). Laishley is the best loser the writer has ever experienced, and his success on the present occasion, in the years of his decline, came as welcome news to the many who know him as a fine sportsman.

### Wellington Club.

In continuation of the Wellington Club's President's Handicap, the following matches in the later rounds have been played:—

#### MEN'S SINGLES.

Second Round: R. J. Grant (ser.) v. T. L. Ward (owe 15 4-6), 5-6, 6-1, 6-0.

Third Round: R. J. Grant (ser.) v. D. S. Colum (ser.), 6-3, 6-5.

#### LADIES' SINGLES.

Second Round: Mrs. Walker (rec. 2-6 15) v. Mrs. Gray (ser.), 6-4, 6-2.

Miss Van Staveren (owe 15 1-6) v. Miss Atmore (rec. 15 2-6), 6-4, 4-6, 6-1.

#### Schoolmaster's Tournament.

The annual tournament of the Wellington Schoolmasters' Sports Club was held recently, and was notable for the closeness of the results in the semi-finals and finals, details of which are appended:—

#### MEN'S SINGLES.

Semi-finals.—Taylor (6) v. Arcus (15), 70-63; Pathers (10) v. Thwaites (10), 70-68.

(Final not played when mail left Wellington.)

#### MEN'S DOUBLES.

Semi-finals.—East and Morice (17) v. Taylor and Melody (12), 70-60; Ward and Smith (17) v. Low and Thwaites (ser.), 70-68.

Final.—Ward and Smith (17) v. East and Morice (17), 70-67.

#### General Notes.

In the semi-final of the Ladies' Championship Singles at Newtown Club's courts, Miss Clark defeated Miss Irene Clark, 6-1, 7-5, and now meets Mrs. R. H. Naglo in the final.

Several Wellingtonians, including T. J. Ward (Wellington), F. J. Corneli (Hutt), W. Crewes and J. Dick (Trinity), went South at Easter, though Crewes was the only one likely to be taking part in the annual championships (Canterbury), at Christchurch.

F. A. de la Mare, to whom reference was made in this column recently, took his departure from Wellington this

a.s. Maori on Monday week, en route to Port Chalmers, where he is entering the legal profession. Prior to leaving this city he was admitted as a barrister and solicitor by the Chief Justice, on the motion of a high official of the Crown Law Office, Mr. H. H. Ostler, LL.B.

Wellington was unable to get a team away either to Auckland (North Island interprovincial tournament) or to Blenheim (match with Marlborough Association). Fisher and Brown would have made the Northern trip, while Ward Crewes, Mason, and Delamore (the latter two of Victoria College) were likely starters for the journey across the straits, but in both cases difficulty was experienced in securing lady players, and consequently the projects had to be abandoned.

## THE GAME IN AUCKLAND.

(By FOOTFAULT.)

The inter-provincial contest between Auckland and Taranaki, which took place at the Eden and Epsom lawns on Saturday and Monday last, created much interest in lawn tennis circles. It was extremely unfortunate that neither Wellington nor Hawke's Bay found it possible to send teams. When the delegates from all four provinces met at Christchurch during Davis Cup week they all expressed the opinion that there would be no doubt that each province would send its strongest teams. From what transpires the Wellington secretary did not put himself out in any way to get a team to visit Auckland. The Hawke's Bay Association were very confident right up to the last of sending their strongest team, but the local secretary received a wire at the last minute saying, "Much regret cannot send team." So far no explanation has been received.

When Saturday morning came with a drizzle it saddened the hearts of many. The players wended their way to the courts but found play impossible. It was not till after two o'clock that play was started with the first Men's Doubles. The Taranaki pair have a great reputation and they played splendidly, completely outclassing the local pair. I have never seen a player so much at home on the court as Wallace. No matter where or how the ball comes to him he is equally good. He hits the ball at the top of the bound with plenty of top spin. His clean smashing and neat volleying were a revelation to local players. Dickie puts plenty of vim into his shots and wins many aces by sheer determination. It would be hard to find a better pair of sports than these two players.

R. D. Wylbourne is a young player who shows much promise. He quickly sized up Quinnell in the Singles and never gave him a chance. His smashing in the Men's Doubles and Combined was especially severe.

Webster is another promising young player, but is rather inclined to be rash. His smashing and clean volleying shewed to much advantage in the Men's Doubles.

Miss Powdrell has not been seen in open tournaments for some time, but she showed that she has not forgotten how to wield her racket. In her single with Miss Gray her side line driving was a treat and gained much applause from the spectators. In the Ladies' Doubles she fought hard and well, and it was very unfortunate for her that Miss Brewster was not playing up to her usual form. In the Combined event, played the last thing on Monday, Miss Powdrell was seen at her best, her side line and cross court driving drawing rounds of applause from the spectators.

Miss Brewster was not playing at all well. Her best performance was on Monday in the Combined Double with Dickie. Miss Simpson played well in the first set of the Ladies' Double, but then seemed to lose heart. This was also very noticeable in her match against Mrs. Cooper.

Mrs. Van Asch was three times within an ace of winning Taranaki the contest, as she had a lead of 32 and 40 love against Miss Steele in the third set. Some of the rallies in the single were very long, and the match was full of interest. Her volleying at the net was especially good.

Congratulations have been extended to the Auckland team on their win. The ladies played splendidly, and they alone

## CHRISTCHURCH.

A bogey handicap, played at Shirley, on Saturday, March 30, resulted as follows:—F. L. Nancarrow (14), 3 up; H. B. Brittan (5), 2 up; S. K. Sleigh (3), 1 up; L. B. Andraee (11), 1 up; C. F. Thomas (9), 1 up; B. Darby (8), all square; J. B. Boys (8), 1 down.

For players handicapped at 10 or more the medal was won by L. F. Nancarrow, and the medal for those with less than ten was won by H. B. Brittan.

## RICHMOND HILL.

Opening day at the Richmond Hill links drew a large assemblage to this beautifully situated course above Sumner on March 30. The new greens, prepared last season, were available on Saturday and proved a distinct improvement on their predecessors, and several other improvements to the course have also been effected. During the afternoon the two Christchurch cracks, R. B. Wood and J. Clements, played an exhibition game, the former going round in 41, and the latter in 39, a record for the new course. During the afternoon a mixed foursome handicap was played, with the following result:—

accounted for no less than 11 of the 18 sets won. Miss Steele was the hero of the contest. Had it not been for her splendid effort against Mrs. Van Asch Auckland would have lost.

Dr. Keith showed to most advantage in the Combined event with Miss Gray. His placing in this match was splendid. His only weakness was in being unable to kill outright many weak returns. W. A. Brown played at the top of his form against Dickie in the Singles, but the latter proved a bit too consistent. He also played in good form in the Combined, smashing and serving in good style. In the Men's Doubles, however, his play was disappointing. Time after time when he had made a good opening by lobbing his opponent out of position he failed to take advantage of it by waiting till the return lob bounced, instead of running right in and smashing. Quinnell did not play up to expectations. His volley is accurate, but far too weak against hard hitters. His best game was with Mrs. Cooper against Dickie and Miss Brewster.

Robson played well in his Single and Combined, but his Double game was disappointing. He should take a leaf out of Wallace's book and put more weight behind his volleys. He, like Brown, was not far enough in to be able to kill weak returns. His American serves were very effective in the Combined Doubles.

The ladies played splendidly throughout and as a team would take a lot of beating. Miss Gray, although suffering from the effects of a recent cold, was in splendid form. Her games in the Ladies' Double and Combined were especially brilliant.

Miss Cumming played a splendid game all through, being successful in all her matches. Her lobbing in the Combined Double was quite equal to anything I have witnessed, while her cross court drives time and again proved too much for her opponent.

Mrs. Cooper was in good form, her brilliant net play both in the Combined and Ladies' Doubles pleasing the spectators immensely.

For some unknown reason Miss Gorrie did not put in an appearance, and Miss Steele was called upon to fill the vacancy, which she did with great credit. Her driving has improved very much since the championships, while she can volley when occasion arises.

The visiting ladies were taken for a spin in taxis on Monday morning by the secretary and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the outing.

One thing was very noticeable in regard to the entertainment of the visitors and that was the need of a ladies' committee to look after the visiting ladies. It is impossible for the secretary to attend to everything, and for this reason it is to be hoped that this matter will not be overlooked next time.

The delegates held a meeting on Monday afternoon, when it was decided to hold the next tournament in Taranaki.

H. J. Quarrell and Miss Pratt; black 55, handicap 16, net 39; W. H. Black and Miss Bruce, 63, 24-39; T. Wills and Miss Shand, 60, 18-42; E. C. Rawnsley and Mrs. Rawnsley, 55, 12-43; H. J. Watts and Miss Martin, 61, 18-43; J. O. Amey and Miss Miller, 67, 24-43; A. D. Patterson and Miss Meares, 56, 13-43; V. Hargreaves and Mrs. Hargreaves, 61, 18-44; B. B. Wood and Mrs. Henry Wood, 50, 6-44; C. W. Wood and Miss Bess, 56, 12-44; J. D. Lawrence and Miss Lawrence, 58, 13-45; C. Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, 60, 14-46; G. K. Webster and Miss E. Burberry, 64, 18-46; F. Preston and Miss Selby, 68, 22-46; H. Elliott and Mrs. Elliott, 67, 20-47; L. V. Comerford and Miss Meares, 59, 12-47; C. Gill and Miss Dixon, 58, 10-48; A. C. Fryer and Mrs. Fryer, 61, 13-48; C. H. Hewlett and Miss Price, 62, 12-50; H. Francis and Miss Bean, 72, 22-50; R. H. Dobbin and Miss Burberry, 70, 18-52; J. R. Cunningham and Miss Waterston, 70, 18-52; C. H. Seymour and Mrs. Seymour, 71, 18-53; Newton and Mrs. Dobbin, 67, 14-53; E. R. Guthrie and Miss Pettit, 78, 20-58; L. Sapsford and Miss Croxton, 86, 20-66.

## LADIES' GOLF.

### MANAWATU.

The annual meeting of the Manawatu Ladies' Golf Club took place on the 24th March, twenty-one members being present. The officers chosen for the ensuing season were:—Mrs. G. Slack, captain; Mrs. Mellor, hon. secretary; and Mesdames Warburton, Straug, Fitzherbert, and Macdonald, committee.

## CHRISTCHURCH.

The Christchurch Ladies' Club monthly medal match was played at Shirley on Wednesday afternoon, April 3rd. It resulted in a win for Miss B. Wood in the senior, and Miss G. Holmes in the junior divisions.

## Every Man His Own Judge.

Perhaps it is not generally recognised but, nevertheless, the authority of the English Jockey Club is a very wonderful thing. Relying only upon its own strength and resources, it exercises an absolute sway over all those who make their living out of racing. Apparently its influence is very wholesome. Every man in any way connected with the running of horses—owners, trainers, jockeys, bookmakers, betting men, everyone—is obliged to toe the mark and to bow to the decision of self-created judges. Should not the idea be expanded? Would it not be for the better if other classes of men took their own disciplining into their own hands? The proposition is here made for authors, artists, estate agents, and others. Let every art, profession, trade, occupation, take this matter of discipline in hand. Following the lead so aptly set by the Jockey Club, until every set of men are their own judges and executioners. I want to see the idea become universal except only as regards writers for magazines.

Hands off the magazine writers! — James Barr, in the "Hampshire Red Magazine."

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# The Chess Board.

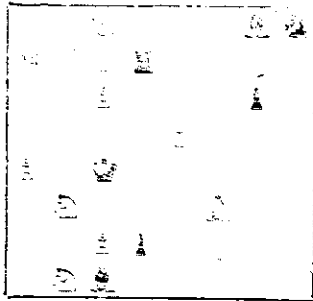
All communications to be addressed to "Graphic," Box 281, Auckland.

The Auckland Chess Club meets on Monday, February 26, at 8.15 p.m. at the Public Library, Hamilton street, Friday from 7 to 7.50.

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

The Wellington Chess Club meets at the Public Library, Hamilton street, Friday from 7 to 7.50.

**Problem No. 143.**  
By G. A. M. Jones.  
Second Prize in the "Puzzle" contest.  
Published in 1911.



White—eleven pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

**THE** following pretty little game is one of a series played in a match with a friendly opponent by Mr. J. de Mont, of the Hampstead Chess Club.

White—Mr. J. de Mont. Black, Mr. X. King's Bishop opening.

- 1 P to K 4 ..... P to K 4
- 2 B to B 4 ..... P to Q B 4

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At the REDUCED PRICE this Cartridge is **SPLENDID VALUE!**

7

- 3 P to Q 3 ..... Kt to Q B 3
- 4 P to B 4 ..... P to Q 3
- 5 Kt to K B 4 ..... P to K R 5
- 6 Castles ..... B to Kt 5
- 7 P takes P ..... Kt takes P
- 8 Kt takes Kt ..... B takes Q
- 9 B to Kt 5 ch ..... K to K 2
- 10 K takes P ch ..... K to K 2
- 11 B to B 4 ch ..... P to Q 4 1/2
- 12 P takes P ch ..... K to Q 3
- 13 B to B 4 ..... P to K Kt 4
- 14 B to K Kt 3, and Black resigns (1).

(1) If K takes Kt, White mates in two.

(2) If Q to K 2 White plays Kt to Kt 4, then if Kt or B to K 2 White can either play Kt to B 6, or castling, starting the Q, or simply continue the attack by Kt Q B 5—Hampstead and Highgate "Express."

Played at No. 2 Board in the recent Manchester "A" and "B" match. White, Mr. J. de Mont; Black, Mr. T. Trevelyan.

Queen's Gambit Declined.

- |              |               |
|--------------|---------------|
| White        | Black         |
| 1 P-Q 4      | P-Q 4         |
| 2 P-Q B 4    | P-K 3         |
| 3 Kt-Q B 3   | Kt-K B 2      |
| 4 P-K 5      | B-K 2         |
| 5 P-K 3      | Q-K 2         |
| 6 Kt-B 3     | Castles       |
| 7 Q-R 2      | P-Q B 4       |
| 8 B-Q 3      | Q-R 4 1/2     |
| 9 Castles    | R-Q 1 1/2     |
| 10 Kt-K 5    | Kt-B 1        |
| 11 P-K B 4   | B-Q 2         |
| 12 Q-R 1     | Q-R B 1       |
| 13 P x Q P   | Kt x P        |
| 14 Kt x Kt   | B x B         |
| 15 P x B     | P x Kt        |
| 16 Kt x P    | P x P         |
| 17 Q-R 2     | P x P         |
| 18 Kt-R 6 ch | K-R 1         |
| 19 Q-R 7     | B-K 3         |
| 20 Q-R 5     | B-K 3         |
| 21 R x Kt ch | Q-Kt 7        |
| 22 Kt-B 7 ch | B-K 3 Resigns |

In the Alexandria Gambit Tourney Spolman has not been as successful in the second round. The strong lead gained in the first round, however, put his score beyond the reach of the other competitors. With only four more rounds to play, the leading scores are Spolman 14, Reil 10, Flaming and Dumas 9.

## Blindfold Chess.

Wonder is often expressed that certain chess players are able, without a sight of the board, to conduct a game just as well as if they were handling the pieces. "Blindfold" chess does not mean that the player has his eyes tightly bandaged. Within certain limits the player is allowed great freedom. Provided that he keep his back turned to the board, he may sit or stand where he likes, or walk about.

Even those who are able to play an excellent ordinary game regard blindfold play as an exceptional achievement. And so it is. No ordinary mind can keep count of the thirty-two pieces and the ever-changing relations on the sixty-four squares which compose the board, to say nothing of remembering which are white and which are black, and all that have been removed in the course of play. How is it done?

In the first place, it is not, as many people suppose, a feat of memory at all. Memory is used to a limited extent. Forgetting is a part of the process. The fundamental faculty required by the player, and which he must possess to a marked degree, is the power of visualization—that is, the ability to picture in the mind's eye the whole board set out for the game. Then, at each move, he must be able to picture the changed position, and study the new relations of the various pieces to one another, at the same time refreshing from his memory all previous positions.

The moves are usually called out, and it is very necessary that silence be observed during the play.

A good way to begin practising blindfold chess is to hang up a chessboard on the wall, and imagine it peopled with the pieces, trying to picture them as modified by your own moves and those called out by your opponent. Then, when you are able to go right through a game without getting into a muddle, the board may be abandoned, except as a figment of the mind.—"Spitney Mail."

## The Students' Corner.

(For Inexperienced Players.)

Solution of Position No. 14.

(W: 4K1P; 6P1; 4KP2; 2A.)

- First, White to move
- 1 K-Q 4 ..... K-Q 3
- 2 K-Q 3 ..... K-Q 2
- 3 K-K 3 ..... K-K 2
- 4 K-Q 4 ..... K-Q 3
- 5 K-B 4 ..... K-K 3

(If 5...K-B3, 6. P-B5 wins.)  
6 K-Q 2 ..... K-Q 3  
7 K-K4 ..... K-K3  
Drawn.

If, in reply to 1K-Q4, Black were to play K-B4, White would reply: 2. K-K 3 gaining the opposition and ultimately winning.

So only, Black to move.

- 1 K-Q 2 ..... K-Q 3
- 2 P-B 5 ..... K-K 2
- 3 P-B 6 ch ..... K-K 3

(3. P x P would lead to a draw.)

- 4 K-Q 2 ..... K-Q 3
- 5 P-B 7 ..... K-K 2
- 6 K-K 3 ..... K-K 2
- 7 K-K 5 ..... K x P
- 8 K-Q 6 ..... K-B 1
- 9 K-K 7 ..... K-Kt 2
- 10 K-B 6 ..... K-K 1
- 11 K-B 7 ..... K-R 1
- 12 K x P ..... K-Kt 1
- 13 K-R 6 ..... K-R 1
- 14 P-Kt 6.

and the Pawn will queen, as shown in previous examples.

If Black plays:

- 2 K x P ..... P x P ch.
  - 3 K x P ..... K-K 2
  - 4 K-K 6 ..... K-B 1
  - 5 K-R 7 and wins.
- and if Black plays:
- 1 K-K 5 ..... K-K 2
  - 2 K-K 5 ..... K-B 2
  - 3 K-Q 6 and wins.

This example shows how "the opposition" may be maintained diagonally as well as vertically. White must sacrifice his advanced Pawn to obtain scope for manoeuvring his own King. — From Blake's endings.

## Solution of Problem No. 141.

(Kobitz and Kockelhorn.)

- 1. B-R 8, P-B 5; 2 Kt-Kt 7; K moves; 3 B-Q 6, mate.

## Big Whalers.

It is reported that five of the biggest ships ever constructed for whaling are now being built at Seattle. Whaling vessels, it is asserted, are being built, equipped and manned as fast as men apply for the work. The "Pacific Fisherman," however, draws attention to the great need for further knowledge concerning the whale. Little is known of the habits of the animal, and it is proposed to petition Government that a careful study may be made concerning so prosperous an industry. Moreover, it is essential that steps should be taken to counteract the future dearth of live animals occasioned by the annual capture of thousands. So far nothing has been done in this matter, the result being a prospect of the industry soon dying out. The whale is in the singular position of being the least known, and commercially the most important, of any living animal.

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the outsider of the party. General Latour was very fractious at the post, and gave a lot of trouble, while Kakama was also determined to stand up to the barrier. Mr. O'Connor gave a lot of latitude, but the despatch was not one of his best, Crown Pearl and General Latour being quickest out, while several got chopped out, notably, Kakama and Wee Olga. When they settled down, Crown Pearl and General Latour were the pilots, but after a couple of furlongs were covered, General Latour went on alone, and made the pace a cracker across the top, and those behind him were being hustled along to keep their places. Goldsize, First Wairiki, and Bonnerges were showing a bold front, but away back the riders of Antoinette, Soutloria, and Kakama were kept busy on their mounts, and it was not till the home turn was in sight that they were noticeable. General Latour swung round into the straight, looking all over a winner, and his victory was loudly proclaimed, but just inside the distance Kakama put in a run, and got on terms at the lawn rails. For a few strides it looked as if she would win easily, but the General hung on to his task like a bulldog, and a battle royal resulted, further excitement being added to the struggle by the appearance of Soutloria on the scene, and there was little between the trio as they flashed past the post, the judge declaring in favour of Kakama by a neck, with Soutloria a head away, third. Goldsize ran a good race, as did Bonnerges and Antoinette, this latter having a bad run, but the disappointment was La Reina, which finished absolutely last. The finish was an exciting one, and the struggle between Kakama and General Latour was somewhat reminiscent of the Guinness struggle between Kakama's younger sister Miss Winsome and the Soult colt, when the latter won. Although defeated, the honours of the race are with General Latour, for he made a bold bid for victory, and it was no disgrace to be beaten by a mare of Kakama's reputation, to which he was conceding 10lb. Soutloria also ran a fine race, for she was badly placed in the early part, and five furlongs from home was a long way back. The pace set carried her off her legs, and it was not until half the journey was covered that she could make any headway. Her finishing burst was a great one, and another fifty yards would have seen her returned the winner. The victory of Kakama was very popular, and Mr. Donald McLeod was the recipient of numerous congratulations on the success of his colours. Kakama has been racing below her form for some time, and everything seemed to go against her in the matter of weather conditions, etc. She was turned out in great nick by her trainer, A. Robertson, who is unfortunately retiring from the game.

he put in a great run, and won by a neck from Tiresome, which was finishing the fastest of the pair, and which also got a bad run.

The concluding event, the Eden Handicap, saw the leniently treated Jack Delaval made an odds-on favourite, although support was also forthcoming for Outward, Maheno, and Taketumu. The race was little more than an exercise center for the favourite, which won, pulling up, by four lengths from Mahinga, which paid a long price for second dividend.

TRADESMEN'S HANDICAP of 2000 yds. One mile and a-quarter.

T. A. Williams' ch g Sir Artegal, 6 yrs, by Stepiak-Britonart, S.O. (C. Brown) 1
H. R. MacKenzie's b m Monoplane, 6 yrs, by Moniform-Lydia, 8.2 (Curran) 2
J. J. Craig's h m Sea Elf, 5 yrs, by Sea-Devalav-St. Evelyn, 7.12 (M. Ryan) 3
Also started: Maxwell S.S., Ngapuka 7.5, Master Jack 7.0, and Fuss 7.0.
They left the mark in even style, Sea Elf being quickest on her feet, but Sir Artegal showed the way out of the straight, and was followed by Master Jack and Sea Elf, with Runtanata, Monoplane, Ngapuka and Maxwell following, with Fuss last. Racing along the back, Sir Artegal had charge, with Master on his outside, and then came Monoplane and Sea Elf, with the rest of the field bunched. This order was maintained as they raced across the top and turned for home. At the distance Monoplane and Sea Elf came through and challenged the leader, but Sir Artegal held his own, winning comfortably at the finish by a bare length from Monoplane, which was a length and a-half in front of Sea Elf, Ngapuka, Maxwell, and Master Jack, who came up in line, with Fuss last. Time, 2:10 3/5. Sea Elf was favourite.

BRIGHTON HURDLES of 2000 yds. Two miles.

C. Mumby's ch g Sandy Paul, 6 yrs, by St. Paul-Mystery, aged, 9.0 (Dunlop) 1
T. Barr's ch g Loyds, aged, 9.9 (O'Connor) 2
H. R. McKenzie's big g Black Northern, aged, 12.0 (Flynn) 3
Also started: Presenty by 11.8, Don Quix 10.13, Bully 9.11, Master Theory 9.0, Idealism 9.4.
When the tapes lifted Presenty lost a lot of ground, Don Quix and Loyds being settled for the first fence. When they reached the second fence they were in a close company four lengths in front of Sandy Paul, after which came Idealism, Master Theory, Presenty, and Bully, with Black Northern last. Passing the stand Loyds was in front and King was out on the straight, but at the six-furlong post there was little between Loyds, Don Quix, and Sandy Paul, this trio being a dozen lengths in front of Presenty, which was at the head of the others. Jumping the hurdle at the five-furlong post, Sandy Paul went to the front, and from that out the issue was never in doubt, the son of St. Paul winning as he liked by six lengths from Loyds, with Black Northern, which put in a great run over the half mile, eight lengths away, third. Don Quix was fourth, then came Presenty and Idealism, while Master Theory pulled up. Time, 3:48. Loyds was favourite.

GREAT NORTHERN CHAMPAGNE SPKAKES of 750 yds. Six furlongs.

C. J. Parker's br c Our King, 2 yrs, by Mullind-Indian Queen, 8.19 (T. Jones) 1
Edmund Ross and Stewart's br c Prince Soult, 2 yrs, 8.10 (Dooley) 2
F. W. Arnold's ch f Tact, 2 yrs, 8.8 (C. Brown) 3
Also started: Monorail 8.19, Semolina 8.8, Peking 8.8, Haskayne 8.7.
They were given to go, Haskayne and Peking losing several lengths. When half a furlong was covered Our King had run into the lead and piloted the team across the top, with Tact, Haskayne and Prince Soult in close company, and Monorail, Peking, and Semolina following in that order. Our King still had his advantage as they turned for home, when Prince Soult improved his position, with Tact and Haskayne close up. At the distance Prince Soult made his effort, but though he headed it out early under punishment, had no chance with Our King, which won easily by two lengths and a-half. Tact was four lengths away, third, just in front of Monorail. Their came Haskayne, with Peking last. Time 1:15. Prince Soult was favourite.

EASTER HANDICAP of 1000 yds. One mile.

Donald McLeod's h m Kakama, 5 yrs, Soult-Winsome, 7.6 (Dooley) 1
W. Walters' b c General Latour, 3 yrs, 8.8 (Brady) 2
Jas. Robinson's br m Soutloria, 5 yrs, 8.7 (W. Ryan) 3
Also started: Bonnerges 8.8, Antoinette 8.6, Comandant 8.4, Goldsize 7.10, Crown Pearl 7.4, St. Amans 7.2, Gloy 7.1, Wee Olga 7.1, La Reina 6.10, First Wairiki 6.0.
There was a lot of trouble at the post, and it was twenty minutes after the time of closing the machine before they were let go. General Latour and Kakama gave a lot of trouble, and when the tapes lifted the former was one of the first to use. Crown Pearl being actually first out, and with General Latour, made the running along the back, two lengths clear of Goldsize and First Wairiki, which were together. Behind followed Bonnerges, Gloy, Antoinette, Kakama, and Soutloria, with the others close together. Going through the cutting General Latour dashed into the lead, and led the field across the top, with Crown Pearl, Goldsize, and First Wairiki a few hundred yards behind, while the colours of Kakama and Bonnerges were most prominent of the others, which were strung out, with Soutloria at the head. General Latour was making the pace a cracker,

and led into the straight, where Kakama Goldsize and Bonnerges were handy, while Soutloria could be seen coming fast on the outside. At the distance General Latour was still the leader, but a little further on Kakama came at him, while Goldsize, Bonnerges, and Soutloria were almost in line, with Antoinette also putting in a claim. When the lawn rails were reached Kakama had caught General Latour, and looked like winning easily, but the three-year-old was not so easily beaten, and, springing to his task with great gallantry, Devalav had to ride desperately to snatch a neck victory, while Soutloria, which finished at a great pace on the outside, was only a head away, third. Goldsize, Bonnerges, and Antoinette were in line, just outside the placed horses. The Trotting Club, Crown Pearl, St. Amans, Wee Olga, Comandant, and First Wairiki, with La Reina last. Time, 1:40. Antoinette was favourite.

TRAMWAY HANDICAP of 2000 yds. Five furlongs.

Hon. J. D. Ormond's b g Bootle, 3 yrs, by Birkenhead-Links, 8.6 (F. Jones) 1
T. Cunningham's br m Lucille, 4 yrs, 7.3 (J. O'Brien) 2
P. R. Ross' blk m Salute, 5 yrs, 8.5 (Brady) 3
Also started: Royal Suit 9.2, Our Queen 8.4, Hohungatahi 8.1, Ashby 7.11, Hareana 7.4, Wino Gormet 7.2, Bow Bells 7.0, Jena 7.0, Bogy 7.0, Cloudy Dawn 6.10, Solitude 6.0.
There was some delay at the post, but when the signal was given they left in perfect line and nearly a furlong was covered before Lucille showed in front of Salute, Bootle, and Indulgence, while the other three were together just in front of a close-bunched lot. Turning for home, Lucille and Bootle were in the lead, with Salute lying third, and Hohungatahi, Hareana, and Solitude at the head of the others. To the end of the race the three were out, and keeping the opposition at bay, won a good race by a length and a-quarter from Lucille, which was three lengths in front of Salute. Hohungatahi was fourth, just in front of Hareana, Solitude and Wino Gormet, then came Cloudy Dawn, Ashby, Royal Suit, Our Queen, Jena, and Bogy, with Bow Bells last. Time, 1:03 3/5. Bootle was favourite.

ONSHAW STAKES HANDICAP, of 1250 yds. Five furlongs.

Mr. G. Dunnett's ch c Devastation, 2 yrs, by San Francisco-Dismay, 7.4 (Stanning) 1
Mr. J. D. Kepp's br c Prince Merriewe, 2 yrs, 7.4 (Dooley) 2
Mr. C. H. Leigh's b f Indulgence, 2 yrs, 7.4 (Conquest) 3
Also started: Centenary 8.1, Battle Abbey 7.8, Pota 7.7, Allworthy 7.5, Miss Avonlea 7.5, Matawewewere 7.5, Lonsdale 7.5, Semolina 7.4, Prince King 7.4, Laverua 7.4, Salvanale 7.4.
Allworthy was first to break the line, and showed the way across the top, followed by Devastation and Indulgence, then came Prince Merriewe and Prince King at the head of the others. Devastation ran into the lead passing the mile and a-half post, and piloted the field into the straight, where Prince Merriewe and Indulgence were his nearest attendants, while Prince King was well in the rear. In the run to the judge, Prince Merriewe and Indulgence challenged, but could not teach the leader, which won by a length from Prince Merriewe, which was two and a-half lengths in front of Indulgence. Prince King was fourth, then came Pota, Laverua, Semolina, and Allworthy, with Hazelton last. Time, 1:13 3/5. Prince Merriewe was favourite.

NELSON HANDICAP of 1250 yds. One mile.

Mr. H. D. de Latour's br g Sea Pink, 3 yrs, by Seaton Delaval-Rose Madler 8.0 (Jonkins) 1
Mr. E. W. Allison's ch in Tiresome, 4 yrs, 8.9 (J. Jones) 2
Messrs. W. Barr & Co. in Parawai, 5 yrs, 7.6 (C. Brown) 3
Also started: Mauwera 8.6, Kopape 8.3, Watchman 7.12, Maui Nua 7.10, Blue Mount 7.9, Lady Betty 7.9, Worcester 7.7, Haskayne 7.7, Tipua 7.7, Royal Irish 7.7, Surplus 7.6, Rutter 7.5, Collier Lad 7.5, Collier Lad 7.0, Wairiki Rose 7.0.
There was some trouble at the post, and it was only by a moderate despatch that the three-year-old King was first to move, and, joined by Lady Betty, the pair made the running along the back, followed by Rutter, after which came Surplus, and Parawai, with the remainder of the field in two different bunches. There was very little change in the positions till crossing the top, when Lady Betty was out by herself two lengths clear of Parawai and Rutter, which were followed by a close-packed lot of which the most prominent were Surplus, Sea Pink, and Blue Mount. Turning for home Parawai shot in front, but at the distance was challenged by Sea Pink, and Tiresome joining in, an interesting race resulted, Sea Pink snatching a victory by a neck from Tiresome, with Parawai a head away, third, Blue Mount was fourth, then followed in order Royal Irish, Rutter, Worcester, Haskayne, and Lady Betty, with Collier Lad last. Time, 1:42. Sea Pink was favourite.

EDEN HANDICAP, 2000 yds. Seven furlongs.

Mr. E. Langton's b g Jack Delaval, 4 yrs, by Seaton Delaval-Miss Jack, 7.8 (Stanning) 1
M. H. Williams' br m Mahinga, aged, 6.13 (Morris) 2
Messrs. Tomoua and McHugh's br g Admiral Soult, 5 yrs, 6.12 (Stoore) 3
Also started: Maheno 7.13, Ashby 7.13, Outward 7.6, Grounder 7.2, Kaween 7.1, and Collier Lad 7.0, Hyperion 6.10, Taketumu 6.10, Tangiwai 6.7.
There was a long and tiresome delay at the post, Peggy Pride in particular being troublesome, but when the tapes lifted she was first to move, followed by Admiral Soult, Jack Delaval, Peggy Pride made the running along the back, with Jack Delaval as her nearest attendant, with Outward and Mahinga following. These positions were

maintained across the top, but turning for home Jack Delaval dashed into the lead and made a one-horse race of it, winning pulling up by four lengths from Mahinga, which was five lengths in front of Admiral Soult, which finished fast from a long way back. Peggy Pride was fourth, then came Kaween and Ashby, with Grounder last. Time, 1:27 4/5. Jack Delaval was favourite.

SECOND DAY.

The Auckland Racing Club concluded their autumn meeting at Ellerslie on Monday with fine weather and a record crowd, which included their Excellencies Lord and Lady Islington and the Government House party. The weather was fine and the course, which received a good soaking by the heavy rain of Sunday, in much better order than expected, and the going, under the circumstances, good.

As on the previous day, the management was all that could be desired, and there was nothing to mar the enjoyment of the sport.

THE TOTALISATOR.

With a good crowd speculation was brisk, and, notwithstanding the one-sided nature of the contest for the Oaks, which cramped betting, the staff of Messrs. H. Hayr and Co. had an exceptionally busy day, handling the sum of £38,026 10s, as against £20,940 10s for the corresponding day last year. The total for the two days reached the large amount of £68,947 10s, as against £47,651 for the first two days in 1911, and was an increase of £1851 on last autumn meeting, when the gathering extended over three days.

THE RACING.

The racing was interesting, several well backed ones winning during the afternoon, backers being well on the spot. The opening event, the Stewards' Handicap, only brought out half a dozen, and Wee Olga was made a red hot favourite. The good thing came off, but she had to be hard ridden over the last furlong to beat Admiral Soult by a length.

The large field of 24 saddled up for the Mangere Handicap, and several of the runners carried a lot of money. Spanish eventually being installed favourite, but good support was forthcoming for Parawai and Muskewai, while Tangiwai also had a lot of followers. Spanish never once flattered his backers, and eventually finished last but one, Tangiwai winning a good race at the finish with Ngatimuri and Royal Irish in the places.

The Great Northern Oaks, the filices' classical race, brought out three local fillies to measure strides with Sir George Clifford's crack Counterfeit, which had been sent all the way from Canterbury to contest the event. Miss Winsome was the only one that was given the remotest chance of defeating Counterfeit, which was a very hot favourite. Counterfeit made the running practically all the way, and was going along freely in front when they entered the last half mile. Three furlongs from home Miss Winsome got alongside, and McCluskie had to hunt the favourite along, but Miss Winsome was unable to sustain her effort, and Counterfeit won easily at the finish. Previous winners of the race are:-

Table with 2 columns: Winner Name and Time.
1900-Isolt, by Multiform, 2:42 2/5
1907-Helen Portland, by Dorchester, 2:40 4/5
1908-Maheno, by Soult, 2:43
1909-Gold Lace, by Gold Reef, 3:7
1910-Sea Elf, by Seaton Delaval, 2:47 3/5
1911-Antoinette, by Soult, 2:48 2/5
1912-Counterfeit, by Treshull, 2:40 3/5

WINNERS OF THE GREAT NORTHERN OAKS.

Table with 2 columns: Winner Name and Time.
1900-Isolt, by Multiform, 2:42 2/5
1907-Helen Portland, by Dorchester, 2:40 4/5
1908-Maheno, by Soult, 2:43
1909-Gold Lace, by Gold Reef, 3:7
1910-Sea Elf, by Seaton Delaval, 2:47 3/5
1911-Antoinette, by Soult, 2:48 2/5
1912-Counterfeit, by Treshull, 2:40 3/5

Previous winners of the race are:-

Table with 2 columns: Winner Name and Time.
1888-J. C. Booth's Rex, 7.6, 1:44
1890-J. C. Booth's Rex, 8.12, 1:43 2/5
1900-Douglas Gordon's Advance, 9.0, 1:42
1901-L. D. and N. A. Nathack's Bona, 7.6, 1:42
1902-J. T. Ryan's Nonette, 9.11, 1:42
1903-L. J. Lynch's Golden Rose, 7.8, 1:41
1904-J. S. Smith's Regulation, 8.1, 1:41 1/5
1905-D. Stewart's Scotty, 8.11, 1:43 2/5
1906-J. D. Gordon's Maudie, 6.7, 1:45
1907-J. M. Mulr's Walpura, 8.1, 1:41 4/5
1908-J. R. McDonald's Gold Crest, 9.0, 1:40
1909-E. J. Watt's Aborigine, 7.13, 1:40 4/5
1910-T. H. H. Wain's Wairiki, 7.13, 1:40
1911-F. W. Arnold's Antoinette, 7.10, 1:41
1912-J. M. Leod's Kaka, 7.6, 1:40

Fourteen out of the fifteen acceptors came out for the Tramway Handicap, and backers sorted out Bootle as the most likely to score, Ashby being second in request, but outside the pair some good prices were going. Ashby was never prominent, the finish being left to Bootle and Lucille, the former winning a good race by a length and a-quarter, with Salute, which showed something of her old pace in the early stages, third.

The On-ow Stakes, a maiden two-year-old race, saw Prince Merriewe, which had the services of Deely, made a very strong order, carrying twice as much as the second fancy, Pota, the only others to claim anything like decent support being Pota, Centenary, and Devastation. The favourite ran a good race, but had to put up with second place to Devastation, a colt purchased by Mr. G. Dunnett in Australia last year. Mr. Dunnett is one of our most enthusiastic followers of the sport, and the victory of his colours was very popular.

Although a field of nineteen came out for the Nelson Handicap, a track event, backers would have nothing but Sea Pink, and he was made very warm. At one part matters looked very black for the favourite, but when he got through

a lot of trouble at the post, finished out of a place, Jack Delaval winning comfortably from Goldsize and Crown Pearl.

Bully was the only withdrawal from the Autumn Steeplechase, leaving a dozen to travel the long journey. Pleiades was made very warm, but Webfoot and Sol were also well backed, while Beeline also had a lot of supporters. Tui Cakobau made the early running, then Webfoot had a turn; till going along the back the last time Hauteer took charge and looked to have a good winning chance, when he toppled over at the fence at the foot of the hill.

Webfoot was then left in charge, with Pleiades and Hunakaha as his nearest attendants while Sol could be seen making up his leeway at a great rate. Sol was with the leaders at the last fence, and the game little son of Soult wearing his opponents down in the run home won amidst a scene of great enthusiasm by two lengths from Webfoot, which was three lengths in front of the favourite.

Sol got one of the best receptions yet accorded at Ellerslie when he returned to scale. The little champion was very dicky on his legs as he walked back, as was Webfoot.

Our King was made a good favourite in a field of thirteen that contested the Victoria Handicap with Prince Soult well backed, the only others to be fancied being Haskayne and Devastation. The two first favourites fought out the issue, Prince Soult avenging his defeat in the Champagne Stakes and winning by a good length.

The concluding event only attracted eight. Wee Olga and Sea Pink carrying the bulk of the investments, with the former a good favourite, Master Jack and Sphinx also having followers. Master Jack was left at the post, Wee Olga making a one horse race of it, winning as she liked, with Sea Pink and Rautangata in the places.

Results are as follows:—

STEWARDS' HANDICAP, of 20sovs. One mile. T. J. B. Stewart's br m Wee Olga, 4yrs, by Merriwee—St. Olga, 7.4 (Buchanan) 1

MANGERE HANDICAP of 12sovs. Six furlongs. Mrs. Leonard's ch m Tangwai, 4yrs, by Gluteu—Marjorie, 0.12 (O'Shea) 1

GREAT NORTHERN OAKS of 40sovs. One mile and a-half. Sir George Clifford's b f Counterfeit, 3yrs, by Treadmill—Hawley, 9.6 (McClusky) 1

a length. McClusky became uneasy on the favourite, and for about a furlong Miss Winsome led her dog in, but she failed to sustain her effort, Counterfeit drawing away in the concluding stages and winning by two lengths. Kaween was half a dozen lengths away, third, with Walkie Rose a close second, last, time 2.40.5-5.

ST. GEORGE'S HANDICAP of 75sovs. One mile and a-quarter.

F. W. Arnold's b m Antoinette, 4yrs, by Soult—Miss Annie, 8.1 (C. Brown) 1

Also started: General Latour 8.9, Domino 8.2, Sir Arnel 8.1, Coronandell 7.11, Maxwell 7.8, Monoplane 7.7, Sea Elk 7.1, Gloy 6.12, La Relna 6.7, Tiresome 6.7.

General Latour gave a lot of trouble at the post, and whips and towels were going freely to get him up to the barrier. When the tapes lifted, General Latour was due to move, but passing the stand La Relna to move, but passing the stand La Relna, Sir Arnel, and Gloy were in line, just clear of Antoinette, Tiresome, General Latour, and St. Annans, the last pair being together in a Maxwell. Racing along the back, La Relna, Gloy, and St. Annans were together in the lead, two lengths in front of Antoinette, which was followed by Sir Arnel, Tiresome, and Tigsome in the order, with Monoplane and General Latour next, the last pair being Coronandell and Maxwell. Crossing the top, La Relna, Gloy, St. Annans, and Sea Elk comprised the lead, with Tigsome, Antoinette, and Monoplane, and General Latour at the head of the others, and these positions were maintained as they raced into the home stretch.

At the distance Antoinette moved up, and was in line with Sea Elk, St. Annans, La Relna, and Gloy, while Soultoria got through next to the rails, and General Latour came in the centre of the field. At the lawn rails everything was under punishment, but Antoinette stayed the longest and won a good race by two lengths from Soultoria, which was a length in front of St. Annans. General Latour was fourth, and then followed in order Monoplane, La Relna, Gloy, Tiresome, Domino, Sea Elk, Coronandell, and Maxwell, with Sir Arnel last, time, 2.9. Soutloria was favourite.

HUTA HANDICAP, of 30sovs. 6 furlongs. E. Langton's b g Jack Delaval, 4yrs, by Seaton Delaval—Miss Jack, 8.3 (Steuning) 1

Also started: Bonnerges, 9.0; Kakama, 8.20; Salute, 8.8; Lucille 7.7; Ashby, 7.4; Outward, 7.3; Jean 8.8.

Bonnerges caused a long delay at the post, but when they were let off, Ashby led several lengths. Crown Pearl was first to move, but Salute immediately rushed to the front, and, closely attended by Goldsize, made the running across the top two lengths in front of Kakama, Jack Delaval, and Outward, which were together, with Outward at the head of the others. Turning for home, Salute and Goldsize were still the pilots, but at the distance Jack Delaval ran into the lead, and easily making his own in the concluding stages, won by a length from Goldsize, which was a similar distance in front of Crown Pearl. Kakama was fourth, followed by Bonnerges, Ashby, Outward, and Lucille, with Salute last. Time, 1.13.5. Bonnerges was favourite.

AUTUMN STEEPLCHASE of 30sovs.

W. C. Morgan's h g Sol, aged, by Soult—Annie, 11.0 (Tutcher) 1

Also started: Loch Ene, 10.10; Hunakaha, 10.0; Cakobau, 9.11; Rebel, 9.7; Commandeur, 9.8; Beeline, 9.7; Dinkun, 9.7; Mildura, 9.7; and Rebel, 9.7.

When they were let go, Beeline and Tui Cakobau were first to begin, the latter showing the way up the hill, with Loch Ene leading the others. Racing at the top, Beeline took the wrong course, and jumped the double, Tui Cakobau having a slight advantage of Webfoot, and then followed in order Pleiades, Commander, Loch Ene, Hauteer, Hunakaha, Mildura, Rebel, and Dinkun. The last named two being some distance away. Commander was first to make a mistake, falling at the fence at the five furlong post, Beeline, which had continued on in the lead, coming down at the last fence on its feet, when Webfoot came in charge, Tui Cakobau running second, and then came Pleiades, Hauteer, Hunakaha, Loch Ene, Sol, and Rebel, with Dinkun a long way last, going along the bank, but fell at the brush fence at the five-furlong post, Webfoot piloting the field up the hill, with Pleiades as his nearest attendant, after which came Hunakaha, while Sol had made up his leeway at the head of the field, and leading into the straight Webfoot and Pleiades jumped together, three lengths in front of Sol, and there was little between the two at the last obstacle. Sol was interfered with somewhat by the rider, the commander, but fell, when he came, and, once over, outstayed his opponent, and won a great race by two lengths. Pleiades was three lengths further back third, with Hunakaha fourth, the only other finish being Beeline, Loch Ene, and Tui Cakobau, time, 8.5. The field was favourite. Sol got a great reception when he returned to scale.

VICTORIA HANDICAP, of 20sovs.

For two-year-olds. Five furlongs. Meladine Foss and Stewart's br f Prince Soult, by Soult—Lady Hester, 9.1 (Deeley) 1

Also started: Taet, 8.8; Interit, 8.6; Monoplane, 8.5; Monoral, 8.5; Lannacost 8.1; Haskayne, 8.3; Prince Merriwee, 8.0; Devastation, 7.8; Induigeuce, 6.13, Semoullua, 6.10.

When the barrier lifted Haskayne was left badly, Prince Soult being due to move, but Taet and Monoral soon headed him, and raced across the top in close company, followed by Prince Soult, Monoral, and Our King, and these positions were maintained until they turned for home. At the distance Prince Soult got in front, and stalling off a strong challenge by Our King, won by a length. Potoa was half-length away, third. Lannacost was fourth, and Haskayne fifth, the last to finish being Prince Merriwee. Time 1.2 3-5.

THE AUCKLAND WELTER HANDICAP of 20sovs. One mile.

T. J. B. Stewart's br m Wee Olga, 4yrs, by Merriwee—St. Olga, 8.10, including 5lb penalty G. Buchanan) 1

Also started: Sphinx 8.3, Zinnia 8.1, Grenadier 8.0, Explosive 8.0, Master Jack 8.0. The barrier closed on a general dispatch, Master Jack being left altogether, Sphinx being obliged to begin, but she was soon headed by Wee Olga, which soon had a gap on the rest of the field, of which the most prominent were Grenadier and Sphinx. Sea Pink, Rautangata, and Zinnia. Crossing the top Wee Olga increased her lead, and never gave the rest of the field a look-in, winning pulling up by six lengths from Sea Pink, which beat Rautangata half a length, and Zinnia. Explosive was fourth, and Grenadier last, time, 1.43.

THE WINNING PAYMENTS.

The following is a list of the winning payments to be made over the meeting: Mr. Donald McLeod £175

C.J.C. AUTUMN MEETING

CHRISTCHURCH, Monday.

The Canterbury Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting was commenced at Riccarton today under favourable conditions. The weather continued fine and very warm, a slight north-west breeze blowing, and the track was in fast order, and a little hard. The attendance was as large as in any previous year at Riccarton for this fixture. Racing opened with the Kildare Hurdles, which was contested by only three horses, Fisticuff being scratched. Gold Bird was quite a good favourite, and Donardo was not supported, though Jack Ashore. The last named, a Southern owned Castashore gelding, was sent out to win all the way, but Donardo took his measure in the straight, and won easily. The winner, a San Fran Ruby gelding, came to prominence a year ago when he won both hurdle races at the autumn meeting at Riccarton. The nature of the jumping to-day may be gathered from the fact that both Donardo and Jack Ashore jumped so experienced a fence as Gold Bird.

The Champagne Stakes has rarely caused greater interest than was evinced in the meeting of Emmergilde and Autumnus. The Champagne filly has been considered the best of the field of the season, but her victories over Autumnus and Whinny Way in the north having more than compensated for her defeat in the spring at Riccarton. Autumnus, however, may not have been at his best, and Whinny, and latterly he has been galloping very well. The public attention was attracted to the Highbury filly, which was a better favourite than Sir Geo. Clifford's pair, while Gnome and Hou Tom had many friends. With one horse out the race would have been a mere formality, but the latter was very quickly, but they had gone scarcely two furlongs when Autumnus headed her. The Treadmill colt came away in magni-

cent style, and from then it was a question only of how much he would win by. Emmergilde never had a chance with him again, and she was from the post almost as if a Whinny Way, and when the fighting was a great battle together, were with her. The Obidago gelding just got his nose in front of Whinny Way, with Emmergilde a head away, fourth. Autumnus put up a record for the race, but his form was not so good. This was Sir Geo. Clifford's seventh win in the Champagne Stakes, among his successful representatives having been Treadmill, the sire of Autumnus. The race cannot be said to have raised the question of two-year-old supremacy, but many would say it will incline to the opinion that the Treadmill colt, in view of his time record and his easy win, must be given pride of place. It is sufficient that Geo. Prier, Mr. Highden's trainer, states that the race that he had no excuse to make for the defeat of the Charlie, made him fly.

Another representative of the Palmerston North stable made a bold showing in the Autumn Stakes, the field for which dwindled to five, but the deal of his work, which he did down to never. Hinkley, which was the barrier went up, and he opened up a big gap from Goughly, a Golden Knight gelding, who showed pace, but did not stay too well at Riccarton two months ago. Blakeney, however, after two months in the place, and the Soult-Tanbel horse, who was a fair measure in the straight, and won easily, Blakeney lasting long enough to beat the well-trained Bellah for second money. Blakeney, after two victories in Wellington, ended him a runner, but a hot favourite, and Mira and Bellah next in the order.

Comfirmene was the only withdrawal from the Great Eastern Handicap, leaving the field of 15 horses to parade. They attracted a large field of attention, and the public were a long time to fix their minds as to the choice of favourite. Finally, the Charming filly (Gulph) was backed a little more solidly than Masterpiece, Sir Geo. Clifford's success in the Champagne Stakes having won a big part of the popularity of the Charming colt. Bronze was third favourite, and there was not much to choose between tipsy Belle and Byron, which was a poor one, and Effort and Oratory, which was a better one, while Masterpiece was among the odds that got badly away. Dearest flattered her backers by jumping out in great style, but Royal Scotch passed her, and Gabon and Effort were still in front when the straight was touched, but Byron and Bronze began to move up, the former making a very handsome run. Culprit could not stall off Royal Scotch, and Royal Artillery colt finished like a champion. He was well and run a fine race, just beat Culprit, while Bronze (which also finished well, Gabon, and Giphy Belle were well clear of the rest. Byron, who has been some days, and was reported to be a bit lame in the morning, but showed no signs of weakness as he left the paddock. Still the winners about him had attracted backers, and they were better supported. The winner's time was as good as any, and slower than Amlie's record for the race, and much of the credit for the pace set belongs to Culprit.

The third two-year-olds crowded on the cards for the Bussie's Plate, which he saddled up, but they provided an interesting race, the Martian—Stephaner filly, Star Dancer, being in front nearly all the way, and winning very easily from Oxenhope, an Obidago bred grey gelding, which had not raced before. The Northern vic obligant was not impressive, and there was nothing else in the field that showed much promise. The winner, which was successful at Wanganui, was one of the best favourites, and Gleanman, which ran poorly, a good second choice.

The Stockburn Handicap was contested by a field of nine, an improvement on the autumn four, but the quality of the autumn candidates have usually been afraid to meet a penalty by winning the Stockburn, which is run over a mile and a quarter, but this time four of the acceptors for the mile and a quarter were included in the field. Munira, a year out to scale, but which was still in charge when heads were turned for home. Then The Comet and True Knight joined in, and a fine race ensued. Rose Noble made a big bid, but was shut out by True Knight, and The Comet sought out the finish, the latter getting his nose in front as they reached the post. The success of the Handsome Jack gelding was popular, and it should compensate his West Coast owner for the loss of the autumn candidates, Munira, Outlander, and Midnight Sun, did not improve their prospects, though Midnight Sun got away so badly that his chance was split. And he showed no dash. The fourth, a year out to scale, was content that his numerous supporters had to be content with a moderate dividend. The Gimcrack drew a field of eight very moderate selling placers, in which the Soult gelding Autumnus was a fair favourite, and Whinny Armstrong being next favoured. None of these paid a dividend. Fivemile, a half-sister to the hurdler Jack Ashore, jumping out and winning very easily from an outsider chance.

The Comet concluded the day's racing. This daydown was made a warm favourite in a field of seven, and the rather erratic Chaurmandi-Klusner mare justified her backers' confidence. She was in form all the way, and was just in front of the other favourites, which was just in front of Theodore. The ancient Probable finished strongly, very close up, and Kilmey, which gave a lot of trouble at the start, and got away very badly, put up a good performance by finishing fifth.

The Heaped Husband: Is my wife going out, Elsie? Elsie: Yes, sir. Heaped Husband: Do you know if I am going with her?



# Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH.

## BOOKINGS.

(Dates subject to alteration.)

### HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

April 8 "Everywoman" Company.  
 June 24 to July 6 "Pantomime."  
 July 22 to August 3 "The Blue Bird."  
 September 29 to October 12 Oscar Asche,  
 Lily Brayton.

### WELLINGTON OPERA HOUSE.

April 23 to May 18 MacLachlan Dramatic Co.  
 May 21 "Everywoman" Company.  
 July 17 to 30 J. C. Williamson, Ltd., Pantomime Co.  
 August 14 to 27 "The Blue Bird" Co.  
 September 25 to October 2 "Pantomime"  
 October 19 to November 2 Oscar Asche,  
 Lily Brayton Co.  
 November 5 "Ben Hur" Co.

### "The New Sin."

WHEN we talk of "artistic drama" we too often mean little more than attitudinising pose, and self-conscious freakishness. Now and again, however, it happens that a play is produced that is concerned with the real emotions of real people, and it comes to us like water in the desert, like sunshine after hours of the glare of gas. Such a play, says a recent Exchange, is "The New Sin," by R. Macdonald Hastings, produced in London recently, a tragedy as grim as anything ever seen at the Grand Guignol, but unforced, entralling, almost pitifully human.

The initial circumstance is a little improbable. A rich man disinherits his eldest son and leaves distinctions that none of his other children may inherit their portions until the eldest son's death. It would seem that such a will could be upset, but if it could not, how eagerly despite themselves, would his brothers and sisters desire the death of the man who stood between them and a comfortable competence?

In "The New Sin" matters are complicated by the fact that Hilary Cutts, the eldest son, is a clever life-loving painter, while the rest of his family are utterly useless incompetents. They fail, they starve, they borrow. He is ruined and hampered by their troubles. At last he grows convinced that he must die. It is the only way. Hilary has two friends—a successful cynical writer of melodramas, and an earnest sentimental labour leader. The melodramatist laughs at the suicide talk. The labour leader suggests that if Hilary must die, let him die usefully, let him kill some oppressor of the poor, and if he be hanged, well, hanging is little more unpleasant than blowing one's own brains out. Then David Jewellon Davids comes into Hilary's life. He is a successful sensuous draper, strong, relentless, not without humour. And after Davids comes Hilary's brother Maximilian, who has been in Davids' employ, and has been discharged for an intrigue with one of the girl assistants. The scene between the three men is tremendously dramatic. Each man is real. Maximilian, the hopeless rat, the selfish, immoral failure, disgraces his brother. He is an infinitely lower type than Davids, who at least has strength and the will to live. In a fit of hysterical passion the boy shoots Davids, and his brother takes the crime on his own shoulders, and is condemned to be hanged. Maximilian lies his life away, and he cannot disguise his joy at the thought of the money soon to be his. But the sacrifice is all in vain. The sentence is commuted to penal servitude for life. The brother must go back to the gutter, which is his natural and inevitable end.

It is all terribly painful yet magnificently restrained.

### "Elijah" As An Opera.

Mendelssohn's great oratorio, "Elijah," was produced in operatic form last month at Liverpool by the Moody-Manners Opera Company, and met with an emphatically favourable reception. The dramatic construction of the oratorio is such that little alteration was required, and Mr. Harrison Frewin's adaptation has been faithfully and reverently undertaken. In its operatic form "Elijah" is naturally poetic, but adequate continuity has been preserved. The only material addition to the text is in the resolution of the people investigated by Jeze-

bel against the prophet. This episode links up the dramatic trial scene with the despairing prophet's exile in the wilderness. Mr. Graham Marr's impersonation of Elijah was a notable feature of a remarkably impressive production. Before the curtain rose Mr. Manners suggested that, in view of the nature of the theme, applause of individual numbers should be withheld, and that the audience should express approval only on the fall of the curtain. The acquiescence of the audience in this suggestion gave a semi-religious tone to the production.

### Magnifying the Voice.

In Mr. Isidore de Lara's new opera "Les Trois Masques," there is a "Bignophon" chorus, and everyone has naturally been asking what the term means. It is, in fact, an instrument in shape like a horn, but without any sort of mechanism. The performer merely sings into it, and the voice—magnified and changed out of all recognition—produces an astonishing effect. It is used at carnival time by the perambulating merry-makers, who sing topical songs through it. The composer has made clever use of these instruments for a mock funeral march.

### The "Mind the Paint" Girl.

A wave of indignation has swept over the musical comedy community at the unfavourable light which has been thrown on their profession by Sir Arthur Pinero in his new play "The Mind the Paint" Girl. The opening production of the new comedy at the Duke of York's Theatre was marked by an unusual scene of ill-manners. Generally the most dissatisfied audience is able to restrain itself until the end of the play. But at the opening production there were loud boos from a section of the audience at the fall of the second curtain; the third act, by far the strongest and most dramatic of the four, was occasionally interrupted, and after the fourth act the unlucky actors and actresses who had in most instances done splendidly and who were certainly not responsible for the play's deficiencies were again loudly booed.

### Why Was It?

The cause of the displeasure is a little difficult to determine. It may have been aesthetic anger at the comedy's shortcomings. It may have been resentment of the two or three regrettable lapses of taste. It may have been a protest against Sir Arthur Pinero's presentation of the gay and giddy life of musical comedy "stars." The picture postcard is still an immense factor in the British theatre, and many a chorus lady has a public following that could hardly be won by the genius of a Garrick or a Siddons. "The Mind the Paint" Girl is a sort of up-to-date version of "Trelawney of the Wells." Its central figure, Lily Parradell, is the leading lady of the Pandora Theatre. She is very real, very charming, consistent in her inconsistencies; a small but not unworthy addition to the gallery of Pinero women, Paula Tanqueray, Iris, Letty, and the rest.

But, unhappily, one character does not make a drama, and with Lily, Sir Arthur Pinero's imagination and invention seem to have left him, for he has surrounded her with lay figures, mere things of the theatre, stuffed with sawdust and moving on wires. The intrigue is artificial and the sentiment almost always lacking in sincerity. The problem of the play is of the smallest importance. Should young aristocrats marry musical comedy ladies? It depends, of course, on the individual character of the lady and the aristocrat, and Sir Arthur Pinero himself makes no attempt to answer his question. One of his characters declares that the chorus girls are "a menace to society," which is absurd. Another argues that it is a splendid thing for the scions of old families to marry healthy, handsome young women of the lower middle class, which is probably true. We are shown an instance of unhappiness resulting from such a marriage. On the other hand, it would seem that Sir Arthur intends his final curtain to fall on the promise of happiness for his heroine and a viscount.

### The Heroine.

Lily herself is young and pretty, well paid and handsomely housed, spoiled and pettish, and quite untouched by the superficial temptations that surround her, which her vigorous Cockney common-sense enables her accurately to understand and to value. We meet her first in her drawing-room on her birthday with her vulgar mother, the widow of a small Kennington grocer, and a party of the "boys," familiar theatrical figures every one, the middle-aged bore, and Roper, whom every one calls "Uncle," a German baron, de Castro, a stage Jewy Lord Farncombe, a slim guardsman, and Nicko Jeyes, the disgruntled lover.

Farncombe falls in love at first sight (and his love is strictly honourable), while Nicko sits and glowers in the corner, and Lily sings the "Mind the Paint" song. It was this song that first made her famous. It is indeed insane enough to have ruined a less pretty singer, but the "boys" love it, though the composer is quite reasonably ashamed, and Lily, to please the "boys," sings—

I'm possessed of all the graces;  
 Oh, a perfect dream my face is  
 (It may owe to art a trifle, or it mayn't);  
 Him, it mayn't);  
 And I'll cry out for assistance  
 Should you fail to keep your distance;  
 Goodness gracious, mind the paint!  
 Mind the paint!  
 Mind the paint, mind the paint!  
 A girl is not a sinner just because  
 She's not a saint.

### Not Pretty Nor Convincing.

So to Act II, Lily's birthday party in the foyer of the Pandora Theatre. Nicko has not been invited, and we can hardly wonder at it, because he is certainly a wet blanket; but he is there all the same disguised as a waiter, to glower at Lily and Farncombe. The manager is there, and the "boys" and the "girls," both stars and ex-stars, and there is much rather sad revelry. Except that he accents the musical comedy atmosphere, Sir Arthur Pinero does not carry his intrigue any further in the second act. We see that Farncombe is in love with Lily, but we know that in

the first act. We are shown how chorus ladies persuade rich men to pay for holidays and to buy motor-cars. But it is not very pretty nor, for the matter of that, very convincing.

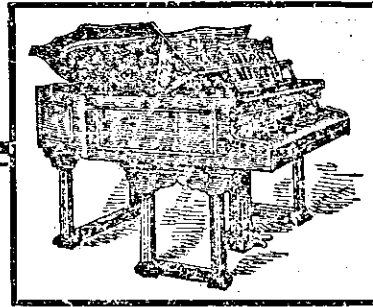
In Act III, we are back at Lily's house after the ball. More songs and dances, and then at four o'clock in the morning—an odd time—Farncombe proposes, and Lily refuses him. Here at last we get to drama and something like humanity. She tells him of her struggles. She lets him see that she likes him, but she will not marry him.

"Recollect, however shrewd and apt I may be, and however straight I've managed to keep myself, still—I'm only a Pandora girl, and should always be remembered as one of your chums and belongings. Nothing can alter that, dear boy; and you mustn't—you mustn't handicap yourself by hanging me round your neck."

Suddenly enters the gloomy Jeyes. He has been watching outside the window, and he accuses Lily and Farncombe of everything a jealous man can think of, and she lets him have it straight from the shoulder. He is a cad, a sneak, an idler and a waster, a shabby loafer and a coward. He is, indeed, all these things, and deserves them all. He apologises and explains. His love for her, he declares, has spoiled his life and his chances—the sort of silly, shabby nonsense such a man would say if such a man could really exist. But Lily is touched, and promises to make it up for him by marrying him after all. Lily, as has been said before, is real, and a real woman in such circumstances would do as she did.

But of course she does not really marry Jeyes. He, poor thing, is given in the last act the chance to renounce, and Lily is to be the viscountess after all.

The drama of "The Mind the Paint" Girl does not begin until the third act, and it practically ends with that act, and the play lacks the subtlety, the knowledge and the understanding one expects from Sir Arthur Pinero. Lapses of taste have been referred to. It is a grievous blunder to have made one of the chorus ladies in expression and manner a close imitation of an actual and well-known musical comedy actress. It is entirely unnecessary to have made Miss Marie Lohr (who played the part



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of Lily delightfully), half take off her dress in the third act and put on her stockings on the stage in the fourth. These things have no dramatic significance. They serve no purpose. They are unnecessary.

**The Famous Russian Dancers.**

One of the features of London amusements this season are the world-famous Russian dancers, who have created a tremendous interest. The interest in Russian dancing, which has been steadily growing in England, has culminated in the performances by the Imperial Russian ballet. English people who see a Russian ballet for the first time are surprised by the Russians' positive passion for this form of entertainment. They are also, as a rule, rather contemptuous. I have known people from the Continent express the same sort of wonder and disdain at a cricket match. says a well-known English writer. The reason is the same in such case. The outsiders do not understand "the points of the game."

If you are a cricketer you cannot understand how anyone could fail to see the difference between a good bat and a man who merely makes runs. Equally hard is it for the Russian to realize that there are people who put all ballet-dancers of the miniskirt and fixed-smile type into the same category. At the Mariinsky Theatre, in St. Petersburg, the spectators will suddenly burst into loud applause after a dancer has twiddled herself round or tripped on the points of her toes in what seems to the uninitiated to be exactly the same way as all the rest. The uninitiated listen to the clapping and the cries of "bis" in blank amazement. They do not know that there are certain fixed methods of twiddling and tripping. When a ballerina comes near to these thousands of eyes watching her intently through opera-glasses, glisten with excitement. Heris beat faster. Joy surges through the systems of the cognoscenti, and wells out in the palms of their hands.

**Passion for the Ballet.**

This fixed and formal style of dancing, which recalls to us Dandreyar whiskers, peg-top trousers, and the crinoline, exercises an extraordinary fascination. Not only over Russians. Very few English people who live long in St. Petersburg manage to escape it. I have known many come away disappointed from their first ballet who six months afterwards had developed into enthusiasts. It is, like caviar or cold soup, an acquired taste.

The passion for the ballet affects all classes. Look round the theatre and you will be struck by the odd mixture of costumes. Many of the men are in evening dress, a few with tailcoats and white ties, more with dinner-jackets and black ties. But among them are numbers who look like shopkeepers or cashiers in their workaday attire. Among the women the contrasts are equally bizarre. There are some exquisitely gowned, sparkling with jewels; others in flannel blouses and serge skirts. What saves the appearance of the house is the abundance of uniforms. That note of brilliant red is a Cossack officer in his long dressing-gown-like coat. To another Cossack regiment belongs the smart little man in blue, plentifully adorned with silver, and with his head

close shaven—rather a popular style. Guardsmen, hussars, gunners, old generals with bushy whiskers, slim young lieutenants—a yet unmounted—all types of soldier are represented. The corridors during the entr'actes ring with swords and spurs.

**A Typical Ballet Story.**

Usually the ballets are founded upon some Russian folk or fairy tale. They are really very naive, dumb-show plays, with dancing introduced. I went to see a famous one called "The Hunchbacked Horse." As a pantomime—that is, a gesture-drama—it could not compare with "L'Enfant Prodigue" or "Sumurun." As a spectacle Mr. Arthur Collins could beat it hollow without effort. The music was certainly good, though not wonderful. It was on the dancing that it relied. Let me sketch the plot. First scene, a traditional Russian farm. The old farmer is in great trouble. His crops are trampled down every night by mysterious feet. He tells his sons they must catch the intruder, be it animal or man. The two elder ones fall asleep. The youngest, who is looked upon as a silly, half-witted fellow, keeps his eyes open and discovers that the mischief is done by a hunchbacked horse. The horse pleads for mercy. He is a magic horse, he says; sometimes a horse, sometimes a man. If he is let off he will serve the boy faithfully. At the crack of his whip he will appear and perform any miracle that his master requires.

So the boy lets him go, and is well beaten by his father for his weakness. But shortly after he and his brothers have to visit the Court of the Khan of Tartary, and here the horse helps him nobly. At the crack of the whip the palace walls open and disclose beautiful creatures, who come out and dance. The Khan grants the boy high honours and sends him (this was a little vague) to find a certain ring, keeping in the meantime another even more fascinatingly lovely syph who has been discovered behind another wall. Mounted on the horse, the unfortunate youth visits all places where the ring might be. One ballet is danced at the bottom of the sea, another in a garden where a fountain of real water suddenly begins to play, the jet rising as high as the flies. At last the search is successful. The boy returns, plunges into a cauldron and comes out beautiful; gets rid of the Khan by inducing him to do the same, with the result that he is never seen again; and marries the lovely syph. The wedding is naturally made the occasion for peasant dances, solos, duets, and ensembles, the last including a most exhilarating czarda to Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise."

**English Songs.**

"It seems to me that the finest songs of to-day and to-morrow are being composed in this country," said Mr. Herbert Antcliffe in the course of a recent lecture on "The Songs of To-day and To-morrow," at Sheffield University. The song always has been, he remarked, and always would be the most popular form of musical art, because practically everyone was able to sing to some degree, and it was the nearest approach

in art to the essentially human characteristic of speech. A growing sense of the meaning of the words was one of the tendencies of the day, and there was a strong desire among all educated classes to have in their songs, combined with the mere pleasure of sweet sound, some intellectual enjoyment. Of course, there still existed a love for the musical comedy and the music-hall song, and he would be sorry to think there was any likelihood of the disappearance of that kind of song, though it might be cleansed and strengthened. It certainly supplied a legitimate human demand. The lecturer said he did not think the most famous of our composers, and especially the older ones, were great song-writers, and generally speaking, the songs of Elgar and his seniors might be left out of consideration. In Granville Bantock, and others, however, including Scott, Broughton, Delius, Holbrooke and Bath, song writing was coming into its own in England, and they were composing songs that would live long. Mr. Antcliffe was down on the sacred song which he said had lately taken a high place in the ranks of art-work. Most of the modern sacred songs were of a lower type.

**Dr. Hadow on Music Drama.**

In the new number of the "Quarterly Review" Dr. W. H. Hadow, whose studies have hitherto been mainly in abstract music, discourses on the history of the drama allied to music. He traces the story through the Greeks to Western Europe, Italy, France and Germany. The music-drama begins with religion, changes to the conflict of motives and the presentation of human tragedy, develops for a short time into folk-legend, and finally loses itself in the sands of dramatic convention. If Weber had been more of a dramatist he might have anticipated by nearly half a century the reforms of Wagner. But his allegiance, like that of Beethoven, was on the side of music. Wagner reverses the order of the historical development of music-drama; he begins in Rienzi with current conventions, goes on to folk-legend in the Flying Dutchman, Tannhauser, and Lohengrin. Then the stage widens for the larger tragedies of Tristan, the fundamental problems of right and justice in the Ring, a triumphal vindication of love and art in the Meistersinger, the greatest of musical comedies. Thus the course winds upward from frivolity and spectacular display to national legend, to the great epic mythology in which human life is symbolised until at last the summit is attained in the Eucharistic feast of Parsifal. Wagner's verse can no more stand beside Goethe's than his tunes beside those of Schubert, but where he is strong he is irresistible, and in the theatre he carries us away on a swelling flood and limitless billows.

**The Revolt Against Wagner.**

Richard Strauss has carried on the Wagner tradition, but the treatment of Salome in Wilde's poem is artificial, and in linking it with the music of violence and passion Strauss attempts the impossible. He is sometimes trivial, he is almost always slow in action. In Elektra he comes to his full strength. The

whole drama is a masterpiece of its kind; every phrase instinct with meaning, the action swift; we are carried on a torrent; all the different arts are fused. The laws of style are fully wide enough to include all that Strauss has accomplished in the way of discords. If some of the musical passages are "super-grammatical" it is the business of grammar to overtake them. This is the drama of a strong, vigorous, conquering race.

The most definite revolt against Wagner is that of Claude Debussy. Here is an art which is reserved and reticent, expressing itself in half-tones and faint colours, which looks upon emphasis as a danger and exaggeration as a crime.

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No common weaselly can be set to the ideals of Strauss and Debussy. But each shows how the music-drama can enrich its theme, and it is possible that the ways may after all converge.

"The day may come when men will regard Strauss as we regard Gluck; and see in Debussy the linear heir of Mozart. The day may come when a greater than either shall arise and show us that these ideals are not incompatible; that the poignancy of the one and the exquisiteness of the other may be resolved into a fuller and nobler art that shall absorb them both."

#### Death of Edward Terry.

The death occurred on April 2nd of Edward Terry, the famous actor-manager and owner of Terry's Theatre, in his 68th year. He made his first appearance at the age of 19, with a fit-up company. His wages were to be 1s/6 per week, but the amount was never paid in full. An engagement at Woolwich followed, where he received 3/6 for two performances. At the Grand Theatre, Woolwich, he played for 1s/6 per week. Here he played eighteen parts a week, sang four songs (which he wrote himself) between the acts, and also supplied the songs for the pantomime. From Woolwich he went to the Isle of Man, where he played with Irving, then a struggling actor. Then followed various engagements in Ireland with Sothern, Toole, G. V. Broke, and Amy Roselle. He made his first big hit in "Catching an Heiress," and from then on he made rapid progress to the front. He opened his own theatre with "The Churchwarden" in 1887. "The Woman Hater" followed, and then came the phenomenally successful comedy, "Sweet Lavender," by Pinero, which ran for 670 nights. Terry is said to have cleared a fortune of £50,000 by this piece and its author about one-fourth of this amount. During recent years he has toured successfully in Australia, South Africa and America, and has only been intermittently seen at his own theatre.

#### Musical Reciprocity.

The suggestion made by Mr. Henry Brett, on the occasion of the opening of the new Town Hall, that Auckland and Wellington should combine in presenting some of the great modern musical works impossible of achievement by any single organisation, has met with the warm approval of musical people in the Southern city. Mr. Brett has just returned from a visit to Christchurch, and while passing through Wellington he was asked to meet the executive committee of the Royal Choral Society. Seen by a "star reporter" last week, Mr. Brett said that he was pleased to find that his proposal had been taken up with very considerable enthusiasm in the South, not only by the committee, but by the members of the Wellington Society as a whole. The matter had been placed before them previous to his arrival in Wellington, and had been endorsed most heartily. The committee, in fact, had assured him that the proposal had had the effect of galvanising interest in the society itself, and that the present strength of the choir—270 voices—was likely to be considerably augmented. All details were fully discussed with Mr. Brett, with the result that some slight alteration in Mr. Brett's original scheme was decided upon. When first outlined by him three months ago, it was proposed that musical festivals should be held in Auckland and Wellington alternately every two or three years, the choral societies of both cities amalgamating in the production of some of the great modern works which it was beyond the reach of any single society to achieve.

#### A Combined Festival.

The modified suggestion of the Wellington Society was that for the present they should aim at a fortnight's festival, the first week to be devoted to Auckland and the second to Wellington. This would mean that the Wellington musicians would come to Auckland for the first week, and then that the Auckland choir should proceed to Wellington for a week's musical festival in the southern city. A further suggestion was that the Auckland Society should give a concert the first night,

the Wellington Society a performance the second night, and that on the third night the united choirs, 400 strong, should present something requiring the best of the combined efforts of both cities. It was also proposed that there should be at least two orchestral concerts—probably one in the afternoon and another in the evening. The expense attached to the getting together of such an orchestra as that required would be considerable, as it was proposed that it should represent the best orchestral talent of the Dominion, and compare favourably with the Christchurch Exhibition orchestra. This programme, if approved, would, of course, be repeated in Wellington during the second week of the festival. As it was estimated that about 200 Wellington musicians would travel to Auckland and back, and the same number of Auckland musicians would travel to Wellington and back, the expense involved would probably run into nearly £3000, and a guarantee fund would no doubt be opened in Auckland and Wellington. Music lovers in both cities would be asked to accommodate the visitors, as was done in the case of the Sheffield choir. The first festival, it was suggested, should take place in 1913. These proposals by the Wellington people meet with Mr. Brett's approval, and will be submitted by him to the Auckland Society in the course of a few days.

#### "Everywoman."

"Be merciful, be just, be fair  
To Everywoman everywhere,  
Her faults are many; nobody's  
The blame!"

The idea of Walter Browne's "Everywoman," staged for the first time in New Zealand at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, by Mr. J. C. Williamson, Ltd.'s company, is to trace, after the manner of the morality play, the trials that the average woman goes through in her search for her true vocation, to reign as queen in some good man's heart and household. The writer has taken the old primal emotions—love, greed, hate, virtue, vice, and so on—and tacked them on to real people who have in the play no other designation, and he has succeeded in making them walk the stage with the least incongruity of ideas possible. He has reduced the allegorical to the actual with a success one would have much doubted had one not seen the play acted. The moral of the piece is excellent, but you can no more make people good by the finest morality play ever penned than you can by Act of Parliament. Still, no one can deny that it was a brave venture of the Williamson management to stage such a fine play, so different from what we have been accustomed to, and so distant from the proved fields of theatrical profit in the Dominion. For this reason those who are always clamouring for better things so far as the colonial stage is concerned will be gratified to see "Everywoman" accorded the public support which it undoubtedly deserves.

Miss Hilda Spang as Everywoman carries the great bulk of the weight of the play, and she comes triumphantly through her difficult task. In the earlier and lighter scenes of the play she was least convincing, but later on, as her quest for Love develops, and one by one she loses her companions, Youth, Beauty and Modesty, Miss Spang was responsible for some really fine emotional acting. Another character which commands attention is Mr. William Desmond as Nobody, who points the moral of the play as it progresses. He has some of the best lines of the piece, and he gives them effectively and well. The other characters were well portrayed, notably Youth (Miss Elsie Chavens), Beauty (Miss Dorothy Cumming), and Modesty (Miss Enid Bennett). The last-named was particularly good, her return to Everywoman in the last act, when the great quest is ended, being one of the prettiest incidents in the play. Conscience (Miss Rene Gold), Fattery (Mr. John Halston), Wealth (Mr. Herbert Leigh), Bluff (Mr. George Miller), and Truth (Miss Emma Temple), are all deserving of favourable mention. The music is good and the play is suitably staged.

"Everywoman" will be succeeded by "Passer-by," one of last summer's London successes.

#### Stray Notes.

After all, modesty pays best. Mr. Leonard Borwick proved a surprise in New York: "He has no poses, no affectations," says the "New York Herald." "He had not been unappreciated in advance. He came unheralded, and won his spurs immediately and convincingly. The press was as deeply impressed as

the public. When Mr. Borwick stepped upon the stage he was an unknown quantity."

Miss Maggie Teyte, the singer, who has been touring in America, came across the professional "claque" in Philadelphia. He sought her out and said he had been offered £100 to hiss her performance. For a consideration, he added, he would applaud her instead. A trap was laid for the impudent rascal, and he was caught. He employed twenty men and had been wringing from £2 to £4 out of prominent singers for some time.

A lady who is an ardent temperance worker does not like the reference to wine in the carol "Good King Wenceslas." So she has substituted these words: "Noble sire, I drink not wine, I'm a Band of Hope, Proud though poor, I've made a vow, Ne'er to be a toper."

Mr. Bert Royle advises that J. C. Williamson, Ltd., will also, in all probability, have the following attractions in New Zealand for the rest of the year:—"Bon Hur," commencing at Auckland June 24; pantomime, "Sinbad the Sailor," commencing at Wellington August 10; "Blue Bird," beginning at Auckland on August 14; Oscar Asche, beginning at Auckland September 23.

Mr. Edward Branscombe, who first visited the Dominion with his Westminster Glee Singers, and has since kept up his connection with New Zealand by visits of the popular "Scarlet Troubadours," has a further intention of exploiting this country. Mr. Claude Flaigh, who at latest was managing a tour of the "Troubadours," writes stating that Mr. Branscombe's costume comedy company, "The Dandies," is to pay New Zealand a visit in May. "The Dandies" have been established some time and their popularity in Australia and Tasmania is said to rival that of "The Troubadours." The company will open its New Zealand tour in Auckland, Wellington following. Extended seasons will be played in the principal centres.

In Little Bourke-street, the Chinese quarter of Melbourne, there lived a well-known merchant named Kong Meng. He was known to all the community, and his name is still to be seen in the brick work above a couple of substantial looking buildings. Kong Meng's son has written a play, which has been accepted by Oscar Asche, who appears to think that it will prove another "Kismet." Mr. Asche says that it will be spoken in a gibberish of a phonetic kind that will be quite understandable, and will keep the action going. The costumes will be made in China, and the scenes will depict life in a Chinese junk. When Mr. Asche returns to London after his Australasian tour he will travel via Singapore and China, so that he will be able to get "local colour" and ideas for the staging of the play.

Portus and Talbot announce that the Kersand Minstrels will shortly arrive in Australia from the United States. This is a famous troupe of 40 members, who bring their own brass band, orchestra, and scenery. It is headed by "Billy" Kersand, and the entertainments are of a spectacular nature, a circumstance which, as far as Australia is concerned, is entirely novel in this class of programme.

At their opening performance in the Town Hall the Auckland Choral Society publicly announced that all future productions would be on a lavish scale. Mr. Scott Colville informs me that arrangements are almost completed for the engagement of soloists for the "Golden Legend" which will be presented in the Town Hall on May 21st. Last week Miss Rosina Buckmann (late of the Melba Grand Opera Co.), was engaged as soprano soloist and Madame Dora Hunt an English artist who has appeared at the big English Festivals, has since been engaged as contralto soloist. Many fine fresh voices have lately been added to the chorus, and a specially augmented orchestra has been selected, so that Sullivan's glorious work should receive an artistic interpretation.

Mr. Percy Grainger, the popular pianist, who is well-known in Auckland, has created quite a mild sensation by the substitution of English words denoting the composer's intention with regard to expression, for the customary Italian. For students the English expression marks are more readily understood, but that is all that can be said in their favour comments an English critic. It must also be admitted that the words used by Mr. Grainger are rather startling, and in a sense "slangy," and appear to give, when taken in conjunction with such altogether delightful compositions, a sense of burlesque which is utterly incongruous to artistic works such as

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Mr. F. C. Fryer, dentist, has started practice in Williamson's Chambers, opposite the Auckland Club, Shortland-street.

Mr. J. H. Gregory, barrister and solicitor, for many years with Mr. T. Cotter, has offices in 15, Empire Buildings, first floor, Swanson-street, Auckland.

W. Parkinson and Co., sculptor and monumental masons, are still carrying on business in Victoria-street, Auckland.

Standard blended teas and Ostrich brand of groceries are packed and manufactured by L. D. Nathan and Co., Ltd.

Two dainty appetisers are "K" tomato sauce and "K" tomato chutney, prepared by Kirkpatrick, Nelson.

J. H. Fish, oil and colour merchant, Premier Buildings, Newmarket, will put your home in order.

Mrs. Fisher, the feather dresser, is still at 245, Karangahape Road, and is still the sole dresser of black in Australia.

Beautiful Japan is the land of sunshine and flowers, and its work is stocked extensively at Godson's London and Japanese bazaar.

A professional card. Ralph L. Ziman, barrister and solicitor, Bank of New Zealand buildings, Queen-street. Telephone 2720.

Nurse Donald is principal of the Harrieville private maternity nursing home, next P.O., Dominion-road. Telephone 2902.

those which Mr. Grainger has given us. Mr. Grainger is at present engaged on a tour of fifty recitals and orchestral concerts through Germany, Holland, and Switzerland; while, later on, he is going to Russia. His masterly interpretations and delightful art have established him as one of the leading musicians of today; and he has been received with enthusiasm by the music-loving public of every country he has visited.

"After Miss Tittell-Brune's sensational success as Claire Foster in 'The Woman in the Case' (says an American paper), she received many offers of engagement, but they were all for heavy parts, so she made up her mind that when next she appeared in London it would be 'a clean and wholesome play and a clean part.' Since her arrival in England she has been on the look-out for plays with a view to going into management, and she has now accepted what promises to be a very effective one, by a new author, 'Dwellers in Glass Houses,' by Mr. W. H. Roberts, is already on tour in the provinces preparatory to coming to London, and Miss Tittell-Brune has had some remarkably enthusiastic scenes, particularly at Oxford, where the Australian and New Zealand students and their friends took the entire lower floor of the house for the last night. Miss Tittell-Brune has secured the rights of the piece for Australia and New Zealand, and may accordingly be seen under the Southern Cross again before long."

J. and N. Tait announce that they have engaged two brilliant artists to support Miss Margaret Cooper on her forthcoming tour of Australasia. The first, Horace Wittey, is a distinguished baritone, who is a pupil of Charles Copeland, and has just completed a tour of Ireland with the well-known operatic tenor, Joseph O'Mara. The other artist is H. Scott-Leslie, who is one of the most popular entertainers in Great Britain at present. Mr. Scott-Leslie excels in humorous recitations, musical monologues, and burlesque lectures, and is the greatest story-teller on the English stage. "As a raconteur," says the London "Daily Telegraph," "he is inimitable," and the "London World" does not hesitate to call him "the second Corsey Grain."

#### OUT THIS OUT

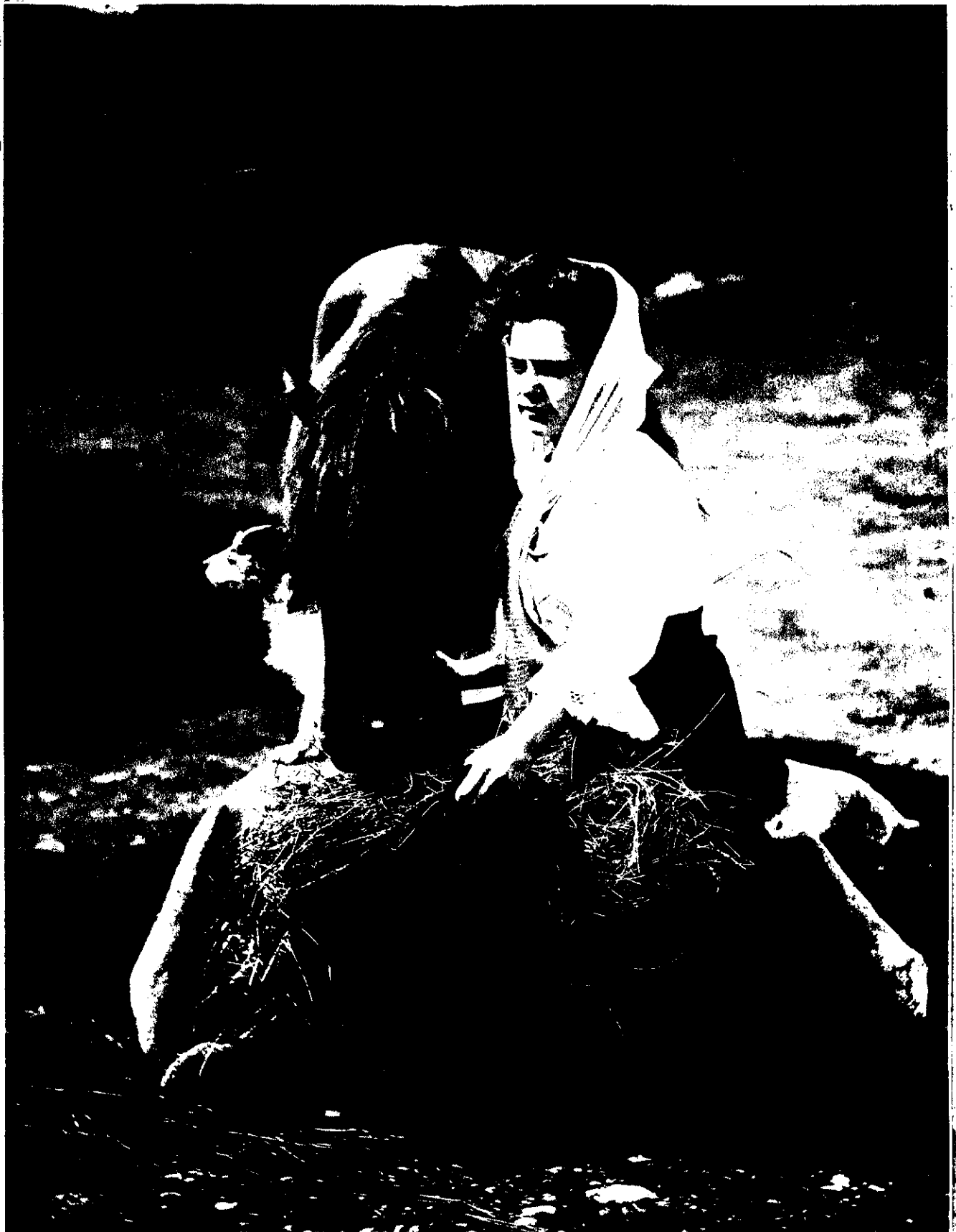
PLEASE send me catalogue of Pianos for organs showing lowest wholesale price and cash terms of purchase from Mr. monthly.

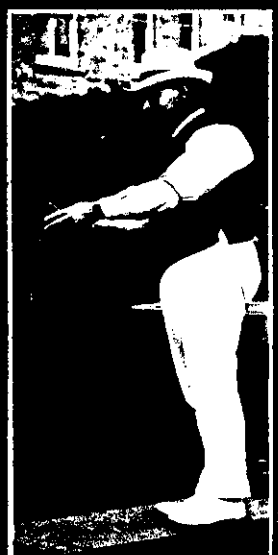
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AUCKLAND PROVINCIAL BOWLING ASSOCIATION'S EASTER TOURNAMENT—PICTURES FROM THE GREENS.

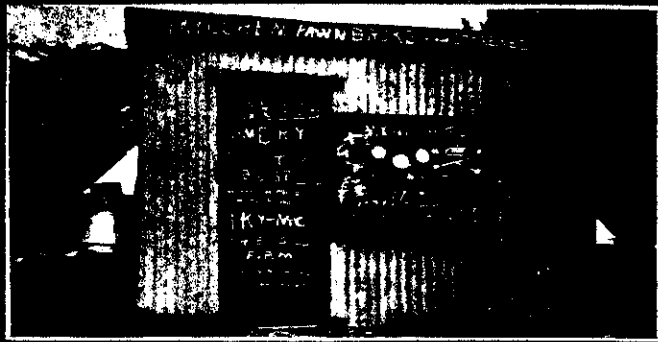
The Auckland Provincial Bowling Association's Easter Tournament opened on Saturday. The four competitions which comprised the tournament were proceeded with simultaneous on eleven greens, no less than sixty rinks being played on. The entries constituted a record for the Easter tournament. In the subscription pairs match, 63 pairs were engaged. The single-handed championship was contested by 24 players, 16 teams played in the club executives' match, and 14 teams in the first-year players' match. At the time of writing the various competitions had not been concluded.





HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR'S FIRST VISIT TO THE NORTH—A PUBLIC RECEPTION IN WHANGAREI.

His Excellency the Governor and Lady Islington held their first visit to Whangarei last week. The viceregal party has been visiting various interesting spots along the coast, and returned to Auckland on Friday. While in Whangarei, Lord Islington was presented with addresses of welcome from the people of the town, and also from the natives of the district. (1) Lord Islington leaving the receiving platform. (2) His Excellency addressing the farmers. (3) His Excellency's arrival at the reception. (4) Lord Islington, the Mayor (Mr. T. H. Stedman), and Mr. F. Maude, M.P. (5) The Government steamer Hibernia, in which the viceregal party made their Northern trip, moored at the Otterahi wharf at Whangarei.



**THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS—THE AUCKLAND GARRISON ARTILLERY SPEND A PROFITABLE WEEK AT GUN PRACTICE.**

Three Companies, Nos. 1, 6, and 7, of the Garrison, were dispersed near Forte Cantley, Bastion, and Takapuna, for a week in camp and for gun-firing. The illustrations give views of No. 7 Company, which was camped at Takapuna, and in charge of Lieuts. Parker, Kirker, and Wilding. No. 1 shows B2 Detachment; No. 2, Range-finding Detachment; No. 3, the Canteen in dry institution in humorous adornment; No. 4, Sergeants of No. 7 Company; No. 5, A1 Detachment, who scored 95 per cent. of hits; No. 6, F1 Detachment; No. 7, B1 Detachment; No. 8, Signallers; No. 9, after paying out, Lieut. Parker (O.C. No. 7 Co.), Capt. Melke (R.N. Z.A.), and Capt. Ferguson; No. 10, a scene on breaking up of camp.



WHERE THE HOMES OF AUCKLAND ARE RAPIDLY SPREADING—THE PICTURESQUENESS OF ONE-TREE HILL.

The panorama at the top gives an extensive view of One Tree Hill, looking towards Mt. Roskill. Photographs 2 and 4 are features of One Tree Hill Domain, and No. 3 shows the tea kiosk, which is enclosed in pretty environments.

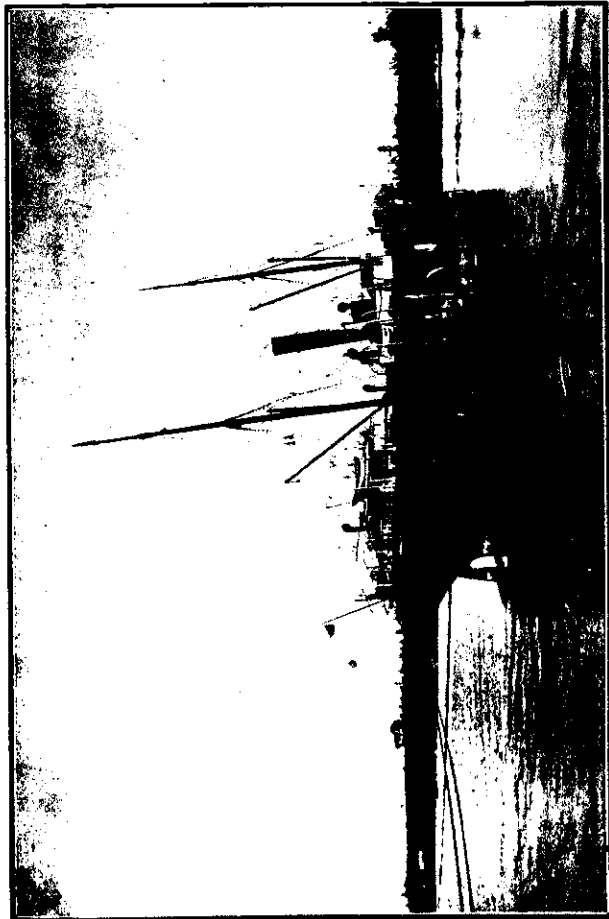
# In aid of the Church



Tadema, photograph.

## GRACEFUL DANCERS IN NOVEL PERFORMANCES AT THE S.P.C. FEIS.

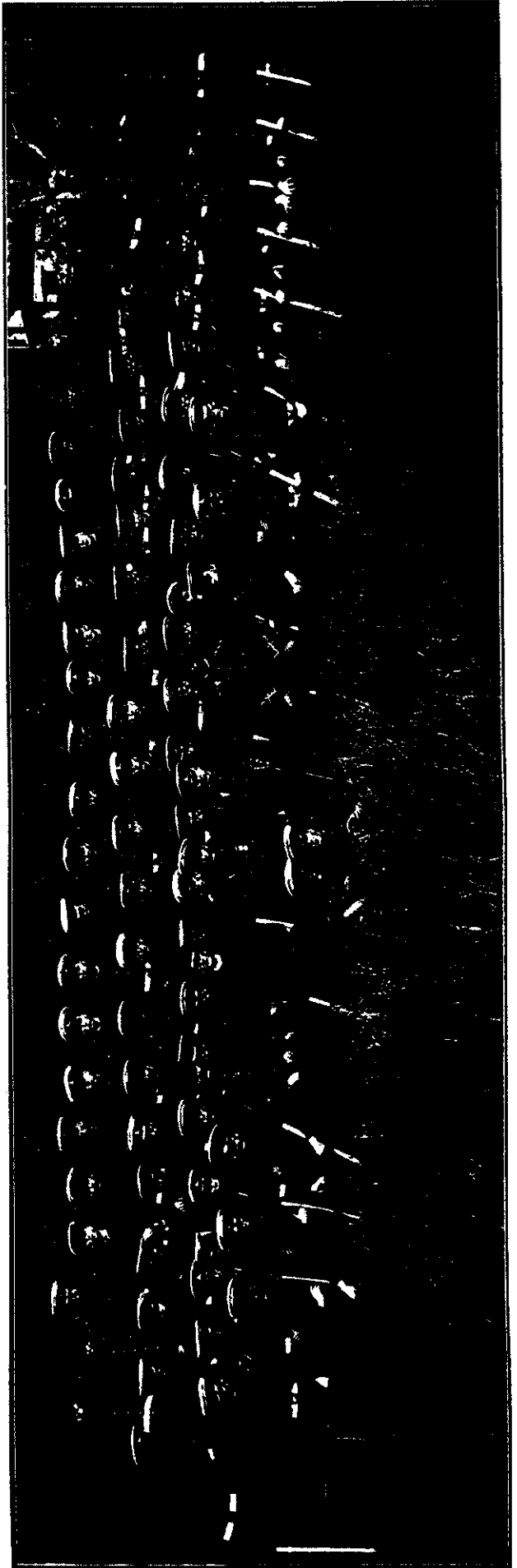
The St. Patrick's Church Feis, opened by Lord Islington at the Auckland Town Hall on Saturday night, has been promoted for the purpose of raising funds to wipe off the indebtedness of the Cathedral building fund. A feature of the Feis has been the series of "character" dances arranged by Professor Borzoni.



**Hickey, photo.**  
**IN TROUBLE AT WESTPORT—THE UNION COMPANY'S STEAMER HAUROTO AGROUND.**  
The vessel was not in difficulties for long, and was soon refloated without sustaining any damage.



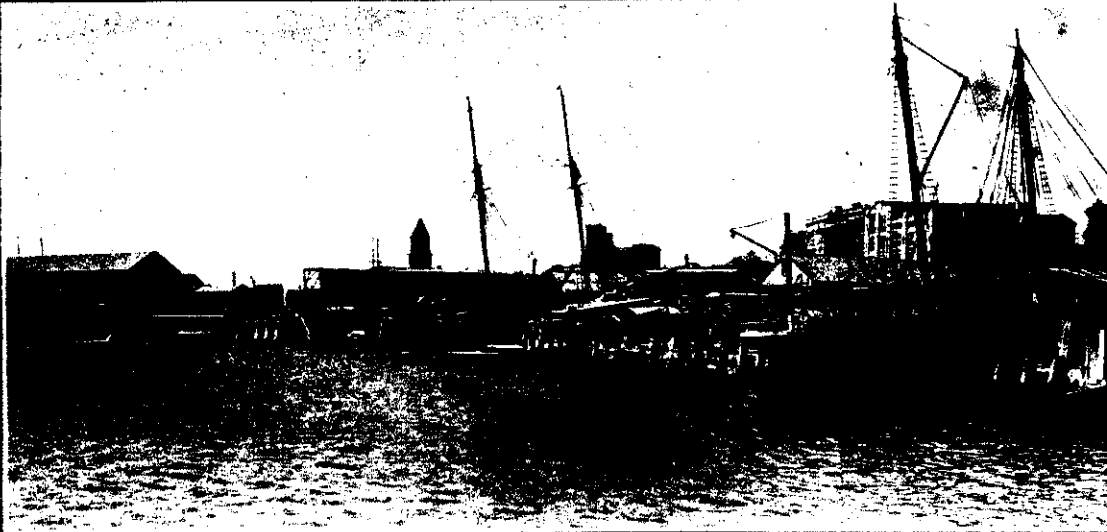
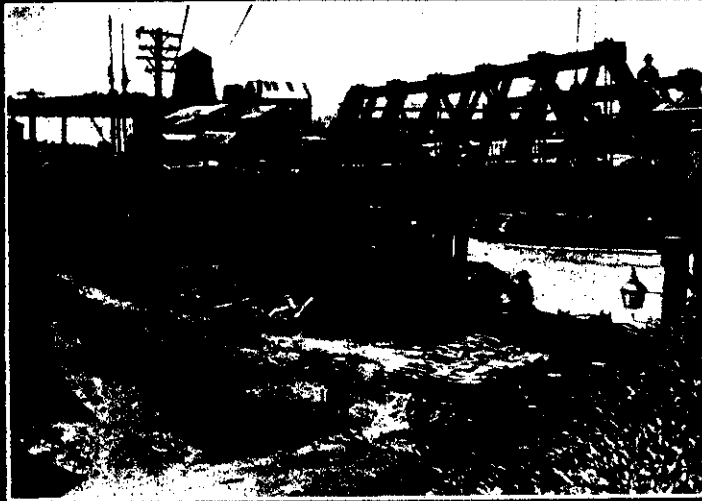
**Barton, photo.**  
**THE NEW CREW FOR THE SHIP OF STATE—MEMBERS OF THE MACKENZIE MINISTRY.**  
Back row (reading from the left): Hon. G. W. Russell, Hon. H. G. Ell, Hon. T. H. Buck, Hon. G. Colvill, Hon. T. Borton.  
Front row: Hon. G. A. Hume, Hon. A. M. Myers, Right Hon. T. Mackenzie, Hon. W. D. S. Macdonald, Hon. G. Lauderston.



**E. H. Skates, photographer.**  
**SOME OF AUCKLAND'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS—NO. 7 COMPANY GARRISON ARTILLERY TERRITORIALS (PARKER'S OUTLAWS).**



# Re-modelling the Waterfront -



## THE AUCKLAND HARBOUR BOARD AND THE CITY COUNCIL HAVE IN HAND BIG

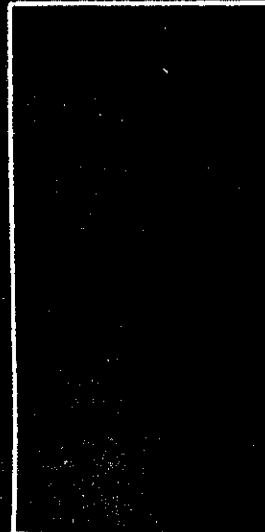
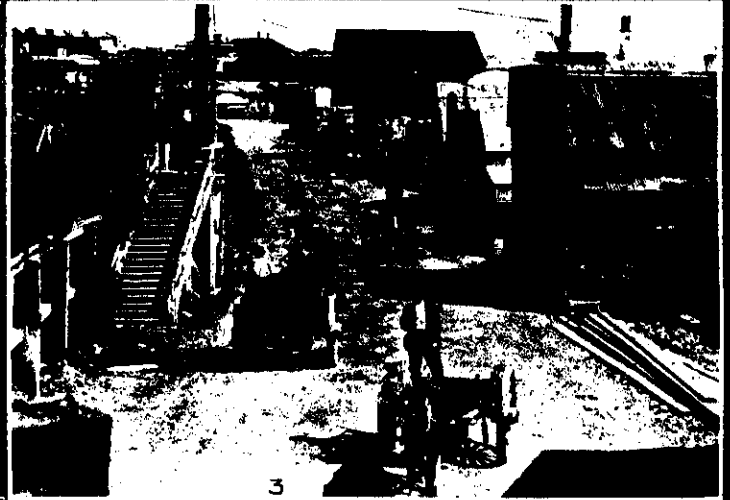
With the rapid development of the Auckland Province, the expansion of industries and accession of population, followed by all round increases in exports and imports, and greater activity in shipping, comes an insistent demand for improved facilities along the waterfront, more space for ex-

ension of business premises, and widening of roads to relieve vehicular congestion in the neighbourhood. Works now in progress and schemes in contemplation have been designed with this objective. One of the biggest undertakings, the result of combined action by the Harbour Board and

the City Council, is the straightening up of Customs-street, and in the future the formation practically of a lengthy waterfront promenade from east to west. The work on the lower levels of Customs-street has been commenced, as shown in photograph No. 2, and this will involve the

widening of the higher roadway 20ft and the erection of a substantial retaining wall, besides the demolition of the old Hobson-street bridge (No. 1) after bearing heavy and continuing for years, is now in a shaky

# Building for the City's Future



**WORKINGS FOR IMPROVEMENT ALONG THE FORESHORE ON THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE CITY.**

Photographs 3 and 4 give views of the shipbuilding area in the same locality, a real bit of the old Auckland, with many quaint weather-worn structures huddled together, but where has been turned out most of the mosquito fleet in service round

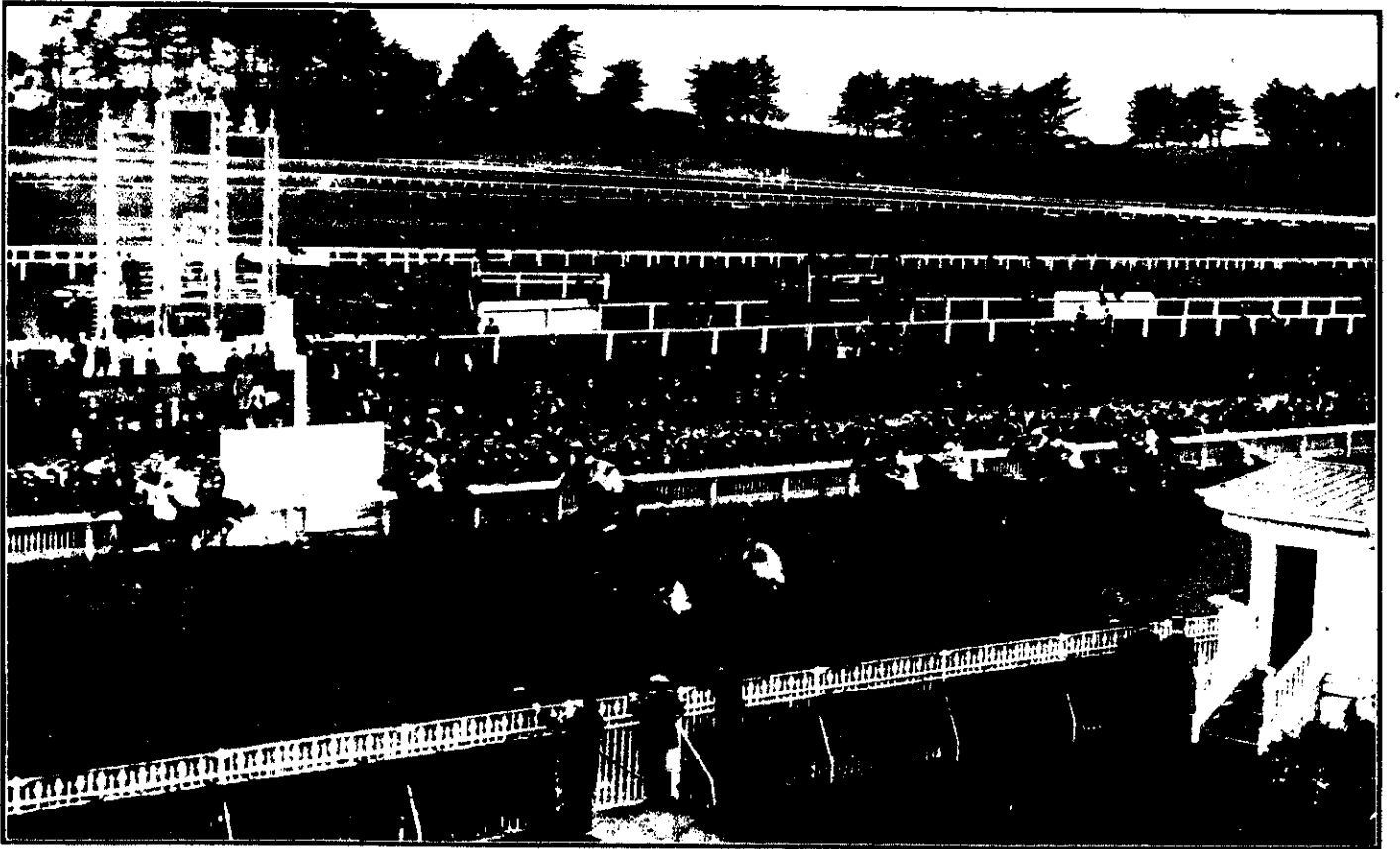
the harbour. These interesting relics of better days will be gradually swallowed up before the stern necessities of enterprise and expansion. The panorama, No. 5, affords a comprehensive view of the big reclamation in progress at Freeman's Bay.

Already large buildings have been erected on part of the reclaimed area, as seen on the left of the picture, other sections waterwards have been leased and additional areas will shortly be ready to offer. Two suction dredges are at work pumping mud

through large pipes on to the area between buildings on the left and the retaining wall, where a quantity of surface water is visible. On the extreme right is shown one end of a huge stack of coke at the Auckland Gas Company's works.



SNAPSHOTS ON THE LAWN—THE EASTER RACING CARNIVAL AT ELLERSLIE.



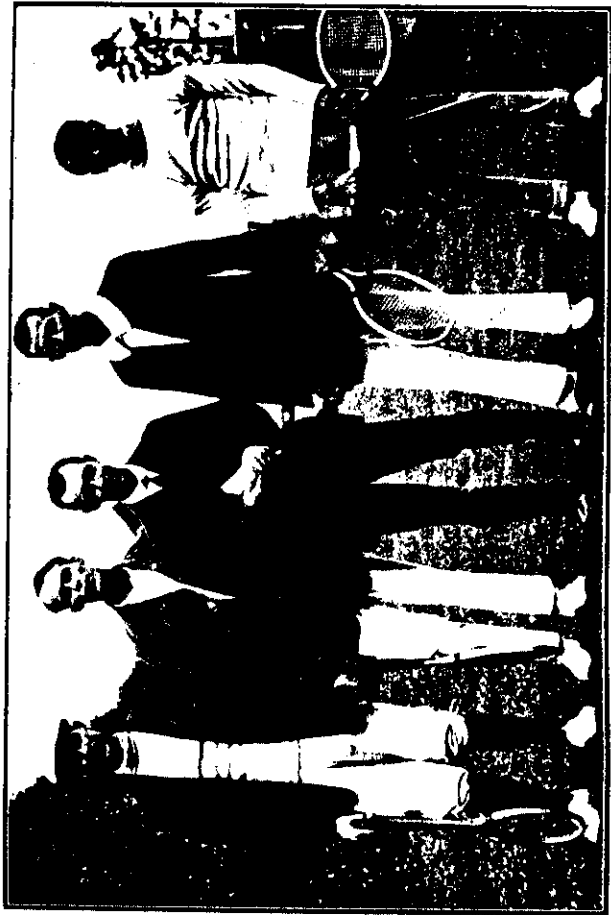
RACING AT ELLERSLIE—KAKAMA WINS THE EASTER HANDICAP.

The crowds patronised the Auckland Racing Club's Easter Meeting at Ellerslie, His Excellency the Governor (Lord Bellingham) being among the visitors. Our illustration shows the finish of the big event of the first day, the Easter Handicap, with Mr. Donald McLeod's Kakama beating General Latour for first place.

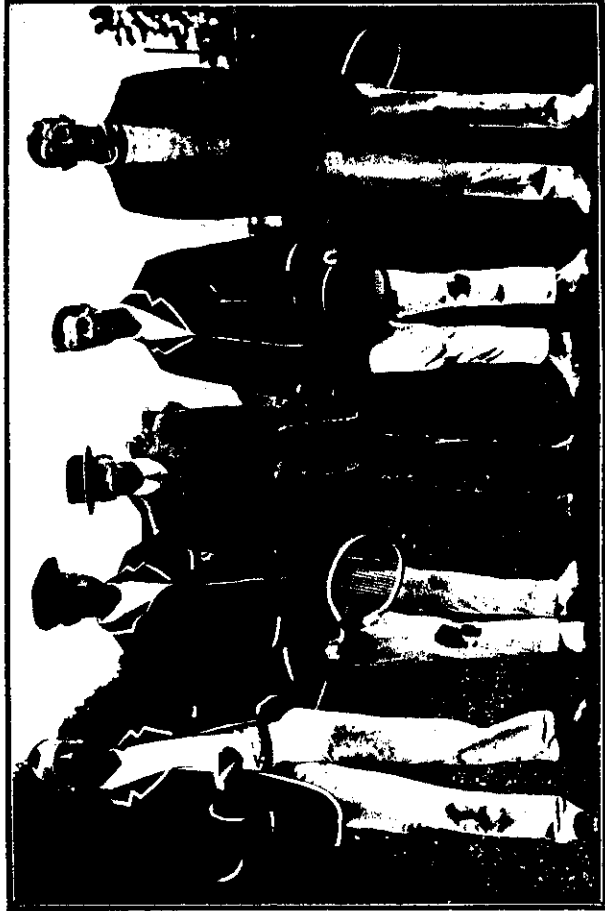


**ROUND THE TOTALISATOR AT ELLERSLIE—NEARLY £69,000 WAS INVESTED DURING THE TWO DAYS OF THE EASTER MEETING.**

In pursuance of the recommendations of the Racing Commission, the Easter me Ling at Ellerslie was this year reduced by one day. The totalisator returns for the two days reached a total of £68,947 30/2, an increase of £1831 over the total handled during the three days' meeting of 1911.



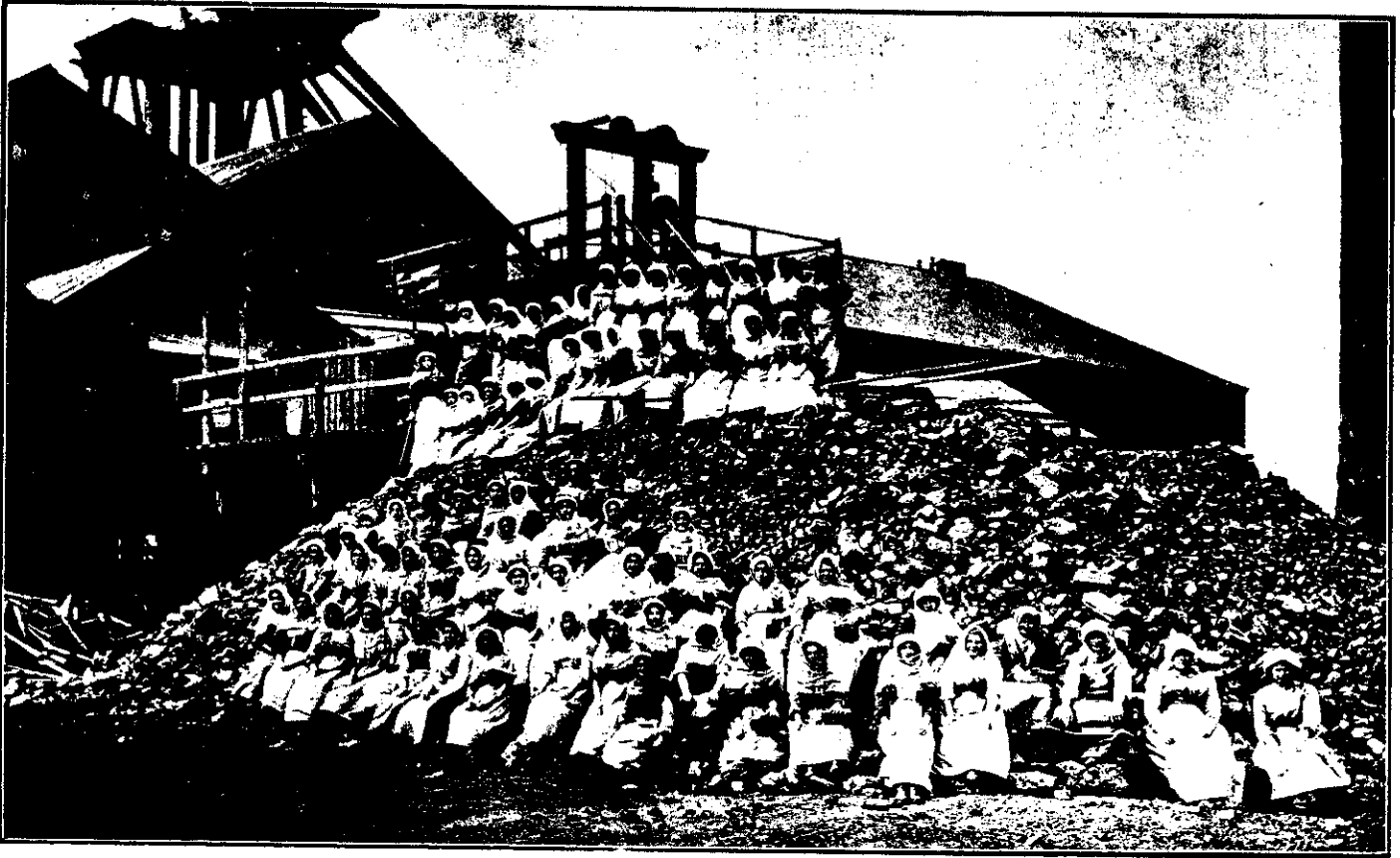
**THE MEN OF THE AUCKLAND TEAM.**  
Reading from the left: Brown, Ballson, Haddock (secretary), Kelli, Quinnell. The Auckland team also included Misses A. Gray, E. Canning, M. Steady, and Mrs. Cooper.



**THE MEN WHO REPRESENTED TARANAKI.**  
Reading from the left: Wallace, Dickey, Stocker (secretary), Wyllopinge, Webster. The lady representatives of Taranaki were Misses J. Powell, A. Browster, V. Simpson, and Mrs. Van Aosh.

**INTERPROVINCIAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT—AUCKLAND DEFEATS TARANAKI.**

The North Island Inter-Association Tennis Championship Tournament between the Auckland and Taranaki representatives was played on the Eden and Epson lawns during the Easter holidays. Auckland defeated Taranaki by the narrow margin of 18 sets to 17. Each team scored 8 matches, but the rules provided that when points are even the contest must be decided by the team having won the greatest number of sets.



AT WIGAN.—PIT-BROW GIRLS WHO WERE SERIOUSLY AFFECTED BY THE STRIKE.



WHEN THE TROUBLE COMMENCED AT MICKLEY COLLIERY, NEAR NEWCASTLE, THE WOMEN KEENLY DESCENDED ON COAL SUPPLIES AS DEPOSITED AT THE BINS.

**WIDESPREAD DISTRESS AND STARVATION WAS CAUSED BY THE BRITISH COALMINERS GOING ON STRIKE.**

It is estimated that the coal miners lost £11,570,000 in wages during the time they "downed tools" to fight for the principle of a minimum wage and improved conditions. Most of the workers resumed before the result of a poll on the question was ascertained. The families affected by the trouble fared badly when deprived of the bread-winners' weekly wages and deaths from starvation are reported, while a great deal of distress is now being relieved by subscriptions from benevolent donors.

Topical Photograph Agency.



Topical Photograph Agency.

**THE HABITATIONS OF COALMINERS AT WYLAM VILLAGE COLLIERY, NEAR NEWCASTLE.**

The cottages, in which the miners and their families live, are made entirely of wood, and present a bare and cheerless appearance. None of these houses are provided with staircases, and access to the rooms on the upper floor is gained by means of a ladder placed in almost perpendicular position.



**LEADING CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA "PASSERS BY" TO BE STAGED AT HIS MAJESTY'S NEXT WEEK.**

This four-act drama by Hadden Chambers will follow "Everywoman." Miss Spang appears as "Margaret Summers," Robert Whyte, "The Tramp"; George Miller, "Nifty" the cabman; Eileen Dunn, "Little Peter"; and William Desmond, "Peter Wuyerton."

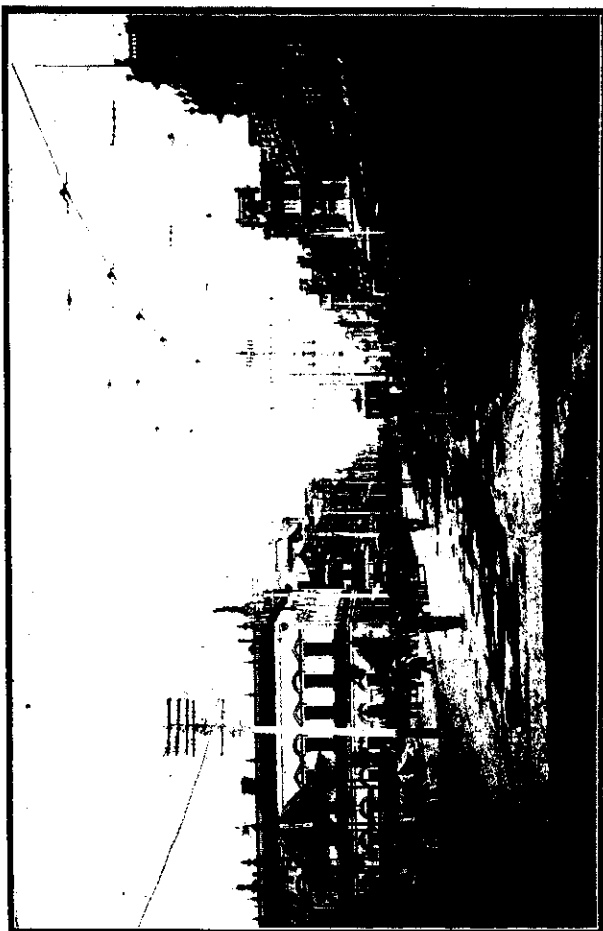




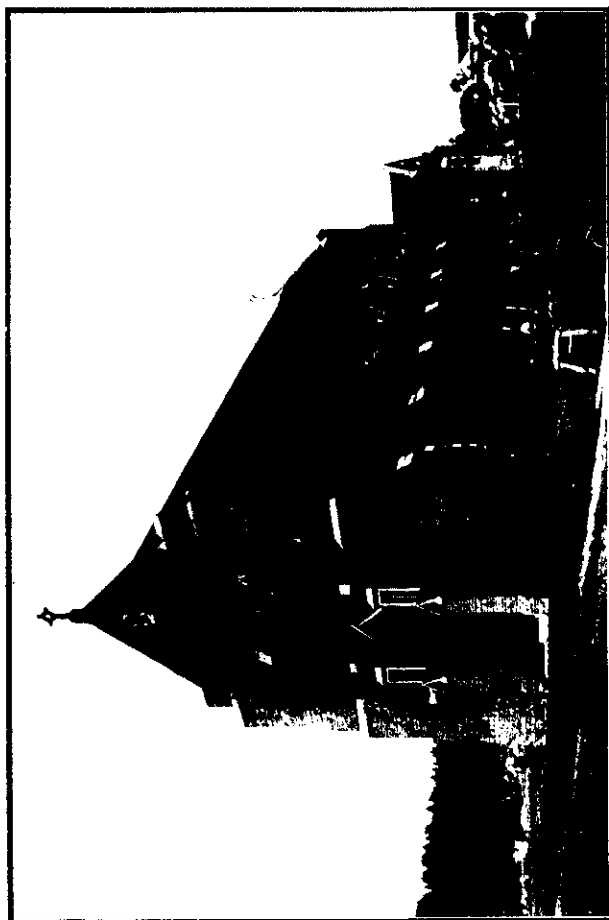
**THE WELLINGTON FOX TERRIER CLUB'S SUCCESSFUL PARADE AT THE BASIN RESERVE.**

Barton, photo.

The second annual dog parade, held at the Basin Reserve, by the Fox Terrier Club of Wellington, was favoured by ideal weather. The parade included classes for Irish terriers, The fox-terrier entries almost filled last year's arena and the Irish terriers also showed an increase. The event around which the greatest interest centred was the ladies' bracelet class, the prizes being a ladies' bracelet, valued at four guineas, and a rosette medal. Mrs. Gillett's nomination, the smooth-coated fox-terrier dog, Cal-audy Pop, was awarded first prize, and Miss Smith's nomination, the wire-haired fox-terrier bitch, Capstern of Schale (owned by J. Hartly), was second. Our illustration shows the crowd at the fragrant watching the judging.

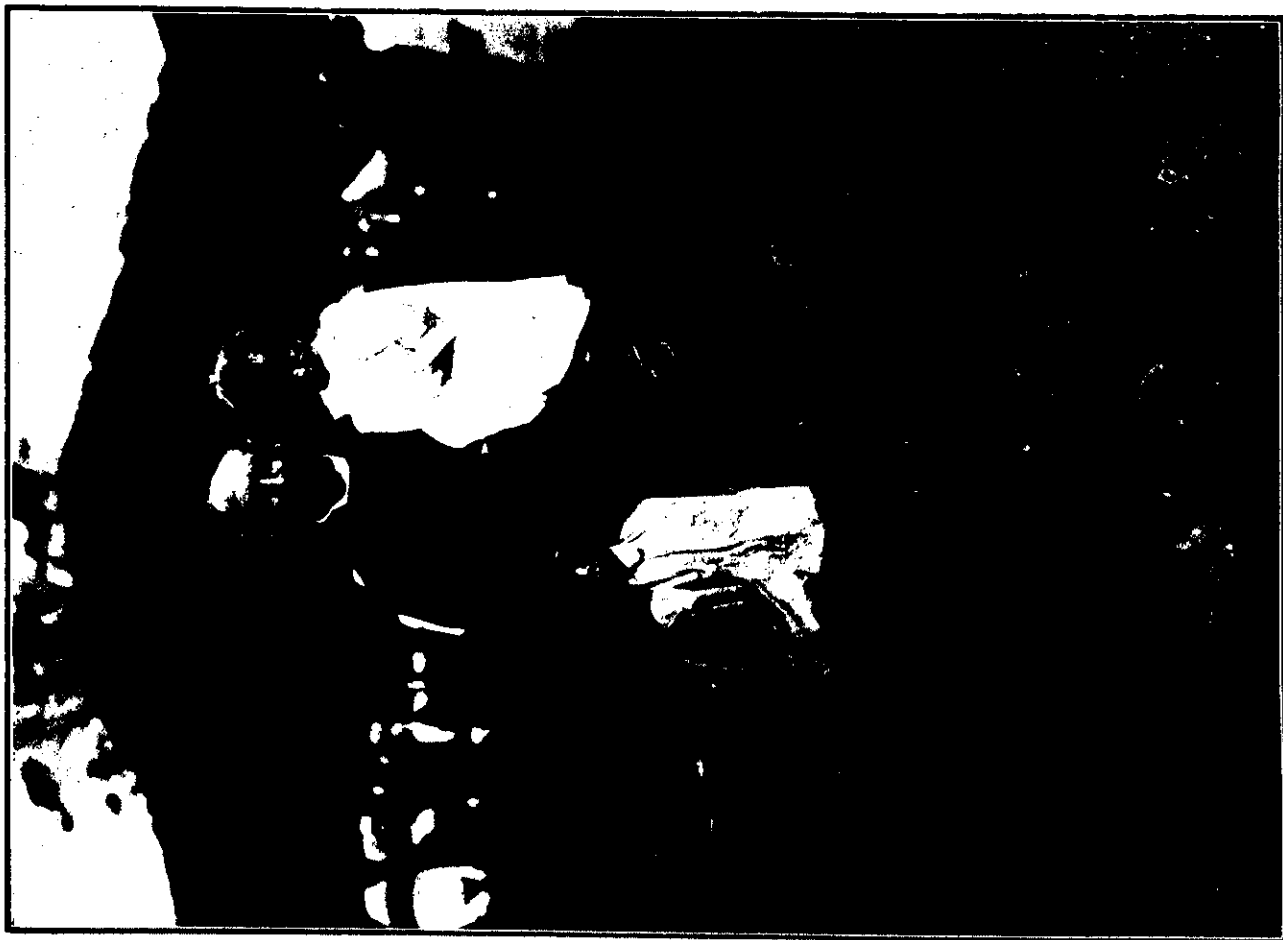


Ben Thoms, photo. A VIEW OF DEESTREET, INVERCARGILL, SHOWING THE NEW TRAM.



Tesha, photo. THE GIFT OF THE OLD BOYS OF THE WANGAITI COLLEGE.

The photo shows the new chapel at the Wangaiti Boys' College, which was opened on April 7th by the Bishop of Wellington. The building cost about £2000, and was erected by funds given by the old boys of the college.



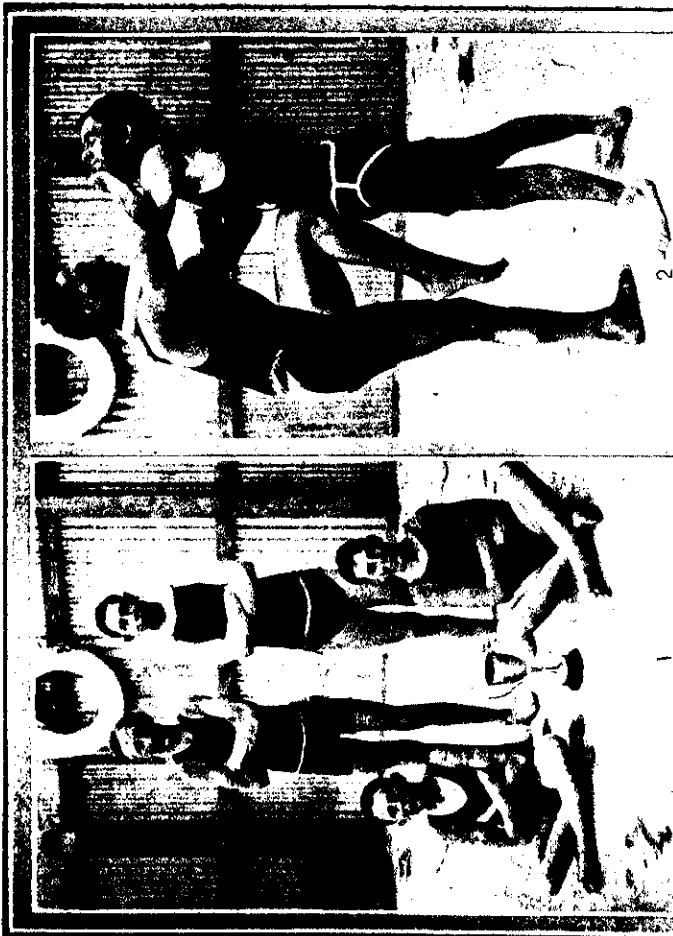
A. Northwood, photograph. **MAKING FRIENDS—BISHOP CROSSLEY AMONG THE MAORIS.**

Bishop Crossley, Anglican Bishop of Auckland, made a tour of the Northern part of his big diocese recently, and while at Teapia opened a new Maori church.



Shundy, photographer.

**GREYTOWN, WAIRAPA, CELEBRATES THE CORONATION OF THE KING BY BUILDING WELL-APPOINTED PUBLIC BATHS, RECENTLY OPENED WITH MUCH SUCCESS.**



**SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS IN MARLBOROUGH.**

Camera, photo.  
The Marlborough swimming championships were held recently by the Blenheim Borough Council. (U) Borough school boys' team, winners of the relay race, and (R) Walker's Club. Standing at the top left behind corner is A. M. Stunt, of the Blenheim team; below him, on the left, is the Marlborough champion, Mr. J. A. Cameron, and in the bottom row championship and N. B. Stunt, G. Applegate, of the meeting. Mr. J. A. Cameron is in the middle of the bottom row.

# OLD ST. ANDREWS

## The Mother-place of Golf—A City of Ruins

(By Our London Correspondent.)

**S**T. ANDREWS—that place of magic attraction for many a New Zealand golfer, and well-deserving the honour of inclusion in the Scotch tours that are nearly always part of the New Zealand visitors' itinerary—is one of the rare spots of historic value in the world where ancient and modern interest, though as widely apart as the poles, is, considering circumstances, almost equal in importance.

Hundreds of years ago—as he who runs may read from the stately but pathetic ruins that strew the place, from piles that have weathered the fortunes of centuries and stand intact to-day, and from conning the story of the place—the Scottish Parliament used to meet in the university library. Here the hapless Mary, Queen of Scots, often stayed for considerable periods, loving it as she never did Edinburgh. Here, too, in South Street, Mary's great grandson, Charles II., lodged for awhile; and St. Andrews' history deals with cruel stories of martyrdoms inflicted, of innocent people burned, beheaded, or hanged on mandates from Rome, of refuge sought at the Castle by many a great man, John Knox among them. In the sixteenth century James VI. sheltered within its massive walls, and the records of the Castle dungeons

tell many a tale of celebrated prisoners immured in the eerie darkness that visitors peer shudderingly into in this day of grace and civilisation.

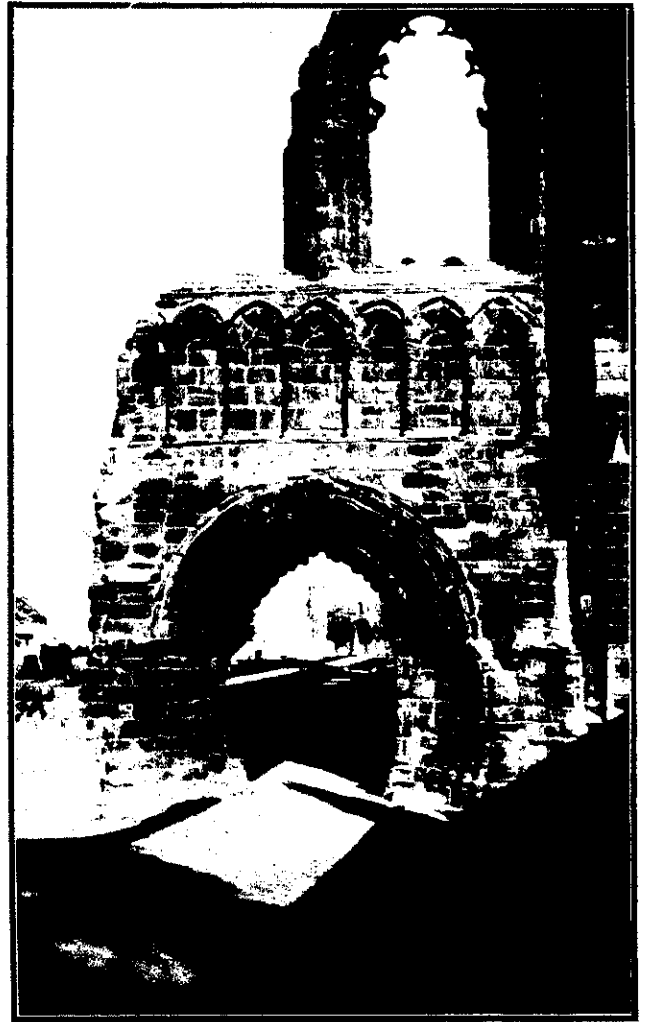
The city is about ten miles south-east of Dundee, and on one point of the journey, some five miles away, the hoary towers of St. Andrews come in view, to be lost again, however, before St. Andrews is reached.

### THE LINKS.

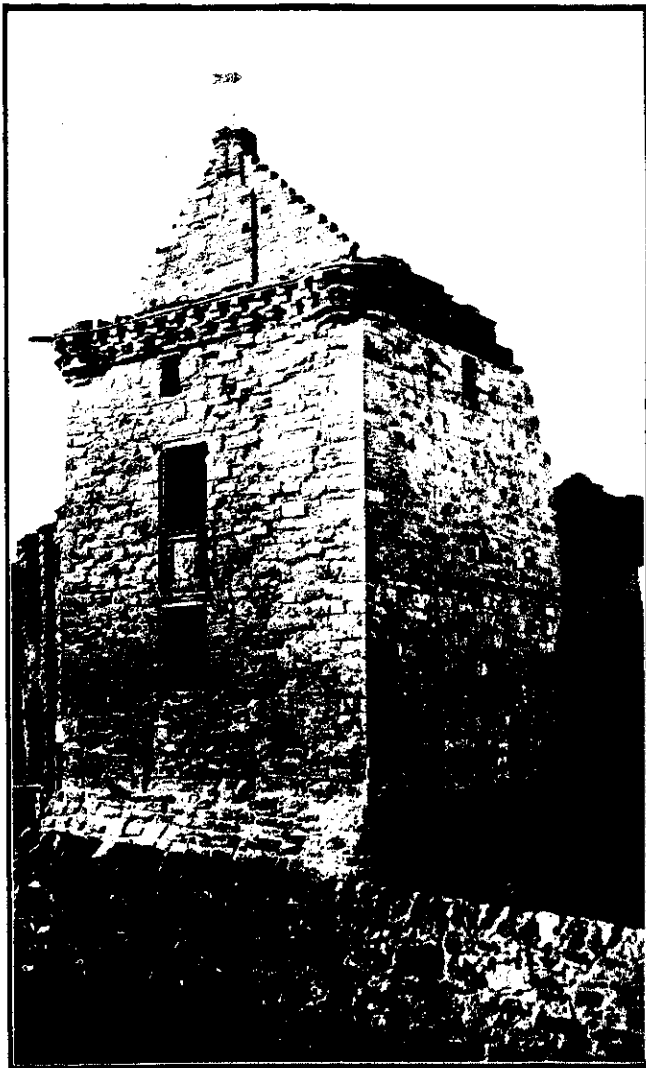
Once within the town, though at every place of interest one runs across other sightseers, in shops, hotels, in the streets and on the sands, the talk and atmosphere is of one thing, and that one thing Golf, spelt with a capital G, and rightly for St. Andrews is the head-quarters of golf—the mother place of the sport for all the world with the finest golfing-green in the world, and the dignity of Royal bestowed on it, as witness the Royal and Ancient Golf Club House that guards one end of the links.

And very beautiful, even from the tourists' point of view and regarded as a picture, are these links—great green velvety courses stretching almost to the sea, and with always a fresh, pure breeze blowing over them.

As the writer watched groups of enthusiastic and amiable golf maudae am-



LOOKING INTO THE COURTYARD AT ST. ANDREWS CASTLE.



THE ENTRANCE TO ST. ANDREWS CASTLE.

Photographs taken specially for the "Weekly Graphic" by Mr. Alexander Watson.

sing themselves earnestly—Mr. A. J. Balfour among them—the contrast between St. Andrews—open to the sea and sky—and St. Stephens, dusty, busy, trilled-soiled, came quickly to the mind.

All round, within the city itself, one is met with allusions to St. Andrew and learns that the name was earned because—far back in the misty past, as far back indeed as 736—it is said that the relics of the saint were brought to this place where a century and a half earlier, Cainach, the patron Saint of Kilkenny, had founded a monastery. Windows, panels, stones, etc., everywhere hold pictures or carvings of the unusual shaped cross on which St. Andrew's life witnessed to his faith.

### ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY.

is a name familiar as that of one of the great universities of the universe, out in New Zealand, and were it only to see the exquisite beauty of some of the university colleges a visit to the ancient city would well repay the lover of architecture.

St. Mary's College is one of the chief—a stately, beautiful pile, with its quadrangle presided over by an aged law-thorn said to have been planted by Queen Mary, with a silent little dining hall that, hundreds of years ago, saw groups of students, boisterous, no doubt, as ours, round the great polished board that the visitor may see and touch; and many another treasure.

It is always something of a strange and sad sensation, to a colonial, to stand in a room to-day only a basket of memories and preserved because of that, and because hundreds of years before our important selves were even thought about, saw stirring times of stress, joy, war, maybe romance.

Chairs in this dining-room of old days, of oak and showing no signs of their age, stand stilly round the room, and the actual pewter plates and spoons that were used centuries ago decorate the walls.

Here many a noted man held sway—Andrew Melville and Samuel Rutherford among others, and the initials of Robert Howie, who was a principal in 1615 can be traced on various parts of the building. Once there was a chapel there, one is told, but long ages ago it disappeared.

A magnificent collection of Bibles—said to be the most comprehensive and valuable in the world, and containing marvellous manuscripts and pictures of weird and awe should opine to-day), un-Biblical humours and animals, illuminated by the monks of old times—is among the principal treasures of St. Mary's.

The university library is modern and magnificent, and owes much of its beauty to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who was at one time Lord Rector and who devoted a small fortune to the institution. The fact that it is modern invests it with an atmosphere that sets it apart from the spacious and dignified relics that more generally abound.

Then there is St. Leonard's College—a fascinating old place indeed, that would require pages to do it justice so varied its history, so lovely its architecture. Here such hosts of pilgrims used to come to see the miracle-working relics of St. Andrew, in the twelfth century, that a large hospital actually had to be built for housing them!

Near by, under graceful trees, is a specially picturesque ruin—St. Leonard's Chapel—and when one's impulsive New Zealand nose is poked into rent disjunct slits in the massive stone walls that still stand, it was a little frightening to be told that, according to legend, the leprous priests, from a hazer house near by, used to be allowed to sit outside those very apertures and listen to the service!

Now into United College, surely, on the day I saw it, one of the sweetest and most peaceful spots in the world, with its high tower, its grey stone walls almost hidden in ivy, its stately quadrangle and lawns of delicate green.

Mightily and righteously proud of the town church are all good Scotch folk, for it was founded early in the twelfth century, and though it has changed its religion and seen many an awful deed done near by in the name of Christ, it still stands, and has been so carefully renovated that its last days are probably more beautiful than its first. Here in a place that was the very core of popery at one time, John Knox preached his first sermon!

It was university vacation time when I roamed the ancient colleges, and silence sat well on their solemnity, but a swift modern touch was given to the scene when companies of high-spirited girls from the famous school of St. Leonard's (where numbers of New Zealand girls' names appear on the books) rode by on horseback, joking and making the air ring with giddy laughter.

Modras College, a school for boys, is an interesting stone cloistered place, but it is modern, and we only entered it to reach the sweet fragment known as Blackfriars Chapel, as pretty a remnant of masonry and ivy, with the old sun peeping lovingly through cracks all around, as one could see. Just a wall is left, one of the aisles probably. All the rest was apparently deliberately destroyed in one of the many attacks of religious fervour that shook Scotland at the time of the Reformation.

**PRECIOUS DUST.**

There is little time, since the great castle and cathedral remain to be visited, to do more than inspect the fine old gateway of another ruin under the trees, "The Ponds"—ponds, I am assured being a Scotch term for arches. This was once an entrance to the Priory.

We walk down the historic South street and past Queen Mary's creeper-covered house, past too, many another tempting spot, and at last we are in the chiefest place—all St. Andrews.

What precious moments must the sage spend in the ancient burying-ground where the dust of the men who made or marred the city in its prime have lain these centuries of time, before Good Queen Bess came to the throne in England, before England was what she is, before—potent fact—our dear New Zealand ever even had a name!

The same old sun that watched the careers of the great dead beat down on the scene, and in among gravestones, I came across a slab bearing the following spightly inscription:—

Here lies beneath this stone confined,  
John Duncan, Laird of Stony Wyndie,  
He was a man of great renown,  
Gaidh Brother of St Andrews' town,  
He had every virtue that can  
Dominate an honest man.  
He died September twenty-one,  
A.D. 1711.

Towering above the crowded graveyard stands all that remains of the wonderful Cathedral of St. Andrews, with arches that even in their degradation draw cries of admiration from the beauty lover at every turn. The sun

seems impudent now where there should be dimness and where, but for disasters that need many of them never have occurred, stained glass and glorious work should proclaim the house of God.

It has been actually allowed to decay, and at one time in its chequered history—in 1649—Parliament deliberately authorised the Town Council of St. Andrews to collect from the abbey stones, etc., to fortify the town—an order that they interpreted as permission to quarry in the lovely edifice!

It is indeed a ruin, with nothing but scars to mark where stood great pillars, with a few blurred slabs to show where lay, once, the resting places of great ecclesiastical dignitaries.

As far back as 1303 the Cathedral seems to have been desecrated, though kindly hands built it up again, as they did after a disastrous fire that once razed it to the ground. In 1303 Edward the First, we can read in the history of that time, gave orders that "twenty waggon loads of lead should be stripped off the roof of the cathedral and the priory for the use of the engines with which he was besieging Stirling Castle!"

**THE CASTLE.**

It is a place of sadness and decay, and almost with relief, after we have visited the cathedral museum, where are displayed all the objects of archaeological interest found in the cathedral precincts, we cross the giant ruins of the castle—giant in extent, not height.

Scores of strange happenings has this old place seen, for centuries it was an episcopal palace and the profession of religion was an exciting thing in the bad old days.

It has been demolished and rebuilt, demolished again, rebuilt once more, was a ruin in 1629, repaired in 1695, and a ruin again, for some reason or other, in 1795, and a ruin it has remained since then, evidently.

At one time—and since some of the remaining walls are 15 feet through this can be easily believed—it was one of the strongest fortresses in the land, and stretching as it does a fearsome grey giant, just over the water with a great moat round it, and stone towers with nothing but narrow slits for apertures, it must have taken a strong captain to attempt its attack.

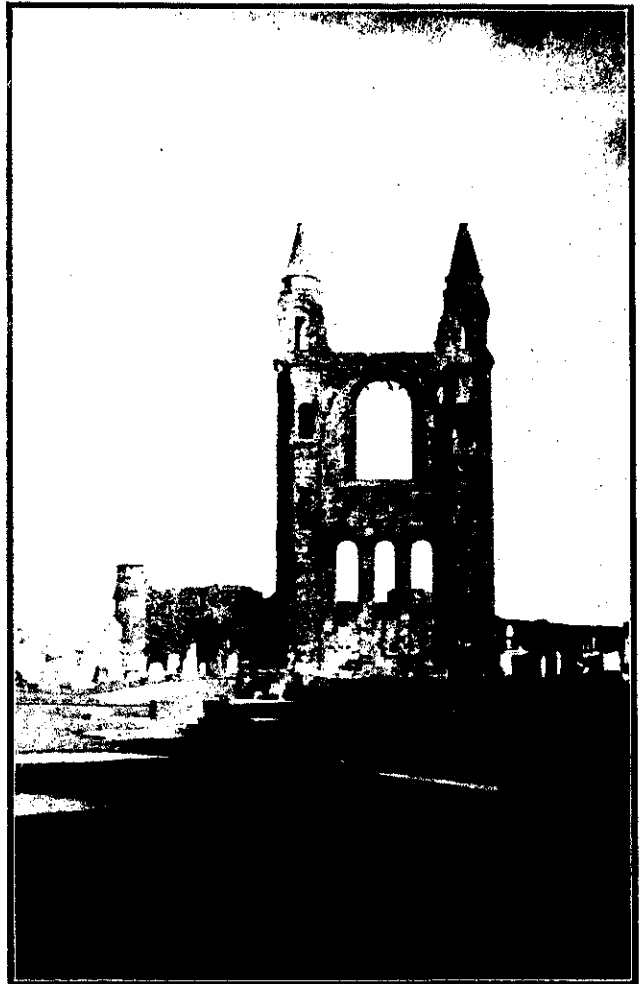
Now the moat is dry, and the grouping of some of the loose stones remaining gives the entrance tower that guards the bridge a somewhat lopsided look, but it is a fine and effective sight, nevertheless, and as one passes under the tower and up to all that remains of the walls—the battlements are gone—a sweet picture is before one. On four sides grey ruins, beyond and below them the water, within a courtyard paved no more, but covered with gentle looking green grass.

Fearsome dungeons there are, with fear-some stories attached, and we go down treacherous passageways and gaze into the cruel loathsome recesses where no light could penetrate and where the washing sea outside made the inmates only distraction, and there we hear

tales of the good men and true who were lowered there like rats in a hole and left, or only rescued to meet a martyr's death.

Up into the clear lovely air we come thankfully, and with a breeze from the water gently swishing the ivy that covers one side of the remaining tower so lovingly.

It would take a volume to do St. Andrews justice, and as I write I realise the absurdity of urging my poor pen to describe one hundredth of its charm and fascination.



PART OF THE RUINS OF ST. ANDREWS CATHEDRAL.

No visitor should lose a chance of seeing it, for even a few hours spent there opens up centuries of history to the lover of grey ruins and sermons in stones.

**Quaint Tales of the Hausas.**

**GOVERNMENT BY HUMOUR.**

Major A. J. N. Trehearne, university graduate, soldier, and explorer, who has spent valuable years as political officer in Nigeria, says that anyone dealing with natives must have a sense of humour, and that our fairy tales are known all the world over. In a recent lecture he spoke about that quaint tribe, the Hausas. He told of their quaint nature tales—how the crafty spider outwitted the lion, the elephant, the hippopotamus, the snake, and even man—though he was never, according to native legend, the equal in cunning of an old woman. It was quite a Kiplingesque "Just So" story clothed in the form of a scientific address. "The goat is supposed to be very clever," said Major Trehearne, "and the donkey moderately so; the lion is noted for his strength, and has a special form of address, 'O mighty one, elder brother of the forest,' but his intelligence is not very highly rated."

**THE BUFFALO GIRL.**

He told me of the buffalo which, according to the Hausas, becomes a beautiful girl, so that she can lure the hunter into the forest and destroy him. The natives think cripples are snakes, and not human beings, so they throw them into the river. The Major repeated a native story actually told to him of a deformed boy whose father took him to the riverside and gave him some brotb. His father, watching from a distance, saw the child suddenly grow until he was as tall as a tree, turning at the same time into a snake. "I do not



THE RUINS OF ST. ANDREWS CASTLE.

think," the lecturer added, "there was any killing of twins—not in recent times at any rate—and triplets would be considered lucky. Twins are supposed to have a special power of picking up scorpions without injury. The Hausa's evil

enemy as evidence, but in one story he also leaves his boots behind, and there is a competition to fit them on among the warriors who pretend that they have done the deed, like that among the sisters in 'Cinderella.' In 1906 my

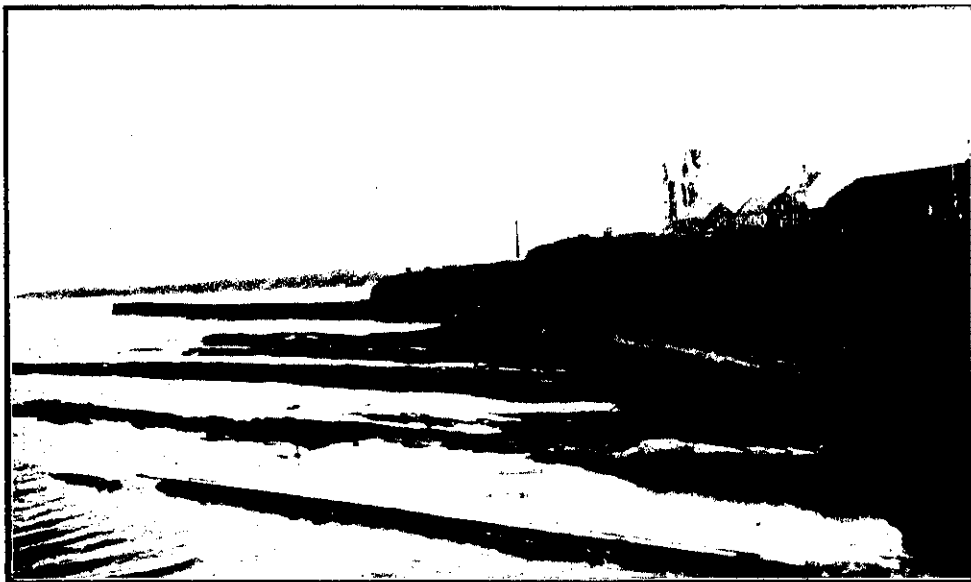
were correct, and on being informed that it was I placed them under a guard, not knowing quite what to do with them. Next day I put a galvanic battery on each in turn, telling them that they would feel the evil influence pass right

**BORI DANCERS.**

Major Treamearne told of an extraordinary dance called the Bori (a delirious person). The dancers appeared to be under actual hallucinations that they are certain characters. Initiation into the degree of bori dancer is a curious rite. The candidate has to eat porridge off the floor, without using her hands; a black goat is killed, and there are mystic ceremonies which even Major Treamearne could not describe. "Then the bori starts," he said, "to the tune of the fiddle, played by the margoge (the doer of the rubbing). Some of the dancers go round and round in a circle until they have worked themselves into a fit of hypnotic-like unconsciousness, with eyes fixed and staring. Others accomplish the same desirable feat sitting down. Suddenly one of them will begin squealing or roaring; and after a little will jump up in the air and come down flat. An amusing case of the fear of the evil eye came to my notice in 1907. I made a life-size figure target to represent a man firing, and set it up in the barrack square, so as to be able to give the men practice in aiming before transferring it to the rifle range. The next day I was begged to take it away, for some of the policemen's wives had seen it and feared disaster.

**DREAD OF THE EVIL EYE.**

"I was also asked to keep the face clear of any lines or spots, for if there were any tribal marks on it those men having scarifications or tattooing resembling them would die if the target were pierced. Of course, I complied with their wishes. The target was set up in the butts at once, and the face was painted white to resemble that of a European, so that the natives could shoot at it in comfort and have the knowledge of a good deed done on the rare occasions on which they hit it. The forms of address and descriptions vary for an important person and for a poor man. Thus one says, 'The beggar is dead,' but 'The chief is missing.'" To conclude with one



BATHING PONDS ON THE COAST—THE RUINS OF ST. ANDREWS CATHEDRAL ARE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

spirit is Dodo. One story," said Major Treamearne, "relates how he was killed by a small boy in much the same fashion as our legend of Jack and the Giant Killer. The hero usually cuts off the head or tail of the slaughtered

native police sergeant one day brought three constables before me who accused their wives of being witches. The sergeant reported that the men were preparing to desert. I therefore summoned the women and asked them if the charge

out of them, and as they thought they did so, the matter ended happily. A simple trick may be much more successful than the most learned judgment sometimes."



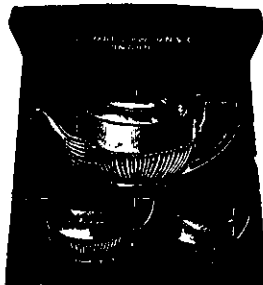
H 4140.—Best Silver-plated Plain Design Afternoon Tea Set, 3 pieces, £4/4/-

**Afternoon Tea Sets**

To meet the growing demand for these dainty and useful articles we are receiving new designs every mail. We here illustrate a few; there are many others to choose from. There is a beauty of finish, a certain self-evident appearance of quality in our goods that stamp them superior, desirable, and reliable; whilst our prices are the lowest always.

Write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, post free. Deal direct with us as we have no agents or travellers.

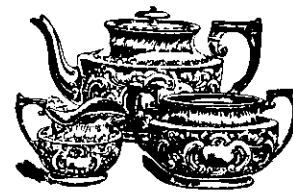
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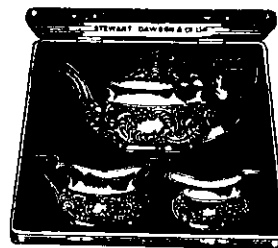
G 8714.—Solid Silver Afternoon Teapot, Sugar and Creamer, in nice Case, £7/7/- Same Design, Full Size, £15/10/-



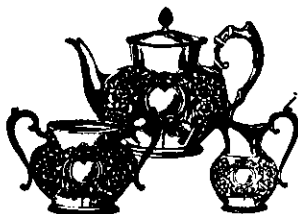
F 6527.—Best Silver-plated Afternoon Tea Set and Tray, "King James" Design, 4 pieces, £5



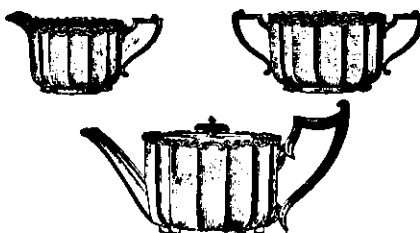
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J 1463.—Best Silver-plated Afternoon Tea Set, 3 pieces, £3/10/8



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no rest for Major Tramecrack's store of milk for the donkey was once a lion in the forest, but he rattled with the hyena, who had respected him previously in the belief that his long ears were powerful horns. That is why the donkey finds it safer to live in town.

ANCIENT HAUSA CITY.

A native city in Central Africa, with

and illuminating article by the "Times" special correspondent. "When the West-Saxon realm fell under the onslaught of the Danes, and the first Danish king reigned over England, Hausaland was conquered by an unknown people from the East, and when the prosperity of the English towns was beginning to revive under Henry I., Gijjmasu, the third



BLACKFRIARS CHAPEL, AT ST. ANDREWS.

great and living walls, 12 miles in circuit, were pierced by 18 loop-gateways, with massive doors and 200thouses, and with written records dating back 800 years, will come as a surprise to many readers who have a dim conception of the extent and possibilities of British Nigeria. Such, however, is the Hausa City of Kano, as described in an interesting

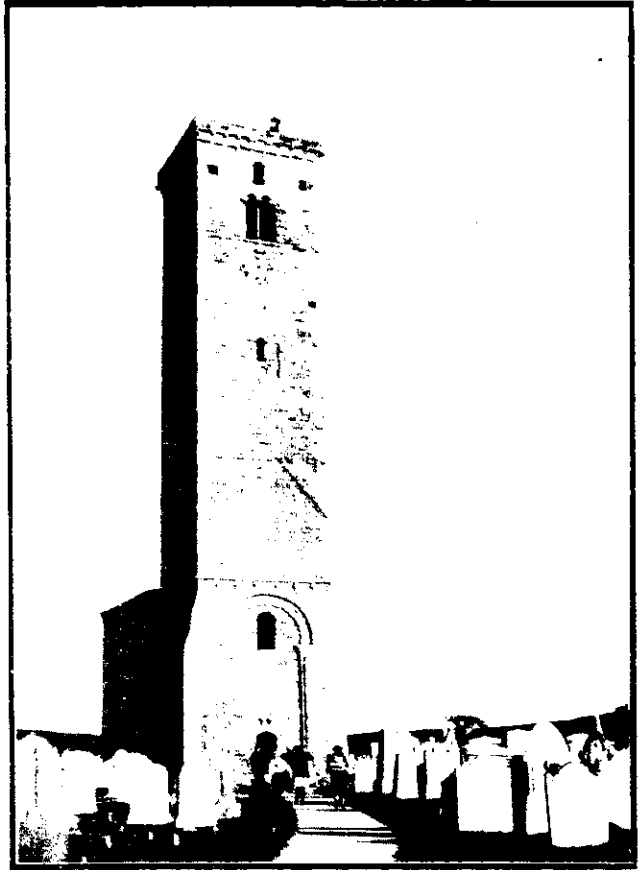
king of the invading dynasty, was building Kano."

THE MARKET PLACE.

The famous market place presents an extraordinary variety of human types, customs, and costumes:—"Keen-featured men of business, women with elaborate coiffures resembling pictures of old As-



WITHIN THE COURTYARD AT ST. ANDREWS CASTLE.



ST. RULE'S TOWER AT ST. ANDREWS, SAID TO HAVE BEEN ERECTED IN THE 12th CENTURY.

syrian helmets, their cheeks often discoloured by exaggerated 'heavy sport' doubled on with lead or antimony. Other Hausas, visitors from Katsina, Gober, or Daura, each with the distinguishing facial mark of his clan, six strokes with a dot for Katsina, two for Daura, and so on. Pale-complexioned Fulani from the country, the women wearing their straight hair in ringlets, with silver earrings and gentle eyes. The Nube, with his characteristic headgear of red, black, and yellow straw. Thick-lipped Kamuris from Bama. Tall, Eche-Tuureg from distant Sogodo, or Ashen. The Arab merchant, arrogant and intriguer, making his way through the market to the 'Arab quarter,' a quarter of the city remarkable for its Moorish architecture and unpleasantly notorious for its smells." And the merchandise is of infinite variety—one of the articles being

raw dung in small packets (very precious)." The writer explains why the home of the Hausa and the Fulani is so little known. It has to be approached by a river full of pools and rapids and a bar which only a few British can stand. The climate will no doubt always be a barrier between the white man and the upland of Nigeria.

Had Shakespeare Been Country Editor.

VENICE VAPOURINGS.

Not much news on the Rialto this week. Watch this column.

Buy your meats and provisions at Antonio's.—Adv.

The storm last Monday did considerable damage to shipping.

Miss Portia is taking the Faken School of Correspondence course in law.

Mr. and Mrs. Tubal will entertain the Venice Bridge Club next week.

For bonds and mortgages go to Shylock.—Adv.

The case of Shylock v. Antonio comes up before Squire Solerio next Tuesday. It promises to be spicy.

Business seems to take Bassanio over to Belmont pretty often nowadays. Ah, there, Portia!

Venetian blinds at Antonio's 1.68, marked down from two lucas.—Adv.

Miss Jessica Shylock was noticed out zombolating with Lorenzo last Sunday afternoon. Looks like something doing.

Our wide-awake fellow-citizen, Mr. Gratiano now has the local agency for the Mercedes Gondola Company, 1594 model.

Lanceolot Gobbo, who works for Mr. Shylock, says he hasn't had a ham sandwich since he has been there. Lance is quite a joker, it seems.

—Puck.

Tatterion Torn.—Wat would you do if you had a million dollars?

Thirsty Theobore.—De foist ting I'd do would be to invest all but 999,999.95 dollars in a glass o' beer.

**Feet and Sanity.**

It is suggested that there is some connection between the size of feet and sanity. To many this is, no doubt, a painful subject, but to all it would seem to have some interest from the fact that it is possible, according to a report presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences, to gauge the mental capacity from the size of the feet. It sounds strange, but we are told that "sanity can be measured by the feet, both in men and women." Curiously enough, the rules for the two sexes are "the reverse of one another." Thus, some men have large feet, and some women small feet. In statistics given, it is shown that of one hundred mad women, only eighteen had small feet. Of one hundred mad men, seventy-six had small feet. No actual measurements are given, so one seeks in vain to know what the statistics regard as relatively large and small feet. The report proceeds to say that out of one hundred normal men

eighteen have small feet, while out of one hundred sane women twenty-three have large feet.

were left. These rough mathematics will scarcely work. While one sprained ankle would keep a footballer out of

the field as effectively as two, the loss of one eye is not nearly half as bad as that of both.

**A Matter of Proportion.**

Attempts to consider the human body mathematically have no basis in exact science. We find a North London Magistrate laying down that a one-legged man should take only half as much drink as he did when two-legged. Simultaneously comes news from America that one-tenth of the \$47,000 for which Kubelik's fingers were insured will be claimed because an accident in manufacturing one of them has disabled him. Since the misfortune of one finger has immobilised all ten for business purposes, we do not quite follow the decimal principle. And would the magistrate debate a man who had lost both legs from drink altogether, as if no man

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- Real Pebble Spectacles ... 3s 9d pair
- Rolled Gold Spectacles ... 3s 9d pair
- Crystal Spectacles, 1s, 1s 6d, 2s, 2s 6d pair

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IN EVERY DROP OF READ'S  
**"DOG'S HEAD" GUINNESS**

It retains through the entire brewing process and after maturing and bottling, the delicious fragrance of the hop with its sweet and soothing perfume.

It has the sparkling force of a cleverly fermented beverage without the fiery effects of spirits.

It is the mildest of stimulants, in the most palatable form of liquid food, for everybody and specially for all nursing mothers.



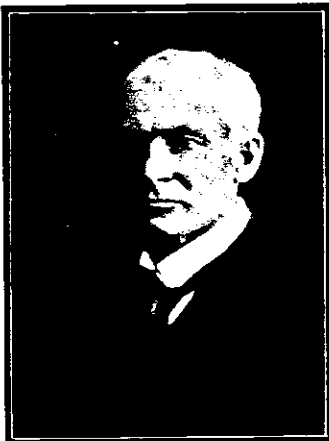
This label, the seal of excellence is on every bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

New Zealand Investments.

*Andrew Gray.*

Canadian Investments.



MORTGAGE LOANS AS INVESTMENTS.

I have concluded arrangements with one of the largest, soundest, and most conservative of the great Canadian TRUST COMPANIES whereby my clients can purchase at face value, plus accrued interest, any of the FIRST MORTGAGES on improved city property in which the Company keeps its reserve, amounting to £110,000, invested. This apparently simple announcement means that a New Zealand investor in this class of security can increase his income from such by, say, 50% and at the same time have the satisfaction of knowing that the security he holds is gilt edged, as in the case of each application for a loan the property is valued by a conservative valuer of high standing, and the buildings and land must each be worth at least 90% of the loan. The buildings must be insured with a reliable BRITISH COMPANY for at least 80% of the loan, with loss, if any, payable to the lender. The mortgage must be drawn, title reported on, and the Deed registered by the Solicitors of the Company, an eminent legal firm. Sums of £100 and upwards can be thus invested.

OTHER CLASSES OF INVESTMENT.

When visiting Canada recently I also got into touch with leading Western Canadian firms dealing in Real Estate, Fruit Lands, Timber Lands, Industrial Enterprises, Debentures, Stock, Bonds, &c., with whom I am now doing considerable business on behalf of clients. Their names, addresses, and New Zealand references are yours for the asking.

Dear Sir,

*In the words of David Lay,*  
"Are you getting the fullest value out of your financial resources however big or little these resources may now seem to be?"

*Yours faithfully,*

*Andrew Gray*

**ANDREW GRAY,**

\* Smeeton's Buildings, Queen Street, AUCKLAND,  
and Sussex Chambers, Panama Street, WELLINGTON.

**Bankers:**

Bank of New Zealand, Auckland, and National Bank of New Zealand, Wellington.

\* Temporary address pending completion of new building, Hobson Buildings, Shortland Street, Auckland.

# LIFE IN THE GARDEN

Official Organ of the New Zealand Sweet Pea Society and Auckland Horticultural Society.  
By Veronica.

All communications for "Veronica" should be addressed to "Graphic" Office, Auckland. Secretaries of Horticultural Societies are invited to send 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.

## AUCKLAND SOCIETY'S AUTUMN SHOW.

**A**UCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S AUTUMN SHOW is to be held in the New Town Hall on April 18, 19, and 20 next. Schedules can be had on application to the secretaries, W. Wallace Bruce and Wm. Satchell, National Chambers, Swanson-street, Auckland.

## CARNATION, TRIUMPH.

We believe there are two emanations of the Perpetual-flowering class bearing the above name, one being of British origin, the other American. That now referred to originated on this side of the Atlantic, having been raised by Mr. Engelmann, Saffron Walden. It is of crimson-scarlet hue, with just sufficient of the fire of the latter colour to render it bright and effective. As shown, the flowers were of medium size only; and while we were not strongly impressed with its petal quality or substance, we were distinctly pleased with its perfume, which was unmistakably that of the Old Clove. It was exhibited by Mr. C. Engelmann, Saffron Walden.—English "Gardening."

## DAFFODIL PLANTING.

### WHAT TO GROW AND HOW TO GROW IT.

(By "WOODSIDE.")

Owing to the unusual rains we have enjoyed (or otherwise) during the last two months, the present season has been very favourable for the early planting of these popular bulbs, and probably those who go in for extensive planting are now well forward with the work. There is no doubt that, conditions being favourable, early planting gives the best results, as it enables the bulbs to make strong root growth before the bulbs get restive. Bulbs kept out of the ground for another month or two will force blooms more quickly, but they are weakened, and the next season's blooming is detrimentally affected. However, those who have been delayed in their planting operations, or have been slow in deciding what to plant, have still time to prepare for a good display of these indispensable spring favourites, if the matter is taken in hand at once.

For those who merely wish for a few "daffs" as an advance-guard in the mixed border, the best mode of planting is in clumps of a dozen or more, one variety only in a clump. It is a mistake to plant clumps of mixed kinds, and so have them straggling into bloom two or three at a time. To produce the best effect all the plants in a clump should bloom simultaneously. When they have done flowering, the foliage may be tied up, and annuals planted so as to take the place of the daffodils as they ripen off, and so the untidiness of the process is avoided.

Where a large quantity of blooms is required either for exhibition or cutting, two methods of planting are open for choice. Given ample space, the best way is to plant either in single or double rows (north and south), leaving about two feet or so between rows to allow for comfortable working, to keep down weeds and stir the surface, both matters of the first necessity for their well-doing. The bulbs should be planted from 3 to 6 inches apart in the rows (according to variety), so that they may be left 3 or 4 years without lifting, especial-

ly if they have been given a fairly liberal dressing of coarse bone meal at planting. This will allow room for their natural increase without crowding.

It is a good plan to divide the daffodil garden into three sections, and lift the bulbs annually in rotation, each section thus remaining in the soil three seasons. It is much easier to handle a third of your stock each year, and there is less risk of mixing the bulbs, which is liable to occur in taking up and stor-

trumping of the soil, which in wet weather on heavy land wedges the bulbs too tight, is avoided. Jafrah boards, 8 or 9 inches by one inch, make very suitable beds, the wood being very durable, and remaining sound for years in contact with the soil, tarring or other preserving process being unnecessary.

The old creed that manure is poison to narcissi is now fairly exploded, and present-day cultivation proves that they will stand considerable stimulation, pro-

vided the manure is not of a rank or heating nature. Experienced growers recommend basic slag, bones in various forms, and thoroughly decomposed stock manure, as safe and beneficial. Ordinary stable manure should be avoided, and whatever kind is used should be put well down, the soil being deeply worked, so that the young roots do not come immediately in contact with the fertilizer, but have to penetrate to the cooler subsoil in search of it.

Having planted your bulbs in one or other of these ways, the only further attention needed to ensure a wealth of choice blooms is to keep them free from weeds and stir the surface of the soil, and destroy all slugs and snails.

I cordially agree with the remarks made in the "Graphic" of March 20, as to planting Emperor and Empress in large numbers, and I think it will be a very long time before these two are superseded. Another variety which should also be largely planted is Mrs. W. P. Ware, a very good bi-colour, flowering just before Empress. Last year I had over 200 blooms out at once on a 12-foot double row of this variety, and this season I have put in about 350 each of these three varieties.

To the list of really good trumpet narcissi at a reasonable price, which was given in the "Graphic" of March 27th, I would add "Queen of Holland," about 5/ a dozen, "Monarch," 2/6 each, and "Admiral Makaroff," and "Hamlet," 3/6 each—English price. These are all large handsome flowers and strong doers. For those who can afford "Van Waveren's Giant," about 20/ each, this variety is an acquisition, being one of the few good things for which we have to thank the Dutch.

In bi-colour and white trumpet, the varieties mentioned in the list, can hardly be added to without a large rise in prices, though "Hulda," with a fine white perianth and long primrose trumpet (about 7/6 each) is a nice flower. Professor Thomas, of Auckland, has many good things among his seedlings, and when cheap enough for the average grower, they will greatly improve our daffodil gardens.

Among the other sections many of the aristocrats such as "White Queen," "Home-gum," "Lady Margaret Bosca-

wen," "Idori Mundi," "Lucifer," etc., are coming within the reach of the man of moderate means, and will no doubt in the next few years displace the smaller varieties with which we have had to be satisfied in past years.

## WHAT TO PLANT BENEATH TREES.

This is an oft-recurring question in large and small gardens. For clothing the bare soil beneath deciduous trees, and at the same time a good flowering plant, it would be difficult to surpass the St. John's Wort (*Hypericum calycinum*). The foliage is ever-green, and the comparatively large yellow flowers are produced freely in summer. The readiest means of propagation is by division of the roots. To prevent the old growths in course of time spoiling the effect, every second year it is advisable to cut down the growths in September to within about three inches of the ground.

## RECORD PRICES FOR PEAS.

That excellent and deservedly popular pea Senator, which was introduced by Messrs. E. Webb and Sons, Stourbridge, a few years since, fully justified during the past year the high estimation in which it is held by cultivators for market, as well as for home supplies. Writing on February 8, 1912, to Messrs. Webb and Sons, a customer of theirs, Mr. F. W. Gwilliam, of Milton, Camb., states: "You will be pleased to hear that two acres of Webb's Senator pea grown by me last year realised £98, or £49 per acre. This, I think, beats the 'record' in your catalogue. The peas were planted in rows, just the same as beans, and kept horse-hood as long as possible." The "record" referred to was £44 and £41 per acre respectively, which prices were obtained for fields of Webb's Senator grown in the Stourport (Worcester) district.



CARNATION, TRIUMPH.

A deep crimson variety, with fringed petals and clove-like fragrance, raised by C. Engelmann, Saffron Walden, England.

ing large quantities, and those who have had to do it know what a troublesome job "rogning" a lot of mixtures is. Besides this, some varieties such as Maximus, M. J. Berkeley, Glory of Leiden, Katherine Spurrell, and others do not like annual lifting, and throw more blooms if left undisturbed for 2 or 3 years or even longer.

In small gardens where it is necessary to economise ground, or where fewer bulbs of the choicest kinds are grown, the best plan, I think, is to make raised beds 4 to 5 feet wide, and of convenient length (east and west), planting the bulbs in rows (north and south) across them, the rows 6 to 9 inches apart. The weeding and working can then be conveniently done from either side, and the

vide the manure is not of a rank or heating nature. Experienced growers recommend basic slag, bones in various forms, and thoroughly decomposed stock manure, as safe and beneficial. Ordinary stable manure should be avoided, and whatever kind is used should be put well down, the soil being deeply worked, so that the young roots do not come immediately in contact with the fertilizer, but have to penetrate to the cooler subsoil in search of it.

Having planted your bulbs in one or other of these ways, the only further attention needed to ensure a wealth of choice blooms is to keep them free from weeds and stir the surface of the soil, and destroy all slugs and snails.

I cordially agree with the remarks made in the "Graphic" of March 20, as

**CHRYSANTHEMUMS.**

**FEATHER, SPIDER, AND THREAD VARIETIES.**

Those who are familiar with this splendid class of chrysanthemums will be in full agreement with me when I say that they are of the utmost value from a decorative point of view. Their

Houpe Fleuri, deep red and yellow intermixed, flowering early; Jitsujutui, silvery-pink; King of Plumes, deep rich yellow, prettily notched and cut, should be well treated, as it is rather a weak grower; Miss Harvey, a seedling from Mrs. Filkins, white filled, notched variety; Mrs. James Carter, or Thistlehead, a splendid pale yellow, resembling the sweet sultan; Sam Caswell, a larger flower, deep pink, with drooping thread florets; Silk Twist, splendid at Christmas, rather tall grower, crimson and

one, and where a junior is employed his work must all be checked before sowing, and also in counting of the results. The mode of sowing in pots is certainly the best and most reliable method, but it is slower.

When we reach the experimental stage the interest is vastly increased. For months beforehand the wide-awake seedsmen has been scanning the advertisements in horticultural journals, reading up the results of experiments of a similar nature in other countries, wading through a host of catalogues and securing a supply of any and every novelty or speciality for his comparative trials. Almost every work brings a postal parcel containing artistically got up packets of these precious seeds. The descriptions he reads and notes, then down comes his trial book where they are entered, numbered and arranged according to the given description. The trial ground is not specially prepared beyond good working, and a small amount of manure, all, of course, being treated alike. As the seeds begin to show above ground, the growth is again noted if weak or strong, and as the plants move along any distinguishing feature is recorded, such as evenness in growth, healthy or the reverse, height, vigour, etc. When the crops reach maturity they are very critically examined in every detail, the merits or defects noted, and the best are selected for further comparison another season.

The work is very slow, but at the same time it is fascinating to anyone who loves such experiments, and unless one does so, he will find it very dull indeed. It is by experiments such as these that one can find out what species will cross. One will learn what varieties degenerate, and see what might be secured by artificial crossing. One can try his hand at it, and be in a position to know at first hand what others similarly engaged have accomplished, and compare the results with his own selections or hybrids, besides knowing exactly what the seeds he sows may be expected to produce under ordinary garden or field treatment.

The last few years, however, we have been hearing a good deal from certain quarters about the necessity of applying magnesia to the soil. One pamphlet which is distributed freely says that the use of carbonate of magnesia is of great importance in potato and fruit culture, while a recent booklet on garden manuring says that in exceptional cases its application has proved beneficial, and that where there is an insufficient supply of it in the soil the leaves will be of a pale yellowish-green and consequently the manufacture of food in the leaves will go on slowly. It seems to be a fact that vines do best in soils which are rich in magnesia, while it is stated that trees have been found to grow weakly in a soil which is deficient in this substance, and in such circumstances have derived great benefit from its application. If it is a fact that any soils or plants need the application of magnesia to ensure the best results, it is a little curious that, notwithstanding the fine produce displayed on the exhibition tables, we have until recently heard little or nothing about it.

It is doubtless true that good results have followed from an application of magnesium salt, such as carbonate of magnesia, but it seems that it was not because that particular salt was necessary, but because it, like the salts of soda, potash, and lime, has the effect of setting free stores of potash which are locked up in the soil in an insoluble condition. Experiments at Rothamsted prove this pretty clearly, and Mr. A. D. Hall, in his recent book on "Fertilisers and Manure," says that, while magnesia would render available some potash in the soil, common salt would do the same thing more cheaply. Carbonate of magnesia has from time to time been suggested and even put upon the market as a manure, but there is no evidence to show that its action is in any way different from that of calcium carbonate; that is, it behaves as a base and is not of any further value as supplying magnesia to the plant. That seems pretty conclusive, but those who think magnesia is necessary in their gardens should try it in comparison with, say salt and lime, one of each of the three on a given plot carrying the same crop. The results would certainly be interesting, not only to the experimenter, but to a wider circle as well.—Alger Potts in "The Garden."



TASSELATED CHRYSANTHEMUM, SAM CASWELL.

special utility lies in the fact that they mostly are at their best when flowers are scarce, while, in contradistinction to their larger early brethren, all possess a lightness and grace of outline, a splendid asset for table use. Uncommon flowers are not so plentiful at that season of the year that we can afford to omit any, and I cordially recommend these chrysanthemums to those who require cut flowers in plenty at a minimum of trouble and expenditure. While there are a good number of varieties to select from, there is no similarity amongst them; indeed few flowers of the same family differ more.

Their culture is similar to that for decorative varieties, stopping when six inches high and again at intervals when further six inches of growth have been made until the flowering size is reached. After the buds are formed weak liquid manure is advantageous, and some slight dis-budding may be practised if these are crowded, though it must not be carried too far, sprays being prettier and most effective.

These thready varieties are also amenable to culture as dwarfs in small pots, and especially good they are for use in the house when so grown. Strike the cuttings in late October or early November, and, as soon as rooted, pot singly into small pots in ordinary chrysanthemum compost. When these are filled with roots shift into six size, making the soil very firm. They can be rooted easily in a cold frame, and when well in growth place outdoors. Stop once when six inches high to bush them.

This class of chrysanthemum may, in all ordinary seasons, be left outdoors until well into the autumn, then house them; but never use artificial heat or flowering will be too early. Some varieties are rather subject to mildew unless plenty of ventilation is kept going. These varieties should always be grouped together en masse, for they are far more effective than when intermixed with larger-flowering kinds.

Of sorts, the following are all splendid: Alice Carter is a pretty gold-bronze tone, with tubular petals, 3ft.; Arachnoideum, a delicate light lemon; Bacchus, crimson-brown, shaded with claret; Centaurea, orange-yellow; Cheveaux d'Or, good for late work, very thready, gold crimson; Tangle, crimson with gold reverse;

yellow; What Ho, pale yellow, few florets, three or four inches long, drooping, and forming a ring; White Thread, a pure white counterpart of the pretty yellow Thistlehead. —Croydon.

**SEED TESTING AND EXPERIMENTAL WORK.**

**THE FASCINATION OF IT.**

(By E. Allan, Seed Grower, Auckland).

The seed-man of to-day is confronted with a host of difficult problems which he has to solve. He must in the first place be able to demonstrate that the seeds he sows will grow under ordinary conditions, and in the second place he must find out if the seed is true to variety, or mixed, or degenerating, and if so, discover a remedy. In the third place he must experiment by actual growth and comparison with existing varieties all new introductions, noting the tendency and characteristics of each variety.

When a parcel of seed arrives from the grower it is critically examined and, if necessary, re-cleaned. What are called a test sample and a trial ground sample are then taken from the bulk. The test sample is laid out on white paper and 50 or 100 seeds accurately counted out, labelled or numbered and entered in the growth book. The counted seeds are then placed on squares of moist felt or thick moist blotting paper according to the kind of seed. They are then transferred to the testing case, which is heated to a suitable temperature, and remain there until the specified time for the kind of seed. Every sample is then carefully counted off and entered up, noting whether growth is strong or weak. Any growth below the proper percentage for the variety tried has another test made or a sample sown in a pot and placed in a cold frame. This work of testing for growth is a tedious

**MAGNESIA FOR THE GARDEN.**

We always used to be told in books, lectures, and papers that the four essential plant foods we need concern ourselves with were nitrogen, phosphorus, potash and lime, and that although iron, soda, magnesia, sulphur, etc., were almost always present in the ash of plants, it was never necessary to consider them or apply them as a manure, because all ordinary soils contained enough of them for plant nutrition.

**APPLE PRUNINGS.**

While apples are being pruned it is well to remember how useful the best pieces are as small flower-sticks; they are specially good for carnations. It is as well, in order to keep them fairly straight, to tie them in bundles.



SPIDERY CHRYSANTHEMUM, ALICE CARTER.

**ROCK AND WALL GARDENING.**

**ROCKERIES.**

When properly formed in a suitable position a rockery may be made one of the most attractive features of the garden. An open situation away from formal surroundings should be selected, and regularity of arrangement avoided as much as possible, whilst materials such as shells, carved stones, pottery, bricks and tiles should never be employed, for they defeat the object to be aimed at, namely, the imitation of nature as far as practicable. Natural stone is by far the most suitable, but it should be borne in mind that rockeries composed

which are well adapted for this method of cultivation:—*Aperula odorata*, dwarf *Antirrhinums*, *Lycnis alpina*, *Aubrietias*, white *Arabis*, *Papaver alpinum*, *Geum aureum*, Wallflowers, *Crocus Jenny*, *Aquilegia alpina superba*, *Campanula alpina*, *Saxifraga pyramidalis*, *Linaria alpina*, *Myosotis*, *Alyssum saxatile*, and *Aster alpinus*. Retaining walls built of rough rubble stone are more suitable than brick walls. The stones should be bedded on soil instead of mortar, whilst the courses of stones should recede; that is to say, each successive course is set further back than the course below. Good loam to which plenty of leaf-soil and manure have been added should be used, and not less than 2in. thick spread over the top of each course

top, and small spaces left between them for drainage purposes. Along each side of the slates narrow strips of turf are placed, the space between being filled with compost in which the seeds are sown.

H. C. R., in "Gardening."

**THE VALUE OF BASIC SLAG AND BONE-FLOUR.**

I am not sure that the rosarian has yet realised the value of these two excellent fertilisers as aids in the production of quality of bloom, writes a corre-

**When to Cease Work.**

"STOP AT 40."

The death of Mr. John Bigelow, the well-known American journalist and author, at the ripe age of 94, recalls his famous dictum that—  
"Every man should cease work for profit at the age of 40, and henceforward devote his life to the improvement of his fellowmen."  
This dictum became nearly as famous as that of Professor Osler (now in his 61st year), who on an historic occasion declared that the best work in the world

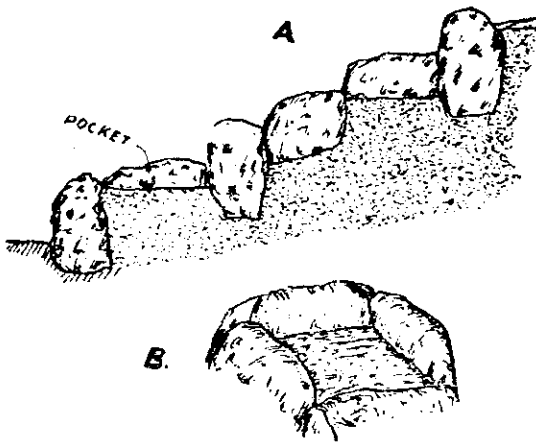


FIG. 1

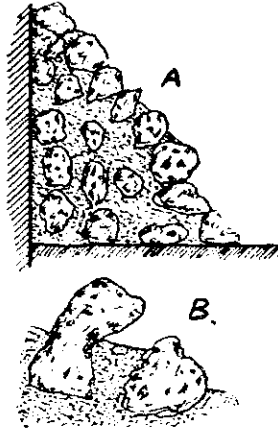


FIG. 2

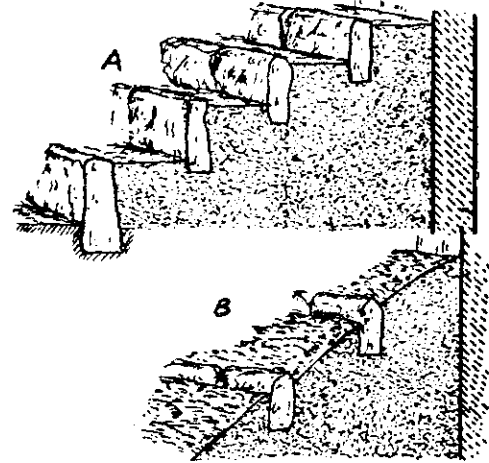


FIG. 3

of many stones and out little soil are bound to be unsatisfactory; unless the plants have proper and ample room, it is unreasonable to expect them to thrive. The majority of rock and alpine plants do best in well-drained soil, which, however, should not be too rich. Rockeries should never be made too steep. A gentle slope from bottom to top is essential, and the mound of soil on which the stones are arranged should consist of good loam to which a reasonable quantity of thoroughly decayed manure and leaf-soil has been added, together with some road grit, old mortar rubbish, brickdust and crushed sandstone to ensure openness and porosity. The requirements of the different varieties of plants must, of course, be catered for.

of stones, whilst the vertical joints should be wide and well filled with soil. The roots of plants can be best arranged if planting is done as the wall is being built.

**HOW TO BUILD.**

Fig. 1 shows at A a section of a properly formed rockery, and at B how to make roomy pockets for the reception of the plants.

Fig. 2 illustrates at A a badly made rockery, too many stones being used, and very little soil provided for the plants to grow in. B shows the wrong way to form the pockets, the upper stone overhanging and covering the soil too much.

Fig. 3 shows at A a terraced rockery

dependent in a Home paper. There is a tendency to run after the more expensive compounds, thinking, perhaps because of the high price, they must of necessity be more valuable. But I venture to assert that, given a good trial of basic slag in the lower soil and bone-flour in the upper soil, many would be astounded at the results.

Now these manures are very slow in their action, and should be applied in winter, or at least the basic slag should, and I would advise anyone who is looking for a good lasting fertiliser to apply this at the rate of 6oz. to 8oz. per square yard. Perhaps exception should be made in the case of chalky soils; but on all clayey soils and those containing humus, basic slag is excellent. If trenching is

is done by men under 40 years of age, while after 60 a man's work becomes of so little account that he should be reformed or forced to retire from active labour altogether.

Mr. Bigelow's dictum, it will be observed, was not so drastic as Professor Osler's. Bigelow would have initiated State pensions for men at 40 to keep them from want where necessary. For this pension the State would have had a "hold," as it were, upon an army of middle-aged men, to utilise them for the welfare of the State as a whole. There would be no working for profit or position; everything would be the free output of the desires of this middle-aged army, always excepting the possible pension.

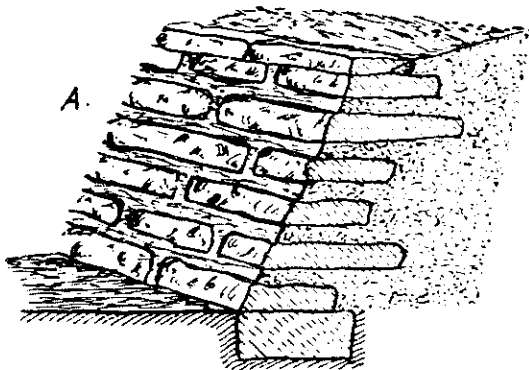


FIG. 4

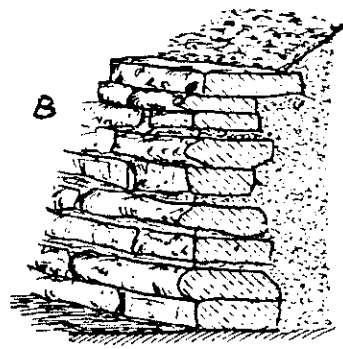


FIG. 5

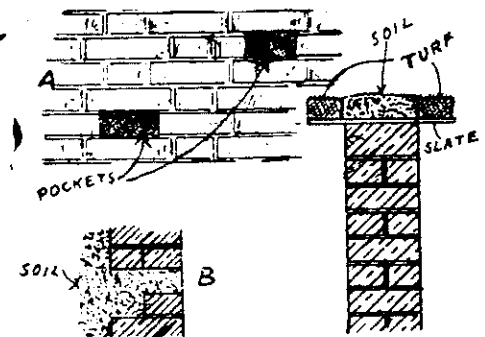


FIG. 6

and growing spaces termed pockets provided. The pockets should be of irregular shape and be irregularly arranged, in order to give the plants a natural effect. Plants requiring special conditions must have the pockets filled with what suits them best. As the stones along the base of the rockery have to resist much of the weight and thrust of those above, it is desirable to let them partly into the ground, whilst many of the stones forming the pockets must be made to act as wedges to keep others in position.

**WALLS.**

In the majority of cases walls may be made use of and beautified by growing plants on them, and the following is a list of some of the numerous subjects

properly arranged; B shows a badly made terraced rockery, in which the surface of the soil is sloped too much.

Fig. 4 A shows the best way to build a stone retaining wall for gardening purposes, and B the wrong way, many of the stones in the upper courses overhanging those below them. Moreover, there is very little soil between most of the courses.

Fig. 5 illustrates at A how to form pockets for plants in an ordinary brick retaining wall, the openings being one course deep on the face and two courses deep at the back, as shown at B.

Fig. 6 shows how an ordinary flat topped brick wall may be made use of for gardening. A course of slates, say about 10 or 18 inches wide, is laid on

contemplated for any new beds of roses, work in the slag with the lower spit of soil, adding farmyard manure also; then, when the roses are planted, a handful of bone-flour for each bush or tree should be applied just beneath the surface soil. Basic slag should be finely ground in order that it may be of most service. It is very necessary to purchase it from a reliable firm, as many spurious samples are on the market. Sweet pea growers, also fruit growers, would find it of great value to them.

She: Why did you lose your temper at that game of cards?

He: It was the only thing I had left to lose.

But Mr. Bigelow himself did much of his most profitable and most valuable work long after he was 40 years of age, and Professor Osler, at 61, is occupying a position of high trust—and also making a profit.

It will be recalled that Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Thiers, and Benjamin Franklin did their most famous work after they had passed 70, as did, in another direction, Spencer, Galton, Cotton, and Darwin. Verdi was turned 70 when he composed "Otello" and "Ed. stoff"; Landor wrote his "Imaginations," Victor Hugo his "History of a Crime," Mr. Johnson "The Lives of the Poets," Froide "The Life of Lord Beaconsfield," and Tennyson, Longfellow, and Browning were all writing poetry after "threescore and ten."

**IN THE SIXTIES.**

Von Moltke, again, was winning battles in the Franco-German war in his sixties, Luther was at the height of his influence, Pasteur discovered his inoculation preventive for hydrophobia, and

"Messiah," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend," Grote's "History of Greece," and Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales"—with every man of them over 50. Mr. Bigelow's dictum again would pro-



"Think of it! I just planted one can of peas and one of tomatoes."

Michael Angelo, Turner, Meissonier, Hogarth, Murillo, Reynolds, and Landseer did their best work after 60. Wagner's "Parsifal," Haydn's "Creation," Gluck's "Iphigenie en Tauride," Gounod's "Redemption," Newman's "Apologia," Burke's "Reflections on the Coming Race," Huxley's "Evolution and Ethics," Dryden's "Virgil," and Milton's "Samson Agonistes" were all produced by men over 60.

Coming nearer the "roaring forties," we have Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, the discovery of the telegraphic alphabet, Lincoln's Emancipation proclamation, the Reformation campaign of John Knox, Washington as President of the United States, Valesquez painting masterpieces, the production of Handel's

lably have damped the initiative of Watt, who invented the steam engine; Stephenson, the locomotive; Priestly, who discovered oxygen; Jenner, who introduced vaccine; Bessemer, who perfected his famous process; Livingstone, who first brought knowledge of the Victoria Falls; Nelson, who won Trafalgar; and Generals Grant and Sherman, who fought in the American Civil War—all being just over the borderline of 40.

Mr. Bigelow lived to change and modify his dictum somewhat, and in later years said that in his opinion "there is no possibility of laying down any arbitrary rule. Some natures mature quickly, and do their best work in youth. In others maturity is later, and one cannot ignore the examples of the world's history."

**All About Daffodils**

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.—Champtoun and Edmiston, Stationers, Queen-st., Auckland.

Smith and Jones were speaking about the fine points of their respective sons. "That boy of mine," remarked Smith, extravagantly, "is the genuine article. He's all wool, you can bet." "Shouldn't wonder," commented Jones. "I notice he shrinks from washing."

**Laughter-making Plant.**

A plant that causes laughter grows in Arabia, and produces (says a writer) flowers of a bright yellow, with seeds that resemble small black beans. The natives dry and pulverise them, and the powder, taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing, and laugh most boisterously, and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

Kate Douglas Wiggin was asked recently how she stood on the vote for women question. She replied that she didn't "stand at all," and told a story about a New England farmer's wife who had no very romantic ideas about the opposite sex, and who, hurrying from churn to sink, from sink to shed, and back to the kitchen stove, was asked if she wanted to vote. "No, I certainly don't! I say if there's one little thing that the men folks can do alone, for goodness sakes let 'em do it!" she replied.

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# Fighting the Flames.

By ROY L. MCCARDELL.

HOW the cry of "Fire!" wakes and thrills the most lethargic! Even if we are insured in a sound company, there is no tumult that is made by civilised mankind that will so fill with terror the breasts of the nervous or so stir the most lymphatic temperament. From boyhood's happy hour I longed to be a fireman. But when I longed the hardest I was too young, and when I was old enough I was too sensible.

How I have envied the swart heroes of the ladder and the hose! And never so much as one night when, in the course of some sociological researches, I found myself with a fellow-student upon the bowery when flames burst from the window of a hotel near Miner's Theatre.

Some one turned in an alarm and in the crowd that assembled, ere the arrival of the apparatus, the rumour grew that there was a troupe of burlesque actresses staying at the hotel.

"Save the girls!" was the cry. In the hour of peril, the first unselfish thought was, "Women first!"

The onrush of rescuers was so sudden that they choked up the stairway, but this was also because the smoke was very thick. Finally the night clerk appeared at the head of the steps and cried, "If

she cried out, "If you smarties don't let me go back to my room and get my false teeth, I'll smack somebody in the face!"

Just then the firemen arrived, and one of them turned his hose on me—soaked it to me, darn it! And before I could get on my feet again a whole battalion of them made a hundred-yard dash across my face. A week later I was still sore about it, and wrote to the Fire Department, suggesting that the firemen should wear rubber heels. But that came later. My first subsequent recollection is of having a red-necked foreman shake me and shout, "Git outside the fire lines!"

Just then a policeman seized me and threw me out. He was greeted with cheers, as everybody was under the impression he had saved my life. So he had probably, for he restrained his first impulse to club me over the head, and only "fanned" me where it would hurt but wouldn't be fatal.

Ever since that I have always held that the New York firemen and police are gallant lads, but rough in their ways. It is not, however, of the gallant fireman I would speak, but of that amateur salamander, the gallant volunteer.

## ENVY BEATS IN THE BREAST OF THE AMATEUR FIREMAN.

Little do my city readers know the animosities that used to smoulder and flare out between rival companies in the small towns of this fair land. Used to be? They smoulder and flare up and change fighting the fires to fighting at fires in small town and village to this very day.

In our town, my native town, we had two fire companies. Rivalry was keen, and when the hose carts and hand engines were borne back by the home heroes with no bloody noses or black eyes in evidence, the stay-at-homes came away from their windows saying:

"There warn't no fire!"

When an election for chief was held in either fire company, the candidates were selected from the best rough-and-tumble fighters in town. A conflagration was the open season for fistcuffs.

These battles of the salamanders invariably were begun by a stream of water from one fire company either accidentally or intentionally being turned upon the members of the other fire company, and always when the recipients of the hostile stream were on a ladder or on a roof. The deluged company would retaliate by turning its hose on the ladder men of the other company. The mutual drenching seemed but to augment the animosity. The belligerents would drop the hose pipes, and, seizing stones or spanners, would break heads and "bust snoots" indiscriminately. All Abe Coakler, the town constable, would deputize all spectators and have the combatants separated. By this time, the fire, having no aid from the axemen, in making draughts, would have subsided to a gentle smoulder.

No arrest ever followed, fighting at a fire, by unwritten law, being deemed to have occurred during the open season. Fighting on election and circus days or during court week was held, however, to be against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth, and when, upon, such an occasion, Andy Flutzer was hailed before Magistrate Blocher for smiting a citizen with whom he had differed, and was fined five dollars and bound over to keep the peace for six months, he felt that his usefulness as a fireman was impaired for half a year and resigned from the proud position of Chief of the Minnehaha Hose during that period.

In our town, Washington's birthday was more than a legal holiday, it was the Firemen's holiday. On that day all work suspended and the gaily decorated fire apparatus belonging to the different hose and hook and ladder companies were paraded through the principal streets.

It has never been proved that George Washington was a volunteer fireman. He was a Mason, pictures of him wearing the Master's sash and other Masonic insignia appearing on the hand engines and hose carts, but none alas!

show the immortal G. W. in fireman's uniform. The Goddess of Liberty was the Father of His Country's side partner at such times.

The Goddess of Liberty was chosen from amongst the fair daughters of our town by ballot, and rode in a chair, lash-

tobacco, and to my mind the passing of tobacco-chewing marks the passing of the sturdier days in our national life. With it has passed fighting at fires and other concomitants of the day when heads were harder and hearts were softer.



"East Malaria had its first fire. It burned the engine house and all the apparatus!"

ed to the top of a hose cart in a classic robe constructed from an American flag.

Never will I forget, previous to one memorable fireman's parade on Washington's birthday in our town, the enthusiasm evoked by the mayor in a speech when he presented Huckabuck Hook and Ladder No. 1 with its new apparatus of brightest blue and red. In a few well-chosen words Foreman Sam Pennyfeather responded.

## THE SPIRIT RANG TRUE.

He was not a speechmaker, Pennyfeather said, but a fireman, and on behalf of the men of Huckabuck Hook and Ladder he responded with all the eloquence at his command, which was not much. But what he would say was that Huckabuck Hook and Ladder was grateful, and its one hope was that the homes of those who had so generously contributed would catch fire that the gallant Huckabucks might show what they could do with the beautiful new ten-ladder truck!

Hearty and prolonged cheers greeted these earnest words. It was not the sense of the speech but the spirit that struck home to all.

No more exception was taken to those well-meant words than at the funeral of another volunteer in our town, when the members of his company played upon his bier a floral offering of a ladder and a trumpet bearing the words, in scarlet immortalities: "Gone to His Last Fire."

There was little or no excitement in our town between election and circus days, and a fire was a civic as well as a social incident. A store fire was especially popular, and, while not detracting from the justly earned reputation for the moral stamina of the volunteer fireman in our town, it must be admitted that after a store fire the members of the local fire companies generally had new hats, new pocket knives, and what seemed, for a while, an inexhaustible supply of chewing tobacco. A volunteer fireman always chewed

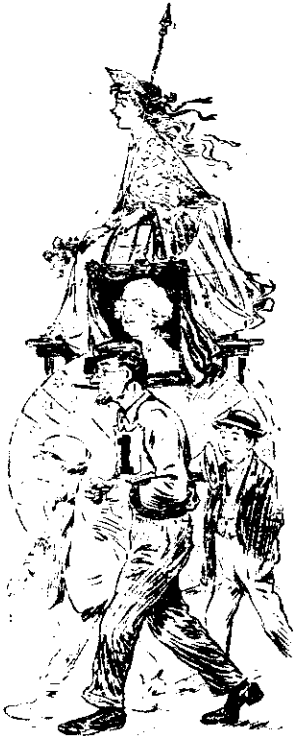
Ward politics and ward rivalry kept up, and still keeps up, the spirit of emulation among the local fire companies of most small towns. The rivalry to be first to a fire occurring in the territory of another volunteer company was keen and fierce, and it still is; but, the fire out and over, the return through the rival ward was, in our town, a retreat involving ignominy and derision. The fire company out of its district ran the gauntlet of hoots and catcalls. The fire company from the north end of our town (a residence portion designated locally as "Canada"), out of its district and on the return trip from a fire, was invariably greeted with this significant and insulting slogan:

"Take Her Home and Give Her a Bone!"

This derisive greeting, for some reason that I have never been able to fathom, was considered final and culminating. Crushing and unanswerable,



"Willing hands make easy work," he shouted.



"The goddess of Liberty rode in a chair lashed to the top of the hose cart."

you guys want a room, come up one at a time!"

Just then a tall female appeared shrieking in the hall at the top of the stairs, attired only in a raincoat.

This shows what excitement will do, because there were no indications of rain. A gallant onlooker seized her and carried her out. The poor soul was evidently confused, for as soon as she was set upon her feet she rushed back into the burning building. Again she was rescued, and yet again. Finally

the cry to "Take Her Home and Give Her a Bone" rang upon the welkin, and the devoted "Canadas" tugged their clanging machine out of the hostile district in sullen silence.

Alas for my native town! It aspires to city ways. It has a paid fire department now, and the beautiful old hand fire engine of 1836 has been sold for fifty dollars to a distant village in the

Hen Garley, the popular butcher, was now the chief. He proposed a dance in the company room of the fire house, located on the second floor, the meeting place where the members played cards, subsequently telling their wives they were kept late because it looked like a fine night for a fire.

The dance was a great success, but it weakened the floor, and a few nights

**THE IRATE MR. GREEN'S MISLAP.**

Came, then, in this coldest of winters in a community of unheatable houses, a night both cold and damp. A Mr. Green, across the way from me, came home carrying packages, some of which were visible. Mr. Green tried his latch-key, which turned; but the door was swollen tight, being built, as the dealer guaranteed, of strictly new material. Mr. Green went around to the side of the house and called upon his family to open a window. Alas, the windows were damp and frost-bound too, and the irate Mr. Green, throwing caution to the winds, returned to the front of the house and gave one final and gigantic tug to the door knob. He pulled off the porch and bay window, and by doing so upset a stove, and the next minute the dread cry of "Fire!" rose upon the night.

It took the firemen some time to respond. When a devoted few reached the engine house it was ascertained that the chief had the key and that he was in Philadelphia. The more conservative element ventured the suggestion that, as the chief was absent and the assistant chief had mislaid his uniform and was home searching for it, no one had authority to order out the apparatus. It was finally determined that a desperate case, such as the present, a real fire burning briskly, necessitated desperate remedies. Several members ran home for stray keys, and, returning after a while with these, one was found to fit.

It was now discovered that the snow was piled so high in front of the double doors, in consequence of a path being made to the small door to the stairs that led to the meeting room above, that it must be shovelled away before the hose cart could be gotten out. It was suggested that somebody get a shovel. But everybody demurred; they were firemen, not snow shovellers. A compromise to kick away the snow having been reached, the doors were finally dragged open and the hose cart out. Arriving at the scene of conflagration, it was found that the water plugs were frozen. Whereupon the gallant fire ladders rushed in amid the flames and dragged out the piano, despite Mr. Green's hoarse requests to save the other things, as the musical instrument in question was a rented one.

But the brave firemen would not be deterred, and the piano was the sole object that was saved, with the exception of two mirrors and a china washbowl and pitcher, which were thrown out of the upstairs windows and did not survive the shock.

While the fire burned its wiskest, I took occasion to congratulate Mr. Green on having the only warm house in East Malaria that night, but such was his excitement—and self-reproach because he had allowed his insurance to lapse—that he received my felicitations with an intonation that was almost insulting.

While the piano was being withdrawn

The "college cry" of Deluge Number 1, of East Malaria, is very inspiring:

Deluge, Deluge Number 1,  
Fire! Fire! Oh, what fun!  
Hee! Hee! Hee! And Haw! Haw! Haw!  
Hero! Hero! Raw! Raw! Raw!

To Mr. Green's fire the assistant chief had brought his speaking trumpet and through it was shouting as to how the piano must be moved, at such intervals as he could be heard above the members in uniform giving the Deluge Company's "college cry."

"All together, boys!" cried the assistant chief. "Al Swunkers, do more lifting and less grunting! Slew her around the corner! Willing hands make easy work!"

Here the uniformed firemen, warning at the blaze, took up this pithy maxim and repeated, right heartily, "Willing hands make easy work!"

"Their hearts are in the right place!" thought I—but in this I was wrong, for several afterwards confessed that their hearts were in their mouths—that's a good saying. I wonder if it's original with the assistant chief?

I have no doubts that it was, however, as will be seen. A minute later, when the fire had died down and appeared upon the point of going out entirely, the assistant chief cried, "Give her vent, boys!" And several of the hardier spirits took fire axes and broke in the cellar windows. The fire, now getting a splendid draught, blazed up gloriously, and by its light I saw the words "Willing Hands Make Easy Work" painted on the hose truck.

The fire, as I have said, now having plenty of air from the cellar, burned gloriously, and nothing further occurred to mar the enjoyment of the occasion except the cold growing more intense, the assistant chief had to be led to a neighbouring house to be separated from his trumpet by the hot-water process,



the cold metal having frozen his mouth tight to that instrument in a way familiar to the hapless youngster who sticks his wet tongue against an iron lamp-post on a frosty day.

**DIFFICULTIES IN DEALING WITH THE SUBURBAN VOLUNTEER.**

It takes great tact and rare executive ability on the part of the officers of a volunteer fire company to bring their respective commands up to a proper state of prosperity and efficiency. To make a presentable appearance, as regards apparatus and uniforms, not to mention sumptuous furnishings of the meeting room, costs money. Ofttimes the citizens and merchants of a rural or suburban town are remiss in the matter of contributions. In such cases the officers of a volunteer fire company must depend on money raised from the members. To this end a system of fines for non-attendance at fires has proved extremely successful.

I know one volunteer fire company that muffled its bell so only a chosen few of the members should know there was a fire. After several real "still alarms" of this sort the treasury was handsomely augmented.

It was an incident of this kind that was responsible for the canonical concerning the Tuckaboo, New York, fire company—that, in case of fire, members were notified by post cards.

The volunteer fireman is a hero nine times out of ten, but the tenth time he is a good business man, as witness the case of the volunteers of Swickley, a suburb of Pittsburg.

The garage and stables of Mrs. Elizabeth Home, a wealthy resident of Newark Heights, caught fire. The Newark fire department was telephoned to come up and help, but the fire department sent word that it was an uphill job and a hard pull, and three times before they had been called out for fires on the

Continued on page 51.



"Jesse was fined a dollar for appearing without a uniform."

Stata. "Be of Good Cheer! We'll Stand by You!" was the gallant motto on its gold-and-scarlet sides, and when the scene was indescribable," when "the devouring element raged," when "Lem Duzenberry's general store was one seething mass of flame," its every coughing clank, as strong arms worked the levers, seemed to repeat the honest phrase:

"Be of Good Cheer! We'll Stand by You!"

Sold for fifty dollars! A perverse generation has not kept the faith!

**OUR EAST MALARIA FORCE.**

The mutable years rolled on. I never became a locomotive engineer, a detective, a pirate, or a slayer of demon redskins on a plains. I was nothing but a humdrum individual, earning a humdrum livelihood in a humdrum manner. The aspirations of youth were never realised. I never became a fireman, paid or volunteer. In the course of time the fireman was nothing to me but one man of many until, a grown-up man, and a married New Yorker, I moved to East Malaria, that ever delightful and carefully restricted suburban town where taxes, if not property values, double every two years. Here, in ever-delightful East Malaria, I met again with the volunteer fireman, but in a new, or, at least, a different phase.

Rivalry was keen, but it took a more effete and less strenuous turn than I had known the local companies in my native town to possess, in the days of my stark youth.

The suburban fire company, I found, was an institution to relieve the tedium of suburban life. Wealthy residents patronized the companies so that their names might be printed when the city newspapers noted the suburban blaze under the inevitable headline, "Millionaire Firemen of East Malaria Work Heroically at a Livery Stable Blaze."

After East Malaria had half a hundred houses, and before it had a church, it resolved to have a fire company. One was formed, a fire house was built and uniforms purchased—after many fairs, bazaars, oyster suppers and amateur minstrel performances, together with the passing of subscription lists among the residents and the donating of a site by the East Malaria Land Company. Money was borrowed on a mortgage and an engine house built, and a hose reel and hook and ladder truck was purchased, part cash and the rest on notes.

When the engine house was finished, the new hose company met night after night to play cards and yearn for a fire. Keen was the rivalry in the annual election, ultimately engendering so much bitterness that an unwritten law was agreed upon, by the ruling of which each of the original members in turn was elected to the chieftainship.

Years passed, East Malaria grew despite paving assessments, sewer assessments, and constant foreclosing of mortgages, but still there was no fire.

later the practical joker of the company pulled the chair from under Hen Garley as he sat down to take a hand at auction pinochle.

Hen weighed three hundred pounds. He came down with an awful crash, the flimsy floor gave way, and down went most of the members present on top of Hen. They had hardly scrambled out from the debris, bruised and sore, when the big cast-iron stove, holding a roaring fire, which had been tottering on the brink of the hole the obese chief had made, came crashing through.

East Malaria had its first fire. It burned the engine house, the hose cart, and hook and ladder truck of East Malaria's only fire company!

But East Malaria grew and grew, and in due time another fire company was organised, and another engine house was built and another set of fire-fighting apparatus installed. East Malaria was a fashionable suburb now. It had a real bell in the engine-house tower, and the old clanging locomotive tyre of steel that hung on a tree and jangled, when hit with a hammer, its wide alarm up the night, was sold for junk.

The younger element took hold of the new fire company of East Malaria. Then



"The battle usually begins by a stream of water, accidentally or intentionally, being turned upon members of the rival company."

came one of the coldest winters this delightful residential town had known. The houses in East Malaria had all been built to sell. In damp weather the front doors jammed and stuck, which necessitated the careful householder to go around to the side and clamber through a window, because several instances had been known where property owners, pulling too hard at a damp-stuck door, had the fatal success of pulling the whole front of their desirable villas out into the street.

from the red maw of the fire demon, those members of the hose company who had been delayed on account of having to go home to put on their uniforms, rendered splendid assistance and encouragement upon their arrival on the scene by giving the East Malaria Hose Company's "college cry."

This is one of the most important functions of the up-to-date volunteer fire company in a fashionably suburban town; each and all has its company, and "college cry."

# Progress in Science.

## A Difficult Engineering Feat

### Piercing Montmartre Hill for a Subway

**A**n engineering enterprise presenting somewhat unusual difficulties is nearing its completion in the great French capital. The Nord-Sud Railway, which at present has its terminal at the Place Pigalle, is to be continued through the Place des Abbesses, Rue Lamarek, the Place Jules-Joffrin, to the Porte de la Chapelle, the northern terminus.

To establish this communication the hill bearing the name of Montmartre will be pierced through and through. Because of the past history of the ground traversed, the tunneling operations are of a peculiarly delicate nature.

The strata include layers of gypsum, which in the past were exploited for the production of plaster of paris, causing the territory to become honeycombed with galleries. When the work was abandoned the surface workings were filled up with rubble and the deeper galleries were for the most part left just as they were, with the natural pillars as their only support.

Over this honeycombed territory buildings have risen, and it was an extremely delicate operation so to build the new tunnel as to preclude any possibility of accidents to the superstructures through the giving way of the old gypsum mines. The plan finally adopted was to dig a tunnel below the level of the gypsum workings, and this has been done so far without any serious mishaps.

A somewhat detailed account of the plan followed in carrying on the work is given in "Illustration," from which we have derived most of our data.

Up to the Place Pigalle the construction of the subway followed the usual lines, there being no abnormal features to contend with. From this point on the subway enters the narrow passage of the Elysee des Beaux Arts, all the buildings of which are more or less traversed with fissures, and are ready to collapse at the smallest provocation. This is the site of the old surface-worked gypsum mine, and here it became necessary to depart from common practice, and follow some special methods.

Two shafts lined with masonry were sunk. Starting from each shaft a cutting was made, in which was immediately built a masonry lining, in 24 feet lengths, which followed the elliptical outline of the vault, the two sections meeting at the keystone. It was necessary to use special steel casing here instead of the usual wooden supports. As soon as one ring was completed the next one was put in place, and so on. Lastly, in order to consolidate the overlying material, cement was forced in through holes provided for that purpose in the vaulting. A special precaution taken in carrying out this step was to force in a blast of compressed air before injecting the cement. This was found most effective, and in several places it was observed that the cement injected extended through cracks and fissures as far as 65 feet from the point of application.

The subway passes through under the Place des Abbesses and proceeds as far as the Place Constantin Pequeur. Here the tunnel passes within not many feet of the old gypsum workings, which are now more or less filled with water. It may be mentioned incidentally that it is the ground water which, in 1886, caused the collapse of a building in the Rue de la Chapelle. The floor of the gypsum galleries is formed of marl. If this thin layer of rock, saturated with water as it is, gives way, a trough is formed, the effect of which may extend as far as the surface soil. This was the condition which threatened the construction of the vault of the Place des Abbesses. Here again the common methods of working were impracticable, and the processes employed under the passage of the Elysee des Beaux Arts were adopted. The vault here rises 4.92 feet above the level of the rails, and the masonry at the keystone measures 4.1 feet in thickness.

Special conditions were also met at several of the points along the line, as,

for instance, at the Rue Ordener, where there are no gypsum galleries, but a peculiar soil was encountered. Here it was found necessary to drive a number of oak piles, to give rigidity to the soil.

The stations Abbesses and Lamarek are situated at a depth of 98 and 56 feet below the ground level, so that it was necessary at these points to sink large shafts, 23 feet in diameter, to give access to the platforms. One of these shafts, which accommodates the elevators, has been sunk by the side of the station. The other, in which the stair-

The elevators are formed in the shape of trapezoids, the large base measuring 18.9 feet and the small base 10.7 feet, the distance between the two being 6.7 feet.

Each elevator is actuated by a 120 horse-power electric motor, and the two cars will be run in alternation, one ascending while the other is descending, the speed being 2.62 feet per second. This means that the time taken for passengers to reach the platform will not exceed two minutes. Each elevator accommodates eighty persons. It will be seen, therefore, that provision is made for extremely rapid handling of the traffic.

The construction of the shafts presented great difficulties owing to their depth and large diameter. They were sunk in instalments, 6.6 feet at a time. Each was faced with reinforced concrete in which were imbedded vertical iron rods, which served for the attachment of the next lower ring.

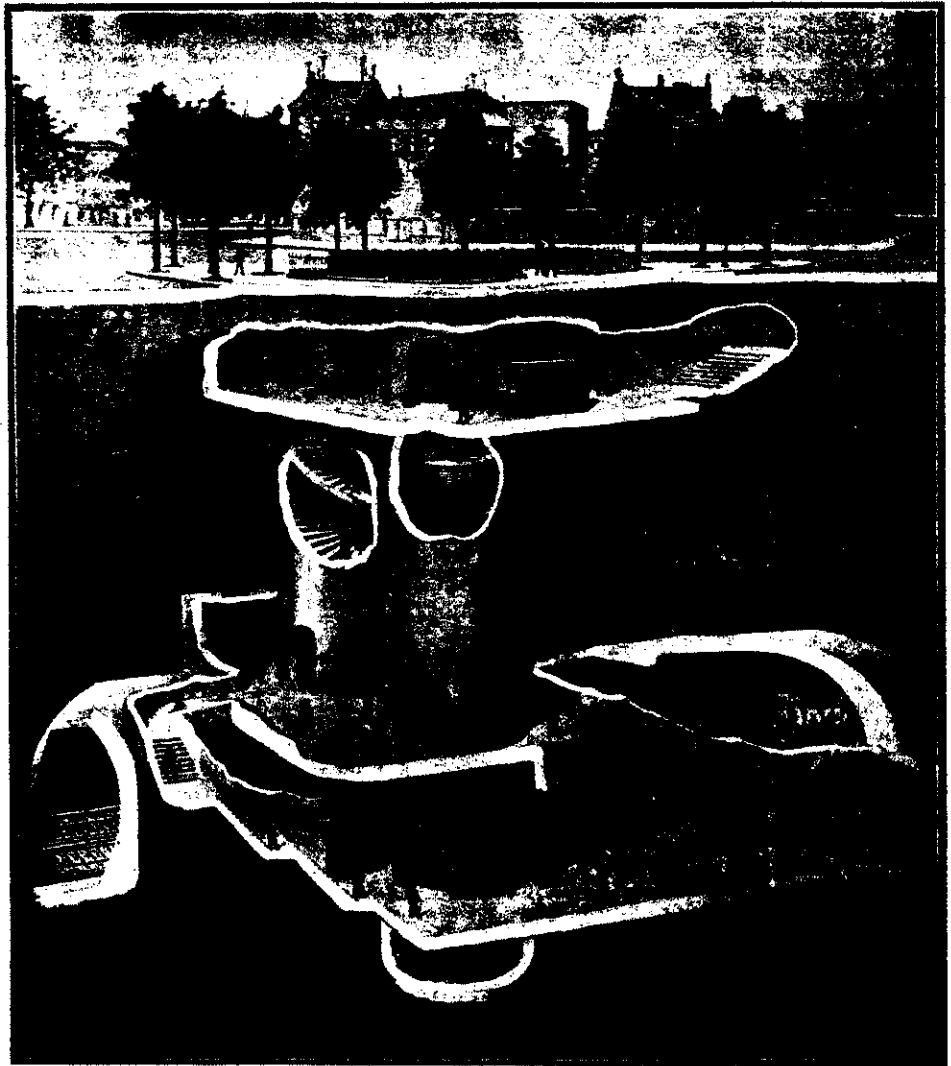
#### Protection of Wild Animals.

An interesting scheme for the preservation of wild animals from extinction in Europe is that adopted by the Swiss

spacious dimensions. It is also expected and hoped that the eagle and the vulture will make their home in that valley.

#### A Peculiar Friendship.

A little girl was presented with a tortoise, which she promptly introduced to her pet cats and dogs, says an English paper. They, as promptly, voted the intruder a nuisance, and showed their opinion in the usual manner. One day, a fox terrier was particularly aggressive, and barked furiously whenever the poor tortoise came anywhere near him—the dog was probably terrified. This antagonism went on for some time, the dog showing jealousy whenever the tortoise was handled, until finally he got so angry that he snapped at the tortoise and was severely punished. After his disgrace he seemed to desire to be friendly, and made overtures to the tortoise, patting it gently with his paw and standing close, looking wistfully at it. The friendship was all on the dog's side, but he stuck to it gallantly, and soon kept all the cats away from the tortoise's saucer of food. One day the tortoise was missing, and could not be found anywhere. The dog hunted and whined about the place, quite



THROUGH THE HEART OF MONTMARTEE, PARIS, BY RAIL.

View of the elevator and staircase shafts at the Place des Abbesses underground station in the course of construction in Paris.

tates will be contained, rises directly above the vault of the station. The stairs are intended merely for emergency use in case the elevators should give out. The tops of the shafts are closed and access is gained to them laterally through the staircases leading from the street.

Waiting rooms adjoin the elevator shafts. There are two levels, and accordingly two stations at which the elevator stops. This and other features of the installation will be better understood by reference to the accompanying illustration.

League "pour la protection de la nature." A French contemporary, "La Republique Francaise," gives some particulars. After referring to the disappearance of wild animals from Western Europe, our contemporary says that the Swiss League has just taken over for a period of twenty-five years an entire valley in the Lower Engadine. The valley is to be left in its natural state, enclosed with its protecting mountains, with its forests, waterfalls, ravines, and so forth; and animals, more or less wild, are to be allowed to live and roam at large in its

disconsolate. All thought the tortoise had, though rather early, hibernated. Some days later the dog was seen coming through the garden with something in his mouth. He rushed into the hall—a place where he was never allowed—laid down his burden and barked joyfully—he had found the tortoise and unearthed her from her cozy quarters, deep in the soil of the garden. Since then the dog had remained constantly near his strange friend. He allows no stranger to approach, and each night he carries the tortoise to his own basket.

# The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

## FEUILLETON.

Mr. C. F. Holder.

**M**R. CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, author of "Life in the Open," which has just been issued in a new and cheaper edition by the Putnams, has been selected as the recipient of the Gold Medal awarded from time to time by L'Academie des Sports, to sportsmen who have gained international renown through distinguished services to the fraternity. This medal had previously been awarded to Ederick Selous, the big-game hunter, whose last important undertaking was the direction of Colonel Roosevelt's African hunt.

### Some Putnam New Publications.

George Putnam and Sons have just published "The Natural History of Religious Feelings: A Question of Miracles," by Dr. Cornelison. Dr. Cornelison has made a study of religious emotion, particularly as manifested in the phenomenon of conversion. Further, it is a protest against the Pharisaism of those who look upon conversion as the only sign of spiritual worth.

This is a neurotic age, and any treatise that deals with nerve treatment is sure of a cordial reception. To meet this want of the age, Dr. Collins, who is a distinguished nerve specialist, has written a book entitled "The Way with the Nerves" (Putnam's). The work takes the form of a series of letters to a neurologist on various modern nervous ailments, real and fancied, with the replies thereto, telling of their nature and treatment. Another Putnam publication of interest is Mr. A. T. Story's "Building of the Empire."

### A South African Story.

Mr. Edgar Wallace, who will be remembered as the "Daily Mail" war correspondent who was censored during the South African War, if we remember rightly, for sending home information that did not altogether please the War authorities, has written a West African story entitled "Sanders of the River," (Ward, Lock, and Co.) The book's scenes are laid in West Central Africa, and the hero is a commissioner there. Magnificent indeed, are the descriptions given by Mr. Wallace of West Central Africa and its people, who, he declares, are "splendid stuff." McLino, the hero of the story, has not a few love affairs, and in the recording of these, and in their recital Mr. Wallace is not a little reminiscent of Rudyard Kipling in his Indian tales. We have always been an admirer of Mr. Wallace's work, which is keen, virile, discriminating, vividly descriptive, and intensely arresting. "Sanders of the River" is far and away, in our opinion, the best thing Mr. Wallace has as yet turned out.

### Some Burton Harrison Recollections.

"Recollections, Grave and Gay," is the title of a book that has been written by Mrs. Burton Harrison, and published by Smith, Elder, at 7/6 net. Mrs. Harrison is a lady of versatile talent. She is well known both in England and America, as a dramatist, a club woman, a beautiful lady, a charming singer, a wit, and a traveller. But her true charm lies in the fact that, during the Southern rebellion, she worked with her own hands the first flag for the Southern soldiers, and stirred them into heroism by her singing of "My Maryland," besides doing the work of two women in tending and nursing the men of Dixie. In short, no woman during the civil war did more to inspire noble deeds than Constance Cary, now Mrs. Burton Harrison. As a stirring narrative of the Civil War, seen from the inside, this book is of intense and enduring interest. Outside of this, the book is distinctly entertaining in its reminiscences of people "I have met." Here is an Ellen Terry story:—"I first met Ellen Terry at the house of Park Godwin, son-in-law of William Cullen Bryant, at an evening party. Miss Terry was simply radiant in face, and voice, and manner; an irresistible being on the stage and off it. Mrs. Lemoine had just recited for Irving and herself the spirit-ed poem of "Kentucky Belle," Miss Terry

yielding her the tribute of a gentle rain of tears. One note of a certain Miss Sophy Streetfield, a friend of Dr. Johnston's, to whom her friend would say: "Cry, pretty Sophy, cry!" when she immediately responded by an overflow of weeping, in which she looked prettier than before. Miss Terry must have been the only other living person to whom tears are becoming.

Madame Patti, it would seem, was, like Gorki, strongly disapproved of by the unco guid of New York society. "Adelina Patti had been in her youth, in the South and elsewhere in America, a darling of the social world (although actresses were not then, and even now are not, so generally received in the best American houses as in England). When she returned here after her separation from her first husband, the Marquis de Caux, the dandy equerry and cotton leader of the Tuileries, she was known to have formed a new alliance with Nicolini, the tenor singer, whose wife still lived. New York, which rarely condones an offence of this variety, failed to invite or receive in private the world-famed diva." In the late 'sixties Mrs. Harrison heard Patti in Paris, and wrote as follows:—"She doesn't look a day older than when I saw her at Washington before the war as Rosina in the 'Barbiere,' a little tripping thing of fifteen or sixteen. Now she is a great diva, making £24,000 in a season at the Italian Opera House. Crowds follow

There are recollections of Lord Dufferin, of the Empress Eugenie ("like some old carving of a saint"), Thomas Carlyle, Mrs. Fiske, the actress, who starred in one of Mrs. Harrison's plays, Father John of Kronstadt, and many other celebrities, living and dead. But as we before indicated, the book is chiefly valuable as a personal record, from the inside, of the war of abolition.

### Ballade of the Book Lover.

Grim legends, poets' rhapsodies,  
Romance and fact his love excites;  
The flowers of all the centuries  
Shed sweetness on his restless flight.  
Goddess and queen and damsel slight,  
Fond Herricks Julia, proud and tall,  
Brown Beatrix, Iseult the White—  
His heart hath room for one and all.  
The tenderness of Heloise,  
And wild-eyed Vivienne subtle might  
Rival in power to lure and please  
Jane Austen's dames, demure and bright,  
Provocative of sly delight—  
Dainty, genteel, ironical;  
Maids who amuse, bewitch, affright—  
His heart hath room for one and all.  
He follows where sad Syrinx flees,  
He mourns strange Lyndall's bitter plight,  
Dark Egypt's fascination sees,  
Swift to caress and swift to smite.  
From her whose beauty swayed the fight  
And lit, like a torch, the Trojan wall,  
And to the vers-de-societe chignon sprite—  
His heart hath room for one and all.

### Envoy.

Prince, bow the knee and yield the right  
To one whose passions never pall;  
Fair phantoms through his day and night—  
His heart hath room for one and all.

E.C.C.



Walter (to customer who has been waiting a long time): "Your fish will be coming in a minute or two now, sir?"  
Customer: "Tell me, what bait are you using?"

her carriage and wait around her hotel till she comes out on the balcony to throw their flowers. At Marseilles she was jostled until her bonnet fell off; the bonnet was torn to pieces for souvenirs. Certainly she sings like a lark at Heaven's gate."

To the Swedish singer and Victor Capoul ("the ineffably gallant and delicate stage lover") are devoted several pages. Talking one day to Capoul, Mrs. Harrison is disillusioned by him about Nilsson:—"Rather disillusionising, certainly, was the singing a demi-voix, but not so much as was my talk with the elegant M. Capoul, who was presented to me when he came strolling around the house. In the course of it I spoke of Nilsson, her perfect voice, her fine art, and great personal beauty. "The only trouble with Mlle. Nilsson," responded her ardent avian, with a malicious twinkle in his eye, "is that she has the hands of a frog." Oh! Oh! I protested in veritable distress. Faust to say this of his Marguerite? And Faust laughed with a laugh borrowed from Mephistopheles. Years after, Mrs. Harrison saw Nilsson at the gaming tables of Monte Carlo looking the ghost of her former self. There is mention, too, of Matthew Arnold and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mention, also, of Colonel John Hay, who, crossing the Atlantic once with Mrs. Harrison, likened the sea as being smooth and monotonous like one of Lewis Morris's poems.

## REVIEWS.

**The Lady of the Spur:** By David Potter. (Philadelphia and London: Lippincott's, Melbourne: George Robertson and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

Since the advent of larger populations, better roads, good lighting, telegraphy, and increased facilities of transit, highwaymen, except for purposes of fiction, are decidedly at a discount in Great Britain. But in some of the sparsely populated backblocks of America he and his ilk still flourish, or so it would seem from this romantic story of Mr. David Potter's, who is indeed a charming writer. The story opens where a highwayman, masquerading as Henry Morven, of Morven Hall, West Jersey, is recognised by the landlord of the Pole Tavern, in the Morven township, as Tom Bell, the Dick Turpin of those parts. But Tom Bell manages to convince the landlord that he is mistaken, for as luck will have it, a cousin of Henry Morven turns up at the Pole Tavern and claims Bell as her cousin Harry Morven, who has returned after a long absence to assume his rightful place as Squire of Morven. More than this, she is bearer of a warning to Henry Morven. There are, it appears, two other aspirants to the Morven estate, and these two spir-

ants have conspired together to make Morven Hall uncomfortable, and, indeed, so dangerous a place for the new squire to live in, that they hope to frighten him away and continue to enjoy the very considerable pickings of the estate of an absentee squire. To this end a band of scoundrels had been raised who called themselves "Pine Owls," who had succeeded in terrorising the rural population of the Morven township for miles around. Now, curiously enough, Tom Bell had only visited Morven township for the sake of placing in the hands of the Morven lawyers the private papers of Henry Morven, together with testimony of his death, the said Henry Morven having been a comrade of Bell's for years. And here we may just as well say that Bell was a criminal manufactured by the State, who had wrongly imprisoned him. Well! Tom Bell falls in love with Henry Morven's cousin, and, being an adept at the "Pine Owls'" own game, determines to outwit them by disregarding the warning and fighting them on equal terms as Henry Morven. And so well does he like his assumed role, and so much do the Morven people like him, that he is loth to cease his masquerading after he has rid the countryside of the "Owls." How he accomplishes this task, and how eventually he becomes Squire of Morven, must be discovered by readers themselves. "The Lady of the Spur," which we have received from Messrs George Robertson and Co., is as wholesome as it is entertaining. It is also delightfully original as to plot, consistent as to characterisation, prolific in exciting incident, romantic in denouement, and, in short, one of the best examples of American fiction.

**Zuleika Dobson:** By Max Beerbohm. (London: Wm. Heinemann. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

Mr. Beerbohm's novel will afford entertainment to past and present Oxonians, at least such of them as like burlesque. A more extravagant plot could not be imagined. In fact, Mr. Beerbohm in fiction, as in caricature, easily out-rids his competitors in the realm of comic fiction. Zuleika Dobson, a grand-daughter of a Warden of "Julias" goes down to Oxford for the Eights week. Zuleika is very beautiful in a theatrical sort of way, and turns all the graduates heads, from the "Duke" down to the American Rhodes scholar. The "Duke," being Oxford's greatest swell, must have first chance of winning Zuleika's favours. Wherever the "Duke" leads, the others follow. The Duke vows he will die for Zuleika. The others vow they will die too. The Duke's affection wanes, and he tries to get out of dying. But a telegram arriving from the butler of his ancestral seat telling him that the spook (or spooks in this case) that generally herald the dissolution of the head of the house, have been seen, causes him to revert to his vow. And what the Duke will not do for love he does for family tradition and superstition. There are many hard knocks both at Oxford life and ways, and the foibles of many well-known people of note. Cleverly droll the book is undoubtedly. But 350 pages of extravagant caricature is too much, and we sincerely hope that Mr. Beerbohm will not see fit to parody Cambridge. Which seems likely, since the story ends where Zuleika takes train for Cambridge, with a view, we presume, to opening up a similar campaign in that town.

**Mrs. Drummond's Vocation:** By Mark Rye. (London: William Heinemann. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

The authoress of "Mrs. Drummond's Vocation" calls her novel "light literature." Well! it is the sort of light literature that gives one "furiously to think" of the pass to which the modern novel has arrived. It is a clever character sketch of a "light" woman, written with a cynical brutality that sets its author apart among women authors. And it is a shameful libel on an heroic band who daily and hourly risk their lives in brave effort to disseminate the truths of Christianity among the Chinese. Fortunately, such books as "Mrs. Drummond's Vocation" have a short life. We wish it the shortest of short lives.

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**SCENTED ISLES AND CORAL GARDENS.**

(By G. D. MACKELLAR. John Murray, 15/ net.)

Readers of Mr. Mackellar's interesting book, "A Pleasure Pilgrim in South America," will be prepared to welcome this very readable account of Torres Straits, German New Guinea, and the Dutch East Indies, with sketches of visits paid to Hong Kong, Canton, and Japan. The narrative is largely based upon letters written many years ago, but while the descriptions are in the main applicable to the conditions prevailing to-day, corrections, in brackets, bring the statistical information up-to-date. Mr. Mackellar set out from Rockhampton in 1889 to visit Torres Strait, and in a chatty, unconventional way he narrates his experiences during the journey by sea and land, enlivening his narrative with yarns told by fellow-passengers and references to the work of Captain Cook and other early navigators. He gives a graphic picture of the community living at Thursday Island at that time, with references to the resources of the Northern Territory and the wonders of the Great Barrier Reef.

In 1900, Mr. Mackellar set out for New Guinea aboard the N.D.L. s.s. Stettin, and in thus departing upon a German steamer for German possessions in the South Pacific, he makes some apposite reflections on the growth of Germany as a World Power. During his stay at New Britain he was introduced to the famous Queen Emma, or Frau Kolbe, who had then twelve hundred people in her employ. He describes her as "very stout, very dark, dressed in red and white founced muslin, very busy at her bureau, and smoking cigarettes as he entered—a glance was sufficient to see that here was a capable, clever, woman, of marked power and character." In 1910 the property and plantations formerly belonging to Queen Emma, situated in many desirable spots, were valued at £150,000. She was murdered by a party of natives in 1902, under shocking circumstances.

Mr. Mackellar visited German New Guinea in 1900, when settlement was in a very primitive condition. He is not greatly impressed by the qualities of Germans as pioneer colonists. He says: "Certain things strike one forcibly here. There is a great lack of enterprise and initiative amongst the Germans. With us it is the individual full of enterprise and initiative who goes ahead, so long as he has a free hand, carving his way and his fortune out of the unknown land, scarce at all helped or fortified by his Government, which only follows reluctantly where he leads. Our Governments do nothing until forced to do so. They carry this to an extreme. Everything at first with the Briton is utility; he has no time or inclination for comfort or for beautifying his new home—it must be first made to pay. Hence the bare, ugly utilitarianism of Australian settlements, springing up in a short time, a long street of verandahed shanties lining a broad road. Once firmly established, he begins to improve the place, and pay a little attention to the adornment of it. The Germans, on the contrary, look to their Government for everything, do not strike out boldly for themselves, and if the numerous Government officials do nothing, the colonist sits down and waits till they do, for he, the colonist, has no free hand. Under direction, he will do well, but he waits for that direction, and hence it is that a German colony is composed principally of officials—all sick of the place, and dying to get home again to the comforts of the happy Fatherland. They make their official residences neat and pretty, and go in for what comfort they can get, and as much sleep as can be included; hence initiative and enterprise are at a discount. This comes from their long home training as part of a great machine where all thinking is done for them. In a new country it is a wrong system. There is a happy medium between the two systems which neither nationality attains to. The Germans are excellent, peaceable, industrious colonists under us or in America. They need more freedom, and the surety of profiting by their own enterprise."

The author extended his cruise to the Celebes, Java, and Sumatra, of which he gives an interesting description. He deplores the decline of British mercantile

enterprise in these islands, before the advance of German traders. He describes with a light touch society as he saw it in Batavia and Singapore. Although very sketchy, being mainly based on materials gathered during a voyage from Australia to Singapore by a German liner, this story of travel conveys distinct impressions of the places that were visited, and Mr. Mackellar may be congratulated upon having written a very readable book.

The issue of popular copyright novels in good cloth binding, and of convenient size, still engages the attention of prominent publishers. Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. have just published in this form, at sevenpence net, "The Garden of Lies," by Justus Miles Forman, and "Anna the Adventuress," by E. Phillips Openheim. These books mark an advance on the sixpenny paper cover editions that will be heartily appreciated by travellers and other novel readers.

These popular standard books—Gordon Cummings' "Five Years' Adventures in the Far Interior of South Africa," and "Notes from a Diary," by Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, have been added to Murray's shilling library. This edition is excellent in printing, paper, illustration and binding, and the books reprinted are as readable to-day as when they were first published.

**BITS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.**

**Words—And Their Adventures.**

"The word appendicitis was considered too rare and obscure for inclusion in the Oxford Dictionary. Scullery is not related to scullion, nor sentinel to sentry; while cipher is the same word as zero, and jilt is identical with Juliet. Bunkum and spruce are geographical names, but



"I want to engage a room."  
"For how long, sir?"  
"Oh, about two feet and a half."

Brazil wood is not named from Brazil. A hearse was once a rake and a wafer a honeycomb.—"The Romance of Words," by Professor Ernest Weekley.

**Love.**

"Love is a free gift; no man altogether deserves it.—"Hurdcott," by John Ayscough.

**The Saving Sense.**

"Fall in love by all means, but do it with a sense of humour.—"The Green Wave of Destiny," by Philippa Bridges.

**Benevolence Regretted.**

"Apropos of the incivility of the negro car conductors whom he met in the United States, Bishop Ernest Wilberforce said: 'I hadn't been in the country half an hour before I began seriously to regret the share my grandfather had taken in the liberation of the slaves!'"—"Bishop Ernest Wilberforce," by J. R. Athly.

**From "The Woman Without Sin."**

"A woman is game to any man, only some women need crack shots."  
"Never ask any woman to repeat herself, if she says a nice word once."  
"A woman can be fancied irresistible when she isn't, and that fancy just as

much damages the man as if it was gospel truth."—"The Woman Without Sin," by Phyllis Smith.

**Our Social Phrases.**

"People always tell you you have a sweet expression when you are looking hopelessly plain."—"Cynthia Charrington," by Mrs. De Horne Vaizey.

**A Woman's Equipment.**

"A woman's chief weapon of offence is her tears—and decidedly offensive they are. Her chief armour is her scream."—"Pollywooly," by Edgar Jepson.

**Restless Woman.**

"Happy women ought to be quiet. It is only hungry ones who are restless; who talk and laugh; who think strange things and sometimes say them."—"Maid's Money," by Mrs. Henry Dudeney.

**Sex Differences.**

"The whole art of giving dinners, next to food, is to know how to pair. A man cares for what he eats, a woman cares what she sits next."  
"Only women can write letters which convey anything to a hungry heart. A man will think the tender things, but he never puts them on paper."—"The Lure," by E. S. Stevens.

**A Heroine's Smile.**

"Dear Mrs Briggs!—If I was to try for a month I could not explain how she said it. It was just like they do it on the stage. She looked at me out of the corners of her eyes, with her face turned just a little up, and a smile that was killing—and, I may say, crushing—it left me speechless. It was as if she was on the very tip-top of St. Paul's Cathedral and I was down in the crypt."—"Sam Briggs—his Book," by Richard Marsh.

**Yet Japs. Are Jolly!**

"When Lafcadio Hearn married his Japanese wife, all his wife's family accompanied him to his new quarters. He mentions that he had nine lives dependent upon him—wife, wife's mother, wife's father, wife's adopted mother, wife's father's father, then servants, and a Buddhist student. This wouldn't do in England, but it is nothing in Japan."—"Lafcadio Hearn—His Life and Work," by Nina H. Kennard, Eveleigh Nash.

**To Lovers.**

"Gratitude is the short cut to love."—"A Romance of the Impossible," by Paul Hookham.

**Simple Division.**

"Women divide the men they like into two categories. Of the one class they say, 'they can talk,' and of the other 'he only wants drawing out.'"—"Wandering of Desire," by Charles Vivian.

**How to Win Her.**

"Of all the useful things by which men commend themselves to women, that of meeting them at stations is one of the best."—"The Doll," by Violet Hunt.

**Growth of the Nude in the Halls.**

"Whether the hot weather was in any way responsible or not, it is beyond dispute that 1911 has seen the exploitation of 'the female form divine,' as a public amusement carried to such an excess that it has at last arrived at breaking point—and not one moment too soon. Why the authorities ever allowed exhibitions of this class to take root in this country has always been a mystery. In the near future the question is to be debated by the London County Council, and in the meantime the demand for beads and chiffon is understood to be on the increase. It is an open secret that when the boom in bare flesh was first attempted the managers concerned quite expected the authorities to step in, and the surprise was that they did not."—"The Stage Year Book, 1912."

**A Mistake of Creation!**

"There is a thoughtful boy in an Antrim village who listened one Sunday to a statement made by his Sunday-school teacher that God had created all things and all men. 'Did God,' he asked at last, 'make the Papists?' He had been taught

to reverence the Almighty, and it seemed impossible that He could have been guilty of that. The teacher assured him that God had really made even them. The boy pondered the information for a minute, and then gave his opinion briefly and forcibly. 'He'll rue it yet,' he said.—"The Lighter Side of Irish Life," by George A. Birmingham.

**SUFFERED 14 YEARS WITH SORE HANDS**

**Itched and Burned. Skin Came Off, Leaving Them Raw. Tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They Soothed from the First and Cure Has Stood Test of a Dozen Years.**

"For fourteen years I suffered with my hands. The skin came off in patches, leaving my hands raw. They itched terribly and if I rubbed them, water oozed out, leaving them worse than before. My thumbs and first fingers were the worst, the skin came off, leaving a red, smooth surface. They itched and burned terribly. Other parts of my hands became affected, the skin first drying up and peeling off. They were drawn together and I could not grasp anything."

"I tried various ointments, but they did me no good. I went to five different doctors, having medicine and ointment from each, but all to no purpose. One of the doctors told me they would never be cured, another said the oil was all dried up out of the skin. Not one gave me any hope of ever being cured. A friend thought one of my fingers was withering away. I tried various ointments recommended by friends, but they all failed to cure. After some time, a friend told me about the Cuticura Remedies, having tried them with success on other members of the household. I tried them, and I found that nothing had such a soothing and cooling effect. They acted wonderfully, and I noticed the soothing effect from the first. My hands were completely cured by the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. It has stood the test of a dozen years. It was wonderful, I never saw anything like it. Other members of the household have benefited by it, and we are never without a box." (Signed) Mrs. Alice Bromley, 129, Durham St., Rochdale, Eng., Jan. 8, 1911.

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## Romance of a Shy Man.

By WALTER FRICHARD EATON.

I AM almost morbidly shy. If I were not, I should never have done what I did. I did it under much the same subconscious impulse that carries the coward up to the cannon's mouth, I suppose. Had I done it in cold blood, the results would probably not be worth the recording. Maybe they are not anyhow. But I like to fancy otherwise. I shall record them and let them speak for themselves. I have no doubt many another man suffers from shyness as much as I have always done, and to him, at least, my story will have some interest.

If I had not been so shy, I should not have lived in New York a year without enlarging my acquaintances beyond the confines of the office and a few men at my college club. I never knew how to approach even these club acquaintances closely enough to get into their real confidence and liking. It never occurred to them to take me home and introduce me to their wives or sisters. I tell you, it is not viciousness which sends young men to the devil in big cities half so often as it is loneliness! Why, I've seen the time when I walked along Broadway after the theatre, brushing against the pretty women or the men on whose arms they leaned, with such a hunger for companionship in my heart that I could have stopped and talked to a street-walker—if I hadn't been so shy. When I hear of a young chap who has taken to rum or worse in the big, lonely town, the first thing I think of is the probable bareness of his bedroom and the poverty of his friendships.

About my only friends used to be the office boys—I don't know why, but I'm not shy with boys; Mike, the Italian, who blacks my boots; and the Jewish barber who cuts my hair. He came from Russia, with his sister and his little nephew. His sister kept a candy and news-stand in a hole in a Harlem fence and sent her son through Columbia. The boy was graduated with a magna cum laude, master of nine languages, and now he's working on a scholarship for a Ph. D. in Sanscrit. His uncle hasn't the faintest idea what a Ph. D. is, but he's mighty proud—albeit bewildered—and because I listen and understand, his face lights up when I come into the shop. I used to get my hair cut once a week, just to have him talk to me. I felt as though I were getting close to some other life than my own, and I warmed at the sensation as a man warms his hands before a fire.

Books are said to be great comforters. I had them in plenty in my rooms over Washington Square. But there comes a time when even the voice of a good book is hollow, empty. It was a Saturday afternoon in late winter—a balmy day when a hint of spring is in the air and after the matinees the crowd all streams over the Fifth Avenue to parade up and down—that I threw a copy of "Marius the Epicurian" under the couch, seized my hat and stick, and sallied out into the Square with a half subconscious sensation of hot revolt within me, a dim, instinctive urge to do something abominably bold in the full presence of my fellow-creatures. I walked erect and rapidly. I felt strangely capable of daring deeds, even of addressing a pretty woman.

North of Madison Square I began to meet pretty women. I ogled them brazenly. Some of them ogled me back. I began to like being looked at. I took off my Derby hat and carefully made a large dent in the front. Replacing it on my head, I found it still easier to attract attention. I stepped over to a Broadway florist's, bought a huge daffodil for my buttonhole, and returned to the Avenue more conspicuous than before. I am not a small man. In fact, without boasting, I may say that when I stand up straight and square my chest I cut quite a figure. Now I squared my chest pretty hard, swung my cane, and leamed upon every pretty woman who passed. I was having a little orgy all by myself. It was the first time in my life I had ever dared to be conspicuous.

In a doorway at Fortieth Street a somewhat professionally timid voice suddenly halted me.

"Please, sir, will you buy my parrot?" I turned. An old, white-haired, shabby man was standing in the half-shadow, holding out a bird-cage containing a green parrot.

"It is all I have left," he said, in quavering, beseeching accents. "Won't you buy it, sir, so a poor old man get a lodging?"

"What is its name?"

"Theophilus," he said.

"Theophilus! In my boyhood I knew a man named Theophilus—a great hairy, deep-chested man who roared at everybody like a bull and was much beloved for his kind heart and fantastic assurance. Perhaps it was the memory of this bold man, who once on May Night hung huge baby dolls in baskets at the door of every spinster in our village, that prompted me to perform my final act of bravado.

"My good sir," said I, "I cannot buy

Theophilus. I do not carry with me so much money as he is worth. But I will sell him for you."

Whereupon I seized Theophilus by the cage, and, closely followed by the shabby white-whiskered old man, strode on up the Avenue. We attracted some attention. Before we had gone a block the chauffeurs were slowing down their cars in the roadway to observe, and trailing on behind us came a rapidly swelling crowd of men and women, girls and boys. I swung Theophilus in one hand, my bamboo stick in the other. I tried to look unconscious. I was not unconscious, but I was strangely at ease. I was elated with a heady wine that gave me a wholly new sense of my own powers. I strode on like a conqueror.

At the entrance of a well-known candy store I paused. Inside I saw scores of well-dressed women drinking chocolate at the soda counter, picking out candies, eating ices at small tables in the rear. I pushed open the door and entered, closely followed by the old man and some two dozen of the crowd. Sodas were suspended on their way to red lips. The languid salesgirls woke from their professional apathy and stared. The magnificent cashier thrust her blond and Himalayan coiffure through the window of her cage. I strode to the centre of the store and paused impressively.

"Ladies, your attention please!" I cried in a loud voice, which seemed to me curiously the voice of another man.

But I had their attention already. I held out Theophilus at once, pointing to him.

"This, as you may observe, is a fine parrot," I continued. "His name is Theophilus, and he is deserving of the appellation. Hitherto he has been the property of this worthy, but now unfortunately impoverished old gentleman." (I pointed at the old fellow, who stood, with bowed head, at my heels.) "Until today, ladies, I was not acquainted with either Theophilus or his owner. I am acting as a disinterested agent. But, becoming acquainted with the bird and its unfortunate possessor, I have resolved to sell the former to the best possible advantage of the latter.

"As you can see, Theophilus is a bird of rare and exquisite plumage. His vocabulary is varied and rich in Latin derivatives. Will you please talk, Theophilus? No! Well, ladies, as you see, a becoming modesty is one of his many virtues. He is overcome by his strange surroundings. Now, I am going to raffle this bird, at a quarter a chance, 'tis the price of two ice-cream sodas and a glass of vichy. Will you not all forego two ice cream sodas and a glass of vichy to help a poor old man get a place to lay his head till he can find some trace of his lost relatives? You have fathers, grandfathers, yourselves. Think of them! And think of Theophilus!"

I hastily tore the sheets from a notebook I carry, divided them into little sections, wrote a number on each, put a large cross against the number 13, deposited the slips in my hat, and passed it around among the women and girls, some of whom were scornful, some puzzled, but mostly smiling and curious.

"Drop a quarter in and take out a slip," I urged, addressing each woman personally. "The number winning the parrot has a cross against it."

The quarters began to clink into the hat. One woman, with a laugh, dropped in a bill. Small change rattled. Presently I faced a provocation of a girl, with brown hair and brown eyes like a beaver's, and a smile that flickered round her mouth as if it were just running away from a serious thought behind. Our eyes met. I suddenly became my old timid, shy self for an instant. I shifted my glance. We both blushed. But she dropped in her coin and took out a number. I moved away hastily, recovering my new-found bravado.

Just as the male manager of the store appeared through a rear entrance and headed for me, the last number was taken from the hat. The manager stood watching, something between astonished curiosity and professional anger on his face. I counted out the money—\$15.50—and handed it to the old man, whose watery eyes lighted up greedily as he put out his claw-like hands, scoop fashion, to hold the rain of coins.

"And now," I cried, "who has number 13?"

The girl in brown with the beaver eyes stepped forward and held out the winning slip. Again our eyes met. Again we both blushed. There was a rustle of comment among the women in the store. The old man had sneaked hastily out. I handed over Theophilus in his cage,

and held open the door for his new owner to pass to the street. The soda began to flow again. On the kerb the last flicker of my spring madness shot up. I handed the little brown lady my card.

"If Theophilus is not satisfactory, let me know," said I and fled precipitately. Looking back, I saw her glancing up the Avenue with the gaze of one on the lookout for a stage. Presently I entered my college club, with my usual sense of unimportance beneath the scrutiny of the door man, and sank into a corner of the grillroom, where I watched mechanically the young blades, all strangers to me, sitting around the central table, their hats shoved back over their ears, sipping highballs and bandying intimate chaff. I might have been a stranger in the place. I felt once more myself. My recent adventure was unreal, the deed of another person. Only the memory of two brown eyes and a runaway smile remained as something precious and my own.

All the ensuing week the memory remained with me. Mike, the bootblack, remarked on my cheerfulness; the office boys confided to me their idols of the base-ball diamond; my barber was encouraged to confess his plans for a shop of his own. I learned all about the salaries barbers get, and the amount of tips, and rent, and the ways of keeping customers. But the brown eyes and the runaway smile were my choicest friends, and with them I held long communion. On the following Saturday, when I got home to my rooms, there was a letter in my box, which was neither a message from home nor a bill nor a whisky advertisement (whisky advertisements are a part of the penalty of living in a bachelor apartment house). Perhaps it was hope which fathered my intuition. At any rate, I knew before I opened it from whom it came. This is what I read, while my heart pounded:—

"My Dear Sir:

The only Latin derivative I have been able to detect in Theophilus's vocabulary is a word closely associated with the doctrine of predestination. I should describe his vocabulary as intensive rather than extensive. If you have any influence over him, I should be glad to have you assert it, in the interest of my neighbours' children. My address is 160 Waverley Place, the next flat to Heaven, on the left.

Truly yours,

FELICIA DEXTER."

I chuckled, and read the note again. "Felicia Dexter!" I repeated the name softly. It sounded pitifully Paritanical. And then, "Felicia's vocabulary is not limited," I thought. I returned upstairs, changed my cravat, and peering out my best cane, I started across Washington Square.

It was a warm, cheery afternoon. The park benches were full of men and women sunning themselves. Children were screaming and playing in all the paths and in the clear space about the silent fountain. The white arch, as I passed, framed a green stage gay with the hats of women on top. The aristocratic red brick houses along the north front of the Square looked lazily down upon the scene. But after I had crossed the Square I began to walk less briskly. My joy petered out before the awful prospect of this meeting with a stranger. I tried to summon my intoxicated audacity of the previous week, but in vain. By the time I reached 160 Waverley Place, a cheaper tenement just off the edge of Belgravia, I was shivering like a whipped pup. But I kept on.

There was no elevator, so I toiled up five flights of stairs till, under the skylight, I found "Felicia Dexter" printed over a peach button. I wiped my brow, adjusted my cravat, wiped my brow again, looked at my boots, made a dab at the button, and waited. Presently I heard steps. The door opened. Two brown eyes met mine, the runaway smile vanished before a blush. "Damn!" came the loud voice of Theophilus from within the apartment.

Again our eyes met. Her blush deepened. I nipped my forehead anew. There was an embarrassed silence. Then the runaway smile came back. It broadened into a grin, back into a laugh. I laughed too.

"You observe," she said, "that what I wrote you is true. Won't you come in and see what you can do?"

As she spoke, she opened the door wide and made way for me. But she did it nervously. I thought, knowing the symptoms so well myself, I should have said she did it timidly, as if she were

Afraid of me. Afraid of me! Fancy that!

I entered in much the same manner as she invited. I was anything but at my ease—tingling with pleasure, excitement, but tingling, too, with embarrassment. Her little apartment was simply furnished. Some nice reproductions hung on the walls, and a gold screen, made of gilded burlap, with a blue vase full of dried pussy willows standing in front, gave the small sitting-room a certain touch of distinction. Near the window was a typewriter, and over it hung Theophilus. Miss Dexter hovered behind me as I entered this room, glancing about with the look of a woman who hopes she hasn't left anything she shouldn't lying at loose ends, but isn't sure. She closed the door behind her, and we stood alone, she and I, in the little, sunny, intimate room, alone save for Theophilus, whose vocabulary did not suggest that he was an exemplary chaperone.

To be shut into a room alone with a pretty woman was a new sensation for me—and the woman a total stranger, too. I grew red once more. I did not know what to say. I nipped my brow. There seemed a curious kind of prickly electricity in the air. I could feel her feeling it, too. And suddenly it occurred to me to wonder why a girl like her had sent for me at all. Surely there was a distinct impropriety in our being alone together in her apartment. Surely she must know it. But surely she was not an improper person! Did she just want me to take the parrot and go? But that would mean I should not see her again. No, sir, hot as it made me, this delicious intimacy, new-flavoured with the idea of impropriety, was altogether too nice a sensation, even if it was uncomfortable! I rallied my faculties, and broke the silence.

"Theophilus," I said, addressing the bird, "your language is shocking, positively shocking. In the presence of ladies you should say, 'Oh, sugar!'"

"Damn," said Theophilus. I stood below the cage and put my face close to the bars. "Oh, sugar, Oh sugar, Oh, sugar!" I repeated.

Theophilus cocked his eye at me in profound attention. Finally he emitted a sound which suggested that he needed oiling, followed by a half articulate gurgle which might have been "sugar." Miss Dexter clapped her hands.

"He's learning, he's learning!" she cried.

But Theophilus refused to try again. He hopped back on his perch and pretended to go to sleep. I was left quite alone with the lady, shut up in this sunny, intimate little room.

"Won't you sit down?" she said.

I sank awkwardly into a chair. "I think," said I gravely, after another embarrassing silence, "that if you repeat 'Oh, sugar' to Theophilus every day, and give him a lump of sugar each time he says it, that gradually he will adopt that milder expletive for purposes of self-expression."

"Thank you," said Miss Dexter, looking earnestly at Theophilus.

I stole a glance at her. Her colour was high. The smile was trying to lodge in the corners of her mouth, but kept getting chased away. Her fingers were fidgeting in her lap. I nipped my brow. "I see you have a typewriter," said I.

"Are you—that is, do you—write?"

"I write, and no man readeth," she answered.

"I—I, too, have tried to write," said I, vaguely feeling that I ought to comfort her, but not knowing quite for what, nor how.

"What do you write?" she asked. "Causeries," said I. "You see, I am a terribly shy man. To sit down all by myself and write intimate chat to a sheet of paper is the only way I have of expressing myself. Somehow, one always thinks of the authors of causeries—the real authors, I mean—as shy men, too; Charles Lamb for instance and Dr. Brothers. Your author of dash and self-assurance writes plays and novels of the 'good red blood' school."

That was a long speech for me, and a peculiarly personal speech. It required concentration. I looked fixedly at a spot on the rug while I delivered it. When I lifted my eyes they met her big brown ones looking at me in wonder.

"You are shy?" she stammered.

"Yes," I said, feeling suddenly less so. "So shy I'm a social cripple."

"But last Saturday," she exclaimed, "you came into the store and sold Theophilus like a best seller!" The smile came back to the corners of her mouth at the comparison. She seemed suddenly more at her ease, also.

"Miss Dexter," I replied, "I must make a confession. Last Saturday a bold Mr. Hyde in me got the upper hand, for the first time in my life. It was not I who sold Theophilus, it was the other half of my dual personality, which I never knew I had before, and guess I shall never see again. I've been in New York a year, without getting acquainted with anybody but a bootblack, a barber, and four office boys. Last Saturday something insurged and I went out to cut a swath. I'm glad, so glad I did, because—"

"Because?" said Miss Dexter, with the smile still playing around her mouth.

"Because it has brought me another friend—I hope," I blurted out, growing red again at the words, and mopping my brow.

Miss Dexter looked at her hands. "I, too, will make a confession," she said. "I, too, am very dreadfully shy, and I've been in New York a year, and don't even know a bootblack nor a barber. I only know some office boys in front of editors' doors."

"Then you sent for me because—because—?" I halted in my joyous outburst, aware of her hot blush and the tactlessness of my remark. I nipped my forehead again.

"I sent for you," she presently said slowly, looking at me out of the corners of her beaver, brown eyes, with the smile flickering round her lips, "because I thought you were a bold, dashing man. I—I—I guess I've got a Mrs. Hyde in me!"

"Are you very much disappointed?" said I, leaning a little toward her.

"You aren't very dashing, you know," she answered, darling me a look.

"Still," I persisted, "are you very much disappointed?"

Miss Dexter rose. "I think I will get some tea," she said.

From behind the screen she brought two cups and a kettle, and put them on a little table between us. It was very sunny and cosy in the room. We sipped our tea and chatted, our embarrassment dissolved like sugar.

"This is very nice," said I. "This is the nicest thing which has happened to me since I became the four million and first unit in New York."

"Thank you," said Miss Dexter, refilling my cup.

When I rose to go, and stood with one hand on the door knob, she put out her hand to say good-by. I took it. The touch sent delicious, uncomfortable shivers down my back. I held it a moment, and our eyes met. The little room was very still. We were quite alone. Theophilus slept. I had a mad impulse to put the hand to my lips. Perhaps my eyes betrayed it, for her eyes dropped and she coloured. I felt her fingers give mine the most nearly imperceptible of pressures possible and then slip away. At the sound of the opening door, Theophilus woke, squeaked as if he needed oiling, and articulated something remotely resembling "sugar." We both laughed.

Half way down the first flight of stairs I looked back and saw her face smiling at me over the rail. I went home through Washington Square hugging my adventure and walking on air. I had found a real friend at last! At the door of my house I paused, looked at my immaculate shoes, rubbed the sole of each over the top of the other till the polish was spoiled, and went around the corner to Mike's, where I had them repolished while Mike regaled me with the latest tale of his Sunday baseball exploits in Bronx Park. Mike is a famous pitcher. He says so himself. I gave him two cigars when the job was completed.

Washington Square was particularly gay on the Sunday following my adventure. I am sure it would have seemed so, had there been no adventure. I went to breakfast without an overcoat, to the old Brevoort House on Eighth Street and the Avenue. The Brevoort is a kind of Washington Square Club at the breakfast hour. As I entered the sunny old corner dining-room, where the low windows stood open, the curtains fluttering in a warm breeze, one of the men who lives in my apartment house, and whom I had seen for a year past in the elevator, looked up from his dish of early strawberries—a Sunday morning luxury of bachelors—and nodded. "Sit down with me, eh?" he invited.

The waiter set a place opposite. We chatted. I found myself telling him what I thought of a new book just then in the public eye, and airing other opinions quite as if he would be interested. It had never occurred to me before that anybody would be interested in my opinions. He listened gravely, and then told what he thought. We fell into debate. Breakfast passed quickly. We

walked back to our house in the warm sunshine, puffing our cigars.

After luncheon I went out in the Square again, and my feet turned 160, Waverly Place. She had not invited me to come again. Should I go again, I reflected? Did her attitude deliciously imply that I did not need an invitation? But here it was only the next day. Even if I did go, should I not in decency wait awhile. Meantime, my feet kept right on crossing the Square. But at the corner decision was taken out of my power. Through the Sunday throngs on the walk I saw her advancing. I hastened toward her. She saw me, and her brown eyes twinkled.

"Theophilus said 'sugar' quite plainly this morning," said she.

"Good," said I; "I was on my way to give him his lesson."

"I was just going for a bit of a walk," she answered in some confusion. "Perhaps you—"

"Certainly I will," said I, with almost a dash of assurance in my manner. "We will walk round the Square and up the Avenue."

So that is what we did, and through old Greenwich village as well, and down to the water-front where the great prows of the liners tower over the street, and there is a smell of salt and sea-faring, and back again up quaint and twisty Grove-street, where we slipped down a tiny alley between two old brick houses and in a back courtyard I showed her a real pump which will pump real water in the heart of New York City, and so back to Waverly Place again.

On her doorstep she hesitated. I thought of the cosy, intimate little room five flights up, and the singing teakettle, and hoped that she would invite me in. I tingled at the thought. What was going on in her mind I cannot say, but finally she put out her hand.

"Good-by," she said; "I had a nice walk, and now I'll go back to my story. I got a lot done this morning."

"You—you don't think Theophilus needs another lesson, do you?" I stammered.

The smile came hovering round her mouth. "Not—not to-day," she said, and suddenly the door was closed behind her.

Nor was it for many, many days that I was permitted to give Theophilus his lesson. She always left me at the lower hall, or, when I called for her, kept me waiting there a moment looking up the stair well for the first flutter of her hand over the railing far above. We walked together, we even dined together and went to "a show"—in the New York idiom, anything being "a show" from the entertainments at the Hippodrome to a production of "Ibsen," by Mrs. Fiske. One blessed Sunday morning we even had breakfast together at the Brevoort. There is something peculiarly thrilling about having breakfasted with a pretty woman; it is quite a different sensation from dining with her—more intimate and delightful. But still she did not invite me up to her little apartment. She reported progress in the moral education of Theophilus, but the tingling intimacy of the sunny sitting-room, behind closed doors, she and I alone together above the town, it seemed I was not to know again.

Bolder now as our friendship ripened, I finally approached her one day with a lack of hospitality.

"But you would not have me improper?" she said.

"You invited me once before you even knew me," I returned.

"The runaway smile played round her lips. "That's different," she said. "I thought you were a dashing Don Juan then."

"Good heavens!" I cried, "you think that made it proper?"

She looked at my serious face, her smile gently mocking me. "I said it made it different," she answered.

It was a warm, sunny Saturday afternoon. Spring had come. She was adorable in a gay new gown. We were walking slowly in the throng on the Avenue, now and then dropping into a picture gallery on the search for New England landscapes by Willard Metcalf or Alden Weir. Sometimes she walked close to me in the throng, and her elbow rested on my arm. As such moments I fell silent, thinking anew of her sunny sitting-room and the closed door and the tingling intimacy. Then her brown eyes would steal a look up at me, and she would blush and turn away; but she would not withdraw her elbow. Presently we passed the candy shop where I had sold Theophilus. We glanced in. The soda counter looked like bargain day in a department store.

"Poor things," said I, pointing at the women; "they little know what great events once took place on that spot."

"We ought to put up a tablet," said Miss Felicia.

Again 'our eyes met. I touched my fingers to hers. She answered with a tiny pressure. Then we sauntered on in silence.

After a time we came into Washington Square. The annual spring miracle had occurred that very morning. The tulips had been set out in a golden ring about the fountain and the water jet turned on. Now it played its dancing spray high into the air, shot through with rainbow colours, an opal in the heart of the dusty town. The wind blew the spray over the walk, and children were dashing through it with shouts of glee. The gay green stages with flower gardens atop, were rumbling under the white arch and into the Avenue. Spring held full sway in the Square. We walked slowly about the paths, drifting gradually toward her home. We did not speak, but some current of communication more tingling than speech was passing between us. At her door she paused. The smile left her lips. She cast down her eyes.

"Won't you come up?" she said.

As she opened the door of her apartment, Theophilus rustled on his perch, but quickly dropped to sleep again. We entered the sunny little sitting-room. She closed the door behind her, and with her back against it looked at me. Her face was pale and very grave, her lips a little parted, so that her breath fluttered. I, too, felt pale, though I know not how I looked. My eyes met hers. I knew beyond all doubt how much I loved her. I held out my hands. Slowly hers crept into them, and I drew her to me in the silent, sunny intimacy of the little sitting-room.

After a long time I heard a low voice somewhere under my chin.

"Picture of the two shyest people in New York!" it said.

Theophilus roused at the sound, and fluttered on his perch.

"Oh, sugar!" he enunciated clearly. Then he went to sleep again.

A-tishoo! once a wish.  
A-tishoo! twice a kiss.  
A-tishoo! three times 'tis a letter;  
A-tishoo! four times something better.  
When sneezing and coughing you endure,  
Just send for Woods' Great Peppermint Cure!  
For colds there's nothing can be better,  
Not even kisses or a letter.



Every day, in every home, after every meal, comes the washing-up. This monotonous and uninteresting task is made more agreeable by the use of

## Hudson's Soap

which quickly removes grease from the dishes; gives a brilliancy to the china; makes the glass-ware sparkle.

FOR SCRUBBING TABLES,  
FOR SCRUBBING FLOORS,  
FOR WASHING CLOTHES,  
FOR CLEANING PAINT.

IN PACKETS.

**Fighting the Flames.**

Continued from page 43.

heights and had not been paid for it. So, unless money was sent right then, there would be nothing doing. Later they issued a statement that they meant what they said. A guarantee must be given for expenses of future fires and the three former ones paid for.

And yet it cannot be said that all volunteer fire departments are like this, and perhaps the grievances of the Sewicklys was a just one. At Roosevelt, Long Island, a strenuous town named after our strenuous ex-executive, the fire-eaters are rough and ready lads. It is not a fault in Roosevelt, Long Island, to spring from one's downy couch when the alarm bell frights the ear, hurry up and shave, make a quick choice between the red shirt worn at the last fire, and from which another turn may be knocked, or the one fresh from the laundry.

Nor must the alert volunteer fireman of Roosevelt, Long Island, dally as he decides whether it looks like a big fire, and he should wear full uniform; or a false alarm, which will excuse his appearing in uniform cap, and just his regulation rubber coat over his ordinary attire. All this was shown in the case of Jesse Mollineaux when Mrs. Evelyn May Cruser's house took fire one night last winter.

Jesse is a member of Alpha No. 1 of Roosevelt, Long Island. He was weighing buckwheat in his father's store when Assistant Foreman George Anthony rushed by and shouted, "Turn out, Jess! Mrs. Cruser's house is burning like all creation!"

Whereat Jesse Mollineaux never hesitated a moment, but shouted back, "All right, George, I'll be there as soon as I close up the store and get home and put my uniform on!"

An hour later Jesse was on the scene, but he had noted that the fire was a serious one, and feeling that thrill of fierce exultation that only a fireman can feel, Jesse, in his excitement, forgot

about his uniform, and put on his Sunday clothes and patent-leather shoes.

Foreman Charles Delap made an example of him on the spot, and he was fined a dollar for dressing up.

Who has not heard of the famed volunteer fire companies of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, the champions of the Middle West?

In the old days the Lawrenceburg engine company had a new hand engine, which being dragged exultantly to its first fire, a frame house on a hilltop, where there was no water supply on the premises, the gallant lads filled their new engine with water before they took it to the fire. In the haste and excitement they forgot to screw on the plug. They drew it to the fire with an ease that surprised the firemen, until at the top they discovered that all the water had run out.

Returning chagrined and with mutual recriminations as to the carelessness of whoever was to blame—the other fellow—they forgot to set the brake, and the hand-engine ran away from and over them, and only that the second assistant chief had presence of mind to take a turn of the hauling rope around a tree, as he was being dragged along behind, and snub the gay machine, it would have smashed at a stone wall at the bottom and never been the service to the community that this quick thought saved it to be.

At a later date, when Johnston's stable caught fire, (rumour had it because some lawless spirits were in the haymow at night playing "seven-up" by candle-light) the Lawrenceburg Fire Company promptly responded. In the loft of an adjacent shed a hundred of Fred Johnson's prize dominickers were roosting. El Sourbaugh climbed up in no time and began to toss the suffocating chickens down to his comrades below; he also tossed an ice-cream freezer, which struck Alec Hollenberg on his new padded helmet, spoiling it completely and nearly making Alec the nucleus for a hero's cortege.

**PARKERSBURG'S LIFE NET UNEXPECTEDLY TESTED.**

In Terra Alta, West Virginia, last summer, at a volunteer firemen's meet and carnival, Terra Alta Hook and Ladder No. 1 gave an exhibition drill. The highest ladder was run up to the top of the steeple of the Presbyterian Church,

and Foreman Ed Walker sealed to the top in forty seconds by a stop watch. At this dizzy height he took off his helmet, waved it, and cried, "Come on, my brave fellows!" And a wasp bit against his forehead with his business end.

Fortunately the life net of Parkersburg Salvage Corps was right at hand, and at the shout, "Here comes Ed," the Salvage Corps, with rarer presence of mind, stretched the net, and although Chief Walker bounced out and broke a collar-bone, everybody was acclaimed a hero and the majority of the thrilled onlookers regarded the whole thing, the hectic action of the steeple wasp, the leap for life and all, as a carefully rehearsed example of a fireman's scorn of danger and the Salvage Company's expedition in getting into action at the tight time. A few of us know the inside facts, but we will never tell.

Hope Hose, of Lockhaven, Pennsylvania, might have saved the big shingle mill all by itself last September, for Hope Hose was the first company in town to get water on the blaze, when a jealous member of another company, whose apparatus was not upon the scene, attempted to wrest the nozzle from pipe-man Corney Packer. But Corney held fast and they pulled the hose apart in their stuggles, and when the other companies came up, it was seen at a glance that the structure was doomed. No insurance.

**"PEG" DUCKWORTH'S PECULIAR ACCIDENT.**

The most enthusiastic fireman I ever knew was "Peg" Duckworth, of Cumberland, Maryland, who had a wooden leg. In responding to a midnight alarm, after the festivities attendant upon the christening of twins, Peg stuck the point of his wooden leg in a knot hole in the wooden sidewalk on Independence-street, and, getting confused, ran around it in a circle, his eyes fastened upon the flames that were devouring McNamar's mattress factory, until he fell over from exhaustion, a martyr to his devotion to the fireman's call of duty!

And do you think, snug and self-sufficient dwellers in great cities, that the interest and enthusiasm and excitement of volunteers while fighting the flames are but sporadic, or mainly matters of the past? Not so. The young man in the small town is as eager for action as his forebears were.

Look in the periodicals devoted to the purveying of amusement in small-town street fairs and carnivals, and see the calls for "attractions" in all parts of the country.

Those who work must play. When they have saved both the child and the family crayon portraits, they fair would meet at stated times in contests for trophies for "Most men in line in uniform," for the "Quickest time in running a quarter mile, coupling hose, and getting steam into play," et cetera. And these being done and over, they would enjoy themselves with moving pictures in the black top tent, with "Houris of the Harem in Sensuous Dances of the Mystic East," with can racks and brass disk games with carousel, Ferris wheel and "Witching Waves."

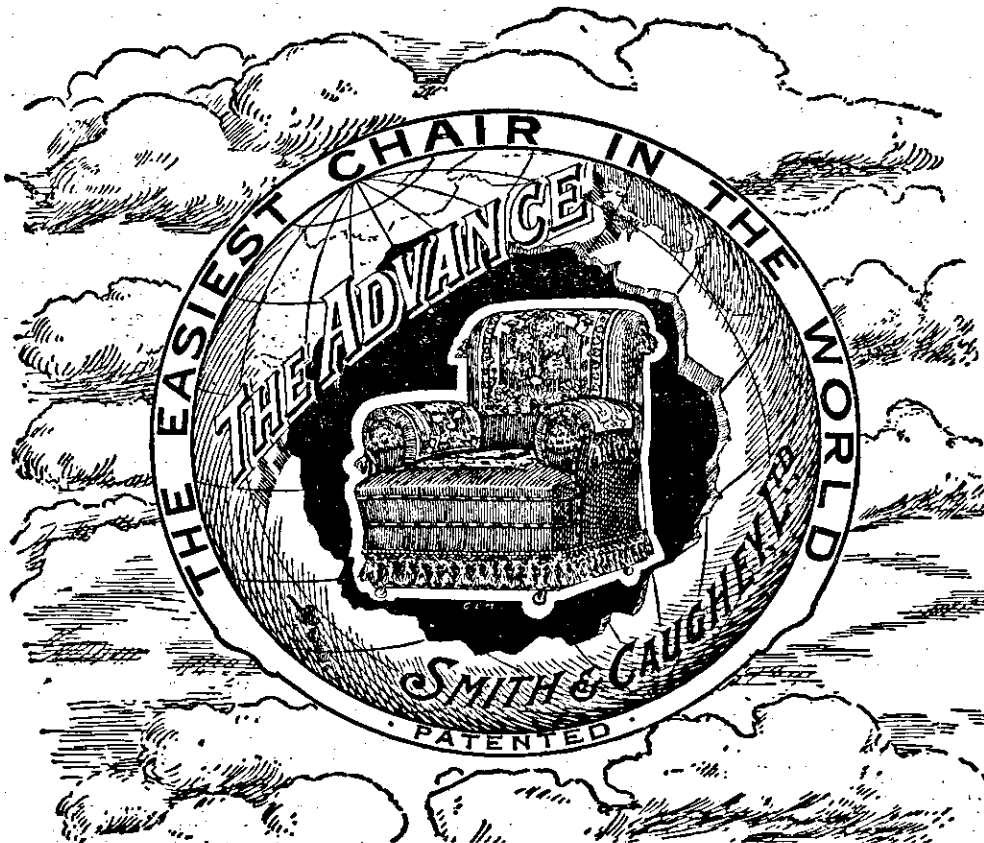
There, to, the volunteer fireman, on pleasure bent with his best girl or another fellow's, will regale himself with "hot dogs," ice-cream cones, salt-water taffy pulled and cut into cubes by fascinating machinery before his very eyes, or partake of and treat to the succulent and filling forms of taffyised popcorn, made while he looks.

Such is the volunteer fireman as he was and is. Thus does he invite himself to deeds of daring, and thus does he take his simple pleasures with his rivals and his comrades in recreative hours of ease!

But who would cavil? Three cheers for our brave volunteer fire laddies! The glare of flames excite them, and they use their formidable red and blue fire axes nervously. Even if the fire is put out ere they arrive, they will not be denied; they bewilder and turn on water with gallantry and zeal. They make a town proud of us. For, after a visitation of firemen, as well as fire, there is business for the furniture man, the painter and decorator, the carpenter and roofer.

Besides, a volunteer fire department means a lower insurance rate. After the neighbours have seen the local fireman at work they purchase copper fire extinguishers ad lib. and swear in silence that if they ever have a fire in their house they will put it out by stealth.

And, of course, when the insurance companies know you have a three-gallon fire extinguisher on every floor of the house, and the volunteers are not liable to visit you in case of fire, they make handsome concessions.



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# The Waikato War, 1863-4

By JOHN FEATON.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Waikato tribes had no sooner been dispersed, and their positions captured, than their allies at Tauranga began to menace the troops under Colonel Greer, stationed at Te Papa. On Saturday, April 2nd, a force of 300 or 400 natives made their appearance in front of the British outposts, and opened fire on the sentries. A 12-pounder Armstrong was immediately run forward, and opened fire on the enemy with shell. After a few rounds the natives retired a distance of about three miles to some earthworks they were busily employed in throwing up at a place called Pukehinahina (Gate Pah). The land at this part formed a narrow neck, having a swamp on one side and a river on the other. At this time the natives were not molested, but allowed to continue their defensive works. General Cameron and staff arrived in H.M.S. Esk on Thursday, April 21st, and took command of the forces at Tauranga. The flying column, 300 strong (being detachments from 12th, 40th, 65th, and 14th Regiments), under Major Ryan, 70th, also arrived.

A tribe of friendly natives, the Arawas, residing at Maketu, a few miles along the coast south of Tauranga, having been threatened by a neighbouring hostile tribe (Ngatiporonu), Major Colville, with a detachment of the 43rd Light Infantry and Waikato Militia, was dispatched from Tauranga to their assistance. An ambuscade having been laid by the enemy about two miles from the fort on the river bank, near Waihi, Major Colville, Ensign Way of the Waikato Militia, and Private Key, 43rd, who were in a canoe, had a miraculous escape. Whilst paddling across the river the natives opened fire at a distance of about fifty yards, but without effect. Quickly paddling to the bank, Major Colville and his companions jumped ashore and made for the bank, followed by a yelling crowd of Maoris, who had crossed the stream in pursuit. Under cover of the bush, Major Colville's party got safely back to camp. Major Colville at once returned with a party of 50 men under Captain Smith, 43rd Light Infantry, to attack the natives who had crossed the river, but upon arrival found that they had recrossed and lined the opposite bank in force, and at once opened fire on Captain Smith's men, who briskly replied, the range across the river being about 400 yards. A reinforcement, consisting of 30 men under Captain Harris, 43rd, and Ensign Way, 3rd Waikatos, with 14 men of the Forest Rangers under Major Drummond Hay and Captain MacDonnell, and a number of the Arawas, having arrived, Major Hay was ordered to cross the river with the Rangers and Arawas. This was done, but the Arawas refusing to advance on the enemy, the party were compelled to return. At dusk the troops retired, Major Colville leaving a strong force of Arawas to guard the crossing-place at Waihi and watch the movements of the enemy.

Casualties on the part of the troops—Captain MacDonnell and four privates, wounded. The enemy's loss could not be ascertained.

The following is the official report:—

FORT MAKETU, April 21, 1864.

Sir,—I have the honour to report to you an engagement with the East Coast natives at Waihi, two miles from the fort at Maketu, in which about 110 men of the force under my command were engaged.

An ambuscade was laid near the fort at Waihi this morning, and at least 30 rebels opened fire on Ensign Way (3rd Waikato Regiment), Private Key (43rd Light Infantry), and myself, when we were crossing the river at 10 a.m. in a canoe.

The rebels were certainly not above 50 yards distant at the time, and I consider our escape as most providential and wonderful. They pursued us across the ford on our jumping out of the canoe into the water, and followed us, yelling and firing, till we got into the bush and escaped.

On arrival at the fort I immediately ordered out a party of 50 men of the 43rd Light Infantry and 3rd Waikato Regiments under the command of Captain Smith, 43rd Light Infantry, to drive the enemy across the ford. We found on arrival that the enemy had re-crossed the river, and had established themselves about 400 yards distant on that side, and kept up a constant fire from the sandhills and bush around, which we returned with interest.

Finding the enemy mustering strong, I sent for a further reinforcement of 30 men, under the command of Captain Harris (43rd Light Infantry) and Ensign Way (3rd Waikatos). Major Drummond Hay and Captain MacDonnell also arrived with the Forest Rangers (14 men), and a number of the friendly Arawa tribe also joined. I requested Major Hay to cross the river with his Rangers and all the native allies.

This he did, but as very few of the natives would follow him, he was reluctantly compelled to retire, after remaining engaged for some time.

My orders were so very stringent not to go far from the settlement of Maketu, that I was compelled to content myself with lining the side of the river and firing at 400 yards and more at the rebels.

The East Coast natives, apparently 300 strong, are now concentrating themselves at the position they occupied to-day, and I hear they are receiving further reinforcements. I have therefore requested Major Hay to attack them across the river in the morning if he can induce the native allies to follow him.

At dusk I withdrew my men and returned to the fort, leaving a strong party of natives to protect the village of Waihi, and give the alarm in the event of any rebels coming on.

My best thanks are due to Captains Smith and Honourable A. E. Harris, 43rd Light Infantry, for the able manner they led their companies into action. Also to Ensign Way, commanding the detachment of 3rd Waikatos.

I have the honor to announce the list of wounded (four privates), which I am glad to say is but small, considering we were under fire for between six or seven hours. Besides the enclosed, Captain MacDonnell, of the Forest Rangers, was slightly wounded in the hand.

I consider I am strong enough to hold the settlement provided more

ammunition is sent me as soon as possible, as I expect to be engaged again to-morrow.

From the nature of the country, and from our being unable to cross the river, it is impossible to estimate the loss of the enemy. They were, however, seen carrying off killed or wounded men on several occasions during the day.—I have, &c.,

J. M. COLVILLE,

Major 43rd L.I., commanding at Maketu.

The next day, according to instructions from Major Colville, Major Hay advanced towards the enemy's position with Captain MacDonnell's Forest Rangers and a force of friendly natives. The enemy were found in considerable force, and after a few hours' desultory firing, Major Hay retired. That night the enemy crossed the river. The friendly native picket posted to give the alarm failed to do so, and the next morning some 600 natives were entrenching themselves in front of Fort Colville, the British post at Maketu, and commenced sapping towards the redoubt.

On the morning of the 26th H.M.S. Falcon, accompanied by the gunboat Sandfly, Captain Marks, having on board Captain Jenkins, of H.M.S. Miranda, arrived off Maketu to relieve the beleaguered troops in Fort Colville. The Falcon anchored on the western side of Maketu, about 1200 yards from the enemy's position, and, swinging broadside on, commenced shelling the native earthworks, driving the enemy out on to the beach. Major Colville immediately left the redoubt and seized the works. The natives, unable to retire inland owing to the formation of the country, were compelled to retreat along the beach, and as they ran along the shore were followed by the gunboat Sandfly, which kept dropping every now and then a shell amongst them from the two Armstrong guns which she had on board. After retreating some miles the natives took up a position in an old pah, but the Falcon coming up, commenced firing into them, one shell bursting in the middle of about 30 natives, making sad havoc, and driving them away inland. The Falcon and Sandfly having cleared the coast, returned to Tauranga. The same evening the seamen belonging to H.M.Ss. Miranda, Esk, and Harrier were landed at Te Papa, to take part in the operations against the enemy's position at Gate Pah.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

General Cameron having completed his dispositions for attacking the Maori position at Gate Pah, the 29th of April, 1864, was the day fixed upon for the assault which ended so disastrously to the British troops. On the night of the 28th, Colonel Greer, with the 68th Regiment—who carried one day's cooked rations and a greatcoat—marched from the headquarter camp, which was situated 1200 yards in front of the enemy's works, round to the rear of the enemy, so as to prevent escape. Mr Purvis acted as guide, and under cover of a feigned attack on the front of the pah, the movement was successfully performed, the 68th being in their assigned position by 2 o'clock on the morning of the 29th. At the time it was dark and raining, and the natives could be plainly heard shouting in their works—evidently unconscious that the 68th were posted in the rear. Before daylight Colonel Gamble, with a detachment of the Naval Brigade under Lieutenant Hotham, joined the 68th, leaving the detachment as a reinforcement for Colonel Greer. Colonel Gamble returned alone in safety to the headquarters camp.

Shortly after daylight the artillery posted in front of the enemy's position—consisting of one 110-pounder Armstrong, two 40-pounder Armstrongs, two 6-pounder Armstrongs, two 24-pounder howitzers, two 8-inch mortars, and six cohorn mortars: total, 15 pieces of ordnance—opened fire on the left of the enemy's works. The guns were manned by detachments of the Naval Brigade and Royal Artillery.

At 12 o'clock—the fire on the works having been kept up since it commenced—a breach was made in the left angle of the stockading which was erected in front of the enemy's rifle-pits. At this time the natives made an attempt to escape, but were driven back by the 68th, who were extended across the rear of the pah. The fire of the artillery was at times rather wild, many of the shells passing far over the enemy's works and endangering the men of the 68th, several of whom were slightly wounded from fragments of the bursting shells. The two 24-pounder howitzers (in charge of Captain Smith, R.A.) were well served, and contributed largely in making the breach in the enemy's works. The shells directed at the Maori flagstaff did no damage, owing to the fact of the staff being erected in rear of the pah instead of in the centre, as was at first supposed.

At 4 o'clock, the breach being large enough, a rocket was sent up as a signal for the assault. The storming party—consisting of the Naval Brigade and 43rd Regiment; in all about 300 men—were led by Commander Hay, of H.M.S. Harrier, and Colonel Booth, 43rd Regiment. The storming party (four abreast—two soldiers and two sailors), upon the signal for the assault, at once, with hurrahs and cheers, rushed at the double into the breach, under a heavy fire from the natives. At the same time the 68th Regiment, answering the cheers of the storming party, moved up closer to the rear of the pah, and at once opened fire. In a few minutes, the storming party, gallantly led by their officers, were in the centre of the pah, the natives falling back before their advance, and attempting to escape by the rear, were driven back by the tremendous fire that the 68th opened on them. The rifle-pits in the pah were mostly covered over with ti-tree and earth, and formed a network of concealed passages, the roof being raised a few inches above the parapet, so as to enable the natives to fire out on their assailants. In entering the breach the storming party lost most of their officers, who were shot down whilst cheering on their men. When the defenders of the pah were driven back by the 68th—the fire of which must no doubt have struck both friend and foe—the storming party, soldiers and sailors, without leaders and owing to the formation in which they entered the breach, mixed together, appeared at a loss to know what to do.

At this critical moment, instead of occupying the trenches which the natives abandoned, the stormers wavered. As the natives swarmed back into their works, some one, it is said, shouted out, "Retire! Retire!" but whether such was the case or not, the stormers at once, in a confused crowd, retreated. The natives having regained their pits, at once opened a murderous fire on the men pouring out of the pah. The reserves under Captain Hamilton arriving,

endeavoured to rally and stem the retreating party. Captain Hamilton, R.N., rushing forward, had no sooner reached the second trench than he fell dead; and the whole force—storming party and reserves—hurriedly fell back to the nearest cover they could find outside the pah. Having rallied his men, General Cameron before dark took up a position about 100 yards from the pah and threw up a breastwork. Captain Jenkins, of H.M.S. Miranda, who led the supports—an officer of small stature—had a miraculous escape, he being at one time actually in one of the enemy's rifle-pits by himself, not being aware that his men had retired.

(To be continued.)

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Only in fiction does one read of wills tatted on the back of a woman—as in Rider Haggard's novel, "Mr. Meeson's Will," or the secret of treasure pricked indelibly on the skin of a living man as imagined by Jules Verne in "Captain Antifer's Millions." Yet quite as romantic is the story of the British soldier who, dying after the battle of El Teb in the Sudan campaign of 1884, scrawled with a lead bullet in the inside of his helmet the laconic instruction—"All to my wife." This incident was more than paralleled in one of the Afghan wars. A soldier on scout duty was killed, and remained undiscovered for many weeks. He was then found lying behind a rock, on the surface of which he had written in his life's blood—"I want mother to have all." The War Office, it is interesting to learn, saw that these wills were duly executed. One could cite, indeed, case after case of people who chose the strangest of materials on which to inscribe their wishes for the posthumous allocation of their worldly goods. One of the most remarkable perhaps is that of an American lady, Mrs. Florence Wright, of Hempstead, U.S.A., who disposed of an estate of £90,000 in fifty words on an old piece of wrapping paper. Another testator, Alfred W. Brothwell, wrote his will in chalk on a manger before committing suicide at Long Sutton, in Lincolnshire. Another man, Edward George Hunt, of Woking, who left £41,926, wrote his will in a ledger, and the leaf was torn out of the book by order of the registrar. A rich London bibliomane left a note on an old envelope—"Will in Gill." There was, however, no till in the shop, and the secret of the missing will was "wrapt in mystery" until some old books, which had passed into the possession of a dealer, were searched. The will, with a £500 banknote, was found in the first volume of Tillotson's sermons.

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**LAWYERS' DEFECTIVE WILLS**

Judge Bacon, whose property was valued at £118,408, detailed his legacies on a sheet of blue court paper, and, for all his knowledge of the law, forgot to sign and have attested the interlineations and alterations he made. The result was that an affidavit from a solicitor and an official of the Bloomsbury County Court was needed before probate could be granted. Strangely enough, more than one notable lawyer has failed to make a properly legal will. Among them were Lord St. Helier and Lord Grimthorpe. Even a high official of the Probate Court, whose will recently came up for proof, was tripped up on the codicils which he neglected to get duly signed and attested. Lord Grimthorpe's will was a formidable document of 11,970 words, but he was easily beaten by Mr. Edward Bush, a retired Gloucester engineer, who devoted 26,000 words on the disposition of £114,813. In striking contrast, Lord Russell of Killowen condensed his wishes in regard to an estate of £100,000 into 12 lines. Lord Brampton disposed of £142,000 in 400 words. Lord Mansfield only took half a sheet of notepaper, and a Mr. Alphonse Henry Strauss bequeathed £296,221 in 43 words. Sir James Fitzjames Stephens only used 13 words, but even this was verbose in comparison with the three words of the will of Mr. F. C. W. Thorne, of Streatham:—"All to mother." Mr. Harriman dealt with his many millions in 96 words, and Mr. Pittairn, of Pittsburg, who was worth £3,000,000 condensed his will into twelve lines of typewriting.

**LABEL—WRITTEN OR SPOKEN?**

Lord St. Leonards, on the other hand, was supposed to have been buried with his will. However that may be, it could not be found, and its loss gave rise to one of the most famous of the many will suits which from time to time have come before the English Courts. When the case came before Lord Hanner in 1875 Miss Sugden, a daughter, was able to repeat in evidence the clauses of her father's will. The Judge accepted this as proof and his decision was confirmed on appeal. This is a legal curiosity which reminds one of the more complicated problem which a United States judge has already solved and an English legal debating society gave an evening to a night or so ago. The case which came before the American court concerned a man who was accused of libelling a friend by speaking defamatory words into a gramophone and reproducing them for the amusement of his friends. If the defamation was spoken

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it was slander; if written, libel. The court held that it was libel, as the words were written by a needle in symbols which formed a permanent record. There is presumably no instance of a will being dictated to a gramophone—except in fiction—but if the American court was right such a record would be as valid as a type-written will.

### QUAINT BEQUESTS.

From the Teddington ironmaster who bequeathed to "this inferior but educational world" the blessings of cheerfulness, to the French Count who left his heirs the family honour as a legacy, and the Spanish lady who devised to her sisters, nieces, nephew, brother-in-law, and cousin a bag of sand "to rub themselves with," the records of wills teem with queer benefactions and curious provisions. There is the case of the Birmingham man, for example, who left a friend's wife £10 with which to buy a halter, the railway official who described his wife as "a perambulating human vinegar cress," and the gentleman who cut off his wife with a farthing because she had called him "old pig and many other names." Several men have bequeathed their wives to relatives or friends, but one such lady, who had been disposed of in the will together with £500, to a brother, collected the money and bolted with a former sweetheart to America. An American millionaire directed that his body should be given to a medical school for dissection, and a French Countess ordered her heart to be cut out and preserved in an urn.

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### The Earliest Man.

A correspondent of the "Times" describes an important discovery made near Ipswich by Mr. J. Reid Moir. Mr. Moir excavated a human skeleton which, if all the evidence holds good, represents not only the earliest remains of man yet found in England, but, with the exception of the Heidelberg jaw, the earliest yet found in Europe. The remains may be 100,000 years old.

The skeleton was excavated last October from beneath an undisturbed layer of chalky boulder clay, which far antedates the period of Neanderthal man, whose remains have lately been found so abundantly in France. The writer is of the opinion that the remains belong to a race of men who lived in East Anglia before the most severe of the various episodes of the Glacial period.

The skeleton rested on the right side with the legs folded up on the body, and was apparently that of a man of about 5 ft 10 in. in height. The skull was small. The thigh bones and the bones of the forearms and hands were absolutely the same as in modern Englishmen. The bones were so fragile that it was found impossible to remove them. The stratum containing them was cut out in blocks and forwarded to Professor Keith. He impregnated them with gelatine and then cleaned away the surrounding matrix, leaving each bone embedded on the surface of its block.

Growing evidence supports the opinions of those anthropologists who have supposed that the modern type of man was evolved at an extremely early date, and that long after his appearance a much more primitive man also persisted in Europe—the type we now name Neanderthal. The modern type of man was apparently evolved before the commencement of the Glacial period.

### Making Certain.

Very explicit instructions were given by a wealthy and influential resident of Buckinghamshire, to avert the possibility of premature burial. He directed that on his apparent death his body should be kept in a well-warmed bed for thirty-six hours, and then placed in a coffin in a warm room, with the windows partly opened, and watched for four days and nights or until definite signs of decomposition had set in. All the usual tests in connection with the signs and proofs of death were to be frequently applied, and during that period a bell was to be attached to his wrist which would be easily audible outside the room. When decomposition had set in, a surgeon was to completely sever the spinal cord high up in the body, and the coffin was then to be lightly fastened, but not to be screwed down until the twelfth day after death. The remains were afterwards to be cremated and the ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven.

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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. Terms 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.

## "What Shall It Profit?"

By F. B. DOWDING.

THE level sun was reddening the brown tea-tree, and tipping the distant white sandhills with fire as the traveller reined his horse from the clay road, and took the track towards the dead kauris. The tea-tree brushed stingingly across his face as his horse pushed his way through. Slowly the chill, crawling hand of night was touching the sunset tints and freezing their life to sombreness. A single star, cold, disdainful, aloof, began to watch his progress from far above the kauris; and away to the right a swamp bird wailed mournfully like a lost soul. Still, through the invading gloom his horse splashed and slithered onward. Presently, round the bend of the hill his goal loomed whitely in the closing dusk—a rough iron shanty, from the tiny square window of which a ruddy shaft of cheerful light struck across the dark tea-tree. He rode his horse close to the door, and knocked. Silence. He knocked again. A feeble shuffling step moved across the floor in-ile, and, after much fumbling, the door was opened, cautiously; and the lonely dweller in the sombre wilds looked out.

An old, old man, thin, bent and feeble. The lamp on the table at his side threw up in red and black the aged, wrinkled face, out of which the eyes, deep set in dark shadows, gleamed with an uncanny eagerness and vitality. His hair, luxuriant, white, and carefully tended, hung round the collar of a shabby grey coat. He eyed the visitor with a strange questioning eagerness, without speaking, and a strange silence held both a moment in thrall.

"S your name Dawson?" at last began the visitor, clumsily.

"It is," quavered the old man, searching the other's face, still with that strange, strained eagerness.

"Mine's Wright," continued the other. "I've come from Mallinson's. He said you'd give me a look at your place. He said it was for sale."

The old man drew a deep breath. His face seemed to light and glow with triumph; his eyes gazed far away past his visitor, into the darkness.

"I knew it would come! I knew it would come!" he muttered to himself.

Suddenly he seemed to recollect himself, and came shuffling down the steps to his visitor. "Put your horse in here," he quavered, leading the way to the sliprails of a small enclosure. "An' then come right in, an' I'll get ye some tea."

When Wright returned from tending his horse, the old man was trying with feeble, ineffectual strokes to chop some firewood. The young man gently took the axe from him and made the chips fly. "I'm better fit for this than you, Dad," he said, with a smile. "Got fewer years on my back, you know?"

"We all get stiff in time," said the old man, with a wistful smile. "I was a good man once myself. I'll get ye some tea ready."

Inside the shanty was very clean and tidy. A bunk along one wall, a chair, a cupboard, and a rough table constituted its furniture. Its walls were papered with old newspapers and pictures from illustrated journals. A cheery fire crackled and flickered in the earthen chimney. A slim, grey cat, basking in its glow, roused and leapt to the bunk, whence it viewed the new-comer with feline suspicion.

After tea, when both had lit pipes, and were sitting over the cheerful blaze, the old man began to talk of his past; and as the outlines filled in, and the sturdy, British independence of his character gradually made itself evident, the

younger man found his respect for him growing.

"Come out here in the 'fifties," he said, as he filled a stubby pipe. "Had a place in the Waitora. Had bad luck; the lawyers was too many for me, an' I lost it all. Worked then—worked the flesh off my bones, an' the spirit out of my heart. Had a big family to keep—you know how a man has to work them. Brought up my family's well as I could an' give 'em all a start. Then the wife died. Lived with the children then—one after another. Couldn't stand it. Not but what they was kind to me. But I couldn't stand being dependent. You know how a man feels what always earned his bit of crust."

"So I came to this place. I'd bought it in the old days, and I was sure, the way land was goin' it was worth holdin' on to. That's what I want—to sell it an' be independent for the few years I'll live. I don't want no pension. I don't want to be dependent on no one. I want to own my crust."

"I've lived by gum-digging until eighteen months ago. Then I had a long bout of hospital. I wouldn't let the

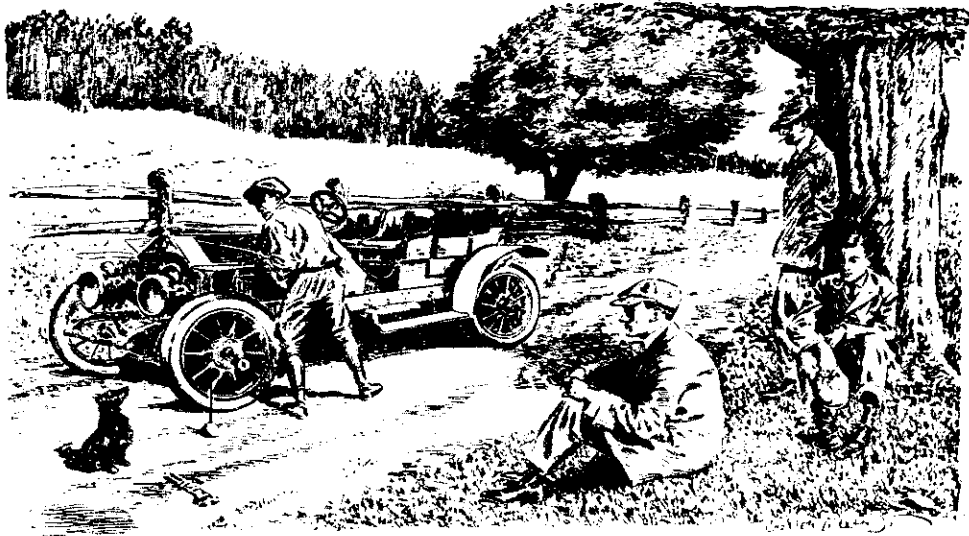
must try and bear it. That old rascal reckons you haven't paid the interest up, an' he's going to sell you up for the £50. He offered your place to me for £90."

The old man started back. The fire and animation died out of his eyes, his figure seemed to shrink, he suddenly became an old, old man. Then slowly his head dropped forward on his hands. There was silence. The cricket's singing by the hearth seemed a great and unbearable noise. The lamp flickered and went out.

Softly the visitor stepped to the door, and lifted the latch. The fire-glow shone on the mournful, white-headed figure, huddled up, stricken and motionless. The cat had leapt down and was rubbing itself, purring loudly against the old man's legs.

With a tight feeling at the throat the other stepped out into the clear, calm moonlight. He started climbing vigorously towards the kauri trees as if to escape the memory of the still figure in the shanty.

The night was still, stark and calm;



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Chorus: "Wish we could help you, old man."

children help me, so I raised eighty pounds on the place, not a fraction of what it's worth. You'll see to-morrow. The place is worth four hundred if it is worth a penny. I've lived on it, and worked on it all those years because I knew, I knew I should get a price for it that would make me independent till I went under the sod. They've laughed at me, laughed at me, an' called me mad, time and again. Let 'em laugh! Let 'em laugh. It'll be my turn to laugh when I sell the place, sez I."

The old man paused. Then leaning forward and placing an insinuating finger on the other's knee. "Now what," said he, "did that foxy old Mallinson reckon the place was worth?"

The young man glanced at him, and gazed away into the fire. There was silence for a moment, and the old man's face fell.

After a moment the visitor rose and placed his hands on the old man's shoulders.

"It hurts me, Dad—I hate to tell you, but I suppose I've got to do it. You

chips, then with a low exclamation mounted a log and began to chop savagely as far above his head as he could reach. He examined the chips again, then ran to the other tree and repeated the strange pantomime. Then he threw the axe from him and sat down exhausted, his head in his hands, his brain whirling.

Mottled Kauri! Solid and mettled throughout! And on the old man's property. Mallinson had told him of two dead trees, they could only be there. Mottled kauri, worth at the lowest six hundred pounds! That one he remembered of Bentley's was not so large as either of these and it had sold for over three hundred.

Six hundred pound! Six hundred pounds! A sighing wind that had sprung up whispered the words as it passed; a mocking voice seemed to shout it in his ear. Six hundred pounds! Lying here close to his hand, asking only the taking.

His mind wandered feverishly to his past life, the toil and care, the poverty starved off by grinding toil, the crushing anxiety for the daily bread. He saw the family at home—his worn planning wife, the clustering children so ill-clad, with such a poor future before them. Then his thoughts bounded along the wide paths of pleasant futures his windfall would open for him. A country store, a snug little business in town—what would it not do for him? His wife need be no more a moping drudge. Tom might even go to the High School. It would be a higher life for them all—at what cost? The old man in the shanty below need never know. At worst he would find refuge in a home. His life was almost spent; he had lived his time. Why in the serene end should he snatch joy and promise from young hearts?

So, hardening his heart, he took up the axe and walked slowly down the hill. By the time his hand touched the latch he had made his decision. He would say nothing of what he had discovered, he

would strike his bargain; perhaps give the old man £100 for the place—and then—

In spite of his decision, visions of the old man waiting in sturdy independence in sickness, in growing age, in steadfast hope, for—this—stirred his heart uncomfortably, but he drove them from him and turned the latch.

In the shanty nothing had changed. The fire had sunk low. It flickered up now and showed the old bent figure, motionless in the shadows, silently sorrowing over lost hopes and wasted years. The sight strangely stirred the younger man's heart. His resolution seemed not so firm now.

Slowly and irresolutely he walked to the fire-side, stood behind the chair, and placed his hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Dad!" he said, shakily.

The old man raised his head and showed a face so grief-stricken and aged that the other's cold resolutions fell from him like some foul garment.

"Dad," he said very slowly and shakily gripping the chair back tightly. "I've been looking at your place. I can't buy it. I haven't enough money. If you'll sell those kauri trees with the place, I reckon I can get you seven hundred pounds for it."

For a moment, the old man stared uncomprehendingly. Then slowly the light came back into his eyes till they shone with wild triumphant joy.

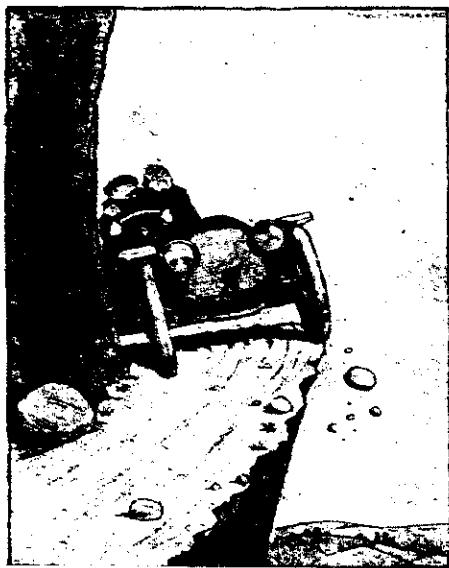
"I knew it! I knew it!" he whispered tremulously, half turning and grasping the other's arm with shaking hands. "I knew it! I've waited for it all these years, waited for it alone, waited when they all laughed. And now it's come, it's come. I'll laugh at them now—laugh at them and at Mallinson, too. Thank the Lord it's come at last!"

And the poor, tempted, rough handed common man had lost the world, but gained his own soul.

### Science as a Detective.

#### PURSuing CRIME THROUGH LABORATORY TEST TUBES.

Police routine work, the walking of beats, the direction of traffic, the quelling of strike riots—these activities, avers Alnsworth Mitchell, an English authority on the investigation of crime, will never again evolve the skilled detective. Time was when a policeman became a detective through his experience in the station house.



"Great Scott, must be careful! Y—Y—You almost s—s—sent us over!"  
"Yes, I keep forgetting that I'm not in my aeroplane."

Today the investigator of crime and its methods must enter the detective service by another door—that of applied science. That is to say, the criminal in our age becomes more and more of a scientist. The assassin and the murderer are proving themselves psychologists of power, chemists of great knowledge, electricians of genius. The great detective must meet the great criminal upon a plane of intellectual equality. He fails to do that nowadays, and this circumstance accounts for the relatively large amount of undetected and mysterious crimes.

Let us consider, for instance, the crime of murder. The general public has little idea of the number of murders that pass undetected owing to the chemical experiments revealed in dissecting of the body of the victim. This is the scientific problem involved in all murder. The hunting murderer doesn't know how to dispose of the body of his victim, whereas the scientific criminal can do so.

#### USES OF ELECTRICITY.

With what increasing advantage and success the weapons forged by scientific research can be utilized in the war of society upon the criminal has been shown in various recent trials. Of all modern agencies, electricity, says Mr. Mitchell, is one of the most effective, if not for detecting, at least for capturing the criminal. The man in the street is

not quick at grasping the possibilities of a novel invention. At first it is popularly regarded as a new toy, a matter of amazement and of amusement, but of no moment in the practical affairs of men. So it was in our own day with the telephone, the phonograph, the biograph, the miracle of the X-ray, of radium, and of wireless telegraphy. A great invention must prove itself, and so live. Still we find it hard to believe that the utility of the telegraph was once in such grave doubt that even when it transmitted messages with speed over hundreds of miles the public could not take it seriously. Not until the telegraph had shown its utility in the capture of criminals did it acquire any reputation with public men as a useful invention instead of a trifling toy. Prior to that time the invention had been little better than a failure from a commercial point of view.

The telegraph has learned a lot about detective work since that time. It has even dabbled in photography and is now able not merely to describe but to depict a fugitive criminal. The last word (so far, at any rate) on this subject appears to be the teletograph invented by Thorne Baker, which, says Mr. Mitchell, "may also be used with wireless installations for the transmission of simple pictures or diagrams and by means of which it would be easy for a ship at sea to send or receive portraits." Indeed, a picture of the late King Edward was actually transmitted in this manner.

cruder method of bone-breaking and blood letting. On this head it is noteworthy that a deal of nonsense, from a scientific standpoint, has been written by historians about Caesar Borgia and his sister. Their poisons were so subtle and so deadly that the loss of their secret is described as a blessing to mankind. The modern poisoner has fluid, powder and perfume far more subtle and far deadlier at his disposal, yet among them are none that could elude the scrutiny of modern science.

Under the pitiless eye of the microscope the most skillful and delicate handiwork of the forger is of no avail. Does he trace the forgery over pencil, the microscope shows the pencil marks along the edges.

### Time Enough Yet.

The future habitability of the earth is a question which has led to a good deal of speculation on the part of geologists and astronomers. The latest estimate, given by Professor Chamberlain, is based upon data gleaned from these and other branches of science, and gives the earth a future habitability running into tens of millions of years—probably fifty million years. Of course, adds the "University" correspondent, the usual proviso should be added, that accidents may happen, such as a celestial collision.

### LIVER TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION.

ROLLED ABOUT IN AGONY, AND COULD NOT SLEEP.

BILE BEANS THE RELIABLE REMEDY.

Mrs. S. W. Weddell, of Trafalgar-street, Woolloongabba, South Brisbane, Q., says:—"My liver became disordered and serious complications arose, for my food failed to assimilate. My appetite completely failed, and I was often not able to sleep at nights on account of terrible pains; in fact, I rolled about in agony. Headaches also caused me much suffering, and I lost weight, eventually becoming completely run down and fit for nothing. To make matters worse, constipation attacked me, and my condition became very serious.

"I had been recommended to take Bile Beans, so I obtained a supply and took them regularly. The first signs of improvement were that my appetite returned, and I was able to sleep at night. In a short time the constipation was banished, and all pains ended, and as I persevered with Bile Beans my appetite returned, and my liver was restored to its natural activity. After a full course of Bile Beans had been taken, I was completely cured, and now enjoy excellent health. I find an occasional dose of Bile Beans keeps me fit and well."

An occasional dose of Bile Beans helps to keep the liver and stomach in natural working order, and strengthens the system so that it can successfully withstand the strain of winter. Bile Beans are easy to take; they do not gripe or cause any unpleasant sensations. For children they are unrivalled. Sold by all stores and chemists. A box should be kept in every home; a dose or two in time may save pounds in doctors' bills, and prevent a long and painful illness.

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THE MARK OF PROTECTION IN TALKING MACHINE GOODS.

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# Cousin Kate's Correspondents.

## 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," in 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.

## LETTERS AND REPLIES.

Kiwitea.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I was glad to see my letter in the "Graphic" and I thought I would write to you again. I had my birthday party last week. About a dozen girls came and we enjoyed ourselves very much. I walk a mile and a quarter to school. When my little sister starts I am going to get a pony and we will both ride.—Cousin TIKELAMA.

[Dear Cousin Theima,—I am very pleased to have another letter from you and to know you had such a happy birthday. It



"Ma, do I have to wash my hands as I'm going to wear gloves?"

will be lovely to have a pony, won't it? You will have to be very careful at first.—Cousin Kate.]

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Ohaupo.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic." We are having very windy weather here. We have had a lot of mushrooms. Two of the pigeons' eggs have been hatched and they are pretty little things. I went to the regatta and enjoyed myself very well. I saw a horse race in the water and it was very nice.—Cousin KATE.

[Dear Cousin Kate,—I think the horse race in the water must have been good fun. I have never seen one. Do they always call you Kate? It seems such a queer name for a little girl. Why not Kitty?—which the pigeons would be sweet.—Cousin Kate.]

Ohaupo.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sorry I did not write before, but such a lot has happened since I wrote to you last. I have another little brother, born on the 29th of December. We go to school now and I like it very much. We have such a dear little pony which we ride to school. My brother is going to write to you soon. We have two cats. One is my brother's and the other is mine. My brother's cat has six kittens and my cat has two kittens.—Cousin VIOLET.

[Dear Cousin Violet,—What a lovely thing to happen, a new little brother. No wonder you forgot to write. Your life is so full, isn't it? You are such a lucky little people to each have a pony. I shall be glad to hear from your brother.—Cousin Kate.]

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Napier.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have been reading the cousins' letters and I thought I would like to become a member of your happy circle. Please, Cousin Kate, will you send me a red badge? I have a dog named Sandy, and my sister also has one. Pip. Mine is a collie and hers is a fox terrier. I go to the Girls' High School and am in the sixth standard. I have been staying in Auckland at a girl friend's place. They have a place going down to the beach. We had a lovely time bathing.—Cousin HAZEL.

[Dear Cousin Hazel,—I am delighted to meet you as a member of our large circle, your letter is beautifully written, and so neat. I agree with you that Auckland is a delightful place in the summer, when you can get as much bathing as you want.—Cousin Kate.]

## "It" That Changed History.

(By A. P. TEHUNE.)

### A SPIDER THAT ALTERED THE MAP OF EUROPE.

On the ceiling and walls in a room of the Neues Palais—one of Kaiser Wilhelm's castles—is a huge golden web with a spider painted in its centre. For more than 100 years this has borne mute testimony to one of history's strangest "ifs."

Just as the spider once changed the future of Scotland, so a spider, in quite a different way, altered the future of Germany and of all Europe. This German spider, unlike Bruce's, did not set a tired king an example in perseverance. Its one claim to immortality was the fact that it happened to tumble into a cup of chocolate. Not a heroic or spectacular feat; but one that saved a royal life and a nation's career.

The life saved by the spider was that of Frederick the Great. The nation was Prussia, which, under Frederick's genius, had suddenly become a world power. Frederick—a lean, undersized man—came to the throne in 1740, when he was 28 years old. Prussia was then a respected and wealthy state, but not strong or prominent enough to suit Frederick's ambitions. He planned to carry it into the very foremost ranks of European powers. Building up national welfare at home, he plunged into a series of foreign quarrels.

In consequence he found himself in 1756 at war with Austria, France, Russia, Sweden, and Saxony. It was an alliance that threatened to grind Prussia to the very dust. A seven-year conflict followed. Frederick was often beaten, but won some glorious victories against heavy odds, and by sheer will saved his country from any worse fate than the loss of many men and much money. Incidentally his prowess had won for himself the nickname "The Great," and gave his country a worldwide prestige.

Throughout Frederick's reign it was Austria that ever menaced him. Austrian armies, Austrian plots, and Austrian influence were constantly launched against Prussia. Only Frederick's personal wisdom and foresight kept Austria from dominating all Germany, and from annexing Bavaria and other German states.

With Frederick out of the way, Austria might have carried out her schemes and have placed upon Germany's neck a yoke that would have been well nigh impossible to remove, and, officially or otherwise, efforts were made to assassinate the Prussian King. The most dangerous of these conspiracies was averted

by the smallest sort of an "if." Here is the story:—

Frederick was in the habit of rising, at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning. He used to go directly to his study, where, sipping a cup of chocolate, he would transact official business for several hours, looking over complaints, reading personally every letter addressed "To the King," righting grievances and solving knotty political problems.

Early one morning the King, with his two pet greyhounds at his heels, walked into his Neues Palais study and began looking over a heap of documents piled on the table there. A servant placed the usual cup of hot chocolate at his side. Having chanced to open some letter of more than usual interest, Frederick waited until he had finished reading it before turning to his morning chocolate.

Then, to his disgust, he found that a spider had fallen from a web on the ceiling and had landed in the middle of the cup. The poor insect was sprawling helpless in the chocolate. It was not a sight to tempt the appetite, especially so early in the morning. The King pushed the cup aside and rang for another.

Then he noticed the greyhounds that had come close to his chair in the hope of sharing their master's morning meal. Pouring the chocolate, spider and all, into a saucer, Frederick set the receptacle on the floor in front of the hounds.

In a minute the hungry dogs had licked the saucer clean. In another minute both animals were writhing and howling in death agonies.

The chocolate had contained enough poison to kill several men. But for the spider the King would have died as swiftly and as surely as did his dogs.

Inquiries were made at once. The King's French cook had prepared the chocolate. Officers of the guard hurried to seize him and drag him before Frederick. But they were not quick enough.

News of his crime's failure had already reached the cook, and, to avoid capture, he had cut his throat.

Little by little, the truth came out. The cook had been secretly in the pay of an Austrian intriguer, and had been induced by large reward to administer the poison.

The King, in memory of the spider that had saved his life, caused his Neues Palais study to be adorned with the big golden web, which may still be seen there.

## Sightless Celebrities.

MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE FAMOUS, DESPITE BLINDNESS.

The Baroness von Krauchfeld (Miriam Gardner), an Englishwoman, who recently died in Bucharest, was one of the Queen of Rumania's personal friends. She was writing a poem one day when a mist suddenly spread over her eyes, and she thus became, in her fiftieth year, totally blind. In spite of her advanced age, however, the baroness attended an English school to learn the alphabet and the use of the typewriter, and in the end triumphed over her affliction to the extent of being able to make her own clothes and hats without any aid whatever.

The story of this sightless baroness reminds one that there are quite a number of blind people in the world to-day who have earned name and fame in spite of their affliction. Thousands of sightless beings owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. F. J. Campbell, the blind principal of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, at Norwood, England, who lost his sight in his fourth year. While at play a thorn ran into his eye, and by the carelessness of a doctor he lost the sight of

# EAT AND BE STRONG

To be well and strong you must eat food, and having eaten it, you must digest it and so turn it into the material of your own body. You cannot be well if your body is not properly nourished, and it cannot be nourished if your food does not digest perfectly. Indigestion (imperfect digestion) will make you weak and ailing, subject to headaches, stomach pains—very likely constipation, and certainly discomfort after eating. Matters do not end there, for the poisons, formed in your stomach from the stagnant mass of food, will be drawn into your blood and carried to every part of your body, thus weakening your system and rendering you liable to more deadly diseases. Don't hesitate. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup. It so strengthens the stomach and liver that indigestion becomes impossible, and it cleanses your system of all impurities.

**STRENGTH COMES FROM FOOD BUT IT MUST BE WELL DIGESTED**

"My life was a misery. Everything I ate caused me more or less pain and trouble. I also had pains in the chest, together with a sense of great weight and oppression, as well as heartburn, wind, and other distressing symptoms.

"I tried all sorts of medicines, but with no good results. After a few days' use of Mother Seigel's Syrup I began to feel better. What I ate began to nourish me instead of causing pain and distress. Six bottles banished every trace of indigestion, so that I have not suffered since."  
—From Mrs. McIlton, 21, McDonald Street, Erskineville, N.S.W. 23311.

# MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

**SHARPENS APPETITE, AIDS DIGESTION. ENSURES GOOD HEALTH.**

both eyes. Nevertheless, he became a splendid musician, and ultimately established the Royal Normal College for those who are afflicted as he is. At this college pupils may learn how to earn a good livelihood and enjoy life in spite of the dark world in which they live. Dr. Campbell himself not only indulges in sewing, riding, and cycling, but is such a skilful and ardent mountaineer that Professor Tyndall once said to him in Switzerland: "Look here, Campbell, are you really blind, or only a humbug?"

The blind pianist Mendel, who has appeared with such success on the London and provincial stage, won a scholarship of £100 a year at the Royal Normal College. Mendel has a repertoire of more than one thousand pieces, including all the classics and modern compositions, and his reproductive and extemporizing powers are not the least wonderful of his faculties.

For the last eighteen years "The Middlessex Chronicle" has been edited by a blind journalist, John Whall, who occupies the editorial chair of that paper, is now fifty-five years old, and has been blind since he was thirteen. He was formerly an organist, but became

associated with journalism about twenty years ago. He has long been a familiar figure at the meetings of municipal bodies, and his reports are noted for their accuracy, as well as for their high descriptive qualities.

In America there is a remarkably large number of blind men and women holding positions of prominence. Apart from the wonderful case of Helen Keller—who has become so learned in spite of the fact that when a baby she suffered an illness which rendered her not only blind, but also deaf and dumb—one might mention Miss Fanny Crosby (Mrs. Alexander Van Aylstine), of Connecticut, who has written more than five thousand hymns, including that old favourite "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

The irony of fate is well illustrated by the case of Dr. Emile Javal, the famous French oculist, who became sightless at the age of sixty-two, and who now devotes his time to teaching others how to perform the operations for which he was famed on the continent. Another famous blind man in France is M. Camille Lemaire, the French architect, while M. Rigganbach, professor of theology in the University of Basle, is also sightless.

### Matrimonial Bureau.

Marriageable young women are so scarce in Grant County, Kansas, that all the young bachelors have decided to form an association which will engage in the business of wife-getting for its members. Thirty-five good-looking young men, all of them well-to-do and able to support wives, have organized the Grant County Bachelors' Club, for the purpose of getting into correspondence with eligible young women, "object matrimony." Part of the programme of the club is the issuing of a catalogue containing the photographs and descriptions of each of the bachelors, giving in detail particulars of income, property, etc. These are to be sent through the country, and women contemplating matrimony are urged to correspond with members of the club. The catalogue, which was prepared by the editor of the "Grant County Republican," says:—"Many happy members have gone the happy ways of the married man, and the purpose of the club is to present a list of good, honest men for the women tired of single blessedness to look over and pick from, assuring them that only prizes will be drawn."

### Submarine Perils.

Armand Daudu, the son of a farmer, has invented some devices for the safeguarding of crews of submarines. His scheme is divided into three parts. First, an alarm apparatus, consisting of a sort of buoy, fixed to the hull of the submarine. This contains a telephone apparatus, and in case of accident the buoy, released by the crew of the submarine, mounts to the surface and permits communication between the outside world and those imprisoned below. Secondly an air pump, destined to introduce air into the interior of the sanken vessel. It becomes effective when a diver is sent down with a tube from the nearest arsenal. After removing the cap from the valve the diver introduces the tube and so establishes a channel for the pure air necessary to preserve the lives of the crew. Thirdly, a diving bell fixed to the hat-way. This is divided into two compartments, and the crew of the submarine can utilise it both for receiving provisions and for making their escape, one or two at a time.

## The Ups and Downs of a Pirate



# When Greek Meets Greek.

By J. MORTON LEWIS.

HERE are so many incidents which flock to my mind when I think of Verulam and the exciting years I spent serving under him in the Secret Service that it is hard to give them place of honour. Perhaps the one which showed his cleverness, the ever-present thought he gave to his profession, most, was one that occurred nearly seven years ago.

We were nearing the end of a very enjoyable month's holiday—one which we had started at Paris, spending the time wandering, sometimes by rail, sometimes on foot, wherever our fancy pleased us.

We were staying at a small hotel at Emstadt.

Verulam had been out, and I was sitting in our private room, smoking and reading Balzac, when he suddenly entered. There was a look of excitement on his face.

"The arsenal at Villedstadt is on fire," he said, "over a thousand soldiers have been called out to help get it under control."

He laid his hat on the table and looked at me.

"The fire started in the offices of the arsenal, where the plans of the new gun should be."

He smiled as he saw his words conveyed no meaning to me.

"You do not know as much as I do, or you would be able to put two and two together. I have found out to-day that by some means or other Du Croix, of the French Secret Service—you remember him—has been employed at the arsenal. Goodness only knows how he managed to evade detection."

Instantly I understood. At the arsenal at Villedstadt there lay the plans of a new gun, invented by one of the officers in the Sanubian army, a weapon which the Sanubian expert promised would revolutionise modern warfare.

"And he has started this fire so as to try and get possession of the plans during the ensuing excitement?"

"That is my belief," said Verulam. "I do not know if I am right or not, but I have ordered a motor to be brought round here at once."

"Why?"

"Because, if he has stolen the plans from Villedstadt, I am going to steal them from him. They are as essential to England as they are to France. One of our men should have got possession of them. I cannot understand how they failed."

Practically incapable of failure himself, Verulam could not understand such a shortcoming in another man.

He drew out his watch.

"The car will be here in half an hour. An hour ago Du Croix was still in the arsenal. So an hour ago he had not succeeded."

"How do you know all this?" I asked.

"I have been in telegraphic communication with Latimer, and have told him to have Du Croix most carefully watched. I have also had two Sanubian uniforms got ready for us. Let me see your chest measurement is thirty-eight, is it not?" He laughed. "At any rate, I told Latimer that was the size. Now I want you to get our bags and everything ready. We shall not have a moment to spare. And the moment we have those plans in our possession we shall carry our lives in our hands until we reach England."

There was a glow in Verulam's eye. The adventure was one after his own heart. It promised excitement, and it promised, moreover, to be a great coup for the country he served if we succeeded.

He poured himself out a glass of wine and lighted a cigar, while I went into the adjoining room to make the final preparations.

By the time the car had arrived our bags stood in the hall of the hotel, and we had settled our bill.

Emstadt is not many miles from Villedstadt—thirty at the outside. In a little over an hour we were in the Sanubian garrison town. It was not by any means our first visit. Verulam knew it as well as a native.

Leaving the car on the outskirts, with instructions to take our luggage to a

certain hotel, Verulam led me through devious side roads to where a column of smoke and fire showed the arsenal to be.

Huge crowds thronged the adjacent streets, approaching as near as the cordons of police would allow them.

Verulam turned to me with a smile.

"Du Croix has started a conflagration that may end in a European war," he said quietly.

We were in a narrow street about half a mile from the arsenal, the Vollen Strasse. It was crowded with people jostling us in their endeavours to push a way nearer to the fire. Questions were upon everyone's tongue; half a dozen languages were spoken in our immediate vicinity.

I saw a man push his way through the crowd towards us. It was Latimer of the Secret Service. He whispered a few words to Verulam. I could not catch them, but Verulam drew me back.

"We must get out of this as quickly as possible," he said.

He took my arm, and, followed by Latimer, we hurried through some half a dozen streets to the Garten Strasse. There we entered an hotel at which Verulam and I had stopped on numerous occasions. It was the one he usually patronised, for a reason well-known to himself. It was kept by a Frenchman.

We were expected. Gaston Meurvaire, the proprietor, bowed us into the hall.

"Your room is ready, M'sieu," he said to Verulam. "I had it prepared upon M'sieu Latimer's instructions."

"Good!" Verulam hurried me up the stairs to a room upon the first floor overlooking the Garten Strasse. "We have not a moment to lose," he said.

On the bed lay a couple of the dark green uniforms of the Sanubian Guards.

Verulam took off his coat.

"We must change into these as soon as possible," he said.

I looked at the clothes, then at him, in astonishment.

"For the nonce we are soldiers in the employ of the Sanubian Government. It will be our duty to arrest M'sieu Du

Croix, and take those plans from him. Afterwards—" He smiled.

In a quarter of an hour we had changed, and looked two most presentable soldiers in the Sanubian army. It is a picturesque uniform, and the peak of the helmet, coming low down over our forehead, cast a shadow which would most effectually disguise us should we meet anyone who would be likely to recognise us.

Verulam buckled on his sword. He had assumed the rank of colonel, while I wore the less gorgeous uniform of a lieutenant.

There was a smile upon Latimer's face while he surveyed us as we solemnly marched down into the hall.

"You think we pass muster?" said Verulam.

"You are superb—splendid!"

"Good! You say Du Croix went into the hotel facing the Menchen Platz?"

"Yes. I have posted Franklin in a position where he can command the entrance; he will tell you if Du Croix is still there."

Solemnly, and not without a little misgiving upon my part, we walked into the street. It was comical to notice how the civilians made way for us at every step. The soldier is a great man in Sanubia. Representing the Throne, he is treated with marked respect. They we passed a couple of privates. Their hands flew to the salute, while they stepped into the roadway so as to give us room to pass.

Verulam acknowledged the salute with a majestic inclination of the head.

"My boy," he said, "we have a position to uphold. We must remember that the dignity of the Sanubian army rests upon our shoulders."

Notwithstanding the grave issues which depended upon our enterprise, he entered into the ludicrous side of it with all the gusto of a schoolboy. His eyes twinkled with merriment as he spoke.

A few minutes' walk brought us to the Menchen Platz. In the shadow of a brick wall stood Franklin, a junior, but very efficient member of the service.

"Have you seen Du Croix come out?" asked Verulam.

"No, he was standing before that window upon the first floor a few minutes ago."

"Good! Then the plans should be in our possession within the next few minutes, if we do not make a mistake."

We crossed the road to the hotel. Verulam swept grandly up the steps. In

the hall we were met by the proprietor, who sheepishly inquired our wants.

"You have a Frenchman staying here—a M'sieu Du Croix. I wish to search his rooms."

"I know no one of that name," said the proprietor. He was a Frenchman, and spoke with a force of gesture so expressive that it cast a doubt upon the truth of his statement.

"You may not know him under that name," said Verulam. "But he is here nevertheless. He is in a room up on the first floor, and I demand to search that room. If you do not show me up I shall be obliged to force my way."

Verulam's acting was magnificent. During his many stays in Villedstadt he had had the opportunity of studying the manners of the Sanubian officer, and he adapted them to perfection.

Without further ado the proprietor led us up the stairs and opened the door of the sitting-room.

A man turned sharply round and faced us. It was Du Croix.

"You are M'sieu Du Croix," said Verulam. "We have reason to believe that you have in your possession the plans of a certain gun. Is that so?"

Du Croix had never seen Verulam near enough to recognise him, so that detection was practically impossible. The first word he spoke showed us he was perfectly unaware of our identity.

"It is absurd," he said. "I have not the plans in my possession."

Verulam shrugged his shoulders. "You must permit me to search your rooms."

Du Croix bowed.

"Most certainly, if only to prove the truth of my words. You will not find them here. I did not even know they were stolen." He smiled. "And why should you pick upon me for your suspicions?"

Verulam returned the smile. "You pay yourself a poor compliment, M'sieu Du Croix."

A thorough search of the room and the one adjoining showed us nothing. We turned out every drawer, ransacked every corner. The plans were nowhere to be found.

There was a frown upon Verulam's face as the search neared its completion. "He has taken them, of that I am certain; but what in the name of creation has he done with them?" he whispered to me.

A sudden thought struck him. He advanced to where Du Croix stood watching us, a smile on his face.

"M'sieu," he said, "I am sorry, but I shall have to search you."

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At first M'sieu Du Croix refused. I thought we should have to use violence. "I am sorry," said Verulam, "but duty is duty. You, as a member of the French Secret Service, must know that only too well. It is my business to find those plans. If you have not got them upon you, you need show no reluctance."

At that M'sieu Du Croix assented with a readiness that I could see surprised Verulam.

We examined his clothing, we searched through the letters in his pockets, and we found nothing.

"M'sieu," said Verulam, when we had finished, "I owe you an apology."

Da Croix waved the remark aside with a genial smile.

"As you said, colonel—duty is duty. But one thing I should like to know: why did suspicion fall upon me?"

"Because it has been known for the past six weeks that you have been employed at the arsenal as a common workman."

I saw Du Croix turn pale.

"The Saubian authorities have shot up in his estimation, I think," said Verulam, as we retired downstairs.

There was a frown upon his face.

"Either I have made the greatest mistake of my life, or Da Croix is a much cleverer man than I ever thought him."

"You still think he stole the plans?"

"Certain of it, although I do not even know that they are lost. But the way he received my last remark showed me he knew only too well where they were."

He turned to me. "Where are they?"

"We found Franklin where we had left him, facing the hotel."

"You have them, sir?" he asked eagerly.

"I have not," replied Verulam tersely.

"Now I want you to tell me exactly what has transpired from the first moment you met M'sieu Du Croix."

"About two and a half hours ago he left the arsenal and hurried through the streets towards the market place."

"He was dressed in his working clothes?"

"Yes."

Verulam nodded.

"Go on."

"Half way down the Linden Strasse he met a friend, and they stopped and chatted for a few minutes."

"Did you see anything pass between them?" asked Verulam eagerly.

"No, but I could not see them all the time. Their backs were turned to me, and the people passing to and fro made it difficult to observe them closely."

Verulam nodded.

"And then?"

"M'sieu Du Croix came straight on to the hotel."

"And changed. Could you describe the friend he met?"

"He was a tall, fair man, with a little moustache waxed up at the corners."

"I knew Verulam would recognise him at once."

"Lavernee," he said, turning to me.

M'sieu Lavernee was a rising young member of the French Secret Service.

Verulam turned to Franklin.

"You need not stay here any longer. You can do no good; it is this Lavernee we must find."

We walked up the street together.

For a moment Verulam was silent. Suddenly he gave a quick ejaculation.

"What a fool I have been! We must hurry." He quickened his pace. "It is now ten minutes to three; at three o'clock the Vollenstroon leaves Villestadt, and I expect Lavernee will be on board. We have not a moment to lose."

Verulam knows Villestadt as well as

The sailor hurried below with the message, and in a couple of minutes the captain appeared leisurely up the companion way.

Verulam hurried to meet him, while I stood by flabbergasted. Failure meant anything up to ten years in a Saubian fortress.

He seized the astonished captain by the shoulders. "Certain plans have been stolen," he said, "and the man who has taken them is on board the Vollenstroon. How soon can you overtake her?"

The captain was a young man, and I could see Verulam had made an impression upon him.

"What are the plans?" he asked.

"The plans of the new gun. The fire at the arsenal is all part of a plot to obtain possession of them. It has succeeded. It is our business to recover them."



She: "So you don't like that hat in front of us? How would you like it trimmed?"

He (sarcastically): "With a lawn mower!"

he knows London. He led the way down all the many turnings which formed a short cut from where we were to the quay, nearly a mile distant.

We reached it to see the Vollenstroon steaming a mile up the river.

"We are beaten," said Verulam. "Nothing can stop those plans going to France now."

Then a sudden idea seized him. The colossal impertinence, the risk of it, dumbfounded me as I look back upon it. At the time he did not give me time to think. Moored against the side of the quay, with her steam up, lay a small Saubian torpedo boat, No. 39.

In a moment Verulam was on board, demanding to see the captain. He was below.

"Then I must see him at once. It is a matter of national importance, and there is not a moment to be lost."

Patriotism surged high in the captain's breast. Within ten minutes torpedo boat No. 39 had started in pursuit of the Vollenstroon. The spray ran high over the bows of the little vessel as she sped through the water. It soaked us to the skin, but Verulam took no notice. His mind was absorbed with the one idea.

"I do not think we can fail now," he said in one of the brief intervals that the captain left us.

"Have you thought what it means if we do?" I said.

He laughed. "I have thought what it means if we succeed," he answered.

The Vollenstroon had vanished from sight when we started. It very soon reappeared in sight again, leaving a trail of black smoke upon the horizon. Conversation was difficult; it needed all our

attention to prevent ourselves being thrown overboard as we sped through the water. We were travelling twice as fast as the steamer, and every moment she grew larger.

Evening was setting in, and with it a fine drizzling rain, blown into our faces by the wind.

The captain came to our side. "In another half an hour we shall be alongside," he said. "You would like some of my men?"

Verulam shook his head.

"This lieutenant and I will be able to manage all the business. It will not take long."

"You will bring him back to Villestadt?"

Verulam did not hesitate. The game we were playing was a dangerous one. The slightest mistake and we were lost.

"Most certainly," he replied.

While we were speaking we had come so near to the Vollenstroon that we could see the few passengers upon the decks.

A few moments and the captain halted her. At first there was no reply.

"If she does not stop I shall fire a shot across her bows." I saw a twinkle in Verulam's eyes as the captain pointed to a couple of diminutive guns on the foredeck of the vessel.

He halted her again, and a voice came back asking us what we wanted.

"Are you the Vollenstroon?"

"Yes."

"We are torpedo boat No. 39 of the Saubian Navy. We are coming alongside, and must ask you to stop at once. You have on board a man we want."

There was a pause, then the engines slowed down, and we drew alongside.

The next moment Verulam and I had slung ourselves on board the Vollenstroon. The captain came forward to meet us. He listened respectfully to what Verulam had to say.

"The passengers are nearly all below having tea," he said. "If you would like to come down."

We followed him down the companion way.

The Vollenstroon had about one hundred and fifty passengers on board. They were seated round the tables in the saloon. In a second we saw Lavernee. Verulam walked up to him.

"Excuse me," he said in French.

The man leapt to his feet, while the eyes of everyone in the saloon were fixed upon us.

"I have reason to believe that you have certain plans on your person given to you by M'sieu Du Croix."

The man was a splendid actor, almost as good as Verulam himself.

"It is absurd," he said. "I have no plans. I do not know a M'sieu Du Croix. I am a gentleman travelling upon business."

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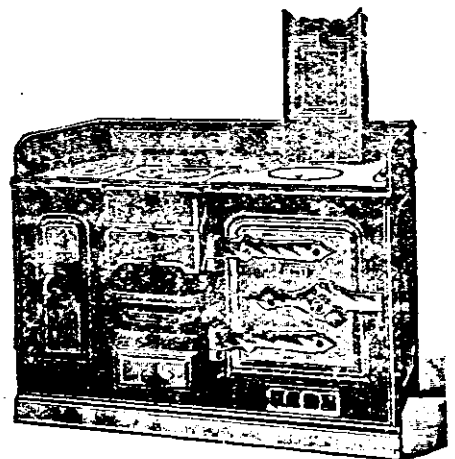
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"Perhaps you will come on deck with us. I am sorry, but we shall be obliged to search you."

Verulam motioned to me to take one of the Frenchman's arms while he took the other, and, expostulating volubly, we led him up the companion way.

On deck, Verulam faced him. "M'sieu Lavernee," he said, "you will kindly give me the plans you have in your possession."

"Secret! I tell you I have no plans. I am a gentleman travelling upon business. Your Government shall hear of this insult."

"You shall have every opportunity to lay your claim before them, since you are coming back to Villeshadt with us."

"To Villeshadt!" The man's face blanchcd.

Verulam bowed gravely. "And now, m'sieu, we shall be obliged to search you. I regret the indignity, but I am only a servant of my Government."

In a few seconds we had found the plans, sewn into the lining of his coat. He gave a muttered exclamation when he saw we had discovered them, and made a frantic effort to recover them.

Carefully Verulam placed them in an inner pocket of his coat.

"Now, m'sieu," he said, "you will have to accompany us back to Villeshadt." He turned to the captain of the Vollenstroom. "We have no need to detain you any longer. You will accept my apologies on behalf of the Sanubian Government for the inconvenience to which we have put you."

He took M'sieu Lavernee's arm, and we escorted him over the side, down the ladder, on to the deck of torpedo boat No. 39.

"You have the plans?" asked the commander anxiously.

Verulam nodded and tapped his coat pocket.

I will not attempt to describe the journey back to Villeshadt. It occupied little over an hour. While a couple of sailors kept guard over our prisoner, Verulam stood leaning against the side of the boat gazing at the water. The most difficult part lay before us, and I knew that he was busy formulating some plan.

The moment we reached the quay at Villeshadt he hurried up to the captain and expressed his thanks for the assistance he had given us.

"You would like an escort?"

Verulam shook his head.

"It is not necessary. See, like most Frenchmen, he is ill after his short journey upon the sea." Indeed, M'sieu Lavernee looked the picture of misery.

"And you will have other work for your men to do." He advanced to the Frenchman's side. "Come, m'sieu!"

Dazedly M'sieu Lavernee stepped over the side. Visions of a lengthy incarceration in a Sanubian fortress must have been in his mind.

Each keeping hold of an arm, we marched along the quay and up a number of streets until we came to one that was deserted. Then on a sign from Verulam we both loosed our hold.

For a moment the Frenchman still walked between us, and I began to have fears that we should find it difficult to rid ourselves of our prisoner.

Suddenly he gave a spring and ran like a hare up the street.

For a few yards we followed him, then Verulam turned down a side street.

"Quick!" he said. "The hotel! We must be out of Villeshadt in an hour."

At the hotel Latimer awaited us.

"You have succeeded?" he said.

Verulam nodded.

"How?"

"My dear fellow, you must get us a motor, while we take off these things. Meet us at the market place in half an hour. I will tell you everything then."

Within ten minutes we had changed into our ordinary clothes again, and were on our way to meet Latimer. On the way to the market place we met a couple of sailors from torpedo boat No. 39. We passed them with heads erect, carefully looking upon the other side of the street.

"I shall be glad when we are out of Villeshadt," said Verulam in a low voice.

In a dark corner of the market place we found Latimer awaiting us with a powerful car.

"Where to?" he asked.

"We must be over the Dutch frontier by daylight. There is a boat sailing from Amsterdam to-morrow afternoon. We must catch it somehow."

All through the night we sped across Sanubia as fast as the car, and our own uncertain knowledge of the road, would permit us.

Breakfast we had in Holland, while Verulam told Latimer how we had obtained the plans.

The younger man looked at him admiringly. "I do not wonder they call you the Prince of Secret Service Agents," he said.

But the greatest praise came from Lord Farquharson when the plans lay before him on the table.

His face was still wreathed in smiles at the colossal impertinence of the story Verulam told him, as he held out his hand.

"You are a most extraordinary man. Even in your holidays you find time to place us in your debt."

And no praise could have pleased Verulam more, I know.

### The Lead.

(By WALTER E. GROGAN.)

The manager looked up as the Actor entered. The room, so adequately protected by commissionaires and clerks and a snave, inexorable secretary, was handsomely and distastefully furnished. "Well," said the Manager breezily, "terms satisfactory?"

"I am prepared to accept them," said the Actor.

"That's right, my boy. I hate haggling. Directly anyone haggles—well, the deal's off. It shows a nasty spirit in a man to be haggling for money. In a theatre of this magnitude and importance we must have harmony. I make a point of it. I will have it. I am fair to everybody—pay them all a little more than they are worth. If they want more than that—well, they disturb the general harmony, and they can go. I encourage them to go. That's my way. Now you, boy, are content. That's the actor I like, that's the actor I can work with."

"Yes," said the Actor wearily. "I have been out a long time. What's the part?"

"It's lead, boy," said the Manager, with a burst of enthusiasm. "It's the biggest, most glorious lead you ever played!"

The actor brightened. "Of course, the contract mentioned lead, otherwise—" The actor sighed. The contract has also set forth the terms which seemed in no way related to lead to a London theatre. "It is, I think, a romantic part!"

"Chock full of romance, boy." The manager grew warm. "There never was such a part! I have suggested a lot of situations to Brice Bruce, the author. Poor chap, he has done very little the last few years. Good sound writer, too. Tried the higher drama. So high, above the heads of the public. The public don't want to think—they want to feel. You will have your part in a few days, boy."

"Could you not tell me something about it? Is it psychological?"

"No, English, my boy. English to the backbone. A frank, honest, handsome Englishman, a 'you-say-a-word-against-the-girl-I-love-and-I'll-knock-you-down' sort of chap. Tell you about him? Well, Act I—"

"Yes!" said the actor, putting his elbows on the desk and leaning forward.

"Not much in Act I. Just playing in—outlining character. Perhaps a little mild—but a pretty speech about mother."

"My mother?"

"Yes. Always goes with the gallery—Heaven knows why. They generally kick the old woman themselves. Villain persecutes heroine—wants her love and all that. She spurns him. He takes her in embrace while she alternately screams and bites him. The hero enters—has a fine speech showing how ruffled his manly spirit is—"

"While the embracing, screaming, and biting is going on?"

"Yes. Bit softer and well up stage. You get the absolute centre, boy. Then you knock the villain down."

"I do?"

"Yes. You have a love scene—"

"She is not too upset after the embracing, biting—"

"Not a bit. English girl. Love makes her forget all. The villain engages hooligans. They sandbag you across the neck—"

"They sandbag me? Who plays the part?" The actor's voice was a little

"Oh, a super. I got mine from the Embankment. I like to help all I can."

"Means a tip every week," muttered the actor.

"Heroine thinks you dead. Drops on knees over your body. Kisses you. Dragged away by hooligans. You struggle up on your elbows and try to crawl after her. Enter villain, who kicks you in the ribs."

"My ribs?"

"Yours. Gets you all the sympathy of the audience. That's about all in Act I."

"It seems strong," said the Actor gravely.

"Strong! You wait, boy. Act II. wakes up a bit. You get a bigger chance. It is a street scene—quiet street—at night. There is a tall, practicable house at the back. That's where you live. You come out, and from the shelter of a lamp-post overhear the hooligans talking."

"They don't see me?"

"No—there's the lamp-post. You hide behind it. Very effective. You overhear where the heroine is secreted. You start and betray yourself. They at once attack the hero."

"Is that me again?"

"Of course."

"How many hooligans?"

"Oh, say, five. They throw a rope round you and try to garrot you with a neckerchief. You go purple in the face—"

"I do?"

"Yes, yes. By superhuman efforts you free yourself from the roughs—"

"I am glad of that!"

"I thought you'd like that part. Safe round for you."

Just as you are rushing off to the girl you love—you have a very pretty love speech there—"

"I don't go off at once?"

"You're dense, boy. Brice Bruce knows his business. You must have something to catch the petticoats. Just after the speech one of the men, coming behind you, trips you up and you fall in front of the villain's motor-car. You are saved in the nick of time by a sandwich man—a fine comely part, drinks and has a heart of gold."

"Who drives the car?"

"It's a real motor-car. Who drives it! Oh, well, I have engaged a chap under a cloud. Had his license taken away for bad driving. Bit near-sighted. I like to help those in trouble."

"The near-sighted man drives the car?"

"Yes. Poor fellow can't get anyone else to employ him. You make off then to rescue the girl. The villain sets fire to your house. I shall make a big scene of that."

"It sounds sensational," said the Actor musingly.

"It is. The house is well alight when you return."

"I come back?" There was a note of anxiety in the Actor's inquiry.

"Yes. Fire Brigade at work—hose, ladders, engines, all practicable. The villain has told you about the fire—and you hurry back."

"I believe him at once?"

"Of course. It is just the fiendish luck that would happen to a hero. You have a very fine speech here showing how you were torn between your love for your mother and the only girl who has ever touched your heart."

"The scene's a bit noisy for a long speech, surely?"

"Oh, no; I keep it down. The firemen are very sympathetic. Then your mother is seen at the attic window."

"Why at the attic window? Is that her room?"

"You don't understand, boy. It is all the more heroic for you."

"For me?"

"Yes. I haven't told you. The flames are so terrible the fire brigade funk going up the ladder. You spring forward and clamber up rung by rung. A man's first duty is to his mother!" Think of the furor the scene will create!

"Who is looking after the ladder?"

"Two of the stage hands—in fire brigade uniform."

"Two of the usual stage hands?"

"Yes. Two of the boys."

"I see," said the Actor thoughtfully.

"By Jove!" The manager leapt forward eagerly. "An idea, boy! What do you say to the ladder being short? And you clumb the last few feet clinging to the water-pipe?"

"Overdoing it," said the actor promptly.

"Well, have it your own way," said the manager crossly. "It's a jolly fine idea, though. Of course, there would be the difficulty of getting the old woman

"What old woman?"

"Your mother!" explained the manager testily. "You don't seem to grasp the play at all. It is a sensational romantic play."

"Who gets her down?"

"You do, of course."

"I do, do I? How?"

"You carry her down the ladder. You have a fine sentimental bit there where you tell your mother how you have always remembered the lessons you learned at her knee."

"While I'm on the ladder?"

"Yes. There won't be a dry eye in the audience I can tell you. They'll eat the scene! That's about all in the second act. The curtain falls as you hand your mother to the neighbours and announce your determination to save the girl you love. The comic man turns the hose on the villain."

"That's a fine touch. I suppose the comic man is not near-sighted?"

"No. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I should like him to be sure of the villain, that's all."

"Act III, Scene 1, is a fine act. A sort of gorge with a foot-bridge over the river. The heroine is in the mill where the villain has decoyed her. The villain saws half-way through the supports of the bridge. You come on—it's built up nearly to the flies—and have a fine scene where you call and she answers you from the mill. By the way, the comic man watches the villain at his perfidious work."

"Does he say anything?"

"No. He denounces him afterwards. At the time he is so overcome that he hurries away to the nearest tavern."

"I—I don't go on that bridge, do I?"

"There you are boy!" cried the manager triumphantly. "You see its possibilities. The greatest sensation ever placed upon the stage. The girl has a rebodding. She implores you to return and leave her to her fate. The villain is too strong for you. 'Never!' you cry. 'I would risk all for you—life or limb itself,' and so on. Then you start. In the centre of the bridge you have a fine descriptive passage about the gorge and the foaming torrent a hundred feet below."

"I don't hurry across?"

"Where would the play be if you did? You see the whole audience are waiting for the catastrophe. The longer it is delayed the greater the effect when it comes."

"It does come?" asked the actor nervously.

"Yes, by Jove! Suddenly the bridge collapses, the girl shrieks, the villain—hiding behind a rock—laughs, and you fall!"

"Where?"

"Oh, I shall have a jumping sheet held for you—of course, masked from the audience."

"What's the distance?"

"Say twenty-five feet."

"Who holds the jumping sheet?"

"Four of the stage hands."

"The usual stage hands?"

"Yes."

"I see. I won't trouble you any more." The actor rose mournfully.

"But there's a lot more to tell you—greater sensations! Let me tell you of the motor smash. The villain runs your car down—"

"No more."

"Surely you like the play? It's a dead cert as a winner."

"No doubt—no doubt. But I'm afraid I'm not cut out for an actor after all. I'm going to Hendon to-morrow to learnaviating. Acting is too risky. Good-bye!"

### The Camel in the Shafts.

General Ratynski, a landowner in the province of Samara, is trying camels instead of horses for work on his home farm, and says the experiment is succeeding beyond his hopes. He imported eight camels at £15 each, and finds a pair capable of doing far more work in a day than the same number of horses. They can stand any amount of cold, but need covering when rain is heavy. They will eat almost anything, and even that in small quantities, so that they cost much less to feed than horses, besides being hardier. The General's experiment has caused quite a sensation in the neighbourhood, and several landed proprietors are buying camels for farm work. In districts where the crops often fail and winter fodder costs its weight in gold, the innovation is hailed with delight.



# How to Bring Up Baby.

(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."

## THE INVERCARGILL SOCIETY.

AT the beginning of the present month the most recently established Society for the Health of Women and Children held its second annual meeting at Invercargill. As we all sympathize with the work of the Society, I am sure that the following report of the meeting will be read with great pleasure and interest.

### The Mayor's Remarks.

His Worship the Mayor (Mr. W. A. Ott), who presided, said the work done by the Society was of national importance, and deserved the hearty support of the people of the Dominion. Since the establishment of the Society the mortality among infants less than one year old had been decreased by half. This was an age producing everything that was best, and why should they not produce the best in the matter of human life. On behalf of the citizens of Invercargill he wished the Society every success, and paid a tribute to the excellent practical work done by Nurse O'Shea.

### The Annual Report.

Mrs. Massey, president of the Society, read the annual report. The influence, she said, of the Society was steadily growing, both directly and indirectly. Thoroughly hygienic methods regarding the care of infants were becoming more generally adopted. The committee took this opportunity of thanking the doctors for their co-operation and assistance, and the nurse for helping mothers to carry out the doctors' instructions. The first years of a baby's life laid the foundation for its future health and strength, and the mother who did not do the very best possible for her child's welfare not only disgraced her motherhood and handicapped the child for the battle of life, but also injured the State by the loss of so much vigour to its population. The Society confidently trusted that the public would continue to extend the interest and support it had given in the past, and would help to spread the knowledge of its aims, objects, and the beneficial results it had already achieved.

### The Plunket Nurses' Report.

The report of Nurse O'Shea, the Plunket nurse, was read. She pointed out that the mission of the Society was toward establishing the health and fitness of the babies of both rich and poor. The reason why so many babies became ill was that the mother failed to recognize when her child was on the downward grade. Few mothers realized the immense importance of keeping the baby well, and this could be done only by the most careful attention in all things. The aim of the Society was to encourage and assist mothers to feed their children naturally and feeding that to provide the best possible substitute. Nurse O'Shea wished to thank the doctors for the courteous help they had given her whenever she had sought it.

### The Aims of the Society.

Mr. W. G. Egan spoke briefly on the aims and objects of the Society. There was a good deal of misunderstanding regarding these, some people being under the impression that the Society advertised and urged the abolition of human milk as a substitute for mother's milk. This was not so. The Society endeavoured to provide that wherever possible the child should be fed naturally, and when this was not possible, then to substitute a good quality of human milk as being the best substitute for natural feeding.

### Medical Opinion.

Dr. Butler thanked with the objectivity of a medical man one of the main objects of the Society. Speaking personally and also on behalf of his brother practitioners, he would say that the work of the Plunket Society was fully appreciated by the medical men of the town. Any philanthropic work which led for its object the amelioration of

the human race—physically, mentally, and morally—must have the support of all classes of the community. The Society was doing its best to help mothers to prepare for motherhood and to advise them during motherhood. The two matters, infant hygiene and infant feeding, were the most important departments in the study of the diseases of children. The doctor then went on to show that the physical development of the child is essentially the product of the three factors, inheritance, surroundings, and food. He concluded a most interesting and instructive address by referring to the splendid work done by Nurse O'Shea (the Plunket nurse), and Nurse Scerroll (the district nurse).

### Outside Interest.

Mr. J. L. McE. Watson, as a member of the Advisory Board, spoke of the encouragement invited by the excellent work done by the Society. It was recognised not only in Invercargill and the Dominion generally, but also abroad. Scientific men at home and in America were now most interested in the results achieved by the Society in New Zealand. He moved a sincere vote of thanks to Nurse O'Shea, who had been most earnest in her work and successful in her efforts. The vote was carried by acclamation.

## Tragedies of Pleasure.

### A SERMON FOR THE ENVIOUS.

"I am told that there are those who envy a society woman her life of ease," writes one of the Upper Ten Thousand. "I am free to confess that I frequently regret that my destiny was not to go out charring. Scrubbing floors must be a healthy, happy life, and, at any rate, one has leisure to oneself.

"The social whirl of London in the season is a deadening, agonising thing. It is all very well to talk of the sins of society; to be in society is ample punishment for any crime one may have committed. Why do we do it; why don't we go on strike and retire to our embages and the peace of the countryside?"

"Well, I can only answer for myself. My husband is the younger son of a wealthy peer; he is in Parliament; he has social aspirations, and I am a dutiful wife. There is the whole tragedy of my life.

"I'm busy at the House," he tells me; "I have no time for social duties. You must get around and represent me."

"What possible good it will do him to be represented by a wretched wisp of a woman, her eyes bulged up with fatigue, her fresh complexion turned to putty by late hours, I don't know; I haven't time to think.

"Then, too, we have a daughter. And, since she has turned eighteen, and is 'out,' I must perforce go everywhere for her sake. Where four out of six balls would more than do for me, I must rush round the whole six to exhibit her.

"I am considered a model society woman. I shall do—if I live long enough—a society leader. I am sure of it; and it does not thrill me one little bit.

"Just let me tell you—you who are envious of the society butterfly—how I spend my days. One is much like another, so I will take yesterday. I have not time to remember further back. We start with the dim, grey hours of dawn. A weary shud, I crawl to bed at half-past three. Sharp at half-past seven I am called. I gulp down a cup of boiling coffee, plunge into a cold bath, scumble into my habit, and soon after eight I am riding in the Row. If I had the Row to myself I would rather enjoy it, but to have to face my friends, and, worse, my enemies, before breakfast, when I know that I am looking at my worst; and know that they are saying so, is more a torture than a joy.

"At nine I return to the house. I

would love to be unobserved and alone in my room; but no, my mother-in-law is staying with us, and my husband has two political friends to breakfast, so I must appear, smiling wanly behind the coffee pot and pretending to take an intelligent interest in the conversation, while in reality I am quailing at the thought of the day before me.

"At ten o'clock I am sitting in my dressing gown in my own room. My maid dresses my hair, my secretary takes down my letters—only the absolutely necessary letters, for every letter that I answer I put six on one side to await another day. And all the time the telephone rings, and people ask stupid questions until I long to seize the instrument, throw it at the ceiling, scream, tear my hair, and run out and stamp on a policeman. Instead of which I call the woman at the other end, 'darling,' and look up one of my last remaining luncheon dates.

"Then there are endless arrangements to make invitations to send out for dinner parties and a ball I am giving at the end of the month, florists and caterers to interview, and all the thousand and one little difficulties and muddles to smooth out that must crop up day by day when one is so choked up with social engagements.

"I am very lucky indeed when I am through by 11 o'clock, and inwardly hoping that my secretary will not send all the wrong letters to the wrong people, and ask the Duchess to come and sweep the chimneys, and the sweep to stay the week end. I go out shopping with my daughter.

"I have an appointment with my dressmaker. She, too, has to try on three frocks. Then there are hats, and gloves and all sorts of minor chignons to see to, to say nothing of two picture shows that I have promised to visit, tearing back to lunch at the Ritz at 1.30.

"After lunch I have a bazaar. I am on the committee, and I have to help to receive royalty; so I must go. I have a garden party in Regent's Park; I have promised some Canadian friends to motor them down to tea and polo at Ranelagh, and, incidentally, I have to squeeze in two wedding receptions, some half dozen 'at homes,' and a visit to the dentist. I arrive home at 4.30, full up to the neck with the wash that is called tea, and which from politeness one has to sip, and I lie down in a state of stupor for half an hour before dressing for dinner.

"While I am dressing I interview my domestics and do some more telephoning, and at 8 o'clock, a bright smile glued firmly on, I and my husband and daughter are dining with friends in Grosvenor-square. It is all I can do to keep up any sort of intelligent conversation; appetite is a thing one says goodbye to at the beginning of the season.

"After dinner we go to our box at the opera. I always endeavour not to ask friends to go with us, as this gives me an opportunity to snatch a few minutes' nap while the lights are down. At about eleven—my husband having gone back to the House—I gather up my daughter, and with what by this time can only be described as a pulverised grin, I set forth to a political reception and four balls.

"At all of them, being a person of some importance, I am taken down to supper and expected to eat it. And my daughter, being young, is dragged into the monkey cage called a ballroom, and expected to dance. This really consists in allowing a few hundred other folk the use of your feet to stamp on while a band from Brixton in a Hungarian uniform bangs out nerve-racking dance music with persistency worthy of a better cause.

"Why every London hostess who gives a dance should ask at least three hundred more people than her house could possibly hold, even if they all stood shoulder to shoulder and never moved, is a problem I will not attempt to tackle. But I do suggest that weary matrons should be allowed to bring portable camp stools upon which they can rest while struggling up the stairs or waiting to get into the supper room.

"And that is the appalling life I lead from May to July. Week ends are no better; if one could spend 'Sunday' in town there might be a chance of a fairly quiet day, but the week end party now reigns supreme, and there is no more peace."

### QUOTE FIT.

Hostess (after a very meagre dinner): And when are you going to dine with us again?

Mr. Jolly: At once if you like.

# DELAY IS DANGEROUS.

Anaemia should be Attended To at Once

It opens the way, to perhaps, Fatal Decline—How one Girl became Hearty and Strong.

In no disease is neglect more dangerous than in Anaemia. Anaemia is literally a bloodless state, and a lack of sufficient good red blood robs the system of its chief defence against disease. This is shown by the fact that it is anaemic ones who drift into a decline or contract fevers. Taken in time, anaemia is readily curable, the cure being a tonic medicine, which increases the red matter in the blood, thus enabling it to carry life and health to all the tissues of the body. Such a tonic is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually combine with food and air to make new blood. They have cured hundreds of cases of anaemia in New Zealand. In the case of Mrs. John Mennie, 10, Baker-street, Auckland, they effected a remarkable cure. Speaking of her experience to a reporter, Mrs. Mennie said—

"I used to be extremely delicate as a child, and as I grew up to girlhood I did not rally. I only wasted and faded more than ever. I very rarely sat down to a meal; if I took a cup of tea it would not be down one moment. Such a heavy heaving pain started in my chest, and I used to starve myself, rather than eat and suffer afterwards. I was as thin as a quill; my complexion was pale; my eyes were sunken, and my lips were quite white, and dark lines were under my eyes. A cut in the flesh would bleed a good deal, but the blood looked just like pinkish water. I ached all over, and my ankles swelled greatly if I stood for long. My feet and hands were like ice. I would go near distracted with the constant ache in my head. All day and night it throbed and burned till I could hardly hold up. I was in employment, but I had often to give up and come home; sometimes for a few days and sometimes longer. When I hurried my heart thumped furiously. The least bit of hill-climbing affected my heart so that I got quite out of breath and had to stop and gasp. I often wished myself dead. I could never sleep soundly, and on occasions woke up bathed in perspiration, with every atom of strength gone out of me. I never wanted company or pleasure, only just to rest was all I craved for. I got up each morning quite fagged and unrefreshed. The medicines I took did me no good for the time being and that was all. Mother was very worried to see me fading so, and at last she got me a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They were just the medicine my system needed. The second box made a wonderful difference. By slow degrees my blood turned richer, some colour came into my face, and I began to eat. With the second box the languid feeling gradually passed off and I became well and strong."

The price of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is 2/ per box, six boxes 10/6, and if you have trouble in getting them send a postal note for the amount to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Australasia, Ltd., Wellington, and they will be sent post free by return mail.

## Shakespeare's England.

"Shakespeare's England," the exhibition which will be held at Earl's Court, London, next summer, in aid of the Shakespeare memorial fund, will, it is stated, be totally unlike any exhibition ever held in any part of the world. The grounds are being transformed into London of the Elizabethan period. It is expected that considerably more than 3000 persons, all dressed in the elaborate and gorgeous costumes of the sixteenth century, will take part in the Elizabethan revels. Excerpts from Elizabethan plays will be given at the Globe Theatre, Queen Elizabeth will daily dine in state in a genuine Elizabethan banquet hall, one of the greatest attractions, possibly, will be Sir Richard Greville's famous worship the Revenge. Fitted inside and out exactly as was the original vessel, and manned by a crew in Elizabethan naval uniform, the Revenge will ride at anchor on a lake, showing Plymouth Sound as it was in Elizabeth's time, and also Plymouth Hoe.

**Notes for Women.**

**PICTURE PALACE DRAMAS.**

The newest profession, if such it can be called, should come as a delight to the many writers of fiction and weavers of plots who find it difficult to find a market for their wares.

One would perhaps need to be in or around London to realise to what dimensions the picture palace craze has grown. The smallest and poorest suburb is not too small or too poor to boast numbers of these brightly lit and elaborately alluring places whose popularity is such that crowds are often to be seen waiting outside before each "session." For two-pence a thorough evening's amusement may be purchased, and managers and patrons appear to be equally pleased with the arrangement.

Now has arisen a tremendous demand for plots suitable for reproduction in films. The result itself is, of course, wordless, and a clever writer will soon master the art of making his or her characters' actions tell their own story. If words are submitted to managers they should not, on any account, exceed 500 in number. British set plays are given a preference, though there's not the least reason to fear that New Zealand scenes would be rejected.

Already the general public is beginning to get more than an inkling into the way in which the films are prepared. Since, often, on a country road, one may come upon a strange group of people, possibly in dress totally unsuited to the day and hour, and gesticulating in unusual fashion. The click of the filmmaker is the key to the situation. Only a little while ago, after one surprise of this kind, a couple of policemen in the country calmly stood by and watched some burglars getting away with their loot—being under the impression that the whole affair was "faked" for the benefit of a cinematograph audience later.

For an acceptable plot anything between five shillings and ten pounds may be paid, according to the value of the idea animating the story.

A picture plot must be concise, and must describe only the incidents of the story, and not how the characters look and feel.

**THE HISTORY OF "LITTLE WOMEN."**

Of all the beloved books of childhood, "Little Women," perhaps, stands as prime favourite to the greatest number of little women actual or long grown up, and it will therefore interest all to know that, with the news that, after eight years of negotiation and refusals, the Alcott family have consented to the dramatisation of the story has come, too, a guide to the main characters.

"Jo" was Miss Alcott herself; "Meg" her favourite sister, Mrs. B. Pratt; "Beth" was Elizabeth Alcott, who died in the book and in fact; Mrs. March was Miss Alcott's mother, and Mr. March her father, who was a distinguished man, the friend of Emerson, Holmes, and Hawthorne and one of the founders of Brook Farm, an unsuccessful altruistic colony.

Laurie was not an American, but a Polish boy. Laddie Wisniewski, Mr. Lawrence, was Miss Alcott's godfather.

**The New Zealand Association.**

**A SUCCESSFUL WHIST DRIVE IN LONDON.**

(From Our London Lady Correspondent.)

LONDON, March 1.

There was a large attendance of guests at the whist drive held this week under the auspices of the New Zealand Association in London at the Westminster Palace Hotel.

Amongst those present were Miss Hall-Jones, in a gown of cornflower blue nixon over charmuse of the same shade, with a Juliet cap of blue and gold; Miss Fannie Hall-Jones, pale blue nixon, the bodice trimmed with lace; Miss Dalfiser, mauve nixon over pale blue with a bunch of mauve orchids on the decolletage; Mrs. Johns, black silk under an overdress of black sequined net, and a scarf of white edged with emeralds; Mrs. Gray, violet charmuse; Miss West, black satin; Miss Henderson, white chiffon, trimmed with bunches of chiffon rosebuds; Miss Aileen Marks, coral pink nixon, the bodice vandyked with charmuse and a collar of fine white lace, the sleeves and hem of the skirt edged with sable marabout; Mrs. Eaden, pale grey and white, with touches of emerald velvet and black lace; Mrs. Hammond, black, heavily embroidered in peacock blue beads; Miss Hammond, Quaker gown of pale blue chiffon tulle; Mrs. S. Chatfield, shot vieux rose tulle, trimmed with gold lace and Carrieknacross lace; Miss Fiere, Paisley patterned voile; Miss — Fiere, cream crepe de chine; Mrs. W. C. Stewart, black; Mrs. A. Bell, reseda silk; Miss Norrie, pale pink; Miss D. Norton, white jewelled chiffon over pink; Miss Kennaway, blue charmuse under a tunic of deeper blue marquisette; Mrs. Cox, pale pink nixon; Mrs. H. Alington, black silk, the bodice trimmed with black lace; Mrs. L. Bennett, pale pink charmuse; Miss Ivy Witt, white spotted net trimmed with soft white lace and a black velvet bandeau; Mrs. Mason, cream brocade and an emerald osprey; Miss R. Healey, biscuit coloured silk, the decolletage trimmed with pale blue; Miss Ely, old rose voile trimmed with silk fringe; Miss Parker, white satin trimmed with silver; etc.

Others present were Mr. Wray Palliser, Messrs. Boak (2), L. J. Bennett, Dr. A. H. Bell, Dr. Prior, Messrs. L. Baines, P. Lawford, J. A. Mason, F. Hallenbach, P. A. Ely, H. Alington, W. C. Stewart, S. E. Chatfield, H. M. Kenaway, Bonsor, Witt, Marks (2), T. Laffan, C. Hancock, Hayes, Chamberlin Chamberlin, Paul Chamberlin, Henderson. The first prize for ladies was won by Miss Henderson, with a score of 185, the second by Mrs. De Veray with 176, that for a lady playing as a gentleman by Mrs. Tooter. The first prize for gentlemen was won by Mr. Baines with a score of 176.

**Ladies—Look!**  
Parcel A 5/- post free

2 pairs Ladies Cashmere Stockings.  
Black or tan  
3 Dainty Fancy Handkerchiefs.

Direct from  
**C. F. WARREN'S**  
Sample Room,  
Strand Arcade, Auckland.  
Remittance to accompany all orders.  
Hundreds Satisfied.

**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.

**WOODROFFE—NEWELL.**

**A** VERY pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Luke's Church last Thursday, when Miss Ruby Newell, third daughter of Mr and Mrs Newell, of Mt. Albert, Auckland, was married to Mr Sid Woodroffe, eldest son of Mr and Mrs Woodroffe, Grafton-road. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very pretty in an ivory Duchess satin robe draped over silver tissue at left side. She wore a beautiful veil over a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a lovely shower bouquet. There were three bridesmaids, namely, Miss May Newell, Miss W. Woodroffe and Miss Edna Ballantyne. They wore pink crepe de chine frocks, finished with fringe and satin, and pink wreaths and veils. Mrs Newell (mother of the bride) wore black chiffon tulle, trimmed with guipure lace, and black and white hat with Laocer plume. Miss Ida Newell was in cream figured silk with pink sash, and picture hat of burnt straw; Miss Lorna Newell wore sea-green silk, and black velvet picture hat; Mrs Woodroffe, convolvulus blue silk, trimmed with cream lace, black and white hat with feathers, old gold bouquet; Miss Woodroffe, sage blue relieved with jet, cream and black hat; Mrs Earp, black silk, and grey satin hat; Mrs Varnum, smart embroidered gown, black bonnet with pink roses; Miss Varnum, cream serge costume, green toque; Mrs Turner, turquoise silk, black and gold bonnet; Miss Turner, reseda green; Mrs Atkin, silver grey silk, grey toque; Mrs Jones lavender silk, hat to match; Miss Bessie Jones, cream frock, large hat with grey plumes; Mrs Isenonger, black silk, handsomely braided, blue and black hat; Mrs Frank Turner, heliotrope silk, hat with cream; Mrs T. Woodroffe, green striped nixon, grey hat, large plumes; Miss Winnie Beale, flowered voile over lavender silk, black hat; Mrs Joe May, silver grey silk, black hat with feathers; Mrs John May, brown silk dress, hat to match; Miss Selby, grey reseda costume, grey hat; Miss N. Selby, heliotrope voile; Miss May, black corded silk, black velvet toque; Mrs Roach, black costume, black toque; Mrs Caughey, grey silk, handsome scarf, white toque; Mrs D'Arcy, heliotrope voile, hat en suite; Miss Ida May, fancy vieux rose silk, large white hat; Miss Molly May, cream lustre, hat to match; Miss Bent, pale blue silk, hat en suite; Miss May Bent, wine costume, black velvet hat, white feathers; Mrs Jamieson, black silk, black bonnet; Mrs Arthur Beale, slate-coloured costume; Mrs Clark, black silk muslin, black hat; Mrs T. B. Clay, new grey chiffon velvet, black hat; Mrs R. McBride; Mrs J. W. Browne, amethyst paillette, black beaver hat; Mrs Ben Bolhard, cream nixon over satin, black picture hat; Miss Miller, black velvet costume and blue hat; Miss V. Miller, blue frock and black hat; Miss A. Miller, cream coat over green silk crepe, black hat; Miss Usher,

pale grey braided cloth; Mrs. Lovell, grey crepe-de-chine; Mrs. Ballantyne, natter blue nixon; Miss Bell, white muslin profusely trimmed with lace; Mrs. Quinn, black chiffon tulle; Miss Quin, brown crepe; Miss Koebel, natter blue voile; Mrs. Johnson, black silk.

**WOOD—PATRICK.**

On Tuesday, April 2nd, a very pretty wedding took place at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Gervin, of Korakomi, near Te Awamutu, when Emily Henrietta, youngest daughter of Mrs. J. K. Patrick, was married to Richard C. Wood, of Mangapohi. The Rev. Lammond, of Te Awamutu, officiated. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Joseph Patrick, looked very winsome in a lovely gown of cream voile with the usual tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of choice white flowers and ferns. She was attended by one bridesmaid, Miss Alice Sropes, who looked well in cream tulle. Mr. J. Gervin was best man. After eight refreshments, the happy couple left by the midday train for Auckland. The bride's travelling dress was a pretty costume of brown cloth with velvet hat to match.

**RYVINE—SPINLEY.**

A wedding of considerable local interest was solemnised by the Rev. A. A. Murray, assisted by the Rev. R. L. Walker, M.A., and Rev. J. Bisset, in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Auckland, recently when Mr. Sydney John William Irvine, Presbyterian missionary of the Hobsonville district, was married to Miss Ruby May Spinley, only daughter of Mr and Mrs J. Spinley, of Symond-street, Auckland. The bride, who was given away by her father, was robed in a dainty gown of white charmeuse satin trimmed with chiffon and silk roses. An artistically draped court train, trimmed with lovers knots, fell from the shoulders. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms with bridal veil, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet. Three bridesmaids attended, the Misses R. and H. Coleman and Miss Wickins, of Wellington, who looked charming in dresses of cream charmeuse satin and black picture hats and pink roses. Mr. Harold Spinley, brother of the bride, acted as best man. The bridal party motored to R. Barber's, in Queen-street, where the wedding breakfast was provided. The bridegroom's presents to the bridesmaids were gold brooches. The young couple left the same evening for Te Aroha. The numerous and valuable gifts presented to the bridal pair testified to the esteem in which they are held.

**FARQUHARSON—JAGGER.**

A pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Mark's Church, Remuera, on Tuesday, April 2nd, when Elsie Geraldine May, daughter of Mr and Mrs Frank Jagger, of "Naumai," Arney-road, was

**ANDREWS & CLARK,**  
**The Carpet Warehouse,**  
**QUEEN STREET.**

married to Thomas Colin Farquharson, son of Mr and Mrs Thomas Farquharson, of Devonport. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Beatty, vicar of St. Mark's, assisted by the Rev. McLean, of Holy Trinity, Devonport. The bride looked very graceful as she entered the church on the arm of her father, who gave her away. The bridal robe was quite uncommon, composed of ivory silk pineapple chiffon, hand embroidered in palest pink chrysanthemums, and white true lovers' knots over ivory duchess satin. The bodice was trimmed with silver thread feather stitching, and pearls with the same trimming around the foot of the skirt. A long court train of embroidery and silver gauze hung from the shoulders. The bridal veil was fine silk Brussels net with lace border, formed into a cap on the head. A beautiful shower bouquet mostly composed of sweet peas completed a very beautiful bridal toilette. There were two bridesmaids, the Misses Mabel and Ailsa Farquharson, sisters of the bridegroom. The maid of honour wore crepe silk voile over satin, and a large black hat with white feathers. The second maid wore palest blue silk voile over satin, large black hat trimmed with large bows of blue tulle, and they both carried lovely bouquets of sweet peas. The bridegroom was attended by Mr Cyril Johnston as best man, and Mr Howard Johnston as groomsmen. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a beautiful turquoise ring, and to the bridesmaids gold bangles.

After the ceremony a special car conveyed the guests to Buchanan's Cafe, Karangahape-road, where the reception and wedding breakfast were held. The large room was decorated and the tables looked charming, with the wedding cake in the place of honour under a floral wedding loll. After the bride and bridegroom received the congratulations of their friends the guests sat down to a dainty repast. Mr Jagger proposed the health and happiness of the bride and bridegroom, who then responded. The Rev. Mr McLean proposed the bridesmaids' health, and Mr Cyril Johnston responded. This ended the speeches, and the bride retired and changed into her travelling clothes. She wore a smart green tailor-made lined with pale blue satin, a large lace hat edged with black satin, black chiffon rosette and black osprey.

The bride's mother wore a rich robe of broche satin trimmed with Oriental lace, black hat with black and white Lanzer plume; Mrs Farquharson, mother of the bridegroom, wore a grey silk voile toilette, and a black and white hat; Mrs Hancock wore a black frock and a pretty black and gold scarf, black bonnet with white ospreys; Mrs Saggate wore a smart little frock of blue and white striped foulard silk with piping of blue silk, black and white hat with touch of crease; Mrs Saunders wore a smart blue voile with bodice of blue charmeuse, with tiny silver buttons and lace collar and cuffs, smart little hat with crease tucks and brown fur; Mrs Marsack, blue shantung frock, and a pretty hat with shaded pink laces; Miss Murray Smith wore a pretty shade of rose pink spotted silk voile with piping of black, black hat with vieux rose.

**No Legal Alarm.**

The police court brings out the practical aspect. We may discuss for ever the principle of saying "obey," but a little fiasco at the North London court last month is a reminder that saying is a mere fraction of the battle. The applicant's wife may have said it (unless they resorted to the registrar), but in practice she declines to rise at seven when he tells her to, so that he has to do the household work. The magistrate not only admitted his official powerlessness in the matter (clearly a policeman cannot be sent to rouse the wife), but added that he knew of no power in this world or the next to compel a woman to get up. A resourceful husband, surely, might devise some means short of dynamite. But even so, what peaceful persuasion could force her, once out of bed, to light the fire or take in the milk?

Go, little serene, men thy way.  
And proud the joyful tidings tell;  
There is no odd or rough today  
That cannot be made well.  
Go, tell the name, the magic name.  
The perfect name, the serene, sure;  
Is there one on the basis of fate  
"W. E. Wood's Great Peppermint Cure."

**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 Professor J. P. Gabbatt, of Canterbury College, to Miss Clarice Hartley, daughter of Sir William and Lady Hartley, of Southport, England.

**Stories About Hymns.**

The translation of hymns into barbaric languages has often given rise to the singing of very humorous and incongruous sentiments. For instance, the hymn commencing "Go, labour on, Spend and be spent," was translated into the language of the Congo. It was only after the hymn had been sung far and wide that the missionary translator discovered that he had used the wrong word for "labour," and that the congregation had been made to sing "Go, blunder on, Spend and be spent."

It would appear as though Congolese had many pitfalls for the would-be translator, for, being the language of a primitive people, whose spiritual ideas are, to say the least, very immature, it seems that the words "life" and "stomach" are synonymous terms, the native linguists evidently considering that the former is wholly dependent upon the latter for its continuance. Thus, when the missionary translated the well-known hymn, "Wonderful works of life," he found that the singers, who sang it lustily and with a good deal of feeling, considered that they were singing "Wonderful works of stomach." Nor did this end the trouble of the missionaries. For some reason or other they found the natives seemed averse to singing the closing hymn of the service, "Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing." Possibly they laid the flattering unction to their souls that their congregations wished to continue the service indefinitely. After some months, however, they were undeceived. More exact knowledge of the native idiom confirmed them in the belief that they had inadvertently translated "Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing," into "Lord, kick us out softly, softly."

But one need not go to the Congo for humorous hymn-singing. A boy named Jordan, a scholar at a certain public school, had tried for his "Little-go" at the "Varsity several times without success, until his failure to pass became a by-word in the school. At last he succeeded in getting through, and the school preceptor, who was a bit of a wag, chose an appropriate hymn for the occasion. Needless to say, when the line which fitted their schoolfellow's case came round it was sung with the utmost gusto. It was, "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended, Jordan passed."

A well-known professor at Oxford is famous for getting into a tangle with his speech. He is a coach, and a certain student who had been through everybody's hands except his own without success was at last turned over to him to see what he could do with him. Whether by accident or design is not known, but when he was giving out the hymns on the following Sunday he transposed two of the letters in the first line of a well-known hymn, and said, solemnly: "Crock of peas, left for me."

That most famous of all cricketers, Dr. W. G. Grace, was once staying in the neighbourhood of a well-known public school, and consented to play in one of the school matches. Very unfortunately, however, he did not manage to produce his best form, and was out in both innings for a small total. With great grief the waggish schoolboys sang that evening in the doctor's presence, the well-known hymn commencing "The scanty triumphs grace has won."

On Saturday, 13th inst., in the grounds of Mrs. W. E. Hutchinson, at Mount St. John, Epsom, a garden fete will be held for the purpose of raising funds for building and a piano for the Young Women's Christian Association. There will be floral procession, display of peace scouts, music, attractive stalls, croquet, and motor rides. Her Excellency Lady Islington will open the fete at 3 p.m., and the price of admission will be 6d.

**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.**

April 9.

**The Northern Club.**

**T**HURSDAY was "Ladies' Night" at the Northern Club, and there were a large number of people dining there. Mr and Mrs Ernest Bloomfield had a party for Mr and Mrs Harry Clark, who leave shortly for Wellington to take up their residence there. Among their guests were Mr and Mrs Colbeck, Mr and Mrs Fred. Waller, Mr and Mrs Ted Horton, Mr and Mrs Archie Denniston, Miss Sybil Abraham (Palmerston North), and Mr Ted Elliott.

Mr and Mrs R. A. Holmes had a small party, at which Mr and Mrs Len Harvey (South Africa) were the guests of honour; also Mr and Mrs W. R. Bloomfield and Mr and Mrs Ted Anderson.

Mr Hamer was host to Mr and Mrs Ted Russell, and in this party were Mr and Mrs Langguth, Colonel Holgate and Mrs Holgate, Mr and Mrs Marsh (Wai-kato), Mrs R. A. Carr and Miss Airing Carr, and Mr Kettle.

**Box Voyage.**

The Mongolia will leave Auckland a very full ship. The reason for the departure of the boat on Wednesday instead of Friday is that the Mongolia makes its first "apple trip" of the season to Hobart. Among the through passengers are Mr and Mrs Ted Russell and their family. Mrs Savage and her two daughters, who have been the guests of

Dr. and Mrs Copeland Savage since their return to Auckland, leave for their home in England by the Mongolia. Mrs Ross and the Misses Ross, who for some months have been touring in New Zealand, are also passengers by the same vessel.

Mr and Mrs Len Harvey, who have been the guests of Mrs Harvey's parents (Mr and Mrs Martin) for the past three months, leave on Wednesday by the Mongolia for their home in South Africa.

I have received a copy of "Britons All," a song the words of which are by Jessie McLean, Fremantle, W.A., and the music by Carrie E. Seegner, the wife of our Imperial German Consul, Mr Karl Seegner. The music is tuneful and simple, and I should think the song would go with a great swing.

**Farewell At Home.**

Last Tuesday Dr. and Mrs. Knight entertained a large number of friends at a farewell At Home, given in honour of their daughter Muriel, who leaves on April 10, for England, to be married to Mr. Gwilliam of London. During the

**GARDEN FETE.**

**SATURDAY, APRIL 13**

From 2 till 10 p.m.

AT MOUNT ST. JOHN, EPSOM, IN THE GROUNDS OF MRS. W. E. HUTCHINSON. (Leave car at St. John's-avenue.) In Aid of the new Plans and Building Fund of the Young Women's Christian Association FLORAL PROCESSION, DISPLAY OF PEACE SCOUTS, MUSIC, ATTRACTIVE STALLS, CROQUET, MOTOR RIDES. HER EXCELLENCY LADY ISLINGTON WILL OPEN THE FETE AT 3 P.M. TICKETS, 6d.



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LEGS. FEET. ARMS. HANDS. CRUTCHES

afternoon a delightful orchestra, with Miss Ina Bosworth as leader, played some beautiful selections. The table was decorated with filmy tulle and lycopodium draped from the gaselier, which had a charming bridal effect. Mrs. Knight received the guests in a petunia charrmuse with Oriental trimming. The bride-elect looked very sweet and pretty in white embroidered Indian muslin; Mrs. Stevenson wore a dainty pearl grey silk; Miss Knight was in embroidered tussore silk gown. Among those present were: Mesdames Owen, Hazard, Erson, Bedford, E. Butler, A. Wiseman, Newcombe, Grant, Roy Culpin, Devore, Dunnet, W. Somers, Dignan, Alison, Shipherd, J. J. Craig, Oliphant, Reynolds, H. Owen, C. Baker, Shavie George, Oxley, Lusher, Wingfield, Colbeck, Caldwell, Blomfield, Hughes, Jones, Gittos, J. W. Stewart, G. H. Baker, Vaile, Brahan, Lauries, Longan, (Stratford), Bent, Misses Dunnet, Erson, Leighton, M. Butler, P. Baker, N. Stewart, Hughes, Carter, I. Baker, M. Edmiston, N. Owen, Mactier, Oldham, Hazel Craig, M. Lushar, Shavie George, Tudor Jones, D. Gittos, E. Vaile, Moir, V. Tibbs.

**At the Races.**

Saturday, the opening day of the Autumn Meeting at Ellerslie, was anything but bright, and if it had not been for the beautiful wealth of colouring in the flower beds, the scene would have been quite depressing. There were no gay frocks or hats, most people wearing tailored costumes of dark blue or grey, and small hats, with perhaps a vivid note of colouring on them. Lord Islington, accompanied by Mr. Guise and Captain Escourt, A.D.C., attended, and were welcomed by the club's officials. Lady Islington was not present, due to the fact that she had not recovered from the roughness of the last part of the Northern trip.

Lady Lockhart wore a gold silk net beautifully embroidered over saxe blue charrmuse, and a cream and gold hat; Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield wore a most becoming toilette of black ninon over emerald green charrmuse, a small hat with black and green lawn plume; Mrs. Parkes, dark blue cloth coat and skirt, black hat with white plumes; Mrs. Frank Ross, blue tailored suit, black hat with white feathers; Mrs. Hughling Jackson, dark brown cloth coat and skirt, braided with black, black hat with white wing; Mrs. Harry Clark, dark grey suit, smart black hat with deep

rose-pink wings; Mrs. Foster, dark blue suit, small black and white hat; Miss Mary Foster, smart high-waisted blue voile coat and skirt, white net frills, hat swathed with blue silk and a touch of cerise at the side; Mrs. Devore, dark grey coat and skirt, black and white toque, with touch of pink; Mrs. Alison, long black velvet coat, black hat; Mrs. Ranson, reseda green cloth coat and skirt braided in same tone, black hat with clusters of reseda green primulas; Mrs. R. B. Lusk, cream cloth coat and skirt, black toque; Mrs. Markham, dark blue suit braided with black, smart blue hat with seal fur crown and a touch of cerise; Mrs. Mervyn Wells, dark blue coat and skirt, with black braid, natter blue satin hat with black fur crown; Mrs. Savage, dark blue suit and a smart little hat; Miss Cooper, dark blue, smart black hat lined with cerise and swathed with fur; Miss Savage, dark grey suit, black hat with roses; Mrs. Harry Tonks, dark blue, black and white toque; Mrs. W. Colbeck, blue coat and skirt, with emerald green embroidery on collar, green and black felt hat; Mrs. E. Firth, dark blue, black hat with white lace rosette and feathers; Mrs. Clem Lawford, velvet coloured cashmere, with cream lace, brown hat with flowers; Mrs. Wolfe, grey coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs. Lloyd, grey suit, grey fur toque; Miss Bagnall, blue and black coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Edmunds, blue tailored suit, smart royal blue hat with black wings; Miss Dija Fletcher, blue cloth coat and skirt, with black silk braidings, black hat with black feather; Mrs. Len Harvey wore a blue cloth coat and skirt and an amethyst hat; Miss Martin, dark blue and smart hat; Mrs. Holgate, dark blue coat and skirt, with black silk fringe, black and white hat; Mrs. Perkins, dark blue, black seal fur toque; Miss Rene Bell looked pretty in dark grey, grey hat with amethyst wings; Miss Nellie Thompson, dark blue suit braided with black, smart black hat with blue feather tip; Miss Nonie St. Clair looked pretty in grey coat over vieux rose skirt and grey fur cap.

**The Second Day.**

Easter Monday morning broke grey and cloudy for the second day's racing at Ellerslie, but by noon the sun was shining brightly, and it really was very hot. The vice-regal party consisted of Lord Islington, Lady Islington, Mrs. Guise, Miss Stapleton Cotton, Mr. Guise

and Captain Escourt, A.D.C. Their Excellencies were received by the president of the club, the Hon. E. Mitchelson, and other officials of the club. Her Excellency wore a black cloth frock with touches of royal blue, and a lovely black hat lined with blue, with drooping white feathers; Mrs. Guise wore grey with pretty coloured race coat, grey hat with tangerine roses; Miss Stapleton-Cotton wore a white cloth coat and skirt, black hat with white wings; Lady Lockhart looked well in a smart black frock, with panel of vivid coloured embroidery, black hat; Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield, peach pink shot silk veiled with grey ninon, and a lovely black hat and long black velvet coat; Mrs. E. Horton, grey cloth coat and skirt, grey hat with turquoise blue; Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield, pale blue ninon braided with same tone, smart black hat with blue feathers; Mrs. Brunton Sweet, bright blue charrmuse, black hat; Mrs. Parkes wore a lovely black ninon over palest eau de nil charrmuse, smart black hat; Mrs. Frank Ross, of Waikato, looked smart in black and white, and a lovely black hat with pale grey feathers; Mrs. Colbeck, black ninon over charrmuse, black and white toque with tangerine mount; Mrs. Thompson, from England, mole grey cloth coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Thompson, cream frock, pretty hat with cherries and cherry coloured velvet; Miss Thompson, blue coat and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Gillies wore a pretty black and white frock, and black hat; Mrs. C. Buddle, violet coloured suit with small hat to match; Miss Una Buddle looked sweet in grey with fur toque with touch of red; Mrs. Henry Clark, blue charrmuse cloth suit, black hat with white feathers; Mrs. Braithwaite, blue coat and skirt, faced with black and white silk hat with roses; Mrs. Melville looked smart in cream and brown hat; Mrs. Duthie, blue coat and skirt, black hat with red roses; Miss Vera Duthie, blue with royal blue facings, hat to match; Mrs. Walfe, reseda green silk, black hat; Mrs. Noel Bamford, amethyst cloth coat and skirt, hat swathed with shot silk, and vieux rose; Mrs. George Roberts, black coat and skirt, faced with black and white, black and white hat; Mrs. Marsack, mole grey with pipings of cerise, black hat; Mrs. Alison wore a black and white toilette; Mrs. Wilson wore a grey coat and skirt, and smart grey hat with black feathers; Mrs. Angus Gordon, pale grey coat and skirt, grey hat with vieux rose wings; Mrs.

Von Sturmer, blue coat and skirt, black beaver hat; Mrs. Harold Grogson wore a smart blue coat and skirt, with bright blue buttons, black and white hat, with violets; Mrs. Will McLoughlin wore a smart tan-coloured silk voile frock, and a pretty mole and brown silk beaver hat with cream and brown feathers; Mrs. Brigham, hydrangea blue silk voile frock, with black hat; Mrs. Churton, amethyst and black toilette; Mrs. Best, checked tweed coat and skirt, Royal blue and black hat; Mrs. Duder, tan-coloured frock with touches of Royal blue, with pretty hat to match; Mrs. Marsh, of Waikato, wore a blue coat and skirt, smart blue hat with cerise wings; Mrs. Arthur Myers, Natter blue charrmuse frock with cream race coat and ermine stole, hat to match; Mrs. P. Butler, reseda green frock, black hat; Mrs. Faulkner, dark blue suit, smart black hat with lovely cream ospreys; Miss Bagnall, pretty pale grey cloth coat and skirt, black and white hat; Mrs. Ralph, peacock blue charrmuse, veiled with black lace inserted ninon, black toque with white feathers; Mrs. Madill, Nattier blue frock, with hat to match; Miss Jessie Reid wore a smart blue coat and skirt, with touch of cerise on collar, and a becoming seal toque; Miss Una Saunders looked well in a blue suit, black and white fur toque; Miss Muir Douglas looked smart in dark blue serge suit, black hat with wings; Miss Mary Foster looked charming in pink ninon, large black hat with roses; Mrs. R. A. Holmes wore a smart black ninon over white, black hat; Miss Marjorie Towle, blue suit with Royal blue collar, black hat; Miss Sylvia Thorpe, smart blue cloth coat and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Bird Taylor, of Waikato, wore grey foulard silk, with vieux rose, pretty hat with vieux rose wings; Miss Jenny Nicol wore a very smart blue cloth coat and skirt, with blue buttons, and black beaver hat; Miss Nellie Thompson, grey coat and skirt, grey hat with cerise ribbon bows; Miss Dunnet, mole grey crepe de chine, small black velvet hat; Mrs. Ryan, mole velvet, vieux rose beaver hat. Mrs. F. Ellis, black ninon, and stylish black hat, with peach cerise plume.

**Personal.**

Mr. and Mrs. H. Kinder left Auckland on Friday by the Main Trunk for Wellington. They intend to visit Wanganui en route.

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UNIFORM

WELLINGTON.

April 8.

This Week has naturally put an end to all entertaining, and most people have been busy packing up and getting ready to go away at Easter. Wanganui is always a specially popular place, and numbers of people are going there for the festivities in connection with the Collegiate School.

Easter Weddings.

After Easter there are to be many weddings, and the brides-elect have been busy preparing for the exciting period. Miss Bessie Fitzgerald was a guest of honour at a tea given not long ago by Miss Hart, and the garden was looking its best with masses of belladonnas and the tall pink tiger lilies everywhere, and the same flowers were used inside the house. The hostess wore a graceful gown of charmuse and mignon, and Miss Fitzgerald had on a becoming shantung gown and a smart hat with wings. The guests included Misses Webb, of Nelson, who is to be a bridesmaid, Misses Pearce, Tased, Brandon, Nathan, Fitzgerald.

House Parties.

Gloriously fine weather for the week-end tempted many people out of town, and all the country houses are full for Easter. At Mrs. John Bidwill's there is a house full of young people, as the Wairarapa is always gay at this time of the year.

The Heretaunga people have arranged big house parties for the holidays, and there is a good deal of hospitality going on at Lowry Bay.

Afternoon Tea.

Miss Scaton's tea on Saturday was in honour of Mrs. and the Misses Buswell, who are leaving Wellington for Gisborne where they intend to live. Roses, lilies and sweet peas decorated the rooms, and the guests spent much of their time in the spacious and picturesque garden which looked particularly well in the warm autumn sunshine. The hostess wore black crepe de chine with entre deux of lace and embroidery; her daughter led on a white lingerie frock; Mrs. Buswell wore black chiffon taffeta, and a black and white toque; the Misses Buswell had on cream shantung dresses, and tassel hats with flowers.

Returning New Zealanders.

Quite a number of people collected at Wellington for the arrival of the Renouera, which brought a number of passengers, although it is the slack time of the year to come back. Captain Greenstreet, the popular commodore, is still in command, and is being over his eightieth trip round the world.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Birch (Marion), and Mrs. Watson (Bulls) came to Wellington to meet the Renouera, as Mr. and Mrs. Caccia Birch, who have given up the idea of living permanently in England, were on board. Mr. Birch intends to take up farming again on his property in the heart of the North Island.

Most people who went to England for the Coronation are back again by now, some of the latest arrivals being Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Monrohouse. With them returned Mrs. Rhodes, who is one of the leading people in the Dominion. As such she received special honour in London last June, when the over-sea visitors from all parts of the Empire gathered for the Coronation. Mrs. Rhodes has for years taken an indefatigable interest in ambulance work, and now holds the position of Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. When in England she had a private audience with their Majesties, and was able to tell them much of interest about New Zealand and Wellington in particular.

After a four years' absence in the Old Country, Mr. and Mrs. Chaytor, of Marlborough, and Miss Constance Chaytor, have returned to the Dominion. Mrs. A. Hurrell, who was formerly Miss Frances Chaytor, is now living in England. Her marriage took place a few months ago. Mr. D'Arcy Chaytor and Mrs. Chaytor are still in that country. Colonel and Mrs. Chaytor were in Wellington to meet their people, who came back by the Renouera. They returned to Palmerston on Wednesday.

Miss Hilda Williams came back from England last week by the direct route. She went on to Auckland after a couple of days here.

Still more passengers by the Renouera were Mrs. Spencer Beard and two of her daughters. Her son, the Rev. Gascoyne

Beard, who was recently ordained, has remained in the Old Country, and his eldest sister is staying on with him. Mrs. and the Misses Beard have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bueholz before going on to the Wairarapa, where they used to live.

After about two years in England, Mrs. Bone has come back to New Zealand again.

Personal.

Captain Greenstreet will have a full ship on the homeward journey, as every berth on the Renouera was booked some months ago. Mrs. Johnston (of "Highden," Feilding), will be on board, and with her will be travelling her widowed daughter, Mrs. Harry Holmes, of Matahiwi, Masterton. During her absence Mrs. Johnston's beautiful country place has been leased by His Excellency the Governor, who will probably go there after his sojourn at Government House in Wellington for the session. Until lately Lord Islington has had possession of Mr. C. Pharyzyn's house, "Longwood," in the Wairarapa district. He has already been Mrs. Johnston's guest at "Highden" two or three times.

It is nearly four months since Captain and Mrs. Rose and Miss Rose arrived by the Rotarua for a visit to New Zealand, which was their home for so many years. Since then they have been travelling about the Dominion, spending most of their time in Auckland where Captain Rose's married daughter, Mrs. Haughton, lives. They have now come back to Wellington and will be here for some weeks until the Renouera goes—in fact, in order to be near their sons, Mr. Rose and Mr. J. Rose, who are living at the Butt.

The Hon. Captain Baillie, M.L.C., and Mrs. Baillie are revisiting their old home in Marlborough for a few weeks before settling down in Wellington again for the winter. Captain Baillie's legislative duties necessitate him spending most of his time here, and he is perhaps for some reasons the most interesting figure in Parliament. Totally blind for many years now, he takes the keenest interest in what goes on, and is seldom absent except from illness from his seat in the House. Although well over eighty he is still of soldierly appearance, his fighting days dating back to Chillianwallah, of which he is now one of the few survivors; and his memory is clear on recounting his adventures of that historical battle. Mrs. Baillie is a cousin of Lord Roberts, and frequently hears from him.

Mr. and Mrs. Noel Nelson, who have been staying with Mr. and Mrs. L. Blundell since their return to Japan, have taken a house on Aurora Terrace, and are busy settling in.

Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, who have been living at Silverstream for some years, have taken a house in Hobson-street.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Smith have taken rooms in Hobson Crescent while they are looking about for a house. Mr. Smith was lately transferred from Napier to Wellington, but with Mrs. Smith is only just back from a trip to England.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart (Napier) have taken Mr. Simpson's house on The Terrace for some months.

Mr. and Mrs. Tewlesley have left Wellington for Auckland, which is their old home. They have many friends here who hope they may return to Wellington to live.

Mrs. Hickley (who is the wife of Captain Hickley, R.N.S. Encounter), has come to Wellington during the vessel's stay in port.

Two other visitors from England are Mr. and Mrs. Garrett Fisher.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Vane for the marriage of their daughter to Mr. A. Wilson on April 17 at St. Mark's, Wellington.

CAMBRIDGE.

April 8.

Cambridge is very full just now with all the visiting bowlers and their wives, and great difficulty is being felt in finding accommodation for them. A great many Cambridge people are away, some at polo in Auckland, and others up at Okorire, for golf.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Wells are in Auckland for the races and the polo tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Banks are in Auckland, staying with Mrs. E. Firth. Mrs. and Miss Caldwell and Miss Kathleen Tate of Greytown, have gone to Wanganui, for Easter week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Herrold and Mr. W. Wright are staying with Mrs. A. H. Nicoll at present.

Miss Ferguson, who is nursing in the Wellington Hospital, is home for Easter. The Misses Molly and B. Taylor, Miss Ida Lundon, Mrs. Bush (Paeroa), and Messrs. Caldwell, A. H. Nicoll, E. J. Wilkinson, and J. Banks have gone to Okorire for golf.

Mr. Ellis, of "The Lightwoods," returned to Cambridge on Thursday, his son and his wife returning with him for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Murray left on Monday for England.

Miss Atfield returned to Cambridge on Saturday, after a five weeks' visit to Auckland.

Mrs. R. J. Roberts and Miss Gwen Roberts returned to Cambridge on Saturday from Auckland. Miss Roberts' marriage to Mr. W. M. Douglas, jun., takes place on the 17th inst. It is to be very quiet, only relations being present.

GISBORNE.

April 2.

Tennis.

A very enjoyable afternoon was spent last Saturday at the Whatanpoko tennis courts. The feature of the day was the presenting of prizes by Mr. A. H. Wallis to the fortunate winners of several tournaments, the final of the championship singles being played off between Mrs. R. V. Burke and Miss D. Bull. Mrs. H. White and Mrs. Wachenman provided a delicious tea. The table was prettily decorated with white daisies and roses. Those present were: Mrs. J. B. Jells, Mrs. F. Parker, Mrs. (Dr.) Williams, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Callis, Mrs. A. Murray, Mrs. Paris, Mrs. R. V. Gully, Misses Williams, Bull, Murray, Symes, Coleman, Rees (2), Wachsman (2), Lusk, Bennett, Runciman, Bradley, White, Messrs. Nolan, Rees, Kells, Callis, Grant, Bull, Wallis, Kissling. In the semi-finals of the ladies' championships Mrs. Burke beat Miss Reynolds, 6-2, 6-3; Miss D. Bull beat Miss V. Symes, 6-1, 6-4; Mrs. Burke beat Miss Bull in the final, 3-6, 6-4, 6-4.

Personal.

Mrs. Lusk and Miss Phyllis Lusk, who have been staying with Mrs. W. L. Rees, Bridgewater, returned home on Sunday.

Miss B. Schumacher (Christchurch) is the guest of Mrs. W. Smith, "The Firs," Whatanpoko.

Mr. C. C. Ruby, of the local branch of the Bank of Australasia, has been appointed manager of the new branch at Motu.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

Hawera, April 4.

Golf.

A number of golf enthusiasts proceeded to New Plymouth to take part in the tournament. Amongst those who were Mr. and Mrs. O'Callaghan, Messrs. Ryan, Turton, Treweek, Elliott, Sutton, Gillies.

Personal.

Mrs. Glenn has returned from an enjoyable holiday spent in Auckland.

Mrs. Webster has gone on a visit to Wellington.

The Misses Reilly (2) and Miss Glenn are spending the Easter holidays in the country at Fordell.

Miss Whitcombe, who has been living in Hawera for some years, left this week for Dannevirke.

Mrs. Nolan is spending a holiday in Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Hawken have gone to Wanganui on a short visit.

The Misses Moore (2) have gone to Wanganui for Easter.

Mrs. Williamson has gone to Auckland. Mrs. V. H. Nolan, of Stratford, is in town for Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Williams are spending a short holiday in Christchurch. Mrs. S. Williamson has also gone to Christchurch.

FEILDING.

April 2.

Miss Insell (Hawdon), who has been staying with Mrs. Barton, has returned. Mr. and Mrs. Woodlams (Auckland), who have been staying with Mrs. F. Woodlams, West-street, have returned. Mrs. Dyer (Masterton), who has been

Advertisement for DALLI ironing mangle. Text: "Women of all Nations Use the DALLI". Includes an image of the mangle and descriptive text about its benefits for household use.

Advertisement for Sydal Hand Emollient. Text: "The Beauty of a Woman's Hands". Includes a small portrait of a woman and text describing the product's benefits for skin care.

Advertisement for Misses Wrigley Hair and Face Specialists. Text: "THE MISSES WRIGLEY HAIR AND FACE SPECIALISTS". Includes a small portrait of a woman and text about hair and face treatments.

Advertisement for Mrs. Fisher. Text: "MRS. FISHER". Includes an image of a woman and text about feather-dressing and dyeing services.

the guest of Mrs. Innes Jones, has returned.

Miss Watson (Wanganui) has returned after a short stay with Mrs. Atkinson.

Mrs. Carty has gone to Wanganui for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Myers have left Feilding and gone to live at their new home at Popo-a-Day.

Miss Whitehead (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. Innes-Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Gorton have gone to Wanganui for Easter.

Mrs. and Miss Wheeler have gone to Auckland and Rotorua for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Innes-Jones have gone to Wanganui for a few days.

Mrs. Gillespie and children, who have been staying in Wellington and Seaford for the last month, have returned.

Miss Oldershaw is the guest of Mrs. Revington-Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayrick are spending Easter in Wanganui.

Mrs. and Miss Edwin (Wellington) are the guests of Mrs. L. Gorton.

Mr. and Mrs. Horrocks are spending ten days in New Plymouth.

**HASTINGS.**

April 3.

**Polo.**

Last week the polo tournament was held in Hastings. Much enthusiasm was shown over the matches. Every day motor cars, crowded with spectators, wended their way to the polo grounds, which are looking at their best. Among the many present during the tournament I noticed: Lady and Miss Russell, Mrs. Pharazan, Mrs. Stead, Mrs. Turnbull, Misses Turnbull, Mrs. Humphries, Misses Humphries, Miss Hoadley, Mrs. Russell, Miss E. Williams, Misses Duff, Misses Hindmarsh, Mrs. Pharazan, sen., Mrs. S. Johnston, Mrs. D. Hill, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. D. Shields, Mrs. Macfarlane, Misses Macfarlane, Mrs. Scott, Misses Cooper, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. F. Nelson, Mrs. O. Nelson, Mrs. Donnelly, Misses Mason, Mrs. Faulkner, Miss McLean, Mrs. D. Williams, Mrs. Nairn, Mrs. C. Williams, Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. McLernon, Mrs. Tanner, Mrs. H. Smith, Mrs. Overton, Mrs. and Misses Crosse, Mrs. W. Williams, Mrs. McHardy.

**A Ball.**

The Hawke's Bay Polo Club held a very successful ball on Friday night. Never has the Drill Hall presented such a brilliant spectacle, festooned with bunting and greenery. A most delightful supper was served at midnight. Lady Russell looked handsome in a black gown; Miss Russell, white charmuse, veiled with black silk; Miss Russell, corise charmuse veiled with cloud grey nun; Mrs. A. Russell, Quaker grey charmuse; Miss E. Williams, black charmuse, veiled with black silk embroidered nun; Mrs. McKenzie, white charmuse veiled with white silk lace; Miss Russell (Melbourne), sage blue charmuse; Mrs. Crosse, black and white gown; Miss Crosse, Bowersilk, rich silk lace trimmings; Miss J. Crosse, sea-green charmuse veiled with emerald green nun; Mrs. C. Williams, pale blue satin; Mrs. D. Hill, white satin charmuse; Mrs. O. Nelson, black with white lace; Mrs. Hawkins, blue charmuse, veiled with black sequined embroidered net; Mrs. D. Shields, pale blue crepe de chine; Mrs. McHardy, black embroidered nun, with touches of emerald

green; Mrs. T. McHardy, white charmuse veiled with beaded nun; Mrs. E. Williams, white charmuse veiled with red embroidered nun; Mrs. Henley (Napier), blue charmuse veiled with mist-grey nun; Mrs. D. Williams, white satin veiled with gold-embroidered nun; Mrs. F. Nelson, pale blue; Mrs. Mackersy, black and white; Miss Mason, electric blue charmuse veiled with grey nun; Miss Crosse, pink floral silk; Miss J. Crosse, sea-green charmuse, veiled with emerald green charmuse; Miss L. Mason, violet charmuse, veiled with nun in pale amethyst shade. Others present were: Mesdames Crosse, Donnelly, Sheratt, H. Smith, Gordon, Hassal, Misses Fitzroy, Williams, Cooper, Hartgill, Hindmarsh, Hoadley, Smith, Tanner, Duff.

**DANNEVIRKE.**

April 6th.

**Croquet and Tennis.**

The tennis season has been very disappointing, and is closing very suddenly. The courts are practically deserted now, and it is quite an effort on the part of the officials to bring the local tournament to an end. The weather has been so very unseasonable that even the most enthusiastic are disheartened. At the Rangitira Club, on Wednesday, Mrs. Ransom provided delicious tea. Some of those present were: Mesdames Soundy, M. Dowell, Cawper, Carson, Scott (Hilborne), Roake, R. Robertshaw, C. Thomson, McLennan, Misses Morgan and Caulton.

**Personal.**

Mrs. and Miss Vera Burmester, who have been spending a few weeks with Mrs. R. N. Blakiston, left Auckland on Monday.

Miss Ruth Walker, Auckland, who has been visiting friends in Dannevirke for some time, returned home on Monday.

Mrs. Komphorne, Timaru, is the guest of Mrs. W. F. Knight, Tahoraiti.

Miss Phillis Keeling has left on a visit to the South Island.

Miss Prichard, Christchurch, is the guest of Mrs. P. T. Prichard, Victoria Avenue.

Miss K. Buckhurst left on Tuesday to spend her Easter holidays in Auckland.

Mrs. W. G. Hartgill and Miss Riddell left on Tuesday for a short visit to Wellington.

Mrs. and Miss Barker, Waitahora, left for a long visit in the South on Wednesday.

Mrs. F. Von Dullezen, Waipawa, is on a short visit to her mother, Mrs. Pettit. Dannevirke will be quite deserted at Easter, so many are taking advantage of the few days' holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Tansley go to Wellington, Mr. and Mrs. E. Evans (Norsewood) to Wellington, Miss D. Monteith to Masterton, Mrs. B. H. Hill to Wellington, and Mrs. and Miss Wiltshire to Wellington.

**NEW PLYMOUTH.**

April 6.

**Personal.**

Mr. and Miss Hamerton (Wellington) are the guests of Mrs. Morshead, New Plymouth.

Mr. Kerr, S.M., Wanganui, accompanied by Mrs. Kerr, spent their Easter holidays in New Plymouth.

Miss Hall has returned to New Ply-

mouth after her pleasant trip to Auckland, where she was the guest of Miss H. Mackenzie.

Miss Roy is on a visit to Temuka, where she will act as bridesmaid at Miss Gapper's wedding.

Misses Humphries, New Plymouth, are on a visit to Wanganui and Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Morton, Napier, are the guests of Mrs. W. D. Webster, the latter's mother.

Miss Monica Govett is on a visit to her relatives in Wanganui.

Miss Fitzgerald is at present the guest of her married sister at Tauramunui.

Mr. McLeod, of the Union Bank of Australasia, New Plymouth, has gone for a trip to Australia and Tasmania.

Miss M. Humphries, New Plymouth, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. Stokes, Dury.

Miss M. Kerr, Wanganui, is the guest of Mrs. R. A. Gray, New Plymouth.

Mrs. Claude Weston, New Plymouth, is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Stewart, Melbourne.

Mrs. and Miss Bewley have returned after their trip to Auckland, where they were the guests of Mrs. W. Leatham, Parnell.

Mrs. C. Williams, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. M. Fraser, New Plymouth, has returned to Auckland.

Mrs. Honeyfield, who has been visiting New Plymouth, has returned to Sydney, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W. Newman.

Mrs. Blundell, who has been visiting relatives in the South Island, has returned to New Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Griffiths, New Plymouth, are spending their Easter holidays in Wellington.

Misses Brewster, V. Simpson, and Powderell (Waverley) and Mr. C. Webster, attended the tennis tournament in Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Saunders, Wanganui, spent their Easter holidays in New Plymouth.

Miss D. Bedford spent her Easter holidays in Hawera, where she was the guest of Mrs. Glenn.

**STRATFORD.**

April 5th.

As usual at this season, social events are few. Many of our townspeople have gone elsewhere for Easter, and the place bears quite a deserted aspect. Among those away are Mrs. T. C. Fookes and family, who are spending the holidays in New Plymouth. Mrs. Hugh Good is also visiting the seaside town.

**Croquet.**

A very enjoyable day was spent on the croquet courts on Friday, when several members of the Inghwood B team played a match against the local club B team. The scores were: Stratford, 127; Inghwood, 125.

The visitors included: Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Orbell, Mrs. Gault, Mrs. C. Carroll, and Miss Johnstone. Stratford was represented by Mesdames Reira, Lord, Black, King, and Miss Moore.

**Personal.**

Mrs. and Miss Freda Wake left for Wanganui on Thursday.

Mrs. Crawshaw was also a passenger by the mail train on Thursday.

Mrs. C. Mackay (Wanganui) was a visitor to Stratford during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Malone are spending Easter in New Plymouth.

Mr. C. Croker has gone to Wellington for the holiday season.

Mr. and Mrs. Rennall have left for a short holiday in Wanganui.

Miss Crispen (Wanganui) is the guest of Mrs. Massey (Bank of Australasia).

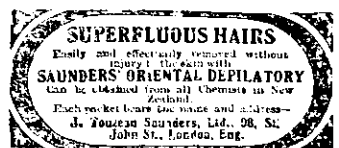
Mr. and Mrs. Christophers (Invercargill) have come to reside in our town.

**PALMERSTON NORTH.**

April 3.

**Tennis.**

On the Linton-street tennis courts on last Saturday afternoon a match was played between a team from the Terrace End Club and a Palmerston B team, the latter team winning. Messrs. Rotherford, Spencer, C. Collins, Dolph, Hill and Masen represented the Palmerston Club, and Messrs. Donald, Burgess, McConnell, Cloughton, Nash and Gledhill the Terrace End Club. Owing to some misunderstanding, no ladies played. Spectators included: Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Thompson, Mrs. Clare, Mrs. and Miss McKnight, Miss Randolph,



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Miss Warburton, Mrs. W. L. Fitzherbert, Miss Stephens, the Misses Mason (2), Porter (2), Tripe, Barnicoat, and several others.

**Personal.**

Mrs. L. A. Abraham and children are spending Easter at Paekakiriki.  
Miss Ethel Wilson left today for Auckland, en route for England.  
Miss Bond is visiting relations in Wanganui.

Mrs. and Miss Robertson (Dannevirke) were visitors to Palmerston yesterday.

Mrs. C. W. Walker and Miss F. Randolph are staying at Paekakiriki for the holidays.

Mr. Vennell (Damaru) was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. McKnight for a few days at the end of last week.

Mrs. Remell (Stratford) and Miss Raddley (Kimbolton) were visitors to Palmerston this week.

Mrs. H. S. Fitzherbert (New Plymouth) is the guest of Mrs. W. L. Fitzherbert.

Mrs. F. E. Watson went to Turakina for a short stay this week.

**WANGANUI.**

April 6.

**At Tennis.**

There were a large number at the tennis courts on Saturday. Afternoon tea was given by Miss Wilford. During the afternoon, Miss Cave beat Mrs. Hesse in the final for the singles. All the tournaments were played off, and the courts closed till the Easter tournaments. Amongst those on the lawn were: Mrs. Conville Saunders, Mrs. Hesse, Mrs. J. Harold, Mrs. Good, Miss Darley, Miss Hawken, Miss Wilford, Mrs. Wray, Mrs. Hole, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. H. Bayly, Miss Nixon, Miss Cave, Miss Wilford, Miss Christie, Miss Beetham (Wairarapa), Miss Anderson, Messrs. Strouts, Bayly, Harrison, Moore, Breilburgh, Enderby, Reid, Stevenson, and many more. Miss G. Hole, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to friends in Hawke's Bay. Mrs. Wycven Williams, of Hawke's Bay, is in Wanganui for the Easter tennis tournament. Mr. Arthur Empson, of India, is the guest of Mr. Herbert Watson, Collegiate School, Wanganui. Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Te Aute, Hawke's Bay, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Williams, Putiki, Wanganui.

**Personal.**

Miss N. Wilson, of Bulls, is staying in Wanganui with Mrs. Good.

Mrs. Foreman, of Wanganui, is staying in Wellington with relations.

Mrs. and Miss Fairburn, of Wanganui, have been staying in Wellington.

Mrs. S. Gordon, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Auckland.

Mrs. Ian Johnston, of Waverley, has been staying in Wanganui.

Mr. J. E. Paterson, of Castlecliff, Wanganui, left last week for a visit to Canada.

Mr. J. Stevenson, who has been staying in Christchurch, has returned to Wanganui.

Miss Watson, of Wanganui, has been staying with friends in Wellington.

Miss Gilbertson, of Hawke's Bay, is staying in Wanganui for the Easter festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. George Humphreys, of Taumarunui, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, in Wanganui.

Miss M. Lethbridge, of Wanganui, has been staying in Hawke's Bay with friends.

Mrs. Knight, of Dannevirke, is staying in Wanganui with Mrs. Cowper.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Empson are staying in Wanganui for Easter.

**BLenheim.**

April 4.

**Tennis.**

On Saturday evening Miss M. McNab gave a most successful "kitchen" evening in honour of Miss N. Grace, who is to be married on Easter Tuesday. An interesting song title competition was held during the evening, the prizes falling to Miss Decima Horton, and booby prize to Miss Kinella (Bay of Plenty). Miss M. McNab received her guests in a pretty nauti blue silk dress piped with black. Among those present were: Misses E. Florance, Monica Grace, B. Grace, B. Griffiths, Neville (2), Rogers, Nevin, Jenkins, Perrott (Renwick), Ross (2) (Grossetown), Newton, Horton (2), Yavassour, L. Redwood, T. Clouston, Skinner (2), Barnett, H-ll (2), Winstanley, C. Hall, Williams (Renwick), and Mowat.

**Kitchen Evening.**

There was a fair attendance at the Marlborough lawn tennis courts last Saturday afternoon, the occasion being the closing of the season. A dainty tea was provided by Mrs. Bagge. Among those present were: Mrs. B. Adams, Mrs. J. White, Mrs. Hulme, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Orr, Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Scott, Misses Anderson, Smith, Jenkins, Clouston (2), Meade, Chapman, Bell, Messrs. Brock, Bagge, Sharpe, Golling, Meade, Dr. Anderson.

**Personal.**

Mrs. and the Misses Mowat, who have been staying at Mr. J. Conelly's place at the Bay of Many Coves, have returned.

Miss M. McNab has returned from visiting friends at Mahakipawa.

Mrs. Gilmer (West Coast) is visiting Mr. J. Reid, Weld-street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Rogers, Eltham Lodge, have gone to the North Island for the Easter holidays.

Mrs. Oswald (Awatere) is visiting Mrs. W. Clouston, St. Andrew's.

Mrs. W. Bell, Flaxmere, is visiting friends in Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. Chambers (Hastings), who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hall, have returned home.

Miss Urquhart, who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Redman, Picton, returned on Tuesday.

Mrs. Dovenish (New Plymouth) is the guest of Mrs. Skinner, Weld-street.

Mrs. Bennett has returned from a pleasant holiday spent in New Plymouth.

**NELSON.**

April 2.

**Afternoon Teas.**

A large and very enjoyable tea was given this week by Mrs. V. H. Barr, for Mrs. Edward Allen and Miss Tolmie, who leave in a few days for England. The many guests were entertained with two interesting competitions, the prize winners being Mrs. Izard, Mrs. Frank Hamilton and Miss Taylor. Mrs. Barr's pretty frock was of sea-green charmeuse, with guimpe and sleeves of white malines net, her black velvet hat had an upturned brim of white satin; Mrs. Bond wore a handsome black lace gown, and a small black toque; Mrs. Dudley Edwards, Irish lace frock, black tassel hat with plumes; Mrs. G. Holy, black chiffon velvet, and a black picture hat; Mrs. Allen, green silk gown, with large black hat; Miss Tolmie, flowered voile, tuscan hat with mauve roses; Mrs. Drew, black silk costume; Mrs. C. H. Coote, mole cloth, hat en suite; Mrs. Renwick, heliotrope floral satin with tunic of black chiffon; Mrs. Francis Richmond, black silk gown and black hat; Mrs. Marsden, black and white voile; Miss Marsden, amethyst foilard, white feathered hat; Mrs. Philip Andrew, rose pink frock, smart black hat; Mrs. Houlker, green floral voile; Mrs. J. H. Cook, natter blue silk, hat of the same shade; Mrs. Fowler, amethyst eolienne, black hat; Mrs. Izard, tussore frock, hat with roses; Mrs. Brown, mauve charmeuse, black picture hat; Miss Lorimer, saxe line satin with panels of black lace, blue hat; Miss Forbes, soft grey satin; Mrs. Thompson (Cable Bay), grey gown with a black hat; Mrs. Airey (Cable Bay), white silk frock, hat with pink roses. Others present were: Miss Richmond, Mrs. and Miss Gibbs, Mrs. W. Johnston, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Bett, Miss K. Morrison (Masterton), Miss Ingles (Napier), Miss Julie Tomlinson, Miss Mary Hadson, Miss M. Cook, Miss Houlker, Miss Booth, Miss G. Harley, Mrs. Edward Moore, Mrs. G. Kour, Mrs. T. Hamilton, Miss Baird, Mrs. Frank Hamilton, Miss Vera Leggett, Miss Maginuity.

Another pleasant afternoon tea was the one given by Mrs. F. A. Bett for her sister, Miss K. Morrison, of Blairlogie, Masterton. Tea and coffee were served in the diningroom and ices in another room, and the guests were entertained with gramophone selections and a Shakespearean guessing competition, the prize for the latter being won by Miss Ingles (Hawke's Bay). Mrs. Bett received her guests in a becoming gown of black over white; Miss Morrison was wearing a handsome frock of pale heliotrope cloth with small round net poke; Mrs. P. Andrew wore a white tailoredade cloth costume and a floral hat of shaded pink roses. Others present were: Mrs. Perrin, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. W. S. Lucas, Miss Lulu Lucas, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Heape, Mr. and Miss Cook, Miss Isabel Andrew, Miss Shirley Blackett, Mrs. and Miss Tomlinson, Miss Nina Jones, Mrs. Childs (Stoke), Mrs. Brown (Stoke), Miss Guthbertson, Mrs. and Miss Maginuity.

Miss Houlker, Miss Ingles (Hawke's Bay), Mrs. W. S. Johnston, Mrs. Oldham.

**Bridge.**

Several bridge parties have been given lately for Mrs. Allen and Miss Tolmie. A very enjoyable one was given by Mrs. Gibbs at her residence, Collingwood-street. Some of the players were:—Mrs. and the Misses Gibbs, Mrs. Frank Hamilton, Mrs. Allen, Miss Tolmie, Mrs. Renwick, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Barr, Mrs. Bunny, Mrs. C. Broad, and Miss Richmond. Other bridge hostesses for the week have been Mrs. de Castro, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Bunny.

**Personal.**

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Allen and Miss Kirton leave Auckland this week en route to England.

Miss Ingles (Hawke's Bay), who has been the guest of Mrs. P. Andrew (Stoke) has left for Wellington.

Mrs. and Miss Monson have gone to Westport.

Miss K. Morrison has returned to Masterton.

General Godley and Captain Chesney are the guests of Mr. Percy Adams.

**PICTON.**

April 2.

**A Recital.**

Mr. Frank Hutchens, the well-known pianist, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, gave great pleasure to several Picton friends, who were invited by Mrs. Arthur to meet Mr. Hutchens. Mrs. Arthur sang during the evening, as also did Mrs. Boyd, of Ikakitika, and Miss Wallace. Some of those present were Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Boyd, Misses Arthur, Allen, Wallace, Dr. A. Patterson, and Messrs. Arthur, Hazlewood and Cheek.

**Bowling.**

A match, Blenheim v. Picton, for the custody of the pennant, was played on Thursday, Blenheim winning easily and thus securing the pennant for the season. The ladies provided afternoon tea, and an enjoyable afternoon was spent.

A bowling tournament has been arranged for Easter. This will probably end up the bowling season.

**Personal.**

Mrs. Bowen, North Canterbury, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Arthur, in Picton.

Mr. J. Mowat, and the Misses Mowat (2), have returned to Blenheim after some weeks spent at Mr. John Conolly's residence at Bay of Many Coves, Queen Charlotte Sound.

The Hon. Captain Baillie and Mrs. Baillie, of Wellington, are visiting Picton again.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Chaytor, Farnham, Blenheim, are spending the Easter holidays with Mrs. and the Misses Allen.

Miss M. O. Huddleston, Blenheim, was in Picton for a few days this week.

**CHRISTCHURCH.**

April 2.

**A Small Luncheon.**

A small luncheon was given on Wednesday by Mrs. Wilding at Fownhope, Opawa, in honour of Mrs. Deans and Mrs. Symes, who are leaving for England next week. The guests included:—Mrs. Denniston, Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. J. Anderson, Mrs. Bevan-Brown and Mrs. Burns.

**A Farewell.**

On Tuesday a small farewell luncheon party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Macfarlane, who are also leaving for England next week.

**Personal.**

Mr. and Mrs. Molyneux, of Wellington, spent a few days in Christchurch en route for Dunedin.

Miss Clifford, of Wellington, is visiting in Christchurch.

Miss Galway, of Sydney, is the guest of Mrs. M. Campbell, at Avonside.

Mrs. Courtney Nedwill, of Christchurch, is staying with Mrs. Kibian, at Cent Hill.

Miss Godley, from England, niece of the founder of Canterbury, is the guest of Lady Bowen, at Middleton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Hay and Miss Turner, of Christchurch, have been staying with friends in Timaru.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Macfarlane, of Kaiwarra, are leaving for a visit to England.

Mrs. Harkness and Mr. and Mrs. I. Curtis, of Westport, have been visiting friends in Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Stead, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stead, of Hastings, and Mrs. Russell Grace, of Wellington, are the guests of Mrs. G. G. Stead at "Strowan Park," Christchurch.

Miss Troube has returned to Christchurch from Blenheim.

Bishop and Mrs. Julius, of Christchurch, leave next week for England.

Amongst the members leaving Christchurch for Hammer Springs are Mr. and Mrs. Arnot McKellar and family, Miss Dunstan, Miss N. Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. Hay, and Dr. and Mrs. Guthrie.

**EVERY WOMAN'S FACE.**

Bernard Shaw tells in one of his plays of a woman who has never known the cares, the preoccupation, the responsibilities, jealousies and anxieties of personal beauty. She has the complexion of a never-washed gipsy, incurable by any detergent. An extreme case, if you will; but you don't want a face anything like that. Well, every woman's face is a living index of the treatment she gives it.

Quite the reverse of Mr. Shaw's deplorable woman is the woman who has only a bowing acquaintance with the cares, responsibilities, and anxieties of personal beauty. She needs only a few minutes daily for the practice of the cult. This she accomplishes easily with the use of Valaze. The perfect skin-foot makes little demand on your time; and yet the smoothness, clearness, and flawlessness of the skin of the Valaze woman, the colouring of youth in the face, the freshness and vigour of the skin's action are always the unfailing reward of that rational treatment.

Valaze costs 4/ and 7/ a jar, and is prepared and supplied only by Mlle. Helena Rubinstein, the celebrated Viennese face specialist. She, first among all complexion specialists, differentiated between dry, moist, oily normal and "shiny" skins, when advising the use of powders. Test this wisdom for yourself. Valaze Powder for a greasy or over-moist skin. Novena Poudre for dry and normal skins. In boxes, 2/6; Novena Crème, the infallible cleanser of delicate skins, 2/ and 3/6. "Beauty in the Making," Mlle. Rubinstein's book, post-free on application.

All Valaze preparations are obtainable from leading chemists, or direct, post-free, from Valaze Depot, City Chambers, Queen-street, Auckland; or Mlle. Helena Rubinstein, Maison Valaze, Brandon-street, Wellington.

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**FANCY COSTUMES FOR HIRE,** suitable for Balls or Wink Carnivals. Prices and styles to suit everyone.—Miss KIRKBY, Box 202, 25 Ponsonby Road, Ponsonby.



# The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

**F**RILLS are in fashion again, and a little model frock viewed recently was Early Victorian in its simplicity. Perfectly plain, with a high waist, for sole decoration it had a frill outlining the round neck, the sleeves, and hem of the skirt. A broad sash was tied in a bow behind, and introduced a note of colour—it was a white silk muslin frock—but in its simplicity it was charming—for the young girl.

### A POLYCHROMATIC FROCK.

A dainty evening frock of mauve and powder blue would suit admirably a fair girl. A light shade of mauve should be chosen, say lilac, and this be veiled with powder-blue chiffon. Such a frock could well follow the "princess" line, since it best displays the beauty of the fabric. Add a cross-over fichu of blue ninon powdered with crystal beads and edged with velvet fringe. Have two oblong panels edged with fringe back and front from the waist where there is a rouleau of rose-red panne, and at the right side slightly draw back the front panel towards that at the back and secure it with a velvet chon with a pendant tassel. This should be carefully done so as to gain a draped and not dragged effect.

Place a large velvety deep red rose at the waist and one has a charming "whole."

The tunic is ubiquitous—one sees it everywhere, and it is equally charming

short or long. Perhaps the most favoured model is that which scarcely reaches to the knees in front, but is slightly longer at the back. And the military sash well accompanies it.

### THE VOGUE FOR BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERY.

A white satin slip with beautiful ribbon embroidery in pale pink blue, pale yellow and La France pink on a white ground, which formed the little short-waisted bodice, was charming. The skirt was slashed up each side and outlined with black fox. The underskirt glimpsed was of frills of pale cream Malines lace,



A PRETTY FROCK.

Of soft erve, showing a method of using the wide lace scarf of the summer.

each frill "headed" with a tiny ruche of pale blue ribbon and in a line down the centre of the panels, one on each frill, were tiny pink roses.

The tunic was of pale blue chiffon worked round the hem with ribbon embroidery in the same shades as seen on the bodice, and was bordered with silk fringe in pale blue and pink, the same fringe being used to outline the small sleeves. The centre was of soft pale blue satin finished in front with a chon of tiny pink roses.

For dinner gowns and evening receptions nothing is so much in favour as white, trailing white satin or chiffon velvet, with trimmings of fur or lace, or both, and one magnificent glowing note of colour on the corsage. Then there is black, of course; apparently that will never be dethroned, and it is not surprising, especially as now that rare lace



A DAINTY EVENING FROCK.

is the thing above all others to wear. The cloaks for evening wear are, as they have been for some time, strange in line and combinations of materials.

even for the smart coat and skirt, but the little morning suit is strictly practical.

### THE MANTELLA WRAP.

One of the smartest evening coats seen this year resembles, in a slight measure, the military cape worn by Italian officers. It is a double-breasted coat, without shoulder seams, and long sleeves, which covers the frock completely. But instead of buttoning over neatly as does an ordinary coat, a "corner" of material is thrown over the shoulder and, weighted by a tassel, it lends an air of smartness to the back of the garment. The sleeves are slashed up the back almost to the elbow, where there is a button of cord.

### SPRING TAILORMADES.

There is very little change in the new tailor-mades from what we have seen for the last few months. The skirts are short and a very little wider, the average width being about two yards. The tunic effect is still general, and buttons are the chief trimmings. Coats are short, and cut away from the waist, with buttons of the same size as those used on the skirt; sleeves are regular tailor-made patterns very slightly eased into the armhole. Collars are rather small than large, and are generally embroidered, soutache, or trimmed in some way. A few models have the pieced basque but they are rare and not likely to be popular. The materials used are light woollen ones, plain, finely-striped or tweed patterned. Taffetas, moire, cachemire de soie, and all kinds of silken stuffs are used for the three-piece costume, and



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NET BLOUSES.

After a lapse of a season or two net blouses have been revived once more. This time it is Paris who calls them back into favour once more and some of the recently arrived French blouses have been of sheer nets.

In keeping with the present vogue, these new blouses frequently show wide, frilly, fluffy, side ruffles, which may be of the same net as the blouse proper, or of coloured net or chiffon.

Usually they are rather simple in style, however, with a daring touch of colour, a band of black satin, a vivid tie or some little touch to distinguish them. And though many of them are made from sheer nets, chiefly Brussels, others are of fancy nets or beautiful laces.

Why Do We Laugh?

BERGSON EXPLAINS THE REASON.

Nowadays Bergsonism is a fashionable cult. The works of the famous French philosopher are being widely read, as much for the reason that they were written by Bergson as for what they contain. When Bergson lectured in London a month or two ago, no hall could be found large enough to hold all those anxious to hear him, and his books are being translated into practically every language of Europe and widely circulated in every country. To one who makes his first acquaintance with the Bergsonian philosophy through the recently-published essay on "Laughter," there seemed to be no particular reason for this sudden enthusiasm. Henri Bergson is certainly a lucid and attractive writer, enjoying at times wonderfully illustrative metaphors, and his ideas are original; but they are not strikingly so, and his philosophy does not always ring quite true.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE RIDICULOUS.

'Was it not Rochefoucauld who said that in the misfortune of even our best friends there is always something at which we must laugh? At any rate, it was a Frenchman who endeavours to explain to us the reason for our seeming hard-heartedness. Bergson finds in everything we laugh at a common element—in a practical joke, in a ludicrous accident, in a queer-looking animal, in a picture, in a comic situation. That common element, he says, is humanity. The comic does not exist outside the pale of what is strictly human. For instance, we can never laugh at a landscape. Be it beautiful, charming, and sublime, or insignificant and ugly, it will never be laughable. If there is anything in a landscape to provoke a smile—such as the Nelson railway station, for instance—it is not at the building itself that we laugh, but at the person who designed it. We laugh at monkeys, because we see in them a grotesque resemblance to man. The element essential to laughter must be some departure from the worm of humanity. When a pompous old gentleman sits on his top hat we smile in exactly the same way as when we hear a clever pun. In one case it is the violent departure from the victim's usual mode of procedure which excites our risible faculties; in the other we are reminded—albeit deliberately—of the stupidity of the man who cannot use his own language properly. In both cases there is the essential conspicuous difference from the worm.

EMOTION THE ENEMY OF LAUGHTER.

A symptom which Bergson points out as especially worthy of notice is the "absence of feeling" which usually accompanies laughter.

It seems as though the comic could not produce its disturbing effect unless it felt, so to say, on the surface of a soul that is thoroughly calm and unruffled. Indifference is its natural environment, for laughter has no greater foe than emotion. I do not mean that we could laugh at a person who inspires us with pity, for instance, or even with affection, but in such a case we must, for the moment, put our affection out of court, and impose silence upon our pity.

Everyone of us who has played a game of football can remember laughing heartily at the spectacle of a friend nursing a painfully hacked shin. Of course, he asked what we found to laugh at, and we could not tell him. Bergson tells us that our sense of humour for the moment was stronger than our sympathy. "In such a case no great harm is done, but when we cannot restrain our laughter at a really pitiable case—there are people, for instance, who will make fun of a cripple—then laughter becomes cruel, and the person who laughs shows a want of self-control which is enphable.

THE VALUE OF LAUGHTER.

One critic of the Bergsonian theory has summed up his philosophy in the following words: "Laughter is a means of social chastisement; it is the corrective which society applies to something inimical to social life." A little ridicule is good for most people, and will often cure a bad habit more surely and more quickly than any amount of preaching. The ultra-dignified person who proceeds through the street with a handbill attached to the tail of his highly respectable morning coat learns a far better lesson from the laughter of the groundlings than he would from their censure.

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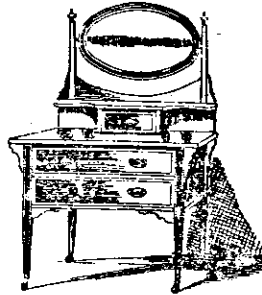
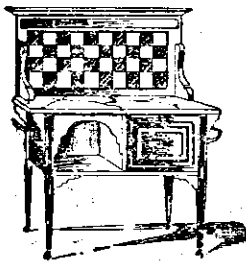
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# Verse Old and New.

**The Tug.**

THE liner—she's a lady; that's the reason why no doubt, She always needs assistance gettin' in an' gettin' out, She can't come up the river an' she darsn't dock alone she whistles fer the tugboat in a meaf implorin' tone, An' the tugboat takes the hawser an' goes puffin' up the stream With his stack a-smokin' lively an' his engine spittin' steam, Then he swings her an' he pulls her—like a cowboy drivin' stock, An' he hasn't got no manners—but he gets her in the dock!

He's short an' stout an' chunky Like a fat old goat, An' he aint no liner's flunky He's a free-lance boat; Yet it's easy, when you view him, An' you hear him pant, To see there aint much to him But his power plant.

When there's any job to tackle he will take it anyhow Whether towin' racin' liners er a garbage scow, You will see him ploddin' heavy with a raft of rollin' logs, Or a pautin' down the harbour with a barge of squealin' hogs, With a string of empty lighters er a ship from 'round the horn, With a fleet of pleasure barges or a freighter full of corn, He yonks 'em through the river an' his dusky whistle blows As he tells the other steamers to be lookin' where they goes.

His captain is a feller That is all there, too, An' there aint a streak of yeller In the tugboat's crew.

What they promise they stand pat on An' if paid the rate, They would tow the hull Manhattan To the Golden Gate.

The Tug—he bucks the river when it's full of grindin' ice, An' when there's trade to handle, why, you needn't call him twice, Fer he's out a-ridin' combers maybe fifty miles at sea An' he doesn't stop fer danger when he's lookin' fer a fee; He's the little giant helper, he's the live wire of the port, He's a nerry, nifty smorter, an' a winner an' a sport, He's the snubby-nosed explorer of the chances of the game An' he's never much on beauty but he gets there just the same!

If there's any job to rustle, Any chance to take, You'll see the tugboat hustle Like his gauge would break; Two hundred pounds of steam on Make his engines throb, He's a busy little demon An' he's on the job! —Horton Healey, in "Hampton-Columbian Magazine."

**Thy Hosiery.**

The socks I darn for thee, dear heart, Mean quite a pile of work to me; I count them over, every one apart, Thy hosiery, thy hosiery.

Each sock a mate, two mates a pair, To clothe thy feet in storm and cold; I count each sock unto the end, and find I've skipped a hole.

Oh, carelessness, this thy reproof, See how it looms across my sole, I grind my teeth, and then in very truth I darn that hole, sweetheart, I darn that hole! —L. Case Russell, in Puck.

**Under the Skylight.**

I have no office with staring sign Down in the noise of the crowded mart. A window square to the sky is mine, In a humble lot, where all apart I live with my friends and books and art.

No currents of gold from Wall-street come To breathe the fever of loss and gain; But the golden sunlight warms my home, Or on my skylight patters the rain, As I paint or sing my castles in Spain.

No cheques that smile for a day, and melt, The postman brings to my humble door, But letters from friends where love is felt.

To be richer than all the golden store Of the millionaire whose soul is poor. God is good, but 'tis not the best. True love's bank, can it ever break? What if it should? The sun in the west Sinks and rises again, to make A long, long banquet of Give and Take.

Time is passing, but Time is renewed, Life runs over with wealth untold, Age grows younger in all that is good, Reaping the fields where Youth stood cold In the drear, bare furrows, and dream- ed of gold.

What if the light of our matia prime Pales in the storm with a struggling beam?

One ripe day of life's latter time Is worth a hundred of fitful gleam, Is worth long years of an aimless dream.

O misty land of uncertain youth! Low lying swamps of fear and doubt! We have left you below for the heights of truth; We have found through the fogs a pathway out; Below us the youths and maidens shout.

Wandering, careless, through roads unknown, Wrap in the soft, warm, vapory air,

Here in the clear, still upper zone We see how wide is life, how fair, While age's light gilds age's care.

What if the snow-wreath crowns our heads?

We gain the electric strength of frost. We are treading the path each mortal treads.

We are nearing the spring. We have counted the cost.

We trust—ay, we know—we shall not be lost.

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

**Recompense.**

When 'tis is then an end: Will peace then come To hearts that throbb'd too much Or else were dumb. With their great ache and loss! Shall these the touch Of death at last befriend And lift their cross When life is at an end!

When life is at an end: Shall they who pour'd Their meed of love in vain Find all restored By Him, the source of love, Who gives again Thrice o'er what they did lend, Since aye they strove Till life was at an end?

When life is at an end: Shall they who sought In humbleness and awe The holy thought, Shall they be less than He, Before the Law, Who still to form did bend, A Pharise,— When life is at an end!

When life is at an end— Oh, may we leave The After then to Him, Nor idly grieve Because we know no more. Lo! there lies dim The fearsome way—A Friend To walk before!— When life is at an end. —Michael Monahan, in the "Papyrus."

# Anecdotes and Sketches.

**GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.**

**Always Hit Something.**

THE aged, wrinkled gamekeeper whistled his dog and scratched his towled head before turning to the company. "Yes, sir," said he, "the runniest master I ever had were old Parson Sharpe. As blind as a bat he were."

"And did he go shooting?" exclaimed the audience in the village working men's club.

"Shooting?" replied the gamekeeper, with a snort of contempt at the question. "Aye, that he did. Yes, he shot regular. When he was in the woods and anything rose, I'd cry, 'Birds, sir!' and then I'd run behind the parson, and the dog'd run behind me."

"And then?" asked the audience.

"Then the old gent'd blaze away with both barrels."

"And did he ever hit anything?"

"Oh, yes! Sometimes it wur a cow or a horse or a pig or a dog. Now and again it wur a man. But he always hit something. He were a certain shot, he were!"

**"Half a Mo, Old Sport!"**

This is what took place in Mounmouth-shire in the course of an interview between a deputation of colliers and the management. The manager was accompanied by the under-manager, who, in order to straighten out the points, interposed a number of questions and observations, as he was rather more acquainted with the particular matters than the manager. But one of the deputation, not quite realising the position, became exasperated and exclaimed—

"Half a mo', old sport! Just remember we're talkin' to the organ-grinder, not the monkey."

**Still Running.**

A very small negro boy was a regular attendant at a boys' reading club on the West Coast of Africa, and always called for the same book, and always turned to the same place, at which he looked eagerly and then laughed heartily.

The attendant's curiosity was aroused by a performance many times repeated, so he followed the little fellow one night and, looking over his shoulder, saw that he opened the book at a picture of a bull chasing a terrified negro across a field. He was just about to ask what the joke was, for the laugh had again come rippling up to him, when the boy looked around grinning.

"Golly," he cried, "he ain't kotched him yit!"

**The Book Her Husband Needed.**

With the air of one who has not a moment to spare, she bustled into a bookshop.

"I want a book for my husband, please," she began. "It's his birthday, and I want it for a present. He'll be forty-four next week, so show me quick what you have. I want nothing expensive, nor yet cheap. He's a mild-mannered man, and not fond of sports, so don't show me anything in that line, and for goodness' sake don't offer me any of those trashy novels; and, no matter how you may try to persuade me, I won't have anything in the line of history or biography. Come, I am in a hurry; can't you suggest something suitable after I have told you what kind of a husband he is?"

The attendant lifted down a small volume from one of the shelves. Yes, ma'am? he answered. "I think I have the very thing. Here is a little book entitled 'How to Manage a Talking Machine.'"

**Snellpaardlooszoonderspoorweg-pitroolrijtuig.**

That's the technical and locally accepted name of the automobile in Flanders. "Snell" (note that the second letter is N, not M!) means "rapid"; "paardeloos" means "horseless"; "zoonderspoorweg" is the recognised way of describing a thing "without rails"; and, finally, "pitroolrijtuig" implies a thing "driven by petroleum." So you have it, quite simply, and mere "White Whizzers" and "Drab Devils" are outclassed. But how'd you like to be hit by a real "Snellpaardeloos"—, etc., etc?

dreamer who was going along the same picturesque path of dalliance as the youth to whom he was speaking.

"Oh, I should so like to meet her," said the young man unabashed. "Won't you introduce me? I want that sort of artistic temperament in the woman I marry."

"Of course, I will," was the sarcastic reply. "It would be a great combination, and you could be everlastingly busy illustrating the stories she doesn't write with the pictures you don't paint!"

**Better Not Inquire.**

"Yes," said Swagger, "this is a turquoise ring."

"Excuse me," said Beggs, "the correct pronunciation of that woul is 'turkwoise.'"

"No, 'turkese,' excuse me."

"I say 'turkwoise.'"

"Well, let's go to a jeweller and ask him."

"Right."

"In order to settle a wager," said Swagger to the jeweller, "would you mind telling me if the correct pronunciation of the stone in this ring is 'turkese' or 'turkwoise'?"

The jeweller took the ring and examined carefully.

"The correct pronunciation," he said, "is 'glam.'"



"Why are you holding your leg up?" "To make room for the artist's name."

**A Great Combination.**

A certain well-known artist had among his acquaintances many young persons of that artistic temperament which dreams a lot more than it performs. Among these was a girl who thought she could write, and a young fellow who imagined he could paint. One day the artist, who maintains that genius is half labour, mentioned the girl as being another

**Rules of Evidence.**

In a circuit court of Missouri during a "horse case" a horseman well known throughout the state for his expert knowledge was called as a witness. "You saw this horse?" asked counsel for the defendant. "Yes, sir, I—"

"What did you do?" "I opened his mouth in order to ascertain how old he was, and I said to him, I said, 'Old fellow, I guess you're a good horse yet.' At this juncture opposing counsel leaped to his feet. "Your honor," he cried, "object to his statement of any conversation between the witness and the horse when the plaintiff was not present!"



"Are you a good cook?"  
"Oh go to church twice every Sunday!"

**EARNED.**

Diner: Is it customary to tip the waiter in this restaurant?  
Waiter: Why—ah—yes, sir.  
Diner: Then hand me a tip. I've waited three-quarters of an hour for that steak I ordered.

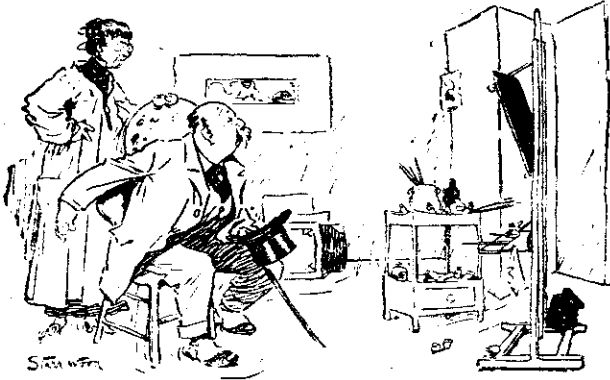
Diner: I say, waiter! Remove this cheese quickly!  
Waiter: Isn't it all right, sir?  
Diner: Oh, quite all right; but it's eating my bread.

**SIZED UP.**

Tommy: Pop, what is a theorist?  
Pop: A theorist, my son, is a man who thinks he is learning to swim by sitting on the bank and watching a frog.

**KEEP COOL.**

Husband (irritably): It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in Heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody.  
Wife (calmly): Order is Heaven's first law.



"I studied painting abroad, you know."  
"I thought so. I've never seen a cow anything like that in this country!"

**EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.**

A one-armed referee recently had charge of a football match up North. A visitor fisted the ball, and a cry of "Foul!" resulted.  
The referee, however, ignored the cry, and the match proceeded without interruption.  
"Arrah!" yelled an Irishman in the crowd. "Leave him be, boys. How could the poor man see everything wid only wan armum!"

**KIND-HEARTED.**

"I made a mistake," said Plodding Pete. "I told that man up the road I needed a little help 'cause I was lookin' for me family from whom I had been separated for years."  
"Didn't that make him give you a tip?"  
"He couldn't see it. He said that he didn't know my family, but he wasn't goin' to help in bringing any such trouble on 'em."



The Innocent Thing: Well, marriage they say is a lottery.  
Dowager: Don't you believe it, my dear. It's a game of skill!

**THE WHOLE BOOT.**

"You know," said a smart young man to a girl, "someone has said that if you want a lasting pair of boots, make the soles of the tongue of a woman."  
"Yes," replied the girl, "and for the uppers you ought to take the cheek of the man who said it."

**SO LIKE A MAN.**

Scene 1: At home.  
Mr. Hubby: What's for dinner?  
Mrs. Hubby: Oh, just a couple of chops.  
Mr. Hubby (disgustedly): Always those eternal chops! I refuse!  
(Goes off in a rage to his club.)  
Scene 2: At the club.  
Mr. Hubby: What can I have to eat?  
Waiter: Nothing much ready yet, sir. Can cook you a nice chop, sir.  
Mr. Hubby (enthusiastically): Good! Make it two!

**CHEERING.**

He: They say men of brains live long.  
She: Well, hope for the best. You may prove one of the exceptions.



"He knows all the best people in town."  
"Well, why doesn't he mix with them then?"  
"They know him!"

**OMNISCIENCE.**

Four-year-old Harry was spending the day with his aunt. Dinner was late, and the child began to grow restless.  
"Aunt," he said finally, "does God know everything?"  
"Yes, dear," answered his aunt.  
"Every little thing?" he persisted.  
"Yes, every little thing," was the reply.  
"Well, then," he said in a tone of conviction, "God knows I'm hungry."

**QUESTIONABLE.**

Hartupper: Is Wigwag honest?  
Farrowell: Well, he came around to my house the other day and stole an umbrella I had borrowed from him.

**QUITE DIFFERENT.**

Bill: Did you say he was working for the government now?  
Jill: No, I didn't say he was working. I said he had a government job.



**AFTER THE STORM.**

Mamma's Darling—"Say, pop, I'll be glad when I get old enough to do as I please."  
Henpecked Husband—"When you reach that age you'll probably be too old enough to get married. So what good will it do you?"