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The Week in Review.

The Defence of New Zealand.

WHEN we see only one or two small gunboats in our waters, the question is often asked how New Zealand is defended by the British Navy. The few ships that visit our shores are obviously quite insufficient to repel any hostile naval attack. Yet we do enjoy complete immunity from invasion. The reason is this. There are only two sources of danger to the Australasian colonies—one would be from some European Power the other from Japan. Nearly all the European navies are shut in by the British fleet. Owing to our occupation of Gibraltar, and our interest in Egypt and the Suez Canal, we can block ships from passing out of the Mediterranean. Our strength in the North Sea keep the German navy captive. Practically no power could send an army overseas without our permission. This secured us from foreign interference in the Boer War, and safeguarded our transports. It is with a view to escaping from this position that Germany is so feverishly hastening on her fleet so that she may be able to defy England should occasion arise. On the imprisonment of the German navy the safety of the British Empire depends.

Caught Napping.

Yet, in spite of our strength, we were nearly caught napping. When the trouble over Morocco was at an acute stage the British Fleet, instead of being concentrated at a suitable base of operations, was scattered. One division was at Portland, another was off the south-west coast of Ireland, and the third was on the east coast of Scotland. Combined they could have defied Germany, but scattered as they were they might easily have fallen victims to the German High Sea Fleet. The Admiralty realised the peril of the situation in a moment, and took prompt steps to concentrate the fleet. They got into touch with the ships off the Irish coast by means of wireless, and ordered them to proceed to Portland with all possible speed. The vessels at Cromarty, off the coast of Scotland, were also ordered to proceed to Portsmouth without delay. Now was revealed an astounding fact. There was not a ton of coal in the whole of Cromarty. We had seven ships without coal, and the Germans had sixteen fully equipped battleships that might have easily destroyed them. The Admiralty ordered coal up by train, but the railway strike was in progress, and only a few trainloads were sent up. At an acute crisis we had an important naval base undefended and without coal for the fleet. The North Sea was void of British ships, and was at the mercy of Germany.

Why We Are Safe.

Nor was this all. A large number of the ships were in urgent need of docking. These defects might have soon rendered them useless in time of war. As soon as the crisis was over, no fewer than thirty-two ships were sent into dock to be overhauled. The fact that Germany did not take advantage of our weakness at this time was due solely to the enormous strength of the British Navy which made attack hazardous. The Admiralty took prompt measures to ensure that such a state of affairs should not recur, and have since issued orders that both at Cromarty and at Rosyth the reserve supply of coal shall be kept at 100,000 tons. Furthermore, every ship is to be docked for overhaul at

least twice a year, so that defects may not accumulate. The naval bases in Scotland are to be strengthened so as to prevent the German fleet gaining the Atlantic by means of the North Sea, while 156 ships are to be permanently stationed at Portsmouth and Devonport so as to block the Channel. Japan has been rendered harmless by the Anglo-Japanese treaty, and France has been made our ally. The United States do not want any colonies, nor would they be likely to make war on any British possession. Thus we are safe because of the admirable way in which the British fleet blocks the road to the high seas for our possible enemies. The few boats we see in our own waters are only the symbol of the enormous strength that lies behind them.

The Revolt in Mexico.

Mexico is not getting into the smooth water it expected when President Diaz resigned. The rebel outlaw Zapata is proving more than a match for the weak and temporising Madero. When Madero was at the head of the revolution for the deposition of Diaz, Zapata offered to lead an insurrection against Diaz in his own province. He got arms and ammunition from the future president, and within four months he had gained control of three States. When Madero, after the deposition of Diaz, called upon Zapata to lay down his arms, that worthy flatly refused to do so. He was out against the Government, whatever that Government might happen to be, and he had an equally strong objection to Madero as to Diaz. In dealing with the new president he had a different man to the old one. Diaz was a man of iron hand, and whatever his faults, he knew how to maintain order. Not so Madero. He temporised, and invited the rebel to visit him and talk matters over. Zapata paid the visit, and borrowed £3000 to go on with. Madero thus supplied the funds for a campaign against himself. Zapata has styled himself "General," and has started a regular campaign of loot and slaughter. Meanwhile the new president is pursuing a half-hearted policy of part promises and part resistance, and the inhabitants of Mexico cannot but contrast him with the firm and iron-handed president whom they forced to resign. Madero rebelled against Diaz, so that he can hardly blame his erstwhile lieutenant for following the same policy against himself. Revolutions are so frequent in the southern parts of America that one can hardly say which is the revolutionary party and which the Government, and now that Mexico has started on the path of revolution we may expect to see the same constant changes of presidents that the South American States have witnessed.

Senator Smith.

Senator Smith bids fair to become famous as a president of a nautical court. His questions at the inquiry into the cause of the sinking of the Titanic have betrayed an ignorance of the sea that is simply amazing. He is said to have asked whether the vessel sank by the bow or by the head. He further asked what an iceberg was made of, and received the reply that it was made of ice. He wanted to know why the ship did not anchor in two miles of water. His chief contribution to the inquiry seems to have consisted in banging his fist on the table and roaring loudly at the witnesses. He has supplied a comic element, but it is an element that is sadly out of place

in an inquiry into one of the greatest tragedies that the world has ever known. The constitution of the British court of inquiry gives a guarantee that those constituting it will have an expert knowledge of the matter with which they are called to deal.

Anarchists in France.

The French have had a battle with anarchists that recalls the famous battle of Sydney-street. The anarchist Bonnot was tracked to an isolated garage in the neighbourhood of Choisy le Roi, five miles from Paris. Here he and another anarchist had entrenched themselves, and resisted every effort of the police to dislodge them. The police made a determined attack on the house, but were repulsed with many of their number wounded. The two occupants of the building made such a bold resistance and fired so steadily and continuously that the police were unable to get near the house. They were compelled at last to send for a contingent of sappers, who undermined the house, and exploded a bomb underneath it. The place was partially wrecked, and the rifle fire ceased. The police then entered, and found one of the anarchists dead, while Bonnot was lying seriously wounded in one of the rooms. He succumbed to his wounds later in the day, and thus Paris has been rid of one of her greatest terrors. This and similar incidents go to show the enormous advantage possessed by the occupants of a building over those who attack from the open.

An American Outlaw.

The capture of Sidney Allen, the notorious Virginian outlaw, in March last, was a case in point. Allen and his wife had taken refuge in a log hut, which was a veritable fortress. It was built of logs and was set upon ten feet of concrete, the walls were loopholed for rifles, and it stood like a conning tower, commanding a wide clearing of the surrounding woods. Inside the hut were a man who was weak and faint from the wounds he had received in a recent encounter with the police, and the man's wife. Outside were the police, thirty in number. For two hours the inmates held the police at bay. Immediately the police appeared at the edge of the clearing bullets began to sing from the loopholes. Every man who showed himself drew the outlaw's fire. At last the police divided their forces. Twenty men fired steadily into the cabin at the front and sides, while the other ten, taking advantage of every stump and boulder, approached the back. The moment the fire within

slackened they rushed to the door, battered it in with their rifle-butts, and then burst in. Allen and his wife sprang out of the front door, shouting defiance. A volley greeted them. Allen dropped, and with the last spark of consciousness raised his rifle and tried to pull the trigger. It fell from his hands. His wife, standing over his body, continued to fire like a fury. When her last cartridge was gone, she picked up her husband's rifle and continued to shoot. The police fired a volley, and she fell dead across her unconscious husband. Another outlaw stronghold was besieged by a hundred armed men before it was captured.

Underwriters' Losses.

Owing to the fact that seven vessels are hopelessly overdue, underwriters' losses in the last four months total five millions sterling. It is feared that the claims from the Titanic will total another two millions. As a slight offset to this may be placed the fact that all the bullion from the Delhi, valued at £205,000, has been recovered, at a cost of less than six per cent. Even so, there will be a loss, as the rate of insurance is only 15/ per £1,000. The value of the bullion on board the Oceana was £700,000, and the premiums paid only amounted to £525. Never in the whole history of Lloyd's has there been such a heavy loss as during the present year. It seems probable that the rates for maritime insurance will be materially increased in the near future, owing to the heavy losses that have recently been sustained.

A High Honour for the Territorials.

In the presence of a large number of the officers of one of the regiments singled out for distinction, his Excellency the Governor announced that His Majesty the King had been graciously pleased to confer a high honour upon the Territorial forces of the Dominion by assuming the position of Colonel-in-Chief of the 3rd Auckland Mounted Rifles and the 1st Canterbury Regiment of Infantry. He also announced that His Majesty had signified his approval of the 2nd Wellington West Coast Mounted Rifles enjoying the designation of "Queen Alexandra's 2nd Mounted Rifles." In making the announcement, his Excellency said that such an honour, would be prized by all ranks in those regiments and that this personal connection of the Crown with the New Zealand forces would still further strengthen those ties which already held so closely the hearts and interests of the people of this country

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within the circle of the British Empire. General Godley referred to it as a great incentive to all to make the New Zealand citizen army worthy of such a mark of distinction as His Majesty had conferred.

Women Colonels.

The honour conferred on the 2nd Wellington West Coast Mounted Rifles reminds us that women have often held the position of honorary colonels of regiments. Lady Islington is honorary Colonel of the New Zealand Medical Corps, and Lady Plumket is honorary Colonel of the 1st Mounted Rifles (the Canterbury Yeomanry Cavalry). There is one woman in England who is a Colonel-Commandant, Viscountess Galway is Colonel-Commandant of the Military Hospital at Serby Hall. This is the only hospital in England established purely for the reception of wounded in case of invasion. It is not connected with the Red Cross Society, but was established by the War Office, and is known as Lady Galway's Auxiliary Military Hospital. It provides one hundred beds, and is ready for any emergency; dressings and all other requisites are at the call of any sudden demand. The colonel is in supreme command subject only to a periodical inspection by Surgeon-General Kenny. The hospital is also a veritable museum of military mementoes, amongst them being the ruby ring which King Charles wore at the battle of Naseby, which he afterwards placed on the finger of Sir Phillip Monckton, the grandfather of the first Viscount.

The Spanish Cabinet.

Unlike our own continuous Ministry, the Spanish Cabinet is continually resigning. It has resigned four times in the last fourteen months. On January 1st, 1911, it resigned because it felt doubtful as to whether it still possessed the confidence of the country. The following April it again resigned over the Ferrer affair. Last January, it resigned on account of the Cullera riots, and last month it resigned once more. The Spaniards are quite used to this sort of thing, as in 1905 Senor Moret was Premier from Friday to Monday, succeeding General Dominguez, who managed to cling to office from July to October. The position of Premier is not a very remunerative post, being worth only as much per annum as a successful bull-fighter can earn in a day. Added to this the post is one of considerable personal danger, as the Spaniards have a habit of disposing of any politician who makes himself obnoxious. Hence the extreme anxiety of the Spanish Cabinet not to remain in office against the will of the people. A Premier who accepts office on Friday and resigns on the following Monday has not, however, much chance of ascertaining the will of the people.

Trial by Jury in Rhodesia.

The withdrawal from Rhodesia of the privilege of trial by jury is doubtless an extreme step, but one which is fully justified by the serious miscarriages of justice that have occurred in cases concerning natives. Twice during the past year juries have acquitted men guilty of the deliberate murder of blacks. One man shot a native for stealing sheep, and another, having been told by his daughter that a native boy had made an improper remark to her, went outside and shot the native dead. This last case produced a strong protest from several of the South African papers, one of them urging that the High Commissioner should deprive Rhodesia of the privilege of trial by jury. This has now been done, and a serious blot on the administration of justice has been removed. The Imperial Government has vindicated England's reputation for justice in the eyes of the world.

A Commendable Start.

The railway service of the Dominion has long fallen into disrepute. In its management the convenience of the travelling public, the interest of the mercantile community and the requirements of suburban traffic have all been studiously ignored. The Hon. A. M. Myers has started commendably to throw vitality and business experience into the administration of the Department. The declaration to the effect that he will make a feature of suburban services has been followed by an

announcement that two superintendents will be appointed. An officer each will be allocated to the two Islands, and it will be their duty to supervise traffic generally and report on requirements to the general manager. This arrangement should result in an appreciable improvement. A big programme in the matter of additions to locomotives and wagons is also to be undertaken, and the North Island is to receive something like adequate recognition in the distribution of the new plant. Altogether, it would seem that the Department will hum with activity under the new regime.

The Toll of the Forest.

Speaking at a gathering in Wellington, Mr. James Mackenzie, the newly-appointed Surveyor-General, made an impassioned appeal for roads for the back-blocks. "I should be glad," he said, "to see railway-making have a rest for a year or two, and let the money be devoted to building roads, and giving men who have not so much as a pig track some sort of access to their land. We run through to Auckland in the express, but there are men whose farms are away back beyond 20 miles of mud tracks, and no roads at all, and they cannot get access to the railway. Let them have at least some sort of access—these pioneers, the heroes and heroines of the back-blocks. If we only knew the toll of the forest, and what these people have to contend with! Sick children carried over the mountain tops on their fathers' and mothers' backs before they can get to aid of any kind, women going into the settlements to perform the highest duty of womanhood, and then, rather than go back to the isolation of the forest, committing suicide—those are the sort of things that you run against, not once or twice, but dozens of times, in your travels. I don't know of anything more necessary than to help in getting roads into the back-blocks."

In the Future.

A "Greater Auckland" by the absorption of the many districts under separate administration in the neighbourhood of the city, is still looked upon as a possibility in the near future. The Grey Lynn Council is at present negotiating for amalgamation in the city, and at the installation of Mr. C. J. Parr for a second term of office last week, one speaker declared that the time was ripe for the culmination of the "Greater Auckland" project. If only to disentangle complications arising out of the interwoven boundaries to the districts as at present constituted, the scheme is worthy of support, but benefits accruing would be much wider and of greater import, tending all round to the better administration of local affairs. It is only a matter of time for the project to become an accomplished fact.

School Attendance.

For taking steps in the direction of exercising closer supervision over the regular attendance of pupils at private schools, the Auckland Education Board will not be warmly applauded in some quarters, despite the fact that the proposal is reasonably just in a democratic country and quite within the functions of the Board. Every child of school age is required by legislation to attend when ever school is opened, and the argument put forward is to the effect that this obligation should not be escaped by those enrolled at private schools. What parents of average standing have to submit to, so also it is contended, should parents able to defray the cost of sending their children to other than the free State School. The argument is sound, because it can never seriously be urged that legislation of the character involved was placed on the Statutes to be enforced against only one section of the community and thus to introduce class distinction in a most vicious form. The Board has not yet come to a definite decision in the matter. It will receive further consideration at a later meeting.

"In Chapter I he shoots at her five times. Aint that grand?" "Yes; but them novels, are misleading. Maybe there aint no earnest love like that in real life."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TITANIC DISASTER.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—“Punch,” in its issue of October 18th, 1890, in a ghastly cartoon, drew attention to the dangers that threatened the Newfoundland fishing boats from the graceful of steamers racing at high speed through those fog-clouded waters. The warning is no less necessary now than then. But all such warnings are forgotten under the stress of modern-day competition, and the reckless race for wealth. But there is a precaution against collision at sea in ice-strewn waters that I do not see referred to in the inquiries relating to the Titanic. I refer to the subject of searchlights. It is a puzzle to me that such a simple, inexpensive, and effective safeguard is not in as general use in the mercantile marine as in the navy. Should not the use of a searchlight be made compulsory on all large steamers on very dark nights, especially when travelling through a field of floating and uncharted rocks—for that is what an icefield amounts to? If this were the law, there would be no risk of its being evaded as is invariably the case in the matter of lifeboats, etc., when once the excitement that follows upon a great disaster has passed away and is forgotten. For, if the searchlights, ordered by regulation, were not burning on a dark night, every passenger would know that the law was being broken. If the look-outs on the Titanic, as stated in the press, thrice reported to the chief-officer (Mr. Murdoch) the presence of an iceberg—a report which, it seems, he discredited—how easy to have settled the question by turning on the search-light! Had this been done, there would have been no disaster.—I am, etc.

MARSDEN COCKERILL.

The Viearage,
Ormondville, April 30.

Ghosts.

Mr. R. H. Benson, writing on “Haunted Houses” in “The Dublin Review,” says:—“I have listened patiently to every ghost story that has come my way; I have read all the literature I could lay my hands on; I have slept in haunted houses; I once took a suicide's room, with a bloodstain under the bed, and slept in it for a whole year, in the hope of seeing a ghost; and the total effect of all my pathetic attempts to arrive at some conclusion on the matter, to formulate some theory that should satisfy myself at any date, has been that I stand in a position of entire and complete agnosticism.

I am acquainted with a certain house in England so badly “haunted” that the family has been forced at last to leave it and to build a new house in the same park a quarter of a mile away. This haunting has been experienced again and again by all kinds of people.

Mass has been said in the house repeatedly, but with no effect. It is a beautiful old house, but so terrible are the apparently ghostly events that take place there that at least one member of the family, a normal and courageous person, entirely refuses to pass a single night there, even with servants sleeping in the room, because it is against him that the principal force is directed.

Many others as well have experienced the attacks. In one case a perfectly normal man went to stay with the family for a week. He was put in a room two doors away from the haunted room, but soon was the effect upon him merely of hearing half-a-dozen inexplicable footsteps pass his door that he left early next morning, and has declined to set foot in the house since.

The supposed “ghost” has been seen on many occasions; there is an extraordinary sensation of evil, felt even by sceptical persons—and, in effect, as I have said, the best concrete evidence of the facts is found in the leaving of this old and ancestral house by the family and the inhabiting of the other. The most startling manifestations take the form of actually physical force. The member of the family has on many occasions been thrown to the ground, and once, at any rate, in the presence of three friends. I know these facts well, but the house entirely failed to provide any manifestations for me.

The Value of Wireless.

Perhaps not one person in all the Titanic's vast company would have been saved if a wireless message had not called the Carpathia to the rescue. This is one case of many in which the magic ruffling of the ether has staved off death which appeared imminent. A notable instance was in 1909, with one of the Titanic's predecessors in the service of the White Star Company. In January, 1909, the Republic was rammed by the Florida in the Atlantic during a dense fog, and both steamers began to founder. The Republic's wireless cabin was smashed, and the apparatus was thrown out of order. Happily the operator, a young man named John Binns, was competent and courageous. Plouting death which threatened him, he fixed up a plant good enough for his purpose, and for ten hours, with a receiver strapped to his ears, he sent the call, “C.Q.D.”—the code for “Come quickly. We are in distress”—over the wide sea. Hour upon hour he repeated those letters, but his straining ear caught no answer. At last steamers happened to get within radius of the appeal, and every person on the two battered vessels found safety. In the same year another wireless hero, George Eccles, thrilled the world. He was on the Ohio, which struck a rock off Alaska. Eccles stirred the ether for aid, and his insistent “C.Q.D.” brought up two steamers, which saved most of the Ohio's passengers and crew. During the time of the rescue Eccles remained at his post. His last message over the ocean was:—“Passengers all off. Adrift in small boats. Captain and crew going off. Last boat waiting for me. Good-bye. I am—” A lurch of the stricken ship interrupted the operator. There was a plunge, and George Eccles went down with the Ohio, a hero with a name to be remembered by those whom his devotion to duty had saved, and by a world which honours such value. These things are set out in an article in the “London Magazine” on Mareconi, whose genius developed a wonderful life-saving system. The writer, after sketching the personality of the busy inventor, remarks:—“That is the magician who, in the midst of all his other pursuits, still has dreams behind those cold blue eyes. He can probably see quite clearly things which have yet to startle the world.”

Superfluous Hyphens.

Advocates of reformed spelling are continually trying to do away with useless letters in the construction of words. Few of us realise the enormous amount of time and energy expended in writing superfluous letters and even signs. For instance, a statistician with an infinite capacity for detail has just figured out the amount of time and energy we waste in the use of the hyphen in the words “to-day,” “to-night,” and “to-morrow.” He figured the three words are used on an average of forty-eight times daily by 178,236,592 English-speaking people, and in an average of five in every forty-eight are written in long-hand.

The daily output of hyphens, the statistician declares, is 891,236,480. Allowing one-quarter of an inch to a written hyphen, this would mean a continuous line 3,984 miles in length or more than the distance across the Continent. Writing at a fair speed, it would take one man seventy-six years to write that number of hyphens, working during an average workday.

Typewriter and typesetting machine operators write “to-day,” “to-morrow,” and “to-night” at an average of four times each on about a quarter of a million typewriters, and about three times daily for each word on about 184,312 linotypes. The ounce of pressure is required to operate typewriter or linotype key, an aggregate of about 352,974 foot-pounds of energy wasted on a practically useless character. The same amount of energy would draw a train across the Continent.

Of further interest is the useless waste of ink and paper in writing hyphens, the same matter of figures declaring that the value of the ink and paper so employed would buy bread for one day for everybody in the county of Middlesex.

Sayings of the Week.

The Worm Will Turn.

If a section of the community declare war against the general public, and tries to starve it out, it is only natural to expect that the public will hit back.—*Mr. Griffith, Minister for Labour, N.S.W.*

The Fortunate Isles.

New Zealand is fortunate in possessing a very fine stamp of public man. It is also pleasing to see that religious and philanthropic institutions are keeping pace with the population and progress of the country.—*The Rev. Robert Dey.*

The Lesson Not Lost.

I would like you to assure the public that the lessons of the terrible disaster in the Atlantic have not been lost upon the New Zealand marine authorities.—*The Hon. G. Lawtonson, Minister of Marine.*

Slack Coal.

For many years slack coal of excellent steaming qualities was, to a great extent, a waste product, enormous quantities through lack of demand being deposited on slack heaps and slowly demolished by fire. Gradually, however, the value of the slack coal for steaming purposes has been ascertained by large and small consumers, with the result that of the whole of the slack coal mined during the past year not one ton was wasted.—*Mr. E. W. Alison, Chairman Taupiri Coal Mines.*

Boy Scouts.

She herself had studied the scout system of training, and she was quite sure from what she had seen that the boy scouts were being trained to develop the highest citizenship, and to be, if necessary, the future defenders of their country.—*Lady Islington.*

A High Honour.

His Majesty the King has graciously consented to identify himself with the Territorial army of New Zealand by assuming the position of Colonel-in-Chief of the 3rd (Auckland) Mounted Rifles and the 1st (Canterbury) Regiment of Infantry. Such an honour will, I know, be prized by all ranks in these regiments and will encourage and stimulate them now and hereafter to live up to the high military standard such a distinction entails, whilst this personal connection of the Crown with the New Zealand forces will still further strengthen those ties which already hold so closely the hearts and the interests of the people of this country within the circle of the British Empire.—*Lord Islington.*

The Board of Trade.

For the past 20 years he had been striving to find out what and where the Board of Trade was. He was aware it had a president, a secretary, and four assistant secretaries, but he had been unable to discover the Board of Trade itself, although he had heard all sorts of extraordinary stories about it. It had been stated that the last president of the Board of Trade was the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, which had been non-existent for more than 100 years.—*Mr. Harlock Wilson.*

Enough Ministers.

I think there are a sufficient number of Ministers to direct the policy of the different Departments. The real work is done by the permanent heads, and if the right men are chosen as Ministers, there should be no difficulty in dividing the responsibility. We have to think of the taxpayers as well as party interest, and the convenience of Ministers for the time being.—*Mr. W. F. Massey.*

Party Rule.

He believed in party rule, but the trouble was that parties died so easily, and fossils, although interesting, were not capable of raising products. A political party owed its existence to a certain issue, but when the party was dead the issue did not die with it. The same party continued to receive the people's support on the strength of the memory of the issues that were deceased.—*Professor Nihe.*

A Good Second.

The Taupiri Coal Mines, Ltd., ranked as the second largest producer in the Dominion, coming next to the Westport Coal Company.—*Mr. E. W. Alison.*

Mind and Body.

We have forgotten too often this great truth, that the mind and the body work together. For instance, if you want a friend to do something for you, you will not approach him after he has been out all night, living not wisely but too well, and in the morning suffering a recovery.—*Lord Chelmsford, Governor of N.S.W.*

At Its Mother's Knee.

I must say that I personally deeply regret that in our present-day society there is a need for Sunday schools at all. The proper place, I think, for a child to be taught religion—religion, pure and undefiled—that shall have an everlasting impress, is at its mother's knee. But we must realise that so many mothers look with diffidence upon teaching their children the deeper truths of religion, and we must recognise also that they have hardly the time or the

The Quiet Sunday.

Why is it that I deprecate motoring Sundays, tennis Sundays, and dinner party Sundays? It is no unthinking, unsympathetic Puritanism that does not want people to enjoy themselves. I grudge you no harmless enjoyment, taken in the right way, remembering that you have souls, and so have others. But I do not want you to cheat yourselves. The quiet Sunday is the one great antidote to the world's chatter that so often makes us deaf to the truth.—*Archbishop Wright, Sydney.*

Improved Conditions.

In 1885, when the British shipping amounted to some 5,000,000 tons, it required a toll of 3500 lives every year to carry on the trade. When he protested and tried to effect remedies, it was said that these things were "the act of God." As though God had a particular spite against those who went upon the great waters! It was a significant fact that their efforts for improved conditions had resulted in reducing the number of lives lost from 3500 to 1000, while in that time the tonnage of British shipping had increased to 14,000,000 tons.—*Mr. Harlock Wilson.*

Political Hypocrisy.

Last year three millions of money was advanced to settlers and workers. That money had to be raised somehow. I am going to take a firm stand on the question of finance, for if the people

away and vested in a new body. This was a step requiring very careful consideration. While every one admitted the necessity of a comprehensive scheme of local government, they had to be careful that the new measure was not more retrogressive than progressive. In his opinion, the scheme, in its present shape, was too revolutionary to be of any real value.—*Mr. J. O. Parr, Mayor of Auckland.*

No Rats.

There would be no rats in the Liberal party. Every man would prove loyal. He would not say there would not be a "bit of a mix-up in things," but let them go to the country, and the Liberal party would come back to power.—*Hon. J. Colvin.*

Pay Out of Profits.

In connection with delirium tremens cases at hospitals, he hoped they might devise some scheme by which those who made large profits out of the liquor trade might be induced to give something towards providing accommodation for such cases.—*Hon. G. W. Russell.*

An Era of Peace.

I am convinced that amid the uncertainties and troubles of the present time an era of universal peace is being slowly evolved.—*M. Anatole France.*

New Zealand Slums.

With all due respect to those people who tell us that we are enlightened and educated, that we have in our country no poverty and the rest of it, I am situated in a parish where there are bad slums—slums of a bad nature with respect to conditions of life, overcrowding, and many other evils.—*Archdeacon Harper.*

The Scout.

When I was going at Toronto the boy carrying my clubs told me with pride that he was a Scout. "What do you do?" "My job," the boy answered, "is to help everybody all I can."—*Lord Grey.*

Controlling His Temper.

"I don't see why anybody should lose his temper in an argument," remarked Mr. Debater. "I never do."

"I've noticed that," remarked his wife.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. D.

"Just what I said," replied Mrs. D. sweetly.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I lose my temper?" inquired Mr. D. aggressively.

"I didn't say so, did I?" countered his Better Half.

"But you meant much more than you said."

"That's only an assumption on your part."

"Confound it! Can't a man come into his own home without getting into an argument?"

"I don't want to argue, my dear. I merely agreed with you, and now you are becoming angry with me."

"Angry with you?" shouted Mr. D.

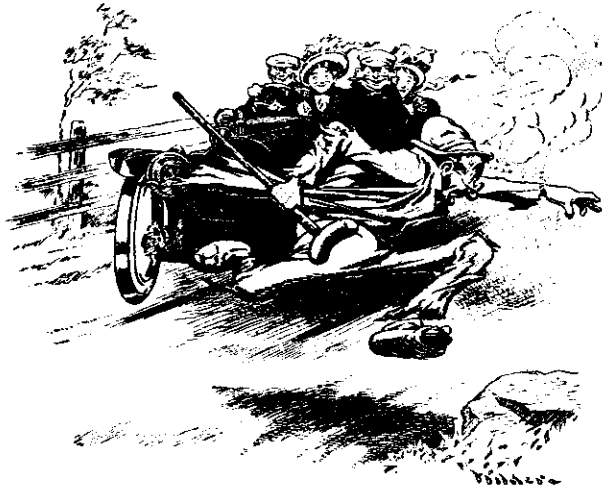
"No such thing! I come in and casually remark that I always keep myself in hand, and you must needs try to make a liar out of me!"

"But you're proving yourself wrong right now, hubby dear."

"There you go, keeping up the argument and trying to make a fuss. I tell you I won't have it! If you can't talk without starting an argument and trying to make trouble I'm going to stop talking with you."

"Well, for heaven's sake! You might as well stop now, then."

Mr. Debater met his wife's smile with a glare, and left the room, slamming the door as he went.



"PROGRESS AND POVERTY."

strength to look to their children in this respect. It is to be deplored, and we must all recognise the very great value Sunday school work is to the community at large.—*Lord Chelmsford.*

When the Ace is Out.

It will always pay the stronger naval Power to lose ship for ship in every class. The process of cancelling would conduct us, albeit by a ghastly road, to certain victory and a condition not of relative, but of absolute superiority. Further, with reciprocal destruction of the newer ships, the older vessels will rise swiftly in value; when the ace is out, the king is the best card, and so on.—*Mr. Churchill.*

Dunedin and Wellington.

When I go down to Dunedin and see the grand palace of a station they have got down there, it makes me feel wild to think of our own little station here. It's our own fault. We ought to keep on asking and asking till we get what we want.—*Mr. D. Robertson, Wellington.*

Hard Working Settlers.

The great bulk of the settlers were a splendid class of men, and mixing with them and seeing the difficulties they had to contend with had always aroused in him the very deepest sympathy. He had seen the hours of hard work they put in, and the very little they had to come and go on, and from first to last he had always felt it was the duty of the Commissioner to give the settler the benefit of every doubt.—*Mr. James Mackenzie, Land Commissioner.*

want economy they will get it. Personally, I am for progress, but I have taken very seriously to heart the denunciations against borrowing. My experience has been that the persons who were most opposed to it were the people who wanted and have received the most. I say again that I am for progress, but this political hypocrisy must cease.—*The Premier.*

Trade with Hull.

We want a share of your trade. Hull is the third of the important ports of the United Kingdom, and so far we do not get any of your produce trade. The bulk goes to London, while we serve an area with a population of between 10,000,000 and 12,000,000, and you cannot reach these people so cheaply by way of London. We are getting similar produce to yours from other countries, and there is no reason why you should not have your share.—*Mr. Austin Wilson, Trade Commissioner for Hull.*

Too Revolutionary.

The provisions of the bill (Local Government) would materially affect Auckland City Council, and the education, health, and well-being of the citizens. It introduced the principle of local rates for education, which, in his opinion, was a very objectionable feature. It would leave the city not only to pay the cost of its own maintenance, but also to bear part of the cost of works in the provincial district with which it had no concern. Again, it would seem that the city's powers to deal with infectious diseases, plague, etc., were to be taken

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News of the Dominion

A Petrol Famine.

A SERIOUS shortage of benzine and petrol is causing anxiety in the Dominion centres. In Auckland petrol is scarce, the price is gradually rising, and users are being seriously inconvenienced. The Christchurch supply is reported to be exhausted, and costing 35/2 a case. The existence of the motor traffic is temporarily threatened. Dunedin has not been affected to such a serious extent.

An Alleged Trust.

The first case under the New Zealand Commercial Trusts Act of 1910, is likely to come on for hearing at the next sittings of the Supreme Court in Wellington. Information was laid against the Colonial Sugar Refining Co. last February, charging it with having committed a breach of the Act, which renders any person or firm liable to a fine of £500 if it enters into a conspiracy to monopolize, wholly or partially, the demand or supply of any goods in New Zealand if such a monopoly is against the public interest. It is alleged that the Colonial Sugar Co. gave preferential terms to a group of merchants, and that a table of discounts was in existence under which only purchasers of unusually large quantities of sugar could obtain benefit. The Merchants' Association of New Zealand has been joined with the Sugar Co. as defendants. There are over fifty members of this association, but as a test of the individual position of all these members the Crown has selected of their number leading Wellington wholesalers: Messrs. Levin and Co., Wm. Bannatyne and Co., and Joseph Nathan and Co. for prosecution.

Under the same law the Supreme Court has just granted what is technically termed "an order for discovery" against the defendants. This is an exceedingly important step, as it gives the Crown power to examine the documents of the firms, including their correspondence relating to the purchase and sale of the commodity alleged to be the subject of a monopoly arrangement.

Disinfecting Schools.

Replying to an inquiry by the Wellington Education Board on the subject of school epidemics and disinfection, the District Health Officer (Dr. Chesson) wrote the Board as follows: "The work of disinfection for the prevention of infectious diseases has been for some time now handed over to the Hospital Boards, and consequently the authority dealing with disinfection in this district at the present time is the Wellington Hospital Board. Disinfection once a year would not, however, be a safe measure to trust to for the prevention of various epidemics in the schools. At any time disinfection is only a preliminary step to a thorough and efficient house-cleaning. In my opinion, therefore, the various school committees should be instructed to have the schools under their control thoroughly and efficiently 'spring-cleaned' every week; this should include attention to floors, walls, and desks especially. Slates and everything used or likely to be used by the children in common should be cleaned daily. I think if such matters were conscientiously and regularly attended to more good would be done than by an occasional disinfection." Dr. Chesson's report was formally "received."

Papeete Harbour Works.

When the Panama Canal is opened towards the end of 1913, Tahiti will lie almost in the direct route of shipping between European and Eastern American ports, and Australia and New Zealand, and will in all probability become an important port of call. The Talune, which arrived from the Cook and Society Islands on Friday afternoon, brought information that a French syndicate under the auspices of the French Government intend to carry out harbour improvements on a very extensive scale at Papeete (Tahiti), in view of the approaching opening of the canal. It is stated that a sum of 1900,000 is to be spent in the construction of up-to-date wharves, the building of a dry dock, capable of accommodating vessels of the largest type that will be able to work the canal, and in deepening and improving the approaches to the port.

Amalgamation.

A meeting of members and friends of the Auckland branch of the New Zealand Land Values League was held last week. Messrs. F. M. King and Arthur Withy (delegates, respectively, from the Auckland and Wellington branches of the League to the recent Unity Conference held at Wellington) gave their reports as to the proceedings at the Conference, and on the resolution of Mr. King the following resolution was passed unanimously: "That, in view of the prominent position which has been accorded to the taxation of land values in the programme of the United Labour party and of the further fact that many other fundamental reforms, which in the past have been advocated by members of the Land Values League, have also been included, this branch of the League resolves to affiliate with the United Labour party." The Hon. Geo. Fowlds announced, amid loud applause, that he was about to undertake forthwith an active campaign on behalf of the United Labour party, and that he was leaving Auckland on Sunday to commence that campaign by a meeting at Dunedin on May 9th.

Congested Traffic.

In order to relieve the congested traffic in Queen-street, and to provide a new outlet for tram and vehicular locomotion, Mr. C. J. Parr (Mayor of Auckland) has outlined a scheme to open a wide thoroughfare from Customs-street East through Jernyn-street (at present narrow and steep), into Parliament-street, and along Symonds-street. Jernyn-street would be widened from 33ft. to 50ft., cut down in places and filled in in others, making a grade of 1 in 25. The cost of the scheme is not expected to be heavy, because of the resulting compensation in improvement of properties, while the benefits would be incalculable.

American Schooner Lost.

The Union Company's steamer Taluse, which arrived at Auckland last week from the Cook and Society Islands, brought news of the wreck of the American three-masted schooner G. W. Watson on a reef at Raiatea (Society Group) on April 5. The schooner had completed discharging a large cargo of lumber from Puget Sound, and was proceeding to sea under the charge of a pilot, when she struck the reef in the channel. She remained hard and fast for several hours, but eventually floated off, and it was found that she was making water. An attempt was made to enter the north-west passage to Raiatea, but the vessel became unmanageable, struck the reef, and was broken up by the force of the heavy swell.

Progress at Wairoa.

The ceremony of driving the first pile of the Wairoa harbour works (Hawke's Bay) by Sir James Carroll will take place on the 20th inst. The Maoris are arranging a big hui and the settlers a banquet to the Ministers and Sir James Carroll in the evening, when the latter will be presented with a testimonial in recognition of his long services to the country and the borough, Sir James Carroll having been born in Wairoa.

A Model Suburb.

Some time ago the Auckland City Council decided to take steps to acquire the Orakei Estate for the purpose of creating a model borough, and it was proposed to get the necessary legislative power from Parliament this year. In the meantime, however, a syndicate has entered into negotiations with the native owners, and it is reported that certain transactions have culminated. To frustrate this move, the City Council committee has decided to immediately secure Government intervention.

"Soft Drinks."

In order to put an end to cut prices for soft drinks, aerated water manufacturers of Auckland have come to an "understanding" to charge a certain price for all cordials to hotelkeepers. The latter considered the prices fixed too high, and have decided to retaliate by starting a factory of their own.

Sawmilling Slump.

Quite a serious slump is being experienced in the sawmilling industry on the West Coast of the South Island, a number of mills round about Hokitika have been compelled to close down. Some of the mills have been working with half the usual staff, but they have had perforce to further reduce the number of hands employed. Various reasons are assigned for the slump, but the chief appears to be the lack of orders for red pine timber. The mills which are fortunate to have white pine bush to work are doing well, as plenty of orders are forthcoming, but the local mills are not so favourably situated, and the big shortening of hands must have an effect upon business all round.

A Wider Door.

Speaking at Masterton, the Hon. J. A. Hanan stated that the new Ministry had decided to extend the principle of free university education by opening the door provided by university bursaries somewhat more widely. Hitherto such bursaries had been tenable only by those who gained credit in the university junior scholarships examination, even although they had not obtained scholarships. It was now proposed that university bursaries carrying free university education should be open to all who had completed satisfactorily a four years' secondary course.

Art in Christchurch.

Out of a collection of twelve pictures sent from England by Mr. N. M. Lund, the Canterbury Art Society has been able, with the funds at its disposal, to purchase six. The others are now hanging in the gallery awaiting private purchase. It is hoped that, as in Wellington, citizens or firms will purchase the remaining pictures and present them to the society. The pictures are of great merit, and would form popular and valuable additions to the society's collection.

Posters.

During the hearing of a case in the Magistrate's Court at Auckland, Mr. Kettle, S.M., drew attention to the following section (298) of the Municipal Corporations Act, 1908:—"No person shall post, paint, affix, carve, inscribe or exhibit any placard, bill, inscription, advertisement, or notice upon any telegraph or telephone pole or on any street, private street, building, structure, or place within the borough, save only on hoardings or places licensed by the Council for such purpose. For penalty, see Section 336." Mr. Kettle remarked: "We are adopting the American system of displaying handsome buildings with advertisements. This is an age of advertising."

Effect of Labour Unrest.

The labour unrest in the Old Country is being felt in New Zealand by a rise in the price of goods, especially all kinds of hardware. Crockery is most affected, the recent increases working out at 15 per cent. Glassware, tinware, and copperware have risen materially. The new conditions will come into force more noticeably after present stocks are exhausted.

Operation and Tetanus.

A letter received by the Auckland Hospital Board from the Tramways Sick and Accident Fund Society, asked for an explanation of why a member, admitted to the hospital and operated upon for appendicitis, should make good progress, then develop tetanus, and pass away in excruciating agony. It was stated that a tetanus patient occupied the same ward as the deceased. Dr. Inglis, in a brief explanation, stated that tetanus had been known to follow operations for appendicitis, and denied the suggestion that deceased was occupying the same ward as a tetanus patient. The Board has decided to hold an open inquiry into the matter this week.

Auckland Art Exhibition.

The exhibition to be opened under the auspices of the Auckland Art Society this month promises to be successful from the point of view of numbers. Something between 400 and 500 pictures will be hung, many being sent up from the South.

Auckland's Drainage.

The big drainage scheme taking in the city and suburbs of Auckland will not be completed till some time in 1914. Several sections are under construction, involving extensive tunnelling, and other sections will be put in hand in due course.

Good Results.

"Last year for the first time," stated the Education Board's annual report, "the law required the child to attend 'whenever the school is open.' An increasing degree of regularity was at once observed, the March quarter reaching an average of 92 per cent, but severe epidemics widely prevailed during the following quarters, so that the percentage for the year was but 90.1, an extremely good result in the circumstances. The corresponding figures for the preceding years were: 1909, 89.6 per cent.; 1910, 88.9 per cent."

Keen Interest.

At the annual meeting of the South Island Acclimatization Society nearly a thousand persons faced the wintry night to be present, of whom between 700 and 800 were members. The main business was the election of members of the Council, and the ballot resulted in the rejection of all the retiring members, the voting in favour of the new candidates being in the proportion of over two to one.

Dunedin's Population.

The estimated population of New Zealand on March 31 last (exclusive of Maoris and Cook Islanders) was 1,031,500. This is an increase of 6094 since December 31, made up as follows:—Excess of births over deaths, 4559; excess of arrivals over departures, 1535.

Captain Cook Relic.

What is believed to be a genuine relic of Captain Cook is in the possession of a well-known native resident of Wangake (Gisborne), who holds it as a treasured heirloom. It is an ancient axe, which, according to Maori tradition, was given by Captain Cook to an important Maori chieftain of the Mahia Peninsula in 1769.

Auckland's Library.

The latest report from the Auckland Public Library shows that the reference department contains 16,868 volumes, the lending department 14,068, and juvenile department 846, making a total of 46,612 in the library. Some seventy volumes went astray during the past year. The lending branch issued 41,554 books, and of this number 33,529 were works of fiction. Magazines were also extensively used.

Sale of Lysol.

In a recent case of lysol poisoning at Auckland a suggestion was made by the foreman of the jury to the effect that measures should be taken by the authorities to restrict the sale of the poison. A police officer stated that already regulations were being drafted to cover the matter, and would soon be enforced.

Whangarei Steamers.

A special meeting of the Northern Steamship Company directors was held last week. It is understood that the advisability of acquiring another steamer for the Whangarei service was seriously considered, and that, after considerable discussion, it was decided to open negotiations for the purchase of a Howard Smith Line vessel.

Expanding Revenue.

The Prime Minister announced at Oamaru that the revenue for the month of April showed an increase of £66,593 over the amount for the corresponding month last year, the figures being £554,788 and £508,075. He added that if the increase continued the current year's revenue would be £750,000 over its predecessor.

Morgue for Auckland.

The new morgue which has been erected at the Domain side of the hospital ground is now completed and ready for use. The building is a commodious one in brick and stone, and will fill a long-felt want. It is excellently fitted, and two features are the lighting and ventilation, which leave nothing to be desired. The Coroner's room is a large and lofty one, with a dias at the end of a long table where the Coroner will sit. In addition there is a private room for the Coroner, a feature which is lacking in the old morgue.

Abolishing Road Boards.

The Wanganui County Council recently carried a motion to take over control of all roads in the Road Board districts within its boundaries. This practically means the abolition of the seven Road Boards in the County, and substitution of ridings.

"Dodging" Payment.

"People who attempt to evade payment of tram-car fares need to be circumspect. The Auckland Tram Company recently prosecuted several offenders who had not tendered their fare to the conductor or who had blankly refused payment. Costs only in some cases and fines in others were imposed, according to circumstances. The code of ethics is not high when such meanness prevails.

Interim Dividend.

The Board of Directors of the Auckland Tramways Company has declared an interim dividend of sevenpence per share on the ordinary shares of the company, the dividend to be free of English income tax.

Coal Strike Sidelights.

IDLE MILLIONS.

LONDON, March 23.

The railway companies, especially those having a large mineral traffic, are feeling the effects of the strike very badly. They have—most of them—effected economies by cutting down their goods and passenger services drastically, but, even so, they are losing heavily. During the past two weeks alone the takings of the chief railway companies of the United Kingdom were over a million pounds below the normal, the chief sufferers being the North Eastern, the returns for which were £165,000 down; the Midland, with a deficit of nearly £150,000; the North Western, with £136,000; the Great Western, £120,000; the Great Northern, £65,000; the Great Central, £30,000; the North British, £23,000; and the Caledonian, £275,000. The only railways showing an increase in takings were London lines—the District, the London Electric and the Midbury lines, which benefited to a small extent by the cutting down of the tramway services. But in no case did the increase reach £250 a week.

Many of the railway companies have issued notices of further reductions of their already sadly depleted services, and the outlook for business men who live beyond the bus and tram served area is disquieting. We have got quite used during the past fortnight to coming up to town fourteen or fifteen in compartments designed for eight or ten, and to riding in luggage and milk vans packed like sardines on the lines, coming into London from the south, but if there are further serious reductions in the suburban services it will be a case of taking "Shanks's pony" to town and back, or investing in bicycles.

The strike has not thus far materially affected London's food supplies, nor has it yet rendered the companies supplying gas and electricity to the community incapable of fulfilling their obligations; indeed, most of the companies are in a position to promise full supplies for several weeks to come. The middle-class householder in the metropolis has indeed suffered little inconvenience from the coal-war up to the present. He has had to pay slightly enhanced prices for some of the necessities of life, and has been put to some inconvenience in the matter of travel, but on the whole he has come off very well as compared with the labouring classes, thousands upon thousands of whom have been directly affected by the strike, either having been thrown out of employment or placed on short time. These unfortunates embrace almost every class of workers from highly skilled mechanics down to "monkey-barge" men, and many—probably the majority—of the workless have no union fund to fall back upon, or belong to unions that are not in a position to distribute more than four or five shillings a week out-of-work pay, and that only for a very limited period.

In some quarters of London the distress caused by the coal strike has become acute and must rapidly become more so if the mines remain closed. Every day sees more factories closing down or making drastic reductions in their staffs or working hours, owing to the inability of employers either to obtain raw material or to the fact that their productions are being held up in consequence of the shortage in the goods train services of the country. Many employers who laid in ample stocks of coal to meet their needs for weeks to

come, and others who are not dependent on coal for power, have had to shut up shop on these accounts.

From all parts of the country come terrible tales of the privation and misery caused by the strike. The Poor Law authorities are making every effort to minimize the distress, and especially to prevent the children feeling the full effects of the crisis. In some quarters the little ones are being fed on a wholesale scale by the guardians; indeed, in some districts where the people are practically entirely dependent on the mines, the Poor Law authorities are the unpaid caterers for the community. And the bill they will presently present to the ratepayers will be a big one—a nasty jar to those householders who, because they have not yet found their pockets seriously affected, are suggesting that it would be well to let the miners and mine-owners fight it out to the bitter end.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

It is impossible to give accurate figures of the actual number of people who are to-day workless owing to the strike, but the accepted estimates for the different trades show that the total cannot be far short of two millions. The tables prepared are interesting, as showing some of the ramifications of the coal war. They do not show all of them, for the unclassified workers include clerks, commercial travellers—hundreds of these have been taken "off the road"—bar-men and barmaids, stable hands, motor lorry drivers, tram drivers and conductors, shop assistants and unskilled workers of every description. The number of these people affected can only be guessed at; but the most conservative guessers put the figures at 50,000.

In those trades where it is possible to take an approximate census the estimates to-day are as follows:—

Miners	1,250,000
Steel, Iron, and Tinplate Workers	250,000
Textile Workers	90,000
Dockers and Kindred Workers	70,000
Pottery Workers	60,000
Sailors, Trimmers, etc.	30,000
Building Trade, Brickmakers, etc.	20,000
Gate Workers	25,000
Gasworks Employees	20,000
Engineers	14,000
Coal Porters	11,000
Lace Workers	8,000
Fishermen	8,000
Lithoform Factory Hands	6,500
Confectionery Trades	3,500
Quarries	3,500
Chainmakers	2,000
Glass Workers	2,000
Pit Prop Makers	2,500
Soap Factory Hands	2,500
Chemical Factory Hands	2,500
Agricultural Implement Makers	2,000
Cable and Rope Makers	1,000
Unclassified	50,000
Total	1,875,000

Every day will see big additions to this already monstrous total, and it is estimated that if the strike lasts for another week England's unemployed will reach the staggering total of two and a-half millions. Of these probably a million will not be receiving anything from unions, and half that number will only be getting a few shillings a week. Not all these unfortunates will find it necessary to call upon the Poor Law authorities immediately for relief, but the majority will probably have to be helped in some degree by the State, if they are to keep body and soul together.

THE relatives of Mr. Leslie Smith, at one time of Dunedin, and who is now pursuing art in London, have received a cable-gram stating that Mr. Smith has had a picture hung at the Royal Academy.

Mr. C. Hood Williams, secretary and treasurer of the Lyttelton Harbour Board, who has been in failing health for some months past, died last week. Mr. Hood Williams was of Welsh parentage, but was born in Edinburgh in 1844. He came to New Zealand in the ship Randolph with his father, the late Mr. D. T. Williams, B.A., arriving in Port Cooper in 1850.

Messrs. A. B. Charters, M.A., and F. G. Stuckey, M.A., have been appointed school inspectors for the Wellington Education Board district. The former is at present headmaster of Greytown school, and the latter headmaster at Island Bay. These two gentlemen act in succession to Mr. J. S. Tennant, the work of inspectors having increased largely of late. Each holds a B.I. teacher's certificate.

Mr. W. J. Robertson, foreman on the Southland section of the railways, is to be transferred to Palmerston North in the capacity of coaching foreman.

Mr. B. C. Robbins, who defeated the Rev. Canon Jordan in the Mayoral contest for Taranaki, is an old resident of Wellington, while he also lived for many years at Hawera, and for a short time more recently at Auckland. He was formerly Mayor of Hawera and secretary of the Fire Brigade in that town. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament on two or three occasions, but though defeated he polled well. He has been closely identified with the temperance movement for many years.

Mr. McMeekin, who has acted as branch manager for the Westport Coal Company for the last nine years, has resigned his position to take over the management of the Southland Coal Company, Ltd.

Mr. William Brown, president of the Otago Bible Society, received intimation by yesterday's mail that he has been appointed a vice-president of the National Bible Society of Scotland, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Rev. D. Borrie.

Information has been received that Mr. Victor Booth has been appointed the examiner in New Zealand for the practical subjects in connection with the examinations this year. Mr. Booth is a native of Otago. Before leaving New Zealand to study in England, he published several songs through an English publisher, besides being known as a player and teacher of the pianoforte and organ. On entering the Royal Academy he studied the piano under Carlo Albanesi, composition with Frederick Corder, singing with Frederic King, viola with Lionel Tertis, and choir-training with Dr. Richards. After a successful student career he appeared as a solo pianist. Latterly he has devoted himself to teaching and composition.

Personal Notes

Mr. Jesse Steer, of Greymouth, received a communication from the Masonic Grand Secretary in London notifying his appointment as District Grand Master for Westland, vice Mr. John Bevan, deceased.

Dr. Doctor, of Whangarei, has been appointed house surgeon of the Tolara Hospital, at Ross.

Lieutenant-Colonel Cossgrove, V.D., Dominion Chief Commissioner of the Boy Scouts' Organisation, will be in Wellington on the 20th May, and will inspect the Boy Scouts.

In commemoration of his long and valuable services as Mayor, the Timaru Borough Council last week presented Mr. James Craigie, M.P., and Mrs. Craigie with handsome pieces of silver plate, as farewell gifts.

Mr. W. A. R. Wilcox, who has been in the Dunedin branch of the Post and Telegraph Department for a number of years, has left for Oamaru, where he will assume charge of the Telegraph Office there. Prior to his departure Mr. Wilcox was presented by Mr. T. T. King, Chief Postmaster, on behalf of the staff with a 300-day clock, a silver entrée dish, and a silver butter dish.

Dr. Bruce Baird has returned to New Zealand from Britain, where he spent five years in completing his medical education. He is the youngest son of the Rev. J. Baird, of Invercargill. The family includes no less than five doctors—three sons and two daughters.

The Hon. F. W. Pennefather, LL.D., occupied a seat besides the judges of the Court of Appeal in Wellington last week. Dr. Pennefather acted as relieving judge in Dunedin in 1898 during the absence in England of Mr. Justice Williams. He has since made his home in England, but is at present paying a visit to New Zealand.

Mr. J. Russell, B.A., has been appointed to a position on the teaching staff of Wellington College, in succession to Mr. W. M. Stewart, resigned.

Dr. John Drummond, a Dannevirke boy, who was educated at the Napier High School, and recently took his M.D. degree at Edinburgh, has just been appointed surgeon superintendent of the Durham Hospital for a term of five years.

Mr. James Mackenzie, Surveyor-General, leaves this week for Melbourne to represent New Zealand at an important

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conference of Commonwealth and States Surveyor-General, to consider questions bearing on the adoption of universal map-drawing, remitted from Imperial and international conferences, the issue of surveyors' licenses, examinations, etc., on common lines, as well as other matters of vital importance to the profession in Australia and New Zealand.

Mr. John Townley has been elected chairman of the Gisborne Harbour Board for the 25th time in succession. This is claimed to be a record.

Mr. William Brewer, of Waihanu, one of the best-known and best-liked pioneer settlers of the Waigani district, passed away at Belvedere private hospital last week. For some time past he had been in indifferent health. Mr. Brewer had been identified with the progress of the coast for the best part of half a century, and experienced the vicissitudes common to all early settlers. Eventually he settled down at Waihanu, and for the past thirty years Mr. and Mrs. Brewer have dispensed the most generous and open-handed hospitality. Mr. Brewer married a daughter of the late Major Durie, who survives him, and he leaves a family of three sons—Mr. Sam Brewer, of Stratford; Mr. Bob Brewer, of Hawera; and Mr. Herbert Brewer, of Waitotara—and three daughters—Mrs. Alf Symes, of Waverley; Mrs. Dr. Simmons, of Patea; and Miss Maud Brewer, of Waihanu.

The death occurred at Waiuku, Auckland, last week, of Mr. Arthur Fitchett, late of the Post and Telegraph Department, and son of the late Mr. John Fitchett, of Ohiru-road, Wellington. The deceased, who was 65 years of age, was an officer in the department for over 40 years, and only retired about two and a half years ago, since when he has been resident on his farm at Waiuku.

Mr. H. Schofield has been elected chairman of the Auckland Hospital Board.

Mr. Richard Monk, an old Auckland pioneer, and noted as one of the orators of Parliament in former days, passed away on his farm, at Helensville, last week, at the advanced age of 80. He was born in Lancashire in 1832, and arrived with his parents at Hokianga in the early days.

Mr. E. Goodbehere (Mayor of Feilding), on behalf of the local Choral Society, lately presented Mrs. D. M. Montgomery with a silver rose bowl, and referred to the loss the society was sustaining in the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery to the South. Mr. Montgomery was also the recipient of a case of pipes and a brilliant euc from the members of the Feilding Club. Mr. Haggitt succeeds Mr. Montgomery as manager of the Fisking branch of the Bank of Australasia, Mr. Montgomery having been transferred to Ashburton.

The Hon. Chas. J. Johnston and Mrs. Johnston returned to Wellington from a trip to Europe by the Moana, which arrived from Sydney last week.

Mr. Harvey, stock inspector at Nelson, has retired from the Government service on superannuation. He intends residing in the North Island.

Mr. James Robertson, of the firm of Messrs. Robertson Brothers, seed and general merchants, of Auckland, left by the s.s. Remuera, from Wellington, bound for the Old World on an extended tour, which is expected to last for two years. Prior to his departure from Auckland Mr. Robertson was met by the employees of the firm, and, on their behalf, presented by the head accountant, Mr. Bond, with a fine quality travelling rug and a pair of excellent binoculars. Mr. Robertson was also entertained at a social function in St. David's Presbyterian Church. Mr. Robertson was made the recipient of an illuminated address which set forth the regard of the congregation for him, and their appreciation of his services to the church.

Mr. D. Waghorn, of Remuera, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Waghorn, leave by the Makura for America, en route to England, on a holiday trip.

Lieutenant Evans, R.N.R., who took part in Captain Scott's Antarctic expedition, and who was invalided home with an attack of scurvy, has left Wellington for Sydney, in order to join the Orontes on his way back to England. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Evans.

Mr. Tilson Smith, who is now over 80 years of age, and is well-known in Auckland, is taking a trip home on a visit to his native town of Trimsby and other parts of Lincolnshire. In spite of his advanced age Mr. Smith is in excellent health, and is quite looking forward to

seeing his old county again. He travels via the Cape of Good Hope, and expects to be back by Christmas.

Mr. George Snaddon, of Messrs. Martin, Hurrell and Snaddon, the contractors who built the Morton dam at Waunui-mata, in connection with the Wellington water supply, and Mrs. Snaddon leave Auckland for Vancouver by the Makura on May 10. They intend to make a trip round the world.

The staff of the Labour Department bade farewell to the Hon. J. A. Millar, late Minister for Labour, at Wellington last week, and presented him with an illuminated address, subscribed to by every officer of the Department throughout the Dominion. Mr. J. Lomas (Secretary for Labour) made the presentation. The Hon. G. Laurensen, the present Labour Minister, said he was sure the workers of New Zealand had no more loyal friend than Mr. Millar. In reply, Mr. Millar heartily thanked the staff for the presentation, and spoke appreciatively of the manner in which he had been supported by his officers.

A private cablegram announces the death of Mrs. Catherine L. Herries, wife of Mr. W. H. Herries, M.P. for Taranaki. For some time past the health of the deceased lady had occasioned grave concern to her husband and friends, and in the hope that a sea voyage would prove beneficial, Mr. Herries left Wellington with her on March 21, by the Ionic, but she died a month later, on April 21. The late Mrs. Herries was a daughter of Mr. E. F. Roache, of Shaftesbury, in the Te Aroha district, and was married to Mr. Herries in 1889. The member for Taranaki will now probably return to New Zealand immediately, instead of awaiting the Ionic, as was his original intention.

Mr. R. Fletcher has been re-elected chairman of the Wellington Harbour Board.

Mr. H. Tait, deputy-superintendent of the Wellington Municipal Fire Brigade for several years, has been appointed superintendent in succession to Superintendent O'Brien, who resigned.

Mr. J. G. H. Mackay, who has recently returned from America, is paying a short visit to his friends in the South Island before finally taking up his residence in Auckland.

Mr. John O'Brien, of Kaikohe, has been appointed official member of the Peharangi Maori Council, vice Timothy Cahill deceased, and Mr. William Jesse Reeve, of Whangarei, the official member of the Whangarei Maori Council, vice Frederick James Robertshaw, removed.

Colonel G. C. B. Wolfe, officer commanding the Auckland military district, will leave for Wellington next month to take over the duties of Adjutant-General of the Forces, in place of Col. Robin, who has gone to England for a course of training. While Colonel Wolfe is relieving as Adjutant-General, the Auckland district will be under the command of Lieut.-Colonel P. W. Abbott, D.S.O., who will have the temporary rank of Colonel while in charge.

The following military changes relating to Auckland district are gazetted:—4th (Waikato) Mounted Rifles: The under-mentioned officers resign their commissions — Lieut. Brian Chaytor, 2nd Lieut. Wm. McFarland, Lieut. Francis James Short is transferred to the reserve of officers. Supernumerary 2nd Lieut. George Franklin Yerex is absorbed into the establishment, vice McFarland resigned. 3rd Auckland Regiment (Countess of Ranfurly's Own): The under-mentioned 2nd lieutenants to be lieutenants, dated 3rd April, 1912—James Blyth Macfarlane, Reginald Henry Macdonald, Reginald Cheyne Berkeley, 5th (North Auckland) Regiment: The under-mentioned 2nd lieutenants to be lieutenants—Archibald Lyon Denniston, John Henry Bartlett, Norman Hugh Hanna, Alexander Main, Edward Puttick, David Brigham, to complete establishment.

Captain W. J. Grey, formerly of the Customs Department, was a passenger for London by the Remuera from Wellington. He was accompanied by Mrs. Grey and their son, Mr. J. R. Grey. Owing to altered circumstances, the Primate has arranged that the consecration of Canon Sadtler in the Bishopric of Nelson shall take place on Sunday, 21st July, instead of St. James' Day, 24th July.

Another of the early Canterbury pioneers passed away last week in the person of Mr. James Boleyn, of Okains Bay. He was born at Caputh, Perthshire, Scotland, in the year 1830, and arrived in New Zealand, with his parents, in the ship Duke of Bronte, in 1851. The family soon made its way to the Peninsula,

settling at Little Akalos, where, like so many of the early settlers, the men took up bushwork, sending timber and fencing material to Lyttelton and Christchurch. Mr. Boleyn first took up land in 1856, purchasing a 50-acre section at Stony Bay West, in the Okains Bay district, from the old Canterbury Land Association. He added to his holding from time to time, until he had a compact farm of 670 acres.

The death of Mr. L. R. Jaggard, at Melbourne, where he had achieved a high position in the insurance world, recalls a very interesting period in the New Zealand Telegraph Department's history. Mr. Jaggard, up till 1879, was in that service as an operator at Invercargill. He was known as the champion "lightning jerker" of the service, being the fastest sender it contained. On one occasion he eclipsed all previous records by sending a message over the wires at the rate of 60 words a minute, the "receiver" being Mr. B. H. Kays, now officer-in-charge of Dunedin, who was a record-breaker in that branch of the work.

The consecration of the Rev. Canon Leng as Bishop of Melanesia will be celebrated in Dunedin on July 14. The Rev. Canon Sadtler will be consecrated at Nelson.

Mr. C. Hood Williams, secretary and treasurer of the Lyttelton Harbour Board, who had been in failing health for some months past, died in Christchurch last week.

The new vicar of St. Sepulchre's Church, the Rev. Canon Alfred Richards, and his wife, were welcomed by the par-

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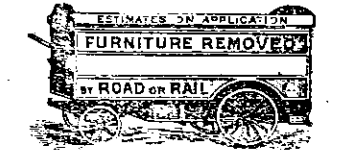
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COUNTRY VISITORS WELCOMED.

Abolitioners at a social gathering the other evening. Mr H. A. Marriner, people's warden, presided, and there was a large attendance. Amongst those present were the Warden of St. John's College (Rev. P. T. Williams) and the Rev. W. E. Lush (acting vicar of the parish).

Drs. Tewlesy and Kinder have been elected respectively to the honorary medical and surgical staffs of the Auckland Hospital.

The death occurred at Dunedin last week of Mr. D. S. Munro, manager of the Dunedin branch of the Commercial Union Insurance Company. He was a member of the Manchester Unity Order of Oddfellows.

The Rev. Mr. Butler, a Baptist minister, residing at Spreydon, died suddenly last week. He had just seated himself in a chair, when he had a stroke, and died instantly. The deceased was between 60 and 65 years of age, and had only been minister at the Spreydon Church for a fortnight.

Mr. Kenneth Eady, well-known in musical circles in Auckland, has booked his passage for America, via London. He contemplates being away for eighteen months.

Mr. John Webster, whose leg was broken some time ago while alighting from a bus at Devonport, was able to get up for the first time on Friday, and is now well on the way to complete recovery.

Mr. J. Craigie, M.P., the retiring Mayor of Timaru, was entertained last week by the councillors, and presented with a group photo of the Council. Many references were made to the progress made during the ten years of Mr. Craigie's term of office.

Messrs. J. Strauchon (Under-Secretary of Lands), W. B. Montgouiray (Secretary of Customs), and G. Allport (Secretary of Marine) have been appointed members of the Public Service Classification Board in succession to Messrs. W. C. Kensington and F. G. Waldegrave (retired), and the late Mr. Hugh Pollen.

Major-General Harry Finn, C.B., and Mr. Harold Finn were passengers by the Ruzhine, which arrived in Wellington from London last week. Major-General Finn was Inspector-General of the Commonwealth Forces from 1905 to 1907, when he retired and returned to England. He is on a round-the-world tour.

A private cablegram announces the death, in London, on Thursday last, of Mr. Joseph E. Nathan, aged 77 years. Deceased was an early settler of Wellington and a prominent merchant there. He was one of the founders of the Manawatu Railway Company. Mr. Nathan had been living in London for many years past.

The late Mr. Alfred Hillyard Gatland, headmaster of the Coronandel District High School, the news of whose death by his own hand was published yesterday, was a son of the late Captain J. B. Gatland, and about 42 years of age. He was formerly at the Prince Albert College, Auckland, and later master of the Wai-teke and Tokatea schools, and master of the Waihi District High School, having followed the teaching profession since his youth. Deceased was very popular among his friends and was prominent in Masonic circles, holding the office of W.M., while he was also a member of the Coronandel Court of Foresters, being a Past Chief Ranger. He was well known, further, as an enthusiastic volunteer, and held the commission of lieutenant, besides being a good shot.

Dr. Casement Aickin, who proceeded Home some time ago for wider experience, and while in England obtained his F.R.C.S. with distinction, is now on his way back to Auckland with Mrs. Aickin, having returned as surgeon of the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company's steamer Pakeha, which arrived at Port Chalmers a couple of days ago.

Mr. Justice Sim arrived by the Main Trunk train on Sunday to preside at a sitting of the Arbitration Court, and is stopping at Glenalvon.

The Chief Justice, Sir Robert Stout, arrived by the Main Trunk train on Sunday on Prison Board business, and is staying at Glenalvon.

Mr. O. C. Pleasants, who has been connected with every public body in the district, is about to leave Feilding. At a large and representative public meeting Mr. Pleasants was presented with an illuminated address.

Mr. Henry Whitten Ganger died at New Plymouth last Thursday, aged about seventy-five years. He was the only arriving son of the Robert Ganger who was associated with Edward Gibbon Wakefield in the founding of South Australia.

Mr. Daniel Neilson, of Onehunga, who

for the past 15 years has made it his business to spend his birthday in his birthplace, Sydney, was this year, in the course of a complimentary launch picnic on the Parramatta River, presented with a handsomely-framed portrait of himself, the presentation being made by Mr. John Elder.

The Hon. Arthur Myers, who follows golf as a recreation, won a valuable prize in the Club championship at Treutnam, on Saturday. On this fact being mentioned in a public meeting at Upper Hunt on Saturday night, some sport called for three cheers for Mr. Myers. The response was instantaneous and hearty.

At the Papatoetoe Orphan Home on Friday evening Mr. J. P. Hooton, who has lately returned from a trip through the East, gave a very interesting account of what he saw in India, and more especially at the Durbar. A number of splendid pictures were shown by Mr. Cooper. All those present enjoyed the entertainment, and hearty cheers were given for Mr. Hooton at the conclusion.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Joynt were last week entertained at a farewell social by the members of St. John's Methodist Church and Sunday School. On behalf of the members a handsome escritoire was presented to them in recognition of their work for the Church and Sunday School during the past 20 years. Mrs. Goodaere, mother of Mrs. Joynt, who is also leaving to reside with her daughter, was presented with a handsomely bound Bible at the same time.

Mr. Alfred E. Whitaker, a son of the late Sir Frederick Whitaker, and a well known resident of Auckland, was entertained on Saturday night by the members of the Auckland Club, of which he was one of the founders, in view of his departure on an extended tour of the world. Mr. J. R. Reed presided, and on behalf of the subscribers, handed to Mr. Whitaker a handsome travelling rug and straps, wishing him bon voyage and a safe return. The recipient suitably responded.

Miss Millicent Heywood, principal of the music teachers of the Diocesan Girls' High School on Sunday after a brief illness. The deceased lady, who was a daughter of the late vicar of St. Mark's Church, was possessed of great musical ability, which together with her charming personality won for her a high place in the regard of both the school authorities and the pupils.

NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

LONDON, March 29.

Mr. R. A. Simpson, of Christchurch, has come to London to study its social and industrial economies, and intends to carry on his work here, probably not returning to New Zealand till August of 1913, and spending the preceding summer in Canada and the United States. Next winter is to be spent in France, Germany, and Italy, and the United Kingdom and Ireland also will be thoroughly toured.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Corbett, of Timaru, arrived in London on the 19th, after having visited Australia, China, Japan, the Malay Straits, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, and France.

Sister May, of Dunedin, who has been in this country for several months, has taken up work at St. Faith's, Teddington.

Miss Adelaide Van Staveren, of Wellington, who scored such enviable successes on her first appearances in opera in Italy, is, with her sister, staying in London for a few days with relations at Hampstead. Their brother, who is also here, returns to New Zealand next week.

Dr. Garland, of Oamaru, arrived in London on Monday last by the Ruzhine. After visiting friends in the country, he intends taking a post-graduate course at one of the London hospitals, and studying the latest developments in medicine and later on will travel for a time.

Dr. MacLachlan, of New Zealand, has arrived in London for a few months' stay after visiting Ireland and the Continent.

Lady Stout, of New Zealand, and her son, Mr. Stout, were among the guests at an "At Home" given by Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, wife of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, at 14, Berkeley Square, on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. T. Wilford, Mayor of Wellington, is again in London, looking the picture of health—his stay in the Pyrenees having benefited him as greatly as his doctor predicted. Mr. Wilford and his

family sail for New Zealand early next month.

Callers at the High Commissioner's offices this week have been:—Mr. J. E. C. Maguire (Wellington), Mr. J. S. McGrath (Invercargill), Mr. J. T. Buchanan (Christchurch), Miss Lovatt (Auckland), Mr. J. Dampier-Crosley (Christchurch), Mr. J. S. Smalley (Auckland), Mr. and Mrs. Seppler (Christchurch), Mr. Edwin Wilson (Auckland), Mr. and Mrs. H. Corbett (Timaru), Dr. Garland (Oamaru), Mr. H. E. Farr (Christchurch), Mr. Walter T. Movie, Mrs. and the Misses Movie (Christchurch), Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Barker (Timaru), Miss Annie Westall (Napier).

The Rev. J. S. Smalley, a retired Wesleyan minister of Auckland who after thirty-five years in New Zealand, has been for some time in Scotland, is spending a few months in the South of England before returning to the North to fulfil numerous preaching engagements.

The Rev. J. E. Watts-Ditchfield, Vicar of St. James-the-Less, Bethnal Green, left London this week on a special mission to the Colonies on behalf of the Church of England Men's Society, whose chairman, the Archbishop of York, has sent him the following letter: "As one of the presidents of the Church of England Men's Society, and as chairman of its council, I am deeply interested in the visit which you are about to pay in connection with our society to Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. Your personal gifts, loyal Churchmanship, and very special experience in the work of the Church among men will, I know, ensure you a welcome from all members of our society, and all sections of our Church across the seas, and also from all who feel that any earnest and sincere message spoken by a man who has won the right to speak to his fellowmen on behalf of the Kingdom of God must help forward the common life of our English-speaking nations."

Mr. Watts-Ditchfield, who hopes to reach Perth about April 23rd, will visit all the dioceses in Western and Southern Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, and Tasmania, and will then proceed to the two islands of New Zealand. Thence he is to go to Vancouver, and after addressing several gatherings in Canada, will return to England at the end of the year.

Mysterious Algiers.

No foreigner knows what the Arab does; to few has it been given to understand what he thinks; within his house he is as much master in Algiers as he is in Mecca, so long as he avoids the appearance of what the infidel calls evil, and so long as he complies with certain demands, equally foolish and outrageous to him, in respect of registration, vaccination, sanitation, and the like. There is no sharp boundary between the two communities; if you follow a street far enough you pass the imperceptible frontier. "After so many years," says M. Fromentin, "there are no barriers between the two cities except those of suspicion and antipathy existing between the two races, but those suffice to separate them. They touch one another, they live in the closest companionship, but neither meet nor mingle, except in the worst of each—the dirt of their gutters and their vices." To anyone who has ever seen for a moment behind the veil of native life there is something almost terrifying about the impenetrable mystery of these silent houses. Things happen there, and human nature assumes aspects there, of which the Western world never dreams. I confess to being uneasy when I see careless and ignorant Westerners—certainly when I see Western women—walking alone in the native quarters of Eastern towns. Suppose one of those dark doors should open suddenly, the stranger be dragged quietly within, and the door shut? That stranger might disappear for ever without leaving a single trace. It would be useless to search, unless the authorities were prepared to ransack every house; to its most private apartments, in a whole district, and to do that would be, if not to provoke a revolt, at least to stir up such dangerous unrest and hostility as to make it impossible. What might happen to that stranger is best not considered. If his or her captors so chose, there would be no more trace than marks the spot where a stone has fallen into the sea. Such an event is, of course, very unlikely, but it has horribly happened, and might happen again.—Sir Henry Norman in "Scribner."

France to Control Aerial Navigation.

Aerial navigation has its first charter signed by M. Fallieres, President of the French Republic, and countersigned by the Ministers of Public Works, Interior, War, Finance and the Marine, and promulgated in the form of a ministerial decree regulating aerial navigation in France. It has to be voted by the French Chamber and Senate before it becomes a law. The charter was issued in France to protect the public against inconveniences and risks which may result from imprudent and daring aviators, or by the imperfection of their machines. It gives the Minister of Public Works authority to act officially until the aerial navigation law becomes an actual fact. It consists of six chapters with a total of forty-two clauses. It stipulates that all airships (steerable balloons or aeroplanes) must bear a plainly visible registered number. Each machine must have a log book in which the names of persons carried and the times and places of departures and arrivals must be recorded. No explosives are to be transported without special permit. Wireless telegraphic and photographic apparatus is prohibited unless a special permit is obtained from the Minister of Public Works. Flights over cities and crowds are prohibited. It is also ordered that an airship must come to earth and stop whenever it is officially signalled so to do. The exact nature of the signals is still to be fixed. Every steerable balloon, while navigating between sunset and sun rise, must show a white light in front and red and green lights on either side, like a steamer. Aeroplanes are given temporary permission to carry one lantern only, but it must be placed in front and throw a green light to the right and a red light to the left.

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"Indigestion attacked me severely some time back, and the first attack came on very rapidly," said Mrs. W. J. Webster, 21, Nelson-st., Petone. "I could not make out what was wrong. It did not matter what I ate, or how little, the pain in my chest started and went right through to my shoulder blades. Even if I did not eat anything it was often the same; the weight was on my chest for three or four hours at a time and I could hardly draw my breath. I lost my colour and I began to feel wretchedly out of sorts all through. My heart beat so rapidly, the way the wind in my system got round it, that I could not get a sound sleep at night. My head ached splittingly. It was nothing like this for close on two years, then, through reading about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I resolved to give them a trial. They did me a wonderful amount of good. My food began to digest and to do me good, and I began to eat quite well. The sick feeling and the headaches yielded, and I was soon as well as ever again. I recommend this medicine with every confidence."

It is well to remember that it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and not an imitation that cured Mrs. Webster. Getting the genuine is an important thing in a cure. They are sold by most chemists and druggists, or will be sent direct by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia, Ltd., Wellington, on receipt of price, 3/ per box, six boxes 10/0.

On the Golf Links

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

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

AUCKLAND.

Very keen interest was taken in the Auckland Golf Club's match, Captain v. Treasurer, played on the Middlemore Links on Saturday. The teams comprised 20 players a-side, the captain's team winning by 12 games to 4, no less than 4 of the games being halved.

The course showed a very great improvement after the large amount of mowing that had been done during the week, and the majority of the greens played remarkably true. Following are the results of the game, the members of the captain's team being mentioned first:—

- Burns and Culbert, all square.
- Lusk and Hamford, 21 square.
- MacCormick beat Dargaville, 6 and 4.
- Shartford beat Tonga, 4 and 3.
- Nuttleton beat Laurence, 6 and 5.
- H. Horton and P. Hanna, all square.
- Cave beat H. Horton, 3 and 2.
- Stridger beat Hall, 2 and 1.
- Giblin beat Jackson, 1 up.
- Macfarlane lost to Bruce, 1 down.
- Allen beat J. Bloomfield, 3 and 2.
- E. Chouhaid beat Richards, 3 and 2.
- Flemson lost to Finn, 7 and 5.
- Bruce beat Patricburgh, 4 and 3.
- George beat Dukes, 4 and 3.
- Kinder and Myers, all square.
- Storry beat Clark, 3 and 2.
- Towle beat Gortle, 5 and 3.
- Webb beat Owen, 1 up.
- Grant lost to Benjamin, 4 and 3.

In addition to the above a medal handicap was played, and was won by E. W. Cave. Following are particulars of the best cards handed in:—

- R. W. Cave, 56, 16-80.
- S. A. Longuet, 103, 20-83.
- R. B. Towle, 108, 25-86.
- D. MacCormick, 91, 4-87.
- P. T. Upton, 88, 8-90.

The competition set down for Saturday next is the George Cup, entries for which close at noon on Thursday. The conditions are bogey handicap, partners being drawn.

MAUNGAKIEKIE.

The Maungakiekie Golf Club's medal handicap of three rounds concluded on Saturday afternoon at the One-tree Hill links, when about 50 players took part. The winner was Dr. Harke, with a net score of 80, and as he returned the two best cards in the three rounds he won the handicap.

The best scores in the third round were as follows:—Dr. Harke, gross score 83, handicap 15, net score 68; C. F. Gardner, 102-17-85; Dr. Huntley, 101-18-83; D. P. Reid, 106-20-86; J. P. Ridings, 100-17-83; M. Ward, 113-23-90; D. Theaker, 113-18-95; A. G. Cooke, 118-22-96; J. Cochrane, 117-24-97; H. O. Gardner, 115-14-101; Le Secur, 119-18-101; G. Morris, 128-25-101.

The best two cards in three were returned by the following:—Dr. Harke, 87 and 84, total 167; C. F. Gardner, 83 and 85, total 168; J. P. Ridings, 80 and 88, total 168; A. G. Cooke, 87 and 83, total 170; Dr. Dudley, 89 and 86, total 175; D. P. Reid, 90 and 86, total 176; H. O. Gardner, 86 and 101, total 187.

On the next two Saturdays the Club will hold an eclectic handicap.

CHRISTCHURCH.

(Special Correspondent.)

We have had a considerable amount of rain since I sent last week's notes, and the success of the autumn work on the links is now practically assured. The bad lies on the fairway have always been the worst features of the Shirley Links, and the committee are grappling with the matter in a comprehensive way. The fairway is first torn up with harrows, then manured and sown; a heavy top-dressing with sandy soil completes the operation. This plan was tried on several of the worst fairway last year with good results, and we hope for still better results this year, autumn sowing being better than spring sowing in this climate. It is intended to do some five fairways each year until the whole course is done. Another advantage of this scheme is that the course will be to some extent divided into fairway and rough. Golf on New Zealand courses is, generally speaking, open-paddock golf, where the player may roam from right to left at his own sweet will paying no penalty for his vagaries. H. B. Lusk tells me that when playing in Sydney 18 months ago he was in the rough or bunkered at each of the first six

holes at Rose Bay, after which he realised the importance of keeping straight. Undoubtedly a course consisting of a two to three-chain fairway will improve the standard of golf of members to a marked degree. If it only has the effect of arousing ambition in the player and driving him to the professional much good will be done. Later on the Shirley committee should try to find some scrub of the nature of heather which will grow readily on the links, and sow the rough with it. Half the fun of the game is lost if no sporting difficulties are to be met with.

Last year the committee of the Christchurch G.C. brought D. G. Soutar over from Australia to advise on the re-laying of the links. Soutar's opinion is certainly one of the best in Australasia, and he drew up a plan which shows clearly his grasp of the subject. It is intended to play a course closely approximating to Soutar's as soon as the new greens in the north paddock are playable, probably about July. A permanent course will then be finally decided upon, but in all probability it will follow closely on Soutar's ideas. He found the chief faults to be bad lengths, cuppy greens and dangerous crossings. All these faults will be eliminated under the new scheme, except that our dry climate rather restricts us in the matter of green formation. Undulating greens tend to scorch in summer though the hollows remain green, and, good as the water supply is, it cannot prevent this.

Last Weeks Play.

Saturday last was an ideal day for golf—dull and calm; but the scores were not so good as might have been expected. The second qualifying round for the Borthwick Vase, the final round for the Cox Cup, and a medal handicap were played.

The Borthwick Vase match consists of two qualifying rounds, medal play, the best 8 net scores playing off by match play. The Cox Cup is a two-round medal match for juniors, 10 and over.

The first round of the day was a 77 by H. E. Wright. On his day Wright would hold his own with any New Zealand amateur, but, though in the club championship he has done well he has not done so well in the N.Z. Championships as might have been expected. He has a graceful and effective style, and may yet reach the highest honour in New Zealand golf.

B. B. Wood fell off, taking 80, and, as he is handicapped at plus 5, he failed to qualify.

B. C. Rutherford played excellent golf though the greens, but inability to putt the short ones dead caused him to take 83.

Some of the middle handicap men are doing creditable rounds just now. C. F. Thomas, playing off 13, did 85, which, leaving a net score of 72, would give a plus man something to think about. J. Anderson (10) won the Cox Cup with a net return of 153, which augurs well for future improvement. H. H. Knight won the senior medal with 85-9, net 76. He was for two years champion of Hagley, and is making steady progress towards a short handicap.

At Hagley Park.

The Hagley players are having rather a strenuous time. The exceptional growth of grass which our wet summer brought about is their trouble. The leases of the grazing rights on the park object to grass-cutting, and the sheep cannot get it down. Until the frosts come they will be playing under difficulties. Golf on a public park has its drawbacks, as One Tree Hill players probably know. The softening of the ground has emphasised the work of the divot fend. I counted in a space of three square yards three holes of one inch to three inches deep and proportionate area. Verily a spade would hardly do more damage. If players would only realize the importance of replacing divots, or, if that is impossible, of pressing down

the sides of the holes, they would confer a boon on all golfers. Unfortunately, the majority don't worry about divots until they find their balls in an unplayable lie.

Inter-club Matches at Dunedin.

Much interest is being taken in the inter-club games with Dunedin. It is a great pity Wright is unable to go, as he is in good form, and would bring our team to our full representative strength. We have a private opinion in Christchurch that in an 8 or 12-aside match we could hold our own with any club in New Zealand. We may be wrong. Wellington play us at Shirley during May for the Tasson Cup. Last year the Christchurch match was spoiled by the unseemly conduct of the weather, which delayed the ferry steamer several hours and caused our guests to be rather below their form.

Hosking-Campbell Shield.

On Thursday morning the Hosking-Campbell Shield was played for, and the same afternoon the Hammer Shield. The weather was very unfavourable for golf, a high wind from the south-west making play difficult. The wind increased during the day, and in the afternoon some apparently disgraceful performances were put up. The difficulty was greatly increased by the keen putting greens, which were so bare that it was a matter of extreme delay to putt the ball dead. The wind on some occasions accelerated the run of the ball to such an extent that it frequently was as far past the hole as it started from. This induced nervous putting, and to the three or four spectators who faced the weather the exhibition must have been deplorable.

In the Hosking-Campbell Shield, 8 men a-side, played for by singles, the Christchurch Club had a fairly easy win. The match results are as follows:—Wood (C) beat Dr. Ross (O), 3 and 1; Lusk (C) beat H. C. Smith (O), 6 and 5; Rutherford (C) beat Park (O), 3 and 1; Fisher (C) beat Harman (C), 5 and 4; Forbes (C) beat Stronach (O), 6 and 5; Trolove (C) beat Brasch (O), 3 and 1; Sleigh (C), all square with Rattray (O); E. Smith (O) beat Brittain (C), 4 and 2. Christchurch, therefore, won 5 matches and Otago 2, the other being halved.

In the Hammer Shield, played in foursomes, the results were as follows:—Dr. Ross and H. C. Smith (O) beat Lusk and Wood by 1 holes; Park and E. Smith (O) beat Rutherford and Trolove by 2 holes; Fisher and Brasch (O) beat Forbes and Brittain by 2 holes; Harman and Sleigh (C) squared Stronach and Rattray.

The rather remarkable reversal of form may be accounted for by the local players being less affected by the gale of wind and by the consequent peculiarities of the putting greens. Otago players never play foursomes nowadays, nor do the Canterbury men, four-ball matches having quite ousted them, so that no advantage exists there.

Wood and Dr. Ross had a great game in the morning, Wood being rather erratic for him. The Doctor, who is at Seaclyff, gets very little golf, which is a great pity, as he is obviously a player of parts. He gets well down to it, and, despite his small build, he hits a fine long ball. Hamilton Smith has played little of late, the rival charms of motor-boating being the cause, so that he fell rather easily to Lusk. The latter's round of 80 (approximately) was very useful under the adverse circumstances. Sleigh drew square with Rattray at the home green after making a gallant finish from the 15th. He holed the last 4 in 13, doing the last in 2. In the foursomes Lusk and Wood were annihilated by their victims of the morning. Neither played well, the putting being the chief weakness; but the excellent, steady play of the Dunedin pair was the main factor. The harder it blew the better Dr. Ross putted and the better Smith drove. The Doctor in particular played brilliantly

under the circumstances. The other matches were well contested, but the Otago pairs were too steady.

Orbell Cup Singles and Mixed Foursomes.

Otago won by 15 holes. The Christchurch men held their own, but the Otago ladies proved too strong, and in the foursomes Otago had the advantage. Ross (Otago), doing 77, beat Wood, 2 up; Lusk (Christchurch), was 8 up on Park doing 78. The scores were as follows (Christchurch being mentioned first in each instance):—Miss Campbell 0, v. Mrs. Dodshun 2; Miss Wilson 2, v. Mrs. Ward 0; Miss Rutherford 0 v. Miss Gould 8; Miss Wood 1, v. Miss Scott 0; Miss Cowlshaw 0, v. Miss K. Rattray 3; Miss Fisher 0, v. Miss Mill 4; Wood 0, v. Ross 2; Lusk 8, v. Park 0; Rutherford 5, v. Stronach 0; Harman 0, v. Brasch 3; Forbes 4, v. Scanlon 0; Trolove 0, v. Gale 3. Totals: Christchurch 20, Otago 25.

Foursomes.—Miss Campbell and Lusk 0, v. Mrs. Dodshun and Ross 2; Miss Wilson and Wood 3, v. Miss Gould and Park 0; Miss and B. C. Rutherford v.

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The fast greens again caused trouble to the Christchurch players. A dinner to the visitors was given in the evening in the Otago Club, which function proved most successful.

WANGANUI

The mixed foursome played on the opening day of the season by members of the Wanganui Club resulted as follows: Miss Montgomery-Moore and Mr. D. Ritchie were the winning couple, two up on bogey; Mr. Bruce and Miss P. Nixon came second, all square; Mr. Harold and Miss Christie, and Mr. Cave and Miss Cave were each one down.

NELSON

A mixed foursome bogey competition was played at the Tahuna links last week, and resulted in a win for Mrs. Bigg-Wither and T. Bigg-Wither with a score of 1 up. The following cards were handed in:—

Mrs. Bigg-Wither and Bigg-Wither, handicap 36, 1 up.

Miss Sutherland-Smith and R. Dodds, handicap 28, 1 down; Miss Hair and A. E. Jackson, handicap 18, 2 down; Miss G. Cook and J. Cook, handicap 27, 2 down; Miss Ledger and M. McLaren, handicap 17, 3 down; Miss Bamford and R. S. Booth, handicap 23, 4 down; Miss Maginnity and C. W. Brown, handicap 17, 5 down; Miss A. Dodson and A. Maides, handicap 29, 6 down; Miss Lucas and J. H. Cook, handicap 35, 7 down; Miss Booth and C. R. Fell, handicap 18, 7 down; Miss E. Ledger and H. Robison, handicap 12, 8 down; Mrs. Thomas and J. Houliker, handicap 30, 10 down; Mrs. Dodson and P. Dakiel, handicap 32, 10 down; Miss E. Hair and B. Bisley, handicap 30, 10 down; Mrs. Lewis and W. Squires, handicap 22, 11 down; Miss Adams and S. Tyreman, handicap 12, 11 down; Miss Diamond and T. Houliker, handicap 37, 11 down.

TEMUKA

The election of officers of the Temuka Club took place at the annual meeting which was held last week and resulted as follows:—President, Mr. E. James; vice-presidents, the Hon. T. Buxton and Mr. J. T. Maling; captain, Mr. W. Pearse; handicappers, Dr. A. H. Curtis and Mr. A. Bushell; secretary, Dr. B. Volkman; treasurer, Mr. A. Bushell; committee, Messrs. Scott, Paterson, Guild Drs. R. Volkman and A. H. Curtis, and Mr. R. Pearse.

NEW PLYMOUTH

A bogey handicap was played last week in very stormy weather, and, in consequence, the entries were small and the play not up to the usual standard. The prize presented by Mr. Standish was won by J. Johnston, with a score of 4 down. The five best cards put in were as follows:—J. Johnston, 13, 4 down; W. C. Weston, scr. 5 down; R. A. Gray, 6, 6 down; K. Bain, 15, 8 down; A. Bewley, scr. 9 down.

LADIES' GOLF.

AUCKLAND.

The second round of the Hope Lewis Rose Bowl was played on Monday, and resulted as follows: Miss Winnie Cotter defeated Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield, 7 up and 6 to play; Miss Sybil Paton received a bye from Miss Jean Richmond; Miss G. Gorrie defeated Miss N. Upton, 5 and 4; Miss M. Cooper received a bye from Miss Hilda Bloomfield; Miss Stella McLean defeated Miss C. Thorpe, 3 and 2; Miss Nora Gorrie defeated Mrs. E. Horton, 2 and 1; Miss Marjorie Towle defeated Miss Madge McLean, 4 and 2; Miss R. Gorrie received a bye from Miss M. Heath.

The third round must be played on or before Thursday, May 9th.

A very good 12-hole putting course has been laid out on one side of the clubhouse. The men's club have instituted a monthly putting competition, which is

an excellent idea, and a very good lead for the ladies' club to follow. Most of the players go out by the 12.10 train, and so finish their round early in the afternoon, and a putting competition would be an excellent way to fill in the wait, and at the same time be a means of improving this very important part of the game. Mr. Milnes won the first monthly competition over a nine-hole course with a very steady round of 18.

The monthly medal was played on Monday, the weather was glorious, but there was not a large entry. The senior medal was won by Miss Rachel Gorrin, gross score 100, handicap 14, net 86 (winner); Miss Gwen Gorrie, 102-4-96; Miss Milly Cotter, 117-18-99; Junior medal—Miss C. Thorpe, gross score 119, handicap 33, 86 (winner); Miss Roysie Greig, 120-35-84; Miss Jessie Frater, 137-33-104.

NAPIER.

The members of the Napier Ladies' Golf Club played the first round for the Donnelly Vase on Thursday, May 2nd. The best cards given in were: Mrs. Bernan, handicap 14, 2 down; Mrs. Kennedy, 14, 6 down; Mrs. Snodgrass, 18, 6 down; Mrs. Russell, 18, 7 down; Mrs. H. Smith, 11, 8 down; Miss Dean, 12, 9 down.

The club committee this year decided to fix 18 as the handicap limit for all club bogey matches. All bogey matches must therefore, be won by "A" players.

CAMBRIDGE.

The Cambridge Club's first monthly medal match was completed on Saturday, Miss B. Taylor winning with 91 net; Miss Lunton, second, with 95.

NELSON.

Following is the result of the Encounter and junior medal match played last week:—

Miss A. Dodson, 120, 40, 86; Miss C. Cook, 122, 40, 82; Miss E. Hair, 128, 40, 88; Miss Maginnity, 129, 40, 89; Miss E. Ledger, 162, 13, 89; Miss Lucas, 131, 40, 91; Miss Bamford, 122, 27, 95; Miss L. Ledger, 110, 14, 96.

MANGAWATI.

The first bogey match of the season took place on Thursday last. There was a good muster of players, but the length and softness of the grass made scores against bogey very difficult, and the cards returned were not good. The winners were Mrs. Slack in the A grade, Mrs. Milton in the B grade, and Miss Watson in the Juniors.

CLUTHA.

The following is the result of the first Ladies' Medal Match:—Mrs. Coghill (57-2) 65, Mrs. Landels (60-12) 57, Miss Hutchins (70-10) 60, Mrs. Grigor (74-12) 62, Miss Waymouth (70-8) 62, Miss C. Grant (77-14) 63, Miss Kiernan (63-scr) 65.

GISHORNE.

The first L.G.U. round was played on the links by the Poverty Bay Golf Club in favourable weather with the following results:—

Silver Medal.—Mrs. Barlow, 101-19-82; Miss Sweet, 108-12-86; Mrs. Cole, 108-19-80; Mrs. O'Meara, 108-18-90; Miss D. Bull, 104-10-94; Mrs. Morgan, 112-18-94.

Bronze Medal.—Mrs. Burke, 110-30-80; Mrs. Adair, 118-27-91; Miss N. Tucker, 135-39-96; Miss F. Davies, 129-31-98; Mrs. H. Bull, 135-28-107.

The Perfect Golfer.

Let there be any person who is prepared to deny that such a human exists, let me assure him that I quite agree, and this point being settled, let me endeavour to prove my contention. In the first place, what is a perfect golfer? Is it the present Open Champion, who is also a perfect gentleman? I do not intend to lay it down that the perfect golfer must necessarily be the perfect player, for a man can be a machine-

like exponent and yet fall far short of what—in my opinion—constitutes a perfect golfer. Let me illustrate my meaning. Your opponent "puts it across you" to the extent of "ten up and eight"; continues his round, and succeeds in breaking the record of the course. You have been playing with him, but he is scarcely conscious of your presence, so lost is he in contemplation of possibilities. This indifference to your existence brands him at once as an imperfect player, inasmuch that he should have sympathized with your indifferent display up to the tenth, and thereafter given you a few hints, putting his own play entirely on one side. I am perfectly aware that to defeat an opponent by ten and eight and then sympathize with him is one of the worst crimes in the golfing calendar, for it is by way of adding insult to injury. "I can forgive him defeating me; I forgive him his many superior smiles, and even tolerate the many pieces of good fortune that he received; but when he tells me that I show signs of 'coming on', I want his blood." This is a remark I once overheard, and our sympathy must be with the bloodthirsty person. On my own showing, then, it is not good policy to sympathize with your victim: in fact, if you defeat him badly, he would agree with you if you informed him that "of all the players you have met, you have never yet seen one quite so hopeless as he is." When a person plays badly he is perfectly happy in being miserable, and welcomes any addition to his misery. It is quite possible that the perfect golfer, in your opinion, is the man who plays you for a trifle, knowing perfectly well that he hasn't a fel-ne's chance of ever beating you. It seems to point to the fact that you must be a popular person in his eyes, seeing that he is prepared to lay down his life, so to speak in order to please you; and human nature is such that he, who by his acts shows admiration for our persons, is invariably thought well of by the one admired. The man who takes his own time on the greens, regardless of the shouts of "Fore!" cannot be a perfect specimen, for he is selfish. Who ever knew one of this type to be a ball? As a rule he is always down the course, and if you harbour any hope of his losing his ball you will be disappointed. He is also one of those rare golfers who are familiar with the rules, and to a gae with him is folly. Those who play three-ball matches on busy days are also outside the pale. The motives that prompt the players taking part in three and four-ball matches are merely mercenary ones. Playing a solitary opponent your winnings are limited, but playing two or three others you have a chance of making a bit. Hence the growing popularity of these forms of contest. I once knew four persons who invariably played together, all against all. It took them two hours and half to play the round, and about the same length of time to work out how each stood financially. The wagers were always five shillings a match, ditto score, half-crown for best return against bogey, sixpence for every four, a shilling for three's, whilst a hole in two netted two shillings. There was no mention of a hole in one, the obtaining of which would probably result in the other three players dropping the acquaintance of the freak. It can be easily understood that a game of this description, if one player was in form, meant a good sum of talent money, but I can find no trace of the perfect golfer in this type of player. On the other hand, the person who informs you that he never plays for money cannot be considered popular. He will offer to play you for a cup of tea, but who drinks tea? and so you shun him as you would the plague. The plus player of your club, who is always fixed up when a 20 handicap man inquires if he is playing anyone, falls far short of what constitutes perfection.

When on the course he expects you to allow him to pass, seeing that the slightest waiting invariably upsets him. They are frightfully sensitive, and as you, in common with the other members, have a sneaking admiration for your club champion, you inform him to "go through" whenever he likes. He thanks you, but having expected this consideration on your part his gratitude is worth little, therefore we must pass him over in our search. To be the captain of a club is a post usually occupied by the most popular man, and he approaches very close to our idea of a perfect golfer, but as we know that the post of captain is usually offered to one who has an interest in the welfare of the club—in

much the same manner that the treasurer is usually the manager of the local bank—it somewhat depreciates the value of the honour. The person who talks from the first tee to the last put is no better or worse than he who never speaks during the whole round. One is a gaseous person, the other impossible, and both should be avoided if you are searching for a pleasant opponent. The caddy, who is "damned" by his employer for every trifling fault, invariably has the sympathy of his employer's opponent, whose play is the cause of the other's annoyance. To damn one's caddy, therefore, is not good form, and betrays the imperfect gentleman; whilst he who tolerates every failing on the part of his caddy is not fit to be a golfer, and here again we draw a blank. Must we go back to the days when the golf courses of England were few and far between in order to discover the true type? Young golfers were few, for golf in those days seemed to be confined to those slowing up in life's race. A few weeks at Holyoke, then on to Westward Ho! Sandwich, Blackheath, and St. Andrews made up their round. A single in the morning, followed by a foursome in the afternoon, was their daily programme; and to play eight rounds in a single day would have been considered the act of a lunatic, for golf to these old-timers was a game to be taken seriously. The day of bogey, monthly medal, and various other forms of competition had not yet dawned. Two medal days a year were quite sufficient, and the post-hunter was unknown. He is a product of a later age, and the result of a craving for notoriety that is becoming more and more common. It must not be imagined, however, that the golfer of the eighties was without sin, for clamminess was rampant. The stranger found it difficult to obtain a match, and the professional was his opponent until the ice thawed. This still exists in some clubs of long standing. They have their own circle into which a stranger is not admitted, unless he be a well-known man or is well introduced. The increasing popularity of golf, however, is breaking down these barriers, and the stranger is welcomed as a person likely to contribute to the club's exchequer. Sordid reasons certainly, but his green fee is appreciated. I am rather inclined to the belief that we shall not discover this perfect golfer. We do not know what he is for one thing, and if we saw him we should not recognise him, for we are unfamiliar with the type. If he ever is discovered, I think we shall find a person who plays for the love of the game alone; one who, no matter what his opponent's handicap may be, is always prepared to play a single or make one in a foursome. He will be a player who is conscious of his own limitations, one who appreciates good play on the part of his opponent, whilst deprecating his own good fortune. He will be a player who, on being laid stymie that prevents him halving a match, will reply to your murmur of regret that it is all in the game and must be borne uncomplainingly. He will insist on a further search when you have decided to give up looking for a ball, the result of an erratic drive. He will sympathise, in no hypocritical spirit with your feeble efforts and take your half-crown with genuine regret. All these things will be found in the ideal player, and when found he should be placed in a museum and a charge made for admission, for he will represent that rarest thing on this planet to-day—a perfect golfer.

HARRY FULFORD.

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HOCKEY.

Opening of the Auckland Season.

SPORTS AND TOURNAMENT.

The Auckland Hockey season was ushered in under the usual auspices, at the Remuera sports ground on Saturday, the weather being much better than could have been hoped for after the unpleasantness of the past week. The opening day of the Auckland Hockey Association is always popular, like with the public generally, and the crowd which assembled on Saturday proved that its popularity is in no wise decreasing. Every successive season, however, sees additions to the number of club colours in the hockey field, and the half dozen or more of new colours on the ground on Saturday gave promise of added competition in the different grades of both sexes during the forthcoming season. The arrangements were carried out promptly by the Association's officials, a task of no small difficulty with the number of events to be got off, and the on-lookers were kept interested throughout as were the photographers, including a cinematograph operator from Hayward's Picture Company, the different teams and matches being rung on in such quick succession that little time was left for wondering what was next. The sports programme was disposed of first, and in the short interval between this section and the seven aside matches the successful competitors were presented with their trophies by Mr. H. A. Milne, the popular vice-president of the Association. During the afternoon, also, the proceedings were enlivened by an excellent selection of musical numbers by the Auckland Garrison Band, while the tables were disposed at the refreshment booth. The only thing lacking to complete the provision for the comfort of visitors, was that long expected pavilion. The Association officials are, however, a hardy and enterprising set, and in hope of having this part of the bill filled by next season.

The following are the results of the sports events, the Judges being Messrs H. Lees-Groge and H. A. Milne. Referees, 10yds. Handicap.—E. Madden, wcr. 1; G. Moses, 4yds. 2; T. Wakefield, 4yds. 3.

Players' 100yds. Handicap.—First heat: M. J. Moore, 8yds. 1; E. Burns, 7yds. 2. Second heat: R. George, 9yds. 1; Robertshaw, 7yds. and L. J. Mark, ser. (dead heat). Third heat: C. N. Clarke, 4yds. 1; J. B. Reynolds, 8yds. 2. Fourth heat: R. E. Fortham, 8yds. 1; H. Thornton, 6yds. 2. Final: Moore (Auckland), 1; Fortham (North Shore), 2; Mark (University), 3. Won by a yard.

Ladies' 75yds. Handicap.—First heat: M. J. Moore, 4yds. 1; M. Parton, 5yds. 2. Miss Hauweli, 3. Second heat: Miss M. Gillies, 2yds. 1; Miss Heron, 4yds. 2; Miss H. Hardley, 3yds. 3. Third heat: Miss B. Barton, 5yds. 1; Miss Dickering, 3yds. 2; Miss J. O. Probert, ser. 3. Final: Miss Barton, 1; Miss Gillies, 2; Miss Dickering, 3. Ladies' Relay Race (teams of four).—Arawa, 1; Training College, 2; Raugitia, 3. Won by half a yard.

Men's Relay Race (70yds teams of four).—Tattersall (Jacobson), Robinson, King, Mark, 1; St. James, 2; North Shore, 3.

SEVEN-A-SIDE TOURNAMENT.

MEN'S MATCHES.

SENIOR GRADE.

First Round.—Ponsonby 1, v. Parnell 0; University 2, v. Uutarian 0; Training College 2, v. Auckland 0; Mt. Eden 1 and a corner, v. North Shore 1; United a bye.

Second Round.—Mt. Eden 1 and a corner, v. United 1; Varsity 1, v. Ponsonby 0; College Rifles a bye.

Third Round.—Mt. Eden 3 corners, v. College Rifles 0; Varsity a bye.

FINAL.

When the final was played between Varsity and Mt. Eden the light was falling. The veteran team scored almost from the half, and Mt. Eden were back in their own territory a few minutes after the next half. The superior knowledge and condition of the lines, together with the fact that the Mt. Eden team had not come through two very strenuous matches, told its tale, although the young team made matters very interesting for their doubtful opponents whenever anything like an opening presented itself. At change over the score stood three in for Varsity, and the issue beyond doubt. The latter part of the game was played in semi-darkness, and without the vigour which characterized the opening half. The game ended, 3 to 0, and the scorers were Reynolds (1) and Jacobson (2).

SECOND GRADE.

First Round.—Y.M.C.A. 1, v. North Shore 0; Arata 1 and a corner, v. United 0; Training College 2 and a corner, v. Auckland 1 and a corner; University 1 and a corner, v. Mt. Eden 0; College Rifles one corner, v. Parnell 0; United a bye.

Second Round.—Arata 1 and a corner, v. Y.M.C.A. 1; Training College 2, v. Varsity 0; Ponsonby 2 and a corner, v. College Rifles two corners.

Third Round.—Training College 2, v. Ponsonby 0; Arata a bye.

THIRD GRADE.

First Round.—Y.M.C.A. 2, v. Ponsonby 0; University 2, v. Mt. Eden 0; St. James 2, and two corners, v. Hibernia 1 and one corner; United 2, v. Uutarian 0.

Second Round.—St. James 1 and two corners, v. Y.M.C.A. one corner; St. James 1 and six corners, v. United 1.

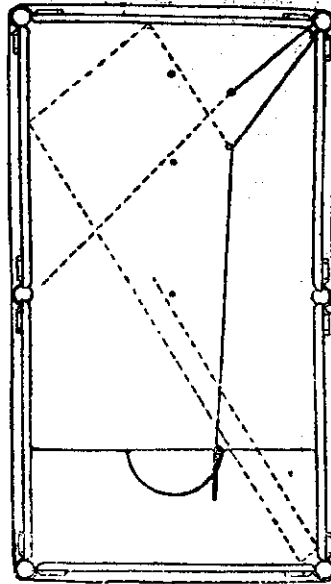
FOURTH GRADE.

First Round Training College, 1, v. Varsity, 0; Parnell, one corner, v. Auckland, 0; North Shore, 3, v. Mount Eden, 0.

BILLIARDS.

PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

In the early days of billiards, as an item in the long round of public entertainment, the event of each succeeding season was the fight for the championship, says "An Expert" in the London "Daily Telegraph." It stands on record that the first representative match of this character was played in the old St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, forty-two years ago. The principals were John Roberts, sen. (father to the great player of the same name who still figures as a player), and William Cook, sen. (who, curiously enough, also left a billiard-playing legacy in the shape of his son, William Cook, the well-known coach at Messrs. Thurston's, of Leicester-square). Old John Roberts had held an unchallenged twenty-three years' lease of the title from the time that he deposed the Brighton pioneer of scientific billiards, John Kentfield. The well-worn story of how a 3in. pocket table, which was accepted as the standard pattern for all championship games until a new generation of billiardists and another competition was recruited, came into being, hardly needs recapitulation. However, its advent was caused by reason of the great proficiency that young Cook had acquired at the spot-stroke. This tight pocket was expected to neutralise and enable old Roberts's more open and brilliant style of play to cope with the hazard striking of his dangerous challenger. History tells, too, that the upset of the match, which attracted all the best men about town to witness its progress (in the company was the then Prince of Wales, the late King Edward), marked the installation of a new champion.

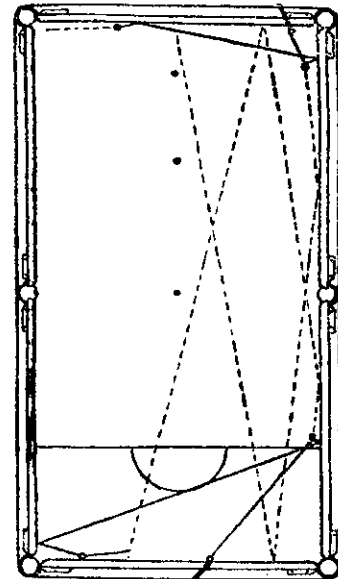


A cannon out of the "corner-angle," played by the Scottish champion, Aiken.

years ago were not so deficient in skill as the length of the games they played would seem to imply. The first match for the old championship cup was 1,200 up, and during the subsequent contests for its possession, ranging over a period of fifteen years, and until John Roberts, jun. (the present bearer of this distinguished name), asserted a decided superiority over all his contemporaries, the length of the games, varied from 1,000 to 2,000 points. These totals might well be multiplied by two or a higher figure, seeing the scoring difficulties presented by the 3in. pocket table as compared with the 3 1/2in. to 3 3/4in. standard pockets of to-day. All through the 'seventies, when the technique of billiard-playing was being most religiously inquired into and developed, the younger Roberts and Cook were inveterate opponents. Having promptly avenged the defeat of his father, Roberts was passed again in the race for supremacy, and for several years Cook was accepted as the premier player. The spot-stroke was at its zenith now, and no self-respecting billiard-player, amateur or professional, but tried his more or less skilled hand at the "dangerous hazard." The recurring battles for the mastery between these two masters always stood for the tit-bit of the year. Gradually it began to be appreciated that Cook was being overhauled in the race by Roberts, an impression which became an established fact when the 'eighties were reached. A new epoch was now touched, and John Roberts, jun., took his rightful place as the undisputed champion of English billiards for fourteen years from the date of his last meeting with Cook in the year 1885.

WHEN JOHN ROBERTS, JUN., RULED.

John Roberts figured, with the best of credentials, as the reigning sovereign of his art till that abrupt turning point—the fateful year of 1889—in the annals of England saw the institution of a new championship in the stead of the old, which last may be said to have terminated its sphere of competitiveness with Robert's last victory in 1885. The Billiard Association claimed the right to promulgate a championship. Their contention was proven



Two clever cushion-cannons by Reece "gathering" the balls for a succeeding stroke in each case.

OLD-TIME CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Inferior playing conditions, lack of knowledge and opportunities notwithstanding, the billiard champions of forty

Second Round.—Parnell, 1, v. Training College, 0; North Shore, a bye. Final.—Parnell, 4, v. North Shore, 0; St. Clair scored all four goals for Parnell.

LADIES' MATCHES.

SENIORS.

First Round.—Bancrofta 1, v. Aotea-roa 0; Arawa 1, v. Mount Eden 0; Training College a bye.

Second Round.—Training College two corners, v. Rangitira 0; Arawa a bye.

Final.—Training College (penalty corner), v. Arawa (a corner). This was a very even game, neither side obtaining a goal. Good open hockey was played, and there was not much to choose between the teams.

SECOND GRADE.

First Round.—Mount Eden 2, v. Tul, 0; Training College A, 1, v. Walthora 0; Aotea-roa 3, v. Technical College B, 0.

Second Round.—Training College (1 and 2 corners), v. Mount Eden 0; Aotea-roa B (1 and corner), v. Quapere 1; Technical College a bye.

Final.—Aotea-roa (1 corner), v. Technical College 0. The final between Aotea-roa and Training College could not be played owing to the dark, but will come off next Saturday.

sound in a court of law. In place of a trophy the Association, with apparent wisdom, endowed the event with an annual grant to the holder of the championship—the serviceable little annuity of £100. The year 1899 witnessed the initial contest under the new conditions. That fine player, Charles Dawson, who had been chasing under Roberts' strong sway, defeated his solitary opponent, John North, by something like half the game in 8,000 up. From this small beginning there arose a series of most interesting fights for the title. Stevenson singled himself out as Dawson's most persistent and dangerous rival. His earlier attempts were not of a particularly hopeful kind, but another bright page was added to the growing volume of championship ambitions and attainments, when, in January, 1901, Stevenson dethroned Dawson in a memorable, if one-sided match played in the old Gaiety Restaurant, in the Strand. For the next three seasons these two fine players were as keenly antagonistic as Roberts and Cook had been twenty years before. But in respect of the championship, a prompt retrieving success by Dawson found that strong, tenacious player resisting all further attacks, and draping himself with all the honours accruing to the title. The last match for its possession was played at the National Sporting Club nine years ago. This was the greatest of the series, and in which both players were seemingly assured of victory. Dawson won by 200 points, and the championship thereafter languished, to die of sheer inanition, partly as the result of short-sighted legislation, and more, perhaps, from professional greed.

THE B.C.C. REVIVE THE TITLE.

Another regrettable lapse of time with no accepted championship test among the professional experts was, at length, terminated when the Billiards Control Club revived the event in 1909. The conditions they invested it with were (as they still are) so favourable to those possessed of a full purse, or influential support, that none could be found to dispute the claim made by H. W. Stevenson (backed by the required deposit of £200) to be accepted as the champion player. That he was all this—at the time—none will attempt to deny. The critics and the public generally were agreed as to his being the rightful holder of the championship. A year later Stevenson was challenged by Inman. The match, an 18,000 up, was suddenly and dramatically terminated at the three-quarter stage, when Stevenson was only leading by 158 points—game, 13,370 to 13,212—owing to a domestic bereavement sustained by the champion. When replayed, matters again went to prove that Inman was a worthy challenger, as, although defeated, he kept his score-peg close beside that of Stevenson for eleven of the twelve days covered by the match. Again, last year, there was little to choose between them. After defeating Reece, after a very close thing in a preliminary heat, Inman confirmed his previous good form against the champion by holding him all through, and only losing by a few hundred points at the end of a good game. The future appeared to hold the highest promise for Inman to soon rank as Stevenson's successor.

CONCERNING THE DIAGRAMS.

A much-used type of "gathering" cannon, almost solely effected by Stevenson, and then copied by Reece, is shown on the first of the two diagrams. It is a combined screw and running "side" type of shot. Its main object when handled by a professional expert is the return of the first object-ball to a favourable position in keeping with the direction given to the second object. Either example (which stands to the credit of Reece)

Advertisement for Gramophones and Records, featuring the 'His Master's Voice' logo and agents A. Eady & Co., Auckland.

BOXING.

Johnson in America.

The Boston correspondent of the London "Mirror of Life" says:—
The "great battle" to be fought some time in July between Jack Johnson and Jim Flynn, somewhere in Nevada or elsewhere, the when and where of it is not very clear, continues to attract attention for its absence of details. As regards the prospective "battle" itself, the result is such a foregone conclusion that few find it worth while discussing. Whether Johnson and Flynn eventually meet or not, there seems a chance of Johnson clashing in a short, no-decision bout with Joe Jeanette, before making a bluff at risking his title perhaps later on. Both Jeanette and his manager are anxious to test out the champion, and naturally enough would like to pull off the bout in New York, but whether New York will stand for it the writer is not prepared to say. There are many reasons for believing that the go will not be staged in Gotham without considerable opposition, but as McKetric has several of the big newspapers with him, he may be able to stage the show.

While awaiting developments, Johnson is keeping himself much in the public eye, and in reply to an unprovoked attack by Jim Corbett, has come back with a whole arsenal of hot shot, in which truth and fiction are so closely mingled that it is hard to distinguish the ingredients. To date Jack is considered as having the best of the argument.

Corbett, who has never been fully forgiven for kicking the ponderous Sullivan, also for the frame-ups he engineered while in New York, is appearing here at a local theatre. A few days ago, perhaps to advertise himself, he followed up his newspaper knocking of the champion by a few left-handed compliments from the stage. They were received with delight by the "sports," who through this particular theatre, but when the words were wafted West to the ears of Jack Johnson, Jack became real peeved.

"So I am a hog and have a yellow streak," retorted Johnson; "well, as for Jim Corbett, he and a Chicago theatrical man offered me 100,000 dollars to lay down to Al Kauffmann after I had defeated Jim Jeffries. When I returned from Australia, Jim Corbett and the same theatrical magnate visited me and offered me a substantial prize if I would consent to fake ten rounds with Corbett and assist in rebuilding Gentleman Jim's reputation. I have stood for many attacks on my method of conducting my business, but why should Jim Corbett attack me as he has? Take a look at his record. He only fought two square fights. His contest with Charlie Mitchell was a raw fake. Mitchell laid down to him. He lost his fight with Tom Sharkey in New York on a foul to keep from being beaten in a more decisive way. And last, but not least, his fake contest with Kid McCoy put the boxing game out of commission in New York for a long time."

Corbett made no reply to Johnson other than to declare his statements false. As Charlie Mitchell will probably see these lines, he may care to take the discussion where Corbett and Johnson left off. The writer does not recall that he ever faked any fights, particularly the one referred to by Johnson.

Hitting a Man Who Is Down.

"Is a man ever justified, under any circumstances or conditions, when fight-

ing under prize ring rules, or boxing under Queensberry rules, in striking his opponent when the latter is down?" This knotty point is fully dealt with by Mr. J. F. Bradley in his work, "The Boxing Referee." He points out that rule 15 of the new rules of the London prize ring, as revised in 1853, reads: "That a blow struck when a man is thrown or down shall be deemed foul. A man with one knee and one hand on the ground or with both knees on the ground shall be deemed down, and a blow given in either of these positions shall be considered foul, providing always that, when in such a position, the man so down shall not himself strike or attempt to strike."
That is clear and explicit enough; but what about the Queensberry rules? Here rule 11 says: "In the event of any question arising not provided for in these rules, the referee to have full power to decide such question, and his decision shall be final."
Another rule says: "A man on one knee is considered down, and if struck in this position is entitled to the stakes." But the question that is not "provided for in the rules" is: "May a man who is down strike or attempt to strike his opponent?"
Mr. Bradley says: "Supposing Brown and Jones are boxing, and Brown works Jones into a corner, Jones, in order to get out of this corner, feints at Brown, who endeavours to get away from what he thinks is a coming blow, but in doing so slips to his knees in front of and close up to Jones. While on his knees he hits Jones full in the wind and knocks him out. The rules do not say that a man shall be disqualified for hitting his opponent when the latter is up, and during the progress of a round. And yet Brown, who is down, and quite aware that Jones may not strike him, takes advantage of his immunity to hit Jones. Suppose Jones is close against the post as Brown goes down, and he throws his right arm over the ropes, and turning to Brown, has his left arm hanging free. He sees Brown's left coming at his body, and knows he cannot get his right hand down in time to stop or parry the blow. But his left is only a few inches from Brown's head, and he quickly books Brown on the jaw—in self-defence—bowling him over out."
"What should the referee do?" asks Mr. Bradley. "I have never seen or heard of a man striking or attempting to strike his opponent when he (the former) was down in a Queensberry contest or competition, but it might happen at any time, and a referee, prepared for every emergency, must act quickly. In such a case as this, I would award the verdict to Jones if he knocked Brown out—even though the latter was down when struck, and if Brown knocked Jones out from his kneeling position, I would disqualify Brown. I would have a right to do this by rule 11, before quoted. Jones is quite justified in hitting Brown when the latter is down, if Brown hits at him, because it is as if Brown had said, 'I am ready; defend yourself, as I am going to hit you.' Either this, or Brown says to himself, 'Jones dare not hit me; he doesn't expect me to hit him; there's a good opening, and I'll drop him.' This would be quite against the spirit of the rule, which says, 'To be a fair, stand-up boxing match.'"

What Langford Wears in the Ring.

"At the recent fight between Langford and McVea, the former said:—'Well, I am pleased, with much joy-emphasis on the "am," "Only 'pleased' ain't the word for it. I knew I was winning during the fight, the same as I knew I was winning on Boxing Day. The difference—which makes all the difference in the world—is that I didn't get the decision then, and I did get it to-night. All the same, I must admit I was in much better condition to-night than I was on Boxing Day. I was only here three weeks before December 26 last, and I didn't have time to get properly acclimatized or properly trained. This time it was different. I worked very hard to get in my best shape, and I can honestly say that I have never entered a ring better fitted for a stiff battle. Had McVea, by any chance, defeated me, I could not possibly have made any excuse. But he didn't beat me, any more than he did last time. And McVea hasn't gone back, either. He's as good as ever he was."
"Each of us has now got a decision over the other, and—eh? Will I meet him again in Sydney as a decider? Sure, sah. I'll fight him again, and I'll fight

WRESTLING.

Old and New Methods.

Giovanni Raccivich is the champion heavy-weight wrestler of Italy. You don't care? Well, there are others who, like you, do not intend to let this announcement keep them away from their regular activities. Still, championship hath its charms. Perhaps it is good that a man may excel, even if it has to be in professional wrestling. In many a worthy town and village they point with some satisfaction to the champion doughnut-eater, or the man who smashed all records in the consumption of squash pie. Then, again, there's the chap who manipulated a pair of clubs for a couple of days up at Kurri Kurri, and in the end had a band to keep him awake!

But lo! How has wrestling fallen since the days of its prime? It was called "wrasling," then, and it was real sport. There were no paid admissions; no hot-frankfurter privileges, no promoters. A man did not have to be a bull neck and a bullet head, or to be so monstrously fat that his skin would fold like that of the hippopotamus. No; all that was required was a little patch

him 100 times if he likes. They won't have any trouble in matching him and me again. I won't run away from him as he ran away from me. All I want is a fair field and no favour."

There was a silence in the dressing room, and Langford's face, which had been wreathed in one big grin, became serious as the talking hushed. He seemed to be thinking of something else than ring matters. The look in his eye did not appear to be of this world. "The Sun" reporter was prompted to ask a question which led to a mild sensation. "Are you religious, Sam?" was put to him.

"Yes, sah," was the simple, solemn, reply, given with all the trusting faith of a little child. "I do believe that if you believe in the Lord He is with you wherever you go. He is always with you, and He was with me in that ring out there to-night."

The loud guffaws which had broken out among Langford's attendants and the others in the room when the little giant answered the first question had died away. There was a dead silence.

"See here, sah," he said, and he pulled out a little rosary with a little gold cross on it. "That is my rosary, sah, my rosary." He caressed the beads reverently. "I never go into the boxing arena without that wrapped up in the sash around my waist. I guess the Lord don't mind a man even if he's only a boxer, so long as he tries to go straight, and keep straight." Those in the room said nothing. They realised they had seen evidence of the faith of centuries in that strong, big-chested negro.

"But to get back to the fight, sah. You say I looked smaller than last time? Sure, I was a bit fat then. But to-night, when I weighed before going out to box, I went only 12st 13lb. I suppose if I got on the scales now I'd be only about 11st 13lb. Could I make the middleweight limit? Let me see. Ah, now I think you'd better ask Mr. Woodman. If he says I can make it and fight strong, you can be sure that he knows. Whatever he says goes. He's been looking after me for 12 years now, and he knows me better than I do myself, I suppose."

"Now, about the referee, Mr. Scott. Let me say there's not a better referee on the earth to-day, as far as I know. I have never met a better one, anyhow. There is only one man to compare with him, and that is Charlie White, of New York. He's called world's champion referee, but Mr. Arthur Scott's as good as him. He knows every point of the game. We didn't have an amateur refereeing to-night, sah. I mean Mr. Bakah. Mr. Bakah's got something to learn about infighting. It takes two to make a clinch, as you know. As long as you've got both hands free, you can hit, like Mr. Scott, who is a seasoned, experienced man, allowed me just now. When McVea would hang on to me and hold me, and I'd try to punch him off, McVea was saying to Mr. Scott, 'He's hitting me in the clinches, referee.' And Mr. Scott would say to him, 'If you don't want to get hit, come away from him and don't hang on.' He knows his business, Mr. Scott does. But if we had the American rules here, the real slatherumwack, I tell you honestly, sah, I would surely knock Mr. McVea, and that's straight."
"Just let me say that I thank all the big crowd for the reception I got. It was just grand. I hope I deserved it. I tried to."

of soft ground in the rear of somebody's house or store, and a dozen husky youths, confident of their ability, bearing accident, to "throw" anybody their size. "There were no 'classes.' A boy wasn't a heavy-weight or a waffer-weight or a light-weight. He was a 'size.' Either he was your size, or he wasn't. If he was he was willing to wrastle. If you were obviously three sizes too big for him he would console himself with the observation that his brother could lick you.

There were no written rules. You couldn't kick and you couldn't bite. You shouldn't put your elbow in your opponent's eye. If you persisted in this, some person or persons unknown would deftly place a kick upon that part of your person most inviting to the boot of fair play. And no pulling hair. With these simple injunctions in mind, you wound your arms around the other fellow, pushed, pulled, jerked, jammed, puffed, and sweated, until somebody's shoulders were squarely on the ground. Then the verdict was announced: "He threw him fair and square." This was wrasling. Wrestling, as performed on the professional mat by Giovanni Raccivich and other piano-lifters, Gotsch's, Shima's and Hackenschmidt's, doesn't look so good.

A French journalist has been canvassing the leading stars of the Paris stage to find out their opinion about face fungus. Some of the answers are quite funny. Mlle. Nelly Cormon replied: "How should men wear their beards? Well, when I was looking down from a box at the theatre the other night, I came to the conclusion that they would do well to wear them on the top of their head." Mlle. Polaire said that "a beard and moustache are only useful to men who have the unfortunate fate of possessing an ugly mouth or bad teeth." Mlle. Marnac: "La barbe? Ah, non! La barbe! This is rather an elaborate pun, la barbe meaning not only the beard but being used as an expression of supreme boredom and disgust. Perhaps, however, the answer of Mlle. Marie Regnier was most charmingly diplomatic. Never having seen her inquisitor, she wrote: "Dear Sir,—I beg you to make no change. You are at your best as you are." Considering that nearly all Frenchmen wear at least moustaches, it seems strange that the verdict of the footlights should be for clean-shaven men. On reflection it is perhaps not so very strange, after all.

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BOOKINGS.

(Dates subject to alteration.)

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June 21 to July 8—Pantomime.
July 22 to August 3—"The Blue Bird."
September 30 to October 12—Oscar Asche,
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April 27 to May 18—Marlow Dramatic Co.
May 21—"Everywoman" Company.
July 17 to 30—J. C. Williamson, Ltd., Pan-
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August 14 to 27—"The Blue Bird"
September 23 to October 2—Pimmer Dea-
nston Company.
October 10 to November 2—Oscar Asche,
Lily Brayton Co.
November 5—"Ben Hur" Co.

The Cult of the Ignoble.

IT seems to me," says Mr. E. A. Baughan in the course of some interesting remarks on the stage of to-day, "that a mistake is to be found in much modern drama. In the school of Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker and the late St. John Hankin, the abnormal which makes their drama is a state of life below normal. The point of vitality is too low. It is truer of the real drama of life to draw human beings considerably above normal, for it is that which makes drama in real life. Excess of vitality, whether mental or physical, is the motive force of the world, and this force acting on the inert mass of the normal, either in ideas or in physical matters, makes drama. In accepting the abnormal as the subject matter of drama, I do not accept the necessity of those plays which persistently picture life as infinitely worse than it is. That is perverted abnormality. We love too much of that ugly perversion on the stage of to-day. In one direction it gives us the pictorial horror of Reinhardt's production of 'Oedipus' and of Hofmannsthal's version of 'Elektra,' and in another it produces such plays as Bahr's 'The Fool and the Wise Man,' and August Strindberg's 'Creditors' (a summary of which appears on these pages). In general this school of drama makes its effect by dealing in the terrible, and, for some reason, probably because the Censor's ban gives a fictitious interest to their production by private stage societies, those who speak and write most of the 'higher' drama have made a cult of the ugly and sordid.

"Can it be possible that a certain class of mind finds its 'superiority' endorsed by witnessing these sordid plays? The dramatic personae are far beneath us. To ourselves we shine with renewed brightness in comparison with these creatures of the ugly drama of to-day? Or is it that some people mistake an interest in criminology for an appreciation of drama?"

"Half-baked intellectualism is at the back of the 'appreciation' of the plays in which drama is made by the characters being below normal. There is a whole world of men and women who have a superficial knowledge of Sociology, and have read guide books to Nietzsche. They look on the stage as a psychical operating room, and naturally the subjects dissected must be diseased. The appreciation of such plays is a mere pose. To admire them is to be in the movement. And all the while there is the new romance to be written—the romance of endeavour and hopefulness, and if this be impossible to a modern mind, the romance of mystery and knowledge. Our realistic cynics have passed the meridian of middle age. The younger generation is pushing on, and those who thought they had a message for the world, are already old-fashioned. Their cult of the ignoble will soon have had its day."

"Kismet."

The reputation of "Kismet" has long preceded it in Australia. A run of 400 nights in London is not easily hidden under a bushel. And so the people waited to see the first production by the Asche-Brayton Company in Melbourne, an ever-increasing throng throughout the day. The house, at the commencement of the performance, was literally full from the curtain to the

almost standing room, for the orchestra had been banished from its usual place, and had been ensconced behind an oriental lattice on either side.

It is a little difficult to classify the play which so many had come to see, remarks a Melbourne critic. One is almost compelled, in recounting its attractions, to begin where, in regard to other plays, he usually leaves off. The scenes of Joseph Harker, whose "sets" for the Asche-Brayton season opened a new epoch in Australian stage painting, were superb. A feast for the eye were the gorgeous robes in which "one thousand years and one year ago," all the inhabitants of Bagdad were clad, if the fables of our youth were true.

A Gorgeous Scene.

The bazaar where the sellers of rich fabrics, robes, and turbans gathered was a brilliant moving spectacle, which occupied the stage for a long time. Mean-

while the drama as we know it in Ibsen or Pinero's or Synge's, they were all parts of an entertainment no built up that it cannot fail to please.

The Story of Hajj.

Underlying all this bravery there is a real, if slight, dramatic story of which Edward Knoblauch is the author. It is the story of Hajj, the beggar, who sits at the door of the mosque on a stone inherited from his father and his father's father. The other characters are merely of importance as they affect the fate of this impudent scoundrel of many misfortunes, under cover of whose rags Mr. Oscar Asche has an inadequate opportunity of showing his skill as a dramatic interpreter. Hajj, though a beggar, has had two wives. He has also an enemy who long ago carried off his wife and murdered his son. He has a daughter for the praise of whose charms "The Arabian Nights" has been ransacked for simile and epithet. He abounds in phrases of piety at one moment and at another his tongue seems made for vituperation. He robs, murders, tries to assassinate the Caliph Abdallah, and extricates himself from dangers by his effrontery and ready wit. He slays his foes, and in the end is lucky enough to

ing, however, when deception becomes too flagrant to be ignored, the wife (Miss Lottie Venne), in a fit of jealousy gets reconciled to her husband, and the curtain falls soon after she asks him to take her to an expensive supper at a fashionable hotel and treat her just as if she was not his legitimate spouse. The trifle met with some success, but not so much as was given to Harry Lauder.

Horror and a Stiff Translation.

Members of the Stage Society expect ugliness as their right, for is not horror the secret sign by which you may know the higher drama—horror and a stiff translation? asks a writer in the London "Daily News." Well, we had an afternoon at the Prince's Theatre, he continues, which should have gladdened the hearts of the members of the Stage Society. Hermann Bahr's "The Fool and the Wise Man" will be called a fine play by those who give up their intellect with their tickets. It is really very weak and poor.

"The Fool and the Wise Man" has two motives, or perhaps one should say one motive is divided into two sections. If all that the poets sing be true, if genius has the secret of existence, what, then, is the use of the self-denial and straight living of respectability? That is one motive. Another, and really more interesting motive is the envy which Vincenz Hlaist, the good boy of the family, has for his brilliant brother, Hugo Hlaist, a famous composer, who has unfortunately become mad. Vincenz has lived a hard life and worked at the family business. Hugo has been feted since his youth. Poor Vincenz thinks there is something wrong in this and desires to goit over Hugo. But the mad composer has only to utter a number of would-be profundities, such as "Diva to the bottom and find God Almighty!" and "You die daily to live for ever," to turn the tables on his respectable brother.

Hermann Bahr has made the usual mistake of choosing the extremes as illustrations. The Vincenz Hlaists of the world are not all such dull, querulous, self-righteous prigs as he has drawn; nor have the geniuses who count been imbeciles at forty.

"Creditors."

August Strindberg, whose "Creditors" was the second piece, has much more to say for himself than Bahr. To begin with, he produces an organic effect of emotion. Feeling is his material, and it always must be the material of the dramatist. Then the very ugliness of his play—its ruthless character-drawing and pitiless catastrophe—has a quality of its own: "Creditors" is as ugly as it could well be made, but it has force and vitality. Moreover, Strindberg has something to say.

The basis of his play is taken from the many French plays in which the lover and the husband, or the first and second husbands, discuss the qualities of the woman. But there is nothing French in Strindberg's treatment. It is all very grim and Northern. His Thekla is a Swedish vampire of love and a spiritual vampire as well. She leaves Gustav when she has taken all she can from him, and she reduces her second husband, Adolf, to the verge of epilepsy. Adolf has given all of himself, and has even subjugated his intellect that he may worship her the more. Gustav is, however, a creditor of Thekla, and he presents his bill in a particularly ghastly way. Coming by chance on Adolf at a seaside hotel when his wife is away, Gustav leads the wife-worshipper to break from his thraldom. He shall see what kind of woman Thekla really is. What he sees is that his wife falls an easy victim to Gustav's compliments, and makes an assignation. Gustav then presents his bill by telling her that he has fouled her, and that her husband knows all that has passed. Then, as a final touch of horror to this brutal play, Adolf reels in and dies in an epileptic fit.

The Brick Method.

Eleanor Perry, who recently made her debut at Entoydie in London, says there are all kinds of freak vocal teachers in Paris. Some assert that they teach "a la Trilby" by hypnotic power. Others want you to suppress the chin, like the birds, because the birds have no chin. Some want you to sing by pure will force. Others want you to sing by muscular force abuse. One Italian vocal teacher told Miss Perry that he had been approached by an American woman for lessons. "Do you teach the brick method?" she demanded.



MISS MARIE BAINES,

Who opened a season at His Majesty's, Auckland, on Monday night with "Miss Lancashire Limited."

while the action of the piece almost stood still. Were the spectators impatient? Not a jot. They would have looked with pleasure upon the kaleidoscopic scene for an hour or more. It is not to be wondered at. The veiled ladies, the glittering courtiers, the armed soldiers, the impassive Chinese, the many-coloured throng, with all the din of bargaining, made up a picture whose charm it was difficult to resist.

There were other elements. The singing between the acts was pleasing, and, more than the ordinary orchestral music, set one's mind in tune for the play. The dancing girl's performance was the first instalment in Melbourne of the dances that have of late set the capitals of the old world talking of the dance as though it were a new art altogether, which is probably the reverse of the truth. The incident of the girl of the Wazir's harem, who seems to strip and plunge into the swimming bath, was not without attractiveness to some. Even the Eastern patterned curtain that might have come straight from the looms of mid-Asia had its own significance. Although these things seem to have little connection

escape with making a pilgrimage to Mecca.

On Hajj's daughter Marsinah (Miss Lily Brayton), the Caliph has cast eyes of affection. In the guise of a gardener's son he climbs into Hajj's courtyard and wooes her. Meanwhile her father offers her to the Wazir Mansur, him whom we used to know as Vizier. Finally she is taken to wife by the Caliph, and it is this circumstance that saves Hajj's life. Not all Eastern rulers would be as tender to a dangerous and disreputable father-in-law. In this and every other way the Caliph is the most perfect model of a Sunday-school Oriental potentate yet visible on the horizon of drama or fiction.

Playlet by the Censor.

The London Tivoli programme recently included two remarkable turns—the appearance of Harry Lauder with a budget of songs, old and new, and "The New Regime," a sketch by the Censor, Mr. C. H. Brookfield. This is an innocent playlet apparently meant to illustrate married life among certain society people. The husband spends most of his time at his club, and the wife, an inveterate gambler, does the same at her own club, "The Amazones." One even-

"The brick method!" he repeated, puzzled.

"You must know the brick method, by which Caruso, Amato, Melba, and Patti developed their great voices," insisted the lady.

"No. I beg you to tell me," said the Italian trainer. "It will be useful to me in my profession."

"Well," she said, gathering up her belongings to leave him in disgust, "you lie on your sofa and begin placing ten bricks on your diaphragm, and sing. The object is, of course, to strengthen the musical diaphragm until you can support fifty bricks. When your diaphragm is perfect." She herself claimed to have got to thirty-five bricks, and hoped to get to fifty before the end of the year.

A Brilliant Career.

No star of the opera stage ever had a more brilliant debut, or achieved a more shining meteoric success, than Eleonora de Cisneros. She was a New York girl—Eleanor Broadfoot—born of Scotch and Irish parents. Her musical genius was recognised in her girlhood, and when only 10½ years old she made her debut in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. It was a rare compliment that was paid to the young star by her native city. The Metropolitan Opera House opens its doors as a rule only to artists who have an established European reputation, and this young mezzo-soprano was the first American girl to begin as a star in grand opera in the Metropolitan. But her meteoric success justified New York in their granting her, at the first step, a premier place in the musical world. In 1902 de Cisneros went to Italy. She played there in the fifteen principal opera houses of the Peninsula, including La Scala at Milan, the very centre of the world for music lovers. Strauss' "Electra," perhaps the most enthralling, and certainly the most remarkable, of grand operas of recent years, gave to de Cisneros the opportunity for a wonderful triumph. The singer took the part of Clytemnestra in the first great production of this opera at La Scala, Milan. After Italy, Lisbon, and then Covent Garden welcomed de Cisneros in 1904, when she was associated in a famous opera season

with Melba and Caruso, the conductor in this great musical festival being Campanini.

The American seasons of de Cisneros, whether in the Manhattan Grand Opera Company or the Chicago Grand Opera Company, have been successions of convincing triumphs. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that it was in her Australian tour last year with Melba that the great singer set the final seal upon her splendid reputation. Saint Saens, the composer of "Sansone e Dalila," was anxious that in May of this year Mme. de Cisneros should open in that great opera in Paris. It is her very finest role, but she has not yet played it in the French capital. This engagement, however, was postponed to allow for the Australian concert tour to be arranged. The Paris season is a permanent engagement with Mme. de Cisneros whenever she wishes to fulfill it.

Not only as a singer, but as a dramatic actress, Mme. de Cisneros is among the great operatic divas of the world. She has a statuesque beauty—an Amazon of Grand Opera. For the curious, it may be stated that her height is exactly 5ft 8½in. Her voice is of a wonderful range, enabling her to take contralto or mezzo-soprano parts with equal success. The range extends from G below to the high C sharp. With this wide range, her perfect voice can undertake so many different scores that she has a repertory of 42 operas, in all of which she has been brilliantly successful.

Auckland Orchestral Society.

There was a large audience at the Town Hall to hear the Orchestral Society's concert. The programme was a good one, and showed a desire on the part of the members to present the best works of the great masters. On the whole, very commendable renderings were given to the different numbers. The transitions were made with perfect ease; there was a fine sense of freedom produced by slight and almost imperceptible changes of speed, always so made as to give prominence to the characteristic rhythm and accentuation of each musical phrase. The climaxes were fittingly worked up; as a rule the intonation, attack, release, and expression all received

the attention desired. The blending of the parts was good, and the executants were equal to the intricacies of the music, while Herr J. Wielandt, who conducted, knew what effects he wanted, and how to procure them. There was a large attendance of the strings, ably led by Miss Whitelaw, and the woodwind and brass-choirs gave a good account of themselves in their music. Beethoven's magnificent overture to Egmont, op. 84—consisting of three movements which tell of oppression, conflict and victory is one of the great composer's grandest and most impassioned tone-poems; it is itself a drama, and is not regarded as a conventional introduction to a play—received a fine performance. The famous Russian composer Tchaikowsky, who wrote several symphonies and suites for orchestra, was represented by his popular "1812 Overture" and the "Casse Noisette" suite, both works of a characteristic nature and essentially Russian. The former received a graphic delivery, the orchestra had the assistance of the band of the 3rd Regiment, and when the united forces performed the volume of tone was at times overpowering in its effect. The same composer's "Casse Noisette Suite"—the music of which is of purely Slavonic character, spontaneous and natural, revealing a thorough acquaintance with orchestral technique and a veritable mastery of colour—was greatly admired, and two movements had to be repeated. The celesta part of the third movement was played on a small muted pianoforte by Mrs. Macandrew. Schubert's "Grande Song" was tenderly given, and was asked for again, while a characteristic rendering was obtained of Liszt's "Second Rhapsody." That grand classical scene and aria, "Hal Treuloser," with orchestral accompaniment, by Beethoven, found a worthy exponent in Madame Wielandt, who gave a dramatic, forcible, and highly enjoyable reading of this exacting work. She also sang Sibelius' "The Tryst" most artistically.

Farewell Concert.

The farewell concert tendered to Mrs. Jean Hamilton Hodges attracted a large audience to the Auckland Town Hall, on Monday night. The programme was a popular one, and evidently met with the entire approval of those present, for they demanded at least one encore to each item—a practice which Auckland audiences seem to consider their just due. Mrs. Hodges was in good voice, and received an excellent reception. She sang Mascagni's famous "Ave Maria" (intermezzo), in which she was accompanied by Madame Pechotach (piano), Herr Louis Blitz (cello), Mr. Harold Gregson (organ), and Herr Pechotach (violin). She was also heard to advantage in the solo "Good-bye," as well as the duet "Star of Love," with Mr. Hodges. Mr. Hodges was enthusiastically recalled after his various numbers, which included "It is Enough," from Elijah, Lohr's "Tagar Song," and Manglan Barnett's "Morning Song." The Lyric Four sang with great taste and feeling, "Sleep, Gentle Lady," and "When Evening's Twilight." Two cello solos, "Traumerli" (Schumann), and "Lamento" (Gabriel Marie), played by Herr Louis Blitz, were amongst the most enjoyable items of the concert. Mr. Harold Gregson, at the organ, gave a splendid rendering of the "Peer Gynt Suite" (Greig), for which he was encored, giving Gounod's "Ave Maria." Later he played "Donroschen" (Bendel) with equal success.

Miss Marie Baines.

Theatre-goers who can enjoy a bit of unadulterated farce and are not afraid to be hugely amused should not fail to patronise Miss Marie Baines in "Miss Lancashire Limited" at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland. The season was opened to a good audience on Monday night and Miss Baines, by possession of commendable stage arts, excellent appearance, and quite good acting, immediately established the popularity she has won in other centres. The piece gives scope for the broadest of farce and the opportunity is seized by the leading actress to introduce much mimicry with delightful effect and to personate a prattling six-year-old child with remarkable realism while several vocal efforts and recitations add to her varied achievements. Her brogue as a Lancashire girl is delicious and she gets through the many situations arising in a way that compels everyone to laugh. She is supported by a company of average merit, but the main point is that "Miss Lancashire Limited" is worth seeing.

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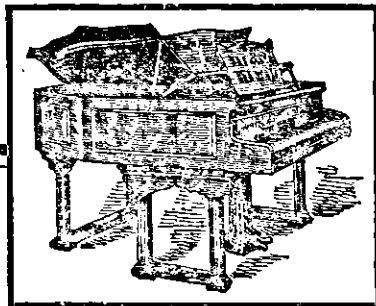
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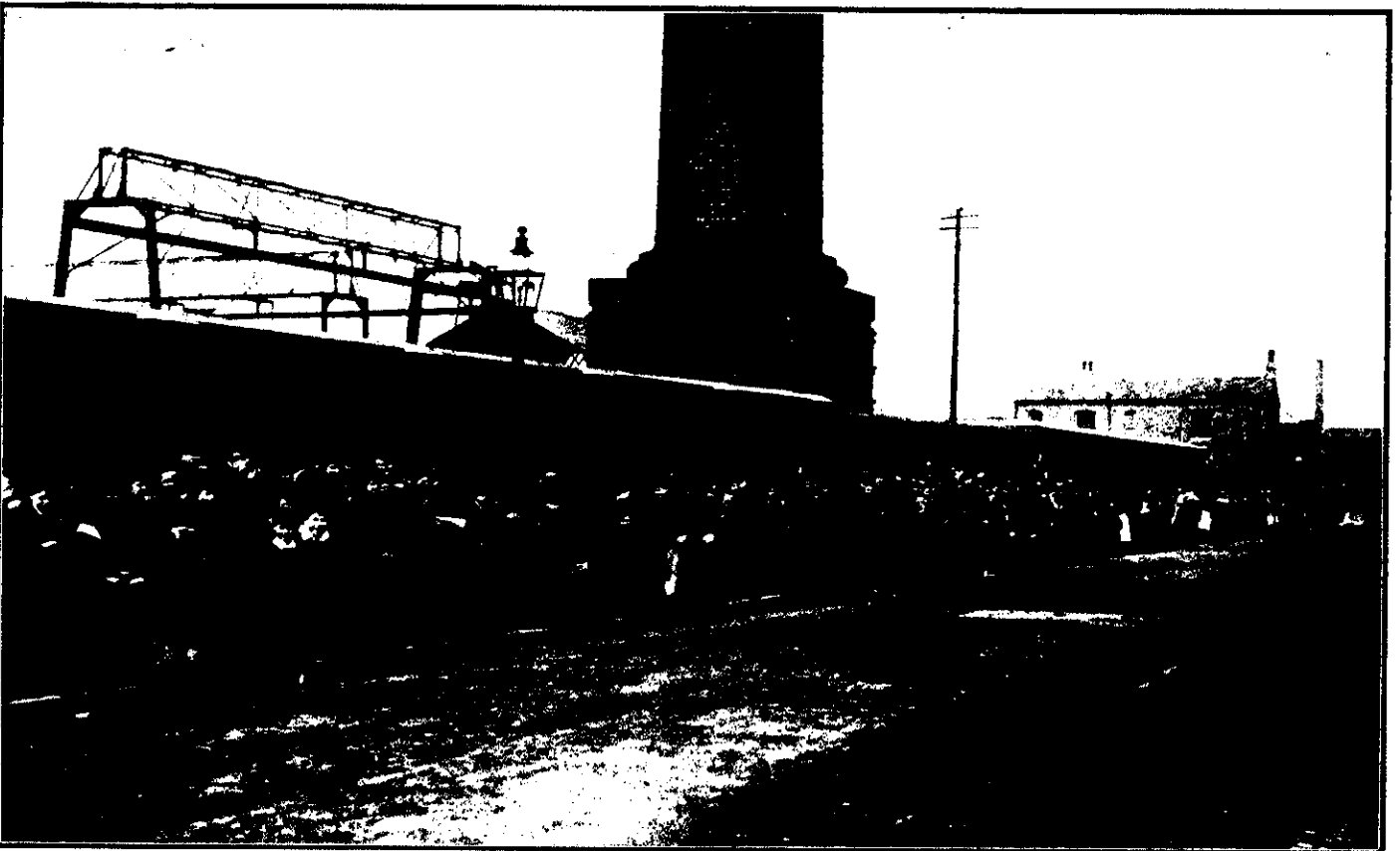
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A SCENE IN ONE OF THE BOARD SCHOOLS AT STOKE-ON-TRENT, WHERE HUNDREDS OF INFANTS WERE FED THREE TIMES DAILY.



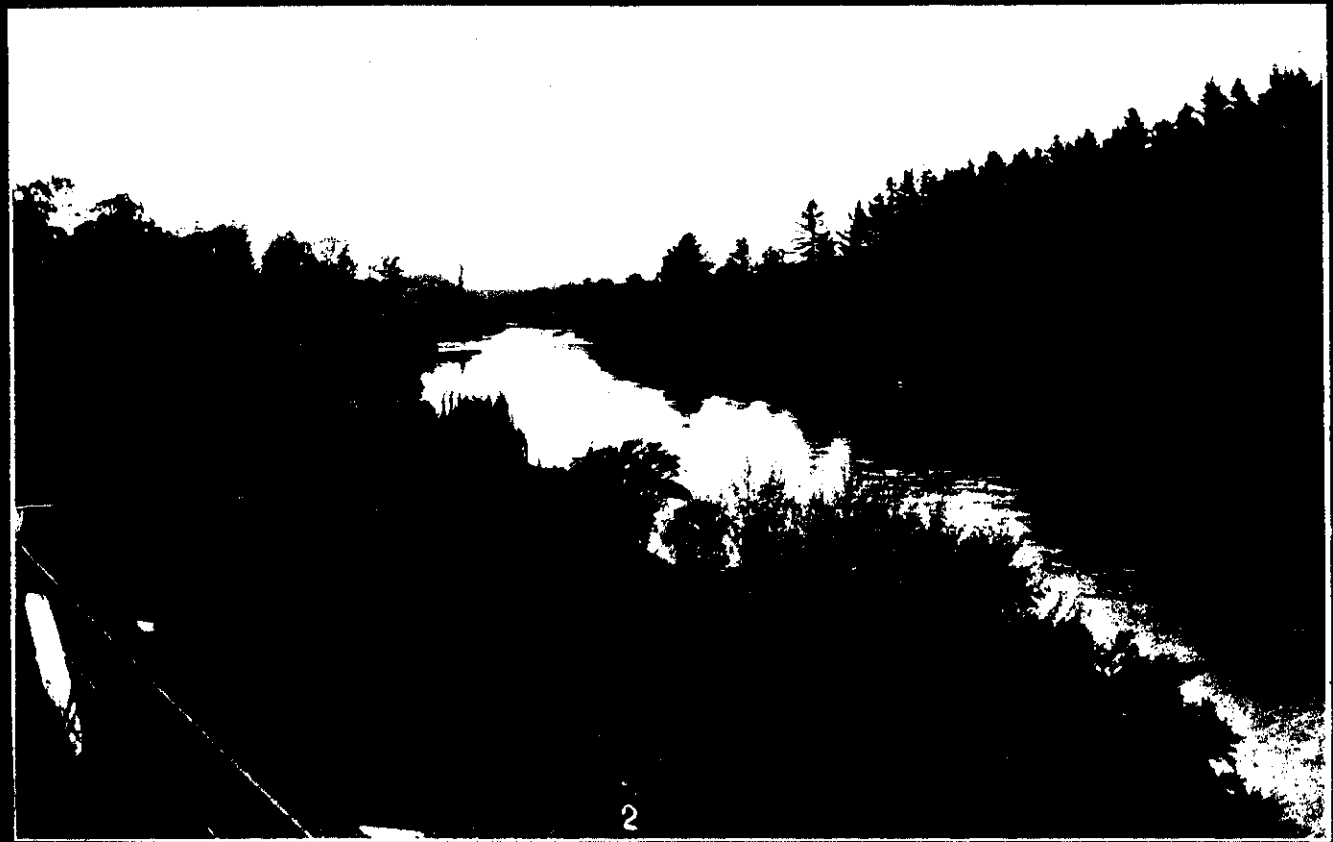
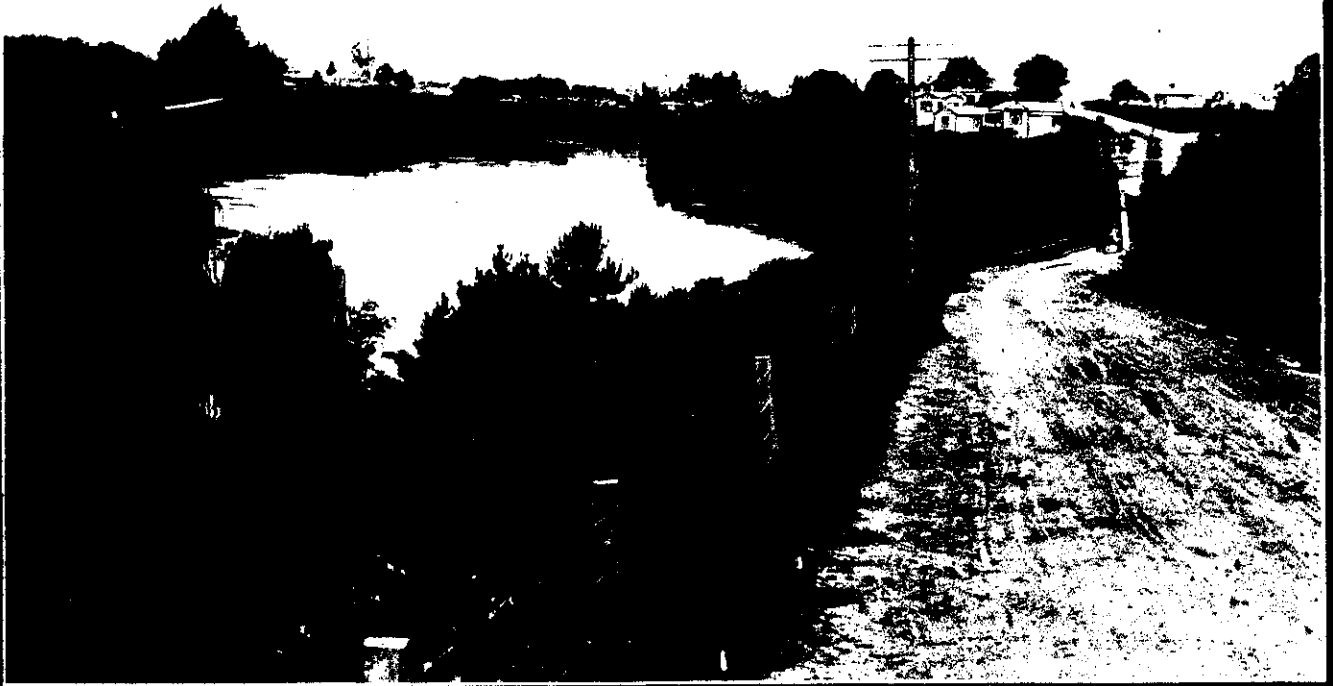
CROWDS OF POOR PEOPLE WAITING THEIR TURN OUTSIDE THE BIRMINGHAM GASWORKS TO PURCHASE TWO-PENNYWORTH OF COKE.

HUNGER AND PRIVATION AMONG THE WORKERS—THE VISIBLE BY-PRODUCTS OF A GREAT STRIKE.

During the great coal strike in England the greatest distress and privation existed not only among the miners but with many of the dependent trades, which of necessity had to cease operations. In Birmingham and the pottery districts the poor were badly hit. Distributions of food and halfpenny teas were instituted to meet the pressure, and thousands of children who would otherwise have starved, were fed at the board schools. At Burslem crowds thronged the street long after the supplies had given out, and the officials had announced "No more food to-day." English papers show pictures of charity workers with huge pots of soup surrounded by groups of hungry children each with a cup or a bowl waiting to be filled.

Topical photos.

THE WATERWAY OF THE WAIKATO.



2

THE BROAD STREAM OF THE WAIKATO RIVER, AT HAMILTON, THE LARGEST INLAND TOWN
IN THE AUCKLAND PROVINCIAL DISTRICT.



MIXED POLYNESIANS AT TE AHOKA ON THE OPENING OF THE GOLF SEASON.

Watson, photo.



OFF FOR AN EVENING CRUISE—MOTOR BOATS ON THE WAITEMATA.



THEIR FINAL RESTING PLACE—VETERANS OF THE AUCKLAND FERRY SERVICE LAID ASIDE ON BROWN'S ISLAND.

This fine view, taken from Brown's Island, near the entrance to the Auckland harbour, shows the peak of Rangitoto on the right, while in the foreground are a number of more modern types, hauled up on the shores of the Island.



Surrell, photo.

A POPULAR MEETING—THE HAWKE'S BAY JOCKEY CLUB'S AUTUMN CARNIVAL.

There was a good attendance on both days of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Autumn meeting, which took place on May 1 and 2. On the second day His Excellency the Governor was present as a guest of the President of the Club (Mr G. P. Donnelly).



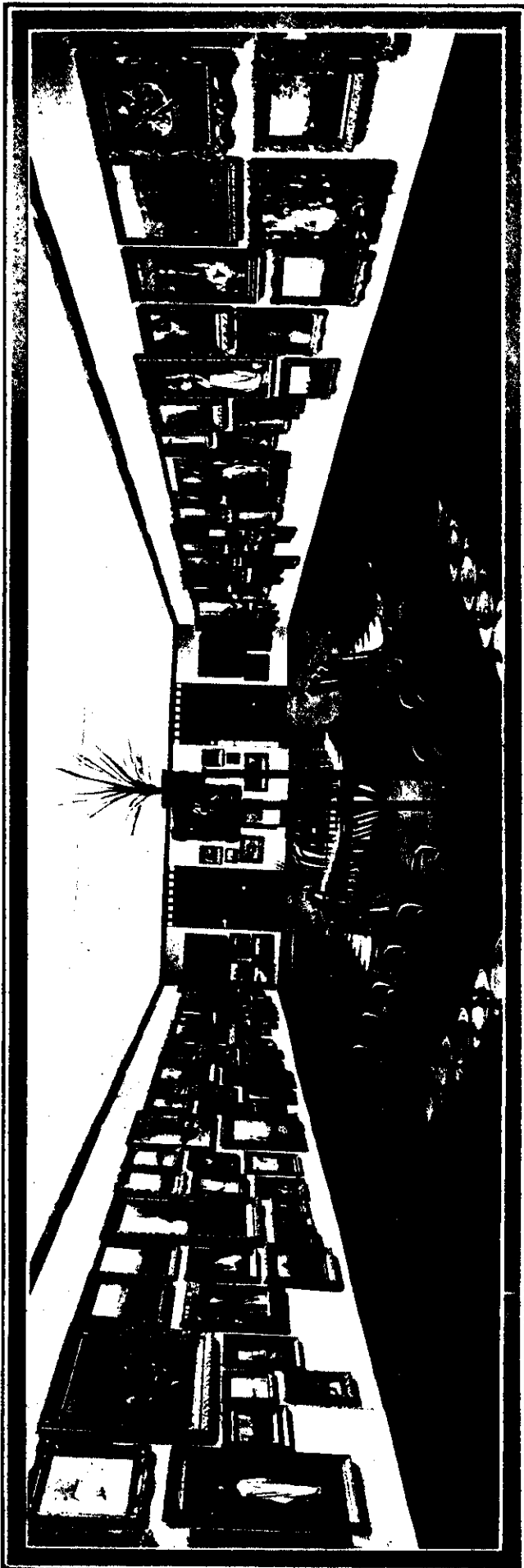
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MIAMI

The demolished house is shown in the background and on the right is a dwelling that escaped severe damage. Workmen are busy engaged rebuilding the fallen walls. This damage is estimated at £4000.



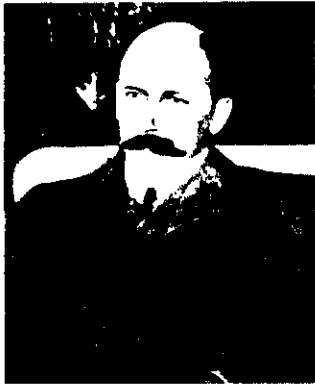
A FIERCE GALE CAUSES MUCH DAMAGE IN CHRISTCHURCH.

A large building is being repaired in a portion of an area and being covered for the International Harvester Co. was caught by a gale last week and collapsed, portions falling on two houses adjoining. The picture shows the back of one of the buildings.

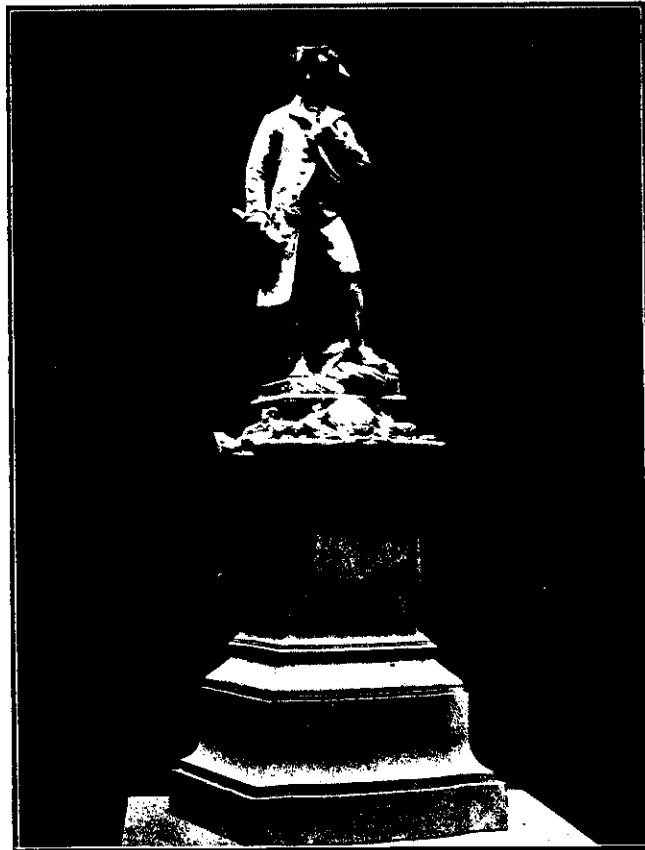


PICTURES BY BRITISH PAINTERS—A VIEW OF THE BAILLIE COLLECTION HUNG IN THE HARBOUR BOARD'S "U" SHED AT WELLINGTON.

Barton, photo.



MR. A. W. GILLIES,
Mayor of Hawera.



A MEMORIAL TO CAPTAIN COOK.

Through the efforts of the British Empire League a bronze statue of Captain Cook, the renowned explorer, is to be erected on a site near the new Admiralty buildings, in the Mail.



MR. G. W. BROWNE,
Mayor of New Plymouth.



MR. T. B. CRUMP,
Mayor of Eltham.

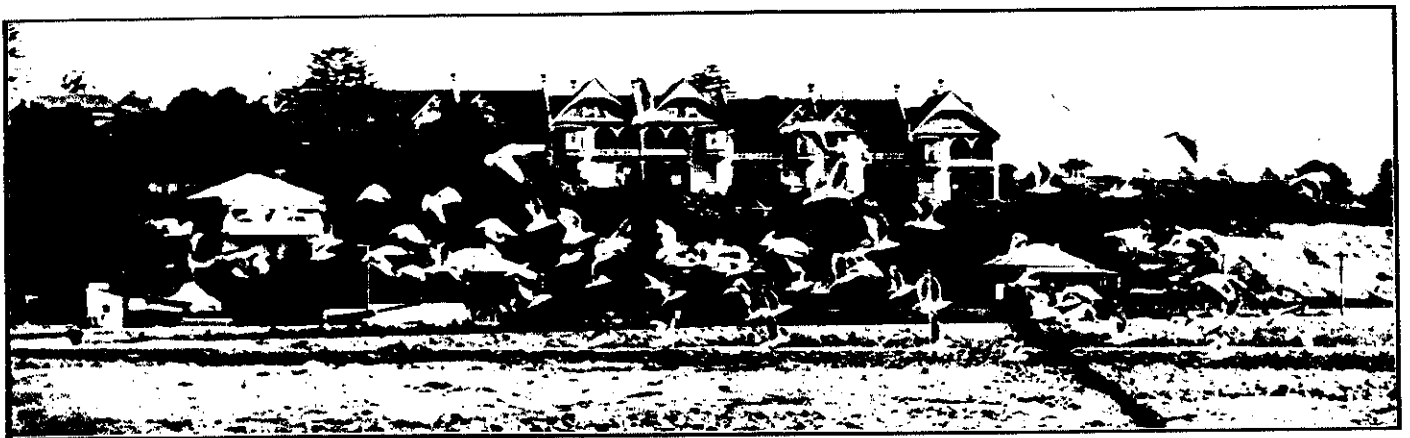


MR. J. M. CORADINE,
Mayor of Masterton.

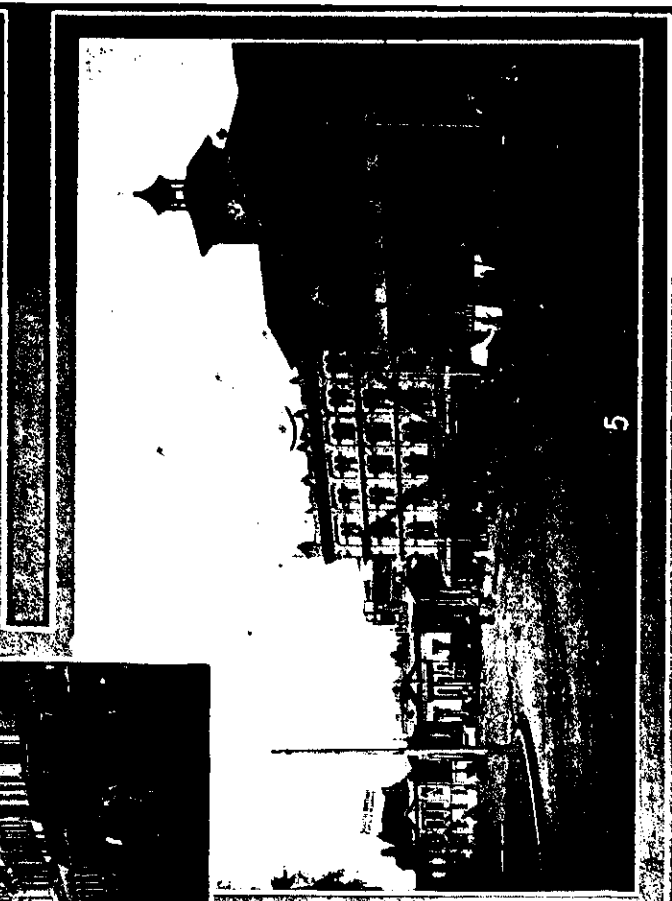


Wheeler, photo.

A BUSINESSLIKE BODY—A TROOP OF CHRISTCHURCH GIRL SCOUTS.



SEAGULLS ON THE AUCKLAND HARBOUR BOARD'S RECLAMATION WORKS AT MECHANIC'S BAY.



IN AND AROUND CHRISTCHURCH, THE CAPITAL CITY OF CANTERBURY.

(1) A blat to Auckland. The new Tramway Shelter for passengers in the Cathedral Square, Christchurch. (2) Lower High-street, Christchurch. (3) Portion of the Square, showing the Post Office and Bank of New Zealand. (4) The port for Christchurch, showing the Marmor, entering the Mole.



A BUNCH ON A LINE-OUT.



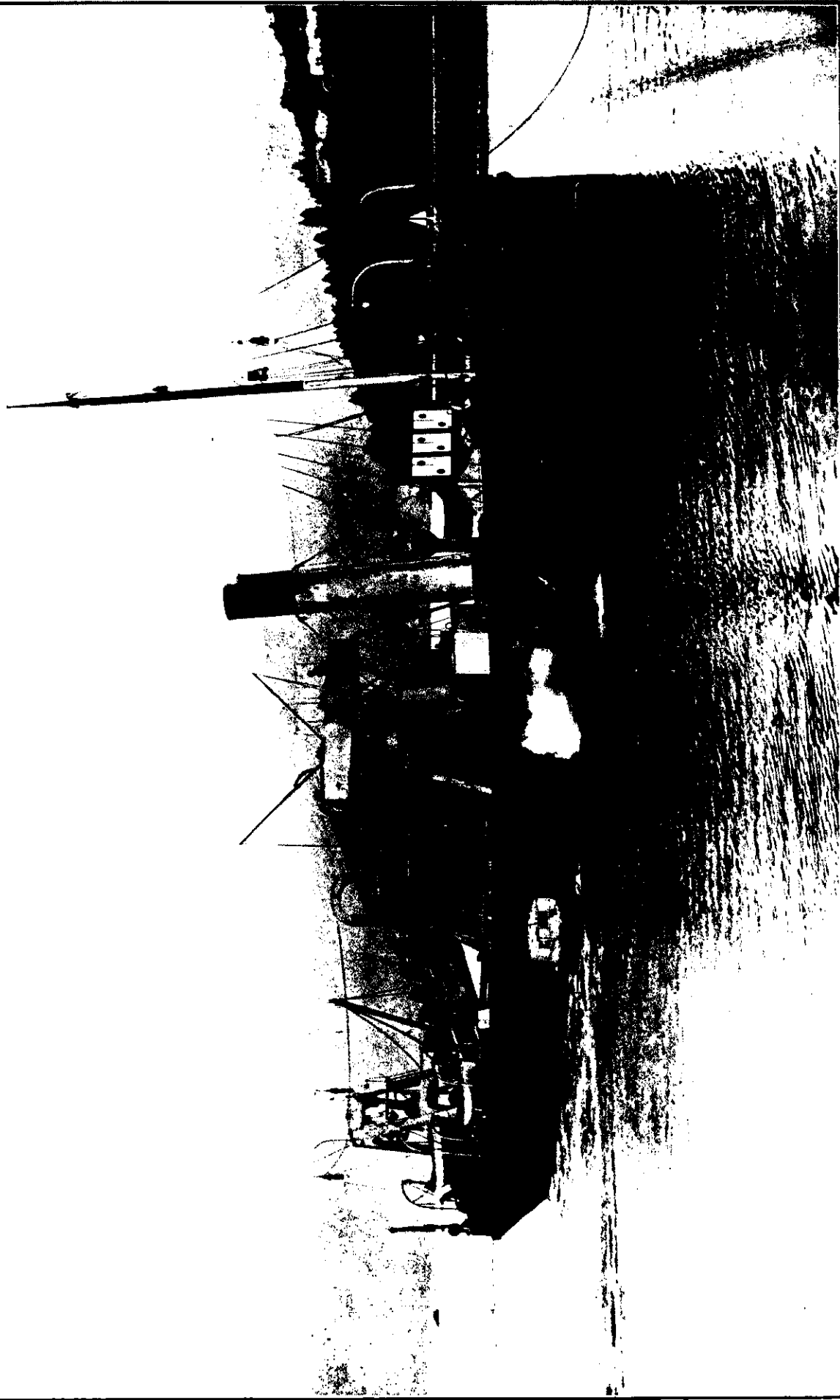
A SMART SAVE FOR CITY.



A LINE-OUT IN THE PONSONBY-CITY MATCH.

THE OPENING OF THE AUCKLAND RUGBY SEASON.—CITY DRAW WITH PONSONBY.

The Auckland Rugby Union's senior championship competitions for 1912, opened on Saturday at Alexandra Park. This year there are only six teams in the senior competition. College Rifles, who won the title of champions last year and the season before, have moved up into the senior division, while Grafton, Newton, and North Shore are still unable to raise senior teams. The above illustrations show glimpses of the match between Ponsonby and City, these old rival clubs playing on the No. 1 ground, the game ending in a draw, three points each.



MISSING. WITH TWENTY-FIVE SOULS ON BOARD—WARSHIPS' UNSUCCESSFUL SEARCH FOR THE DREDGE MANCHESTER.

W. H. Wilson, photo.

The Colston, Havelock Bay, dredge, Manchester, which is shown in the photo, was recently sold to the Sydney Harbour Trust for £2500, and it is on account of her being impounded against the Trust for £2500, and on to the present no tidings of the missing vessel have come to hand. Warships were ordered to make a search, H.M.S. Challenger leaving Sydney, while the Encounter, and the Flower steamed away from Auckland for the same purpose. Since then wireless messages received from H.M.S. Challenger, which zig-zagged over half way from Sydney to Wellington, indicate that no trace was seen of the missing dredge.



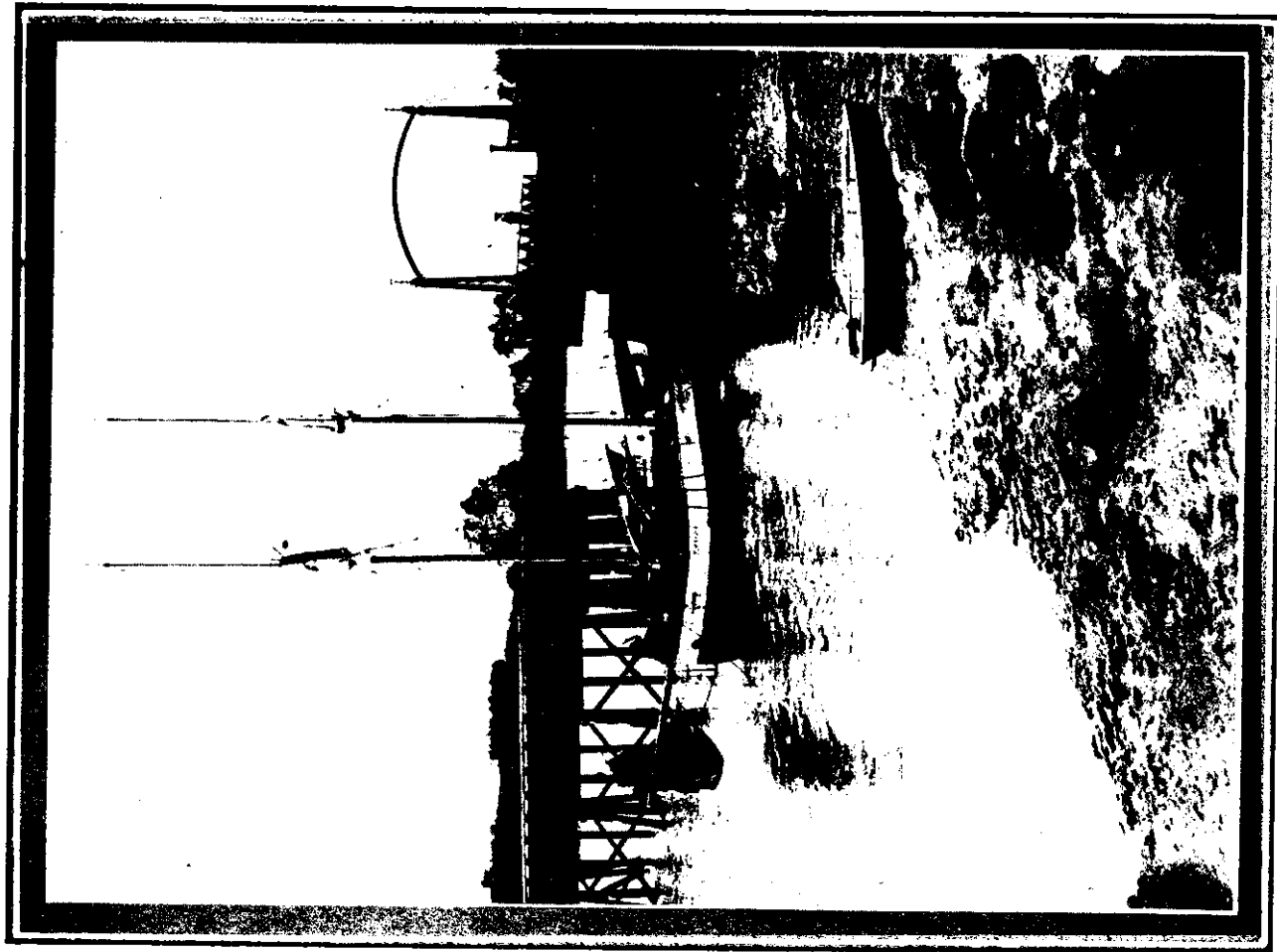
"THE WITCH MAIDEN," BY H. J. FORD.



"BETSY," BY JAMES PATERSON, R.A.S.

Hartou, photo.

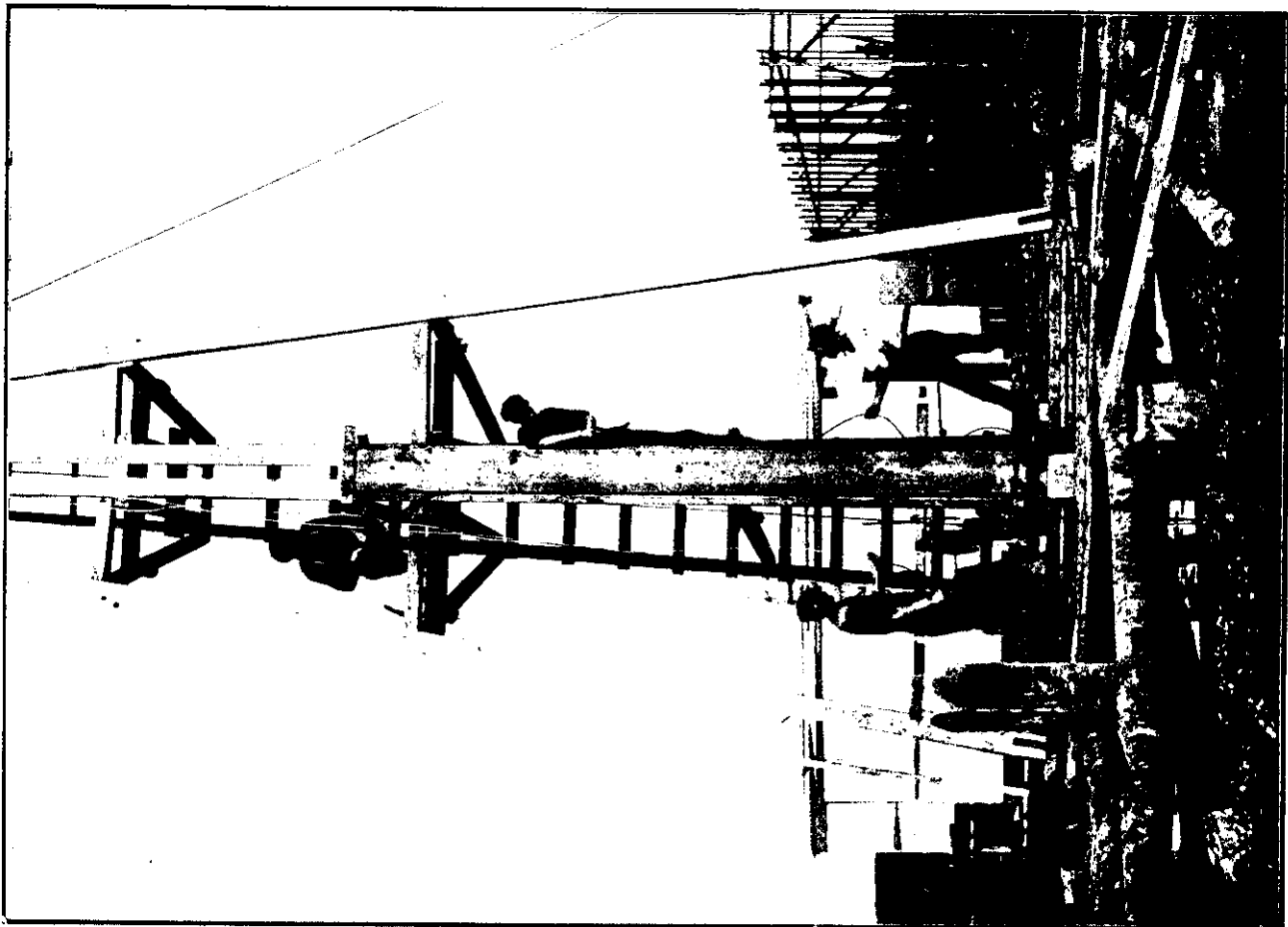
SPECIMENS OF MODERN BRITISH PAINTING FROM THE BAILLIE COLLECTION NOW BEING SHOWN IN WELLINGTON.



Oliver and Wadley, photo.

PASSING THROUGH THE DRAWBRIDGE—A SCENE ON THE TAMAKI RIVER, NEAR AUCKLAND.

Negative No. 1000



A. Northwood, photo.

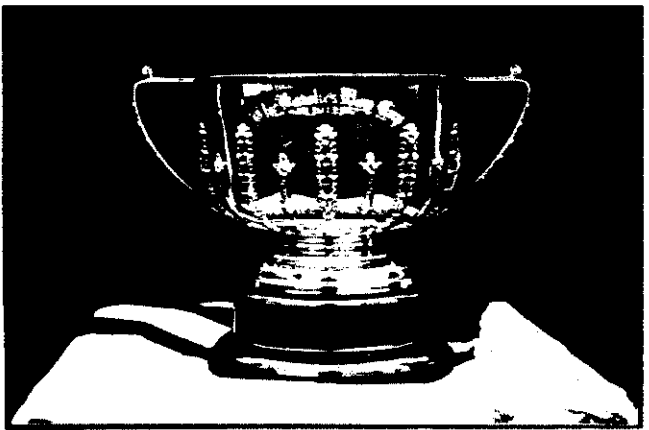
WIRELESS INSTALLATION IN THE NORTH.

Good progress is being made with the wireless station at Kaitiaki. The last pile is being driven, and the picture shows where the 400-ft. high tower is to stand. The foundation is about 60 ft. square, and the piles have each been driven from 20 to 30 ft. deep. A 1000-ft. deep was dug to get a soft concrete foundation.



FIVE HUNDRED MOUNTED MEN IN CAMP AT AVONDALE.

Four Squadrons of the Third (Auckland) Mounted Rifles, together with about 90 Infantry units, went into camp at Avondale last week. (1) Officers being instructed by a Staff officer in mounted work. (2) Non-commissioned officers receiving instruction from a Staff officer. (3) "12.45 p.m.—Stables." Men receiving feed for their horses. (4) Orderlies receiving rations from the camp cooks. (5) Cooking for 500 men. (6) The horse lines.



Sorell, photo.
THE HAWKE'S BAY CUP.—WON THIS YEAR BY MESSRS. STEAD'S "LOS ANGELOS."



P. F. Nash, photo.
HEAVY RAIN IN CHRISTCHURCH.—FALSGRAVE STREET UNDER WATER.



THE REGIMENT OF WHICH HIS MAJESTY THE KING IS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF IN CAMP AT AVONDALE.

The Third (Auckland) Mounted Rifles shares with the First (Canterbury) Regiment of Infantry the honour of having His Majesty the King as Colonel-in-Chief. The Auckland men, to the number of about 500, have been in camp on the racecourse at Avondale during the past week. The extensive buildings and grounds of the Avondale Jockey Club were placed at the service of the Defence Department, and proved to be an excellent spot for a military encampment. (1) Recruits, receiving instruction in the use of the rifle. (2) Another batch of territorials, many of whom were undergoing their first experience of military training. (3) The officer nearest the camera is Colonel W. D. Holgate, commanding the Auckland Mounted Brigade, and the other is Lieut.-Colonel W. R. Bloomfield, officer commanding the Regiment, who was in chief command of the Third Regiment's camp on the Avondale racecourse.



D. Manson, photo.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN MILLION GALLONS A DAY—NELSON'S RECORD SPRING.

The photo shows the remarkable Wainzara-Pu-Pu Spring, at Takaka, Nelson. The name means "bubbling water," but is usually clipped by local people to Pu-Pu or Pu-Pu. This is claimed to be the largest fresh cold-water spring known, for every 24 hours it sends forth the almost incredible amount of 357,000,000 gallons. The beautiful blue green depths of the spring have never been sounded, so its depth and the origin of such an immense flow of water are unknown.



MORNING TEA—A KINDERGARTEN STUDY FROM VICTORIA PARK, AUCKLAND.



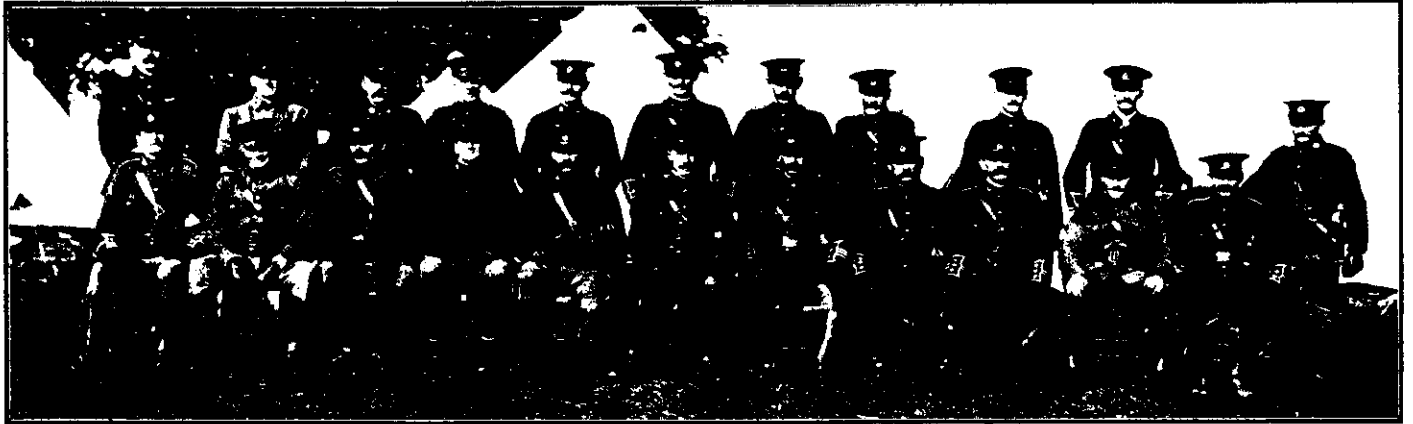
FESTIVAL AND FROLIC IN SOUTHERN FRANCE—A SCENE FROM THE NICE CARNIVAL, HELD TO CELEBRATE THE COMING OF SPRING. WHEN THE RIVIERA SEASON IS AT ITS HEIGHT.



SERGEANT PENNY, WINNER OF PRIZE FOR BEST-EQUIPPED TROOPER.



A NOVEL EVENT ON SPORTS DAY.—TUG-OF-WAR ON HORSEBACK.



The group of officers (from left to right) include: Standing—Capt. F. A. Woods, N.Z.S.C., Vet.-Lieut. Blair, Lieut. A. P. McKay, Lieut. W. T. Bock, Lieut. A. R. Nelson, Lieut. C. E. R. Mackesy, Lieut. J. G. Milne, Lieut. J. B. Ariell, Lieut. A. H. Piner, A.N.S.C., Sgt. H. McCarroll, Sgt. A. W. Hoskin. Sitting—Lieut. W. E. B. Mackesy, Surgeon/Capt. Horton, Capt. W. C. Hingston, Capt. Chaplain Lutter, Lieut. A. P. Speedy, Capt. P. C. Barton, N.Z., Staff Corp./Lieut-Colonel C. E. R. Mackesy, Capt. H. G. McMillan, Capt. J. N. McCarroll, Capt. G. A. King, N.Z.S.C., Lieut. A. Wallace.

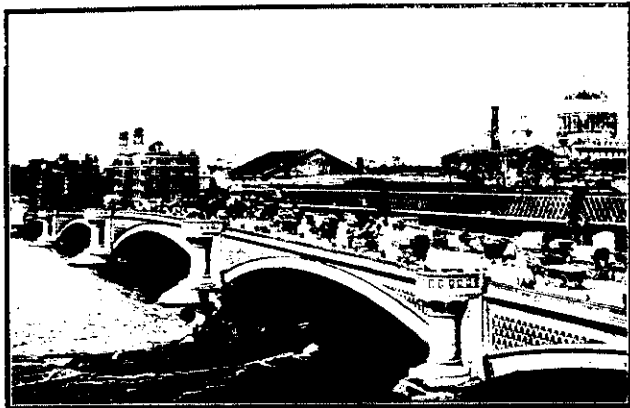
E. de Tourret, photo.

THE 11TH NORTH AUCKLAND REGIMENT IN CAMP AT MAUNU, NEAR WHANGAREI.



THE OPENING OF THE AUCKLAND HOCKEY SEASON.

The hockey season for 1932 was opened at the Polo Grounds, Remuera, on Saturday by a sports meeting and seven-a-side tournament for all grades of men and lady players. (1) A snapshot in one of the ladies' matches. (2) The University team, winners of the relay race. (3) Miss E. Burton, winner of the 15yds. ladies' handicap. (4) Moore (Auckland), winner of the 10yds. handicap. (5) The start of the relay race. (6) The finish of the 10yds. handicap.



BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, FROM THE SOUTH SIDE.

London Bridges.

An Examination Into How Far They Meet the Demands Made On Them— and Some Suggestions for Their Improvement and Extension.

By H. OTTEWILL BRUCE.

THE discussion over the scheme for building a new bridge from Southwark Street across the Thames and Queen Victoria Street to St. Paul's Churchyard naturally leads to a further discussion as to how far the existing means of communication across the Thames are sufficient to meet the present requirements.

In the whole of the county of London there are fourteen bridges crossing the Thames, starting at the Tower and finishing at Hammersmith. These naturally fall into two groups of seven each—those down the river from Lambeth, and those above that point, commencing with Vauxhall Bridge.

The first of these two sections is, of course, by far the most important. Here we have practically the whole of the commercial and manufacturing part of London; the area covered by these seven bridges, in fact, is the heart of London, and therefore of the Empire.

The Tower Bridge was built between 1886 and 1894. The width of the roadway of the centre span is 32 feet, and the gradients on both bridge and approach are about 1 in 40. It is the nearest bridge for practically all the cross-

river traffic from the docks that abound in that neighbourhood, and there is a steady stream of traffic crossing it at all hours of the day. The approaches to the bridge from Southwark side are by no means all that could be desired, and the frequent opening of the bridge to allow of the passage of slow-moving vessels is the cause of considerable vexatious delays and congestion of traffic on the roads leading to it from either side; and, incidentally, its maintenance costs the London County Council something like £16,000 per year.

The person desirous of avoiding the delay at the Tower Bridge has to make his way five furlongs further up the river through tortuous streets, mostly blocked with traffic, before he reaches the next facility for crossing the Thames—London Bridge. There have been at least five bridges on this site, the earliest record being of a bridge built about 944 A.D. The present bridge was built between the years 1824 and 1831 to the design of Sir John Rennie. It was widened during the years 1903, and the roadway is now 35 feet wide. The steepest gradient on the bridge is 1 in 42, whilst the approaches have gradients in some places as steep as 1 in 28. London Bridge

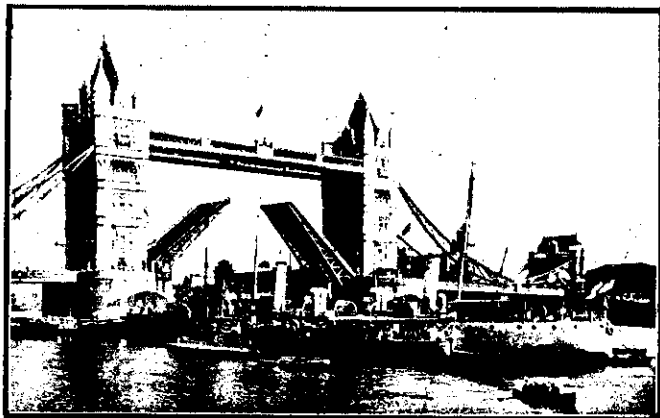
is by far the most overworked of all London's bridges; it has been estimated that an average of 22,000 vehicles and about 110,000 passengers cross the Thames by this one bridge every day.

In order to relieve the congestion on London Bridge, another was built a quarter of a mile further up the stream—the Southwark Bridge. It is another example of the work of Sir John Rennie, and was built between the years 1814 and 1819—a time when the use of cast-iron in bridge construction was extremely popular. The roadway is only 28ft. 6in. wide, and when allowances are made off this for the tramway lines, it will be seen that this bridge is of little value as a means of reducing the enormous traffic over the older bridge. It has a gradient of 1 in 25 on the bridge and 1 in 18 on the approaches. The bridge was purchased by the Corporation of London from the company by whom

and the steepest gradient on the approaches is 1 in 38. This is probably the finest bridge over the Thames, and is generally considered to be the finest example of the older Rennie's work. From a practical point of view, however, its narrowness and the terrible congestion is always to be found there during the busy times of the day, particularly at the Strand end, combine to make it inadequate to meet the present demands made on it.

Westminster Bridge, which is a full half-mile further up the river, was built in 1833-1862 on the site of old Westminster Bridge. It has a roadway of 58 feet wide, and a gradient on the bridge of 1 in 56. On the approaches the steepest gradient is 1 in 38. Here again allowances have to be made for the double line of tramway that crosses it.

Lambeth Bridge, three furlongs higher up, is the last and by far the ugliest and



TOWER BRIDGE, OPENED FOR PASSING BOATS.

it was built in 1867, and it has been a source of strife practically ever since.

It is three and a half furlongs from Southwark Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge. Since it was widened in 1907-1908, this is now the widest bridge spanning the Thames. It was built to the design of Mr. Joseph Cubitt between the years 1864-1869. The width of the roadway is now 73 feet, though some allowance must be made off this for the double line of tramlines that cross it from end to end. The steepest gradient on the bridge is 1 in 32, and that on the approaches 1 in 30.

THE UPPER BRIDGES.

Another half-mile interval separates Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges. Waterloo Bridge was built between 1813 and 1817 at a total cost of something over a million pounds. The width of the roadway, however, is only 27ft. 4in.

most inadequate in this section—probably in the whole of London. It is a suspension bridge designed by the late Mr. Peter Barlow, and erected about 1862. It has two other claims to distinction of a negative sort—first, the use of cables instead of chains as a means of suspension, a departure that by no means enhances its beauty; and second, that it is the most narrow of all London's bridges over the Thames, having a roadway only 16ft. 9in. wide.

We thus see that of the seven bridges in this section—the section that probably takes at least three-quarters of all London's cross-river traffic—two (the Southwark and Lambeth Bridges respectively) are practically valueless. The remaining five are always, during the busy hours of the day, in a state of almost hopeless congestion.

The question of how this could be relieved is a difficult one. The question of improving Southwark Bridge is an urgent one, although the construction of the St. Paul's Bridge would do much to relieve matters, both at Southwark and at Blackfriars; indeed, it must be remembered that this scheme was put forward as an alternative to the reconstruction of the former.

The St. Paul's Bridge scheme provides for the construction of a new bridge across the Thames between the existing Southwark and Blackfriars Bridges. The proposal is that the approach to the new bridge should commence on the south side, at the junction of Southwark Street and Southwark Bridge Road, and ascend in a north-westerly direction on a gradient of 1 in 45 to the bridge proper, a length of about 500 yards. The bridge consists of three spans, and the roadway is horizontal from the centre of the first to the centre of the third span. On the north side the approach passes, by viaduct, over Upper Thames Street and Queen Victoria Street, terminating by a junction with Cannon Street at St. Paul's. A point to which the architect, Mr. Basil Mott, C.E., has given special consideration is the crossing by viaduct over Queen Victoria Street—a subject to which it is almost impossible to attach too much importance. It prevents confusion of cross traffic in this important thoroughfare and gives a satisfactory gradient into Cannon Street, an object only to be attained in this manner.

A scheme which provided for the construction of a bridge crossing Queen Victoria Street on a level would not



OLD LONDON BRIDGE, AS IT WAS RECONSTRUCTED FOR THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE LAST YEAR.

only be of great inconvenience to the traffic along that street, but would also, owing to the difference in level between Queen Victoria Street and Cannon Street and a short distance between them, necessitate a rising gradient of 1 in 32. The question of tramway accommodation has not been overlooked, especially as when completed this is likely to become one of the most popular thoroughfares from the north to the south of London. It is, of course, impossible to have tramcars passing along the street-level of the City of London, but nevertheless it is possible to give facilities for through communication by running the tramlines over this new bridge from the Southwark Bridge Road to the north side of Queen Victoria Street.

the Strand to the Thames Embankment at Waterloo Bridge. From Cannon Street the tramway could be extended under St. Paul's Churchyard, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and Aldersgate Street, rising to the surface in that street and forming a junction with the existing tramway at the City boundary. The scheme would also necessitate the widening of St. Paul's Churchyard from Cannon Street to Cheapside. The vista bridge scheme of which so much has been written would have the disadvantage of greater expense and inconvenience to traffic at the St. Paul's end.

A NEW LAMBETH BRIDGE.

In contrast to the comprehensive scheme for the building of St. Paul's Bridge must be placed the recommenda-



WHERE ST. PAUL'S BRIDGE WILL CROSS THE RIVER.



LONDON BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CITY.

Here the approach would be widened in order to allow the tramway to descend below Cannon Street, in the same manner as the L.C.C. trams now descend Southampton Row, passing under

tions of the Improvements Committee of the L.C.C. for a new Lambeth Bridge. According to the recent decision of the Council, Parliament will be asked to allow a new Lambeth Bridge to be

erected at a cost of £220,000, only 43 feet wide from parapet to parapet. This means that when sufficient space has been deducted for the footways on either side—say eight feet each—there will be barely room for vehicles to pass. In fact, the new bridge would be but little better than the present decrepit viaduct.

In discussing such schemes, however, the fact must not be lost sight of that the average distance between each of the bridges in this section is approximately half a mile, whereas in the corresponding portion of Paris it is about three hundred yards. The average distance between all the bridges of Paris is something rather less than six hundred yards, whereas London, which may be presumed to have double as much traffic and population as that city, has her bridges placed an average distance of 1200 yards apart.

I believe that recently a census was taken of the traffic passing over the bridges of London, and do not doubt

that the reading of such a census would give interesting results, particularly if compared with the corresponding Paris figures. I have not seen the announcement of the publication of this return, however, so I give, with reserve, an

Continued on page 60.

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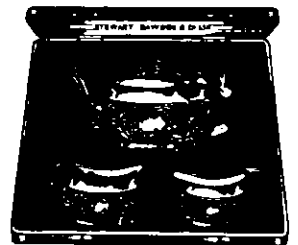


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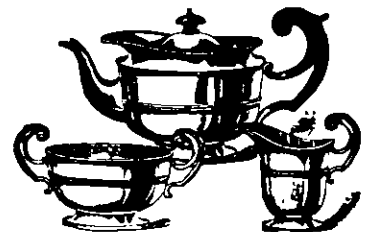
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THE AMERICAN LEGATION AND CONSULATE-GENERAL, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS IN MONROVIA

Can the Black Man Stand Alone?

LIBERIA AS IT IS TO-DAY—AN ORDERLY COMMUNITY OF EDUCATED NEGROES, EMBARRASSED BY FOREIGN LOANS—THE STRENGTH OF AMERICAN SENTIMENT.

By EDGAR ALLEN FORBES.

ON the Atlantic coast of Africa where the rolling surf breaks upon the white sand of Liberia, there, in 1821, American benevolence planted a small colony of free Negroes in a most unfriendly land;

the first few steps. With eyes widely open to the many shortcomings and deficiencies of the Liberian people, my conviction is that it is a slander to say that the experiment has proved a failure. The little republic has not reached



DR. ERNEST LYON, AMERICAN MINISTER, AND HIS YOUNGEST SON.

If the independence of Liberia be preserved, it will be largely due to Dr. Lyon, who for several years has filled this trying post with remarkable efficiency.

there, in 1847, it was decided that the colony was strong enough to take over the reins of government. Liberia, the only Negro republic in all Africa, is the final answer to the anxious question: Can the black man stand alone?

And this is the answer: the black man can stand alone if some unselfish white man will keep other white men from tripping him and from building inclined planes that are greased beyond

the ideal dreamed of by its American founders, but it will compare very favourably with any other experiment that



DESCENDANTS OF CONGO SLAVES.

has ever been made with the Negro race, even in the United States.

What sort of a country is the Liberia of to-day? Take the little city which was named in honor of a President of the United States, a city which is often described as "the rottenest town on the

All the Americo-Liberians (and many civilised natives) are neatly but not flashily clothed, and most of the aborigine put on an extra cloth when they come to town. I doubt if there be anywhere in the United States a Negro community of the size of Monrovia where there is



THE SUPREME COURT OF LIBERIA.

coast"—what kind of a place is Monrovia? Beautifully situated on the neck of a high cape, near the mouths of two rivers, the capital presents from the ship's deck an aspect of quiet civilisation that is in marked contrast with the clusters of thatched-roofed huts on the islands nearby. On landing at "the water-side," the favourable impression is marred by a narrow, most unattractive street lined by rickety frame buildings and zinc warehouses, with the booths of street vendors on both sides. This, the business centre of Monrovia, is thoroughly discreditable; but the discredit falls most heavily upon Europeans, for nearly every important business house on this street is occupied by a European firm. From the waterside to the hill-top, a distance of two blocks, the steep ascent has been so often washed by the torrents of the rainy season that the visitor is convinced, before he reaches the summit, that the capital of Liberia is indeed the most disreputable of all cities.

But the real Monrovia, as the eye takes it in from the hill-top, is very different. The main street, named in honour of the Rev. Ashmun, is lined with attractive cottages having large porches and balconies, with the Executive Mansion facing an open square. The cottages are occupied mostly by government officials and foreign legations. Beyond Ashmun-street is the residence district proper—streets of frame cottages constructed after the pattern of those seen everywhere throughout the Southern States. Of these an English writer remarks that there is nothing like them to be seen anywhere else in Africa. The general average is about that of the homes of the most prosperous Negroes in America, and I was told that most of the Monrovians own their own homes. The city, as a whole, gives little evidence of civic pride, but even the American Negro is not an enthusiast on the subject of the beautification of cities.

so little boisterousness, profanity, or indelicacy. Swearing is a lost art, and I saw but one case of drunkenness during my first month in Monrovia. The Sundays suggest the quiet of a New England city—a quiet that is broken



AN AMERICAN GIRL IN MONROVIA. Miss Annabel Lyon, of Baltimore, clerk of the American Legation for the last six years.

only by the sound of church organs and congregational singing. The churches are well attended, and the services are conducted with due regard to dignity and reverence. Such, in brief, is "the rottenest town on the coast."

LIBERIA AN ORDERLY REPUBLIC.

In its flag, its constitution, and its government, the republic of Liberia follows the pattern of the United States



ASHMUN STREET, MONROVIA'S PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

The building with the flag is the Executive Mansion; the second is one of the European legations; the third is the former home of J. J. Roberts, the first President.

as closely as circumstances permit. There is no turbulent element among the Liberians, and nothing that approximates rioting or revolution—all the widely circulated reports of the British Consul-General to the contrary notwithstanding. Once, when everybody believed that they saw the culmination of a British plan to seize their country, the Monrovians prepared for fighting; but the British, who were clearly in the wrong, abandoned their position and Monrovia was at its normal within twenty-four hours. There is not even a disposition among the Liberians to riot under great provocation.



BISHOP S. D. FERGUSON,
Of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Liberia.

is a common sight to see his vestibule crowded with the retainers of native chiefs who have come down to have "the big daddy" settle their palavers. He has been very successful in securing permanent peace among warring tribes, and that without the aid of an army.

The Vice-President, Judge James J. Dossan, a Liberian by birth and education, is also a gifted man and a fine executive. He presides over the Senate with dignity and sees that its business is conducted with despatch. Judge Dossan's sympathies are strongly American. There are few men in Liberia so well qualified as he for the public service, and there is every indication that he will be retained in it.

Along with these two, Secretary of State F. E. R. Johnson shares the heaviest burdens of the Government. He is the grandson of a former President, has

Continued on page 60.



A TYPICAL NATIVE HUT.

The walls are of reddish or yellow clay plastered over upright poles; the roof is of palm thatch, well seasoned by the smoke of the fire that burns all night.

Arthur Barclay, is a leader of ability and infinite patience. He is of West Indian birth, a full-blooded Negro, and the first Liberian President not a preacher. He is a man of Jeffersonian simplicity, unostentatious, and accessible to all. It

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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.

THE R.H.S. SPRING BULB SHOW.

THIS show was held on the 5th and 6th March in Vincent Square, and attracted a very large attendance.

There was a very fine display of spring bulbs, including daffodils, hyacinths, and tulips; also tree carnations, orchids, and azaleas. The Duke of Portland was successful in carrying off the prize for 18 distinct hyacinths, exhibiting very fine blooms. Mr. A. Hanson, of Liverpool, was first for 12 varieties, and Mr. E. Morrison first for six varieties. We publish in this issue photographs of some exceptionally fine exhibits made by nurserymen. Lieut.-Col. Sir George Holford, Telbury, was awarded the only gold medal for his magnificent show of orchids. Silver medals were awarded to Misses Cartwright and Goodwin for daffodils; to Messrs. Barr and Sons for hardy bulbous plants; to Messrs. Veitch and Sons for a fine display of azaleas; to Messrs. Cuthbert and Son for carnations. An award of merit was given to a new azalea, Blushing Bride, exhibited by Messrs. Veitch.

THE EARLY PLANTING OF ROSES.

A correspondent of "The Garden" writes:—Probably few points in rose culture are more unanimously agreed upon than the benefits of early planting. Let it be done as soon as the plants can be lifted, even if not quite so ripe as they would be a little later on. The object is to get the roots in while the ground is still fairly warm and conducive to the formation of fresh roots. We all know how very quickly these are formed when a plant is lifted and the roots laid in soil for a few days, and this hint from Nature might well be followed more than it generally is. By getting the plants in early roots are made, and these help the bushes to pass through the winter, because sufficient moisture can be supplied to counteract the drying from frost and wind. I have lifted and planted in September; but that was in the case of plants growing upon the Manetti stock, which is much earlier in ripening than the Briar, upon which the majority of roses are now worked. There need be little fear of shrivelling, even if the plants are still carrying several leaves. Let these be removed, and most of the strain in regard to sap absorption is also taken away.



DAFFODIL, NORTHERN LIGHT.

In his new book on daffodils just issued Mr. Robert Sydenham describes "Northern Light" as "a flower of great refinement and quality, yellow trumpet with broad, overlapping pointed segments, medium-size crinkled orange yellow cup, a strong grower and very floriferous." Bulbs are being sent out at 3s. each.



ROSE, CAROLINE TESTOIT.

A grand old rose, that has been in cultivation for the past 22 years, and is still entitled to be ranked as one of the best of the Hybrid Tease section, and a variety that anyone can grow. A rose of vigorous constitution that will flower continuously from early summer until frosts of winter. The colour is a delightful shade of satin rose, much deeper in the centre. The blooms, which are produced on every shoot, are of a very large size, and perfect form. A superb rose for exhibition purposes or garden decoration.

SWEET PEA NOTES.

This early lifting and planting has a great tendency towards more mature ripening, and a check in this direction commends itself to me more than that from a sharp frost while the plants are still in growth. At least, such has been my experience. Once we lifted some plants extra early for importation; they were in full leaf, and would have shrivelled very much. In this case, having a few days to spare, the plants were buried in soil for a time. When taken out it was surprising how well the leaves fell off, and how stout and plump the wood remained. It is worth trying again, and then planting early. At all events, the rose-beds may be got ready, for there are very few weeks before we must be busy in transplanting. Unless I could plant my roses early, I would much prefer waiting until spring, for I am no believer in winter planting.

The above recommendation is one that we can heartily endorse, as we would at any time rather plant roses in March or during April (months which correspond with the Englishman's September and October) than at any time during the year.—"The Amateur Gardener."

Mr. W. P. Wright, in his notes on Sweet Peas in "The Gardener," says:—"A successful grower of sweet peas in Ayrshire who received twelve prize cards last year bears testimony to plain manuring. He used a moderate quantity of yard manure, half cow and half horse, with bonemeal, and topdressed occasionally with Peruvian guano. His soil is light and shallow, but he did no watering, and yet had healthy plants. The secret was Dutch hoeing with an occasional forking up of the soil between the rows just as with potatoes soon after they came through. In other words, he got his results by legitimate culture and made no attempt at gorging the plants."

Mr. G. Pratt, writing in "The Gardener," suggests a substitute for chipping sweet peas. He says: "I have read from time to time in 'The Gardener' notes by different writers upon the chipping of sweet pea seed. Now, I have always thought what a tedious job it must be, and I should like to tell your readers how I treat my own seed. Instead of chipping the seeds, I

scald them, and find I get good results. I place a piece of muslin over an empty pail, tying it to the sides, place my seeds on the muslin, about half-pint at a time, and then pour a kettle of boiling water all over them. This method removes all the hard skins from the peas in, I should think, a third of the time it must take to do it with a knife. I might add that I apply this process to all my flower and vegetable seeds; they are up through the soil in about half the time if they are scalded."

WORK AMONG SWEET PEAS.

SOWING SEEDS.

Probably the amateur's first thoughts are of boxes, but this is not the method I recommend, though many trade growers find satisfaction in it. In the first place it must be remembered that many of these plants grow by the hundreds or thousands, and consequently it is more expedient and less expensive to sow several large boxes of one variety in preference to hundreds of pots; for the small grower with room for only a few short rows the system has many disadvantages. He must leave more room between the rows if he hopes to keep the seeds from getting mixed or to lift each plant with roots intact; moreover, some varieties germinate more quickly than others, and consequently are sooner ready for a more airy position. Others may take a week or more longer before coming through, and in such cases the grower has to choose between putting his box into cooler quarters before some seeds are through or risk the spoiling of others by allowing them to remain too long in a heated house. For these reasons I always recommend pots.

POTS TO USE.

A 4-inch pot will accommodate five seeds and allow the plants to become strong before a shift is necessary, this shift being into permanent positions. A better plan still will be to sow two seeds in a 3-inch pot, but probably the best plan of all is to sow in single pots,



ROSE, WHITE MAMAN COCHET.

and those constantly advertised as T.P. Sweet Pea Pots will answer better than others of clay. Good drainage is in all cases most important.

SOIL FOR SOWING.

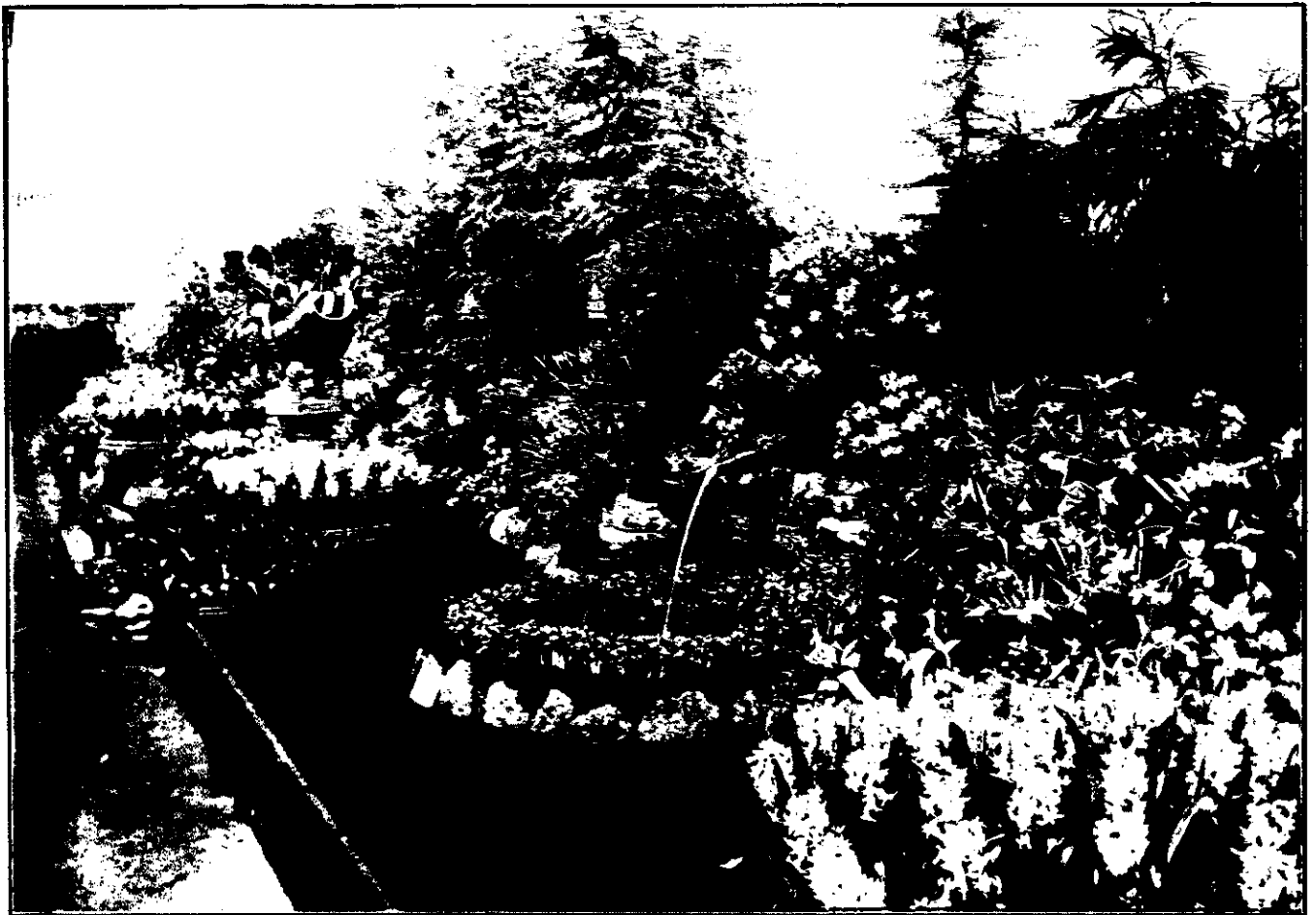
This should consist of good loam three parts and one part old rotted or other well-decayed manure, with plenty of sand, bits of old mortar or charcoal being added to keep the compost porous. Treated thus, when the time arrives for planting out, the soil may be divided without disturbing the roots, and be again replanted without a check.

A timely warning should be added here. Inexperienced but over-zealous amateurs, ignorant of the nature of various artificial manures, in their desire to produce strong seedlings are often tempted to mix these with the soil at the time of sowing the seed. The practice cannot be too strongly condemned. Even ordinary garden soil contains plenty of nutriment to carry a sweet pea seedling long beyond the baby stage, and I know of at least two instances where many valuable seeds were lost through the premature application of artificial manures. If further proof is needed, search the directions of almost any proprietary compounds on the market and you will rarely find one who advises the manure being used until the young plants are well past the seedling stage.—F. R. Castle, in "The Gardener."

THE BEST SWEET PEAS FOR EXHIBITION.

The following well-known exhibitors have been good enough to make a selection of the twelve varieties they consider to be the best to grow for exhibition during 1912. Their lists will doubtless be read with much interest and profit by all who intend to exhibit Sweet Peas during the coming season.

Clara Curtis, Maud Holmes, Erta Dyke, Elfrida Pearson, Mrs. R. H. Ham, Mrs. C. W. Breadmore, Elsie Herbert, Thomas Stevenson, Queen of Norway, John Ing-



HOW ENGLISH SUBSERVEMEN DISPLAY THEIR EXHIBITS AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SHOW.

man, Tom Bolton, R. E. Felton.—Thomas Jones, Rualon.

Mrs. Cutlbertson, Dorothy, Mrs. Hestington, Melba, May Campbell, Mrs. C. W. Breadmore, Etta Dyke, Nubian, Sunproof Crimson, John Ingman, Thomas Stevenson, Marjory Linzee.—George Baldwin, The Gardens, Harrow.

Red Star, Melba, Isobel Malcolm, Mrs. Cutlbertson, Etta Dyke, Elfrida Pearson, Nubian, Rosabelle, Thomas Stevenson, Tennant Spencer, May Campbell, Elsie Herbert.—A. Malcolm, Duns, N.B.

Elfrida Pearson, Thomas Stevenson, Clara Curtis (Unwin), Mrs. C. W. Breadmore, Elsie Herbert, John Ingman, Maude Holmes, R. E. Felton, Money-maker, Doris Usher, Nubian, Prince George.—H. H. Lees, Hants.

Sunproof Crimson, Etta Dyke, Coarross Spencer, John Ingman, Edrom Beauty, Constance Oliver, Queen Alexandra Spencer, Clara Curtis, Nettie Jenkins, Black Knight Spencer, Mrs. Andrew Ireland, Lord Nelson.—A. Bissib, Weybridge.

Maud Holmes, Clara Curtis, Etta Dyke, Evelyn Hemms, Mrs. R. Hallam, Gladys Burt, Senator, Frank Dolby, Mrs. Harriette Sykes, Douglas Unwin, Helen Lewis, Mrs. W. J. Unwin.—Harry W. Richards, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Doris Usher, Audrey Crisp, Marjorie Linzee, Helen Grosvenor, Lyander George Herbert, Clara Curtis, John Ingman, King Edward Spencer, Elsie Herbert, Mrs. Breadmore, Nubian, Tennant Spencer, A. E. Usher, Blandford.

Maud Holmes, John Ingman, Nubian, Clara Curtis, Mrs. R. Hallam, Mrs. C. W. Breadmore, Barbara, Nettie Jenkins, Elsie Herbert, Queen of Norway, Romani Rauni, Thomas Stevenson.—Wm. Davies, Malpas.

White Queen, Hercules, Nettie Jenkins, Charles Foster, Othello Spencer, Sunproof Crimson, Mrs. C. W. Breadmore, Mrs. W. J. Unwin, Isobel Malcolm, Gladys Burt, Tennant Spencer, Thomas Stevenson.—A. Moring, Holme Lea, Goringham, Thames.

Etta Dyke, Thomas Stevenson, Elsie Herbert, Masterpiece, Dabbie's Sunproof Crimson, Mrs. Hugh Dickson, Melba



A FINE COLLECTION OF BULBS GROWN IN BOWLS OF MOSS FIBRE, AND EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S BULB SHOW. W. J. Vasey, photographer.

Isobel Malcolm, Tom Bolton, Edrom Beauty, Queen of Norway, Afterglow.—Ed. Keith, Camb.

Lavender Queen, Louise Marilda, The Squire, Navy Blue Spencer, Janet Scott Spencer, Thomas Stevenson, Earl of Chester, Doris Usher, Helen Grosvenor, Paradise Celestial, Mrs. W. J. Unwin,

Lady Knox.—George Atkins, Tarsin, near Chester.

An analysis of the votes given to the varieties mentioned by our correspondents gives the following selection; the figures in brackets indicate the number of votes each variety received.—Thomas Stevenson (8); Clara Curtis, Mrs. C.

W. Breadmore, Elsie Herbert, Etta Dyke, John Ingman (6 each); Nubian (5); Sunproof Crimson and Maud Holmes (4 each); Elfrida Pearson, Mrs. R. Hallam, Queen of Norway, Melba, Isobel Malcolm, Tennant Spencer, Doris Usher, Nettie Jenkins, and Mrs. W. J. Unwin (3 each).



W. J. Vasey, photographer.

AN EXAMPLE OF TASTEFUL ARRANGEMENT, A NURSERYMAN'S EXHIBIT AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S BULB SHOW LAST MONTH.

THE BEST OF EACH COLOUR.

PINK.

Messrs. E. H. Christy, Martin F. Hitchins, T. Jones, and H. S. Bartleet—Elfrida Pearson, Messrs. Harry Foster, G. F. Drayson, and Walter P. Wright, Rev. Harold Mayall—Hercules, Messrs. T. Duncan and J. Ness—Mrs. Hardestie Stokes, Messrs. E. Teschemacher and Charles H. Curtis—Countess Spencer, Mr. H. E. Ward—Cynthia, Mr. Thomas Stevenson—Anglian Pink, Mr. H. A. Perkin—Mrs. Hugh Dickson.

WHITE.

Messrs. T. Duncan, C. H. Curtis, H. Foster, E. H. Christy, Martin F. Hitchins, T. Jones, J. Ness, Edw. Teschemacher, H. E. Ward, Thomas Stevenson, and Rev. Harold Mayall—Etta Dyke, Messrs. H. A. Perkin and G. F. Drayson—White Queen, Mr. H. S. Bartleet—Beatrice Stevens, Mr. W. P. Wright—Nara Unwin.

RED.

Messrs. Ness, T. Jones, H. Foster, and Duncan—Red Star, Messrs. W. P. Wright, Teschemacher, Christy and Stevenson—Maud Holmes, Messrs. Curtis, Ward, and Hitchins, Rev. H. Mayall—Sunproof Crimson, Messrs. Drayson and Bartleet—King Edward Spencer, Mr. H. A. Perkin—Scarlet Emperor.

LAVENDER.

Messrs. Ness, T. Jones, Drayson, Stevenson, and H. A. Perkin—R. F. Felton, Messrs. Christy and Hitchins—Florence Nightingale, Messrs. Teschemacher and Bartleet—Broadmore's Lavender, Mr. Duncan and Rev. H. Mayall—Nettie Jenkins, Mr. Ward—Evangeline, Mr. W. P. Wright—Lavender Paradise, Mr. H. Foster—Mastombee, Mr. Curtis—Asta Ohn.

MAROON.

Messrs. Drayson, Curtis, Christy, Duncan, Ward, W. P. Wright, H. Foster, Ness, H. A. Perkin, and Stevenson, Rev. H. Mayall—Nubian, Messrs. T. Jones, Teschemacher and Bartleet—Tom Bolton, Mr. Hitchins—Douglas Unwin.

PICOTEE EDGED.

Messrs. Christy, Ward, W. P. Wright,

T. Jones, Hitchins, H. A. Perkin and Stevenson, Rev. H. Mayall—Elsie Herbert, Messrs. Drayson, H. Foster, Ness, Curtis, and Teschemacher—Mrs. C. W. Breadmore, Mr. Bartleet—Eric Harvey, Mr. Duncan—Dainty Spencer.

SALMON SHADES.

Messrs. Hitchins, T. Jones, Ness and Duncan, Rev. H. Mayall—Melba, Messrs. Drayson, H. Foster, Stevenson, and H. A. Perkin—Barbara, Messrs. W. P. Wright and C. H. Curtis—Stirling Stent, Mr. Bartleet—Thomas Stevenson, Mr. Ward—Nancy Perkin.

CREAM.

Messrs. Hitchins, T. Jones, Ness, Duncan, Drayson, H. Foster, Bartleet, W. P. Wright, Ward, Curtis and Stevenson—Clara Curtis, Messrs. E. Teschemacher and H. A. Perkin—Paradise Ivory, Rev. H. Mayall—Isobel Malcolm, Mr. Christy—Giant Cream Waved.

ORANGE SCARLET.

Messrs. T. Jones, Ness, Drayson, H. Foster, Hitchins, W. P. Wright, Christy, Stevenson, Curtis and H. A. Perkin, Rev. H. Mayall—Thomas Stevenson, Mr. Ward—Earl of Chester, Mr. Teschemacher—Dazzler, Mr. Bartleet—Edrom Beauty, Mr. Duncan—Edna Unwin (Improved).

MAUVE.

Messrs. Drayson, Ness, H. Foster, Ward, Hitchins, Duncan and Stevenson—Queen of Norway, Messrs. Curtis, Teschemacher and T. Jones, Rev. H. Mayall—Tenant Spencer, Messrs. Bartleet and W. P. Wright—Bertrand Deal, Mr. Christy—Empress, Mr. H. A. Perkin—Amethyst.

BLUE.

Messrs. Drayson, H. Foster, Curtis, Hitchins and Teschemacher, Rev. H. Mayall—Flora Norton Spencer, Messrs. Ness, Ward, Duncan and Jones—Zephyr, Messrs. Bartleet and H. A. Perkin—M's. Alson, Mr. Christy—Nettie Jenkins, Mr. W. P. Wright—Paradise Celestial, Mr. Stevenson—Anglian Blue.

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Messrs. W. P. Wright, Christy, Curtis, Duncan, Ward, Drayson, H. Foster, Hit-

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Blood Orange	2/-	Occident	108/-
Bullfinch	2/-	Pilgrim	56/-
Cresset	7/-	Red Armored	28/-
Diadem	8/-	Red Chief	32/-
Diana	42/-	Red Crest	42/-
Evangeline	32/-	Robert Browning	1/6
Firebrand	5/-	Rosella	8/-
Fusilier	8/-	Seagull	2/-
Gloria of Noordwijk	16/-	Solfaterre	32/-
Goldfinch	3/-	Southern Gem	60/-
Homespun	40/-	Southern Star	32/-
Horace	7/-	Watchfire	20/-
Inognita	32/-	White Lady	4/-
King Alfred	27/-	White Queen	84/-
Lady Margaret Boscawen	36/-	Zenith	50/-

All Others at Lowest Market Prices.

Narcissi Bulbs should be ordered so that they may be sent from England end of August or early in September. They should be planted or potted and then plunged in damp moss fibre or sand directly they arrive to get rooted before the nourishment contained in the Bulbs is exhausted.

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TERMS CASH.



AN EXHIBIT OF ORCHIDS BY COLONEL SIR G. BOLFORD, K.C.V.O. AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW LAST MONTH.

chings, Jones, Bartlett, Stevenson and H. A. Perkin, Rev. H. Mayall—Mrs. W. J. Luria. Mr. Ness—May Campbell.
—The Gardener.

WHITE MAMAN COCHET.

A sprout from Maman Cochet which it resembles in every way except colour. As regards the prefix, I consider this very misleading, as I have never seen what could be termed a "white" flower upon it. The predominant colours have been light yellow tinted with blush, and in many instances flowers have been discerned almost identical with the original, which is not an uncommon occurrence pertaining to sports. However, it is well worth growing on account of its free blooming propensities. The flowers are very large and perfectly formed, with a high pointed centre, but are apparently too heavy for the stalk and have therefore a tendency to droop.

The plant possesses a grand constitution, requires very little pruning and will thrive almost anywhere. It is well worth including in a collection of Teas, more especially should the grower have the show board in view. H. W. D.

NEW POETICUS DAFFODIL.

At a meeting of the Daffodil Society, held in London early in March, Mr. Engleheart introduced a very pretty daffodil, which is a Poeticus in shape and form, with a large, flat crown and rich orange rim. It is considered a perfect little gem. It will shortly be placed on the market as "Mrs. Brett."

HAMILTON HORTICULTURAL SHOW.

The Hamilton Horticultural Society's autumn show took place recently, in the Town Hall. The opening ceremony was performed by the Premier (the Hon. T. Mackenzie), who was accompanied by his daughter (Miss Mackenzie). The Premier congratulated the committee upon the result of their hard work, and said he could well remember what a busy morning "show morning" always was, for his father often exhibited in the shows in Dunedin, in the early days. He complimented Miss Kibblewhite on her lovely chrysanthemums, and Mrs. Walsh on her beautiful native ferns. He would like to see the classes for native ferns and native flora made more of. He was sure they were worthy of more attention than they usually received.

The Japanese chrysanthemums, though not as numerous as one would wish, were of good quality, especially Miss Kibblewhite's entries, which gained five prizes. The prize for six varieties carried with it possession of Mrs. T. Jolly's trophy for a year.

The dahlias were also very good, though showing signs of being grown late in the season. Mr. Hooper's trophy for twelve varieties of cactus dahlias was won for the year by Mr. Day, who also took first prize for the exhibit of six.

The six decorative sprays of chrysanthemums, shown by Mrs. Flyger, came first and second.

In cut flowers (open class), Mr. H. Biggs had lovely exhibits of twelve varieties. The various flowers showed really good cultivation, the bouvardias, arctis, chrysanthemums, and the single and double green miniature sunflower being especially good. Two flowers new to the ordinary amateur gardener were the Rhimania, a flower between the cobra and foxglove, but of the latter growth, and one grown from seed from Germany. This was the Tassel flower, a small blossom, growing in bunches, of various orange and brown tints, which looked highly promising for graceful decorations.

In the amateur class for twelve varieties, Miss M. Stevens came first, with a good exhibit, containing, with others, some good blossoms of the Argentine pea, greatly out of season.

The floral decorations were of a really high standard. In the hat trimmed with flowers, Miss Rothwell was first, a good exhibit, and in the class for hat made of flowers or foliage, Miss Rothwell was again first, with a wonderfully well-made hat of New Zealand flax, trimmed with a lovely blossom of green chrysanthemum. So attractive was this exhibit that the Premier specially noticed it with a word of praise, and the president requested Miss Mackenzie to accept it as

a gift, which she was delighted to do. The floral baskets were decorated in autumn tints, the first prize being won by Miss M. Assense, and the second by Miss Gladys Tompkins. The decorated bowls were also autumn-like and graceful, Mrs. Biggs coming first and Mrs. Douglas second.

The table decoration first prize was won by Miss Stevens, with a graceful arrangement of yellow flowers and maiden-hair; Mrs. F. Wilson was placed second, and Mrs. Coleman third.

In the class for non-first-prize winners, Mrs. Douglas gained a well-earned first, with a glowing combination of autumn leaves and brilliant red dahlias, lightened by lovely sprays of maiden-hair, Miss G. Tompkins, second, and Mrs. J. Horne, third, also did autumn tables.

The children's section is always an interesting one. Olga Jolly, Lois Burrow, and Violet Jolly all gained first in their respective classes. M. Parr came first for button-hole, out of quite a dozen quaint and highly-interesting exhibits.

The judging of the floral decorations and children's section was capably performed by Mrs. Brown (Auckland), and Mr. Grindrod, also from Auckland, acted as judge for the other classes, their decisions giving every satisfaction.

The success of the show was, no doubt, greatly due to the untiring and willing efforts of the secretary, Mr. E. B. Davy.

SUGGESTION FOR KILLING SLUGS.

A correspondent writing to "The Gardener" makes another suggestion for getting rid of the slug pest. He says:—"I buy 1 lb. of common powdered alum and fill a penny flour dredger with the same. Then, armed with a cycle lamp, I go out about 10 o'clock at night, which I find the best time, as the slugs are then all abroad. One or two shakes of the dredger and Mr Slug will trouble you no more; for the alum dries them up completely, and often it finds out the very small black slugs which you cannot see. They all suffer the same penalty, and the seedlings grow apace."

EVERLASTING PEAS.

Although the perennial peas lack the fragrance and variety of colour, and even the lovely forms of their popular sisters, the Sweet Peas, they have a beauty of their own, which renders them worthy of consideration of all who love hardy flowers of this habit, and who delight in seeing them clambering up trellises and unsightly fences, such as are to be found in too many gardens.

The large-flowered Everlasting Pea of many gardens is *Lathyrus grandiflorus*. It has good-sized flowers of handsome crimson and purple, grows several feet high, and rapidly covers a trellis or fence. Properly trained, this is a lovely subject. Its only fault is its tendency to spread too rapidly at the root. If a little attention is given to it in spring, when it sends up its growths, this Pea may be kept within bounds, and the beauty of the flower be increased by thinning out the shoots and restricting the space occupied.

The broad-leaved Everlasting Pea is much better known in some districts, and is often distinguished by the name of the Cluster Pea, the flowers being produced in racemes, instead of the pairs only given by *L. grandiflorus*. It also grows about six feet high, and forms a handsome subject for clambering up some support.

The ordinary Everlasting Pea (*Lathyrus latifolius*) has clusters of pretty, rose-coloured blooms, but there are several varieties of differing shades. Under name can be purchased the variety albus, with fine white flowers, and another lovely white one called White Pearl. Then there is one with flowers of almost crimson, called coccineus; together with a lovely bluish one, named delicatus. From seeds several other shades of pink or rose can be obtained, but any of these will give much satisfaction.

WHEN AND WHERE TO PLANT.

The cultivation of these Peas requires little consideration. They will grow strongly in rich, well-manured soil, but even where it is impoverished they seem to find enough nourishment, and thrive there quite well.

They should be planted in spring, unless bought in pots, when they can be set in summer or autumn. All but *L. latifolius* are easily propagated by

division at almost any season, but *L. latifolius* should be increased by cuttings of the young shoots taken off in spring, or by careful division at that time.

They all prefer a sunny situation, but they also do well in partial shade.—"Garden Life."

HELPLESS AS A BABY.

The man or woman who is suffering from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, or other complaints arising from uric acid poisoning, is oftentimes as helpless as a baby. The stiffened muscles and joints cause intense torture, and frequently reduce the victim to a state of utter helplessness. Don't remain the victim of uric acid poisoning. RHEUMO is a scientific preparation, to be taken inwardly. RHEUMO gives prompt relief; after the first dose the pain and swelling usually disappear, and a cure is generally effected within 48 hours. Sold by all chemists and storekeepers at 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle.

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Dorothy Vernon. Giant Leedsii	-	-	-	30s.	do.
Elfrida Pearson. Giant Leedsii	-	-	-	£9 9s.	do.
Florence Pearson. Giant White Trumpet	-	-	-	£2 10s.	do.
Heroine. Giant Form of Albatross	-	-	-	£3 3s.	do.
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King George. Giant Yellow Trumpet	-	-	-	£9	do.
Lowdham Beauty. Giant Leedsii	-	-	-	£2 10s.	do.
Mrs. B. Farmer. White Trumpet	-	-	-	£2 2s.	do.
Pearl of Kent. Largest White Trumpet	-	-	-	£8 8s.	do.
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Scarletta. Brilliant Red Cup	-	-	-	5s.	do.
Scarlet Eye. Intense Red Eye	-	-	-	2s. 6d.	do.
Vega. Giant Leedsii	-	-	-	20s.	do.

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A STRANGER.

By AMBROSE BIERCE.

ALAN stepped out of the darkness into the little illuminated circle about our fading campfire, and seated himself upon a rock.

"You are not the first to explore this region," he said gravely.

Nobody contradicted his statement; he was himself proof of its truth, for he was not of our party and must have been somewhere near when we camped. Moreover, he must have companions not far away; it was not a place where one would be living or traveling alone. For more than a week we had seen, beside ourselves and our animals, only such living things as rattlesnakes and horned lizards. In an Arizona desert one does not long expect wild only such creatures as those; one must have pack animals, supplies, arms—a "train." And all these imply comrades. It was perhaps a doubt as to what manner of men this unconventional stranger's comrades might be, something with something in the world interpreted as a challenge, that drove every man of our half-breed "guidon" detachment to rise to a sitting posture and lay his hand upon a weapon—in an arching, in that time and place, a policy of expectation. The stranger gave the matter no attention, and began again to speak in the same desultory, uninflected monotone in which he had delivered his first sentence.

"Thirty years ago," began a tall one, William Shaw, George W. Kent, and Berry Davis, all of whom crossed the Santa Catalina Mountains and travelled the road as nearly as the configuration of the country permitted. We were prospecting, and it was our intention, if we found nothing to push through to the top at some point near the Big Bend, where we understood there was a settlement. We had a good outfit, but no guide—just Ramon Gallegos, William Shaw, George W. Kent, and Berry Davis.

The next repeated the names slowly and distinctly, as if to fix them in the memories of his audience, every member of which was now attentively observing him, but with a slackened ap-

prehension regarding his possible companions somewhere in the darkness that seemed to enclose us like a black wall. In the manner of this volunteer historian was no suggestion of an unfriendly purpose. His act was rather that of a harmless fanatic than an enemy. We were not so near to the country as not to know what the solitary life of many a plainsman had a tendency to develop eccentricities of conduct and character not always easily distinguishable from mental aberration. A man is like a tree—in a forest of his fellows he will grow as straight as his general and individual nature permits; alone in the open he yields to the deforming stresses and tortures that environ him. Some such thoughts were in my mind as I watched the man from the shadow of my hat, pulled low to shut out the firelight. A useless fellow, no doubt, but what could he be doing there in the heart of a desert?

Having undertaken to tell this story, I wish that I could describe the man's appearance; that would be a natural thing to do. Unfortunately, and somewhat strangely, I find myself unable to do so with any degree of confidence. For afterward no two of us agreed as to what he wore and how he looked; and when I try to set down my own impressions they chafe me. Anyone can tell some kind of story—narration is one of the elemental powers of the race. But the talent for description is a gift.

Nobody having spoken, silence the visitor went on to say: "This country is not then what it is now. There was not a ranch between the river and the hills. There was a little game here and there in the mountains, and near the infrequent water-holes grass enough to keep our animals from starvation. If we should be so fortunate as to encounter no Indians, we might get through. But within a week the purpose of the expedition had altered from discovery of wealth to preservation of life. We had gone too far to go back, for what was ahead could be no worse than what was behind; so we pushed on, raking by night to avoid Indians and the intolerable heat, and something ear-

relves by day as best we could. Sometimes, having exhausted our supply of wild meat and emptied our casks, we were days without food or drink; then a water-hole, or a shallow pool in the bottom of an arroyo, so restored our strength and sanity that we were able

"Scarcely, I know not well of the good God and what please him. I have live without religion, and I am not acquaint with that of you. Pardon, senores, if I shock you, but for me the time is come to beat the game of the Apache."



"And you," he shouted, "You dared to escape?"

to shoot some of the wild animals that sought it also. Sometimes it was a bear, sometimes an antelope, a coyote, a cougar—that was as they pleased; all were good.

The morning as we skirted a mountain range, seeking a practicable pass, we were attacked by a band of Apaches who had followed our trail up a gulch—it is not far from here. Knowing that they outnumbered us ten to one, they took none of their usual cowardly precautions, but dashed upon us as a gallop, firing and yelling. Fighting was out of the question; we urged our feeble animals up the gulch as far as there was footing for a horse, then threw ourselves out of our saddles and took to the chaparral on one of the slopes, abandoning our entire outfit to the enemy. But we retained our rifles, every man—Ramon Gallegos, William Shaw, George W. Kent, and Berry Davis.

"Some old crowd," said the humorist of our party. He was an Eastern man, unfamiliar with the desert observances of social intercourse. A gesture of disapproval from our leader silenced him, and the stranger proceeded with his tale:

"The savages dismounted also, and some of them ran up the gulch beyond the point at which we had left it, cutting off farther retreat in that direction and forcing us on to the side. Unfortunately the chaparral extended only a short distance up the slope, and as we came into the open ground above we took the fire of a dozen rifles; but Apaches shoot badly when in a hurry, and that so killed it that none of us fell. Twenty yards up the slope, beyond the edge of the bush, were vertical cliffs, in which, directly in front of us, was a narrow opening. Into that we ran, fitting ourselves in a cavern about as large as an ordinary room in a house. Here, for a time, we were safe; a single man with a repeating rifle could defend the entrance against all the Apaches in the land. But against houses and trees we had no defence, because we still had, our hope was a memory.

"Not one of these Indians did we discerned, but by the smoke and glare of their fires in the gulch we knew that he lay and by scent they watched our side; in the edge of the bush—knew that if we made a sortie not a man of us would live to take one step into the open. For three days, waiting in there, we held out before our suffering became insupportable. Then out came the morning of the fourth day—Ramon Gallegos said—

"He hunk upon the rock floor of the cave, and pressed his pistol against his temple. 'Madro de Dios,' he said, 'comes now the soul of Ramon Gallegos.'"

"And so he left us—William Shaw, George W. Kent, and Berry Davis.

"I was the leader; it was for me to speak. 'He was a brave man,' I said; 'he knew when to die, and how. It is foolish to go mad from thirst, and fall by Apache bullets, or be skinned alive—it is in bad taste. Let us join Ramon.'"

"That is right," said William Shaw.

"That is right," said George W. Kent.

"I straightened the limbs of Ramon Gallegos, and put a handkerchief over his face. Then William Shaw said: 'I should like to look like that—a little while.' And George W. Kent said that he felt that way, too.

"It shall be so," I said; "the red devils will wait a week. William Shaw and George W. Kent, draw and kneel."

"They did so and I stood before them. 'Amidly God, our Father,' I said. William Shaw and George W. Kent.

"Amidly God, our Father."

"Forgive us our sins," said I.

"And receive our souls."

"And receive our souls."

"Amen!"

"I had them beside Ramon Gallegos and covered their faces."

There was a quick commotion on the opposite side of the camp-fire; one of our party had sprung to his feet, pistol in hand.

"And you," he shouted: "You dared to escape? You dare to be alive! You cowardly bound, I'll send you to join them if I hang for it!"

But with the leap of a panther the captain was upon him, grasping his wrist. "Hold it in, Sam Yountsey, said it!"

We were now all upon our feet, except the stranger, who sat motionless and apparently unresponsive. Some one seized Yountsey's other arm.

"Captain," I said: "There is something wrong here. The fellow is either a fanatic or merely a liar; just a plain everyday day about Yountsey but no call to kill. If this man was of that party it had for members, one of whom—probably himself—he has not named."

"Yes," said the captain, releasing the insurgent, who set down: "There is something national. Years ago four dead bodies of white men, scalped and horribly mutilated, were found about the



Continued on page 53.

Progress in Science.

Harnessing the Sun's Rays.

THE possibility of using the heat of the sun's rays to raise steam for driving machinery has been the dream of fertile minds for many years. Weird and immense plants were erected, comprising the disposal of narrow or lower upon towering frames of fearsome design for the purpose of focussing the rays to heat upon a vessel or some other arrangement wherein water circulated so that it might be converted into steam.

When these plants were erected and set to work, startling figures and stories were told of the work they were accomplishing, and the reclamation of the desert regions in the equatorial belt was heralded. But somehow or other when hard-headed commercial men came to investigate the claims advanced by the inventors, cold cash and inventors' dreams did not harmonize. True, the plants did the work more or less, but the cost of accomplishing it was so great that from the financial standpoint the ideas were worthless. The result was that plant after plant disappeared, and the inventors relapsed back into obscurity, more or less disgraced with commerce for having shattered their claims in the air so ruthlessly.

Yet their ideas were sound in the main; they worked them out wrongly—that was all. This fact has been proved conclusively by Mr. Frank Shuman, a persevering American inventor. Years ago he was fascinated with this quest, and resolved to harness the sun in such a manner that it could compete advantageously with other methods for raising power. First, he ascertained where other inventors had failed in prosecuting their experiments, and determined to profit from their failures. Not that he has copied them; he has merely avoided the pitfalls which beset them. He realized from the first that the initial outlay upon such an installation must be so low that the interest on the investment does not render it commercially unprofitable. Then it had to be essentially practical. He kept these two factors which had wrecked all previous efforts steadily before him, and the result is that he has scored a success.

Once on the right road, he set to work to erect a complete plant upon the principles he had evolved. This installation has been completed at Tacony, just outside Philadelphia, and here, when the elements are propitious, the sun is made to convert water into steam for driving machinery. The situation of the plant is not ideal. It is very near the Equator, where the sun pours down intensely for day after day, the results achieved would be more striking, but Tacony is convenient to the financial centre, and does not entail a long journey on the part of those interested to investigate the subject for themselves.

Besides, the fact that it is working successfully in the face of difficult conditions serves to emphasize its value. At Tacony, when the sun is shining, the engine may be seen pumping water to a height of thirty-three feet, at the rate of 2000 gallons per minute, the steam engine, which is of special design, embodying many novel features, deriving its motive power from water converted into vapour by the sole agency of the sun's rays.

The inventor has devised his apparatus especially for operation in tropical countries where, although there is plenty of sunlight and solar heat, as a rule there is a scarcity of fuel. In some places coal runs up to about 20 a ton, and, accordingly, mechanical power is a double luxury. The machine possesses

patent in raising water by this method. These workers probably will view the introduction of the sun engine with mixed feelings, because a single installation of the size of the Philadelphia plant will displace 1000 of these laborers.

Sex Determination.

For many years a scientific breeder of stock in England has been investigating the question of the determination of sex. He now considers that in most stock he can prophesy with considerable certainty the sex of the offspring, and his views are to be published in a small pamphlet called "The Prediction of Sex at Will in Animals." His secret appears to lie in a close and particular study of the mare immediately at the birth of the foal. He thinks he is what is called a male or a female "propensity," and by judging the degree of this propensity in the father and mother the probability of the offspring's sex can be accurately foretold.

The author, who has had twenty years' experience with every sort of stock, has achieved great results and is confident that the rules and new lines laid down in this pamphlet on sex propensity will be followed by all stock breeders with success, and that the Government will found breeding studs or

Malay Carlination.

It was reported by Mr. Yapp, the English naturalist, who explored the mountain ranges of the Malay Peninsula, that in several species of bamboo the hollow internodes—the parts of the stems between the joints are stored with large quantities of naturally filtered water. The knowledge of this fact might be of great service in an emergency. Mr. Yapp also discovered on his last visit two species of ferns, growing on trees, whose thick, fleshy stems are filled with galleries furnished by ants, the ferns thus forming living wells for the ants.

Beavers Work.

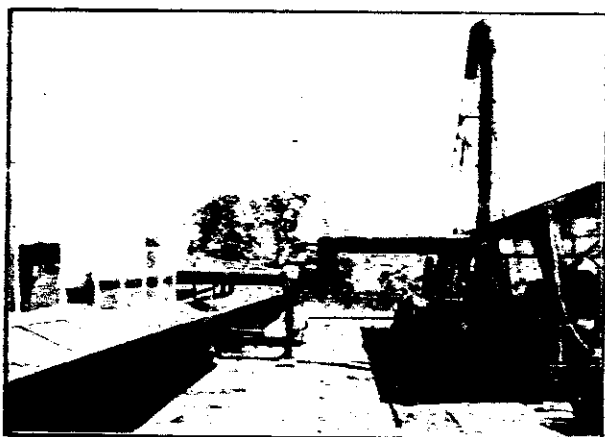
The beavers not only build dams for the purpose of making farms, but also use the small upper branches as a storage supply of food for winter use. Says a writer in an American exchange: "These branches, from two to four inches in diameter, are cut into lengths of two or three feet and then by wonderful engineering ability are carried beneath the water and into the beaver's houses or lodges, with which the bank of every beaver dam is heavily combed. Here they are carefully stored. The green bark is the staple article of food throughout the winter. The stems are of varying length and length of cording to the particular location. I found a dam in Montana country, Colorado, which was just six feet from bottom to top, and impounded a body of water six feet or more in depth and covering an area of several acres. This dam was perfect in construction. It was composed entirely of willow bushes, as no large timber grows in the vicinity."

Caspian Oil Wells Threatened.

A St. Petersburg message published in London states that the Russian gas and industry seems to be threatened by a mysterious danger, difficult alike to explain or to dispel. The Russian Commission, working under the auspices of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, has been petitioned to investigate the formations of the bed of the Caspian Sea, which has been steadily rapidly of late, with the result that the Russian industry is being affected injuriously. The question actually before the commission is whether the shoaling process has been caused by a lowering of the level of the water, which is seemingly vanishing, or whether the shores of the Caspian are rising. A sub-commission, consisting of six specialists, including the Director of the Imperial Observatory, has been appointed to study on the spot a problem which the representatives of the various oil firms regard as of the highest importance to industrial Russia. A conjecture has been hazarded by some that the change of level results from the annual withdrawal of millions of tons of naphtha from the ground.

Pictures That Animals Wear.

A painter has discovered that Nature herself is the first of all painters and copyists of natural scenes. Nature's colours are the pigments in birds' feathers, butterflies' wings and animals' fur. Her canvases are the living forms of her children. So that they may be concealed from their enemies, she paints upon them such pictures of sunshine and snow, of mountains and valleys, of forests, skies, waters, jungles, bush, scrub, and desert that the pictures—to speak in a paradox—are even nearer to the truth than the originals. She paints sunshine and shadow on a leopard's coat, and in sunlight-dappled earth he is invisible. She pictures the sky in the white tail of a rabbit, and against the sky no tail is to be seen. On an owl's back and wings she paints so perfect a woodland scene that the form of the owl is lost to the eye amid the leaves and branches of the wood. The gorgeous peacock is a striking object on a white terrace; but the painter's eye saw that from the golden-green of the forest's sunlight, through all the dark tints of leaves in shadow, and the gaps and patches of sunlight on bark and ground, all imaginable forest tones are portrayed by Nature in this bird's plumage. So that in the forest he melts into and blends with the scene in a way so magical as to be past under-estimating. It is through seeing these things with his painter's eye that the American artist and naturalist, Abner H. Thayer, has come to discover a hitherto unrecognized law of color.



BLOWING OFF THE SUN MADE STEAM.

The engine has been stopped and the safety valve is blowing off at one-half pound above atmosphere.

illimitable possibilities for raising water for irrigation in such arid countries as Egypt, Chile, and the interior of Australia. This, indeed, will constitute its most successful field, and this fact is recognized, inasmuch as the plant, which has been doing duty at Tacony is being dismantled, and is to be transported to Egypt to assist in reclaiming the existing sterile wastes in that country.

In Egypt at the present day irrigation by pumping is carried out upon the same lines as obtained centuries ago. The shadoof still holds powerful sway, and it is computed that 500,000 shadoofs find a more or less temperative use

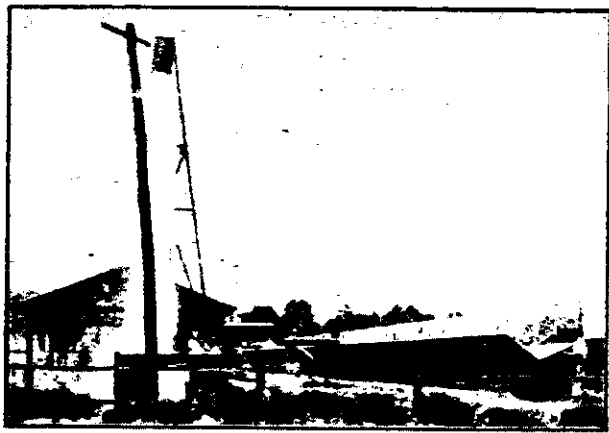
forms where breeders can have their stocks replenished and renewed. A sufficient number of approved breeders of sires and dams should be subsidised. Breeding of animals will then be on strong, safe, and proper foundations."

A Deep Bore.

What is believed to be the deepest hole in the ground has been sunk at the village of Cornlow, in Silesia, Germany, affording exceptional opportunity for scientific study. The bore is 17 1/2 inches in diameter at the mouth and a little short of two inches at the bottom. The exact depth of the hole is said to be 1343 feet. For a distance of 6843 feet it is lined with iron tubing. The experiment, that has so far been made with the bore shows that the temperature of the earth increases at the rate of one degree Fahrenheit for each section of 55 feet, or one ley, a centigrade for each 104.3 feet.

Value of Wireless.

Several determinations of longitude have of late been made by means of wireless messages, but the most ambitious attempt of this nature has just taken place between Paris and Tunis. Wireless signals connecting two clocks, one at the Eiffel Tower and the other at Bizerta, Tunis, the comparison of which decided the longitude. The signal travelled the whole distance in 0.007 second, which works out at nearly 200,000 miles a second. When Sir George Airy, Astronomer Royal, determined the longitude of Valencia, the little island on the coast of Kerry, where the Atlantic cables enter the sea, he had no fewer than thirty chronometers carried by kwards, and towards, between Valencia and General's Observatory 22 times before he was satisfied.



THE SUN POWER PLANT IN ACTION.

RAISES 2000 GALLONS OF WATER PER MINUTE TO A HEIGHT OF 33 FT.

Silence is Gold.

By KEITH BOYCE.

DEARLY all the people asked to Mrs Peyton's dinner and bridge knew that the Grahams and Mr Archibald Eyver Yorke-Webster were to meet there. The Grahams knew it, and were as much amused as the rest. Mrs Peyton, of course, was ignorant of the previous encounter between them and Yorke-Webster, for she had been away two months; and besides unless Mrs Graham told her, no one would do it, for Yorke-Webster was her protégé; she had introduced him into the Park. It seems she had known him, or his family, in England; and when he came over, in some sort of well-connected business capacity, she first asked him to stay at her house, and then got him to take a little furnished cottage near her in the Park. He had the Englishman's preference for the country, and the Park boasts good golf, tennis and other exercises. Then Mrs Peyton went to Canada, first asking several people to call on Yorke-Webster. Mrs Peyton had a genius for blunders. It could never have been guessed from her account of him that the Englishman considered his neighbours a lot of meddlesome suburbanities, and that he was far from wanting any of them to call.

The Grahams were the first to go. Mrs Graham told the story with quiet amusement to a few people, and it had gone the rounds. "Billy and I dropped in one afternoon after a walk; I suppose it might have been half-past six or so. We were shown into the dining-room. In the dining-room sat Mr Yorke-Webster. His valet-butler gave him our cards. He rose, came forward holding the cards, bowed, murmured something about dinner and hoping to have the pleasure of calling on us soon—and in two minutes we found ourselves outside the door. He hasn't called."

The two months had passed and Yorke-Webster had not called on the Grahams. Other people were a little shy of visiting him. Only two or three had met him. Now about thirty had been asked to Mrs Peyton's dinner, and the Englishman's debut was awaited with much interest.

He was a tall, thin man, between thirty and forty, with rather stooping shoulders, eyeglasses, a drooping moustache, bald temples, and a general look of refined decay. Mrs Peyton, a big breezy woman with a gift for trampling over people's small peculiarities, presented him cheerily to one person after another. One after another tried to talk to him. There were a number of very amusing women, too—clever ones, used to making themselves agreeable, used also to some recognition of their ability and good will. None of them

got any recognition from Yorke-Webster, as they found on comparing notes afterward, or indeed, as it was easy to see at the time. He would stand, stooping a little, but without any attention or deference in the stoop, looking at them through his eyeglasses, touching the ends of his moustache with a delicate forefinger and thumb—un-swinging, monosyllabic. "Yes? Really? Can't say, I'm sure." That sort of thing was all he said—at least in the moments before dinner. The Grahams were twenty minutes late, as Mrs Graham's sister, Mary Allison, had missed the train. When they finally came in and Yorke-Webster was presented, he bowed gravely, as though he had never seen them before.

There was curiosity as to his placing at table—rather, as to the persons who were to have the doubtful honour of sitting next him. It would have been just like Mrs Peyton to give him Alice Graham to take in. But no, another young married woman, selected for her peculiar vivacity and glibness, received his elbow; and on his other side sat Mary Allison.

This was, for the rest of the party, as entertaining a combination as could have been devised. Fortunately there was nothing to obstruct the view. Mrs Peyton believed in every one talking at once to every one else. The room was lighted from the cornice, and the only decoration of the table was a thing in majolica which she called her "Italian garden," and which held flowers in a formal flat design. In the babble of tongues led by the hostess it was impossible to hear what was said across the table. But Mrs Leary's spirited attack on the Rock of Gibraltar was to be observed of all. She was known as the most constant and amusing talker in the Park. She opened with a broadside from her sparkling black eyes, accompanied by a running fire of witty inconsequents. Gradually her heavy guns, one by one, were brought into action—her profile, her eyelashes, her very lovely jewelled hands, her gift of fattery, her best stories. It was even known when she brought up the reserves, and as a forlorn hope used all her sharpness—and she had an intuitive aim for a weak spot. And through it all the Rock stood, or sat, there apparently unconscious of the assault, calmly eating his dinner, replying most briefly, with the coolest of glances. Mrs Leary did not even get a foothold. Her cheeks mounted flaming colours, but not of triumph. Finally, she confessed her rout, retreated, horse, foot, and artillery, in confusion, and at the roast turned to the man on her other side, showing the white flag of surrender, a sudden pallor of intense irritation.

This left Gibraltar quite solitary, for

Mary Allison's white shoulder had been steadily turned to him, and continued to be. It might have been, of course, that she disliked his behaviour to her sister, and meant to snub him; but she was so much given to putting people off unintentionally that it was a problem whether she ever meant it or not. Mary Allison never talked. At most she list-

and he did the same. They sat side by side without exchanging a word for some fifteen minutes.

Mary looked calmly absent-minded. Her large blue eyes roved slowly over the table, and the animated crowd. Sometimes these eyes expressed a slight curiosity, or wonder. They were never sharp. Often, as now, they were a lim-



"He would stand, stooping a little, touching the ends of his moustache with a delicate forefinger."

ened, with a greater or lesser interest, the real degree of which was always frankly indicated. She had been listening now to Latham, who usually talked horse or dog, and who knew what he was talking about. Mary sometimes drove her brother-in-law's four-in-hand. She could manage the Grahams' big touring-car, too. She was physically very active, but danced badly, and was awkward though effective at tennis. She played a very good game of bridge, and not a bad one of billiards. She was not unpopular, though she had no social small change. She was not supposed to be "deep." She never said clever things. When there was nothing to do, she simply sat in a silence that was sometimes dull and sometimes luminous, and looked with her large, rather vague eyes at the people about her or at nothing.

Putting Mary next to Yorke-Webster meant probably a charitable intention on the part of Mrs Peyton, who was full of misdirected zeal. She was capable even of representing to Yorke-Webster that he ought to marry Mary, who was "such a nice girl, and had not a penny." For several years Mary, who was now twenty-seven, had been on Mrs Peyton's mind. She felt there was no reason why Mary should not marry well, except that she would take no interest in it. Mrs Peyton was one of the people who admired Mary's looks, her ample style, which generally was somewhat disparaged as "not exactly girlish."

Girlish Mary was not. She was big—a big frame, an effect of solidity, almost stolidity. It was reproachfully said of her that she had no nerves. If she had a soul or a heart, some casual efforts had failed to locate them. She had a robust inexpressive affection for her family and for a few people who "did not bother" her. She had some very good friends among men. Coquetry she had none, and probably never had wished to marry or she would have done so—being a very practical person, in spite of her vague eyes.

On the evening of the dinner she was looking unusually handsome in an old black velvet dress which showed white at the seams, but set off her colouring of "barbaric pearl and gold." As she sat and as Yorke-Webster stooped she was half a head taller than he. The talk shifting from left to right, she did not turn to him, but merely presented her rather remarkable profile, something like that of the commercial Liberty; and she sat placidly eating her roast bird,

pid blank. What she was thinking of when she looked like this no one could tell. If she were asked, she said "Nothing." Probably it was the truth.

Yorke-Webster also seemed calm and contented. The food was uncommonly good, and he was enjoying it, but he did not touch the wine, which was only fair in quality. Assuredly he had the respect of a person trained in taste, able to select the best and resolved not to put up with anything less. As to manners—well, he was known to have said to Mrs Peyton, "Of course, you know, you Americans are not civilised," and she had cheerfully agreed with him. If he had said, and he probably had—"Of course, you know, all women are fools," she would have agreed with him none the less. She could give up her entire race, or sex, to scorn and contumely, without minding it a bit, and would even include herself. Certainly no person with small vanities or susceptibilities could have got on for a moment with Yorke-Webster, and she got on with him beautifully. She admired his manner, even. And in a way she was right. He had distinction, and the sort of smoothness of surface which much friction imparts to a naturally hard substance. Evidence of his taste, of course, was his liking Mrs Peyton. He said of her that she "had style." He was to say almost the same thing of Mary Allison. What he did say, cautiously, was: "Really, she isn't bad style."

It was possible almost to know the exact moment when this impression was made upon Yorke-Webster. After Mary's ruminating silence had endured for a quarter of an hour and gave no sign of ending, he looked at her, looked again, and finally addressed a question to her. "Er—do you live here?"

"Oh, no," she said, turning her head and looking down on him inquiringly. "Ah—visiting?"

"Yes. My sister over there." And she indicated Mrs. Graham, who was caught watching them gleefully.

"Ah, yes. Nice little place, this," he said.

"Very."

Mary helped herself liberally to salad—she was eating her way steadily through the menu. Yorke-Webster took a spoonful.

"Invariable American custom," he observed. "Salad after meat—and everything under heaven, even sugar, I believe, in the salad. Only thing I don't like in this house—except the wine."



"The curious curiosity as to his placing at table—rather, as to the persons who were to have the doubtful honour of sitting next him."

"Really?" said Mary, looking in an absent way at her sister, and wondering why Alice had been laughing at her.

"I see you don't drink it, either," he said.

"What? Oh, I never drink wine. Prefer buttermilk."

"Ah," he said, meditatively.

Then they sat silent again. Billows of talk and laughter rose and fell around them. They were watched, but neither allowed the slightest self-consciousness. Mary glowed placidly like a summer sky. There was a large warmth about her, as impersonal, as indifferent as nature. If she was difficult to talk to, she was very good to look at, and Yorke-Webster seemed to find it so. To meet her eyes on a level he even straightened his drooping shoulders, and finally asked her another question.

"Do you play tennis? I don't think I've seen you at the courts."

"I play—but not well enough to play with the men, and too hard for the women."

"Ah! And golf?"

"No; it's too slow."

"You ride, I suppose?"

"Yes; but I haven't a horse."

"Do you live in New York?"

"No; I live in the country with my parents."

"Are you going to the dance to-morrow?"

"Yes; but I dance very badly."

"And you play bridge?"

"Yes, I can play bridge."

This finished the catechism, which did not even seem to amuse Mary. She regarded dinner-table conversation as a necessary evil, and took it gravely. Bridge, however, she enjoyed, and that night played a really brilliant game, with an average partner, against Yorke-Webster and Mrs. Graham. The Park did not play for money, but the first prize, a silver bag, fell to Mary. Her play was admirable in form—swift, quiet and sure—but rather merciless, as the Park in general played "family bridge." Yorke-Webster, when he had been beaten three rubbers, smiled under his moustache and said: "I can imagine now what your tennis is like."

"No, it is not very good," said Mary honestly. "I play by main force."

Mary danced by main force, too. There was nothing supple or yielding about her method, and after a dance her partner might generally be seen surreptitiously drying his brow. She appeared the next night at the Casino in a rather old pink chiffon dress, which ripped off part of a flounce each time she danced. The dress was not very becoming, and she looked awkward dancing persistently and solemnly, with her big figure, among the airy, gliding paces of the slender women. But Yorke-Webster danced with her four times, with Mrs. Peyton twice, with Mrs. Graham twice, and with no one else.

The Grahams' house stood in the most thickly inhabited part of the Park, and was in view of fully half-a-dozen different sets of drawing-room windows. It was known, therefore, when Yorke-Webster, in frock-coat and silk hat, went to pay his long-delayed call. How or whether he made his peace with Mrs. Graham she did not say. She had an air, highly amused, of waiting developments; Mary did not seem to be waiting—any more than usual. Her large, quiet eyes had always, in a way, a waiting, a receptive look—as though she knew the world must pour some sort of riches into her lap. But it was plain that she did not regard Yorke-Webster with any special interest. And when he, with Mrs. Peyton and several other people, was asked to dine at the Grahams', Mary went home to her parents and stayed several days. It came out that Mrs. Peyton had asked for the invitation, on Yorke-Webster's behalf; and she had blurted out happily that he was much taken with Mary. "He says," she quoted, "that Mary might go anywhere—if she had somebody to dress her and do her hair properly."

Yorke-Webster was very agreeable that evening. There were only eight people; the talk was general, and he contributed his share. He paid special unobtrusive attention to Mrs. Graham, who was calmly gracious to him as to everyone.

Mary came back on Sunday, and was told that Mrs. Peyton wanted her to come up for a cup of tea. She telephoned that she was too tired. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Peyton flew in, her hat rather on one ear and her expensive clothes thrown on, as usual. Mary was dressing to go out to dinner,

but Mrs. Peyton insisted on coming to her room for five minutes.

"Now, Mary," she began aggrievedly, "why wouldn't you come to tea? And why did you run away the other night? I didn't think you would treat me that way, after all the interest I've taken in you."

Mary, placidly doing her hair, smiled deprecatingly.

"I didn't think you'd mind," she said.

"Well, I do. Archie was really put out. And you're the only person he's shown the slightest interest in here, and the poor fellow is really a good deal bored."

"Well, if he is interested in me," said Mary, calmly, "it's out of pure contrariness. He's one of those horrid people that enjoy snubbing anyone who's decently polite. If I were to show any interest in him, you may be very sure he'd find me a bore, too."

Mrs. Peyton opened wide her eyes.

"Oh, so that's it! Now, Mary, don't you try to be clever, for you know it's not in your line. You might easily be too clever—"

"I'm not trying to be clever," said

him?" she inquired. "He wouldn't want to marry me; I've got no money."

"No, that's the trouble," sighed Mrs. Peyton. "Otherwise I really think he might. He confessed to me that he—well, he said you were a person that might go anywhere, if—"

"Yes, I've heard that," interrupted Mary. "If I had my hair done properly. And she stuck in the last hairpin and turned to put on her dress."

"Well, of course he meant if you were smartly turned out—as you can't be without money, or, at any rate, without knowing just where and how to go. It's true, you would be stunning, Mary. You really have beautiful shoulders. As he said, there's something almost maternal about you."

Mary, who had put her dress over her head, emerged to view with a much brighter colour.

"I'm not interested in his opinion of me," she said.

"Very well," Mrs. Peyton rose. "But I want you to come to dinner to-morrow night and be nice to him. He needs to be amused, and what harm can it do? Wear the black velvet."

understood all round. Yorke-Webster became very devoted to Mrs. Graham. His glacial surface melted; his energy was stirred; the real pride and strength of a world-conquering breed were called out. . . . He fell in love with Mary Allison, tempestuously in love. He confided in Mrs. Peyton and in Mrs. Graham. He asked Mary to marry him, and she refused. The reason she gave was that she did not want to go so far away from her parents—and his business was already recalling Yorke-Webster to England.

"I'd like to go and see your parents," he said.

Mary demurred.

"My father is an invalid and quite fond of me. You would frighten him dreadfully. I don't think you'd better go."

She became more silent than ever. In a stormy interview Mrs. Peyton elicited nothing.

"You said," objected Mary, "that he must marry a woman with money."

"Never mind. You may depend on it Yorke-Webster sees his way. He isn't the man to run his head into a noose even if he is in love."

"Do you really think so?"

"Of course I do. Hasn't he explained his position and prospects to you?"

"No."

"Well, I shall drop him a hint to do so, then."

"Please do nothing of the kind. It's quite settled. I could not leave papa and mamma."

Mrs. Peyton snorted.

"What do you mean, Mary Allison, by talking baby-talk to me? You have certainly got something up your sleeve."

The first snow-storms put an end to tennis and golf and motoring. The lake froze, and Mary took to skating and coasting, and Yorke-Webster became her shadow. He had now only three weeks before sailing. People met them often tramping silently side by side along the country roads. Yorke-Webster seemed to grow younger each day, and more disturbed. He had lost all resemblance to the Rock of Gibraltar. He had been sapped and mined and blown up in the air: not by Mary—at least, no one gave her credit for meaning to do it—but by Fate, or Poetic Justice. His air of a superior person marooned among savages was now amply avenged, since one of the savages had captured him and was crunching his bones. So said Mrs. Leary, and patronised Yorke-Webster when they met.

Mary grew more and more beautiful. She bloomed, she glowed. And the ardour of his wooing grew as her refusals and reasons multiplied. Yorke-Webster's eyes became more haggard and his jaw more obtinate day by day. For all his impassive exterior he was of a nervous temperament, highly trained, excitable. Mary was really calm—quiet as a sunny meadow. There was something about her, more than ever now, that suggested deep rich grass, and cows and daisies, and dreaming blue sky. There was a fitness, after all, in her attraction for the dark and irritable Englishman. He was a man of fixed tastes and habits in the innumerable trifles of daily life, and no doubt felt instinctively that this woman would be taken on a different plane. She would never interfere with him. The fact that he required a wax taper instead of a wooden match to light his cigarette would amuse her, but she would never try to persuade him to the wooden match.

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All the world may not love a lover, but it pities him, and takes pleasure in helping to rivet his chains upon him. If he has been superior, he is now reduced below the level of resentment. He is defenceless, undignified; he clamours for aid and comfort. He is humble, absurd, human.

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"People met them often tramping silently side by side along the country roads."

Mary, slowly flushing. "I don't like your friend, that's all."

"You don't like him? Well, why not, pray? He's considered a most fascinating man, when he takes the slightest trouble to be."

"I fail to see it," said Mary, casually sticking in hairpins.

"Well, I'd like to know why you danced a whole evening with him, then?"

"Just because I love to dance, and I never have enough partners. I'd dance with anybody."

"Well, why don't you like him?"

"He is rude and puts on airs."

"Oh, well! You know how Englishmen are—the women spoil them. And if you only knew how he's been run after—"

"I can't see why."

"Well, as I say, he really is a great charmer—when he wants to be. And then he belongs to a good family, you know—there are only three lives between him and the title, if he is in business—and he could give his wife, if she had money, a very good position."

Mary looked sceptical.

"Well, do you want me to run after

him?" she inquired. "He wouldn't want to marry me; I've got no money."

"No, that's the trouble," objected Mary. "That would be too bad, as I haven't the price. Perhaps you'd better warn him not to be as fascinating as he can."

"Oh, of course, if you've taken to being clever!" And Mrs. Peyton, tossing her head, departed.

Mary called down the stairs: "Don't expect me to amuse him. You know I'm dull company, even if I like a person."

"Oh, let him amuse himself, anyway," called back Mrs. Peyton, with unusual irritation in her cheery voice.

That was what it amounted to, of course. Yorke-Webster preferred to amuse himself. The sensations of the hunted game were not new to him, but those of the hunter had some novelty. Whatever effort was made in the development of his acquaintance with Mary Allison he had to make himself. Having once taken the initiative, he came to make a good deal of effort. He had a strong prejudice to overcome, and overcoming it interested him greatly. He had put himself in the wrong, and was now determined to be very much in the right. The situation, though as yet unexpressed in words, was perfectly

understood all round. Yorke-Webster became very devoted to Mrs. Graham. His glacial surface melted; his energy was stirred; the real pride and strength of a world-conquering breed were called out. . . . He fell in love with Mary Allison, tempestuously in love. He confided in Mrs. Peyton and in Mrs. Graham. He asked Mary to marry him, and she refused. The reason she gave was that she did not want to go so far away from her parents—and his business was already recalling Yorke-Webster to England.

"I'd like to go and see your parents," he said.

Mary demurred.

"My father is an invalid and quite fond of me. You would frighten him dreadfully. I don't think you'd better go."

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Eley 'Fourteen'

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The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

FEUILLETON.

A Correction.

IN our review last week of "The New Life of George Borrow," by Mr. Herbert Jenkins, we wrote: "The only other work of Borrow's that attained popularity was that inimitable itinerary, 'Wild Wales.'" This should have read: "a measure of popularity."

Of Interest to Dickensians.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens, who is the author of several well-known novels, has the added distinction of being Charles Dickens' granddaughter. Her father was that great master's eldest son and namesake. Her new novel, "The Debtor" (Hutchinson and Co.) has for its theme the re-education to health of an invalid by faith healing. The heroine, Mary Chichester, is a young widow, whose unmarried life had been an unhappy one. After her husband's death she successfully runs a Bond-street tea-shop. She becomes engaged to Donaldson, an aviator, who, like herself, is an agnostic. Mrs. Chichester falls ill, and is declared by two specialists to be dying of heart disease. She pays a visit to a Catholic friend in Devonshire who lives in a beautiful old house, to which is attached a simple chapel enshrining a small statue of the Virgin. The invalid prays earnestly before the shrine and is healed. The doctors conclude that their diagnosis was wrong, but one of them is not satisfied and ends by becoming a Catholic. This step causes her to break with Donaldson, and she ends by giving herself up to good work.

A Novel of Purpose.

An interesting novel of purpose is "The Relentless Current," by Maud Charlesworth, which the Putnams published in February this year. It is a novel of purpose, and the author's motive in writing it has been to induce public thought on the utter unreliability of circumstantial evidence, and shows how a miscarriage of justice may result if the sentence of death is meted out to one so convicted, a sentence which does not enable the State to make restitution, even in some slight degree, for its error, when that error is discovered. Mrs. Charlesworth's story is not merely imaginative for, though the fictional element is present, there is a solid substratum of fact underlying it, fact unsuspected by those who have not made a study of prison life. Though Mrs. Charlesworth's novel is one of purpose, readers may rely upon the novel being a felicitous blend of the various constituents that go to the making of a thoroughly readable novel.

Lady Gregory, as Viewed by George Bernard Shaw.

The Putnams are about to publish, in two volumes, the "Irish Folk History Plays" of Lady Gregory, which in the form of buoyant comedy and poignant tragedy present the spirit of Ireland at important periods of its history. The author's name has become a household word in America and her works should occupy an exclusive niche in every library. Even the hoodlumism and vegetable-hurling propensities of a certain section of our democracy has not blinded the more discriminating to the dramatic value of the productions of the Irish players. Lady Gregory, who is so closely identified with the Irish players, was pronounced by George Bernard Shaw in a recent interview, "the greatest living Irishwoman." The author of "Man and Superman," commenting on the hostility shown by a certain portion of the Irish-American public to the plays of its most executive writers, added: "Even in the plays of Lady Gregory, penetrated as they are by that intense love of Ireland which is unintelligible to the many drunken black-guards with Irish names who make their nationality an excuse for their vices and their worthlessness, there is no flattery of the Irish; she writes about the Irish as Moliere wrote about the French, having a talent curiously like Moliere."

This is high praise indeed, coming as it does from that candid writer and critic, George Bernard Shaw, whose high worth, and whose mission is just beginning to be glimpsed by the multitude.

A Biography of the late Henry Labouchere.

Mr. Algar Thorold, a nephew of the late Henry Labouchere, has been entrusted with the task of writing his biography. It should be interesting, out of the ordinary, for Labouchere, in addition to being a great public man, was in private a most eccentric character. In short, in entertaining interest, it should be the biography of the year.

William the Silent.

Those of our readers who have been privileged to read Miss Marjorie Bowen's fine trilogy of novels on the Prince of Orange, will be delighted to hear that Mr. Jack Collings Squire, who is known in the less serious walks of literary life as a very ingenious and caustic parodist, has written a "Life of William of Orange," which Messrs. Methuen published on March 14. In this "Life," Mr. Squire has endeavoured to bring out to

it. These Methuen shilling reprints have gained a great vogue in this city. So great a vogue, indeed, that certain popular authors are unprocurable a few days after they reach here. We hunted all over the town the other day for copies of "Spanish Gold" and "Barbary Sheep," and in vain. Which is a pity, since it can only be by big sales that publisher's can recoup themselves by the issue of cheap reprints of quite modern authors.

Which is Dickens' Greatest Book?

Ask a dozen Dickensians which they think is Dicken's greatest book and you will have a dozen different answers. Discussing this oft discussed question with a couple of ardent Dickensians, we hazarded the personal opinion that "A Tale of Two Cities" was the greatest and quoted Mr. G. K. Chesterton in support of our contention. Say instead, murmured the friend on our right, who thought that all Dicken's works were "best" works, "that it is the work you like best." And we thought the suggestion a felicitous one. But it may interest our readers to hear what some eminent craftsmen of the pen and brush think on this subject. Mr. G. B. Shaw would seem to favour "Hard Times," "Our Mutual Friend," and "Great Expectations." Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace agrees with

Hichens and Mr. Frank Reynolds prefer "David Copperfield," and Lucius Malet is divided between the merits of "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "The Tale of Two Cities." "David Copperfield" is the choice of the writer of the inimitable "Beloved Vagabond," and "A Tale of Two Cities" is plainly the choice of Mr. William De Morgan. "Conceive the difficulty," he exclaims, "in writing the 'Tale of Two Cities,' as against 'David Copperfield.'" And Mr. De Morgan ought to know. Mr. Chesterton, incurable optimist (that he is, consider "Pickwick," Dickens' greatest book. Which variorum of opinion means, of course, that Dickens had a separate message for all these people.

REVIEWS.

Four Ward, Lock and Co.'s New Publications.

"God and Mammon": By Joseph Hocking. "Princess Katharine": By Katharine Tynan. "For the Queen": By E. Phillips Oppenheim. "The Pioneer": By Harold Bindloss. (London, Melbourne and Toronto: Ward, Lock and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arcey. 3-6.)

Mr. Joseph Hocking, even with the bee of the Scarlet Woman in his bonnet, was always an interesting and arrestive writer. But he is infinitely more impressive in his latest novel of his, which is founded on the text "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Here is an outline of the story, which we have no hesitation in saying is the best that Mr. Hocking has ever written, and which has given us unqualified pleasure in the personal; and a story too, that should prove of infinite value to ambitious young men entering upon the threshold of business, or professional life. George Tremain, the son of a Cornish solicitor, in good county practice, is fired by the ambition to go to London and try his fortune there, by hearing a conversation about the wonderful success of a Waterford man who had achieved wealth, rank, and high financial position by sheer industry and financial genius. George, feeling himself capable of higher legal and financial heights than he had space for in St. Tidy, his native town, prevails upon his father to allow him to make the venture, pledging himself to return in a certain time and report progress. The rest of Mr. Hocking's superlatively told story is concerned with the rise and fall of George Tremain and his prodigal-like return to St. Tidy, fully convinced of the truth that "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Of course, a delightful love story runs like a silver ribbon through this novel, which is half romance, half admonitory, and wholly sympathetic.

The Pioneer: By Harold Bindloss.

Mr. Bindloss has a considerable reputation and vogue as a writer of stories that deal with Canadian pioneer life, lived primitively and strenuously. In the present story we have English greed and craft contrasted with Canadian generosity and simplicity. We like Mr. Bindloss's work, not only for its value as a human document, but for its superb descriptions of Canadian back-country, and the exciting sport and adventure that country provides. Lovers, both of pure sentiment and life in the open, will do well to invest in "The Pioneer."

Princess Katharine: By Katharine Tynan.

We have been a keen admirer of Katharine Tynan ever since she wrote "The Way of a Maid," and her vogue does but increase with time. There is probably no writer of Irish fiction who so thoroughly understands and so veraciously and proportionately, and we may add so sympathetically depicts the Irish people. The "Katharine Eyre" of this exceedingly uplifting story is one of the finest creations in Irish fictional art, and the noblest to boot. The humour of the book, too, is entrancing and peculiarly Tynanian. Here is a delicious example: The English wife of a certain Irish peer was very short-sighted and bowed impartially to all she met lest they should be of her acquaintance. This habit of her ladyship was a cause of great joy to the people about, especially as she had been known to wave her hand to a scabberow over a hedge and to bow graciously to the village pauper. Even her purblind ladyship was able to recognise Katharine as a figure of singular elegance. "Who is she, Thomas?" she asked, tapping the coachman



A NEW DISEASE?

He: "What's the matter with poor young Thomson?"
She: "The doctor says it's Locomotor Ataxy."
He: "Ah! I'd 'ave the beastly things taken off the road if I 'ad my way!"

the full the picturesque and dramatic elements of William's personal career, and of the great struggle against Spain, and to give a vivid presentation of the time and place.

Interesting to Home Rulers.

Lord Eversley has written what may be considered as a "timely" work, entitled "Gladstone and Ireland." The book is a history of the legislation given to Ireland by Mr Gladstone in the endeavour to pacify that country, and to help solve the Home Rule problem. Lord Eversley, who will best be remembered by an older generation as Mr. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre, was a member of several of Mr Gladstone's Governments, and he was in the Cabinet of 1892-3. Not only was Lord Eversley intimate with his chief, but he took a deep interest in Irish questions, a combination which peculiarly fits Lord Eversley for the writing of this work. Methuen's were to issue the book about the middle of March, and 12s 6d, we understand, was to be its price.

Two New Reprints.

The two latest additions to the Methuen shilling library are "From Methuinn to Fieff Marshall," by Sir Evelyn Wood, and "Black: The Story of a Dog," by Alexander Dumas. The latter work was first issued in 1857, and was the result of a visit to London; here Dumas went to a dog show at Phelps's, a public house in Westminster, and the memory of a little black dog, with long, silky ears haunted him so much that he determined to immortalise

us in thinking "A Tale of Two Cities," is Dicken's greatest work, followed very closely by "Barnaby Rudge." Sir Francis Burnand singles out "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," and the evergreen "Oliver Twist." Mr. Andrew Lang wonders who reads Dicken's nowadays, and gives "Pickwick," and "David Copperfield," first place. Mr. F. Anstey thinks "David Copperfield" first, "Great Expectations" second, and "A Tale of Two Cities" third. Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry votes for "David Copperfield," "Great Expectations," and "Dombey and Son." Richard Whiteing of "John Street" fame, plumps for "Martin Chuzzlewit" (if only for the sake of Mark Tapley). "Mark," Mr. Whiteing says, "is a thing of imagination all compact. It is a whole philosophy of endurance and great endeavour—Epictetus, Marcus, the Bhagavad, and the Little Flowers of St. Francis—in a flash of idealistic caricature that carries to its highest point the frolic gaiety of heroism smiling in the face of death. All the others go mumbleance through this ordeal: this one takes it in a granite. How Dickens came by it, and to it I could never make out. Perhaps it was some Christmas present from the skies." Harry Furness, who has illustrated so many of Dicken's works, thinks "Great Expectations," Dicken's greatest work. "I have always considered 'Great Expectations' Dicken's greatest book," he says; "long before I knew that Dickens himself held the same opinion." Jerome K. Jerome, and Cecil Aldin prefer, respectively, "David Copperfield," and "The Pickwick Papers," which latter Mr. Aldin has illustrated. Mr. Robert


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on his box with the ferrule of her parasol to attract his attention. "Who is that young lady? Someone I know?" "I never seen her before, your ladyship," said Thomas. "Don't you be troubling your ladyship's head about people going the road. I'll keep a good lookout and let you know when I see anyone you've a right to bow to." Princess Katharine, decidedly, must not be missed by lovers of witty, wholesome entertainment and sound moral.

For the Queen: By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Fifteen capital short stories comprise this book, which is this popular author's latest contribution to fiction. The majority of them are stories in which romantic sentiment is blended with exciting incident and mystery. "In an Oxfordshire Lane" is the chronicle in which we think Mr. Oppenheim appears at his best. There are other stories more complex and exciting in plot and incident than the story aforementioned, but none that is so permeated with generous human sentiment. "For the Queen" would be a delightful holiday companion, for, while all of the tales are racy and clever, there is not too great a tax upon the intelligence of the ordinary reader, and yet there is variety and entertainment for every class of reader.

And now a word about the new binding Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. have adopted of late. An attractive binding naturally enhances the pleasure of a book to a genuine book-lover. And the Ward, Lock new bindings are very attractive indeed, especially the elegant blue cover of "God and Mammoth." The above four novels have reached us from Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., 12, MacKillop-street, Melbourne, through Wildman and Arey.

Essence of Honeymoon: By H. Perry Robinson. (London: William Heinemann. Melbourne: George Robertson and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

A more delightful satire on honeymoons and honeymooners could not well

be imagined than this novel of Mr. Perry Robinson's, which describes the adventures of a honeymoon couple who are extremely anxious that no one shall guess that they are newly married, and who fail signally in the effort. But the book is not all about honeymooning. There are splendid descriptions of country life and sport, humorous descriptions of house agents and house-hunting, and contains besides many pleasantly discursive passages about people and things in general. Mr. Robinson may be remembered as the author of that delightful book "Of Distinguished Animals." In "Essence of Honeymoon" we have described to us as only a lover of animals could, the peculiarities and characteristics of two domestic pets, viz., a pony who rejoices in the Old Testament name of Habakkuk, and Bob, a collie of more than ordinarily mischievous tendencies. But the book must be read to be appreciated, for, as the author asseverates in the foreword, the story is "too spasmodic and lacking in continuity" to comprehensively outline. But we can assure readers that "Essence of Honeymoon" is pure joy and entertainment in the reading. We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. George Robertson and Co., Melbourne, for our copy.

Hushed Up: By William Le Queux. (London: Eveleigh Nash. Melbourne: George Robertson and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

Lovers of the creepy-sensational and the stage-romantic will simply revel in this "new mystery novel" of Mr. Le Queux, whose plot deals with a gang of crack burglars and blackmailers, whose operations extend all over England and the Continent of Europe. The plot is a somewhat involved one, and its unravelling is masterly. Indeed, the reader who invests in "Hushed Up" unless he be the veriest of gluttons, is likely to have more than his fill of sensation and gruesome happening before he comes to the end of the book. We are not a lover of the melodramatic novel, but we are compelled to admit, while we deprecate the waste of talent, that as a writer of sensational fiction who knows to perfection how to blend his sentiment with sensation and mys-

tery spiced with the sordid gruesome, Mr. Le Queux has no rival. Our copy has been received through the courtesy of Messrs. George Robertson and Co.

BITS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Two Good Parson Stories.

"There appears to have been once a parson who, preaching upon an occasion before Lord North, took for his text, 'Promotion cometh neither from the East, nor from the West, nor from the South.' Another parson was once preaching his farewell sermon. He had quarrelled with his parishioners, and thought them a mean lot. He explained that he was going away to take an appointment as chaplain of a gaol. His text was, 'I go to prepare a place for you.'"—"The Cheerful Day," by Reginald Lucas.

Beauty's Handmaidens.

"Happiness is most awfully becoming."—"Maid's Money," by Mrs. H. Dudency.

The Good.

"To be born good is luck, to become good is a miracle."—"The Third Miss Wenderby," by Mabel Barnea Graydy.

The Power of Words.

"The power of sound has always been greater than the power of sense. You cannot fail to see the power of mere words; such words as Glory, for instance, or Pity. Give me the right word and the right accent, and I will move the world."—"Some Reminiscences," by Joseph Conrad.

Our Progress.

"We of the British Isles move forward in the style of the kangaroo. In motors, in aeroplanes, in national insurance, to take three recent instances, we wait to use the experience of others; we then give a mighty leap, and land ahead of those who have inspired our move; and there we stick till the world has gone past us again."—"Health and Empire," by Frances Freemantle.

The Theatre Lottery.

"The late A. M. Palmer confessed, after a lifetime of experience: 'There

does not live a man who can tell a good play from a bad one by reading it. Personally, I have refused so many money-makers and accepted so many money-losers that I select material nowadays by guess-work. I tossed a coin once to decide whether or not I should buy what afterwards proved to be one of the biggest hits of my career.'"—"Footlights Fore and Aft," by Channing Pollock.

Affection's Limit.

"If he forsakes her, it will be the death of her; she thinks the world of him. She'd kiss him even when he wanted shaving!"—"Cupid's Time-Sheet," by D'Arvy Martin.

Everybody

knows how liable the skin is to suffer from disfiguring blotches and eruptions; and how liable it is, also, to get cut and hurt in all conditions of life—at home, at work and at play. There isn't a woman in the home, or a man in the street, but

Needs

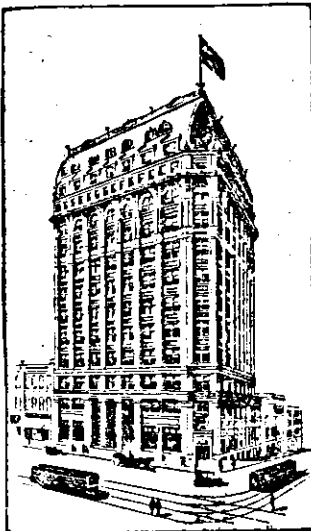
ZAM-BUK BALM to-day or to-morrow. It may be to check a sudden onslaught of skin disease, heralded by an itching rash or inflamed swelling; perhaps to soothe and heal a nasty cut or burn, to remove an unsightly pimple or sore, to strengthen a sprained joint, or to "rub out" a pain. For all these things there's nothing like

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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.

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The Tompkins Laughorium

By EDWARD BOLTWOOD.



"Old Charlie Dogcollar offers Tompkins a buffalo-hide and two squaws for the Laughorium."

On an August afternoon, John Heffren sat with me in a dismal passenger-car, which dangled at the tail of a freight-train crawling sulkily across the Wyoming desert. Our only companion was a wrinkled Indian woman. She declined conversation, and stolidly presented, with a fine, Miltonic effect, the sainted visage of distant Melanchohy.

"Alongside this here coach, a morgue at midnight would be a steady roar of merriment!" groaned John.

We tried in vain to talk, to leap to quarrel, and at length we were driven to smoke in moody silence. The aged Indian kept her expressionless eyes fixed on the grimy floor. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, or an apparent cause, she broke into a ringing peal of mirthful and mighty laughter. I could not but have been more amazed had a party of pall-bearers suddenly performed the Virginian reel.

"Well, Mrs. Langtry, what's the joke, ma'am?" said Heffren. The squaw nursed her chin, and then, as abruptly as she had laughed, she relaxed again into dreariest gloom. John Heffren nodded wisely.

"But what was the joke?" I asked him.

"You can search me," he replied. "Why does an Injun laugh? That's a hard one. Injuns is rigged casual for laughin', Injuns is." He paused reflectively and rolled a cigarette. "And that's a fact," he went on. "And nobody knows it better'n me, and Jigstep McHenry, and Professor Socrates Tompkins, a scientific man. I never told you about that time, did I? Well, pass the matches."

Heffren lit his cigarette and plunged into his story.

II.

"This McHenry and me was wintering in the town of Scalded Butte," said John. "We was financially non compos, and had to stand off the Widder Briggs, our board-lady, for grub and room-rent. So we spread ourselves to be as poplar with her as a pink fashion-sheet. McHenry, he'd rode in a circus once, and he could fiddle the widder with moss-covered clown stories and comic songs, and consequently, we was livin' higher'n a couple of murderers under sentence."

"The div, over the beef-stew, the widder says: "What do you think?" she says. "There's goin' to be minstrels at the schoolhouse, for the benefit of the Ladies Aid 'Ciety," she says.

"Now, we knew how the widder herself was big chief of that Ladies Aid outfit, so Jigstep McHenry gave me a quiet wink.

"Minstrels?" he says. "Well, Mrs. Briggs, if I can help to assist, just you hold'er. When it comes to minstrels, I've got 'em all trimmed, from Dock-stader to Richard Mansfield."

"Oh, that'll be perfectly dear of you!" said the widder. "Spoon up some more of that job, Mr. McHenry," she said.

"Then Jigstep and me had a private war-talk about the minstrels, and McHenry, he's sure exuberant.

"Why, I'll be the head pin of this performance, Heffren!" he says. "I'll thereby solidify us with the widder till the spring round-up. There ain't a comedian in Scalded Butte that's on the same reservation with me."

"But after we'd scouted' round, things began to look some different, and Jigstep McHenry sees he'd been quite so some too numerous.

"It was this way. There was a secretary to the Ladies Aid, which her name was Ann Lily Mott, and she was fearful jealous of the Widder Briggs, and aimed to grab the president's belt next election. So, when the minstrel scheme loomed up, and Mrs. Briggs threw out her chest, public cause of her star comedian McHenry, this Ann Lily Mott dug up a cousin, who lived in Deadwood, and had took first money, three amachour nights a running, at the Deadwood Vandeville Opera-House Theater. He's a plumber by trade, the cousin, but he writes to Ann Lily how he'll win over to Scalded Butte for the Ladies Aid show, and make any other minstrel on the platform look like a counterfeit two-bits.

"You see, a cow-town in winter fevers up easy, and this manoeuvre tore Scalded Butte wide apart. It warn't so much Jigstep ag'in the plumber, as it was the Mrs. Briggs gang ag'in the Ann Lily Mott adherents, and what you'd call the social atmosphere of the settlement would 'a' fried eggs.

"Well, here it was a fortnight afore the minstrels.

"McHenry," says I, "if you disgrace the widder in this show, the next performance we give will be in the county jail, for owin' a board-bill."

"Jigstep, he laid on our bed, learnin' jokes out of a almanac, while I sat on the bureau, and Professor Socrates Tompkins roosted on a chair.

"Tompkins! Oh, he was a new boarder—a narrow-built old trout, with a plume on his face. He allowed he was a scientific man, and the last science he had worked was at a phonograph he-wag in a Cheyenne restaurant.

"McHenry," says I, "two weeks from this evenin' Ann Lily's cousin will get more laughs in a minute than you will from supper to sun-up, and we'll be ditched."

"Jigstep is scared, and he'll a' backed

out, only for being a pile more scander of Mrs. Briggs.

"Heffren," he says, "you'll have to laugh for me, anyhow, and that'll kind of coax a giggle out of the others—kind of start 'em."

"Me laugh, I says. "What good'll that do? They'll suspicion me. I wisht to gracious, I says, "that Sniggerin' Miller was around to help you!"

"Who's he?" said Tompkins.

"He's a friend of mine," said I. "He's got the coxiniest laugh, for a crowd, in the Black Hills," said I. "Sniggerin' Miller's laugh, said I, "would coax a grin out of the cold side of a tomb-stone."

"At that the professor looks wiser'n blazes.

"Ah! I see," he says. "A contagious laugh, it must be. This Miller's laugh hits a fundamental note," says Tompkins. "Yes, it's funny enough," I said.

"Then the professor's lingo gets too many for my intellect. Near's I can remember, he claims how everythin' in nature, from a cathedral to a pill-box, has got a different fundamental note of music, and that if you can strike up that note—bingo, the thing will fly to smithereens. He said a fiddler could leave down the Cheyenne city hall, if he fiddled the right note in front of it, and that what Miller's laugh does was to hit the fundamental note of your diaphragm, or somethin', and cause you to cackle, joyous.

"Well, me and Jigstep passes up that scientific stuff.

"What's the use of such loony talk?" said McHenry. "I don't much guess we can fetch Sniggerin' Miller to the show, anyway."

"No," said I. "Seein' how he's on a promenade through Mexico, with three sheriffs after him, I don't much guess we can."

"But the professor bounced out of his chair, sudden, and his whiskers bristled like cactus.

"I never thought of it before!" he shouted. "Boy," said he, "I'll help you ag'in the plumber. Why shouldn't a contagious laugh, same as Miller's, be imitated?" said he.

"With what?" I said.

"With science!" said he.

"Science be darned!" yelled McHenry, a heap disgusted.

"So little Socrates Tompkins got awful warm in the collar, and pranced about.

"If I only had the makins' of a graphophone," he jabbered. "I'd show you in'rant sheep some science that'd drive your wisdom-areth out o' the top of your heads!"

"With that he banged the door, and we could hear him in the next room, rummagin' in his trunk and snortin' to himself.

"Well, sir, we didn't see Socrates Tompkins for 'most a week, barrin' meat-times. But, after a couple of days, the cus-dest noises began to emigrate out of his room that ever you bid your ears fo! Mrs. Briggs, her nerves were on end a'ready, 'count of A. L. Mott, and the minstrels, and she told Tompkins how that racket would have to quit. But Soc said he was workin' for her own good, so's to ruin the Ann Lily crowd, and advised of her to wait. Accordingly, we waited, till one night, sure enough, here comes Tompkins down to the par-

lour with somethin' under his arm. He plants it on the table.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Briggs. "Tompkins's Universal Laughorium," he said. It was a tin squeegee, about the size of your boot-leg. "Guaranteed," said Tompkins, "to vibrate the laughin' muscle of the young and old, suitable for theaters, humorous lectures, and church sociables. Hide her under a seat, and set the audience in a roar, when desired."

"Wind her up," I said.

"The professor wound up a spring contraption, and turned her loose. And by the jumpin' catfish! You can believe me or not, but that phonograph dizgus certainly had a powerful queer laugh to her! She took right Lolt o' you, somehow, down where you live, and sort o' wobbled you. Yes, sir, the queerest, quietest, laughin' noise stu made! Human too. "Haw-ruh-haw! Haw-ruh-haw!"—somethin' like that.

"But Jigstep, he didn't laugh back none, nor I didn't, nor Mrs. Briggs, although the widder's face kind of puckered some.

"The professor is cast down for a minute, but he chirks up, speely.

"I know why she didn't get a laugh out of you all," he said. "You-all guess I what was expected of you, so you naturally held off, and leened back ag'in the breechin'-strap; and he begs the widder's pardon for that sim'lee. "The only fair test of the Laughorium," said Tompkins, "is to try her on parties that ain't warned of her, none whatever."

"How in time can we manage to do that?" said McHenry. "We can't go blatin' around promise'ous with the contraption now, or we'll give away the game afore the night of the minstrels," said Jigstep.

"All right there, sir when McHenry said that—right there's where me, John Heffren, makes one of the chief misplays of my whole misplayed career.

"Listen to me," said I. "There's a cabin full of Injuns, just over the divide. What's the matter with packin' the Laughorium over there?" said I. "We can spring her unbeknownst among the aborigines, and if she goes a gurgle out of an Injun, it's a good bet that she'll erupt mirth out of Scalded Butte like a Yellowstone geyser."

"Well, the fool deal went through that same evenin'. The four of us, widder and all, we gum-shod over the divide, sly as the Standard Oil Company, and we sneaks up to a window of the Injun shack, without makin' a sound. There sat the Injuns, solemn and rocky, the way they do. You'd a thought a dozen deaf-and-dumb orphans was holdin' the ob-sequies of a walfed parent."

"Then Tompkins cranked up the Laughorium.

"I'm tellin' you the truth, straight as we're settin' here in the car. One of the bucks dove for the door, but afore he made it, he'd begun to titter! Then another laughed, and another; and the squaws they giggled, and the yapnooes crowded continuous. "Gaffy! Gaffy! Don't talk! If Tompkins hadn't choked off the machine when he did, we'd a' had a dozen merry maniacs trailin' us for life, so help me! As it was, old Charlie Dogcollar, who was the head buck, offers Tompkins a buffalo-hide and two squaws for the Laughorium, 'cause



"Jigstep, he laid on our bed, learnin' jokes out of a almanac, while I sat on the bureau, and Professor Socrates Tompkins roosted on a chair."

him and his tribe has to pull their freight early the next mornin'." "This settles it!" says McHenry in our bedroom; and he tears up the comic almanac. "I'll 'outhold' the plumber now!" he says. "With that laughin' at work for me in the gallery, I'd stack up, fearless, agin' Chauncey Depew, or anybody," he says.

"Honest, it did seem so to me, too."

III.

"Come minstrel-night, and that audience fair bulged the schoolhouse. Mrs. Briggs has her devtees herded on the north side, and Ann Lily Mott, has hers on the south, like Grant and Lee at Waterloo. You can smell fight half-a-mile away. The plumber, he's there, safe and sober; and when they slid the curtain, I could savvy, by the style he joked a tambourine, that he was no slouch of an impresario.

"Jigstep McHenry, he's the other end-man. He aimed to get a snicker right at the start, by means of makin' faces durin' the overchoor. Howsom-ever, the first face he made cracked up his burned cork, so most of it dropped off his countenance; and he looked horrid and alarmin', like an ad for a complexion soap. But that calumny don't stampede me any at all. 'Cause why? 'Cause I knows that in a dark corner under the stairs is Professor Socrates Tompkins with the Laughorium.

"After the overchoor, the next items was a warble by the postmaster, and another by the Crescent Grange Quartet; and Abbie Holtz, the city marshal, does a dance, and runs a six-inch sliwer in his foot, and wants to arrest the janitor. And then everybody sits back and draws a long breath, for now comes Ann Lily's cousin, telkin' jokes, and after him, McHenry.

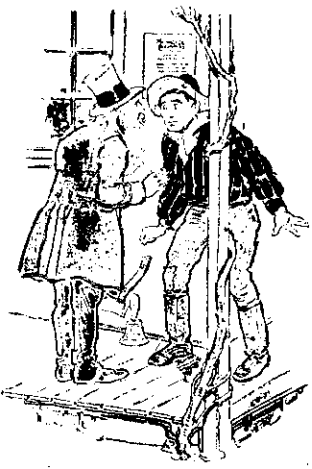
"The cousin done pretty good all through, I'll say that for him. There was one string of jokes about a girl in a sleepin'-car—but never mind. They warn't from an almanac, and Scalded Butte p'intedly howled. It sure 'peared like a big winnin' for Ann Lily and the plumber. But from where I sat, near to the platform, I got McHenry's eye, and he was calm and confident as four kings with an ace kicker.

"Then followed a kind o' waltz—a minaret, they called it—on the cabinet organ; and then Jigstep, up he rises,

"'Good evenin', ladies and what came with you,' he says; and he pulled down his vest, that the widder had rigged comical, with a 'tastic inside."

"The audience grinned, but all of a sudden:

"'Haw-ruh-haw! Haw-ruh-haw!' says the Laughorium. "'Tarrin' loud, understand. Just soft, and kind o' teasin', like a woman. The folks fidgeted in their seats, and peeked along sideways, nervous, as if they mistrusted somebody was sick, somewheres; and McHenry snipped his vest again."



"There's four weepin' cow-punchers inside a seekin' it with guns."

"'Haw-ruh-haw!' comes that scientific device.

"At that, a fat stranger in a green bonnet nudges up agin' my arm.

"'Sakes alive!' she whimpered. 'Is this a undertakers' convention, Mr. Heffren, or what?'"

"Jigstep took a fresh holt, and let fly a rib-splittin' yarn about a 'Turki-h bath, but the Laughorium headed him off. Three men got up and went out,

pensive, and a small kid on the front row busts into an agny o' grief.

"By this time I see plain that science had dooped us. That audience is on the verge of bitter tears. I remember the crowd in a Bedelia City saloon, the night the town voted prohibition, and I know what I'm talkin' about. Another minute, and somebody would 'a' reared up and offered to lead the brethren in prayer. So I galloped out of that schoolhouse under quilt and spur, and on the porch I found Professor Socrates Tompkins.

"'Hey!' I said. 'Extinguish that invention!' I said.

"'So, he's white in the gills as a dead cottonwood, and breathin' hard.

"'Hush!' he says. 'I'm 'fraid to go back to stop it. Heffren. There's four weepin' cow-punchers inside a seekin' it with guns. But just listen! Ain't it wonderful?' says Tompkins. "'Wonderful!' said I. 'He's plumb demolished of us! Do you call this laughter, that you're evokin', you scientific shurim?'"

"'No,' says So. 'I didn't quite throw what I roped for. But I got a fundamental note. Heffren—you're bound to own to that. It was the Injuns that fooled us. Their diaphragms is different, and—"

"'But me, I was hot. "'Gimme that ax!' I bellered. 'I'll diaphragm it!' and I charged under the stairs for that Laughorium, sir, like a thunderbolt o' war."

John Heffren looked at me, and then rubbed the ear-window with his elbow. Our train was slowing down. The melancholy Indian woman across the aisle was gathering her bundles.

"'It was a shame, John,' I hinted, "to destroy such a remarkable machine."

"'Well, I was too late,' said he. "By the time I'd smashed it to snit me, the audience was cheerin' for Ann Lily Mott's cousin, and Jigstep McHenry was hidin' for his life in the lean-to of the schoolhouse, under a pile of kindlin'-wood."

Heffren sighed profoundly, and seemed to change the subject.

"'Look a yonder!' he directed, pointin'. "'See that water-tank? That's Scalded Butte. Shake out, son. We get off here. We'll bed down at the

Scalded Butte Hotel. It's kept by McHenry and his wife—the widder Briggs that was."

I manifested surprise at the marriage.

"'It was the only way he had to square himself with her,' explained John mournfully.

"'Well, I'll be glad,' said I, "to meet Mr. McHenry. Do you think he'll tell me a minstrel joke or two, if I ask him?'"

"'Before you mention it, you'd better leave your name with the coroner,' said Heffren.

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"I had to," he answered weakly. "If I didn't do it, one of the other fellows would; and I couldn't think—anyway, I wanted to make it as easy as possible, but I guess I didn't succeed."
 "You mean you didn't want to frighten me too much?"
 The Kid nodded.
 "Why?" she asked.
 "You know as well as I do," he answered. "I was a lunatic not to have warned you, but there was no time, and nobody thought it would end seriously. You don't think badly of me, do you?"
 There was a note in his voice that

made her wince. She looked grave for a moment, and then said:
 "Where was Tony Jacques?"
 "On the night of the hold-up?" he asked.
 She nodded.
 "Behind the trees with the rest of them."
 "Did you ever hear—did you ever think about Tony being—" She halted in embarrassment.
 "You mean, about his being a sort of rival of mine with you?" he said.
 She bowed her head.
 The Kid sat up in bed by a violent

effort. He stared at the girl uncomprehendingly.
 "Do you—do you think he shot me?"
 She leaned over the bed silently, and lifted her gun out of her ridiculously small wrist-bag. When she broke the weapon, six blank cartridges fell out upon the white coverlet.
 "Look!" she said. He picked up the leadless shells wonderingly. "I never shot a piece of real lead in my life," she added gently.
 Then she bent over and kissed him on the forehead, a moment before the door opened and Doc Richardson came in.

A Stranger.

Continued from page 42.

mouth of that cave. They are buried there; I have seen the graves—we shall all see them to-morrow."
 The stranger rose, standing tall in the light of the expiring fire, which in our breathless attention to his story we had neglected to keep going.
 "There were four," he said—"Ramon Gallegos, William Shaw, George W. Kent, and Berry Davis."
 With this reiterated roll-call of the dead he walked into the darkness, and we saw him no more.
 At that moment one of our party, who had been on guard, strode in among us, rifle in hand, and somewhat excited. "Captain," he said, "for the last half-hour three men have been standing out there on the mesa." He pointed in the direction taken by the stranger. "I could see them distinctly, for the moon is up, but as they had no guns and I had them covered with mine, I thought it was their move. They have made none, but, damn it! they have got on to my nerves."
 "Go back to your post, and stay till you see them again," said the captain. "The rest of you lie down, or I'll kick you all into the fire."
 The sentinel obediently withdrew, swearing. As we were arranging our blankets the fiery Yountsey said,
 "I beg your pardon, Captain, but who the devil do you take them to be?"
 "Ramon Gallegos, William Shaw, and George W. Kent."
 "But how about Berry Davis? I ought to have plugged him."
 "Quite needless; you couldn't have made him any deader. Go to sleep."

Silence is Gold.

Continued from page 45.

and more silent and beautiful as the time for his departure drew near. Whether, at the end, she deliberately held off—whether she had been doing it all along—who knew?
 At last, one night Yorke-Webster stayed till two o'clock. When Mary went upstairs she tapped at her sister's door and found her reading in bed. Mary said, with a smile, standing before the long mirror and looking at herself earnestly:
 "He says we shall have enough to live on. And he's promised to come for me as soon as he can. He wanted to have the wedding in London, with all his relatives, but I said it must be here. Was that right?"
 "Quite right," said Alice gravely. "I believe you will be happy. I never saw a man more in love."
 "Oh, he has been spoiled, of course. But he is really rather nice when you know him."
 "I found that out before you did."
 "Did you? Are you sure? . . . He adores you. And he has not been rude to a single person for weeks. Have you noticed it? He hands chairs for the old ladies and is polite even to the young ones."
 "Yes," Mrs. Graham laughed. "The manners of courtship, my dear."
 Mary smiled at her own glowing reflection in the glass.
 "Why shouldn't he go on courting?" she asked.
 The two sisters kissed.
 Three years later, Mrs. Peyton, after a spring and summer in England, returned to the Park, and to Mrs. Leary she gave this account of the Yorke-Websters.
 "I dined with them three times. They have a tiny house, and the street-door opens into the dining-room; but they have the nicest people in London to dine. Of course they're rather poor; but

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Mary has a wonderful cook and wonderful clothes. She never talks, but sits at the head of the table looking perfectly stunning; and everybody likes her. And there's only one life now between him and the title. She has two lovely children—and he adores her! Really—I do think for a person who isn't at all clever, she has managed well.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs Leary, thoughtfully. "What would you call clever?"

The Cracksmen.

(A Moral Tale for our Young Folk.)

"I say, Pug," said Harold to Vivian, "how does a burglar open a safe?"

"Jenny," said Vivian. "Why?"

"My aunt's just given me a money-box, and, like a silly ass, I put fourpence in, and now I want it."

"Why don't you open the box and take it, then?"

"Open it! Can't—it's one of that beast Lloyd George's inventions, my boy. And I could just do with that fourpence, too."

"Ha, ha! can't open a money-box?" sneered Vivian, to which Harold replied with a bet involving half the contents.

In the toolshed they worked hard for an hour and a half. Harold's mother's scissors proved an ineffectual jemmy; even the carving knife only made dents in the thing, which the thing acknowledged by making dents in the carving knife. The moment of highest hope was when Harold held the money-box down with the garden fork while Vivian tried to find an opening with the spade. But despair quickly returned.

"Better not try that any more," said Harold gloomily, removing the fork, "or we may spoil it."

"As you like," said Vivian, examining the spade, "but it seems a fairly strong one. How about the sardine opener?"

The kitchen was invaded; but Mr. Lloyd George's alleged invention was mightier than tin-openers. It was also mightier than mangles and the weight of passing motor cars.

"Whatever are you doing?" asked Millicent, appearing suddenly from nowhere, in a sisterly way.

"Just what we jolly well like, and what's it matter to you?" replied her brother Harold affectionately.

"Oh, what a shame to spoil Aunt Anne's lovely present like that!" said Millicent, her eye on the box.

"Lovely present!—it's the balziest present I've ever had to put up with," Harold replied. Here Vivian plucked Harold's sleeve and whispered to him until Harold's face was suffused with gentility.

"Awfully generous present, I call it. She was telling me about it; and I think you're very lucky," Millicent continued.

Harold retained his new expression with difficulty, and said sweetly, "Yes, I was only joking; it's a decent present and all that of course. But I want the fourpence I put in and I can't get it out. I'll sell it to you for sixpence. Mill, Fourpence for the fourpence, and twopence for the box. A bargain; have it?"

"Rather a lot for the box, isn't it?" asked Millicent, looking sharply at Harold.

"I—I'll give you fivepence for the lot," she said.

"Done!" said Harold.

"Done!" said Millicent, with a little smile, as she handed over the money. Nobody saw the pas sent she danced behind the laurels.

Aunt Anne met her in the hall. "I hope you haven't told Harold of the half-crown I put in his box. I want it to be a pleasant little surprise for him, dear."

"No, Auntie, I think it a lovely secret, and I wouldn't tell him for worlds," said Millicent.—"Punch."

Ideal Refreshment.

I remember, one hot summer afternoon, how Charles Kingsley and my father, with my mother and Mrs Kingsley, sat out on the lawn and talked; and we heard shouts of laughter from the group. I did not know them, but I know now that someone had asked what was the pleasantest way of spending a day, and how Kingsley had looked up, and said with his great stammer, "Why, to lie on your belly like a lizard in the sun, and to think about nothing." From "The Leaves of the Tree" in the "Cornhill Magazine," for August.



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NEW ZEALAND STORIES.

The Editor desires to state that New Zealand Stories by New Zealand writers, are published on this page regularly. The page is open to any contributor, and all accepted stories will be paid for at current rates. Terse bright sketches of Dominion life and people, woven in short story form, are required, and should be headed "New Zealand Stories." Stamps for return of MS. must be enclosed.

When "Bulger" Shot a Rabbit.

By V. AUGUSTA ROCHE.

ON the verandah of the boarding-house sat a group of matrons with busy fingers at work on huckaback cushion covers, drawn-throat table centres, crocheted doyleys, etc. To the accompaniment of busy needles, ran still basier tongues; fellow boarders were criticised, the cooking discussed, the scenery admired, and the beneficial effect of the Orewa air on their respective healths, commented on.

On the lawn in front of the verandah, some of the younger generation were playing tennis and quoits. Every now and then peals of laughter rang through the air, and even the fat shoulders of the matrons shook with mirth, as they ceased work to watch the antics of a fat man playing tennis for the first time in his life. A girl with flushed face and tumbled hair, came over to the verandah and flung down her racket.

"I really cannot play any more," she cried. "Just look at Mr. Woods—he is making us all laugh too much to play properly. We have nick-named him Mr. Bulger—you remember that character in 'The Dollar Princess'? His antics are just the same, and quite unconsciously so, for he told me he has not seen the play. Look at him now."

Mr. Woods had assumed a ridiculously elaborate pose to receive the ball from his opponent, and the look of blank astonishment on his face when he missed it caused the onlookers to go off into peals of laughter, which he acknowledged with a series of bows and beaming smiles all round.

"Bulger certainly keeps things merry," remarked Arthur Denton, who had followed Miss Wakefield up from the tennis court. Denton was just recovering from a severe attack of bronchitis, and was recuperating at Orewa. He had originally planned to go away on a yachting cruise, but happening to hear that Beryl Wakefield was spending her annual holiday at Orewa, he promptly changed his plans. He was very much in love with Beryl. Unfortunately he was not strong enough to indulge in the strenuous amusements that most of the visitors, including Beryl, went in for, and as they spent the greater part of their time in swimming, playing tennis and going for long tramps through the bush, he only saw his divinity at meal times, and occasionally in the evenings. And another thing, Miss Wakefield was tantalisingly elusive.

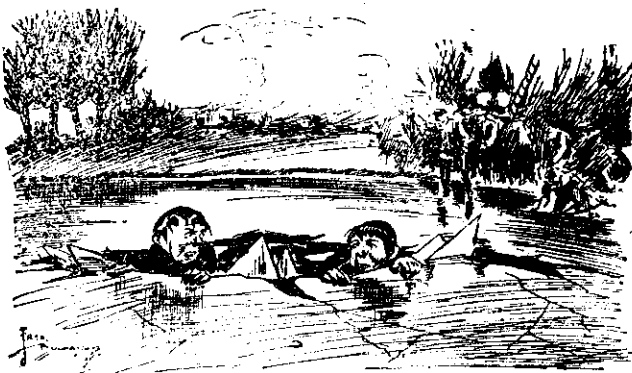
One morning, however, Denton managed to secure her. Owing to a headache, she did not go down for a swim with the others, and after some persuasion on Denton's part, accepted his invitation to go up the creek in the punt. He thought how pretty she looked, as she strolled languidly down to the punt steps, clad in a blue linen frock that matched her eyes. Under a rakish Panama hat, her pale face, with its finely modelled features, looked serene and cool. They were both silent as Denton rowed slowly up the stream. Beryl trailed her fingers in the water and now and then as she lifted her head to admire the scenery on either side her companion caught glimpses of the girl's profile, with its well-shaped nose, firm chin, and mouth with its short upper lip, in the curves of which there was a mixture of sweetness and cynicism. He stopped rowing suddenly.

"Dear," he asked, "how much longer are you going to treat me like this?" Beryl raised her eyebrows and regarded him with faint amusement mingled with apparent surprise.

"What do you mean?" she drawled. "Oh, you know what I mean well enough," said Denton with smitten bitterness; her faint smile angered him. "You know how I care for you, yet you will not give me any satisfaction. I know you like me a little—you acknowledged that when I spoke to you in town some time ago; but lately you have been as cold as an iceberg and as elusive as a shadow. It is a serious thing with me, and—"

"It will be a serious thing for both of us if you capsize the punt," interrupted Beryl laughing, as Denton in his excitement moved perilously to one side. "There you are again," he said bitterly, "turning the matter off with something funny."

"My dear boy, you have no sense of humour," retorted his companion. "I wasn't laughing at what you said, but at the thought of your capsizing the punt."



AN INCIDENT OF THE RECENT FRONT.

Young Erb's Brother: "Look here, young Erb, when we get out of here, I'm a-going to break y—your bloomin' neck f— for you for a sayin' that th—the ice 'ud bear—see?"

"Well," said Denton, somewhat mollified, "do consider me seriously. Say you love me well enough to marry me, and I will be absolutely the happiest fellow on earth."

For a few moments the girl's face was thoughtful. She really liked Arthur very much, she told herself; then little imp of mischief crept into her eyes and the corners of her mouth.

"Well, Arthur," she said with gracious condescension, "here is a condition—the day Mr. Bulger shoots a rabbit, I will give you the answer you want."

Denton emitted something like a snort of disgust, and turned his attention to rowing again.

"Hang Bulger and his rabbit. Why on earth do you want to make such a ridiculous stipulation. Your idea of being funny, I suppose."

Beryl laughed good-humouredly. "I think the suggestion excellent," she said.

Ever since he had been at Orewa, Mr. Woods had gone out regularly to shoot rabbits, but had come home empty-handed every time. This had become a standing joke with the visitors and Mr. "Bulger" was greeted on each return with a shower of chaff and bantering remarks which were very derogatory to his reputation as a sportsman. "When Mr. Bulger shoots a rabbit," became a catch phrase at the boarding-house. Naturally Denton objected to its introduction in so serious a matter as his proposal to Beryl Wakefield, and he took refuge in displaced silence, the row back to the punt steps being accomplished without further conversation on his part. "Thank you for the enjoyable row," said Beryl sweetly, as she stopped

ashore, and with an airy wave of the hand, she walked up to the house.

"Mr. Bulger" continued to go out shooting every afternoon, and continued to return empty-handed. Denton pretended not to notice this, though in reality he anxiously awaited the sportsman's return every time. Beryl was very gay, and tried at various times to tease her lover out of his moroseness. On the Thursday of the last week of his stay, Denton received a letter from his chief, informing him that he had been transferred to the Calcutta branch of the company, and that he was to leave for India in a month's time. He went straight to Beryl with the letter. She read it slowly, changing colour ever so slightly.

"Well?" she asked, when she had finished reading it.

"Would you advise me to go?" he asked.

reached the gate, the laughter left her voice. "I wish you luck," she said, seriously; then very earnestly: "Please, Mr. Bulger, do try and shoot a rabbit to-day."

Mr. "Bulger" regarded her with comic concern. "My dear young lady, haven't I been trying to do that for nearly a fortnight. It's not my fault—I haven't seen a blessed bunny one."

"Well, let us hope that your luck will change this afternoon," said Beryl, with a smile that was somewhat strained. "I want it to very much; good-bye," and she was off, leaving Mr. "Bulger" puzzling over her sudden anxiety as to his success in this matter. That evening he returned with a rabbit slung over his gun; needless to say, a great ovation was accorded him by the rest of the boarders, which Mr. "Bulger" received in the same way that he did the chaff, with beaming graciousness.

"The first and only one I have seen, ladies and gentlemen," he said, proudly, holding the rabbit up by the tail.

Beryl felt happy. "I won't tease the dear boy any more," she said to herself as she put on a pretty frock for dinner that night. Once she smiled softly at Denton across the table, but the look of surprise on his face rather disconcerted her, and she immediately turned her attention to the man next to her, who, at ordinary times, she detested.

After dinner Denton smoked for awhile on the verandah, and then went with the other men to play billiards, never once attempting to seek Beryl's society, or even glance in her direction, and it began to dawn bitterly upon the girl that she had gone too far with this man. The night was one of torture to her; she had conquered and played with him before, but this was the first time she had suffered, and, alas, she was suffering.

"It is really what I deserve," she sobbed to herself with sudden humility, "but I do love him so."

The morning saw her outwardly calm and collected. She would not let him see that she cared how he had ignored her. There was a good deal of bustle and excitement getting down to the rowing boat, and then from the boat to the steamer. Mr. "Bulger," as usual, kept things merry with various lively and highly original remarks. The only serious moment he had was when his little dog, Spot, nearly fell into the water as it was being lifted from the boat to the steamer.

The engines started, and the vessel steamed slowly out of the bay.

"Well, it has been a very jolly holiday," said Mr. "Bulger," "and I am very sorry it has ended," to which remark there were hearty endorsements all round.

"And your reputation as a sportsman was just saved, Mr. Bulger," said one of the ladies.

Mr. "Bulger" beamed. Then, turning to Beryl, he said gallantly: "I am sure Miss Wakefield's earnest and sincere wishes for good luck yesterday afternoon must have had their effect; she was most anxious that I should not miss my best chance."

Slowly the colour crept from the margin of Beryl's Peter Pan collar up to the roots of her hair; she made some sort of a reply, and then walked away, anywhere to be out of Arthur Denton's sight.

She tucked herself away in a corner of the vessel in resigned humiliation. Presently she heard footsteps, and Denton was beside her. She faced him defiantly, and the man noticed the shadows under her eyes and the quiver on her lips. Mr. "Bulger's" remark had enlightened him considerably, and he felt thoroughly sure of himself this time. On his face was a masterful, yet tender, expression, and without a word he gripped her hands and bent down and kissed her.

"Can you be ready in a month?" he asked, smiling tenderly.

"Do you still want me?" whispered Beryl with a new humility that only made her all the more desirable to her lover.

"There is no question of that," he answered fervently, the grip on her hands tightening.

"I will never lose you again," she said softly.

"I will never let you," he repeated, with a mastery that delighted her. Then, after awhile, he said: "By Jove! Bulger's a buck, isn't he?"

"He's a darling," said Beryl. "We ought to tell him," remarked Denton.

"Yes, he," said Beryl. "And they did."

Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

ENGLAND'S INVITATION TO GERMANY.

LONDON, March 23.

LAST Monday night Mr. Winston Churchill made the first important statement of naval policy he has had the opportunity of delivering in the House of Commons since he assumed supreme control at the Admiralty. He was on his feet for the best part of an hour and a-half, but his speech bristled to such an extent with interesting information that the attention of a full House never seemed to flag for a moment.

The portion of the speech which was listened to with the keenest attention was that relating to the naval competition between Great Britain and Germany. Mr. Churchill apologised for having to deal mainly with one power, but claimed that perfect openness, combined with perfect courtesy, was not only desirable but necessary. He brushed aside the two-power standard as not only inappropriate but inadequate if applied against Europe alone. "The time has come," he affirmed, "to readjust our standards in closer accord with actual facts and possible contingencies." Having explained that the Admiralty had lately maintained a standard of 60 per cent. superiority in vessels of the Dreadnought type over the German navy, he stated that Great Britain was able at present to adhere to that standard because of her great superiority of vessels of the pre-Dreadnought period. But, he said, as these vessels gradually decline in relative fighting value, our ratio of new construction will have to rise above the 60 per cent.

Applying the 60 per cent. standard to the existing German Navy Law of two ships a year for the next six years, and guarding ourselves against developments in other countries, it is necessary, in the opinion of the Admiralty, to construct for the next six years four and three capital ships a year alternately. But Mr. Churchill fears it is certain that we shall be confronted with an addition of two ships to the German programme during the next six years — two additional ships spread over the six years, he explained in reply to a question. If his belief proves well founded, the Admiralty propose to meet the addition upon a higher ratio of superiority by laying down four extra ships in the same period. Should Germany lay down three additional ships Great Britain will add six to her programme. The First Lord of the Admiralty's clear and precise statement on this point was greeted with warm cheers. He was also cheered when he added that any retaliation or reduction in German construction within certain limits would be promptly followed here by large and fully proportionate reductions. "I apprehend," he said, "that in 1913 Germany will build three capital ships, and we shall have to build five. If Germany built none that year she would save herself between £1,000,000 and £2,000,000. She would also wipe out five potential British Dreadnoughts. That is more than I think she would expect to do in a brilliant naval action." Mr. Churchill claimed that he was suggesting a perfectly plain and simple plan where, by without any diplomatic arrangement, without any bargaining, the present keen and costly rivalry could at any time be avoided. "It is, I am sure," he remarked, "to put it quite frankly to the Parliament and the peoples to judge for themselves."

Taken as a whole, Mrs. Churchill's speech seemed to satisfy the great majority of the members of all parties, and he was cordially cheered by both sides of the House when he resumed his seat. Lord Charles Berkeford, however, took exception to the reference to Germany by name as likely to cause irritation. Judging by the eulogistic summaries of German newspaper opinion, it seems to have done so in some quarters, whilst in others Mr. Churchill's frank invitation to Germany to modify her naval policy met with unqualified approval. Whether Mr. Churchill mentioned Germany by name or not, "Germany" would have been read into any speech he made on naval affairs in which reference to a "standard of superiority" figured both in

England and in Germany, and whatever he said was certain to be misinterpreted by a portion of the press in the Fatherland.

WHAT IS INCREMENT?

The peculiar methods of Lloyd-Georgian finance have been well-exposed by a case under the Finance Act, now in force, which was before the Official Referee a few days ago.

The admitted facts were as follows:—A man bought a property for £500; he left it to his daughters, who in 1910 paid death duties on it on that sum, and then sold it for £500. Somehow the Government valuer managed to discover that, just on April 30, 1909, the value had fallen to £380. By some miraculous process of reasoning, the drop in value is considered to be due to depreciation of the "site value." Therefore the whole "increment" was adjudged liable to duty, and the ladies were called upon to pay duty at 2s per cent. on the difference between £500 and £380.



A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

Mr. Jaggs: "Off-shar, come quick! We'll be rich for life. Just struck oil gusher, good for those-said barrels an hour!"

Twenty-two pounds did Government propose to exact as a tax upon profits from people who had not made one penny by the sale. Furthermore, when the ladies tried to appeal, the Commissioners meanly raised a purely technical objection to their doing so on the ground that sixty days had elapsed since the service of the valuation. Happily the ladies were not without friends. The Land Union inquired into their case. The matter was raised in the House of Commons, and the Government were forced into allowing their appeal. It has now been heard, with the result that the Official Referee has decided that the property was undervalued by £80 15s., and that not £22, but less than £5, is the sum really due.

The case has aroused a great deal of indignation throughout the Kingdom, especially among small tenant-owners, who want to know how the Commissioners of Taxes can reconcile the facts of the case with justice to owners. How, they ask, was it possible for a piece of land which, with buildings upon it, was at no time worth more than £500, to have increased from £380 to £500 in the period that elapsed between the April 1909 valuation and the death duty valuation of 1910, seeing that there was no appreciable rise in the value of land in the district between April, 1909, and the date of the sale upon which the Commissioners fixed the "increment duty." They also want to know where, in any case, the alleged increment came in, seeing that the property was originally bought for £500, and was also sold by

the direct heirs of the buyer for the same sum, and angry letters to the papers shown that the general view of the case under discussion is that if anyone but a Government Department had been concerned a charge of attempting to obtain money by false pretences might very properly have been brought.

TOO MUCH FREE SPEECH.

The arrest and remand in custody of Tom Mann on a charge of inciting soldiers to mutiny in connection with the publication of an open letter to soldiers in the "Syndicalist" was yesterday followed by the trial and conviction of Benjamin and Edward Buck, the printers of the paper, and of Guy Bowman, its publisher, for their share in giving the letter publicity. Nine months' hard labour was Bowman's portion, and the brothers Buck got six months each, so if Tom Mann is found guilty of the charge preferred against him he is likely to receive a pretty severe sentence.

The terms of the "Open Letter to Soldiers" which formed the foundation of the indictment against the printers and publisher of the "Syndicalist" were only open to one interpretation. It was nothing less than a manifesto to soldiers, appealing to them to disobey the orders of their officers. For the defence it was urged that the writer of the article was entitled to express the opinion

should be no restrictions on the expression of Syndicalist and other political views. The doctrine that freedom of speech should be respected is deeply rooted in this country, but language which may be harmless on ordinary occasions becomes very dangerous in times like the present and the evil that might be done by the attempts of the Syndicalist to implant mutinous ideas among our soldiers is not to be measured by the success they obtain. If their appeals failed entirely much bloodshed and suffering might be caused by the impression getting abroad among the vicious and criminal elements of society that rioting and pillaging could be indulged in with impunity.

THE OIL AGE COMING.

Out of evil good may come, and it is quite certain that one of the effects of the coal strike will be an immediate and vast increase in the use of oil fuel in various forms. Already most of the great manufacturing houses are experimenting with a view to substituting oil fuel for coals as the basis of their power and lighting plants, and many of the railway companies are taking advantage of their engines being idle to adapt them for the use of oil either in combination with or in place of coal. One new fuel which is now being largely experimented with by London bakers and others is composed of petroleum and coarse residual oils, mixed with wheat and rice husks in the proportion of about 1 part oil to 8 parts of solid matter. Some severe tests have been made with the solidified oil fuel by Messrs Hills, a very old-established London firm of bakers, confectioners and caterers, and the results have been remarkable. The fuel can be produced to show a good profit at about 12/ per ton, and about two-thirds of a ton of it performed exactly the same amount of work in Messrs Hills' bakeries as a ton of "nuts" which in ordinary times cost the firm an average of 17/ per ton. Without making any allowance for the wastage of the oil fuel due to ignorance of its heating capacity and inexperience in its use, the experiments proved conclusively that the new fuel could do the work of Messrs Hills' bakeries at one-half the cost of coal bought under normal conditions in the coal trade, and that with oil fuel a more even distribution of heat could be obtained—a very big advantage indeed to bakers, confectioners, and the like.

Other tests with the same or similar fuel in steam raising have given almost equally good results, both in factories and on railways. It has been proved that by means of oil fuel steam can be raised a great deal more quickly than with coal, that it is easier to maintain a steady head of steam with oil, and that in many instances one man can keep half a dozen boilers going with oil fuel where two or three men would be required to stoke if coal were used. There is also the additional advantage of the practically entire absence of smoke from shafts and funnels where oil fuel is consumed under proper conditions.

According to the tests made under domestic conditions, there is no reason why the solid oil fuel should not oust coal from its dominant position for at any rate kitchen purposes, even as electric-heaters and gas fires are gradually depriving it of ascendancy in the living and sleeping apartments of the middle-classes.

Years no doubt must pass ere King Coal's world wide empire comes to an end, but during the past few years a lot of little oil and electricity republics have sprung up, the areas of which the present national strike will greatly increase. The innate conservatism of the English people has hitherto been the great barrier to the advent of the Oil Age, but the coal strike is making breaches on it that will never be mended—gaps that science and human ingenuity will, indeed, rapidly widen until the barrier finally disappears, and the coal miner is no longer the dominant factor in our industrial life he is at present.

that armed forces should not be employed against unarmed citizens. But the article was much more than a criticism of the justice of using troops in suppressing civil disorders. It was clearly addressed to soldiers, and was a direct attempt to seduce them from their allegiance.

As the counsel for the prosecution stated, the article obviously contemplated a state of things when the strikers, rendered desperate by hunger or by the evident failure of their attempt to hold up society, would set to work to pillage and riot. In such a case, if the police were unable to cope with the disorders, the Government would be bound to call upon the troops to maintain order. If the "Syndicalist" appeal had produced the desired effect, the soldiers would then refuse to fire upon the strikers, with the result that society would soon be reduced to a condition of absolute chaos. The strikers would be reinforced by all the criminal elements in the country. The Government would find itself deprived of all power for the preservation of law and order. The mob would be in a position to give itself up to unrestricted license and pillaging, and since those who had anything to lose would seek to defend their property, England would be reduced to the condition of Paris in the days of the Commune.

Some of the members on the Government benches have objected strongly to the prosecution directed against the persons concerned in the production of the "Syndicalist." Their plea is that there

To you doubt the sin will rise?
Or the stars will fill the skies?
Or that Woods' Great Peppermint Cure
Is only made of drugs and pure?
You never doubt these well-known facts?
You never doubt your own arts?
And know that Woods' Great Peppermint
Is the only cough remedy that is sure!

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 interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. Their letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic," on the Children's Pages.

All Cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our Cousins some who have passed out of their teens.

A Badge will be sent to each new Cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

LETTERS AND REPLIES.

To Kaiti.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—It is quite a long time since I wrote to you last, and I am afraid you will think that is a very bad beginning to make, but I am afraid that I will not be able to write very often, as I am kept fairly busy. I received the badge which you so kindly sent me. Thank you very much for it. There is some talk of a High School being erected here, and if this is so I shall be sure to attend. It will be a great boon, as there is a great number of children in Te Kuiti and outlying districts who cannot get any more education after the sixth standard. Te Kuiti is a very pretty little town, surrounded by low hills, on which grows a great deal of native bush. I do not know whether you have ever passed through Te Kuiti, but if ever you do I am sure you will think it a very pretty little place. We have been getting very bad weather here lately, and it seems to have given me rheumatism in my neck, for which I am exceedingly painful and has prevented me going out of doors for the last three days.—Cousin HAZEL.

[Dear Cousin Hazel.—I am very pleased to hear from you again. Just write when you can. Te Kuiti must be rather a wonderful little place. One seems to hear so much about it, and yet it is so very quiet. I hope your rheumatism is better.—Cousin Kate.]

Hastwell.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am very much ashamed of myself for not writing to you for so long. It has been lovely weather this last week or two. My sister has gone to Wellington, and I miss her very much. We walk three miles to Mangamahu Sunday school every Sunday fine. They have all had the mumps up this way. My sister has had them very badly.—Cousin KATHLEEN.

[Dear Cousin Kathleen.—Now the long winter evenings are coming. You will be glad of something to do, and so perhaps the cousins will hear from you more often. Where is Hastwell?—Cousin Kate.]

Kohini.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am sure you think I have forgotten you, but I have not. Really, I have not had time to write, for I had such a lot of work to do. I had gone now, and I am sorry. We had our Easter Monday dance last week, and I went as a flower girl. I thought the badge was very pretty, and I was pleased with the little letter you sent me. I am keeping it for remembrance. I was pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic." I have a little sister born on your birthday, the 7th May.—Cousin ANNELENA.

[Dear Cousin Anneleena.—I am glad you liked the badge. I always find the cousins remember me sooner or later. Your holidays must have been jolly. What is your sister's name? It is supposed to be an unucky name, but I have not found it so.—Cousin Kate.]

Ashhurst.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am sending you a few more lines. I am pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic" today. We are beginning to have cold and windy weather now. I do hate these dark winter nights. It does get dark so quickly. There is going to be the Ashhurst Sports on May 10 (Wednesday). Which would you rather go

to, the sports of the races? I would rather the sports. About how many cousins have you got this year? There seems a large number having lately. Did you go away for the Easter holidays? I did not. Our next door neighbour has a cow that can take a rope off the gate, and any gate that has springs she is bound to get through. She will eat apples and any fruit off the trees. She ought to go in for a circus. If she is thirsty she slugs turus the pump handle with her horns and has a drink and goes away. You would trip over her before she would move for you. We drove two calves three miles the other day. It took us two hours. We did have a good deal of trouble at one corner where there were four roads, but we succeeded at last. I suppose you have nothing to do in Auckland—no cows, tows, ducks, pigs, or calves.



CHILDISH PRATTLE.

Little Mary.—"My father has a diamond shirt-stuff!"

Little Anna.—"Well, my father has a diamond ring."

Little Hannah.—"Hub! My father has a carbuncle on his nose!"

You must have due times with only the housework to do. I doubt if you do that; I suppose you have a servant.—Cousin LENA.

[Dear Cousin Lena.—As you say, we have a lot of cousins, but I must say there are very few who write as often as you do. Most of them, after they get the badge, don't bother, which I think is rather mean. The cow must indeed be fit for a circus. I should go to the sports. Races are not much fun for little girls. I stayed in Auckland for Easter, and had a happy time. I must confess that I have not done housework for years, but I can and have done it. You are just as happy as any town girl—happier, I fancy.—Cousin Kate.]

Pahiatua.

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins? We have not long since shifted into Pahiatua. We used to live at Mangaiti. We are half a mile out of the town. I like the place very much. There are blue rooms in it. I am just beginning to learn music. I have a very fat lamb. It is my pet, and I have a calf. It will bite if anyone teases it. Would you kindly send me a red badge?—Cousin MARGIE.

[Dear Cousin Margie.—I am very pleased to welcome you to our circle, and I hope you will be a good correspondent. It is good fun going to a new place to live, and making new friends.—Cousin Kate.]

Papakura.

Dear Cousin Kate.—Lots of the children at our school have got the mumps. I want to get them, too. I like school, but I like holidays better. I have not had the mumps yet. I have a vegetable garden of my own at school. It is rather large, but I do not mind that. I had to pull all the plants out of it last Friday. Every Wednesday

we have drill, while the girls are having sewing. My brother and myself have a little pup between us, and it is four months and four days old. It was one month old when we got it. Its name is King.—Cousin CHARLES.

[Dear Cousin Charles.—I think you are rather a bad boy to wish to get mumps; at any rate, you are very frank about it. I suppose you like drill better than any of your lessons. If I don't hear from you for some time I shall know you have got your wish.—Cousin Kate.]

Napier.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I was very pleased to receive the badge you sent me. I feel so proud belonging to your nice society. You have a great many cousins now; there seem to be new ones every week. I have been playing tennis a good deal this year, and I hope to be in the school team next year. I am very fond of it. Can you play, Cousin Kate, and are you fond of it? I am reading a lovely book at present, called "Bashful Fifteen," by L. T. Mele. I love her books. I think they are very interesting. I am going to watch the skating to-morrow afternoon. I would love to skate myself, but I am afraid. I am a little nervous, but I hope to be able to skate soon. We are getting a new skating rink in Napier, and it will be ready in about twelve weeks. We have cooking lessons at school now. I am getting quite a good cook, and I will soon be able to help mother with the cooking. My first lesson was not a very good success. We all made scones, and I must have put too much soda in them, and made them go a greenish colour. They did not look so tempting, but I am making better progress now. We all cook in partners, so we are able to help one another, which is very nice.—Cousin MAVIS.

[Dear Cousin Mavis.—Many thanks for your nice, well-written letter. You have played tennis for at least twenty years, and like it as much as ever. I have started golf now. I am glad you are learning to cook; all girls should do that well. Your scones must have looked weird.—Cousin Kate.]

Otaki.

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of the members of the cousins' society? I am twelve years old, and will be thirteen on the 3rd of January. We have a letter written that I may tell you about some other day. If you send me a badge, I would prefer a blue or red one. As this is my first letter, I will not make it too long.—Cousin GLADYS.

[Dear Cousin Gladys.—I am very pleased to enrol you as a member of our society. I shall be glad to hear about your kitten—or, indeed, anything you care to write about.—Cousin Kate.]

Mount Eden, Auckland.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have written to you before, but I expect you have forgotten me. We have lovely games, tennis and football, and we also have a lovely swimming bath. I am thirteen years of age, and in the fourth standard. I have a pet seal, but it does not like boys. And I have also a grey kitten, and it plays nearly all day and looks at the canary.—Cousin NORA.

[Dear Cousin Nora.—I looked your name up, and I see you joined three years ago. I am glad you want to write again; you must not write on two sides of the paper. Do you still live at Dargaville? I suppose the kitten is thinking "When are they going to leave the canary's cage door open?"—Cousin Kate.]

Christchurch.

Dear Cousin Kate.—Just a line in answer to your last letter, which I saw in the "Graphic." We have just finished our Easter holidays. We only got three days' holiday, as we are going to have two weeks at the end of the month. If you have post cards, I wish you would tell me, and I will be able to send you some.—Cousin PEARL.

[Dear Cousin Pearl.—Please to remember to write on only one side of the paper in future. We have two ducks going home but don't think people are as keen on it as they were last year. I don't collect cards; thank you for the kind thought.—Cousin Kate.]

Te Kahu.

Dear Cousin Kate.—We are having very dull weather just now. All the flowers in our garden are growing well, and most of the bulbs are coming up. About a week ago one of our hens hatched out twelve chickens. One a little girl gave mother three turkey eggs. She set them under a hen, but only two came out, and we are afraid they are both gobblers. We did not get any grapes this year; the birds ate them all. There is a library in our school, so we get plenty of reading.—Cousin ISABEL.

[Dear Cousin Isobel.—I found two paper-white narcissus in bloom in my garden this morning; surely that is very early. This is very late for chickens to hatch out. Next year they should lay during the winter, when eggs are scarce.—Could you not get your vienas?—Cousin Kate.]

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Pukekohe.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am very sorry I have not written to you before this. My sister has been away for some weeks, but she came home last Tuesday, and I hope I will have time to write more often. It has been a very wet day up here. Would you kindly send me another badge, as I was out on the beach and I lost the one you sent? We are getting all the foxpaths and roads done up here. I have a little kitten. Would you please give me a name for it? My favorite game is table-tennis and football. We have a lovely big bank getting built here, and many brick shops. I have a ride on a girl's horse nearly every night, and it is very tickly. It is a wonder it has not bucked me off. My cousin and I have been learning the piano coming two years, and I will soon be learning the gram. Pukekohe is going ahead this last

are years, but I think in about three years it will go back. I got a prize at the show for a plusture. We have eighteen fowls and four roosters. I have just come back from my holidays. I have passed my exam, and I am now in Standard IV. We have five of my cousins staying with us. Their names are Alice, Que-ole, Hennie, Arthur and Cecil. They have been staying with us for nearly four years. We are going to have the Pukekohe station moved up the line about a-quarter of a mile. Have you ever been up this way at any time? If you haven't, it would be very nice for you to come and spend a day in the bush. It would be a happy day. You could inquire where we live, because we live quite near the street. Perhaps next holidays. What a lot of cousins have joined our circle. Our cat has four kittens, which are very pretty. It was very nice to read the cousin's letters

this week, because nearly all of them got a prize. It has been such a long time ago that I suppose you have forgotten my age. I am twelve.—Cousin IVY.

[Dear Cousin Ivy,—I am glad to hear from you once more. Call your kitten Klipper. I have never been to your town, but will take your advice and come one fine day.—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Winifred—I am very pleased to find you as a member of our society. Buntings make such sweet little pets, I think. Write again some day, soon.—Cousin Kate.]

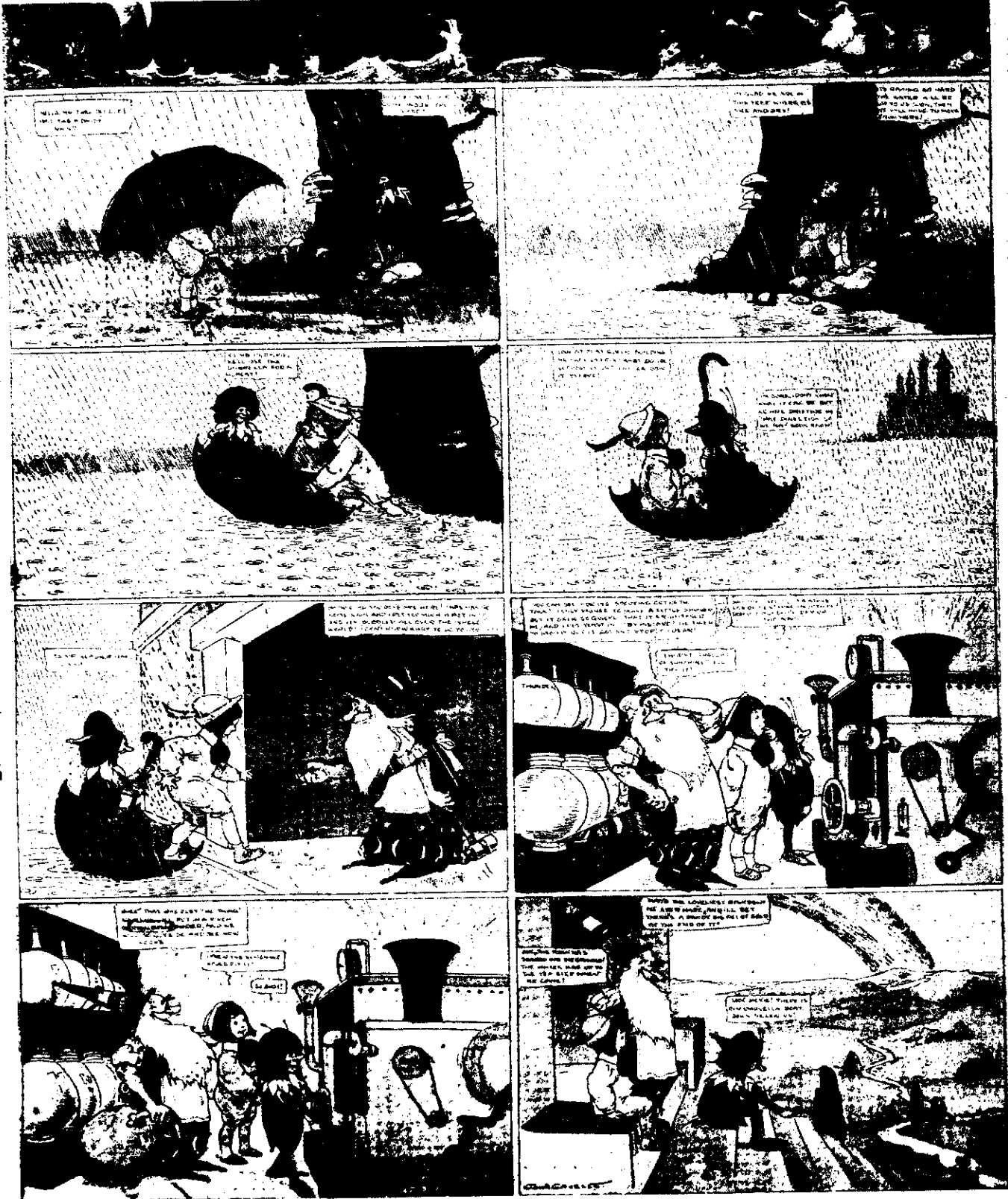
Stratford.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sorry to say that I have not written for a long time. We are having bad weather in Stratford, and our cows are dying off. We have got a new school built now.—Cousin ALFRED.

[Dear Cousin Alfred,—I wish all the cousins would remember to write on only one side of the paper. Yes, you have been lazy, but I suppose I must forgive you. Write and tell me how the concert and show go off. Because the head is on one side and the tail on the other.—Cousin Kate.]

Levin.

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? I am eight years old, and in Standard I. I have five pet buntings. We used to live in Palmerston North, but are now staying in Levin. Please send me a pink badge, or, if you have none, a red one.—Cousin WINIFRED.



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."

A GRANDMOTHER'S LETTERS.

DURING the past weeks our column has been devoted to the history of the case of a delicate child who, by simple, sensible treatment, has become quite a strong, healthy little girl.

We had heard nothing of her recent progress until this morning, when the following letter was received from the grandmother:—

April 21, 1912.

I was reading in "Our Babies" Column in the "Daily Times" of a case similar to what little Annie's was, and thought I would like to write and tell you how she is now. She will be seven years old next month, and is in splendid health—in fact, she is never still. She has been at school since December, and is getting on fine. I hope you will not think I am troubling you, but I thought it might help the case stated.

The above letter is only one among many similar communications which come to hand from all directions, showing the keen interest taken in our column by readers throughout the Dominion. By such means we can help one another and be indeed a Mutual Aid Society.

We are much gratified to hear that the little girl is doing so well, and we fully appreciate the grandmother's kindly thought in writing this in the hope that the knowledge of her grandchild's continued progress might cheer our correspondent and give her faith that with due attention her child also will overcome her deficiency and grow up strong and capable.

THE MOTHER'S LETTER.

The following letter, sent by the correspondent who wrote to me some months ago, and whose case I have been dealing with in the column, shows how soon a marked improvement took place in the child's condition when systematic care was exercised on the lines advocated with regard to her food and habits:—

March 28, 1912.

Your letter with the reprints of a grandmother's letters enclosed reached me a fortnight ago. I did not write to you at once, because I wanted to see if there would be any visible improvement in the health of my little girl. I give her only three meals a day, with a drink of boiled water first thing in the morning and last thing at night. She relishes her food now, and often asks for her dinner an hour before the time. I used to give her a cold bath every morning, but it was given up; now I'm giving her a cold sponge in the morning; but as soon as she gets a little stronger I will commence the bath again. She has improved wonderfully during the past fortnight and is getting like her old self again, happy and joyous. About 18 months ago I put her to sleep in a room by herself, but she was very restless, and I had to cross a draughty passage sometimes three or four times during the night, so removed her bed to our room again, but have it in the opposite corner from ours, and have the window and door open night and day. Please accept my grateful thanks for your kindness. I can assure you I will follow closely the rules laid down in the Society's book, for I am very anxious to have my girls strong and well again. I was giving her petroleum emulsion when I wrote to you, but I have not given her a taste of it since I received your letter. Again thanking you for your kindness.

COMMENT.

I wish particularly to draw attention to the following sentences in the above letter:

I give her only three meals a day, with a drink of boiled water first thing in the morning and last thing at night. She relishes her food now. The custom of giving the child a "piece" is so common that it seems an almost hopeless task to fight against it. Children are supposed to be always hungry if they are well. Few people seem to realise that we are all creatures of habit, and that the bad habit of craving for food at irregular times can be as easily engendered as the good, healthful habit of taking a sufficiency of suitable food at proper intervals. Children so readily drop into the way of eating at odd times that one not infrequently comes across a child who never properly relishes anything. The kind of food which appeals most to such children is often of a class least suited to them, and therefore bound to bring about manifest harm sooner or later, though for a time neither the wrong nature of the food nor the irregularity with which it is taken may do any apparent harm. A child's digestive and nutritive powers may be undermined and gravely impaired in a way which will cause more or less progressive damage to the system and stunting of growth for months and even for years.

Parents should never forget that such leeway, made during what should be the most progressive and formative period of life for the growth and development of the whole organism, is never entirely made up and compensated for, however well and rationally the child may be treated subsequently. Such a child can never become quite what it might have been, though, as we have seen in the cases referred to, it is marvellous what can be done in the way of restoring health and strength to children if the matter is systematically taken in hand by earnest and devoted guardians.

WHAT BABY NEEDS.

The little book which the Society is issuing to tide over until the new edition of "Feeding and Care of Baby" is completed, is now ready, and can be obtained from the hon. secretaries of the Society, the Plunket nurses, and the leading booksellers, price 6d, posted 7d. This little book, entitled "What Baby Needs," contains the main essentials for the rearing of healthy children, is quite up to date, and will form a good introduction to the Society's larger book, which will be issued in the course of the year.

Women and "Hard Labour."

Apropos of the sentences of imprisonment with hard labour passed on seventy-six suffragettes who were concerned in the last great window-smashing campaign, an interesting article is printed in a daily paper. From that it appears that hard labour treatment for men and women differs a good deal in favour of women. They are not, for instance, called on to suffer the punishment meted out to men prisoners between the ages of sixteen and sixty, who, for the first fortnight of their sentence, are made to sleep without mattresses.

Another difference is that a woman's hair, save when ordered by a doctor, will not be cut off without her consent. She also is not subject to the rule that orders that a man sentenced to four weeks' or more hard labour is to spend twenty-eight days of that time in strict separation.

Hard labour for women prisoners means that they will be set to work for six to ten hours every day on rough needlework—making mail-bags and various kinds of sewing, knitting, etc., washing and scrubbing.

No many suffragettes have been sentenced to hard labour that it is reported from Holloway the warden has "run out" of prison garb and have to allow some of the prisoners to wear their own clothes.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Exactly how practical a part patriotic women may play in the civic betterment of their country has been shown the world by what is known as the Auxiliary to the Board of Trade, in the American town of Framingham, where it is acknowledged women have "outdone the men."

Among the good works for which the Auxiliary is directly responsible are the following, which will interest women enthusiastic about women's excellence in local government:

These American ladies have instituted public play grounds—they having opened the first in one of the school yards and also set on foot a supervised play-ground in another part of the town. School Savings Banks have also sprung from their suggestion, and gymnasiums and domestic science departments have been added to High Schools on the advice and practical support of the Auxiliary.

The plans of the body for the coming session include a general spring cleaning day proposed for the city, when the corporation carts will be placed at the disposal of those citizens who want rubbish carted away.

Another idea deals with public bath-

ing-places, which are, in this particular town, under anything but satisfactory management, according to the Auxiliary members. Owners of private property round about the large bathing ponds have for long, it appears, given vent to bitter complaint as to the damage done wantonly by boys who are allowed to run wild without proper supervision, and with regard to whom no solution appears to have suggested itself to the male members of the governing party.

WOMEN'S PAPER IN CHINESE.

There has recently sprung into being a particularly enterprising women's journal in Chinese at Nanking edited by an American woman who is the principal of a Normal School for Chinese women there. The venture sets out modestly to further support the Western teaching given Chinese women at the school by placing before them in, of course, their own tongue, the news and literature of the world and mainly that concerning women. The paper is to be known as the "Women's Journal of Nanking."

AN EMINENT DUTCHWOMAN.

Dr. Emma Sanders, a brilliant young Dutchwoman, who is not only a journal-

Constipation

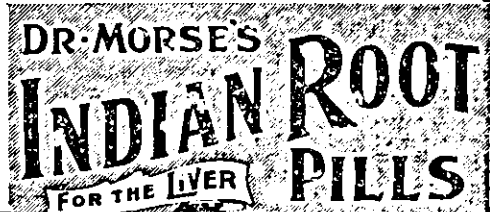
Constipation is the root of nine-tenths of the sickness of man, and a large proportion of the sickness of women. It is a simple thing of itself, but, like many simple things, it may grow and become complicated. When the Bowels are clogged the waste matter decays and ferments and enters the Blood, and is carried to all parts of the body, producing Headaches, Biliousness, Sleeplessness, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and various other ailments, disturbing the Heart and Nervous System, and if continued is liable to cause inflammation of the Bowels, Liver and Kidneys. To maintain a healthy system the bowels should operate at least once every 24 hours. This is one of Nature's wise provisions which is too often ignored, and the result is untold suffering. Women and children are the greatest offenders, but why such should be the case is a problem to be solved. Nature often requires a little assistance, and if this assistance is given at the first indication much distress and suffering may be averted. Mothers, especially, should guard the health of their children, and inculcate regular habits from infancy. As a family Remedy for Costiveness, Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have a wide reputation. They are mild in their action, causing neither weakness nor sickness, and do not gripe. To overcome constipation take from one to four Pills regularly until the Bowels move daily, and are restored to healthy action.

Do not cause Pain or Sickness

A Taranaki Lady's Strong Praise

"I have always," writes MRS. L. A. WEST, Hutimoana, Et. Road, Taranaki via Stratford, N.Z., "found Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills a splendid preventive medicine, and my experience of two years' use enables me to conscientiously state that they do all that you claim for them. They relieve constipation at once, and do not cause pain or sickness. For children I find them invaluable, and a dose occasionally keeps them in good health. I recommend them to my neighbours, who speak very highly of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, and I consider that no household should be without them, as they are a splendid family medicine."

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One Million
Bottles Sold
Annually in
Australasia
HONG KONG



ist, writer of fiction in German, and of critical and literary articles in five other languages, but the first woman on whom the University of Amsterdam has bestowed the degree of Doctor of Laws, is at present augmenting her studies of social problems in Europe by visiting the New World.

Her admiration for American women is blended with some very shrewd criticism of them that will interest all who have come in contact with that fascinating specimen of humanity, so extolled by Max O'Rell, who said if he could change his state he would pray: "Make me an American woman!"

This brilliant specimen of their own sex finds American women the most restless things on earth "inside and outside," full of ambition for culture and ideas, yet lacking, too often, purpose to follow these out. It is easy to interest her, Dr. Sanders finds, but difficult to make that interest permanent. A little spoiled she is from admiration, yet by no means narrow and conceited, and not very contented. This thorough nut-shell criticism is ended with the candid advice: "It is her beautiful mission to counteract the feudencies that have made America in the eyes of other lands the country of material superiority and spiritual inferiority."

London Bridges.

Continued from page 34.

unofficial estimate—not prepared by myself—of the average daily traffic over five of the chief bridges.

Bridge	Pedestrian Traffic	Vehicular Traffic
London	110,000	22,000
Southwark ..	6,000	1,500
Blackfriars ..	70,000	12,000
Waterloo .. .	45,000	9,000
Westminster ..	65,000	14,000

From this estimate it will be seen that the traffic over London Bridge is roughly equal to that over Waterloo and Westminster put together; and yet each of these two latter bridges is already overcrowded.

The requirements in this section would probably be met by a reconstruction of the approaches to Southwark Bridge; the building of a new bridge from Southwark to St. Paul's; the construction of a new bridge to replace the inadequate one at Lambeth; and the widening of Waterloo to meet the demands of the ever-growing traffic over this narrow bridge. An alternative scheme to that of widening Waterloo Bridge would be the construction of a new bridge across the Thames at Charing Cross at the junction of Northumberland Avenue and the Embankment.

If it were possible to lay down any general rule, I should say that the requirements of London's ever-multiplying population and traffic demand facilities for crossing the Thames placed at a maximum of three furlongs (600 yards) apart in the first section of the river, and something between a half and three-quarters of a mile apart in the second section. Also a general rule that the width of the roadway on any bridge in the first section should not be less than 35 feet, and in the second section not less than 25 feet.

Most persons will admit that, as the minimum possible, it would be necessary to widen or rebuild four bridges, I am excepting the Tower and Battersea bridges, which may be taken as near enough to the minimum width—and erect one new bridge in the first section and at least two in the second. The question of improving Southwark and Lambeth bridges has already been officially discussed, and the provision of a new bridge—the St. Paul's—has already received official sanction. The question of widening Waterloo Bridge does not appear to have been suggested at any time; neither am I aware that any suggestion I made earlier in this article for a new bridge from Charing Cross has ever been officially discussed.

With the architectural beauties and otherwise—principally, alas! otherwise—of London's bridges, I have not the necessary space to deal at any length. It can safely be said, however, that not more than half a dozen of the existing bridges are worthy of a place in the heart of the capital of the greatest Empire of the world, and some of the remainder would most certainly be considered as lowering to the dignity of many of our provincial towns.

Can the Black Man Stand Alone?

Continued from page 36.

a large percentage of white blood, and has travelled more widely and acquired a more extensive culture than any other Liberian. But he has never been in the United States, and lacks Judge Dosses's enthusiasm on that subject. He is a diplomat by instinct, and a lawyer by profession; he is said to be one of the wealthiest men in the country. Paris is his favourite city and topic of conversation.

LIBERIA STRONGLY AMERICAN.

However warm or lukewarm may be the feeling of a few individual leaders toward the United States, the Liberian people are American to the core—the West Indians not excepted. Before reaching the country, I had been led to believe that the present generation had forgotten the rock from which they were hewn, but one hour's sojourn in Monrovia convinced me that such was not the case. News travels fast in these "new and naked lands," and as soon as it was noised abroad that an American visitor had dropped in, all sorts and conditions of men began to call at the American Legation. To the visitor it was almost like a homecoming. Men and boys passing along the street tipped their hats in greeting and even children appeared anxious to welcome a man from the country about which they had heard all their lives. It happened during this first week that a delegation of farmers from up the St. Paul River came to the capital to make a political demonstration. Led by a small brass band, they marched to the Executive Mansion and greeted the President; then they made a bee-line for the American Legation to pay their respects to the Minister. Many of these men of the soil had served their apprenticeship in the cotton-fields of the South, and their welcome to me was almost an ovation. One patriarch slowly climbed the steps as the delegation was leaving, and gave me his trembling hand. "I seed you on the porch," he said, "and I know'd you wuz some o' mine—and I'm some o' your'n." When I visited the various settlements back from Monrovia, I found a universal and unmistakable affection for every-

thing that bears the American name. The recognized head, as well as the official head, of all the Americans in Liberia is Dr. Ernest Lyon, the Minister-Resident and Consul-General. As a rule, American diplomatic and consular officers occupy a very small place in the political and social life of African cities, but in Monrovia the representative of the United States is the big man among the legations. His residence is in the most conspicuous location; he is the only foreign representative above consular rank—but he is the American Minister, which is the main thing. Himself a coloured man of ripe experience and wide culture, and an official of strict rectitude, the leaders of the Liberian Government have long leaned upon him as a friend in hours of perplexity, and he has shared their confidence to a greater degree than any other foreigner in the republic.

Fortunes in Seaweed.

According to experts who have closely studied the matter, we are neglecting a valuable asset by not making more use of the tons of seaweed which are thrown upon our shores every day. If the experience of the Japanese and the dwellers on the western shores of Norway, Scotland, and Ireland is to be accepted, there are huge fortunes to be made from seaweed. The Japanese, for instance, employ some 600,000 persons in the seaweed industries. These are mainly engaged in preparing edible products. China alone, it appears, consumes £120,000 worth of gelatinous articles made from seaweed every year. Furthermore, the Japanese use seaweed in the manufacture of such diverse objects as policemen's boots, picture frames, marbled floors, and electric switchboards, says the London 'Evening Standard.' In France seaweed finds utility as a stiffener for mattresses and as size for straw hats, while the native fishermen of South Australia make ropes and fishing nets from the local varieties. The late Sir James Murray, of Dublin the famous physician, had a good opinion of a certain variety of seaweed known in Ireland as "stoke," and recommended it to be eaten hot as a cure for rheumatism and throat affections, the virtue lying in the iodine contained therein. Iodine, of course, is a chemical of great medicinal value, and it is a fact not generally known that it claims seaweed as its principal source.

Steps are being taken in England to develop the seaweed industry, which, it is claimed, would provide lucrative employments for thousands during the winter and establish an inexhaustible supply of food for war-time. Up to the present, however, not a great deal of progress has been made in persuading people that there is money in seaweed. At the same time, it has achieved some popularity in England as a succulent vegetable. The variety known as "stoke" in Ireland, and "laver" in England and Scotland, has been in demand for years. The Welsh show a particular taste for green laver, but other varieties in constant demand are "purple laver," "dulse," and "courageen."

The British edible seaweed should be boiled thoroughly. In summer twelve hours is required for his culinary process, but in winter two hours is stated to be sufficient. Served with roast meats it is said to be extremely palatable although Southey, who indulged in these delicacies, admitted them to be acquired taste. Dulse is an acknowledged delicacy for children whilst "courageen" from Waterford is used in some parts of Ireland as a substitute for isinglass in jellies.

Age of the Earth.

Professor Frank Allen, of Manitoba University, stated in a lecture on the Age of the Earth that radium had upset all the theories on this subject. "Lord Kelvin," said he, "who computed that the earth was 20,000,000 years old declared that unless some new way of producing heat in the earth's surface could be found his calculations were correct. "Such a new way has actually been discovered in radium, which has the power of giving out heat without diminishing in weight. One pound of radium would keep a house warm for 2000 years. Radium is scattered throughout the earth's surface, and therefore Lord Kelvin's calculations are worthless. "Radium gives off helium, and helium is scattered throughout the earth's crust. The amount of helium given off by an actual piece of rock could easily be measured. "By comparing the amount of radium and of helium in a piece of rock it would be possible to form an estimate of the earth's age, and if this were done it would be found that the earth was over 1,500,000,000 years old."



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ENGAGEMENTS.

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

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel H. Grierson, second daughter of Mrs. Charles B. Grierson, St. Stephen's Avenue, Parnell, Auckland, to Captain H. P. Tuckey, Sydney-on-Vaucl, South Africa, third son of the Rev. H. E. Tuckey, late Vicar of Rodborne Cheney, Wilt.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hoana Bates, second daughter of Mr. H. D. Bates, St. John's Hill, Wanganui, to Mr. C. R. Frankish, also of Wanganui.

The engagement is announced of Miss Pearl Jagg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Jagg, of Stanley Bay, to Mr. Leonard Suggate, son of Mr. Cheney Suggate, Auckland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Julia Draper, daughter of Mr. G. D. Draper, Portland-road, Remuera, and Mr. R. Fenton, eldest son of the late Judge Fenton.

The engagement is announced of Miss Fathia Alexander, of Pahi, Kaipara, to Mr. Nugent P. Wyatt, of Devonport, Auckland.

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.

GOLDFINCH—POWELL.

HERE was a very pretty wedding at St. Mark's Church, Wellington, on Tuesday, 23rd April, between Miss Florence Powell (daughter of Mr. F. W. Powell, of the Bank of New South Wales) and Mr. Leslie Goldfinch, of the staff of Messrs. Levin and Co. The Rev. G. Y. Woodward officiated, assisted by the Rev. C. P. Askew. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked lovely in a trained gown of ivory satin, beautifully trimmed with dainty pearl embroideries, her tulle veil being fastened with a wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a lovely shower bouquet of white hothouse flowers and roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Marjorie Barnicot, who wore a white satin dress, covered with the palest blue nixon tunic, and a large black picture hat with a pale blue plume. She carried a bouquet of palest pink roses and autumn leaves, tied with pale blue ribbon. Mr. Victor Hyams was best man. After the wedding a dainty breakfast was served at the bride's late residence, Marama-crescent. The bride's travelling dress was of dark blue cloth with facings of saxe-blue, and a dark blue silk hat trimmed with navy and saxe blue "crab-apples."

ROWLANDS—PEARCE.

A quiet but exceedingly pretty wedding was solemnised at the residence of Mr. T. H. Battle on April 24th, when Mr. Morgan Rowlands, of Aberystwyth, Wales, was married to Miss Helena Pearce, daughter of Mr. Levy Pearce, of Wellington. The Rev. J. D. McKenzie conducted the ceremony. The bride, who was married in a becoming travelling costume of mauve cloth, with green facings, and blue tagel hat, was attended by Miss Norma McBeth, who wore a white muslin frock and a dainty crimson Juliet hat, and carried a pretty shower bouquet. Mr. D. Thomas, of Bulls, officiated as best man. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome travelling case, and as a souvenir to the bridesmaid he presented a pretty pearl and turquoise brooch.

GIBSON—BUCHANAN.

A wedding in which considerable interest was taken took place in St. John's Church, Wanganui, on April 25, by Rev. H. Reeve, when Miss Elizabeth McFarlane Buchanan, of Wanganui, was married to Mr. John McGregor Gibson, of Wanganui, second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson, of Patea. The bride, who was given away by Mr. Nesbit Smith, of Durie Hill, was attired in a handsome gown of grey clearmoss satin, trimmed with handsome grey silk lace, and wore a large black satin hat, with lancer plumes, and carried a pretty sheath of cream roses. She was attended by Miss Tui Gibson, sister of the bridegroom, as bridesmaid, and she wore a pretty white muslin gown, tucked and trimmed with valenciennes insertion, and wore a Juliet cap of white gull-pure. Mr. W. Gibson, brother of the bridegroom, was best man.

After the ceremony a reception was held at Dustin's, Mrs. Nesbit Smith acting as hostess, when a large number of friends and relatives attended.

The happy couple left for the north, the bride travelling in a dress of navy blue serge, trimmed with black braid, and she wore a pretty hat of mole tagel straw.

OSBORNE—COOPER.

On 24th April, at the Manawaru Church, Miss May Cooper, eldest daughter of Mr. G. Cooper, of Staffesbury, was married to Mr. L. Osborne, late of Manawaru and now of Auckland, by the Rev. A. J. Reid, of Te Aroha. The bride, who looked charming, wore a most becoming gown, and was supported by her sister Miss E. Cooper, and Miss A. Osborne, sister of the bridegroom, as brides-

maids. Mr. W. Davis, jun., and Mr. G. Cooper officiated as best man and groomsmen respectively. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. G. Cooper.

BRAY—SHORT.

On April 25, at St. Peter's Church, Wellington, Archdeacon Harper officiating, Miss Hilda Short, youngest daughter of Mr. Short, the Under-Secretary for Public Works, was married to Mr. Norman Gowan Bray, son of the late Mr. Chas. Bray, county engineer, Feilding. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a white silk mouseline gown, and a wreath and veil, and carried a bouquet of chrysanthemums and maidenhair fern. The bridesmaid, Miss K. Short, her sister, was in white Japanese silk, with a black hat, and carried a posy of golden chrysanthemums and autumn foliage. The best man was Mr. S. Short. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a gold watch, and to the bridesmaid a gold bangle. The bride travelled in a grey tweed coat and skirt and a blue silk hat.

KIDD—MOORE.

The marriage of Miss Marie Moore, oldest daughter of Mrs. Moore, Birkdale, to Mr. Robert Kidd, second son of Mrs. Kidd, Birkenhead, was celebrated at the Presbyterian Church, Northcote, on Monday, the 29th inst. The bride, who was given away by Mr. Colledge, wore a picturesque gown of ivory crepe de chine, with handsome lace and fringe, and a tulle veil. A bouquet of white flowers and maiden-hair completed her toilette. The bridesmaids were Misses L. Moore and C. Kidd, who wore pretty frocks of cream voile and black picture hats with white plumes, and carried pretty bouquets. Mr. W. Kidd attended the bridegroom as best man, and Mr. J. Moore as groomsmen. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold watch, and to the bridesmaids gold brooches.

After the ceremony a reception was held in the Foresters' Hall, at which some fifty guests were entertained. Mrs. Moore, mother of the bride, wore a pretty black voile and black hat; Mrs. Kidd, mother of the bridegroom, wore a handsome black tulle dress and black toque; Miss E. Kidd, dainty natter blue velvet and black hat with cerise roses; Mrs. Marshall, black velvet dress and black velvet hat; Mrs. Colledge, cream costume, black hat with touches of emerald green; Mrs. Hunter, silk voile dress and black bonnet; Mrs. McGill, handsome silk dress; Miss McGill, heliotrope dress prettily braided; Mrs. Wallace, a becoming black costume; Miss Mackay, pink mouse, grey skirt, and pretty pink hat; Mrs. Fyfe, green costume; Mrs. Cross, black toilette; Mrs. J. Brook, silk dress; Mrs. Donohoe, navy costume and smart toque. The bride travelled in a natter blue dress, and large black crinoline hat trimmed with blue.

HOWARD—HALL.

A very charming and interesting wedding was celebrated in the Kawakawa Church of England on Tuesday, 30th April, between Miss Augusta Hall (second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hall, Kawakawa) and the Rev. Cecil Howard. The church was beautifully decorated with white flowers and ferns, and was crowded with friends in a large party of whom came up from Auckland to be

present) and interested spectators. The ceremony was performed by Archdeacon Cole. The bride looked lovely in her Princess wedding dress of rich ivory Duchess satin, handsomely embroidered

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on the front panel and the end of the long square train. The bodice was softened with daintily-arranged real lace. The bridal veil (which was lent for the occasion by Mrs. Vernon Reed) was beautiful, and veiled the whole dress, and was arranged from a coronet of orange blossoms. A lovely shower bouquet of white roses, bouvardias, and maiden-hair fern completed a beautiful toilette. There were five bridesmaids—Misses Isabel Hall (sister of the bride), Daywynne and Berys Cole, Winnie and Nina Hall (cousins of the bride)—and they wore charming frocks of white crepe de chine, with killed frills at the foot of the skirts. The tunics were trimmed with ruchings of satin, with clusters of pink roses on the skirts and the bodices. Little mob caps were worn of silver net trimmed with lace, and gay pink roses. In place of the usual bouquets they carried Prayer Books in lovely soft white watered silk covers. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a lovely gold bracelet, and to the bridesmaids ruby Southern Cross brooches. The Rev. C. Cruickshank supported the bridegroom, and the Rev. McLean was groomsmen. The bride was given away by her father.

After the ceremony a reception was held in the Parish Hall, which was beautifully decorated and arranged for the occasion. The bride travelled in a smart, dark brown coat and skirt, and a large black hat with shaded tangerine plume. Mrs. Hall (mother of the bride) wore a beautiful toilette of lavender grey charmeuse, with fringe to match on the skirt. The bodice was trimmed beautifully with exquisite real lace, and a pretty toque was worn to match. Among the guests were the Misses Burnside, one wearing a green, and the other a mauve toilette; Mrs. Lundbrooke wore black and white; Mrs. Lindsay, white, large black hat; Miss Alice Hall wore a lovely white muslin, and a large black velvet hat; Mrs. Kirkpatrick, black, with hat to match; Mrs. Angus Gordon (Auckland), Shantung coat and skirt, with vieux rose and amethyst toque; Mrs. David Nolan wore a handsome black velvet eollette, with a black and white bonnet; Miss Estelle Nolan, cream cloth with pale blue, black hat with blue; Miss Airmi Carr (Auckland) wore a dainty pale mauve crepe de chine frock, grey hat with white feathers; Miss Dorothy Nolan (Auckland), champagne coloured cloth with touches of langarine, smart black velvet hat; Miss Cole (Auckland) wore palest blue cloth, and black hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Gordon, dark blue, with touches of verise, black hat.

GALVIN—MORRISON.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Morrison, third daughter of the late Captain John Morrison, Bonheim, and Mr. P. H. Galvin, eldest son of Mr. P. Galvin, of Wellington, was celebrated at St. Mary's Church, Bonheim, on Thursday afternoon. The Rev. Father Fay performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. J. H. Morrison, was charmingly attired in chiffon cloth, hand-embroidered to Brussels net, the whole worn over ivory satin, the bodice being draped with ribbons and pearls. The bouquet, which was presented to the bride by Mrs. Galvin, was composed of orchids, roses, and chrysanthemums, intermingled with maiden-hair fern. The chief bridesmaid, Miss Frances Morrison (sister of the bride), was dressed in champagne silk, veiled with white nixon, the whole being formed over pink silk. Miss Morrison also wore a handsome bangle of pearls and pearls, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a bouquet of bronze and cream chrysanthemums. The two assisting bridesmaids were Misses Dorothy Galvin (sister of the bridegroom) and "Bobbie" Burgess (niece of the bride), both being dressed in white silk muslin frocks, draped with white ribbons and finished with pink nixon. Each wore a gold and pearl bangle, gifts from the bridegroom, and carried bouquets of cream and pink chrysanthemums. The bride's mother wore black, a black and white toque, and a black and white shawl. Mrs. Galvin was dressed in grey striped nixon, and wore a grey hat with grey and black feathers and a white bow. Mr. J. Mitchell was best man, and Mr. Ber. Galvin (brother of the bridegroom) carried out the bride of groomsmen. At an interval in the service Mrs. Nash sang "O Salutaris" and Miss Atchley played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's mother in

Well-street. In the evening, Miss Morrison entertained the guests at a dance in St. Patrick's Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Galvin left for Pictou by motor car after the ceremony, en route to the North Island, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride's travelling outfit was a navy serge tailor-made costume and a hat of reseda green tassel straw, trimmed with large green wings and velvet.

BURBERRY—RUTHERFORD.

A wedding reception of considerable interest to Christchurch people took place on April 24th at "Leese Hills," Culverden, in honour of the marriage of Miss Amy Rutherford, daughter of Mr. Duncan Rutherford, to Mr. Percy Burberry, of Waiatu. Mrs. Duncan Rutherford (the bride's mother) was handsomely gowned in mole-coloured satin with Oriental embroidery, and black hat with osprey. The bride's dress was of rich white satin with full Court train, draped with lace, long full veil with orange blossoms, and carried a sheaf of lovely white lilies. The bridesmaids—the Misses Rutherford (2), Burberry, and Simpson—wore pretty frocks of blue crepe de chine with tunics of grey nixon, and carried black staffs decorated with flowers tied with satin streamers. Mrs. Burberry wore blue satin with chiffon overdress, blue hat to match. Other Christchurch guests were: Miss Burberry, wearing emmanon-coloured chiffon over white satin, hat with Lancer plumes to match; Mrs. C. Cook, blue cloth costume, black hat; Mrs. Bloxam, blue cloth costume and skirt, black and white hat; Miss I. Rutherford, pretty grey frock and hat to match; Mrs. W. O. Rutherford, mole velvet, worn with beautiful furs and hat; Mrs. A. W. Rutherford, grey cloth costume, blue hat; Mrs. A. Macfarlane, braided costume of grey cloth, hat to match; Mesdames Dampier-Crossley, Campbell, Stevenson, Matson, Misses Jameson, Fulton, Chapman, Prins, Cook, Messrs. Rutherford, Burberry, B. Lane, Bloxam, Duncan, Acton Adams, Matson, Guthrie, Harper (3), Webb, Hammer, Fulton, Prins, Crossley, and hosts of others were present.

Later in the day the entire party were motored to Hammer Springs, where rooms had been engaged for the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford entertained them at a dinner, and in the evening a dance was held at the Hammer Hotel, which was beautifully decorated and arranged for the occasion. Mrs. Duncan Rutherford wore a lovely gown of blue satin, veiled with black nixon; Mrs. Waite, black satin; Mrs. Burberry, black satin; Mrs. Macfarlane, white satin with tunic of hand-painted chiffon; Mrs. Cook, black satin; Miss Cook, grey satin with steel embroidered nixon overdress; Miss Fulton, pink satin; Miss Prins, heliotrope satin; Miss Chapman, blue crepe de chine, trimmed with lace; Mrs. Dampier-Crossley, electric blue satin with touches of black; Miss Peache, black crepe de chine; Mrs. Bloxam, black silk; Mrs. Matson, electric blue and black; Miss Burberry, red satin, veiled in black nixon; Miss Jameson, pale blue satin; Miss M. Rutherford, white satin with overdress of pink sequined net; Messrs. Rutherford, Lane, Burberry, Guthrie, Webb, Harper (3), Atkinson, Fisher, Williams, Latter, Le Cren, Penwick, Bloxam, Cook, Matson, and several other guests were present.

On the following evening Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford entertained a number of Hammer residents and all their employees in the Hammer Hall.

The bride's travelling dress was a violet frieze costume, with black velvet bands, black velvet hat with white ospreys and beautiful set of fox furs.

BALDWIN—HERBERT.

On May 1st the marriage was solemnized at St. Mary of the Angels' Church, Boulcott-street, of Miss Gertrude Bertha Herbert, fourth daughter of the late Mr. John Herbert, of Gisborne, to Mr. W. A. Baldwin, fourth son of the late Mr. G. J. Baldwin, of Egmont, Cheshire, England. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father C. J. Venning, S.M. The bride, who was attired in cream De-husse satin, finely embroidered in ribbon-work, the bodice of real lace, carried a beautiful "lower bouquet." She was given away by Mr. W. W. Cummins. The bridesmaid (Miss K. McKusker) wore a very pretty gown of white silk, a black velvet hat trimmed with white plumes, and she carried a bouquet of autumn flowers and leaves. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. A. G. Leggatt. The wedding breakfast, which took place at the Hotel Windsor, was attended by many intimate

"Is That Changed History."

THE BROKEN "SADDLE STRAP" THAT MAY HAVE ALTERED THE STORY OF FRANCE.

BY A. P. TEHUNE.

A French lad—handsome, melancholy, foolishly courageous—was acclaimed by many thousands of Frenchmen in 1873 as "Napoleon IV., Emperor of the French."

A mighty nation is said to have backed his claims. Many of the wise men of the time prophesied that in a very few years he would sit upon the imperial throne of France. France to-day might perhaps be an empire and ruled by this same daring youth had not a grafting army contractor tried to save a little money by using paper instead of stout leather in making one of the straps for a cavalry saddle. Here is the story:

For eighteen years—up to the autumn of 1870—Louis Napoleon (Napoleon III., supposed nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte) had ruled France. Then came the Franco-Prussian War. France through the incompetency of its Emperor's advisers and generals, was humbled to the dust. The French people, in rage at their humiliation, drove Napoleon III. into exile.

AN EMPEROR IN EXILE.

The dethroned Emperor found refuge in England—almost the only country whose ruler had been on terms of warm personal friendship with him during his reign. With him were his beautiful wife (the Empress Eugenie, whose love for meddling in politics had done much to wreck her husband's fortunes) and their fifteen-year-old son, Eugene Louis Jean Napoleon, the "Prince Imperial." The boy, known affectionately to the Parisians as "Lou-Lou," had been present at one or two battles of the disastrous war. Now he was sent to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, England, to receive an education as a soldier. For the ex-Emperor had by no means given up hope of returning to his throne.

Napoleon III. had more or less good reason for his hope. France was now a republic, and thousands of Frenchmen disliked that form of government. A large part of the labouring classes and of the army were eager for the Emperor's restoration. England, it was generally believed, would do all possible to bring this about.

In fact, a daring plan was actually made whereby Napoleon III. was to appear on horseback at the French army manoeuvres, be received with joy by the soldiers and march in triumph to Paris. But in January, 1873, he died, before this spectacular scheme could be put into effect. The hopes of the French imperialists now centered wholly about his only son. A strong faction in France worked feverishly to overthrow the republic and to make the "Prince Imperial"—or "Napoleon IV.," as his supporters now called him—Emperor of the French.

England was thought to favour the idea. It was even said that the Prince was not a wholly unwelcome suitor for the hand of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, the Princess Beatrice. But before making a dash for the French throne it was thought necessary for the lad to show himself worthy of the warlike Napoleonic traditions. With a war record of a sensational sort he might hope to become the idol of the French. His chance came, in 1879, when conflict between England and the Zulus of South Africa began. He obtained leave to go to the front.

"The Prince's" campaign," writes Archibald Forbes, the great war-correspon-

friend of the bride and bridegroom, and followed by a musical evening given by Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Leggatt at their residence in Pirie-street.

MCLEAN—ROSE.

A very quiet wedding took place at Merivale last week, when Miss Isabel Rose, daughter of Mrs. Rose, Rugby-street, Merivale, was married to Mr. A. McLean, of Christchurch, and formerly of Dunedin. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archbishop Goodett, Vicar of St. Mary's, Merivale. The bride was given away by her mother, and attended by her sister as bridesmaid. Relatives only were present, who, after the ceremony, were entertained by Mrs. Rose at her residence in Rugby-street.

dent, "was nothing other than intrigue of the English court . . . to help toward changing republican France into imperial France and to contribute toward the elevation of this young man to the throne which his father had lost."

THE PRINCE'S LAST FIGHT.

The Prince plunged into the war with a reckless, daredevil courage that greatly worried the officers who were responsible for his safety. Throughout the campaign he wore at his side the sword which Napoleon Bonaparte had carried at Waterloo. On June 1, 1879, he was a member of a small scouting

party that dismounted for lunch at an empty Zulu village. While the soldiers were resting a band of Zulus swept down upon them. The handful of Englishmen mounted and galloped to safety. The Prince was one of the finest riders in the army. He sprang to his excited grey charger and tried to vault into the saddle. To gain leverage for the jump he seized with one hand a leather strap that ran across the strong-looking pommel from holster to holster. Later investigation proved that the strong-looking strap was of paper coated with leather. It broke under the strain put upon it. Back to the ground tumbled the Prince as the support gave way. His frightened horse galloped off.

The Zulus rushed in upon the helpless soldier, slaying him and cutting his body almost to pieces. And thus, next day a rescue brigade found him, hideously mutilated, stripped save for a sacred amulet around his neck.

The hope of imperial France, the chosen leader of a mighty faction, the expected destroyer of a republic, lost his life and perhaps changed a nation's whole future because a bit of cheap saddlery chanced to break.

Advances in Wireless.

Wireless messages, according to the "Electrical Review," have been sent from an aeroplane a distance of 35 miles, from an elevation of 1600 feet. The apparatus weighs about 50lb.; power is supplied by the aeroplane's gasoline motor; and a wire 120 feet long suspended from the flying machine forms the aerial conductor. These messages were received at the Eiffel Tower, in Paris.



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.

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.

Of Military Importance.

May 7.

LAST week invitations were issued to Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Bloomfield (officer commanding the 3rd Regiment), the Rev. W. G. Monkton (chaplain), and the officers—Major Weyward, Captains Knutsford (adjutant), Jolly, Potter, and Schofield, Lieutenants Rollett, Atkinson, Carter, Wilkinson, and Woods—and to the wives of these officers, who were asked to assemble at Government House to hear the announcement of an important honour which had been conferred on their Regiment. The officers and their wives stood in a half-circle round the steps of the front portico of the house, and the following guests who were asked to witness this interesting announcement were present:—Hon. A. M. Myers (Minister for Defence), General Godley, Major Braithwaite, and Captain Matthews, Colonel Holgate, his Worship the Mayor (Mr. C. J. Parr), and a number of ladies, among whom were the Mayoress (Mrs. C. J. Parr), Mrs. A. M. Myers, Mrs. Godley, Mrs. Braithwaite, Mrs. Wolfe, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Holgate, Mrs. Knutsford, Mrs. Jolly, Mrs. Rollett, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Woods and Mrs. Wilkinson. At 11 o'clock on Monday morning His Excellency the Governor, Lord Islington, appeared, also Her Excellency, Lady Islington, attended by Mrs. Guise, Miss Stapleton-Cotton, Mr. Guise and Captains Shannon and MacDougall, A.D.C.'s. His Excellency made the announcement that His Majesty the King had been graciously pleased to confer a high honour upon the Territorial forces by assuming the position of Colonel-in-Chief of the Third Auckland Mounted Rifles, and the First (Canterbury) Regiment of Infantry. His Excellency congratulated Colonel Bloomfield upon the honour conferred upon his regiment, and in a few well-chosen words spoke of the importance of the announcement, and the gratification that would be felt by the citizens of the Dominion. The officers and their wives were then presented to their Excellencies, and then all present were invited to "morning tea," served in the ballroom, which looked very cosy carpeted with crimson felt. Lady Islington looked charming in black velvet and lovely furs a large black and royal blue hat with drooping uncurled white feathers, was most becoming.

A Dance.

Mrs. Wallace Alexander gave a charming little dance in the Society of Arts Rooms on Monday night. The lower hall was arranged as a sitting-out place, with chairs, lounges, and pot plants, and carpeted. The stairway was also prettily decorated, and was much in request. The supper was served in the first floor supper-room, and the tables looked charming. Lovely roses were the principal decorations. One end of the ballroom was carpeted and arranged as a sitting-out place for the chaperons, and small tables were placed about with bowls of lovely roses on them. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander and Miss Winnie Alexander received their guests at the door of the ballroom. The hostess wore a handsome toilette of black lace over white silk; Miss Winnie Alexander looked charming in a lovely frock of palest pink charmeuse, with tunic of grey ninon, wide border and narrow fringe of lovely beaded embroidery in blues and greys, one side of the bodice composed of the embroidery and the other of the ninon; Miss Phyllis Alexander wore a dainty frock of palest pink. There was one debutante, Miss Lois Bailey, who looked very pretty in her lovely frock of ivory satin charmeuse, with tunic of ninon, with border of silk embroidery, and glints of beaded lace, a lovely white shower bouquet completed a charming toilette; Miss Jessie Reed looked charming in a smart frock of white charmeuse, with tunic of black ninon; Miss Uns Saunders wore a pretty frock of blue charmeuse, with tunic of blue ninon; Miss Hazel Craig wore a lovely white frock veiled with palest pink and pale apricot, and a Juliet cap of silver tissue with rows of pink coral beads, and ospreys at one side; Miss Connie Craig wore a pretty pink and blue frock; Miss Gwen Beale looked pretty in grey; Miss Ruth Horrocks in a dainty white frock; Miss Dorothy Nathan wore a dainty pink frock; Miss Roysie Greig wore pink; Miss Nonie St. Clair looked charming in pale pink ninon over white; Miss Gibbons wore pale sea green; Miss Jennie Nicol wore white ninon over silk, with black velvet bandeaux in her hair; Miss Eva Cummings wore a pretty frock of white charmeuse, veiled with gold and white ninon; Miss Mamie Hesketh wore cinnamon charmeuse; Miss Clifford wore a very dainty frock of pink, and cream lace; Miss Margaret Oliphant wore white; Miss Beatrice Oliphant looked pretty in white with blue in her hair; Miss Marjorie Lindsay looked nice in palest blue charmeuse and ninon; Miss Lassie Scott-Smith wore a lovely little

frock of pale pink charmeuse veiled with grey ninon; Miss Holly Dennison wore a pretty white and gold frock; Miss Phyllis Metcalfe wore an artistic frock of shot green and blue silk taffeta, with tunic of blue ninon; Miss Devore wore palest pink ninon over charmeuse; Miss Gladys Erson wore pale blue; Miss Davis of Wanganui, wore white; Miss Judy Barnett wore blue; Miss Ruth Spencer, white, with pink floral silk panels; Miss Sybil Payton, sea-green; Miss Muriel Payton wore pale blue ninon with silver beaded lace; Miss Jessie Frater wore grey ninon caught up with bunches of violets; Mrs. George Roberts wore a handsome toilette of black velvet and real lace; Mrs. Baylie wore black charmeuse with natter blue coat; Miss Rose wore an amethyst frock; Mrs. Skret wore black and white; Mrs. Oliphant wore a handsome black and white frock; Mrs. Clifford wore a pretty frock of vieux rose charmeuse with tunic of black lace and ninon.

Bridge Party.

Mrs. Drummond Ferguson gave a jolly bridge party on Tuesday afternoon. The weather was stormy and cold, so it was quite delightful to be inside in the cosy rooms playing bridge. Tea was served in the dining and morning rooms. The tea table was a large round one with a beautiful embroidered Japanese cloth, with a huge bowl of palest pink chrysanthemums in the centre. Several guests came in for tea. Mrs. Ferguson wore a charming little frock of lace with dainty touches of pink. Among the guests were: Lady Lockhart, Mrs. Hope Lewis, Mrs. Lucas Bloomfield, Mrs. Harry Bloomfield, Mrs. C. Buddle, Mrs. Copeland Savage, Mrs. W. Colbeck, Mrs. Sydney Nathan, Mrs. Brunton Sweet, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Greig, Mrs. Marsack, Mrs. Edmunds, Miss Alice Walker, Misses L. & L.

Orchestral Society's Concert.

The Auckland Orchestral Society gave their first concert in the Town Hall, which was well filled. The concert was generally voted one of the very best ever given by the society, and was most enjoyable. In the Overture Solennelle "1812," by Tchaikowsky, the orchestra had the assistance of the band of the Third (Auckland) Regiment. Madame Welaert was the only vocalist, and looked charming in a smart white and silver toilette. Among the large audience I noticed: Mrs. Hope Lewis, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Egerton, Misses Egerton, Misses Draper (2), Miss Shuttleworth, Mrs. Jim Prater, Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Cousius, Mr. Guy Pierce, Archleacon Calder, Miss Ollivier (Christchurch), Mrs. Lucas, Miss Thelma Bloomfield, Miss Una Saunders, Mrs. Coates, Miss Dora Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Marriner, Miss Butler, Misses Tizzard (2), Miss Grant, Mrs. Baume, Mrs. Sydney Nathan, Mrs. L. Benjamin, Mrs. and Miss Roysie Greig, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Parkes, Mr. and Mrs. Longuet, Miss Hay, Mrs. and Miss Ruth Spencer, Mrs. E. H. Mulgan, Mr. and Mrs. Rayner, Misses Bews (3), Miss Cooke, Mr. J. J. Bagnall, Miss Bagnall, Mrs. Bagnall, Mrs. B. Kent, Misses Kent, Mrs. and Misses McCormick, Mrs. Farquharson, Mrs. R. Isaacs, Mrs. Archleacon Taylor, Miss Brenda Stock, Mrs. A. Keating, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hutchinson, Mrs. and Miss Eiton, Miss Scott, Mr. Leslie and the Misses Hunt, Miss Gillies, Miss Buller, Miss Metcalf, Mrs. and Miss Cotterill, Miss Duder, Mr. and Mrs. Mullier, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Myers,

Mrs. Louis Myers, Miss Ruby Coleman, Mrs. Plunge, Miss Aickin, Mr. and Miss Hazel Buckland, Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. and the Misses Lindsay (3), Miss Mabel Ieys, Mr. Alexander, Mr. J. R. and Mrs. P. Macfarlane, Miss B. Peacocke, Miss



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Hess, Miss Winnie Alexander, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. R. M. Murray, Miss Holland, Miss Brooke Smith, Mrs. and Miss Scott-Smith, Mrs. Robertson, Miss M. McCormack, Miss Goldcutt.

A Club-room.

Several of the members of the Victoria League have determined to make an effort to have the new club room in the Strand Arcade well and comfortably furnished. One member has suggested a gift afternoon, not on the old lines. If, for instance, an easy chair is wanted - well, one member willing to help, undertakes to collect enough from a group of members, and in that way no one would feel it a burden, thus helping to get the few things that are still needed. Several members have already presented the club with useful articles. A meeting has been called for Thursday afternoon in the new club-room, at 2.30, and it is hoped that members will make a generous response to the invitation.

"Pinafore."

"Pinafore," which has been running all the past week at His Majesty's, reflects great credit upon the Auckland Amateur Operatic Society. Their Excellence, Lord Islington and Lady Islington were present on the opening night. The Vice-regal party were received by the president of the society, Dr. Hope Lewis, and Mrs. Hope Lewis. The Mayor (Mr. C. J. Parr), and Mrs. Parr were present on the concluding night, and the house was full and the audience most responsive.

Personal.

The Misses Lizzie and Pearl Gorrie, who for some months past have been visiting their brothers in Bombay, returned to Sydney, en route to New Zealand, on the Malwa, which was quarantined, and so their arrival has been delayed, but they will probably come from Sydney in the Makura, which is due on Friday.

Mrs. Guy Williams is at present in Auckland, and is staying with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Hope Lewis.

Mr. T. C. Williams is in a critical condition of health, and all the members of his family have been called to Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Denniston have taken Mr. Brown's house at Epsom for six months.

Professor Brown has sold his house in Waterloo Quadrant to Dr. Milson, and has taken Mrs. McCosh-Clark's house in Remuera.

Mrs. Billy Watson is in town, and is staying with her mother, Mrs. R. Brown.

Lieut. and Mrs. Clatterback and Lieut. and Mrs. Hurst, of H.M.S. Encounter, have arrived in Auckland, and are staying at "Cargen."

Mrs. Pearce-Baldwin has returned to "Cargen" after spending a few weeks in Rotorua. She leaves for her home in Rotorua shortly.

Mrs. Gordon has returned from Wanganui, and is again putting up at "Cargen." Mrs. John Mills has returned to "Cargen" from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. H. Carleton Williams, of Poverty Bay.

WELLINGTON.

May 4th.

Ballie Collection Visited.

Friday afternoon was selected for the opening of the collection of pictures just arrived from Home. Mrs. Gore wore a white serge tailor-made with touches of black, black hat; Miss Wardell, dark blue coat and skirt, blue hat, with brown wings; Miss D. K. Richmond, smoke-grey tailor-made, grey hat with shaded roses; Mrs. E. J. Ridgford, black cloth tailor-made, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Head, black satin coat and skirt, black hat with corse roses; Mrs. Chapman, dark blue coat and skirt, black hat with blue wings; Mrs. Chapman, grey cachemire, braided in grey, amethyst hat; Mrs. W. Turnbull, black satin coat and skirt, black and white striped revers, black and white hat; Mrs. P. Nathan, indigo cloth, with tan appliques, black beaver hat with satin front; Mrs. Litchfield, grey tweed tailor-made, and black and white hat; Miss Skerrett, black satin fur coat, and black satin hat; Mrs. Duttie, black velvet tailor-made, braided in black, black hat with blue wings; Mrs. Tipes, black crepe de chine, black hat with cream roses; Mrs. Salmond, amethyst cloth, and toque of the same shade; Mrs. J. Hannah, blue and black striped tamine, black hat with blue wings; Mrs. Tukey, black coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. McLean, striped brown tweed, brown hat; Mrs. Chatfield,

blue and black tamine, black plumed hat; Mrs. Laurensen, grey coat and skirt, and grey hat; Mrs. Shirlcliffe, violet cloth, with black soutache, black hat with violets; Mrs. Tringham, sand grey vicuna, grey hat with green and white wings; Mrs. Perry (Wairarapa), brown tailor-made, brown hat; Miss Baird, cream tweed coat and skirt, and cream hat; Miss Bunny, navy cloth, blue and green hat; Mrs. Wilson, electric blue cloth, braided in blue, blue hat; Mrs. La Trobe, black braided tailor-made, and black hat; Mrs. Young, dark blue cloth, black hat with red wings; Mrs. Reid, navy serge, black and white hat; Mrs. Williams, black silk, black and white toque; Mrs. Duncan, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. McLean, brown tailor-made, brown and blue hat; Mrs. Gibbes, navy cloth, black and white hat; Mrs. Lee, black braided tailor-made, black hat.

Pioneer Club Tea.

Mrs. Higginson, who left by the Remuera for England, was the guest of honour at a tea given at the Pioneer Club by Mrs. H. D. Crawford. The rooms were decorated with chrysanthemums and autumn foliage, and cheery fires gave warmth to the scene.

The hostess wore a smart gown of cachemire de soie, with buttons and satin pipings, black picture hat; Mrs. Higginson, a dark tailor-made gown, and a plumed hat.

A Tea.

Lady Osborne-Gibbes' tea on Tuesday was in honour of her two married daughters, Mrs. Barclay (Invercargill), and Mrs. Thompson (Ballance).

Lady Osborne-Gibbes was in blue, with soutache, and black hat. The decorations were of scarlet cactus dahlias and ribbons of the same hue.

A Farewell.

Mrs. Brandon did some entertaining in honour of Mrs. Higginson before her departure. Pink cosmetics and fawny chrysanthemums and bronze foliage were arranged with artistic effect against the pale grey paneled walls of the drawing-room. The tea table was done with asters and cosmoses. Mrs. Brandon wore black ninon over charmuse, with delicately-tinted embroideries; Miss Brandon, ivory cloth and ninon; Miss B. Brandon, pastel voile de soie; Mrs. Higginson's cachemire de soie gown had a guimpe of clear net, and was finished with embroidered buttons, and her hat was black with pleureuse plumes; Mrs. Pearce, dark blue cloth, blue and black hat; Mrs. Tweed, blue tailor-made, and black plumed hat; Mrs. Larnach, black cloth with satin pipings, black hat; Mrs. Joseph, navy cloth, and black beaver hat; Miss Harcourt, sand grey tailor-made, grey hat with electric blue cordage; Mrs. Duncan, black and white tweed, black hat with vixen rose wings; Mrs. Heard, black satin coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Fitzherbert, black braided tailor-made, black hat; Mrs. Collins, dark blue coat and skirt, blue hat with white Lamer feather; Miss Cooper, grey tailor-made and grey hat; Miss Izard, black satin coat and skirt, black and white hat; Mrs. Crawford, blue tailor-made, black beaver hat.

A Send-off.

Mrs. Newman's tea on Wednesday was in honour of Mrs. Johnston, who has just gone for a trip to England. The hostess wore a Princess dress of velours, with a guimpe of lace, and touches of Eastern embroidery; Mrs. Johnston, a black charmuse dress with appliques of lace and heavy bands of embroidery, black hat with black and white plumes; Mrs. W. Johnston, blue charmuse, black hat with blue plumes; Mrs. Turnbull, a satin striped coat and skirt, velvet hat with Lancer plume; Mrs. Duncan, mole grey cachemire, with buttons of the same shade, mole hat with aigrette; Mrs. Fitzgerald, black and white silk, black hat; Mrs. Pearce, dark blue tailor-made, black plumed hat.

The Arts Club.

There was a very bright little entertainment at the Arts Club one night, when the winter season was opened. Music was well represented, some of the members taking part in a concert before the guest of honour - Mr. Baillie - arrived to talk about the wonderful pictures he has brought out. The soft brown tones of the walls harmonised charmingly with the bowls of chrysanthemums, and the pot plants and cosy fires in the rooms added to the comfort. Mrs. Hamilton wore black crepe

de chine and lace; Miss Van Staveren, ivory charmuse; Miss Gow, changeant taffetas; Mrs. Rayward, black satin; Mrs. Clark, black crepe de chine; Miss Arnold, chiffon taffetas and lace.

Dancing.

For more than a generation now Miss Borlase's dances have been looked forward to every winter by numbers of young people. The first one of the present season was held on Tuesday, the committee comprising Miss Gibbs, Miss Haeertz, Miss Freeb, and Miss King. Mauve asters and Michaelmas daisies decorated the hall, and the refreshment room was gay with coreopsis and daisies. Miss Borlase wore black messaline draped with lace; Mrs. Burnett, black lace with a satin dessous; Miss Burnett, ivory charmuse with lace and dull gold embroideries; Miss A. Burnett, cameo pink taffetas finished with lace; Mrs. Seaton, black peau de soie with a fichu of lace; Miss Seaton, olive ninon over taffetas of the same shade; Mrs. Clayton, vieux rose charmuse with a tunic of dark purple ninon and embroideries to tone; Mrs. Freeth, black satin with fichu of lace and chiffon; Miss Freeth, white taffeta with silver embroideries and silver fringe; Mrs. Jameson, black charmuse enhanced with jet; Miss Jameson, white soie de chine with insertions of black Chantilly lace; Mrs. Shirlcliffe, black crepe de chine and lace; Miss Shirlcliffe, sea green crystalline, the tunic hemmed with satin; Miss M. Shirlcliffe, white soie de chine with cordeliere; Miss Mandel, ciel blue charmuse with a tunic of iridescent beading net; Miss Wilson, white taffeta draped with floral mousseline de soie; Miss Atkinson, ivory satin with gloss silk embroideries; Miss Moss, black ninon bordered with satin; Miss D'Oyley, ivory colienne with a tucker at side; Miss Osborne-Gibbes, pale turquoise charmuse with blue and silver embroideries and silver fringe; Miss McKenzie, dahlia red velvet; Miss B. Townsend, white silk, with a tunic of floral ninon; Miss Chitman, sea-blue messaline with a touch of coral pink in the embroideries; Miss Hamilton, white silk veiled in lace.

Small Tea.

Mrs. Ponsonby gave a pleasant little tea the other day for Mrs. Frey and Mrs. Rose who are now on their way to England. Each guest of honour was presented with a fragrant posy of violets, and the tables were charmingly decorated. Mrs. Ponsonby wore grey mohair faced with black, and a black and gold toque.

Miss Amuri Rutherford, who not long ago returned to New Zealand after a long trip to England and Europe, has just gone to Sydney for two or three months. En route she spent a few days in Wellington, staying with Mrs. J. Parker, who on Thursday gave a small tea in her honour. Cactus dahlias in their vivid hues decorated the rooms, and the table was done with flowers in silver vases. The hostess wore pale grey ninon with pastel-tinted embroideries and a guimpe of lace. Miss Amuri Rutherford had on a pretty dress of silver grey charmuse with wide bands of lace, and a high empire belt of black velvet, her hat was dark blue with plumes of the same shade.

Personal.

Miss K. A. Mair was in Wellington for a few days prior to departing for England by the Remuera. While in the Old Country she will spend a good deal of time with her relations, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Puller, and Major and Mrs. McDoeks.

After a six months' trip to England the Hon. C. J. and Mrs. Johnston returned to Wellington on Wednesday. Mrs. Johnston was seriously ill in Cairo, and their stay in Australia was prolonged because their ship the "Malwa" was quarantined in Sydney.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Pharazyn are spending a week or two in Wellington.

Very great regret was felt in Wellington at the news of the death of Mrs. Herries, who had so many friends here. Mrs. and Miss de Carteret, who came out from England by the Remuera on her first voyage, returned by the same steamer on Thursday. They have been visiting relations in Hawke's Bay and other parts of the colony.

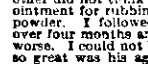
While Mrs. Higginson is in England she will stay with her daughters, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Plowden, both of whom have married naval officers. Late-ly they have been living in Weymouth, which is one of the principal naval ports for the Channel and Home fleets. It is probable that Mrs. Higginson will be back in Wellington about Christmas, unless she reconsiders her plans.

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"Enclosed find my son's photo and I feel by writing these few lines to you I am only doing my duty, as my son was a dreadful sufferer from eczema. At the age of two weeks he began to get covered with red spots on his legs and groin, which mother thought was red gum or thrush; but day by day it grew worse until every joint and crevice were affected, and baby started screaming for hours day and night, such a thing as sleep was out of the question. I took him to two of Sydney's leading doctors; one said it was one of the worst cases he had seen, the other did not think it so serious; one ordered ointment for rubbing in, the other a dusting powder. I followed their prescriptions for over four months and still baby kept getting worse. I could not keep him from scratching so great was his agony.

"When he was five months old I tried the Cuticura Remedies and I am very thankful to say my baby is to-day free from all his suffering. His groins were bleeding when I started and other parts affected wore the lower part of his body, under the knees, arms, in arm joints, eyebrows and neck; but after twice using Cuticura Ointment I began to see a difference and by the time I had used one tin, along with the bathing with Cuticura Soap, baby was nearly cured. I still kept on using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and now, thank goodness, he is quite well and, although he is now ten months old, has not had any further return of the trouble." (Signed) Mrs. G. Martin, 2 Knight St., Erskineville, Sydney, N.S.W., Mar. 31, 1911. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world, but a liberal sample of Cuticura Ointment, with a 32-page book on the care and treatment of the skin and hair will be sent free on application to T. ROWS & Co., Dept. 128, Sydney, N.S.W.



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CAMBRIDGE.

May 4.

St. Andrew's.

On Tuesday evening the annual meeting of the St. Andrew's Anglican Church was held in the schoolroom, after which a welcome was tendered to the new Vicar, the Rev. C. Mortimer-Jones. Mr. F. J. Brooks, as People's Warden, read an address of welcome. Mr. R. F. Boffard, M.P. (Tamehere), on behalf of the outlying districts, assured the Vicar of a cordial reception when he visited them. As a resident of Cambridge and a member of St. Andrew's Church, Archdeacon Walsh, in a humorous speech, extended good wishes to his rev. colleague. The Ven. Archdeacon Willis expressed satisfaction in banding over the charge of the parish to such an able man. The Vicar returned thanks. A committee of ladies, with Mrs. C. Hunter at the head, took charge of the decorations and supper, which was handed round at the close of the annual meeting. A musical programme was contributed to by Mesdames Pichee, W. Hunter, Holmes, Miss Lacey, and Messrs. Boyce and Lee.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Couper have been in town for a few days, and returned on Thursday. Miss Taylor, of "Bardowie," has returned from Auckland, where she has been for some weeks. Miss Ruth Reynolds is home from Wanganui College for the holidays.

GISBORNE.

May 4.

Concert.

The Newbury-Spada Concert Company came here last Wednesday, but only a small audience were present. Those I noticed were:—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Mann, Miss E. Williamson, Mrs. A. Murray, Miss Murray, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Traill, Miss F. Davies, Miss T. Davies, Miss U. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. C. Sainsberry, Miss K. Sherratt, Miss M. Sherratt, Dr. and Mrs. Reeve, Dr. and Mrs. Carlyle Wilson, Miss Schumacher (Christchurch), Mr. and Mrs. E. Lamont Gurr, Mrs. and Miss Black, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. R. V. Gully.

Personal.

Mrs. Carmichael (Wairoa) is staying with Mrs. F. Kennedy. Mrs. Carter (Stratford) is visiting her

mother, Mrs. Alfred Carter, Childers-road.

Miss B. Schumacher (Christchurch) is at present staying with Mrs. Carlyle Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Seymour have gone to Christchurch.

Mr. Von Kettle (Napier) is at present relieving at the local branch of Williams and Kettle, Gisborne.

Sister Wheeler has gone South for a holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Traill have returned to Stewart Island, after visiting their son, Mr. F. Traill, Childers-road.

NAPIER.

May 4.

Skating.

This week has been a very quiet one, and the weather anything but good. Rinking is popular at present, and the Princess Hall seems to be crowded every night. A committee has been formed to try and get up some assemblies, and, if well supported, they ought to prove very enjoyable.

Golf.

Last Saturday was stormy and bitterly cold, and only a few people ventured out to the links. On Thursday the ladies played the first round for the Donnelly Vase. Amongst the players were:—Mrs. Bernau, Mrs. A. A. Kennedy, Mrs. Snodgrass, Mrs. A. O. Russell, Mrs. Hector Smith, Mrs. Russell Duncan, Miss Fannin, Miss Balfour, Miss Dean.

Personal.

His Excellency the Governor arrived in Napier on Wednesday night, and is staying with Mr. G. P. Donnelly, at Otatara. On Sunday, Lord Islington will go to the Mounted Camp at Tutira, where he will be the guest of Mr. Guthrie-Smith.

Miss R. Waterhouse, of Mangawhare, who has been visiting in the North, returned home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Price, of Takapau, are in town for a few days.

Mrs. Herdman, who has been visiting friends in the South, returned home on Wednesday.

HASTINGS.

May 4.

At the Races.

The May meeting of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club was held on the Hastings

racecourse last week. The weather was beautifully fine for both days. Among the many present I noticed: Lady and Miss Russel, Mrs. Nairn, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Lowry, Mrs. Stead, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Phazaran, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Ormond, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Hassal, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Cottrell, Mrs. and Misses Williams, Mrs. and Misses Mason, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. and Miss Mackersey, Misses Duff, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Haldane, Mrs. Tosswill, Mrs. Miller, Miss Peddie, Miss McCready (Gisborne), Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. McKibbin, Mrs. Douglas, and many others.

Personal.

His Excellency, Lord Islington, has been the guest of Mr. G. P. Donnelly for a few days.

Miss E. Williams has returned from Auckland. Mr. and Mrs. G. Beamish, "Whana-Whana," have returned from Wanganui.

Miss Coffey (Auckland) is visiting Hastings.

Miss Cuthbert (Christchurch) is the guest of Mrs. Jack Beamish, King-street.

Mrs. and Miss Symes have gone to New Plymouth for a few months.

Mrs. Wyvern Williams has gone to Auckland.

Mr. Beamish, sen., "Stoneycroft," is residing in town with Dr. and Mrs. Barcroft.

Mrs. F. Perry, "Crissoge," is leaving shortly for England.

Mrs. De Castro (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. McKenzie, Havelock North.

Mrs. Newbigen has returned from Wellington.

Mrs. (Colonel) McCready (Gisborne) is spending a holiday with her daughter, Mrs. Douglas Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartgill (Dannevirke) are visiting Hawke's Bay.

FEILDING.

May 4.

Bridge Evening.

On Monday last Mrs. Horrocks entertained the Ladies' Bridge Club at her pretty residence, as a farewell to Mrs. Montgomerie, who is leaving Feilding and going to live in Ashburton. The Bridge Club presented Mrs. Montgomerie with a handsome silver card case. Bridge was

played in the drawing-room, which was prettily arranged with roses and chrysanthemums. A delicious supper was laid in the dining-room, the table being most artistically arranged. Mrs. Glasgow won the prize, a pretty salad bowl. Mrs. Horrocks received her guests in a pretty frock of black silk taffeta, with white Maltese lace on bodice; Mrs. Montgomerie (guest of honour), pretty grey silk frock, braided with same colour.

Dance.

On Wednesday last, some of the ladies of Feilding got up a small dance as a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Montgomerie.

The dance was held in the Parish Hall, which was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and chrysanthemums. The floor was in splendid order, and everything went with a swing. The supper room was prettily arranged with little round tables, which were tastefully decorated with gold-coloured chrysanthemums and autumn leaves.

Mrs. Montgomerie wore pretty white charmeuse, with overdress of black ninon; Mrs. Seison, black satin frock, with cream Maltese lace on bodice; Mrs. Glasgow, heliotrope silk, with overdress of cream lace; Mrs. Murphy, pretty little frock of white charmeuse, trimmed with lovely cream lace; Mrs. Gillespie, lovely frock of cream ninon, with Oriental trimming; Mrs. Roberts, black lace gown over taffeta; Mrs. Glasgow, cream silk lustre, with touches of lavender; Mrs. Cottrill, black silk frock, with overdress of lace; Mrs. Leslie Gorton, black satin frock, with overdress of black and white muslin; Mrs. Atkinson, black and white silk frock; Mrs. Clayton, lovely white ninon frock, trimmed with lace; Mrs. H. Levett (Auckland), champagne voile, trimmed with black; Mrs. Halliday, pretty white nerv. frock, silver trimming; Miss Harding (Wellington), pretty frock of white muslin; Miss Spain, white skirt, white silk blouse; Miss F. Spain, black and white striped dress; Miss Moss (Auckland), white lace dress, with underskirt of black satin; Mrs. Hoult, black satin frock; Mrs. McPherson, pale green taffeta relieved with white lace; Mrs. S. Johnston looked very sweet in a pale blue satin frock, trimmed with bunches of pink roses; Mrs. Horrocks, lovely frock of cream charmeuse, draped with beautiful white lace; Mrs. Elliot, rose-coloured frock, trimmed with gold fringe; Mrs. Woollams looked very nice in a black silk frock, with cream lace fichu; Miss Prior, very pretty grey ninon, over

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pale grey charmeuse, trimmed with tiny pink roses; Miss Walker looked very nice in a black velvet frock with soft white fichu; Miss Kirton, handsome frock of pink velvet with overdress of black spangled net; Miss Innes Jones, pale heliotrope frock, trimmed with dark shade of velvet and gold fringe; Miss O'Halloran, pale pink taffeta frock, trimmed with pretty cream insertion; Miss Molam, white frock, band of gold in hair; Miss A. Haybittle (debutante), white satin frock, trimmed with silver bugle trimming; Miss M. Prior (debutante), white silk frock, trimmed with silver; Miss Hill, pretty frock of white foulard, trimmed with braid. Messrs. Glasgow, Seison, Murphy, Prior, Elliot, Woodlans, McPherson, Montgourie, Goodbhere, Hawk, Sanderland, G. Elliot, Broad, Fitch, and Dr. Livesey.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

May 4.

A Party.

Last Monday evening Miss Wade gave a very jolly fancy dress party at a farewell to Miss Standish, who has left on a trip to England. The entertainment took the form of progressive games, some of them being very ludicrous. Each guest came masked, and a prize was given to the one who recognized the other. Under such circumstances, the scene in the drawingroom was full of weirdness, broken now and then by a muffled giggle from one who thought she was on the verge of being recognized. Miss Kyngdon and Mr. N. Bewley won the recognition prizes, and Miss Matthews and Mr. Standish for the most games. Supper was served in the diningroom, after which songs and a violin solo were rendered by Misses O'Callaghan, Blundell, and C. Leatham. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Horne, moss green velvet, with overdress of can de til nion, corsage trimmed with pipings of velvet and cream insertion. Powder and Patches; Miss Wade made a charming Dairy Maid; Miss Ray Renaud, as a debutante, was much admired in white satin with tuile of silk net, trimmed with a silken fringe; Miss Matthews, Dutch Maiden; Miss M. Fookes looked sweet as a Pritan; Miss M. Webster, Powder and Patches; Miss Kyngdon, Spanish dancer; Miss Bewley, Powder and Patches; Miss Bedford, Dresden China; Miss Munro, Obivett; Miss Standish, Spanish Lady; Miss O'Callaghan, Emerald Isle; Miss Saxton, Powder and Patches; Miss Wilson, Puritan Maid; Miss J. Falkner, Moonlight; Miss C. Douglas, Powder and Patches; Miss Blundell, Turkish Lady; Miss Glasgow, Powder and Patches; Miss Leatham, Golliwog; Miss McKellar, Powder and Patches; Miss Atkinson, Nancy Lee; Miss S. Brown, Territorial; Miss Whitcombe, Grecian Maid; Miss Warren, Madames Blundell and Bonard. Amongst the gentlemen were: Mrs. Horne, Harvey and Buckley, Messrs. Bewley (2), Johnson, Gray, Standish, Pitt, King (2), Whitcombe, C. Webster, Renard, and Revs. Wilkinson and T. Robinson.

Personal.

Mrs. Fitzherbert, who has been on a visit to Wellington, has returned to New Plymouth. Archdeacon and Mrs. F. G. Evans are at present in Wellington. Miss Standish left last week for Wellington, where she will board the Rennera for England. Mr. R. Standish (brother) accompanied her as far as Wellington. Miss J. Faulkner, of the Ashburton district, is the guest of Miss Grant, New Plymouth. Misses E. and K. Penn, New Plymouth, are the guests of their aunt, Mrs. Feun, Auckland. Mr. and Mrs. Barton, Palmerston North, are on a visit to New Plymouth. Mrs. Atkinson, who has been on a two months' trip, visiting her relatives in Hamilton, then on to Botofora, has returned to New Plymouth. A presentation was made to Miss Standish last Tuesday at the Kia Ora tea-sessions by the St. Mary's Choir, New Plymouth, and took the form of a Gaiety bag, silver initial'd.

STRATFORD.

May 4.

A Dance.

Mrs. Curtis entertained a large number of guests at a dance at the Town Hall on Thursday. The stage was prettily decorated and served as a rendezvous for those not dancing. The music of the Stratford Orchestra, under the baton of Mr. Rogers, was excellent. A

dainty supper was served in the ante-room. One of the chief attractions of the dance was the advent of several debutantes. Mrs. Curtis was gowned in grey silk; Miss Curtis (debutante), white silk; Mrs. C. Curtis, of New Plymouth, black silk; Mrs. McDiarmid, of New Plymouth, wore a pink dress; Mrs. Fookes looked well in black velvet and gold trimming; Mrs. Uniacke, handsome gown of sage green satin, with embroidered tunic of black chiffon, the bodice of classic outline being finished with oriental shades of passementerie, oriental bandeau on coiffure; Mrs. Glasgow, black satin with touches of green and gold; Mrs. Joll, of Hawera, grey velvet; Mrs. Young, black sequined net over black silk; Mrs. Moran Bayly, black silk; Mrs. Paget, white satin and gold passementerie; Mrs. Crawshaw, black lace gown; Mrs. Copping, Mrs. Porritt, Mrs. Rennell, white silk; Mrs. Wilkie, grey crepe de chene; Mrs. C. H. Penn, black lace over pink silk; Miss Butler, Mrs. Mackay, Misses Mackay (2), Miss Dorothy McKay (debutante), white silk; Miss Dive, Eltham (debutante), looked pretty in white satin and dainty lace; Miss Zara Bayly (debutante), white satin and chiffon; Miss Nellie James (debutante), dainty white silk; Miss Rayne (debutante), of Hawera, wore a very chic frock of white diaphanous material; Miss James Stoke, blue velvet; Miss Nancy James looked sweet in pink; Miss Dorothy Bayly, becomingly attired in white silk and lace; Misses Wade (2) wore pretty white silks, trimmed with chiffon; Mrs. Wake in grey satin; Miss Aldridge, of Taihape, Miss Walker, of Auckland, wore pink and black; Miss Wyn Bayly, of Wanganui, blue crepe de chene; Mrs. L. Anderson, buttercup satin relieved with black velvet; Miss Anderson, pale green chiffon over satin; Miss Bewley, of New Plymouth, pale pink silk; Mrs. and Miss Stronach, Miss Turton, Miss Orbell, pink satin; Miss Flossie Orbell, white satin; Miss O'Brien, Messrs Morant, Bayly, Uniacke, McDiarmid, Porritt, Fussell, C. Penn, Joll, James (2), Hine, M.P., Rennell, F. Bayly, Anderson (3), Heddrich, Crawshaw (3), Mackay, Young, Forbes, Hall, Copping, Bewley (2), Rayne, Grant, Vaughan.

Hunting.

The town presented a very gay appearance yesterday on the arrival of the early train with huntsmen, hounds, and horses, in readiness for the first meet in our district. Mr. Sparkes' property at Ngaera was the country hunted over and where the visitors were hospitably entertained at afternoon tea by Mrs. Sparkes. Judging by the number of followers and enthusiasm shown, and the energies of Messrs. Holcombe (Master), Cliff (huntsman), and Davy (secretary) the hunting season points to success.

Personal.

Miss Joyce Munro has left on an extended visit to Nelson friends. The Rev. W. A. Butler has been appointed honorary chaplain to Bishop Crossley. Miss Aldridge is the guest of Mrs. Wilkie.

WANGANUI.

May 4.

Opening of Golf.

The Wanganui Golf Club was opened on Saturday afternoon, when mixed foursomes were played. In spite of a very windy day, with heavy squalls of rain, there were about fifty players taking part in the opening competition. The winning couple were Miss Montgomery-Moore and Mr. D. Ritchie, who were two up on *buggy*. Mr. Bruce and Miss P. Nixon came second, being all square. Miss Christie and Mr. Harold and Miss Cave and Mr. Cave were each one down. The club provided afternoon tea. Mrs. Harold, the President of the ladies' club, presented the prizes. Amongst those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Harold, Mr. A. Lewis, Miss Darley, Mr. Payne, Mrs. A. Earl, Mr. Ritchie, Miss Montgomery-Moore, Mr. Morrison, Miss C. Nixon, Miss W. Anderson, Miss D. Brettagh, Mr. and Mrs. Meldrum, Mr. and Mrs. Inlay Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy, Miss Greaves, Miss Harper, Miss Coult, Miss Bates, Miss Burr, Miss Spencer, Miss Nixon, Mrs. Howarth, Miss Dymock, Messrs. Bridge, Everett, G. Saunders, Earl, Cave, Harbin, Cameron, C. Wilson, Allison, Fisher, Tow-ley, Laywell, and others.

Hunting.

The Egmont Wanganui Hunt Club held their opening meet at One Tree Hill, the residence of Mr. H. M. Harrison. The

weather was very boisterous, but there were a large number of followers and spectators. The hares were too plentiful, and spoiled the sport, but there was an interesting run of twenty minutes. Delicious afternoon tea was provided by Mr. and the Misses Harrison. Before returning for home hearty cheers were called for by Mr. Jas. Higgin, who, on behalf of the club, thanked our host and hostess for their hospitality. Amongst those

following were: Miss M. Fitzherbert, Miss Campbell, Miss Ada Nixon, Miss Cameron, Miss Phillips, Miss — Cameron, Mr. Jas. Higgin, Mr. W. Moore, Mr. Budg. Gordon, Mr. McLean, Mr. Jan. Moore, Mr. S. Morton, Mr. C. Campion, Mr. P. Wootton, Mr. Phillips, Mr. G. Bretherton, Mr. P. Turner, Mr. W. Booth, Mr. F. Ross, Mr. D. Jones, Mr. C. Gordon. Amongst those driving were: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moore, Miss Thompson,



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Personal.

Mrs. Fitzmaurice, of Australia, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. Nixon, Sedgemoor, Wanganui.

Mrs. S. Gordon, of Wanganui, left last week for Auckland.

Mrs. Jole and Miss Gwen Holo, of Wanganui, went to Wellington last week. They sail from there this week in the Rennera.

Miss Northcote, of Wanganui, left last week for England, where she intends to reside.

Mrs. Broad, of Feilding, has been staying in Wanganui with Mrs. John Stevenson.

Miss McDonald, of Wanganui, left last week for England.

Mrs. Vava-sour, of Blenheim, who has been staying at Castlecliff with her daughter (Mrs. Ian Johnston), has returned to Wellington.

Miss M. Cowper, of Darnevirke, is staying in Wanganui with friends.

Miss D. Humphrey, of Taumarunui, is the guest of Mrs. Brettargh, in Wanganui.

Miss Ida Stevenson, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Dunedin, where she was Miss Hilda Blundell's bridesmaid.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

May 4th.

Golf Opening.

The weather was splendid on Saturday for the opening of the golf season. A gale of wind and driving rain interfered very much with the play. Several players withdrew from the match, a mixed foursome for trophies presented by Messrs. Barraud and Abraham, Ltd. The winners turned up in A. Barraud and Miss Sylvia Abraham, 72, sec. 72; N. Wright and Mrs. Tripe second, 90, 17-73; F. S. Goldingham and Miss Tripe, third, 98, 22-76. Others competing were Mr. and Mrs. L. Seifert, W. Seifert and Mrs. Millton, D. T. Moore and Miss Sybil Abraham, H. L. Young and Mrs. A. Seifert, G. Slack and Mrs. Slack, W. E. Bendall and Mrs. Bendall.

At the Races.

On Thursday, the second day of the races, the weather slightly improved, but it was still boisterous. Mrs. and the Misses Abraham, Mr. Davis (England), Mrs. R. Davis, Mrs. Putnam, Mrs. C. Louison, Mrs. R. Millton, Mrs. Levin, Mrs. Abbott (Wellington), Mrs. Ranson, Mrs. W. Straug Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Baldwin were a few who ventured out to Awapuni.

Personal.

Mrs. R. K. Reed has returned from her visit to Gisborne and Napier. Mrs. A. Hewitt left yesterday on a trip to England.

Mrs. McGill has returned from Dunedin.

Mrs. T. A. B. Bailey (Christchurch), is the guest of her mother, Mrs. C. N. Walker.

Miss A. McKnight is staying with friends out of Wanganui.

Mrs. W. Johnston (Awahuri), left this week for England.

Mrs. and Miss Keeling (Plimmerton) were visitors to Palmerston last week.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

HAWERA, May 4.

A Dance.

The first of a series of assemblies given by Miss Douglas was held in the Foresters' Hall last Friday night. The music was supplied by Miss Connell, while the supper table looked charming decorated with red cactus dahlias and shaded autumn leaves. Miss Douglas was wearing a pale blue ninon frock, and corsage trimmed with chiffon and fringe; Mrs. Glenn, green silk, green coat braided in black; Mrs. Moore, smoke blue velvet, trimmed with cream lace, black evening coat; Mrs. Holder, white crepe de chine, band of pearl embroidery around the corsage; Mrs. MacDiarmid, pink silk, pink coat relieved with black satin; Mrs. Wylds, pink satin, trimmed with bands of guipure insertion; Mrs. Suisted, cream satin charmuse, with ninon tunic edged in fringe, chiffon swathed on her corsage; Mrs. O'Callaghan, gobelin blue satin charmuse frock; Mrs. Wallace, pale pink silk crepe, trimmed with cream guipure; Mrs. McLean, white charmuse with an overdress of green net; Miss Moore, cream silk frock with pale blue chiffon overdress; Miss Butterworth, of Christchurch, white charmuse with an overdress of blue chiffon; Miss Glenn, yellow silk relieved with black satin; Miss O. Glenn, white embroidered muslin with touches of black; Mrs. Littlejohn, white charmuse with ninon tunic edged in silver; Miss B. Nolan, cream silk, trimmed with a darker shade of cord; Miss Caplen, black charmuse with steel trimmings; Miss E. Caplen, primrose coloured satin; Miss Reilly, white colienne; Miss C. Reilly, white satin charmuse with an overdress of blue ninon and trimmed with a darker shade of blue; Miss Williamson, white ninon frock relieved with emerald green; Miss Brett, of New Plymouth, frock of white muslin; Miss Clark, black velvet.

On the Links.

The weather being fine last Tuesday quite a number journeyed out to the links. Afternoon tea was given by the Misses Caplen (2) and Miss Buchanan. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs. Bell, Mrs. O'Callaghan, Mrs. Kimbell, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Glasgow, Misses Short (2), Miss Hull, of Auckland, Miss O. Glenn, Misses Young (2), Miss Revell, Miss Douglas, and others.

Personal.

Miss Butterworth, who has been the guest of Mrs. Moore, has returned to Christchurch.

Mrs. O'Callaghan has gone to Wellington for a few days.

Mrs. Major, of Wellington, is spending a few days in Hawera.

Mrs. Graves, who has been in New Plymouth for several weeks, has returned to her home in Hawera.

NELSON.

May 4.

Afternoon Tea—A Farewell.

An enjoyable afternoon tea was given as a farewell to Mrs. Jack Sharp by Mrs. Styche. The guests were entertained with bridge, the prizes being won by Mrs. Dudley Edwards, Mrs. Renwick (second), and Mrs. Hoby. Some of the players were: Miss Richmond, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Barr, Mrs. Dodson, Mrs. J. Sharp, Mrs. Robison.

Another farewell party to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sharp was the one given by Mrs. Renwick at her residence, "Newstead." Bridge was played at eleven tables in the drawingroom, and the prizes were won by Mrs. Robison and Mr. Noel Adams. Progressive euchre was played in another room, the successful players being Mrs. Edward Moore and Mr. A. Glasgow. Mrs. Renwick was wearing Coronation blue satin veiled with black ninon; Mrs. Robertson, black silk; Mrs. Airey, sky-blue satin with chiffon tunic; Mrs. Dodson, black satin with white lace; Mrs. Hayter, grey charmuse; Mrs. Jack Sharp, black chiffon over white satin; Mrs. Salmoud, rich black silk; Mrs. Barr, handsome frock of green charmuse; Mrs. Horn, black crepe de soie; Mrs. Booth, black velvet; Mrs. Cecil Cootie, pale blue satin with chiffon tunic; Mrs. Marsden, blue satin with black ninon overdress; Miss Marsden, saxe blue silk, with pale grey chiffon tunic; Mrs. Bunny, black silk; Mrs. Macquarie, rich black chiffon taffeta; Mrs. Robison, emerald green satin with tunic of black ninon; Miss Roberts, black velvet; Mrs. A. Glasgow, black satin with jet; Mrs. Harris, black chiffon velvet; Mrs. Izard, saxe blue satin; Mrs. Noel Adams, white satin veiled with smoke-blue ninon; Mrs. Hamilton Smith, grey chiffon taffetas; Miss Gibbs, white silk and net; Mrs. S. Gibbs, cerise silk with lace panels; Mrs. J. S. Evans, heliotrope ninon over silk; Mrs. de Castro, white lace frock over satin; Miss Huddleston, black sequined net over white silk; Miss Forbes, black velvet; Miss Mary Hodson, lavender chiffon frock; Miss Gillison, grey chiffon over satin; Miss G. Clark, white ninon over silk; Miss Houlker, cream net over satin; Miss F. Clark, pale blue ninon; Miss Booth, mauve satin; Mrs. R. Fell, heliotrope charmuse; Miss D. Booth, pretty white silk frock; Mrs. Squires, white lace over satin.

An At Home.

An enjoyable "At Home" was given by Mrs. Harrison at the "Haeremai," for her guest, Mrs. Worthy, of Christchurch. Among those present were: Mrs. Marsden, Miss Marsden, Mrs. Dodson, Mrs. Barr, Mrs. Selanders, Mrs. Styche, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Bunny, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. and Miss Gibbs, Mrs. Izard, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. A. Glasgow, Mrs. Cook, Miss Richmond, Miss Sutherland-Smith, Mrs. Cecil Cootie, Mrs. S. Gibbs, Mrs. H. Smith, Mrs. Squires, Mrs. Robison, Mrs. Renwick, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Fowler, Miss Stuart Forbes, Mrs. Horn, Mrs. de Castro.

Harmonic Concert.

A very successful concert was given by the Nelson Harmonic Society in the School of Music last week, when Schubert's "Song of Miriam" and Barnby's "Rebekah" were given. The soloists were Mrs. Leo Manoy, of Motueka, and Messrs. Pope and B. Bunny, and Miss D. Judson was the pianiste, with Miss Mabel Flett leader of the orchestra. Some of those present were: Mrs. J. S. Evans, the Misses Evans, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. and Miss Selander, Mrs. Hayes, Miss Gibbs, the Misses Cook, Miss Korimer, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Heaps.

Personal.

Dr. Andrew has returned from his visit to Wellington.

Mrs. MacLavery and the Rev. Mac-

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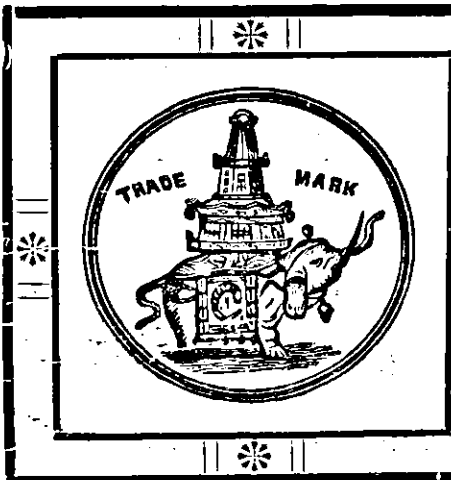
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Laverly have returned to Island Bay, Wellington.

Dr. Locking, of Napier, is on a visit to Nelson.

Mr. Howard Harley, of the P. and O. Company, who has been on a short visit here, has left again to rejoin his ship.

Mrs. Salmund, of Wellington, is visiting friends in Nelson.

Miss F. Richmond is away in Wellington.

The death occurred on April 28th, at the Maori pa, of Hemi Matenga Wapuanahau, a distinguished chief, and husband of Huri Matenga, New Zealand's "Grace Darling."

BLENHEIM.

May 4th.

Afternoon Tea.

Last Saturday afternoon a most enjoyable "Book Title" afternoon tea was given by Miss Viva Farmer for the Misses Leslie, who shortly leave for Nelson. Miss Alice Neville was first prize for guessing the most. Miss Farmer received her guests wearing a pretty white muslin dress trimmed with Valenciennes insertion. Songs were sung during the afternoon by Mrs. Lucas and Miss Urquhart. A dainty tea was laid out in the dining-room, the table being tastefully decorated with daffodils of various shades, and autumn leaves. Among those present were—Mrs. H. Burden, Mrs. P. Hulme, Mrs. Lucas, Miss Leslie (2), Neville (2), Grace (2), M. McNab, Urquhart and H. McCallum.

Bridge Evening.

A small bridge party was given by Mrs. J. White (York Terrace) on Friday evening. Mrs. White was wearing a nauti blue velvet dress, relieved with cream lace. Those present were, Misses Phillips, Neville (2), Wolfersham, Messrs White (2), Mortimore, Appleby, Horton and Hamal.

Personal.

Dr. Gordon Bell arrived from Edinburgh last week. He is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bell "Flaxmere."

Mrs. H. Vasson has returned from her visit to Wellington.

Mrs. W. Bell (Flaxmere) has returned from a holiday to Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. Northcroft, accompanied by Miss M. Northcroft and Master Far. Northcroft, took their departure from Blenheim for Napier on Thursday. They will be much missed by their many friends in Marlborough.

Mrs. Towns and her visiting friends in Christchurch.

Miss Marjorie has been spending a few days with Mrs. J. White, York Terrace.

Mrs. S. M. Neville is visiting friends in Nelson.

Mr. Izard (Nelson) is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Walker, Maxwell-road.

Miss Bell Griffiths has returned from Wellington.

Miss St. John (England), is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Weld (Flaxbourne).

Miss Dillon is staying with her sister, Mrs. Wood.

Mrs. Hodson (Nelson) is the guest of Mrs. Chater, "Marvillands."

Miss N. Mount is visiting Mrs. A. McRae, "Altamark."

Miss L. Clouston has returned from her visit to Mrs. Macneil, "Mamaroa."

Mrs. Redman (Picton), was in Blenheim during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Strachan are staying in Picton, at "Waitohi House."

PICTON.

May 4.

Afternoon Tea.

A pleasant little function took place at Mrs. Vickers', Bank of New Zealand, on Friday. Mesdames Beswick, Allen, Scocker, Fisher, Philipotts, Es-on, Miss Wallace, etc., being present. The room was decorated with chrysanthemums, and an enjoyable time was spent.

Another very delightful afternoon was spent at Mrs. Arthur's, when a real treat was provided. Mrs. Arthur is a trained singer, and the possessor of a sweet voice. She sang two songs, Edmonds two, and Mrs. C. Stuart two. Among those present were: Mrs. and Miss Arthur, Mrs. Bowen (Christchurch), Mesdames Allen, Haslett, Edmonds, Stuart, Morris, Haughey, Chambers, Smith, Storey, Misses Morris, Edmonds, and Chambers.

Social.

A social in aid of the Sunday-school was held on Wednesday evening, the hostesses being the Bible Class girls. A long and interesting programme was gone through, the soloists including Mrs. Strachan (Blenheim), Mrs. Arthur, Mr. Brown, Mr. Andrews, and others. Two recitations were well rendered by Miss Lily Craig and Mr. Heenaner. There were many piano solos, duets, violin solos, and vocal solos.

Personal.

Mr. A. Perano, who carried over some of his poultry to Sydney recently gained a second and third prize at the Royal Show.

Dr. W. E. Redman was installed as Mayor of Picton last week.

Mrs. Paterson, Dunedin, is visiting her daughter, Dr. Ada Paterson, at Waitohi House.

CHRISTCHURCH.

May 3.

At the Theatre Royal.

"Everywoman" is being played by the Williamson Company to very full houses. Amongst those present have been: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood, Dr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Beals, Miss Merton, Dr. and Mrs. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. J. Milton, Miss Harley, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ensor, Mrs. Dampier, Crossley, Miss Chapman, Mr. and Miss Wood, Mrs. Stead, Miss Burns, Miss Russell, Miss Nancarrow, Mr. and Mrs. Louison, Mrs. and Misses Fisher.

A Concert.

A concert was given last night at the King's Theatre by the Christchurch Mandolin Orchestra, under the leadership of its honorary conductor (Mr. Joseph Wright). The vocalists were Miss Lillian Edmonds and Mr. W. Salkeld. Miss Samuels gave a recitation, which was much appreciated. The concert, a very enjoyable one, was quite a success, and was well attended.

Personal.

Mrs. Secretan (Christchurch) has gone to Australia to spend the winter there.

Miss Trent (Christchurch) left on Thursday, May 2nd, for Sydney.

Lady Clifford and the Misses Clifford have returned to Christchurch from Wellington.

Mrs. and Miss Pyne have also returned from Wellington.

The Misses Cowlishaw, N. Campbell, Rutherford, Wilson, Wood and Fisher, members of the Christchurch Ladies' Golf Club, are playing at Dunedin.

Miss Tripp (Geraldine) is the guest of Mrs. Allen, "Millhouse," Riccarton.

Miss Kitson has returned to Christchurch from a visit to Hawke's Bay.

Mrs. C. Reid (Merivale) has returned from Dunedin.

The Misses Patterson (Dunedin) are spending a short time in Christchurch.

Mrs. A. Murray-Aynsley (Christchurch) is staying in Dunedin.

Mrs. Denniston (Mt. Peel) is visiting Timaru.

Mr. and Mrs. Linden (M-Bourne), who have been the guests of Mrs. Beswick (Merivale), have left for Dunedin.

Miss Bowden (Christchurch) has returned from South Canterbury.

Miss Bayberry (Christchurch) has been visiting her friends in Dunedin.

Mrs. J. Tripp (South Canterbury) is spending a short time in Christchurch.

Captain Evans, of the Terra Nova, and Mrs. Evans left Christchurch this week for England.

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The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

The Dress Splendid.

EVENING TOILETTES BRILLIANT WITH FISH-SCALE SEQUINS.

THE evening toilette, already resplendent with colour, rare embroideries, and most exquisite lace, is to have added to its charms the magnificence of jewel trimmings. Not for a long time have sparkling crystal-powdered robes been so prominent as they will be in the near future, and there are pearl-sewn gowns that are of radiant beauty.

It is not in their old form that the sequin-strewn frocks return. An elaborate subtlety marks the new design. One that has made a sensation represents the glow of sunset in the East, for the tulle is showered with rayed discs, in all the shades of rose, paling to faintest pink, and clear primrose merging to gold, and the picture is emphasised by panels painted by hand with palm trees, lotus flowers, and other Oriental emblems.

Less bizarre is a frock that looks as if it had been designed to symbolise a winter of snow and icicles, for it is made of white crepe patterned with velvet arabesques, each one outlined with pearls and crystals and hemmed at the skirt's edge with swan-down.

Wound about the figure is a coal-black scarf made of chiffon, without a scrap of trimming, not even the fringe that is an almost inevitable accompaniment of the full dress toilette.

WILL THE BASQUE COME?

Sequins like the scales of a fish are a decorative resource, especially in gold and silver, and are used with discretion, disclosing their brilliance as a simulated underskirt, or the long and pointed panel which is disclosed beneath an outlining sash drapery of tulle. No revolutionary hauds have been laid upon the sash, which is the last touch of elegance bestowed upon many a frock of the utmost beauty, and there is still ample evidence of a continuance of favour for one-sided effects.

The evening dress sketched on this page is an example of the way in which the lace flounce and rose wreath, characteristic of the early Victorian frock, are adapted to present demands. All the stiff precision of the old-time dress is avoided by the use of fine and lissom rose pink mousseline de soie over equally

pliable blue and rose shot chiffon valours.

A revival that is primarily destined to accompany demi-toilette gowns is the "angel" sleeve, frequently composed of three layers of material.

Only a few months have passed since the head was weighted with curls, puffs, and coronet braids, and now, looking back, one wonders why it was done and how it was possible to endure the torture.

The coiffure fashionable at the present time is so much better in every way. Now that the natural hair shows it must be brushed and groomed until it fairly glistens with health, something that was neglected with the transformation in readiness to be slipped on.

The fashion for abundant tresses was at first responsible for the state of af-

airs finally reached, for many women started out by purchasing a modest little bunch of curls and ended by spending a small sized fortune for costly hair of every description. This was fastened upon the head so that not one inch of natural hair was visible.

They felt reasonably safe so long as postiches were in existence and hardly thought it possible that the day would come when in order to be fashionable it would become necessary to toss them aside.

But just this thing has come to pass! Furthermore, it has proved to be a bless-

Fashion Notes from London.

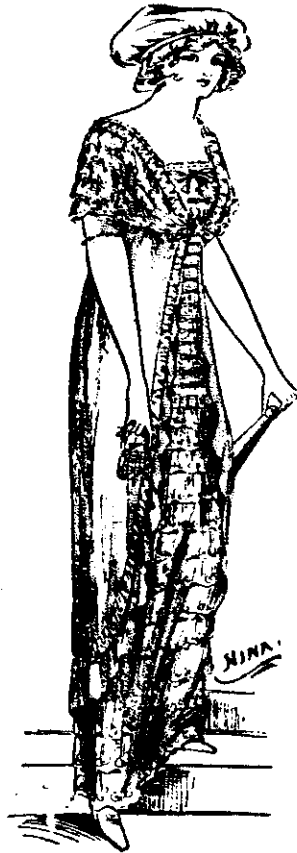
LONDON, March 15.

West End shop windows bear still the scars of the fray of ten days ago, and women shoppers are eyed, even now, with more than a little suspicion, but things are gradually settling down under the repairer's hand, and spring goods smile as if nothing had happened.

A number of both suffragettes and suffragists have, it may have been noted from the cables, banded themselves into a sympathetic body to offer



A LOVELY EVENING GOWN.



Shot blue and grey taffetas, underdress consisting of masses of fine lace flounces.

In striking contrast to this toilette is the shot blue and grey taffetas dress that has evidently been inspired by a picture painted in the Early Victorian days. The under dress is composed of masses of lace flounces decorated with tiny bows of ribbon velvet. Attention must be drawn to the rounded over dress, supplemented with a gauging of taffetas. It is believed that with the next revolution of the wheel of fashion these over dresses will be caught up, thereby converting them into the old-world polonaise. Some authorities contend that La Mode will command us to go even further back, and it will be the sac that will be all powerful.

Now, although the much discussed revival of the crinoline has apparently passed into the limbo of things forgotten, the great couturieres are making the skirts considerably wider, and in many instances stiffening them at the hem, not with wires, but with a stout fabric that makes them stand out.

Sleeves are gradually becoming more voluminous—indeed, it is the sleeve of 1856 that is coming to the fore with its sloping shoulder and frill of lace at the wrist, which is quite wide. It will be recalled that this style of sleeve is known as the "tea-cup turner," as it has such an unhappy knack of catching in things, thereby upsetting them.



TWO PRETTY WAYS OF DRESSING THE HAIR FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

ing in disguise. The woman of fashion was growing careless in regard to her crowning glory. She was fairly smothering it underneath mountains of unhygienic stuff until it became dry and brittle and commenced to fall out. There was danger of baldness, too.

As soon as it became known that the natural hair was to be worn it was no longer possible to disregard the matter of the coiffure. It required instant attention.

When the woman who for years has been accustomed to wear false hair returns from her hairdresser wearing only her own hair the change is apparent at once. Everybody notices it and sees a decided improvement. It takes the husband back to the days when she wore her hair in much the same fashion as it is now dressed, and it causes friends to tell her of the striking resemblance between her and her daughters, a fact that was hidden and only guessed at while she disfigured herself with dull, lifeless masses of false hair.

practical evidence of their sympathy, not only with the "cause," but with the tradesmen who have suffered, by way of collecting money to pay for repairs.

The Courts at Buckingham Palace, though it is a well-known fact that Queen Mary sets her face against extremes in fashion, and, indeed, is not much inclined to pay attention to fashion at all, are nevertheless generally fairly good guides to coming styles, and, judging from the last two Courts, therefore, it may be taken as a certainty that paniers, if not here yet as a general fashion, will certainly be shortly. Ninon, net and real lace (which, of course, such a method shows to the greatest advantage) so far are the only materials employed, and these are generally over silk or satin.

There is little to chronicle this week that is not merely emphasis of the last few weeks' decisions. Frocks, for instance, have become fuller than ever—every conceivable dress that will admit

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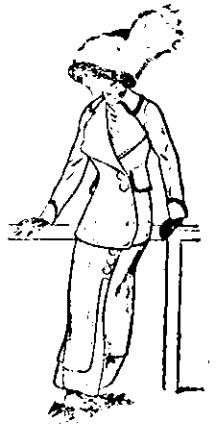
It is largely her own fault, because she buys Corsets without a thought as to their influence upon her figure.

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them shows them in plenty on sleeves, shoulders, décolletage, basques and round the foot of skirts.

UNWEN REVERS

are evidently to have their day, and two or three more variations have sprung into being during the week. Occasionally there is one revers only. Revers on otherwise severely plain housegowns are again seen.

V-SHAPED VESTS

of white lace over net or chiffon have, for the moment, completely ousted round or square ones.

TUNICS

appear to be, at last, going out. A very few evening gowns show them, some having them turned under at the foot, with the effect of a long, flat panier, and numbers of reception dresses have double skirts cut squarely rather in the manner of tunics, but the wholesale apparent inability, on the part of designers, to think beyond tunics is alluring.

NECK RUFFLES.

The balmy spring atmosphere is responsible for the appearance of all manner of dainty trifles for the neck, ruffles of soft-coloured, shaded ostrich down or feathers, and bands of pleated tulle being favourites. The latter could quite easily be made at home, since only fairly stiff tulle is required, in whatever two or three colours the wearer fancies. To a white gown they would lend a very chic touch. A pretty one seen this week was of two rows of box-pleated black tulle over one of white, the ruff standing stiffly up at the right of the neck and slightly turned down on the left. The right was fastened with loose bows of black velvet ribbon.

FICHUS

of lace on dark dresses are now beginning to be worn stretched tightly—not, so far, at all a graceful fashion.

FRENCH MILLINERY

shows an unvarying desire to sprout; it is to be noticed from most of the French models displayed. One large one of this week has one side, from the middle of the crown to the edge of the brim, fashioned in Royal blue glace silk, the other side being of black, and the under brim treated in the same manner. From out of the roof of the crown springs a blue osprey in the form of a flourishing palm tree.

A TRYING STYLE

is the long pointed bodice which some Couturiers are trying to bring back to favour. Fortunately, so far, however, high waists are by a long way the greater favourites—long may it continue! She of the generous hips, of the too thin, too stout, too short or too tall figure, of the large waist or the too small one must all beware the style, for it seems specially chosen to reveal defects. One woman, and one only—the extraordinarily well-shaped and proportioned slender woman with small hips—dare wear a pointed long-waisted gown with impunity.

PUDDING BASIN HATS

in straw or shot folded silk are much seen. Generally their only trimming is a small bright wing sprouting out from any quarter the milliner chooses.

ANOTHER REVIVAL.

Already capes are seen, and it is expected that the fashion will again become general. Those so far made are for afternoon wear, and are of the same material as the frocks with which they are worn. Reversible satin is a favourite material for these gowns, and the cape is generally lined with a contrasting colour, and reaching just below the hips, square cut at the back and with points

at the sides. Some of the lovely new shot silks are sure to be utilised for capes, and will give just the necessary amount of warmth at this rather treacherous season.

MUSTARD COLOUR

is very popular just now, and, employed discreetly, it gives a very smart touch to a gown or hat. A revers or revers and cuffs of mustard coloured frisee on a black or navy gown, with a dark hat trimmed with one mustard coloured plume, has an excellent effect.

FRINGE

is being used now for millinery as well as on many different styles of dresses. In place of "feathers" of lace stretched on wire plumes of drooping fringe pendant from stems of silk are used on satin hats in various shapes.

A USEFUL SHOE HINT.

White kid shoes, which are too soiled to wear, and which are still of a good shape, may be renewed for evening wear by painting them with gold paint. Do this carefully and smoothly and the shoes will look like new.

FLOWERS FOR THE COMPLEXION.

In the health notes in a well-known journal there appeared recently an interesting article on the effect of a moist indoor atmosphere on the skins of the inhabitants of the house—moistness not indicating dampness but a healthy state. Ventilation must, of course, be insisted on, this doctor writes, but a delightful method of making the indoor air soft and moist is to have always plenty of fresh cut flowers about—better still, growing plants which, greedily absorbing water, throw it out as a vapour, which is harmless and yet has valuable health-giving properties. Other plants should be substituted from time to time. It is perhaps too much to say, this oracle says, "Fill your rooms with beautiful plants and flowers, and you will become beautiful," but there is quite sufficient truth in it to make it worth a trial. Certainly a moister indoor atmosphere will help us to obtain a healthy skin, and will render us less liable to chapped hands, and with so pleasant a method at call, it would be silly to neglect it.

Fashion Notes from Paris.

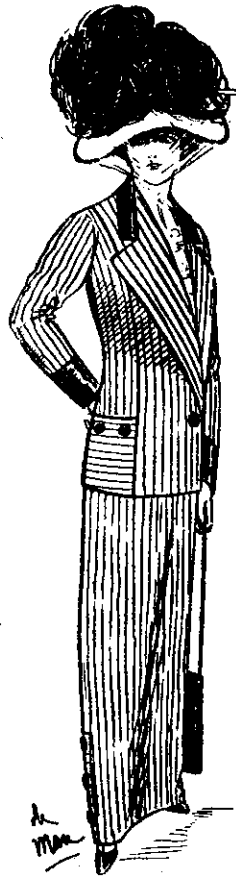
(By A Parisian Expert.)

PARIS, February, 1912.

The dictators of fashion are discussing the advisability of a new lease of life for the shortened waistline, and a number of the most charming toilettes worn by women of fashionable authority during the first days of the Paris winter season have shown a decided tendency towards this waist shortening. How far these straws may indicate the direction of the wind remains to be seen; but it is likely that the normal waistline will remain in evidence on most of the models. The short waistline has never entirely lost caste, and though it has been of late chiefly used in evening and house models, an occasional directoire coat has shown the short line. The fine bead embroideries which have weighted some of the filmy stuffs are likely to appear even more generally upon veilings, and some of the very latest models show most effective bead embroideries on satin slips under veilings of chiffon or muslin. Steel is successfully used in this way on an all black and white frock, and many metallic bead embroideries, which might appear too striking and showy upon the exterior of a frock, give delightful and refined effects when applied to a satin under-robe softly veiled.

A charming, though perfectly simple frock illustrating the liking for velvet

trimming was a very sheer and beautiful chiffon crepe in white, with a band of black velvet on the bottom, above which a scarf of rose gleaned vaguely through the crepe, being applied to the slip of white charmuse. On the bodice, the under scarf idea was repeated, and a band of black velvet ran round the Dutch neck below a flat band of Venice lace. The sleeves were short, but in one with the simple bodice, and finished by



a band of black velvet above a close under-cuff of Venice. A girdle of black velvet was tied in a square bow in the back with a long fringed sash outlined with rose.

Both of these black and white frocks were noticeably chic among other more elaborate ones which surround them, and yet there was nothing in the slightest pretentious about them.

Although it is very difficult—indeed, well-nigh impossible—to detect any startling change in the silhouette of the hour, there are innumerable small indications that may be watched with interest. Notably the sleeve. Scarcely more than the cloud that has been likened to the size of a man's hand is the advent of the long sleeve. That this, if it reaches us at all, will come via the gigot, must be

apparent to the dullest intelligence. That it will not be welcomed with avidity by a large number is also a foregone conclusion. The sensation of ease and freedom enjoyed in the now long prevailing cartailed manche is not likely to be relinquished without a struggle. But there is a peculiar chic about a gigot sleeve tapering off to a very close fit at the wrist, and even on occasion passing that line with a ruffle that falls right over the hands. I am persuaded, although perchance the wish is father to the thought, that once the long sleeve is reinstated for day gowns, it will be a very short time ere it is brought under consideration for a certain type of toilette.

Foulards this season may be composed of a ground light or dark; but the patterns are sure to be touched with colour. A white ground spotted with any hue, from black to the favourite cardinal red, is one of the designs, and such ornamentations as broken lines forming circles or semicircles are very much liked. Bordered pieces, specially prepared for making a slightly fuller skirt for the early spring modes, and with extra figure pieces for the bodice, are exceedingly pretty, and may be made up after a variety of styles. Much fancy stitching is done on this material, and it is frequently worked in a fashion similar to broderie Anglaise, with small open-work decoration, or with cut effects laid over and under linen. A short tunic is characteristic of some of the best models, and with this the small ecclesiastical sash that is introduced in deep purple or deep red silk gives a good finishing touch.

In substantial materials for the coming spring and summer, stripes are once more holding sway. The model shown in the sketch illustrating this page is a smart tailor suit of striped white and grey laing. The three-quarter length coat is decorated with wide revers and the buttons are en suite. The short skirt has two side panels, which have been provided in order to give greater ease in walking. It is quite the mode at the present moment to finish the striped tailor suits with a side jabot or fingerie collar, and the snowy white lingerie jabot which accompanies our sketch furnishes a pretty finishing touch.

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BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS

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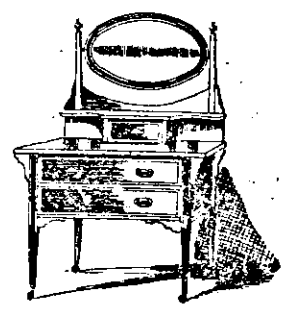
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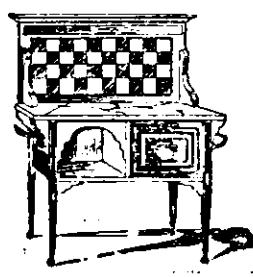
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Verse Old and New.

Independence.

OUR maid's away! Into the very kitchen I boldly stalk, noisy and unafraid I help my Genevieve to dry the dishes

Our maid's away! We order from the grocer's Soup, fish, meat, vegetables in the can, Crackers, and cheese, and anything that's handy,

Our maid's away! We linger over dinner, Talk gossip, nonsense, anything we please. Most times, with Jane's reproving eye upon us.

Our maid's away! Better a crust with freedom Than richest viands and a slavish mind! Welcome simplicity and a frugal diet

All She Asked.

"All that I ask is love," she sang; They pitied her for her choice, And thought as they sat there listening, And suffering torture, that the thing she needed most was a voice.

Two Old Friends in New Dress.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard To get her poor dog a bone, But when she got there she remembered that, owing to the high cost of living, she hadn't had any meat for a week.

Little Bo Peep, she lost her sheep, And she didn't know where to find them.

Happening to stroll down to the Stock exchange one day she saw them waiting their turn, with a few well-dressed and discreetly-gesticulating wolves directly behind them.

Guarded.

Once, long ago, a little one of mine Would take my hand and look into my face, As if she magically might divine My tempted heart, my imminent disgrace;

And by that hand-elasp and that wistful look Would lead me safe into the better way, Her faith so perfect that I could not brook

The thought of ought to waken her dismay. That little one has vanished; o'er her head Blow summer blooms, and on her stone you read

The simple story of the life she led, Joyous in semblance, innocent in deed. But even yet, across the dim of years— How many!—comes in the old pleading guise,

To keep me clean from all that soils and sears, The Christ-like candor of those early eyes. —Richard Burton, in Harper's Magazine.

Money.

Money that you sighed for, and cried for, and lied for, Money that you lied for, that led you to betray Duty, friendship, love and honour: Strumpet Fortune, now you've won her, Has she given you enough to make it pay?

Money that you farried for, married for, tarried for, Money that you tarried for when bugles called "Away":

Has it given you ought of bliss? Has it given you back the kiss Of your first love or the honours of the fray?

Money that you grieved for, deceived for, thieved for, Money that you thieved for, from others stole away.

Does it cheer you when you ponder, On the workers who went under, In the sordid fight you fought to make things pay?

Money that you prayed for, betrayed for, and preyed for, Money that you preyed for, made weaker folks your prey.

Do you see her when you meet, Furtive women on the street, She your love left harbourless—a cast-away?

Money that you foiled for, and spoiled for, despised for, Money you despoiled for, it can not take away

The phantoms from your death-bed side, Of harlot, thief, and sneak, Met to greet your passing soul and claim their pay.

Money that you sought for, and wrought for, and fought for, Money that you fought for, yet can not take away.

On your gold there's an embargo, You must jettison your cargo, Ere your soul fares forth on its uncharted way.

Money that you cried for, and lied for, and died for, Money that you died for, yet could not take away. On your coffin lid the rattle Of the gravel calls to lullie And your heirs-at-law are off to start the fray. —Jalbert Alsop Barrowe, in "Harper's Weekly."

A Protest.

Yes; I greatly love my garden, Where the rose is still a rose; And I beg nobody's pardon When I speak of lily-blows; Though no longer, gentle flowers, Are your simple names the thing, And my neighbour's fragrant bowers To strange nomenclatures ring.

I don't mind the "Captain" As a flower full and free; It is just as sweet and try-ty As the pink rose used to be; But it fills me with derision When my Scotch rose from afar Flaunts its beauty on my vision As a spinosissima.

And perchance I'm rather silly, Yet it hurts my feelings some When I hear my Japan lily Called a lancifolium; And the simple, sweet verberna Doesn't somehow seem to please, When it blooms in the arena As a tenebriodes.

Who would know his honeysuckle As a perichloenum, Or the berry of the huckle As a Pennsylvanium? And the Dutchman's pipe—reliance Of the lattice popular— Now is smothered deep by science As a macrophyllial

I don't mind appendicitis As a name for stomach-ache, And no doubt for look and treatise It is well such terms to fake; But for me, when in my bowers 'Mid my blossoms sweet and shy, None shall dub my peeping flowers Flora rubberneckill! —John M. Woods.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

Two Helpings.

MRS. WILLIS has been very watchful of her husband's diet lately, and is in constant fear lest he overeat. "John," she asked anxiously one morning, when Willis had been telling her about the banquet which he had attended the night before, "how many helpings did you have last night?"

An Easy Choice.

An old Scotsman was threatened with blindness if he did not give up drinking. "Now, McTavish," said the doctor, "it's like this: You've either to stop the whisky or lose your eyesight—and you must choose."

Voices of the Night.

"Maria, you're going to be late for the opera again, as usual." "Well, good-night, Mrs. Jipes. Had a splendid time, Good-night." "Good-night. Come again. Good-night. Got everything? Well, good-night." "Good-night. You must come and see us soon. Good-night."

Putting Him at His Ease.

"Good morning, Mis—er—ah—fath—that is—" begins the new son-in-law. "Now, Jim," smiles the bride's father, "I know just how you feel. I went through it myself. I felt like forty kinds of a fool when I first tried to call my father-in-law 'Father,' and I said right then that if I ever had a son-in-law I'd not give him the same worry. Besides, if my father-in-law felt one-half the way I do when I hear you trying to get it over with, I believe he'd have done what I'm going to do. You call me 'Mister,' or 'Say,' or 'Bill,' or anything else you like, until the time comes when it will be natural for you to address me as 'Grandpa.'"

A Testimonial.

Clerk (to patent-medicine man): "Here's a curious testimonial from one of our customers." Medicine Man: "Read it." Clerk: "Before I took your elixir my face was a sight. You ought to see it now. Send me another bottle for my mother-in-law."

Man and His Ways.

Robert Henri, the painter, was talking about millionaires who buy, merely to show off, doubtful "old masters" at fabulous prices. "Their knowledge of art," Mr. Henri said, "is about equal to that of the sausage manufacturer who said to Whistler: "What would you charge to do me in oil?" "Ten thousand dollars," said Whistler promptly. "But suppose I furnish the oil!" said the millionaire."

Enough Said.

Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, was talking about criticism. "I like pointed criticism," he said, "criticism such as I heard in the lobby of a theatre the other night at the end of the play. "The critic was an old gentleman. His criticism, which was for his wife's ears alone, consisted of these words: "Well, you would come!"

Go Slow!

If a golfer is going to boast, let him boast modestly. I heard a golfer say one autumn evening as he toasted himself before the club-house fire. "Never did I see better golf than this afternoon. My opponent got away every drive, he hit every brassie clean, he approached perfectly, and he didn't miss a single 'put.'" "How much did he beat you by?" "Beat me?" said the modest man with a look of surprise. "Why, he didn't beat me. It was my game from the start."

An Orgy of Despair.

Two women were leaving the theatre after a performance of "The Doll's House." "Oh, don't you love Olsen?" asked one ecstatically. "Doesn't he just take all of the hope out of life?"

French Politeness.

It was the polite Frenchman's first visit to a party in England, and he was very anxious to do the right thing, so when the hostess advanced to welcome him he gallantly saluted the astonished lady with a hearty kiss. Unfortunately, her husband had been a witness of the occurrence. "How dare you, sir, take the liberty of kissing my wife! And before me, too!" was his indignant exclamation. "One thousand pardons!" exclaimed the polite foreigner. "I do not know your English customs. Next time I kiss you first!"

Had Changed Form.

A Frenchman who had spent thirty years in prison was asked what change in the world surprised him most. He passed over aeroplane, and motors, and phonographs, and said: "When I went to prison women were quite round. Now they are flat and oblong."

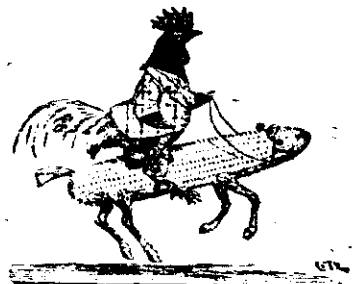
One on the Major.

The story is told in Washington that a member of the medical corps with the rank of major was in his quarters at a Southern army post one evening when he received a message from a woman living near the fort. The woman was in distress. One of her small children had swallowed a piece of parched corn, and the kernel had become lodged in its windpipe. "Please hurry up, doctor," the woman urged, in a hastily pencilled note, "my baby is strangling. Be sure to bring your honor!"

On receiving the note from the distressed mother, the medico sent back word to the woman that if she desired his services she should at least address him as major, as deference to his rank demanded that, if not common decency. The messenger returned in a few minutes almost exhausted. He had delivered the terse reply to the woman and handed the answer, a second appeal to the army surgeon. The corrected note ran: "Then hurry, major, for my baby is dying. Bring your sabre."



AFTER A FASHION.



**ON HIS FAVOURITE COB.
USUAL INTERPRETATION.**

Stella: What is the law of heredity?
Bella: That all undesirable traits come from the other parent.

THE CLASSICS.

"Was Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of the teacher.
"No, my son," replied the wise man; "it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

IN A WAY.

"Would you call Bliggins a clever man?" "Certainly," replied Miss Cayenne. "He is not intellectual, but he is wonderfully clever in concealing the fact from strangers."

A REAL PUZZLE.

Casey: Now, phwat wu'd ye do in a case loike thot?
Clancy: Loike phwat?
Casey: Th' walkin diggate tells me to stroike, an' me ould woman orders me to ke-ape on wurrkin'.

New York—What did you have in your garden last summer? Suburbanite—Cochin Chinas, Plymouth Rocks, and Leghorns.

"I simply can't stand the toot of an automobile horn." "How's that?" "A fellow eloped with my wife in an automobile, and every time I hear a horn toot I think he's bringing her back."

Moore—My sense of hearing is the keenest ever. Do you know, I can hear your watch ticking, although you are six feet away.

Poore—Then you are a wonder. My watch is at the pawnbroker's six blocks away.



"LOVE, HONOUR AND OBEY."

EVEN PLEASE MRS. GRUNDY.

"Is she proper?"
"Proper! She's so proper she won't even accompany a man on the piano without a chaperon."

Renny Deswelle (to the tailor)—Woolly, I think I have been very patient with you. I promised again and again to pay you, but if you keep on bothering me I simply won't promise any more.

A FEELER.

First Bohemian: May I borrow your gray tie?
Second Ditto: Certainly. But why all this formality of asking permission? First: I can't find it.

Optimist—After all, marriage is the thing. If you marry the right woman, there is nothing like it. Pessimist—And if you marry the wrong woman, there is nothing like it!

Lady—I guess you're gettin' a good thing out o' tending the rich Smith boy, ain't ye, doctor?
Doctor—Well, yes; I get a pretty good fee. Why? Lady—Well, I hope you won't forget that my Willie threw the brick that hit 'im.



THE OBVIOUS QUESTION.

Bill: You are abashed with incredulity. What is your name?
John: Mr. Billings. Billings? Mr. Billings?
John: I'm a Bill. Who paid for your liquor?

Man in Cap—Hello, Bill! Hear you're on strike.
Man in Hat—Yes, Man in Cap—What yer on strike for?
Man in Hat—Dunno; but we're not going back to work till we get it!

"Why, man, you have no sense of honour. When I first heard that joke I laughed till my sides ached." "So did I."

Guest (timorously, on being presented with exorbitant bill)—Don't you think this is just the—er—least bit exorbitant?
Landlady (blandly)—Oh, yes; just the least bit, not very much.

Marks—Why do you allow your wife to run up such big bills?
Parks—Because I'd sooner have trouble with my creditors than with her—that's why.



He: "No, I simply can't go paying more calls with you, Jess. I've got to work this afternoon."
She: "Good Heavens! Don't you call that work?"